

Out in the gloomy night

Out in the gloomy night sadly I roam,
I have no mother dear, no pleasant home,
No one cares for me, no one would cry
Even if poor little Bessie should die.
Many and lone, I've been wandering all day
Seeking for work, but I'm too small they say
Lambs in this damp ground I must now lay
Father's a drunkard, and Mother's dead

We were so happy till father went down
Then all our sorrows and troubles begun
Mother grew pale and she wept every day
Baby and I were too hungry to play
Slowly they faded, till one summer night
Found their dear faces all ~~dead~~ and white
Then with big tears slowly dropping I said
Father's a drunkard and Mother is dead

Oh, if the temperance men could find
Poor wretched father and talk very kind

If they could stop him from drinking, they then
should be very happy again

Is it too late? Temp. once more
for poor little Sam ^{must} ^{and die} ~~would~~ ^{on some}

All the day long I've been begging
for bread,

Father's a drunkard and mother ^{is} ~~is~~ ^{dead}

darkened as the soul became inspired
hers was the fairest-complexion
tinged with Nature's most-delicate
roses. One did not-admire alone
the ~~the~~ lovely face but-more
than all that-beauty-of intelligence
that-asserted itself in her
every expression and the natural
grace of her every movement.

The Speaker which entirely absorbed
her attention was a tall ~~dark~~
figure with dark flashing eyes
and proudly bearing she came
through the doorway into the
office he had called with
his two blackmen to treat-
them at the bar with some
kind of liquor as was the
custom in those days, and
upon being told by the Host-
that-they were just out, and
very sorry indeed. He answered
I am really glad of it-for it-
is one of the greatest-of curses
besides one of the greatest-of curses

of which our land has to contend³
and I for one shall never use it,
again and my influence shall
forever be at war with it until
it is banished from our land.
You may think he was one
of those men who could not
control his appetite, No not that
for he was only twenty one years
of age who could control himself
for he was one who had the
firmness of a Wellington. What-
was it the ardor of youth or
it for popularity - all people of
the present say if one takes such
an independent stand No he was
one our Great and natural
Reformer. One of our
noble men one of the corner stones
of every good Issue. As Bessie
stood listening in wrapped attention
to ^{his} ~~the~~ speaker she said to herself
This is my Ideal I could trust
him for a husband I ^{could} believe
all he says ~~him~~ ^{my} his own