

Part VIII.

Temperance Selections

How It Began

Glass number one, only in fun.

Glass number two, other boys do.

Glass number three, it won't hurt me.

Glass number four, only on more.

Glass number five, before a drive.

Glass number six, brains in a mix.

Glass number seven, star up in heaven.

Glass number eight, stars in his pate.

Glass number nine, whisky – not wine.

Glass number ten, drinking again?

Glass number twenty, not yet a plenty?

Drinking with boys, drowning his joys.

Drinking with men just now and then.

Wasting his life, killing his wife.

Losing respect, manhood all wrecked.

Losing his friends, thus it all ends.

Glass number one, taken in fun.

Ruined his life, brought on strife.

Blighted his youth, sullied his truth.

In a few years brought many tears.

Gave only pain, stole all his gain.

Made him at last, friendless, outcast.

Light-hearted boy, somebody's joy.

Do not begin early in sin;

Grow up a man brave as you can.

Taste not in fun glass number one.