

But this foe was one you took for a friend,
 And O you scorn'd those who counsel'd he would rend ;
 You looked to his smiling face—you was beguil'd !
 You joy'd in his sparkling wit—you was a child !
 His grace—his colour took your eye—foolish man—
 You pledg'd him your hand, and after him you ran ;
 And now at last you find him, as 'tis written,
 Stinging like adder, and like snake he's bitten.
 O frequenters, then, of gin-shops, come and see,
 From Edward Wild's sad case, how foolish are ye.
 The landlord e'en did give him his very best,
 And now you see it's sent him to his long rest.
 'Twas pleasant and cheery to sit by the fire,
 And drink, none forbidding, just as you desire.
 But look to the back ground, and what do you see ?
 The babbling drunkard stretch'd a corpse—ah woe's me !
 He took alch'hol t' excite—it put out his breath—
 It gave sleep oblivious—this ended in death.
 And now his pale count'nance, his friends would not know,
 His shroud's the icy flake—his winding sheet the show.
 O ne'er shall pleasant farm see him any more,
 And ne'er shall blushing orchard yield him it's store ;
 Ne'er shall wife and little ones welcome him home—
 Ne'er shall his footsteps across his threshold come ;
 For, ah ! he has lain down, and ne'er shall arise
 Until the Judge of all appear in the skies.
 But sure time would fail me to tell of the woes,
 In every form, that by alcohol arose.
 Of all other scourges he bears the bell—
 His disasters and destructions no tongue can tell.
 Like an evil spirit he walks o'er the land,
 And none can bind him—no not with iron band.
 He enters the palace and cottage also—
 He's not brib'd from mischief by glitter and show ;
 The tears of the weak never move his regard,
 Nor griefs of the wretched his onset retard.