

TOBACCO, OH! OH!!

Words by a LADY,

Recitando,

1. Tell me, ye winged winds } round my dwell-ing blow, { Do ye not know some spot } do not go—
that } where smokers..... }

Some quiet, pleasant delli, } in the West, { Where, freed from pipes and } peace may rest? | The loud winds dwindled to a
some valley..... } smoke, a soul in..... }

whis - per low, And sighed for pity as they answered, "No, No, No, No!"

2.
Tell me, thou ocean deep, whose' billows' oft I' see,
Know'st thou some island home, to which our' sex may' flee,
Safe from tobacco quids, and streams of' filthy' juice
Ejected from men's mouths?—O, what a' vile a'-buse!—
The wild waves rolling in perpet'-u-al' flow. [No.
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer' No'-' No' No'

3.
And thou, bright silver moon, when,' on thy' nightly' round,
Thou look'st adown on earth, hast thou not' somewhere' found
A spot yet undefiled by those who' use the' weed,

And where mankind the rules of' neatness' heed?
Behind a cloud the moon with'-drew her' face,
A voice in sadness answered'—Not,'- Not,' a' place.

4.
Tell me, ye Spirits bright, that' now are' hovering' o'er.
Must we endure this curse forever,' ev'-er' more?
O, search beyond this earth, search regions' of the' blest;
Can ye not find some place where we un'-smoked may' rest?
Faith, Hope and Trust—best boons to' mortals' given—
Waved their bright wings, and whispered,' Yes!'- yes,'
in' heaven.