

LINES BY A REFORMED DRUNKARD,

Writing for the benefit of his Fellow-men.

All you that have money, and you that have none,
 Come listen awhile to my song,
 A secret to some I will quickly unfold,
 And that too before it is long;
 A wild roving life in my time I have led,
 Strong drink was my darling you see,
 I have took to my cot, and forsaken the pot,
 Teetotal has done this for me,
 Heigho! a man that's a drunkard has plenty of woes
 He is sure to be frown'd on wherever he goes.
 With his coat out at elbows, and shoes out at toes
 Away to the alehouse he'll roam,
 What senses he's got he'll drown in a pot,
 And his care he will drown in a bowl;
 When the money's all gone the landlord looks blue
 No man on earth e'er can change quicker,
 He's all smiles and no frowns, when he pockets the
 browns,

When he sells you his poisonous liquor.
 Heigho! when the drunkard's no money, no welcome
 he's got,
 But he's turn'd out of doors and the street is his lot
 Spoken.—Bill. Come Jack, you are too hard upon
 a poor fellow that gets a drop too much now and then,
 while there are plenty of respectable men who enjoy
 themselves after the same manner You teetotalers will
 make us out to be either mad men or fools.

Jack. Now Bill, the teetotalers do not wish to
 offend you or any other person, but it don't argue
 much for the sanity of that man, who, after working
 hard all the week, takes the money he has earned to
 the public-house to enrich Mrs. Boniface and her
 fine dressed daughters, instead of taking it home to
 make his own wife and family comfortable, and when
 he gets half drunk he begins to sing,

"Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,
 For Britains never will be slaves."

at the same time he is making a slave of himself to his
 intemperate habits.

Drunkenness is a bane to our country round,
 To thousands it causes distress.
 It's horrors and crimes are everywhere found,
 I will shun it, what can I do less:

Sixty thousand poor sots they say annually die,
 Then fill not a poor drunkard's grave,
 Moderators beware how you fall in the snare,
 Take the pledge and your countrymen save,
 Heigho! strong drink like a serpent stingeth I ween
 Its bite is more sharp than an adder so keen.

Bill. But Jack, what harm can there be in
 moderation, if a man or woman only takes a cheerful
 glass now and then with a few friends.

Jaak. Why all the harm there is in moderation it
 is the high road to drunkenness; but as to the word
 moderation, its bounds have been set any where
 between a thimble full and a hog's head; some people
 go to bed half drunk every night and call that modera-

tion, I myself have heard these self-styled moderators,
 singing

"We won't go home till morning,
 'Till daylight does appear,"

and then they get quarrelling and fighting, while some
 of them are found speechless drunk in the streets by
 the gutter; they ride upon the stretcher to the station-
 house, and the next day are taken before a magistrate
 and fined five shillings, or seven days to a prison. So
 much for moderation.

The drunkard no comfort in life has he got,
 Raises the cup with a trembling hand,
 To madden his brain, the last drop he'll drain,
 Come join the teetotal band;
 When he spends all he can he's a good hearted man
 Though his wife and his children should want,
 But if I know the rule, it's a nickname for a fool,
 You must own that his sense is but scant, eets with
 Heigho! he works and he toils, and he m
 mishaps,

And he throws all he gains in the landlady's lap.

Bill. Well Jack, there is some truth in what you
 say, but still I love my little drops, and that will hurt
 no man.

Jack. Yes Bill, it is those little drops that makes
 the monster Drunkenness walk through the land, it is
 those little drops that sends hundreds, nay, thousands,
 to our gaols, workhouses and madhouses, and some to
 the gallows, were they get the last drop; it is those
 litters that causes many a wife to weep, and children
 to cry for bread, and she has none to give them; all
 these evils Bill are done away with by being a teetotaler.

Bill. Well Jack, you have truth on your side,
 though I never drank to that excess, still I have known
 men to be in a public-house singing,
 "Home! home! sweet home,

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home,"
 at the same time they had scarcely a bed to lie on, their
 wives and children with no shoes to their feet, and to
 crown all, when they have gone to their sweet home
 as they term it, and the poor woman has asked for
 bread, or money to buy it with, the answer she receives
 is a black eye, while the children run away so hide
 themselves for fear of being beat.

May the bright star of Temperance shine through
 the world

From his chains may the drunkard be free,
 May our wives be well fed, and our children's
 hearts glad,

When the drunkard his folly does see;
 Let us join in a band and united all be,

From teetotalism never fall back,
 And as for the landlords and landlady's too,
 Let them grin as we give them the sack.

Heigho! come join the teetotalers and never more
 roam,
 But comfort your wives and your children at home.

