

FATHER'S FAULT.

I might have been a drunkard
 If I was rightly train'd,
 And then I'm pretty certain
 I could not be reclaim'd;
 But father would not let me
 Go wander up and down,
 With this and that companion
 Go sporting round the town.

For all the comp'rance people,
 Their fathers are to blame,
 Because within their childhood
 Their characters they frame;
 So if you want more drunkards,
 These fathers you put down,
 And make their lovely children
 Go sporting round the town.

I see the elder's children,
 The deacon's favored few,
 Are always very willing
 To take a glass or two;
 But on such gay proceedings
 My father he would frown,
 And so he would not let me
 Go sporting round the town.

SENSIBLE GIRL.

I have said in my speech, I have sung in my rhyme,
 That the most of the girls they were fools all the time;
 But it cheers up my heart, as through fashion I whirl,
 When, by chance I now hear of a sensible girl.

Miss Carruthers, they say, on her grand wedding day,
 Though the preacher and guests for her wedding they stay,
 But her lover within him bad whiskey must swirl,
 And so she will not wed him, this sensible girl.

Not a moan or a groan, though she is not a wife,
 But she thanketh her God for this rescue in life;
 And her smile is as sweet, and her laugh just as airy,
 As she dines with her guests, this good, sensible girl.

So her praises I sound from the east to the west,
 That her plan and her pluck may be seen by the rest,
 And refuse against rocks their poor fingers to dir,
 Or a drunkard to wed, like this sensible girl.

For why pray unto God that he make your life nice,
 If you marry a drunkard against his advice?
 If you want him to help you in danger and peril,
 You must use common sense, like this sensible girl.
 January, 18th, 1899.