

O what has blighted all his hopes,  
And, in their youth and bloom,  
Has caused his children to be laid  
In such an early tomb?

Why did James strike the dreadful blow  
That caused the fatal fall,  
And what caused poor John's overthrow?  
Intemperance done it all!

Intemperance, vile, much more has done,  
And much more still will do,—  
Has caused the death of many a man  
And many a woman too.

And now this aged man will mourn  
For those that he did love,  
But hopes that he will meet them soon,  
In yon bright world above.

No wonder, then, he looks so sad;  
No wonder he does cry,  
To every man and every lad,—  
Avoid it,—pass it by!

And now to every drunkard I  
A few words have to say:  
From rum, as from a serpent, fly,  
Turn now while yet you may.