

A greeting and welcome we give you tonight
As you come here to join us, in battling for right
Our hearts thrill with pleasure, as in this struggle
We join friendly, converse with friends near and dear
We come here to talk about temperance and truth
To warm up the hearts, of the aged and youth
To learn whether now, still speeds on our cause
And the prospect of having some temperance laws
Oh! is it not glorious to live and to work
To rescue our fellows from demons that lurk
In wine cup and bottle, while dire serpents coil
To strike deadly blows, to paralyze toil.
To make the fond father, a demon and slave,
And bring him in shame, to a poor drunkard's grave.
To bring care and sorrow, to his children and wife,
Along the down grade, of his inebriate life.
To pierce with keen anguish, those hearts when he falls,
Knowing his gone, where fierce justice appalls.
To feel the sharp pain, of deep poverty's sting,
While they see the rum-seller live as a king.

Oh! weary the year, to those suffering poor,
Wandering as travellers see a black *barren* moor.
And weary the strife, in which brave hearts have fought,
Oft times despairing, to save those they sought
To redeem from the bondage of Alcohol's chain,
Which fettered and bound them full fast till again
And again they did *struggle*, and to be free,
And be saved from the doom, they could plainly see.
Oh! green be the memories, of Champions brave,
Who feed their own selves, and others did save;
They have proved there is hope, for the drunkard as yet,
And have sound the cry, we ne'er can forget;
The watchword of justice and temperance and truth
The hope of the aged, the shield of our youth.
Oh! glorious the battle, now raging to day,
Oh! thrilling the strains, the bugle notes play,
Loud sounding the charge, against King Alcohol,
Now tottering, reeling, swift down to his fall.
Still louder and louder, the grand chorus swell;
Faster and faster, strike the blows which will tell:
For the wild cry of thousands, is sounding to day
And urging us forward to join in the fray.

Oh! pity poor orphans, whose low plaintive wail,
Sobbed out in the darkness, should pierce the thick veil
That shrouds the dim way to humanity's heart,
And bid all its chill, and coldness depart.
Aye! pity poor waifs, whose bare little feet,
Tread the pavement of cities, mid snow, and the sleet,
Reach forth your hands, ~~for~~ ^{quickly} to succor and save,
E'er they sink downward, to shame, and the grave.
And pity the heart broken widow, whose fears
Give despair a vent, in agonys tears
Bind up the wounds, the destroyer hath made
And speak the good words, the Great Comforter said
Grasp firmly the hand of the poor drunken man
And call him a brother, for save him you can
If there is salvation on earth yet for him
Then seize the last hope be it ever so dim.
Oh! say not there's nothing for us here to do
Temptations not near us, and drunkards are few
The world is our battlefield—soldiers we are,
And though we may not, in the strife, win a scar
Still we can cheer loudly when victories bring
To the ground, the black flag of Alcohol King

We can rise in our might, and ask for such laws;
And shall help speed us on, in our glorious cause;
We can fling out our banner of Temperance and Truth,
Reclaim those now fallen, and save our brave youth.
And thus we can all, in this land of the free,
Bless the year, eighteen hundred and seventy three

Or
O'Connell Grove Oregon
January 1st 1873