

Renounce, thyself, the sparkling wine,  
 And then shall thy example shine  
 A burning light to mark the way  
 To life and bliss in endless day.

O Christian ! Are thy sins forgiven ?  
 A child of God, an heir of heaven ?  
 Art thou redeemed from every stain,  
 And doth the Holy Spirit reign  
 Within thy heart, an earnest here  
 Of life beyond this mortal sphere ?  
 Eternal life ! O blissful thought !  
 With peace and consolation fraught.  
 O Hope ! O joy ! A Home above ;  
 Where God is light, and all is love.  
 And is this sweet assurance thine,  
 Partaking of thy brandied wine—  
 Or selling it to those who drink ?  
 O, young Disciple, pause and think !  
 What ! if thy Master should appear,  
 And say to thee, " What dost thou here ?"  
 Would'st thou be found retailing rum  
 To sinners, when the Lord shall come ?  
 If not, then quit the baneful trade,  
 And elsewhere seek thy daily bread !  
 O touch not, taste not, handle not,  
 The beverage that makes the sot !  
 Ye true Believers, one and all,  
 O why not wake at Duty's call ?  
 O why not look around and see  
 A world in sin and misery ?  
 O why not wipe the tears that flow,  
 Where drunkards come and drunkards go !  
 Rise, bid the homes of sorrow feel  
 Your earnest philanthropic zeal.—  
 O come and join the Temperance band,  
 To drive this death-flood from the land !

When from the wilderness of sin  
 The Church of God, all pure within,