

# Archie Brown

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A TEMPERANCE POEM.

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BY LINDEN CARTER.

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Young man, look at me, see this bloated face,  
These bloodshot eyes, that wrinkled brow, and place  
Your ear upon this breast. The beat within  
Is muffled and irregular. How thin  
These trembling hands that I can scarce command ;  
My knees they totter, I can hardly stand.

What am I but a miserable wretch ?  
I lie upon my back, at evening I stretch  
My limbs upon a mow of hay,  
To sleep again upon the coming day ;  
And thus in rags a horrid life I lead,  
Regarding neither custom, law, nor creed.

You view me with contempt, you wonder why  
I should exist at all, and so do I ;  
Still, if it for no other purpose be,  
'Tis this, perhaps—that you, young man, may see  
The fruits of sin, and seeing, you may know  
That men must reap the kind of seed they sow.