



PEARSON, PRINTER,
CHADDERTON STREET,
MANCHESTER.



LIFE OF A DRUNKARD.

You drunkards all on you I call, wherever you may be,
Come join I say without delay our good society,
'Twill shield you from the misery which drunkards do endure,
Drive in the wedge and sign the pledge although you be but poor,
It will give you peace and happiness your joys they will increase,
You'll have no call to the town hall to be taken by police,
If you will only take advice and join the temperance band,
You'll have both health and happiness while dwelling on the land.

I used to be as drunk a sot as any in the town,
The boys would cry as I pass'd by there's drunken Billy Brown,
For days and weeks together my work neglected lay,
While I with sots just like myself to a public house did stray,
The landlord and landlady with words as sweet as honey,
Would find me plenty for to drink as long as I had money,
But when I'd finish'd all my brass, how very soon they'd say,
You have been here quite long enough you'd better go away.

I have often fill'd the landlord's pot with plenty of good meat,
While my own dear wife and family had scarce a bite to eat,
I've gone without clothes, stockings, shoes, or hat upon my head,
And often gavethelordthat which should have broughtus bread
When all was done I've staggered home and often beat my wife,
And many a time I threatened for to take away her life,
I smashed the table and the pots, and in my drunken airs,
I slept all night upon the floor or else upon the chairs.

I've often slept upon the ground when in a drunken spree,
And the blue devils in my sleep I many a time did see,
Just like a band of music in my ears they seem'd to play,
Some was like navigators wheeling my inside away,
Such dreadful things came in my mind and so deranged my brain,
And in the morning when I woke I could not rise for pain,
The horrors so tormented me, I could not rest, alas!
Until I had contrived the means to get another glass.

To raise the wind I've often sold the coat from off my back,
My waistcoat and my trousers too, have also gone to rack,
I sold the tables and the chairs and dishes one by one,
To the pawn shop my children's clothes have often gone,
I have sold the bedding and the bed, the bedsteads and the cords,
Then in one corner of the house we slept upon the boards,

Yes many a time half mad with drink I've beat my child and wife,
There's nought but woe and misery attends a drunkard's life

But now thank God I am reformed and lead a sober life,
And all the wages I receive I take unto my wife,
Instead of feeding jerry lords as once I used to do,
My wife and me on Saturday to market now can go,

Preparing for the Sabbath day both puddings, pie and meat,
The scene is changed from what it was when we had none to eat,
My children's bellies are well filled, they never cry for bread,
Nor I never have the horrors now for to torment my head.

All things go on quite happy now, we have bed and bedsteads now,

We've tables, chairs and furniture, pans, kettles and dishes too,

We have every thing to our wish now I am sober grown,

We live in joy and comfort, and sorrow is unknown,

So drunkards you had best reform and join the temperance train,

'Twill give you peace and happiness, and banish grief and pain,

You'll find yourself a better man, your children and your wife,

Will bless the day that you resolve to lead a sober life.

Teetotal BOY.

Printer, Street, Road,
Manchester, sold by J. Beaumont, 176, York Street, Leeds.

You drunkards all, both great & small, to these few lines attend
And I'll tell you which way to do, your sorrows for to end,
Just go and sign the temperance pledge, and lead a sober life.
For like you I was a drunkard, but my heart is filled with joy,
And there's no one lives so happy as a true teetotal boy.

I led a very wretched life for many a weary year,
And oftentimes I caused my wife to shed her briny tears,
My children too neglected were, their cries I did not heed,
But now I am a sober man, &c.

On Saturday night, in great delight, devoid of any thought,
Either at a public house or else a liquor vault,
My wages I oft made away in Brandy, Rum, and Beer.

One day when I was on the spree, my money being gone,
I stript my shirt from off my back and sent it to the pawn,
My coat and waistcoat went the same, my thirst to satisfy.

Without shirt and coat I roamed the streets, ah what a life I led!
I'd neither shoes upon my feet, nor hat upon my head,
My wife and children I ill-used when they for bread did cry.

At last through drink I lost my work, and tho' I often tried,
For to obtain another shop I couldn't get employed,
For I had lost my character, none could depend on me.

My tender wife and children too borne down with grief & woes,
Half clam'd to death for want of meat, and starved for want of
clothes,

To God above they often prayed to end their misery.

At last I signed the temperance pledge and led a sober life,
I took a deal more care then, of my children and my wife,
I got employed and now we live in joy and happiness.

So drunkards you take up the plan which I have just proposed
Teetotal soon will put an end to all your grief and woes,
Your wife and you, your children too, in happiness will dwell,

For now I am a sober man, &c.

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