My Pledge

Many years gone by, when but a youth
And fresh from my mother's knees,
In earnest prayer I was taught to say
"Wine is a hollow mockery."

Years roll on I seek the world
Its pleasures to taste and see,
But still the sentence rings in my ears
Wine is a hollow mockery.

In honor I behold insane with drink
Young men who once chummed with me
Then I realize the terrible truth
Wine is a hollow mockery.

A weeping widow with children in rags
Without home, food, or money is she.
She knows too well, the pitiful tale
Wine is a hollow mockery.