

The Drunkard's Hell

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It was a dark and stormy night,
I saw and heard a awful sight;
The lightning flashed, the thunder roared
Above my dark, benighted soul.

I thought I saw that gulf below,
Where all poor dying drunkards go;
My feeling there no tongue can tell,
In this sure place of a drunkard's hell.

I went on and got there at last,
And thought I'd take a social glass;
But every time I'd stir it well,
I'd think about the drunkard's hell.

I dashed it out and left the place,
And went to seek redeeming grace;
Down on my knees to Jesus there
Poured out my soul in humble prayer.

I went on home to change my life,
And to my long neglected wife;
I found her kneeling by the bed,
Because our infant babe lay dead.

I told her not to cry and weep
Because our babe had went to sleep;
Its precious soul has fled away
To live with Christ in endless day.

I took her by her lily-white hand,
She was so weak she could not stand;
Down on our knees to Jesus there
Poured out our souls in humble prayer.

From Ozark Folksongs, Randolph
Collected from Mrs. J.C. Clanton, MO 1930
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