

THE DRUNKEN FATHER.

The circumstances which induced the writing of the following thrilling lines are as follows: A young lady in New York was in the habit of writing on the subject of temperance. Her compositions were so full of pathos, and evinced such deep emotion of soul, that a friend accused her of being a maniac on the subject of temperance, whereupon she wrote the following lines:

Go feel what I have felt,
Go bear what I have borne—
Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt,
And the cold world's proud scorn;
Then suffer on from year to year—
Thy sole relief the scorching tear.

Go kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech and pray—
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be dashed with bitter curse aside,
Your prayers burlesqued, your tears defied.

Go weep as I have wept,
O'er a loved father's fall—
See every promised blessing swept—
Youth's sweetness turned to gall—
Life's fading flowers strewed all the way
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go see what I have seen,
Behold the strong man bow—
With gnashing teeth—lips bathed in blood—
And cold and livid brow;
Go catch the withered glance and see
There mirrored, his soul's misery.

Go then to mother's side,
And her crushed bosom cheer,
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the bitter tear;

Mark her worn frame and withered brow—
The gray that streaks her dark hair now—
 With failing frame and trembling limb,
 And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth ;
 But who, foresworn, has yielded up
 That promise to the cursed cup ;
And led her down through love and light,
And all that made the prospect bright ;
 And chained her there mid want and strife,
 That lowly thing, a drunkard's wife—
And stamped on childhood's brow so mild,
That withering blight, a drunkard's child.

Go hear, and feel, and see, and know
 All that my soul hath felt and known,
Then look upon the wine cup's glow,
 See if its beauty can atone—
Think if its flavor you will try,
When all proclaim, "'Tis drink and die!"

Tell me I hate the bowl—
 Hate is a feeble word ;
I loathe—abhor—my very soul
 With strong disgust is stirred.
Whene'er I see, or hear or tell
Of that dark beverage of hell.

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