

They come from colleges and schools,
And from the city store—
A set of dirty, drinking fools,
By taking one glass more.

They come from forest, field and farm,
And from the seaside shore,
And never did they think of harm
By taking one glass more.

Of course, these lines I don't intend
For you so fill'd with love;
But each one here he has a friend
Who taketh one glass more.

Can you not, then, for friendship sake,
No longer liquor pour,
And then your friend may not partake
That fatal glass, one more?

You may not be a Christian man,
But, still, I would implore:
Oh, save your friend, now, if you can,
And touch that glass no more.

You, too, may love a social glass,
But can't you give that o'er,
Because your friend he cannot pass
That fatal glass, one more?

You cannot tell what harm is done
If you will not restore,
Or keep that sad and blighted one
From taking one glass more.

What good you do you cannot tell—
Do try it, I implore,
To save a soul from shame and hell,
So touch that glass no more.

Sustain him when his comrades laugh,
As they have done before;
Endure with him their jeers and shafts,
But touch that glass no more.

Remember what our Bibles say:
That sin lies at the door;
So sign the pledge without delay,
And touch that glass no more.

Abstain from cider, wine and tea,
That women so adore;
In temperance drink no dangerous tea,
And never touch them more.