



DRINKING IS A FOOLISH THING.



You drunkards I pray you attend,
To this song I am going to sing,
My song is concerning of drinking,
For it is a foolish thing.

So I'd have you leave off this fuddling,
And to lead a sober life,
And the money you work so hard for,
To take it safe home to your wife.

Drinking's the root of all evil,
Its true now that you may depend,
Many a man by hard drinking,
Has brought himself to a bad end.

Drinking much injures your boby,
And likewise it empties your purse,
To see a man drunk in the street,
I am sure there is nothing worse.

A drunkard is never right happy,
But when he is in the ale-house,
And when he's a full pot before him,
O then he looks happy and spruce.

So long as he's brass in his pocket,
The landlady looks very gay,
But when he's spent his last penny,
She cares not how soon he's away.

Now when he's spent all his money,
And wants her to trust him a pot,
The landlady she will deny him,
And call him a poor drunken sot ;

You see how the landlady swaggers,
With gown sleeves as wide as a sack,
While a drunkard is nothing but tatters,
And hardly a coat to his back.

A man that is constantly drinking,
He neither can prosper nor thrive,
And the woman who weds such a husband,
Had better be burried alive.

You lasses that long to be married,
I'd have you to mind who they be,
For if you get wed to a drunkard,
You'll neither have coffee or tea.

You'll neither get coffee or tea,
Nor a bit of tobacco to smoke,
You lasses who wish to get married,
And long to be like other folks.

Dear daughter, I'd have you be careful,
Before that you do wed a man,
O mother, say nothing about it,
For I'll have a teetotal one.

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Henson, Printer, Lower End of Bridge Street
Northampton;

