

# The Drunkard's Catechism.



## Drunkard's Looking Glass

What will a drunkard do for ale?  
 Shall I unfold the dreadful tale?  
 Yes! I'll unfold it, if I can,  
 To benefit the drunken man.

What will a Drunkard do for Ale?  
 I will make a sober man turn pale.  
 He'll sell his hat and pawn his coat  
 To satisfy his greedy throat.

He'll sell his stockings and his shirt  
 And strut about in rags and dirt,  
 He'll sell his shoes from off his feet  
 And barefoot go along the street.

What will he do to gain his ends,  
 He will deceive his dearest friends,  
 His crafty plans he will devise,  
 And tell the most atrocious lies.

What will a drunkard do for Ale?  
 Dark and dismal grows my tale,  
 He'll sell his bedsteads and his bed,  
 Nor leave a place to lay his head.

He'll sell his blankets and his sheets  
 And lie in barns or walk in streets,  
 His thirsty throat will cry for more,  
 He's starved and miserably poor.

He'll beg for halfpence where he can  
 And tell you he's a dying man,  
 And when 3 halfpence he has got  
 He'll go and find another sot.

As mean and shabby as himself,  
 A dirty ragged drunken elf,  
 Then in some alehouse corner  
 There lounging waiting to be  
 They'll freely enter into chat.

If so they can but catch a flat,  
 With every man they'll be friends  
 If they can only gain their ends,  
 Then with their bosoms full of strife,  
 Each man goes home and beats his wife  
 The children are beat and sent to bed  
 Because the creatures have no bread  
 Nor meat nor butter have they got.  
 Such is the dwelling of the sot,  
 His wife in tears and ragged too,  
 Say, drunkard, is this statement true?  
 What do you own my statement right?  
 Then give up drinking from to night  
 Away with Ale, Liquors and Wine  
 And with Teetotaler's go and join.

## The Farewell to Polly

Farewell landlords, farewell jerry;  
 Farewell brandy, wine, and sherry;  
 Farewell horrors, and blue devils,  
 Farewell dens of midnight revels;  
 Farewell shoes that have no soles  
 Farewell fires that have no coals  
 Farewell sets, and not feeders;  
 Farewell rogues, & all thief breeders  
 Farewell cupboards with no meat in  
 Farewell chairs that have no seats in  
 Farewell children with wry faces;  
 Farewell to these pop-shop races.  
 Farewell landlords and your spouses  
 Farewell spiders and your houses  
 Farewell swash and all swash vendors  
 Farewell bums and all bum senders  
 Farewell pockets that are empty,  
 Farewell landlords you've had plenty

Question—Who is your name?

Answer—Drunken sot.

Q.—Who gave you that name?

A.—As drink is my idol, and landlords and landladies got my money, they gave me that name in my drunken spree, wherein I was made a member of strife, a child of war, and an inheritor of a bundle of rags.

Q.—What did your landlords and landladies then say to you?

A.—They did promise and vow three things in my name. First, that I should renounce the comforts of my own fire side; secondly, starve my wife and hunger my children; thirdly, walk in rags and tatters, with my shoe-soles going slip flap, all the days of my life.

Q.—Rehearse the articles of thy belief?

A.—I believe in the existence of Mr. Alcohol, the great head and chief of all manner of vice, the source of nine-tenths of all disease. And, lastly, I do not only believe, but am sure, that when my money is all spent, the landlord will stop the tap, and kick me into the street.

Q.—How many commandments have you, sot, to keep?

A.—Ten.

Q.—What are they?

A.—The same that the landlord & landlady spoke at the bar, saying, "We are thy master and thy mistress who brought thee out of the path of virtue, placed thee in the way of vice, and set thy feet on the road that leads to New South Wales."

1st.—Thou shalt use no other house but mine.

2nd.—Thou shalt not make to thyself any substitute for intoxicating drink, such as—cold water, tea coffee, lemonade or ginger pop, for I am a jealous man, wearing the coat that should be on thy back, eating thy children's bread, and pocketing the money that should make the wife of thy bosom

3rd.—Thou shalt not use our house in vain; thou shalt not enter mine to spend, for we will not thank thee for using our house in vain.

4th.—Remember thou eat one meal on the Sabbath day, six days shalt thou drink and spend all thy gains, but the seventh, is the Sabbath, wherein I am forced to shut up for two hours, to wash my floors, mend my fires, replenish with sawdust my spittoons, and make ready for the company during the remainder of the day.

5th.—Honor the landlords and landladies with thy presence, that thy days may be few and miserable in the land wherein thou livest.

6th.—Thou shalt commit murder, by hungering, starving, and beating thy wife and family.

7th.—Thou shalt commit self-destruction

8th.—Thou shalt steal thy wife and children's bread, and rob thyself of every comfort.

9th.—Thou shalt bear false witness when thou speak of the horrors, and say then art in good health when labouring under the barrel fever.

10th.—Thou shalt covet all that thy neighbour's possessed of; thou shalt covet his house, his land, his ox, his ass, his purse, his health, his wealth, his clothes, that thou mayest indulge in all thy luxuries; and to help to buy the brewer's coach his dray horse, his fine buildings, and thus enable him to live in idleness; and also, to help the landlord to buy a beautiful sign to place over his door, with "License to be drunk of the premises," written there-

