

That bows the strong, enslaves the free,
 And opens wide the gate of hell ;
 For public good requires that some,
 Since many die, should live by rum."

Ye civil fathers ! while the foes
 Of this destroyer seize their swords,
 And heaven's own hail is in the blows ;
 They're dealing, will YE cut the cords
 That round the falling fiend they draw,
 And o'er him hold your shield of law ?

And will ye give to man a bill,
 Divorcing him from Heaven's high sway
 And while God says, "Thou shalt not kill,"
 Say ye, "for gold ye may—ye may !"
 Compare the body with the soul !
 Compare the bullet with the bowl !

In which is felt the fiercest blast
 Of the destroying angel's breath ?
 Which binds the victim the more fast ;
 Which kills him with the deadlier death ?
 Will ye the felon fox restrain
 And yet take off the tiger's chain.

O, holy God ! let light divine
 Break forth more broadly from above,
 Till we conform our laws to thine—
 The perfect law of truth and love.
 For truth and love alone can save
 The children from a hopeless grave.