



THE
DRUNKARD
RECLAIMED.

In taking of my walks one fine summer morn,
I met a handsome woman, and her clothes were rather torn,
Dishevelled was her hair, and her looks were rather wild,
And in her arms she had a beautiful young child.

What is the matter now, said I, tell me without delay?
I've scarcely time to stop, said she, for I want to get away,
For my husband has been beating me, you see I'm almost wild,
So now I think of leaving him, and take my only child.

For he is such a drunkard, I've no comfort of my life,
And I almost curse the day that I became his wife,
Oft times I've prayed to God, but such misfortune never smiled,
That he would take me to himself, with my dear only child.

While conversing with this woman, I told her of a plan,
That would keep her husband sober, and he'd be a steady man;
He must go and sign Tee-total, and you'll all be reconciled,
And then he'll love his wife and his beautiful child.

I know your plain would answer, if provided he would sign,
For I doubt he is too stupid, you'll never get him to join,
For he is so fond of drinking, and he is never reconciled,
He is always in an angry mood with me and my dear child.

I wish you'd go and try, says she, if he would sign the pledge,
For I think you'll find him standing beside the garden hedge,
So I advanced towards him, but he looked very wild,
I said you'd better sign the pledge, if you love your wife and child.

He had very strong objections, but at last he did consent,
And ever since that day, they've been happy and content,
For she went back to her husband, and they were all reconciled,
And now they live in harmony, and he loves his wife and child.

He's built a house now of his own, and bought a cow or two,
And goes to church on Sundays as all good men will do;
Now his neighbours come to see him, his temper is so mild,
He's so happy and contented with his darling wife and child.

THE
DYING CHILD.

Oh, what is it that strains my frame?
'Tis death I do believe;
And Jesus stands with open arms
My soul for to receive.
And when I get to heaven
No one will on me frown,
For I shall be an angel bright,
And wear a golden crown.

CHORUS.

Oh, my mother, do not cry for me,
For I am going to heaven,
And with Jesus I shall be:

There are angels round my bed,—
Dear father, do not cry,—
Waiting to waft my spirit home
To mansions in the sky;
And when I reach that peaceful home,
How happy shall I be,
I shall be an angel bright
To all eternity.

Oh, my father, &c.

So now, my dearest brother,
You I soon must bid adieu,
I'll not linger on this deathbed
I have an heavenly view.
I hope we soon shall meet again,
Shall meet to part no more,
And then how happy we shall be,
In Canaan's peaceful shore.

Oh, my brother, &c.

Farewell, my dearest sister,
I have not lived for nought.
I know that by the blood of Christ
My pardon has been bought:
It was at the Sunday-school I learnt,—
My teacher told me there,—
Against the little child's appeal
God never shuts his ear.

Oh, my sister, &c.

Farewell, my friends, a long farewell,
I can no longer stay,
My Jesus still is standing by
To beckon me away:
And when I leave this sinful world,
Dear sister, don't you cry,
For I have got a glittering crown
In mansions in the sky.

Oh, my sister, &c.

