

And men will drink with eager lip,
The cup thou holdest forth to them,
Not knowing that the draught they sip
May their, and other souls, condemn.

WOMAN.

I'VE had my share of bright employ,
My share of pain and blame,
But thro' it all, I've thought, with joy,
Of tender woman's name.

Her healing tones have often brought
New gladness to my soul;
Her breath hath rent the darken'd clouds,
That often o'er it roll.

Her voice hath often cheer'd my heart,
In sickness and in pain,
And help'd me bear the surgeon's knife,
Or fever's fervid reign.

But, oh, that voice can change its tone,
That tender feeling die,
Those gentle, loving tones become
A terrorizing cry.

In kindly sound, a woman's voice
Is happiness alone;
And may it ever be my lot
To hear its tender tone.

But let me never know the thoughts
Of vengeful woman's heart,
Or hear the voice that breathes them forth,
With cold and cruel dart.