

The potion foul, the drunkard's bowl,
We pledge to mix no more ;
The drunkard's name, the drunkard's shame,
We'd banish from our shore.

CHORUS—The plea goes on, &c.

The cause of youth, the cause of truth,
The cause of man we plead ;
The cause that dries the mother's eyes,
And gives the children bread.

CHORUS—The plea goes on, &c.

From Labrador to Erie's shore,
The cause goes cheerily on ;
The shouts that rise 'neath eastern skies,
We echo from Huron.

CHORUS—The plea goes on, &c.

On ev'ry sea our navies be,
On ev'ry shore an host ;
There ne'er was plan devised by man,
A league so large might boast.

CHORUS—The plea goes on, &c.

With such array, who dreads the fray ?
Press onward to the goal ;
By night or day, by deed or say,
No truce with Alcohol !

CHORUS—The plea goes on, &c.

—GEORGE PIRIE.