

He died at last, while breaking fast,
 Behind yon rocky hill,
It makes me sad to think your dad,
 Mistook that awful pill.

May palsy shake the guilty hand,
 That did the dose provide;
Which turned him almost inside out,
 Ere I could reach his side.

Oh, never touch
 To aught,
Until its nature,
 You rightly

I've seen more
 Than I can
Where rash advance,
 Brought sorrow

There's not an
 However
But suffering crea-
 Regret some

O, child of mine,
 And shun the
Beware of guns,
 But with in-



your nose, my dear,
however grand,
full and clear,
understand.

trouble in my day
now explain,
or games of chance,
in their train.

hour passes by,
plans are laid,
tures, low and high,
move they've made.

avoid the trap,
tempting pill;
that never snap
tent to kill.

Nor blindly be enticed astray,
By pleasures so dead around;
To be the sport, if not the prey,
Of every yelping hound."