

LOOK NOT UPON THE RUBY WINE.—(36.)

TUNE—*Mary Blane.*

Look not upon the ruby wine,
 Shun, shun, the tempting snare;
 For treacherous serpent folds entwine
 All those who revel there.
 When syren pleasures would entice
 From virtue's path to stray,
 She comes in holy friendship's guise,
 With flowers she decks the way.
 I pray you all beware, beware!
 And oh, the tempting wine-cup shun:
 Too surely will it prove a snare,
 And you, alas! undone.

Pale care depressed hath often sought
 In wine to find relief;
 Ah! wisdom sadly, dearly bought,
 It but increased the grief.
 Come, tell me, sages, "Who hath woe?"
 And now the cause define;
 "'Tis they who oft to revels go,
 And tarry at the wine."
 I pray you, &c.

WE'LL NEVER DRINK THE BANE.—(41.)

TUNE—*Never part again.*

Come, all dear children, gather round,
 And sober learn to be,
 The surest way at length we've found,
 Teetotal, safe and free.

CHORUS.

We're marching through teetotal ground,
 To spread its blessings all around;
 And then we all shall sober be,
 And never drink the bane.