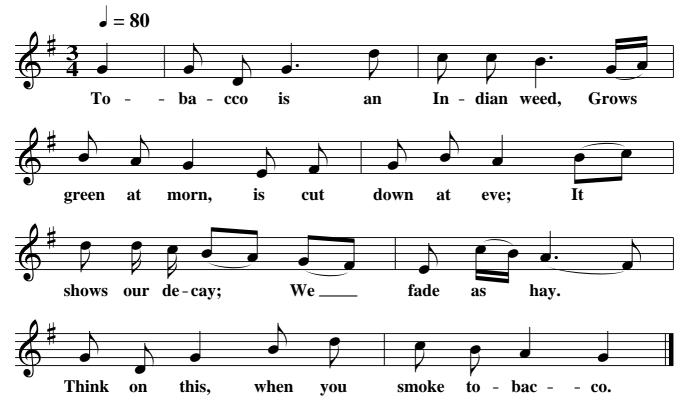
Tobacco Is An Indian Weed



Tobacco is an Indian weed,

Grows green at morn, is cut down at eve;

It shows our decay;

We fade as hay.

Think on this,-when you smoke tobacco.

The pipe that is so lily-white,
Wherein so many take delight,
Gone with a touch;
Man's life is such,
Think on this,- when you smoke tobacco.

The pipe that is so foul within, Shews how the soul is stained with sin; It doth require The purging fire. Think on this,-when you smoke tobacco.

The ashes that are left behind,
Do serve to put us all in mind,
That unto dust,
Return we must.
Think on this,-when you smoke tobacco.

The smoke that doth so high ascend, Shows that our life must have an end; The vapours' gone, Man's life is done. Think on this,-when you smoke tobacco.