

And helped to rule till Jesus came.  
In confirmation let us borrow  
The fate of Sodom and Gomorrah;  
'Twas moral badness brought the flood,  
'Twas moral badness in the bud  
Did our humanity enthrall  
In sin and death by Adam's fall;  
Just watch the truly moral man  
And all his actions closely scan,  
His dealings with his fellow men,  
So far as gauged by human ken  
His personal habits chaste and clean,  
Averse to all that's base and mean  
He treats his neighbors as himself,  
And shuns the very sight of pelf;  
Is truthful, honest and upright  
At home, abroad and out of sight;  
He's got a character to make,  
That needs close watching, 'sleep or 'wake,  
As vile day-dreams impressions keep  
That stain the mind e'en when asleep;  
From the obscene he stands remote,  
His promise is as good as note;  
In conversation chaste and civil,  
Hates credit as he hates the devil;  
When necessities compel him to,  
He pays if possible when due.  
Such is goodness swayed by reason,  
Very good when kept in season;  
But when our autumn days are o'er,  
And landed on time's fatal shore,  
Our moral goodness, built on clay,  
Before the floods is swept away;  
Our ship is stranded on the snags,  
Our righteousness but filthy rags.