

The nation besotted to use this as drink,
Though outwardly prosp'rous, is on ruin's brink ;
'Tis like fabled trees by the Dead Sea that grow,
Where the leaf-becomes green, and blossoms may blow ;
All stately and florid, in health they appear,
But the place is accurs'd—a change soon is near ;
The fibres have suck'd a sulphureous soil—
The poison diffus'd, their luxuriance spoil ;
While th' air, all infected, corrodes them as rust—
The shining trees blacken—they crumble in dust.
Now, Tem'rance friends, hope for and earnestly pray
The coming of that most auspicious day ;
For surely its now near, and never can tarry—
When Alc'hol's cork'd up by th' apothecary.