

TEMPERANCE POEM.

Dedicated to the noble Crew of the

UNITED STATES RECEIVING SHIP FRANKLIN, AT CHARLESTOWN NAVY YARD,

And sung in the Boston Baptist Bethel, corner of Lewis and Commercial Streets, Friday Evening,
September 7th, 1849, after the presentation of a TEMPERANCE BANNER, made and presented by

MR. W. M. MORGAN,

Of the Navy, the oldest man, (and a TRUE TEETOTALLER) on board of Receiving Ship FRANKLIN.

BY PHINEAS STOW, SEAMEN'S PREACHER.

C. M.

True, CORONATION.

I.
Hail to the glorious cause of TRUTH !
Hail to this noble band !
Their Temperance BANNER, may it wave,
Sweetly o'er sea and land.

II.
This Flag of Freedom made with hands
That long have held the Cup,
But they shall handle not again,
Or hold that viper up.

III.
Our government may take their RUM,
And pour it in the sea.
The fish may drink it, (if they can,)
But not one drop for me

IV.
Our Congressmen have passed a law
That we may drink that stuff,*
Which beasts and birds and fish detest,
That makes the lion snuff.

V.
Well, Congressmen may talk and rant,
Drink death in ruby wines,
Our STARS and STRIPES we can defend,
Without that foe that blinds.

VI.
But we now tell the great and wise,
The President and all,
That o'er the TUB no more we'll bow,
Nor sip their alcohol.

VII.
(The splendid CHESAPEAKE was lost †
By rum's unnerving power,
The EAGLE of our happy Land
Moaned in that gloomy hour.

VIII.
The SHANNON made brave hearts to quail,
By her destructive fire ;
Her crew had sober heads and eyes,
And victory did inspire.

IX.
The filthy TUB is overboard, ‡
And sunk in waters deep ;
Our Congressmen may fish it up,
And o'er its contents weep.

X.
Oft have we seen its blighting power,
While on the sparkling sea,
And by the DEATH TUB, " Cats " on board
Have bid bright hopes to flee.

XI.
The mother's heart would break, to see
The child she loves so dear,
Stung by the cruel, with'ring lash !
That brings the briny tear.

XII.
And the procuring cause is, WHAT ?
Hark ! noble men reply ;
It is that blighting TUB on board
That makes the brave men sigh !

XIII.
But brighter days have dawned at last,
And now a temperate crew
On board our war-ships may be found,
With bold hearts beating true.

XIV.
The FRANKLIN, (what a brilliant name !)
The Flag Ship of Reform,
Her Captain, and Lieutenants, Crew,
Have often braved the storm.

XV.
She, like her veteran crew, is moored,
No more to plough that sea
Where billow's roll and lightning's glare
Show breakers on the lee.

XVI.
May they like old Gibraltar stand,
When angry surges rise,
And may the Temperance Star of Hope
Attract their watchful eyes.

XVII.
God of the mighty rolling deep !
Help them to boldly say:
No, no, my shipmates, we'll not taste —
From Temperance go astray.

XVIII.
We love you, but we will not drink
The cup that blasts the soul ;
That oft has bid dark waves to rage,
And o'er us madly roll.

XIX.
We've lost our money and our health,
By drinking liquid fire ;
Our mind is fixed — no, not one drop,
To rouse the old desire.

XX.
Let shipmates frown and call us weak,
But we can go alone,
And not, like drunkards, reel and fall,
With all their manhood gone.

XXI.
Our BANNER, it shall sweetly wave
In heaven's pure Temperance air,
Inviting toil-worn sailors bold
To Pledge — and not despair.

XXII.
This BANNER we for truth unfold,
(Emblem of sea and sky.)
Trusting in Him who made the deep,
And hears the raven's cry.

XXIII.
Soon will all earthly objects fail
To greet the eye of love,
On pinions of immortal strength
O may we soar above.

XXIV.
There sin's dark pall will never cloud
The pathway of the just,
Where banners wave in balmy air
O'er all the victors' blast.

XXV.
And as we walk the golden street,
O may we oft behold
Loved ones of earth, from sea and land,
With crowns and harps of gold.

XXVI.
With them we'll scan the bitter past,
When on the sea of time,
And speak of present joy and bliss
In that unclouded cline.

* When the subject was before Congress to abolish the "spirit rations," in our noble navy, and millions wished it removed, a number of Representatives exclaimed, when in the heat of discussion, "Let poor Jack have his grog." Jack who? Go to N. Webster for information. O shame, where is thy blush? Seamen will submit to be called "Jacks" and "Tars," and all kinds of low names until freed from the power of strong drink. We would not strain at a gnat and swallow a camel, but it is the little foxes that spoil the vines, Solomon says.

† It is stated by credible men, that most of the crew of the Chesapeake, at the time of her engagement with the Shannon, were intoxicated. Thus RUM, combined with HASTE, lost a victory for our noble Navy.

‡ Virtually this is true of many who have for days, and years assembled round the polluting grog tub. It is now cast into the sea, and is among the things that were and are not. May it never have a resurrection is our prayer.