

TEMPERANCE ODE.

The following temperance ode was written by Greenville Mellen on the tenth anniversary of the N. Y. State Temperance Society, and set to music by Thos. Hastings, Doctor of Music, in 1840:

The giant men of old
 Who walk'd amid the vine,
 Saw earth's first royal age of gold,
 Ere the poet sang of wine!
 They saw no shadow on their path
 Cast from a shadow'd soul,
 Nor heard the Demon's voice of wrath,
 The Demon of the bowl!

They trod like conquerors,
 Led by the light of God—
 And champions of our noble cause
 Pass'd to their forest sod!
 Our noble cause!—whose armor binds
 Our frames about the walls,
 And marks for Hope and Heaven our minds
 When the shrine is bow'd, and falls.

How walk we now the earth,
 Sons of a dimmer day?
 With spirits of a madden'd mirth,
 Along this pilgrim way!
 'Mid city and the mountain wood,
 From poison'd fount and cup,
 Unknown in earth's first solitude,
 The sacrifice goes up.

Men of the brighter years!
 Though not a nobler age,
 Let yours of gladness be the tears,
 Along that pilgrimage—
 Tread onward like a girded band,
 For the spirit mark'd for heaven—
 Ye tread to good and great command,
 To God and glory given.

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