Look Not Upon The Ruby Wine

1. Look not upon the ruby wine, That sparkles with its witching light; 
   Tho' bright its gleaming bubbles shine, It leads to sorrow, gloom and night.

2. The mirth shall end, the joy be past, And hushed the notes of those who sing; 
   And then shall come to thee at last The serpent's bite, the adder's sting.

3. Then look not on the poisoned bowl, But from the path of danger flee, 
   Lest thou shalt sink a ruined soul, And angels shall lament for thee.

Words by H. L. Hastings
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