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OH, THE DRINKING!

J. M. W.

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1. Oh, the drinking, sin-ful drinking, Through the land from sea to sea;
 2. Oh, the weeping, saddest weeping, Where's the home that's free from tears?
 3. Oh, the bleeding hearts and broken— Broken by the curse of rum!
 4. Oh, the mounds beneath the willows, In the cit-y of the dead;
 5. Oh, to die and be for-sak-en In the land beyond the tomb!

Death and hell their hands are linking, To destroy what's dear to me;
 Dripping o'er some loved one sleeping, Killed by drink in form-er years.
 Depths of woe no words have spoken, Soon or late will sure-ly come;
 Where the tear-stained flow'ry pillow Rests a-bove each fal-len head.
 By the judgment day o'er-tak-en, What will be the drunkard's doom?

CHORUS.

Oh, the drinking, sin-ful drinking, Glasses ring and voic-es cheer,

While to drunkards' graves are sinking Half a mil-lion ev-'ry year.