

WARNING.

TUNE—"From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

Though wretchedness un - end - ing A-waits the drunkard's soul, His ea-ger hands extending, He takes and quaffs the

bowl; Not heav'n itself beseeching, With kind al-lur-ing voice: Its arms of mercy reach-ing, Allures him from his choice.

Ye who are still delaying,
Who sip the poison'd cup,
Who cheat yourselves by saying,
"I will not drink it up!"
Learn, that with open malice
The foe wastes not his strength,
But with that pleasing chalice,
He kills the soul at length.

Your safety now securing,
The oath of temp'rance take;
And from the charm alluring
With giant effort break:
Fly—fly such deadly pleasures,
No longer touch nor taste;
Your peace and life are treasures
Too infinite to waste.

BRIGHTLY HAS TEMPERANCE.

TUNE—"Gaily the Troubadour."

Brightly has temperance dawn'd on our land, Spreading her radiance On ev'ry hand. Kind were her beauteous rays,

Chas-ing our foars; Tem-per-ance, Tem-per-ance, Give her three cheers.

(For Words, see next page.)