

"Methinks 'tis *thy* voice that exclaims, *Repent!*  
 But how can I kuit the ties I have rent?  
 How wipe from my brow the mildew of shame!  
 How cleanse from its baseness a tarnish'd name?  
 Oh! even a fiend the foul sight must scorn,  
 When intemp'rance dwells in a *female* form!  
 Guilty—lonely—and lost, my weary head,  
 I'll pillow to night in this watery bed."

With maniac strength o'er the steep, high bank,  
 She hastily climb'd—and—plunging—she sank!—  
 A single, dark cloud, like a morning veil,  
 Obscur'd at the moment the moonbeams pale.  
 The sullen splash of that deep, wat'ry tomb,  
 'Too plainly told the poor sufferer's doom!  
 While *Alcohol*, all unmov'd and grim,  
 Scarce heeded the sight,—'twas common to him!

"I think," said the *King*, "we will rest to-night,  
 At yon well known house with its tempting light;  
 'Tis MODERATE HALL—a right merry abode;  
 The toll-gate, 'tis prov'd, to the drunken road;  
 And while gulls are willing that toll to pay,  
 We shall surely maintain our powerful sway,  
 For my part I'm sure I need never complain,  
 Except when I hear that sad word—ABSTAIN."