

THE
PROHIBITION
MELODIST.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE WATER FAIRIES:
(A TEMPERANCE CANTATA.)

JNO. R. SWENEY and WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, Editors.

F 46.111 Philadelphia: JOHN J. HOOD, 1018 Arch St.

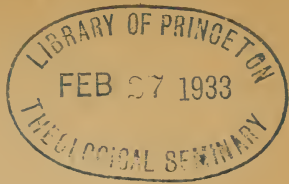
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OUR CAUSE.

“The recent election settled who is to be the occupant of the Presidential chair at Washington for the next four years, but it did not settle the far more important question as to how much longer the rum oligarchy is to retain its seat of power in the nation. It did not decide how much longer the people of this nation must be taxed to support the vast army of criminals and paupers for which this drink traffic is responsible. It did not decide how much longer we are to continue to pour our three or four hundred million dollars a year into the cruel and voracious maw of the drink monster. It did not decide how many thousands more of the helpless and innocent, of suffering wives and starving children, are to be sacrificed to the greed of the same monster. It did not decide how much longer our homes are to be ruined, our young men debauched, our peace destroyed, and our safety imperilled by the satanic agency of the rum-shop. All these questions are still before the people.

“The grand work of the temperance reformation is still before, not far, we trust, but still before. This is not the time for those who labor in this cause to lay their weapons down. The legions of the enemy are still in the field, as active, as vigilant, as merciless as ever. Equal activity and vigilance should be theirs who are fighting the battle for the home, for God, and for the peace and happiness of the land. Theirs it is to continue the work of educating public sentiment on the drink question; theirs it is to continue the work of besieging the legislative halls of the States and the nation for more effective and repressive temperance laws; theirs it is to take advantage wherever possible of the existing laws to bar out and crush out the rum traffic; theirs it is to work and pray and pray and work, to be laboring in season and out of season for the complete and final overthrow of the liquor power in all the nation.”

—*New York Observer.*

THE PROHIBITION MELODIST.

1 ELIZA D. HAND. **Take Your Stand.** WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
DUET.

1. Oh, how man-y souls are fall - ing, Ev - 'ry day and ev - 'ry hour,
2. Wheresoe'er the ty - rant reigneth Peace and plenty have no share;
3. Mothers' hearts are breaking daily As they see their darling boys,

Go - ing down to death and ru - in Un - der al - co - hol's fell power.
Want and misery fill the household, Shame and sorrow lin - ger there.
Conquered by this ruthless ty - rant, Crushing all their hopes and joys.

CHORUS.

To the res - cue, O ye work - ers, Help to stay this tide of woe; In the

name of Christ our Leader, Take your stand against the foe. against the foe.
take your stand

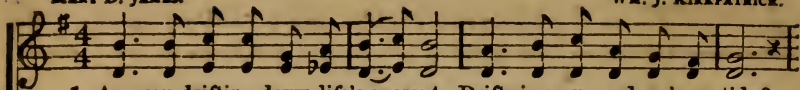
4 Shall we then sit idly dreaming,
While this monster stalks the land,
Robbing us of all that's dearest,
Mocking us on every hand?

5 Let us on, then, to the rescue,
Let us never faint or fear;
God is on our side! take courage,
He our cry will surely hear.

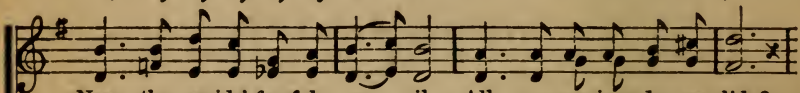
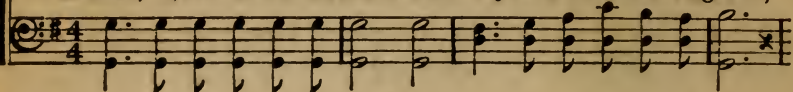
Are You Drifting?

MARY D. JAMES.

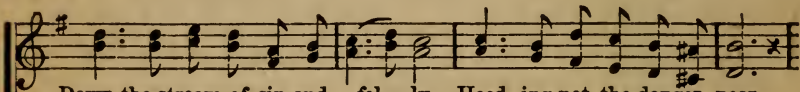
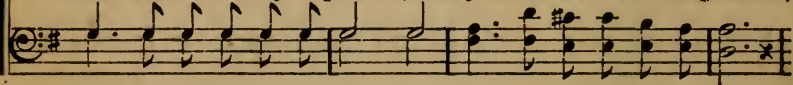
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



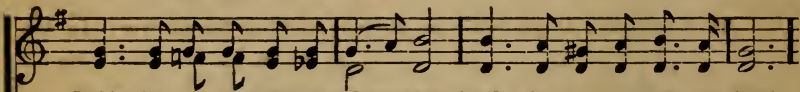
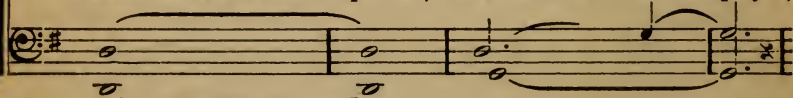
1. Are you drifting down life's current, Drift-ing on a dang'rous tide?
2. Down the stream of worldly pleasure Drift-ing, drifting ev - er - more
3. Heed, oh, heed the kind moni - tion! Give your aimless wand'rings o'er;



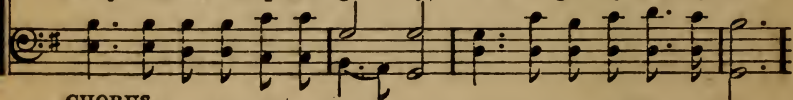
Near the rapids' fearful per - il All unconscious do ye glide?
 T'ward the great unfathomed o - cean, Bound for yon e - ter - nal shore?
 Cease to seek in earth your pleasure, Head your bark for heav'n's bright shore,



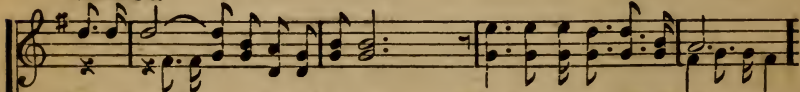
Down the stream of sin and fol - ly,—Heed-ing not the danger near,
 Drift - ing, drifting,—going,—whither? Aim - less, purposeless;—how vain!
 Take on board the skillful pi - lot, Use the oars of faith and prayer;



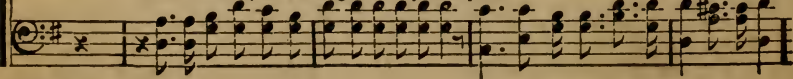
Drift - ing on in self-com - pla - cence, Feel - ing no remorse or fear?
 To the dark and dread forev - er! What, oh, what have ye to gain?
 Then you'll make the port of glo - ry, God will guide you safely there.



CHORUS.



Hark the voice . . of yonder pilot: Cease your drifting, seize the oar;
 Hark the voice, the warning voice of yonder pilot: seize the oar;



Make the blest, celestial harbor, Steer your bark for Canaan's shore.
 Make the blest, celestial harbor, make the harbor,

A Helping Hand.

ELIZA D. HAND.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We are coming from the mountains, From the ocean strand; From the valleys
2. We have seen our brothers falling, Thro' the wine-cup's wiles, And we know the
3. We have heard the cries of anguish Rise from broken hearts O'er the forms of

CHORUS.

we are surging O - ver all the land. We will lend a helping hand,
 tempting dem-on Kills while it beguiles.
 loved ones stricken By its hellish darts.

We will lend a help-ing hand, To aid the right against the wrong,

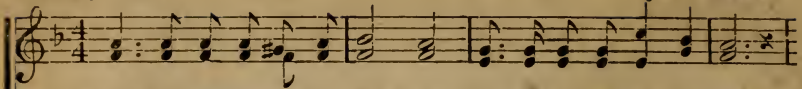
We will lend a help-ing hand.

- 4 We are coming to the rescue:
 Help us, Lord, to win
 These, our tempted, erring brothers,
 From this deadly sin.
- 5 Help them rise to virtuous manhood,
 Temperate and pure;
 For "To him that overcometh"
 The reward is sure.

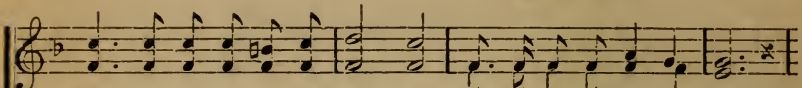
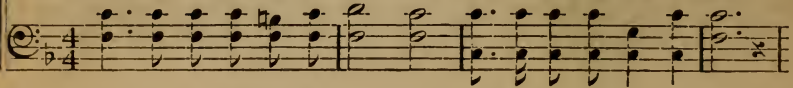
Rise, Quickly Rise.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

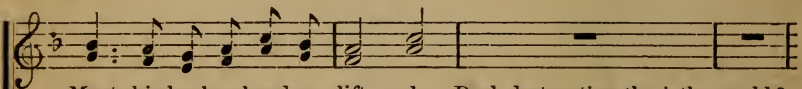
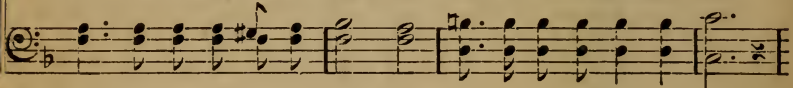
JNO. R. SWENNY.



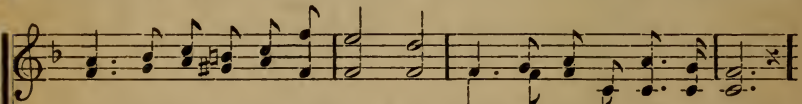
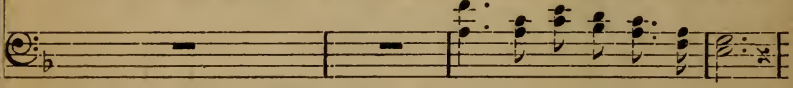
1. Friends of temp'rance, duty calls you Now the question to de- cide;
2. Friends of temp'rance, show your colors, Bid them sparkle in the light;
3. Friends of temp'rance, up and onward, In the bat- tle front appear;



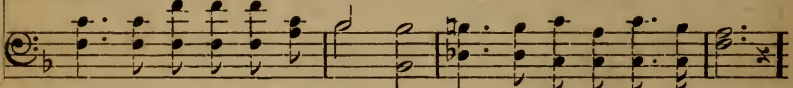
Shall the foe to ev - 'ry vir - tue In our ver - y midst a - bide?
 Let your forc - es now be marshalled For the no - ble cause of right.
 From the dreadful path of ru - in Save our native land so dear.



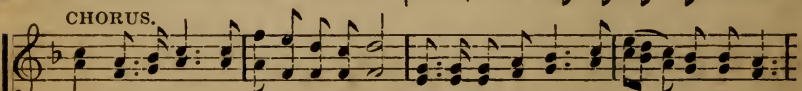
Must his lawless hand up - lift - ed Deal destruction thro' the world?
 Do not wav - er, time is precious; See the tempter gaining ground;
 God will help us, on - ly trust him; We shall triumph thro' his word;



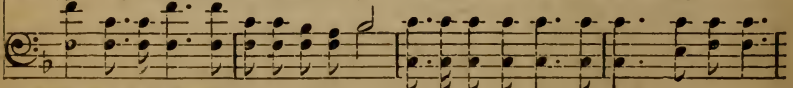
Shall his arrows, deep and burning, Still with cruel power be hurled?
 Stop his progress, meet him proudly, Let the temp'rance war-cry sound.
 Haste to vic - t'ry, clothed and girded With the armor of the Lord.



CHORUS.



Rise, quickly rise, the earnest call obey; Wield the sword of truth with strong endeavor!



Rise, quickly rise, and conquer while we may; Down with the tyrant, now and ever.

Glorious Victory.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We'll never lay down our ar - mor Till finished the march of life;
2. While yet there's a foe to conquer We'll never re - sign the field,
3. A vic - to - ry ev - 'ry mo - ment The earnest in heart may win;
4. Then strive till we all are vic - tors, And, gathered beyond the sky,

We'll nev - er give up the con - flict Till vic - to - ry crowns the strife.
 Till vic - to - ry's fadeless laur - els In triumph a - dorn our shield.
 A vic - to - ry o'er our tri - als, The tempter, the world, and sin.
 We ech - o the shout of mill - ions Their vic - to - ry - song on high.

CHORUS.

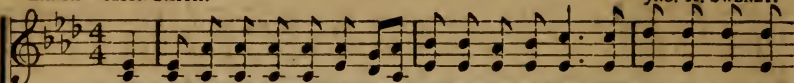
Then onward joyfully, firm and trustfully, Marching steadily, brave and strong,

Shouting VICTORY, glorious vic - to - ry! Shouting VICTORY all day long.

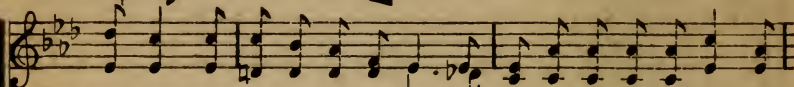
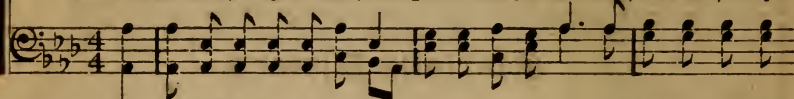
Nearing Every Day.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

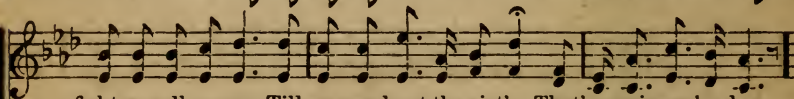
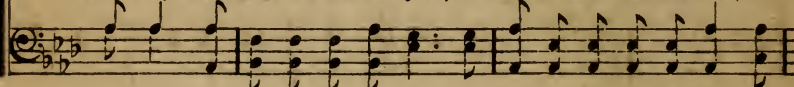
JNO. R. SWENEY.



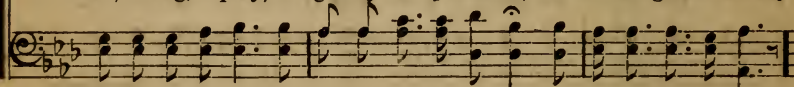
1. The temp'rance army rallies O'er all the land to-day: We hear the tramp of
2. In vain has moral suasion Essayed to rout our foes; High license proves a
3. The enemy stands fearful Before our dauntless host, It needs no eye pro-
4. Arouse then, ev'ry brother, And prove that you are true; A waken, ev'ry



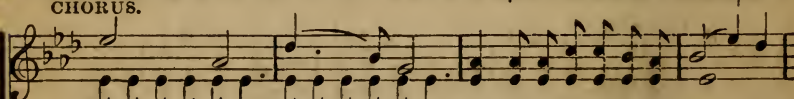
mil-lions, All marching to the fray; We'll join the ranks, determined To
 trai-tor, As cost-ly tri-al shows; But le-gal pro-hi-bition, With
 phet-ic To see their day is lost; When true men never falter, Though
 sis-ter, The cause has need of you; U-nit-ed stand and fearless, To



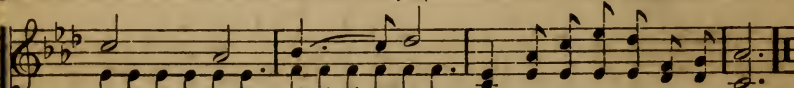
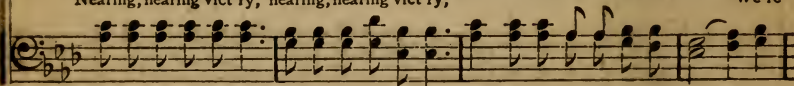
fight as well as pray, Till we can shout the vict'ry That's nearing ev'ry day.
 firm and mighty sway, Will lead our cause to vict'ry; God hasten on the day!
 life-blood paves the way, They know the temp'rance vict'ry Draws nearer ev'ry day.
 vote, or sing, or pray, Or fight by a-n-y method, Till we have gained the day.



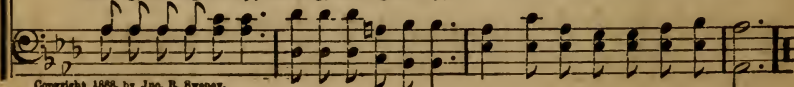
CHORUS.



Near - - ing, near - - ing, Nearing the vict'ry ev'ry day, We're
 Nearing, nearing vict'ry, nearing, nearing vict'ry, We're



near - - ing, near - - ing, Nearing the vict'ry ev-'ry day.
 nearing, nearing vict'ry, nearing, nearing vict'ry,

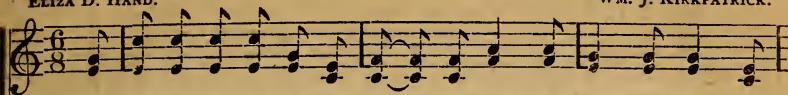


Prohibition is in the Air.

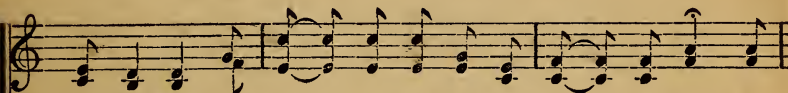
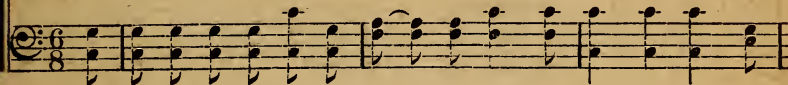
9

ELIZA D. HAND.

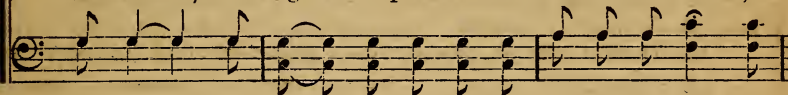
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



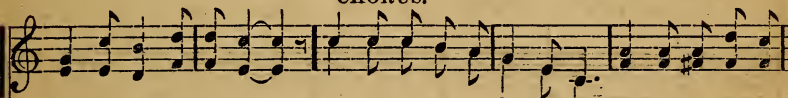
1. We've wheeled into line, and we'll never turn back, We're fixed in this po-
2. We want no saloons, for they ruin our boys, And send them to per-
3. How dreadful the work of the whis - key mills, — They breed crime and se-
4. We mean to keep at it and never give up; We'll take no in - ter-
5. You may call us fa - natics and cranks, if you please, We're on a glo - ri-



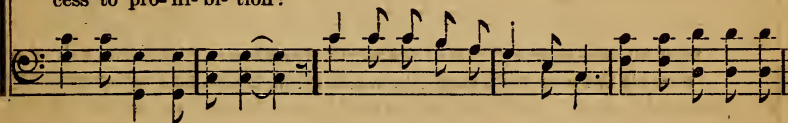
si - tion, That both the old par - ties are on the wrong track, — We'll
di - tion; We'll set - tle the mat - ter some day at the polls, And
di - tion; We'll suf - fer no more of the poi - son stills; We'll
mis - sion; We'll dash to piec - es the fa - tal cup, — Three
ous mission; And the gallant ship's sails are filled out with the breeze, Suc -



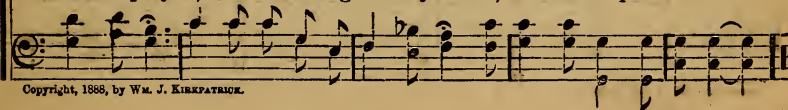
CHORUS.



vote for pro - hi - bi - tion. Pro - hi - bi - tion is in the air. Waft it onward by
vote for pro - hi - bi - tion.
vote for pro - hi - bi - tion.
cheers for pro - hi - bi - tion!
cess to pro - hi - bi - tion!



faith and prayer; God is blessing it everywhere; Hurrah for prohibi - tion!



The World is Growing Better.

Rev. JOHN O. FOSTER, A. M.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.

1. The world is growing bet-ter, No mat-ter what they say, The
 2. We mark the stead-y foot-falls, We hear the tramping host, The
 3. The Bi-ble cause and missions, The church and Sunday-school, The
 4. O for an in-spir - a - tion To thrill the mighty throng, And

light is shining brighter In one refulgent ray; And tho' deceivers murmur, And
 lines deploying widely, Encompass all the lost; And while the gospel banner Floats
 steady flow of money, To keep the coffers full, While thousands of young converts Re-
 bugle note of triumph, A gospel wave of song, A deeper ob- ligation T'ward

rit. *a tempo.*
 turn an-oth-er way, Yet still the world grows better, And better ev'ry day.
 over all the way, We'll shout, the world grows better, And better ev'ry day.
 joyce and sing and pray, We know the world grows better, And better ev'ry day.
 what we ought to pay, And give to God the glory, Far better ev'ry day.

The World is Growing Better.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

'Tis grow - - - ing, grow - - - ing, Bet - ter and
'Tis grow-ing, grow-ing bet - ter, grow-ing, grow-ing bet - ter,

bet - ter ev - 'ry day; Yes, 'tis grow-ing, grow-ing bet - ter,
'Tis grow - - - ing,
ev - 'ry day 'tis grow-ing bet - ter, grow-ing bet - ter,

grow - ing bet - ter, Bet - ter and bet - ter ev - 'ry day.
grow-ing, growing bet - ter, grow - ing bet - ter ev - 'ry day.

Num. vi. 24-26. The Lord Bless Thee.

W. J. K.

A blessing for use in closing Sabbath-school, or other service, in the absence of a minister.

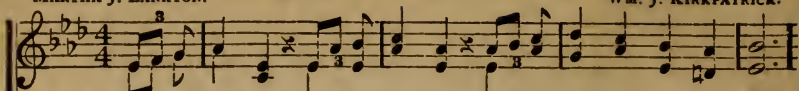
The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: The Lord make his face shine upon thee and be
[gracious

unto thee: The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace. Amen.

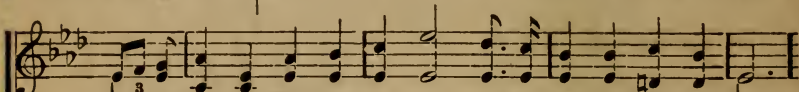
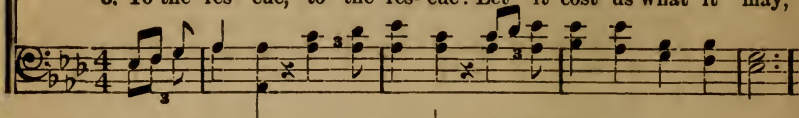
We Must Save Them.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

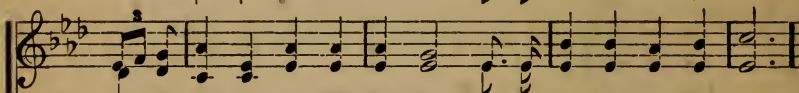
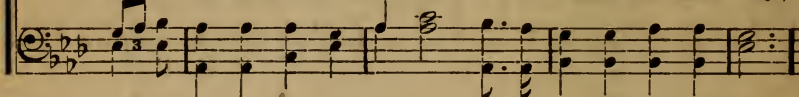
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



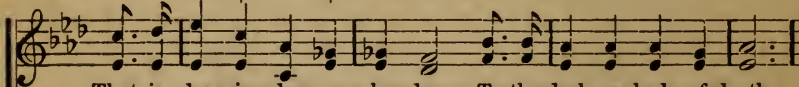
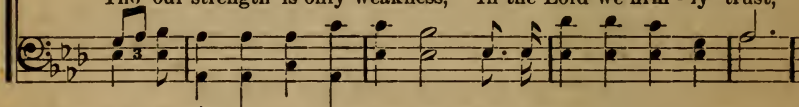
1. To the res - cue, to the res - cue! There's a gi - ant in the land
2. To the res - cue, to the res - cue! And be - gin this day and hour;
3. To the res - cue, to the res - cue! Let it cost us what it may,



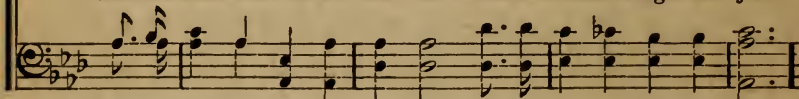
That defies the Temp'rance Army, And against its ranks will stand;
See, our youth are borne in triumph, Captured victims to his power;
We must banish our op - press - or, We must drive him far a - way;



There is mal - ice in his vis - age, And a poi - son in his breath
No - ble hearts are made his trophies, And he laughs in bitter scorn
Tho' our strength is only weakness, In the Lord we firm - ly trust,



That is dragging down our loved ones To the dark a - bode of death.
When their constant midnight revels Leave them wretched and forlorn.
And we know that he will aid us When our cause is right and just.

CHORUS. *faster.**poco rit.*

We must save them, we must save them, Ere they perish in the vortex of despair;
in the vortex of despair;



Andante.

God of mercy, hear and help us While we plead with thee in prayer.
we plead with thee in prayer.

Hope for the Drunkard.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

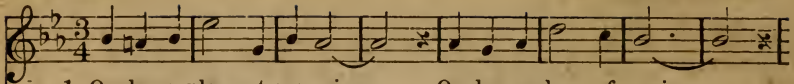
1. There is hope for the drunkard to-day, No matter how wretched and poor; For we
2. There is hope for the drunkard to-day, We're yearning the fallent to save From the
3. There is hope for the drunkard to-day, God's mercy and pardon are free, There is

all ready stand, Each to give him a hand, And restore him to manhood once more.
cruellest snare, From the brink of despair, From a hopeless repentantless grave.
no love so pure, There is no help so sure, And his grace e'er sufficient will be.

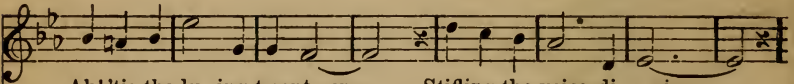
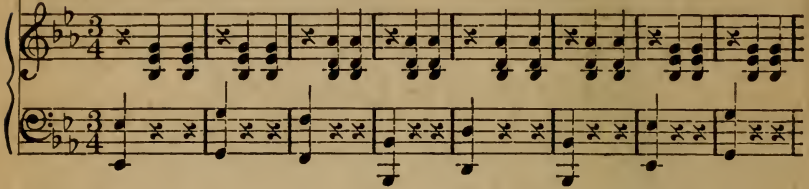
CHORUS.

There is hope for the drunkard, thank God! O brother, believe the glad word; Trust the

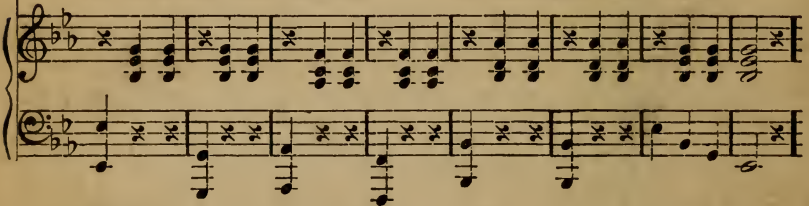
almighty Friend. He will save to the end, And bestow an eternal reward.



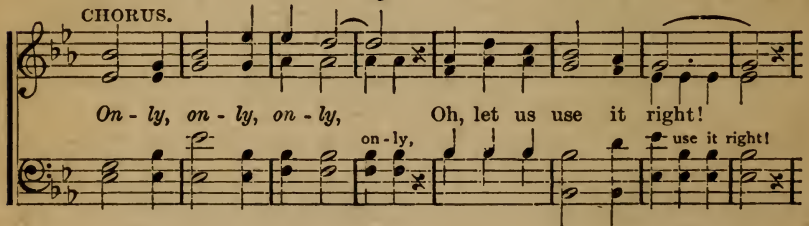
1. On-ly a pleas-ant eve-ning; On-ly a glass of wine;
 2. On-ly a young man's folly; On-ly a taste of fun;
 3. On-ly a seed of ev-il Sown at a care-less age;
 4. Turning aside from vir-tue On-ly a step or two;



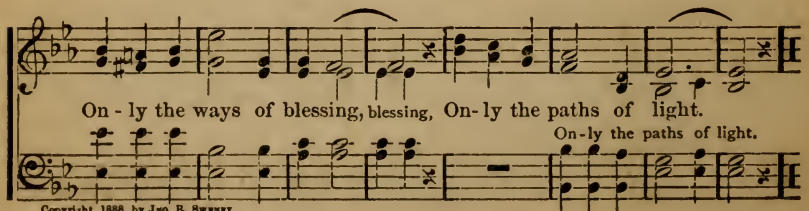
Ah!'tis the ly-ing tempt-er, Stifling the voice di-vine.
 Ah!'tis the opened flood-gate, Letting the wa-ters run.
 Ah!'tis a bit-ter har-vest, Reaping the whirlwind's rage.
 Ah!'tis a-way from heav-en, All that is good and true.



CHORUS.



On-ly, on-ly, on-ly, Oh, let us use it right!
 on-ly, use it right!



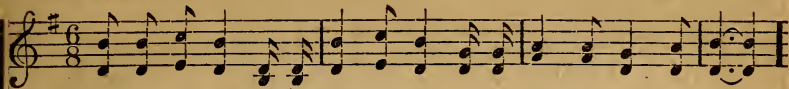
On-ly the ways of blessing, blessing, On-ly the paths of light.
 On-ly the paths of light.

Gather Them In.

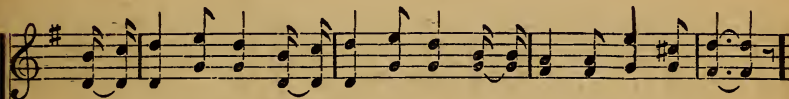
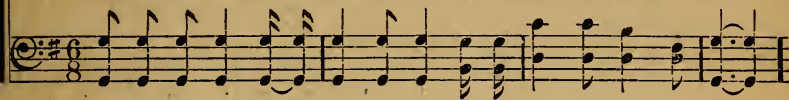
15

Rev. HENRY BURTON, M.A.

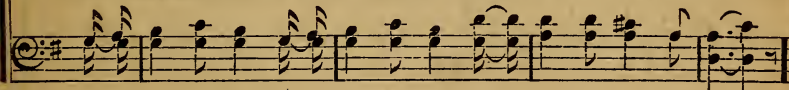
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



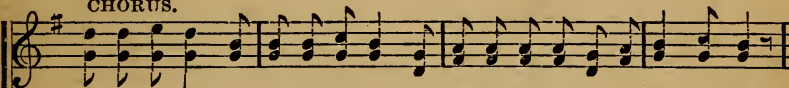
1. Gath-er them in at the Master's call To the banquet of his love;
2. Gath-er them in, the halt and lame, By the winning word and deed;
3. Gath-er them in, there's none so low But the Lord shall bid him "Rise;"
4. Gath-er them in, the young and old, For the Father's love is free;
5. Then as the blood-washed raise their songs To the Lamb upon the throne,



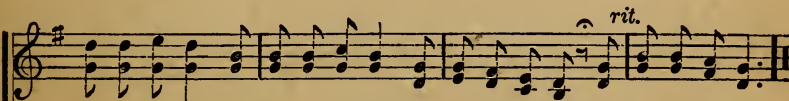
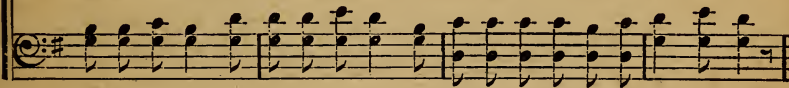
Go bring them in, there's room for all In the Father's house above.
 There is healing still in the wondrous name, And a help for every need.
 There is none so sunk in the deeps of woe But may climb the highest skies!
 For each and all there's a harp of gold, And a house by the jasper sea.
 As you hear the harps of the countless throngs Their joy will swell your own-



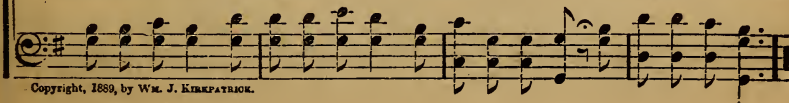
CHORUS.



Go then and tell them, go and compel them, Gather them out of the mire of sin;



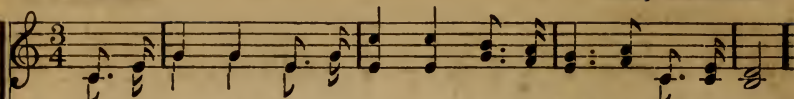
Go then and tell them, go and compel them, Gather them in, O gather them in!



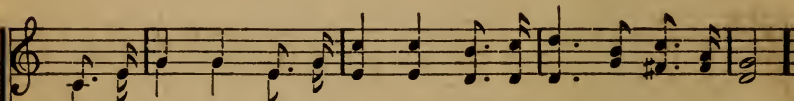
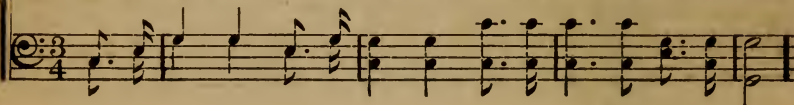
Raise the Standard.

G. W. COLLINS.

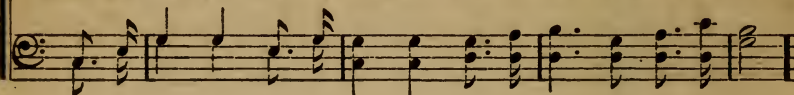
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



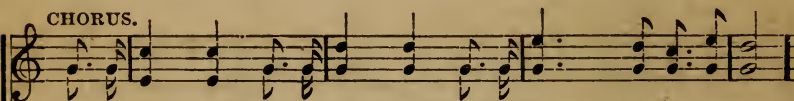
1. Raise the standard "Pro - hi - bi - tion," Hold it firm - ly in the van,
2. Lis - ten to our marching ord - ers, Mark and ponder well each word ;
3. Side by side, let all be faithful, In one sol - id phalanx stand ;
4. Free her from the dead - ly traf - fic— Licensed trade in crime and death !
5. Seize the mon - ster fiend "Intemp'rance," Burst the i - ron bands of vice,



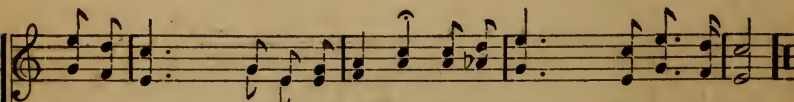
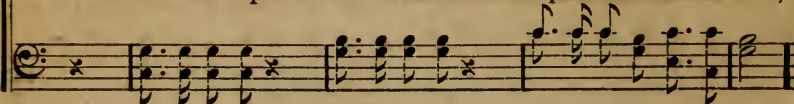
And let ev - 'ry temp'rance sol - dier Ral - ly round it to a man.
 "Mor - al - sua - sion be your truce - flag, — Le - gal - sua - sion be your sword."
 And with hands to heaven uplift - ed, Vow to free our glorious land.
 De - vas - ta - ting home and country With its fier - y, poison breath.
 Res - cue from the might - y tempter Lives of hon - or, souls of price.



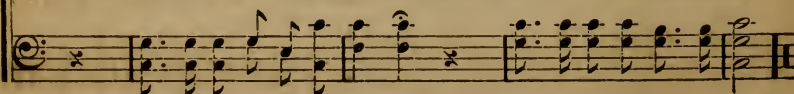
CHORUS.



Pro - hi - bi - tion! pro - hi - bi - tion! Sound the password down the line;



Let the friends of social or - der Ech - o back the countersign.

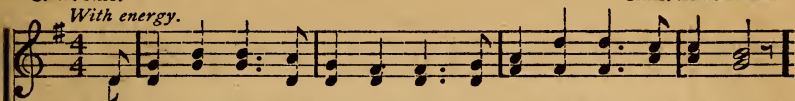


Look Not.

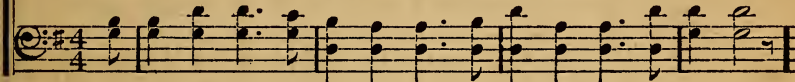
17

C. W. FAY.

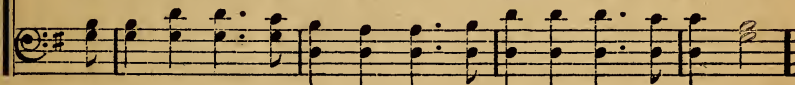
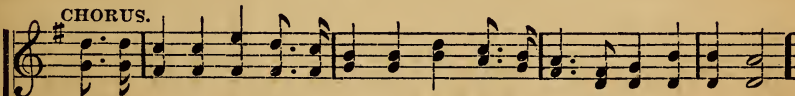
CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

With energy.

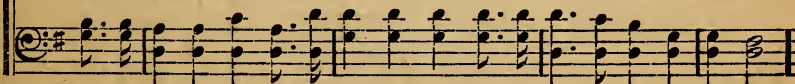
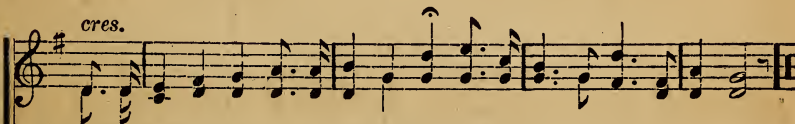
1. O look not on the sparkling wine, Lest blind desire inflame thee;
2. O look not on the sparkling wine, Tho' friend or foe de- ride thee;
3. O look not on the sparkling wine, Lest chains of woe enthrall thee;
4. O look not on the sparkling wine, Lest sin and death decoy thee;



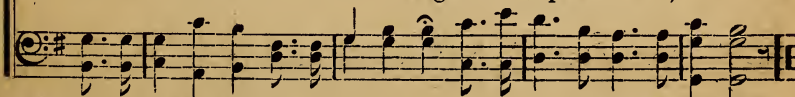
Lest madness should thy steps incline, While demon hosts may claim thee.
For fawning fa - vor do not pine, It falsely would misguide thee.
Keep pure those stainless lips of thine, Or e - vil must be-fall thee.
Lost spir- its with deep plot com-bine To tempt thee and destroy thee.

**CHORUS.**

Then beware, beware of the deadly snare, Shun the road to pain and sorrow;

*cres.*

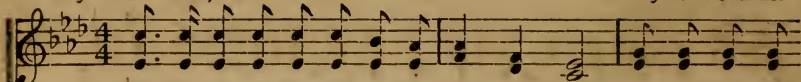
Shun the drunkard's cup, then thou canst look up,
Bright with hope and cheer, to-morrow.



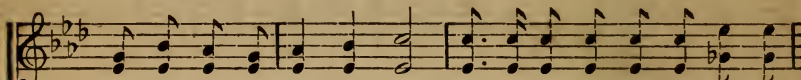
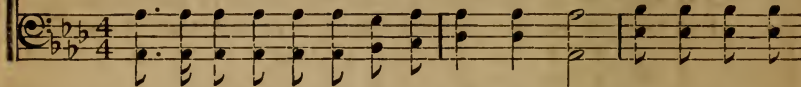
Living Waters.

Rev. JOHN O. FOSTER, A. M.

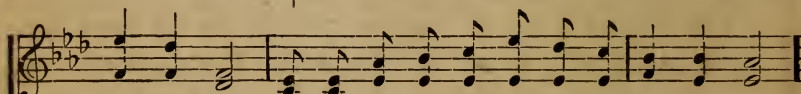
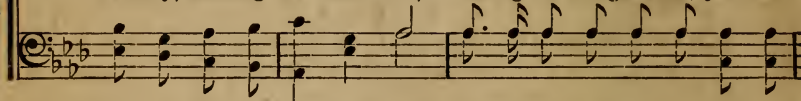
JNO. R. SWENEY.



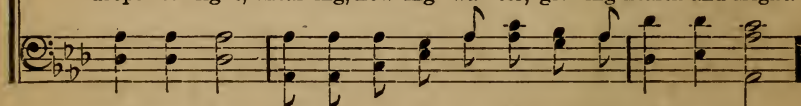
1. See the crystal waters from the fount-ain cold, Sweet and pure and
2. Ti - ny lit - tle snowflakes falling all a - round, Melt-ing for the
3. Coming from the mountain underneath the hill, Springing from the



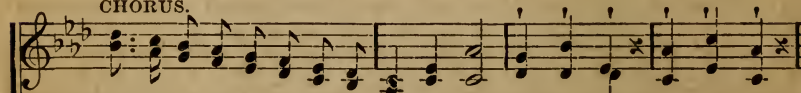
healthful, as in days of old, Gushing from the fountain, running streamlets, creeping un - derground; Deep the hidden currents from the val - ley, dancing in the rill, Shin-ing in the glass - es, jew - el



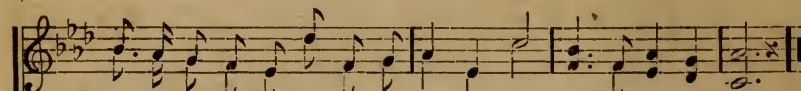
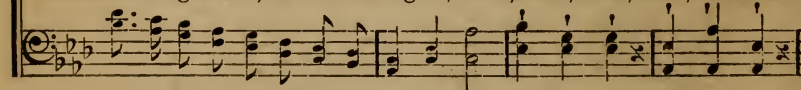
through the plain, Roll-ing in the bil-low, com-ing down in rain.
light of day, Bursting out in gladness, shooting out in spray.
drops of light, Heal-ing, flow-ing wa - ter, giv-ing health and might.



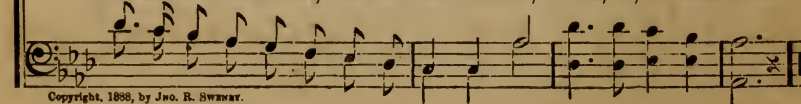
CHORUS.



Drink the living waters, life will come again, Drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink,



Drink and live forev - er, life will then remain; Drink, oh, drink and live.

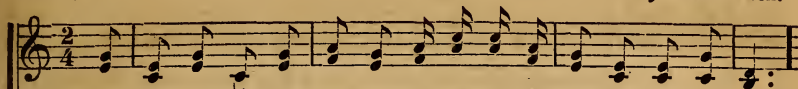


Won't we be a Happy People.

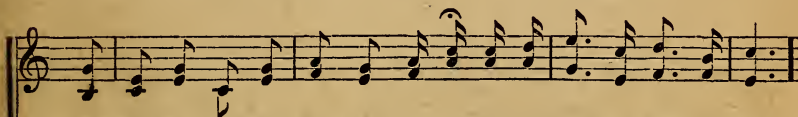
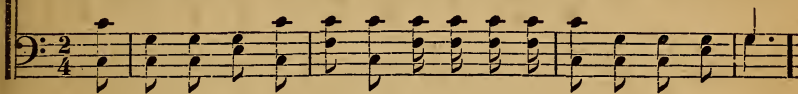
19

E. E. HEWITT.

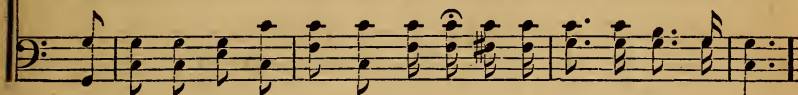
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



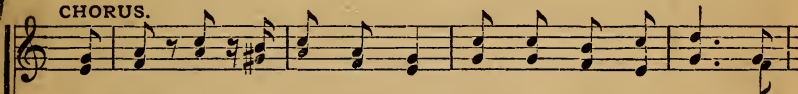
1. Oh, won't we be a hap-py people When the beer saloons are gone!
2. Oh, won't we be a hap-py people When the money goes for bread,
3. Oh, won't we be a hap-py people When the fathers come at night
4. Oh, won't we be a happy people When our loved "red, white, and blue"



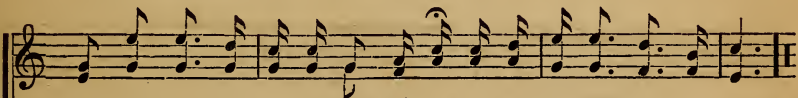
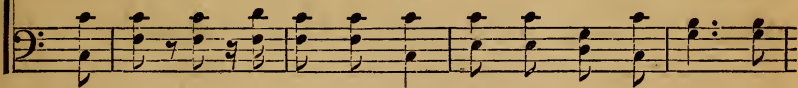
We'll bid the world a gay good morning When we hail the golden dawn.
For books and clothing for the children, For the roof-tree o - verhead.
To "home, sweet home" so bright and cheery, Lit with love's own blessed light.
Shall proudly float o'er temp'rance freemen, To their homes and country true.



CHORUS.



Then haste, haste the hap - py day! Work and vote and pray; We'll



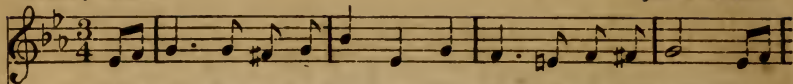
bid the world a ver - y good morning When the liquor's put a-way.



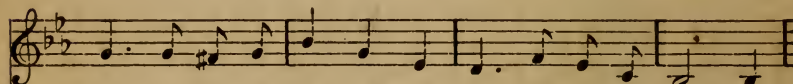
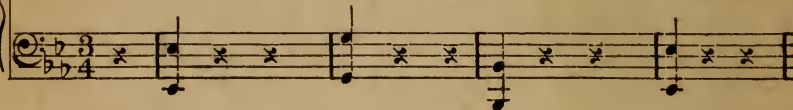
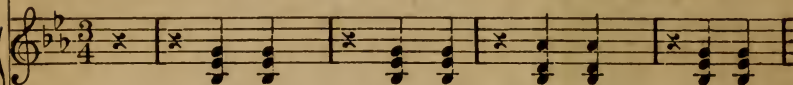
Together Side by Side.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

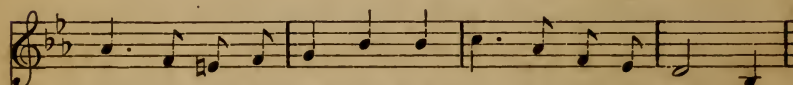
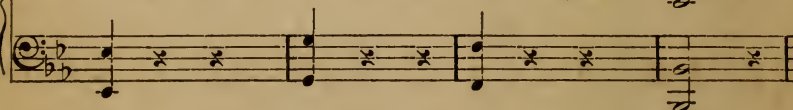
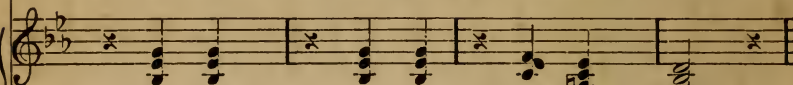
JNO. R SWENEY.



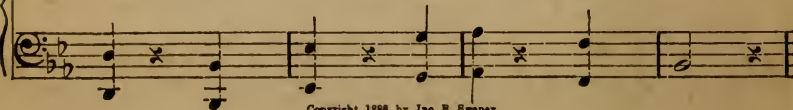
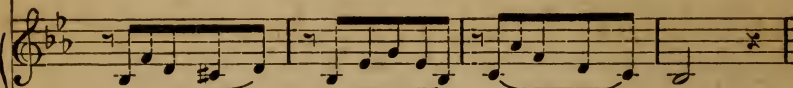
1. I sought the humble dwelling Of her whose trusting heart, To
2. The tempter through companions Beguiled him from the home Where
3. Though but a sim-ple sto - ry, Its truth appeals to all; Our

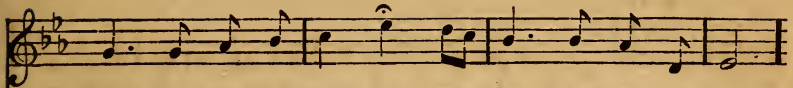


shield a wed-ded loved one, Had no - bly borne its part; She
oft he used to tell her He nev - er wished to roam; Though
prayers and words of kind - ness The er - ring must re - call. O,



guessed my words unspok - en, And, smil - ing, thus re - plied: My
day by day she saw him Pur - sue a downward track, She
fol - low her ex - am - ple! And we may yet re - store Full

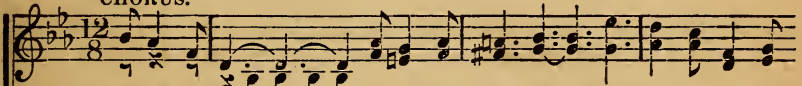




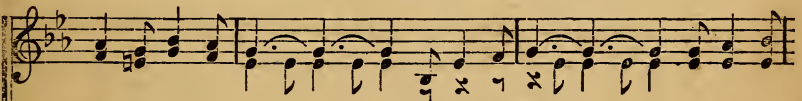
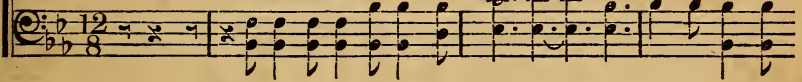
love and I are walk - ing To - geth - er side by side!
 knew and felt his weak - ness, And tried to win him back.
 ma - ny-a soul from ru - in, To love and joy once more.



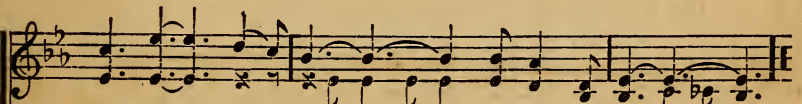
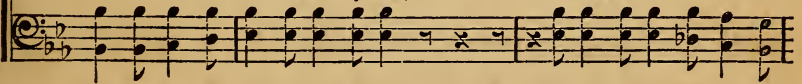
CHORUS.



The prayer of years . . . at last was answered; And, though her faith at
 The prayer of years



times was sorely tried, In christian love they now are:
 was sore-ly tried, In christian love



walk - ing To - geth - - - er side by side. . . .
 Togeth - er walk - ing side by side, side by side.



Help Just a Little.

Music from "The Wells of Salvation," }
new words by Rev. W. A. SPENCER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Brother for Christ's kingdom sighing, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
2. Is thy cup made sad by tri-al? Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
3. Though no wealth to thee is giv-en, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;

Help to save the mil-lions dy-ing, Help just a lit-tle.
Sweet-en it with self-de-ni-al, Help just a lit-tle.
Sac-ri-fice is gold in heav-en, Help just a lit-tle.

CHORUS.

Oh, the wrongs that we may righten! Oh, the hearts that we may lighten!

Oh, the skies that we may brighten! Helping just a lit-tle.

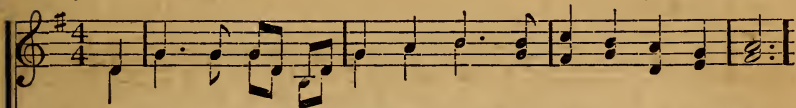
4 Let us live for one another,
Help a little, help a little;
Help to lift each fallen brother,
Help just a little.

5 Tho' thy life is pressed with sorrow,
Help a little, help a little;
Bravely look t'ward God's to-morrow,
Help just a little.

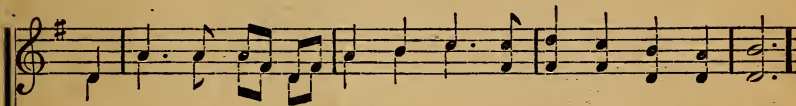
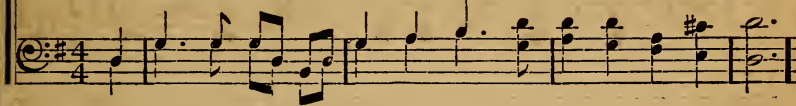
The Rum Saloon shall Go.

Rev. JOHN O. FOSTER, A. M.

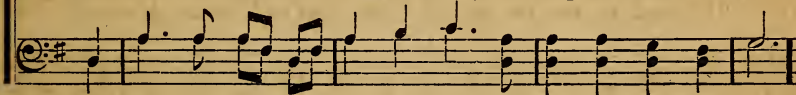
JNO. R. SWENEY.



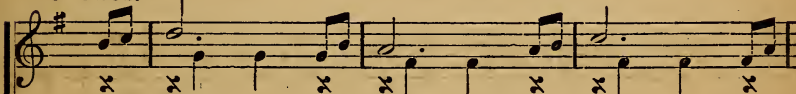
1. A wave is roll - ing o'er the land, With heavy un - der - tow ;
2. Its doom is writ - ten on the sky, A - bove the shining bow ;
3. We've stood the wretched, bit - ter moans Full long enough, you know ;
4. The land is tired of the curse, The people have said so ;



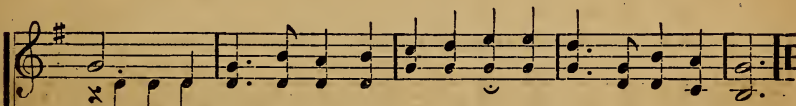
And voic - es sounding on the strand ; The rum sa - loon shall go.
For in - dig - na - tion now is high, The rum sa - loon shall go.
And soon we'll speak in thunder tones, Un - less they close and go.
And if it halts we'll make it worse, And help them soon to go.



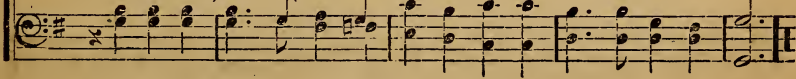
CHORUS.



Shall go, we know, Shall go, we
Shall go, we know, Shall go,



know ; A cry is sounding o'er the land, The rum saloon shall go.
we know ;

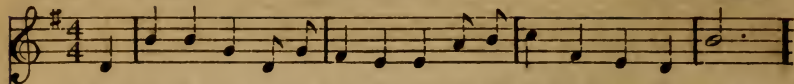


The Crank.

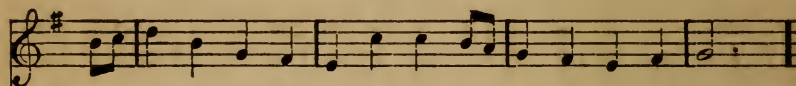
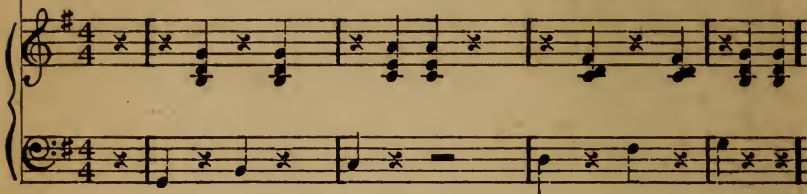
LANTA WILSON SMITH.

Sentiment of '88.

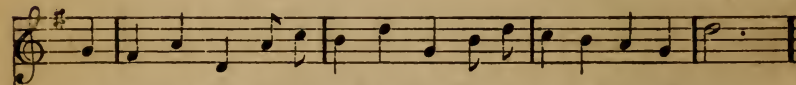
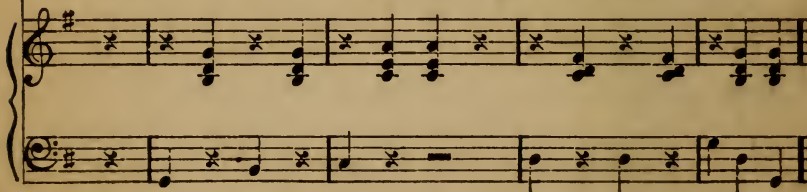
JNO. R. SWENEY.



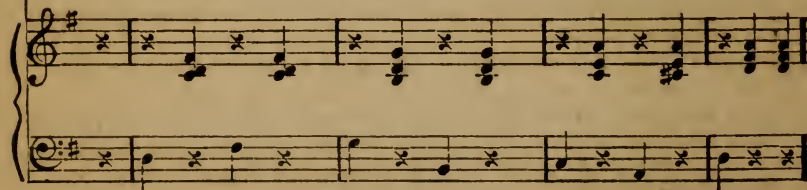
1. Some time ago when the world was young, And reforms were not in style,
2. This song was the one they loved the best, And 'twas sung throught the land :

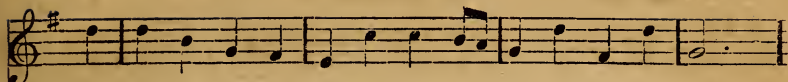


The people seemed to tire of life In just a lit - tle while.
 "I want to be an an - gel bright, And with the angels stand."



The good old souls had observed with grief Sin and strife on ev'ry hand ;
 But now, when the storms upset our craft, We but calmly seize a plank,

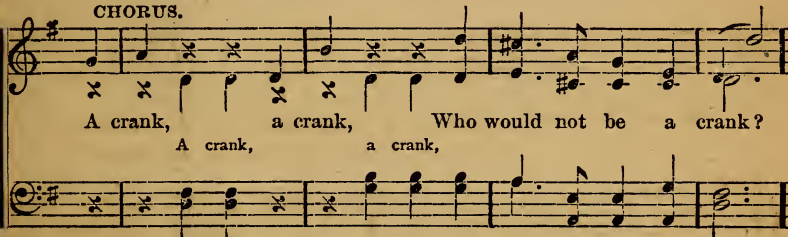




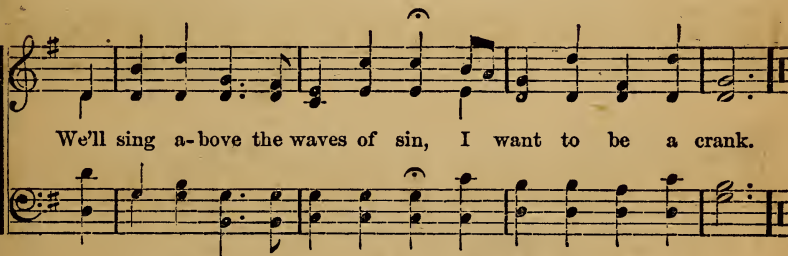
They longed to leave the doubtful crowd, And join the an - gel band.
And sing a - bove the waves of sin, "I want to be a crank."



CHORUS.



A crank, a crank, Who would not be a crank?
A crank, a crank,



We'll sing a - bove the waves of sin, I want to be a crank.

3

It is not brave when the world goes
And the sins we hate abound, [wrong,
To weakly sigh for the better land,
Where sin is never found.
I'd scorn to sail for a quiet shore
While a brother met the storm,
I'd rather be the smallest crank
That moves a great reform.

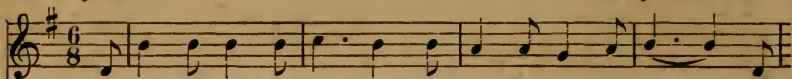
4

Then lend a hand as the world moves on
In the work for truth and right,
Nor sigh for rest till we can shout,
Our land is free from blight.
A host will sink 'neath the waves of sin,
Set afloat the temp'rance planks;
Perhaps some ransomed soul at last
Will praise the Lord for cranks.

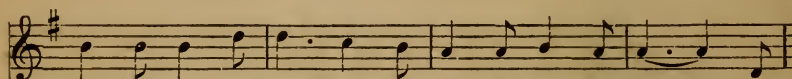
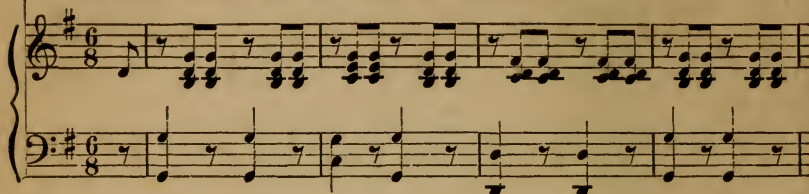
26 Come Back to thy Home To-night.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

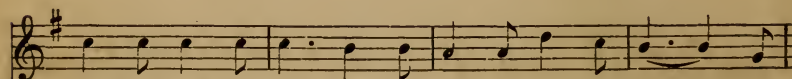
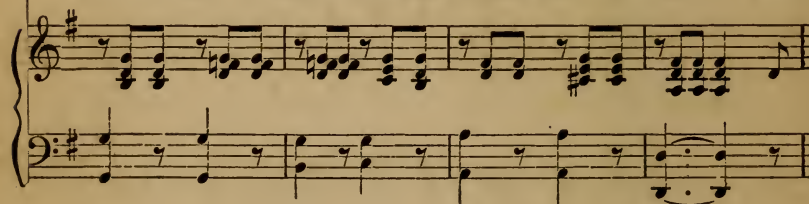
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



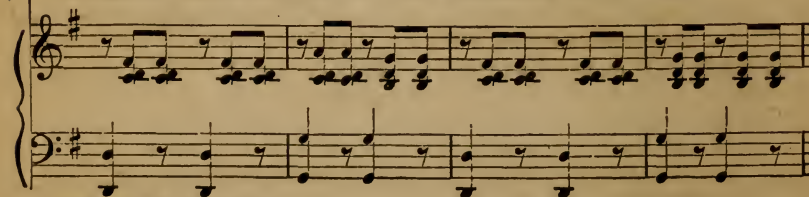
1. I rocked him in his cra - dle, I kissed his in - fant brow; In
 2. How oft we knelt to-geth - er, His hand fast locked in mine; We
 3. I've wished that in his cra - dle My treasured one had died, Be-



all his youth and beau - ty My mem - 'ry paints him now, And
 thanked our God for bless - ings, And hallowed gifts di - vine, And
 fore the cru - el tempt - er Had torn him from my side; But



though the dead - ly wine - cup Has marred his im - age bright, I'm
 oh, I sometimes won - der If he can e'er for - get, When
 though my hopes are blight - ed, And wrecked my on - ly joy, I'll



Come Back to thy Home.—CONCLUDED. 27

pray - ing for my lost one, My er - ring boy, to - night.
 o'er my light - est sor - row He wept with fond re - gret.
 seek un - til I find him, My wayward, wand-'ring boy.

CHORUS.

Come back, come back, whatever thy fault, Come back to thy home and right; We'll
 greet thee with joy, O wandering boy, Come back to thy home to-night. to-night.

Rally Round Our Cause.

Air, "Rally Round the Flag."

- 1 We'll rally round our cause, boys,
 And do our very best,
 Shouting the cry of Prohibition;
 We'll sing our song of triumph,
 Thro' the East and thro' the West,
 Shouting the cry of Prohibition.
- CHO.—Our country forever,
 Hurrah, boys, hurrah;
 Down with the wine cup,
 Up with the cross;
 While we rally round our cause,
 Boys, rally once again,
 Shouting the cry of Prohibition.
- 2 We are standing by the Home,
 We are standing by the Right,
 Shouting the cry of Prohibition;

- We have 'listed in the war,
 And we're ready for the fight,
 Shouting the cry of Prohibition.
- 3 The foe is strong and mighty,
 And sustained by Uncle Sam,
 Shouting the cry of Prohibition;
 But with God, our chosen leader,
 We'll drive it from our land,
 Shouting the cry of Prohibition.
- 4 Three cheers for Prohibition,
 For the cause that's sure to win,
 Shouting the cry of Prohibition;
 And then we'll bid farewell
 To whiskey, beer and gin,
 Shouting the cry of Prohibition.

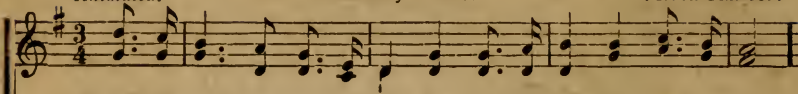
—REV. W. N. OGBORN.

The Temperance Life-Boat.

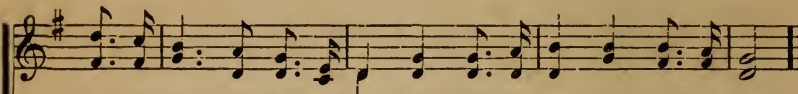
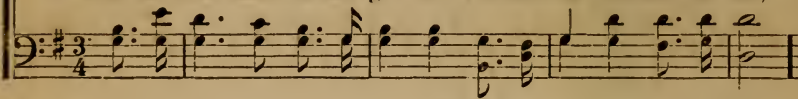
Animated.

Chorus by H. L. G.

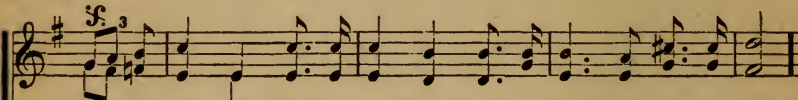
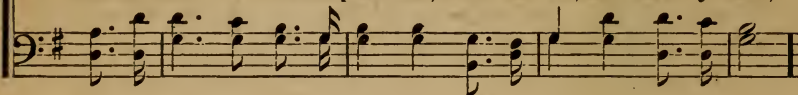
Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.



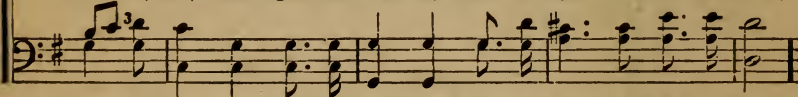
1. Bravely launch the temp'rance life-boat On the storm-y sea of life;
2. Men of ev - 'ry age and sta-tion, Struggling in the foaming tide,
3. You are brave and wise and gift - ed! You can row both safe and fast,



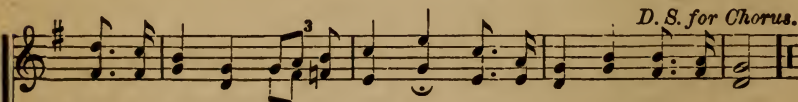
Come, ye strong and daring, man her, Fearless in the tempest strife;
 If you haste not to their res - cue, If their ru - in you de-ride,
 You can steer a-mid tempta - tion, Sunk-en rock, and storm - y blast;



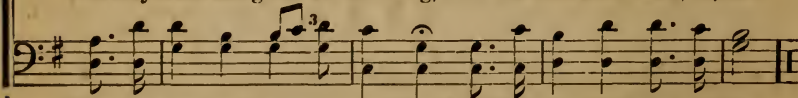
Speed her o'er the an - gry bil - lows, Safely steer where wrecks are tossed,
 Who will help and who will save them From the dark engulf - ing wave?
 Kin - dle, too, the lighthouse beacon, Flash its rays a-cross the wave;



CHO.—Quickly launch the temp'rance life-boat, Bravely dash a-cross the wave;

*D. S. for Chorus.*

Guide her firm-ly 'mid the break-ers, Save the sinking ere they're lost.
 Onward speed the temp'rance life-boat, Precious souls from death to save.
 You may warn and guide the drift - ing, Save the drunkard! save, oh, save!



Firm - ly grasp each struggling brother, Tell that Je - sus came to save.

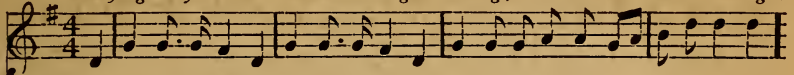
Moneybags and the Prohibitionist. 29

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

DIALOGUE SONG.

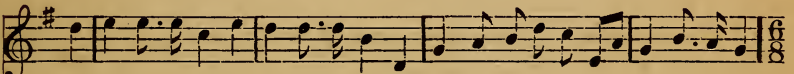
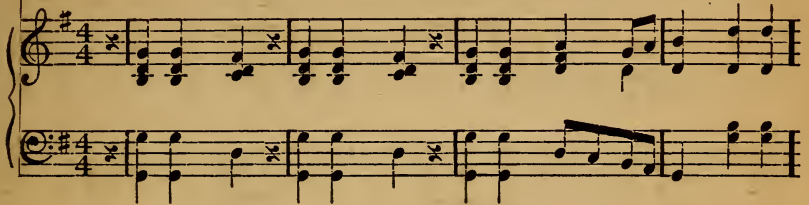
JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moneybags may be seated at table near organ writing; Prohibitionist enters and sings:



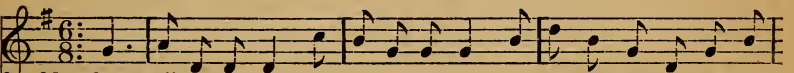
I've called, Mister Rich, to ask for your aid;

We need help to carry our coming crusade.



The conflict is sharp, but men firm and true

Stand by us most nobly and now we want you.



Moneybags replies:

{ Don't bother me, friend, just now, if you please; I'm honest and happy, and

Our ar-tesian wells and-electrical lights Add much to our comfort and

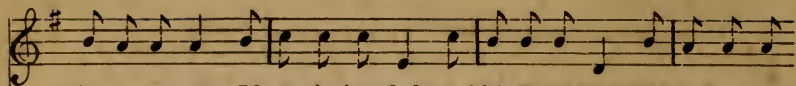
Prohibitionist:

Just try it, dear sir! The ledgers will show The dollars that now to sa-

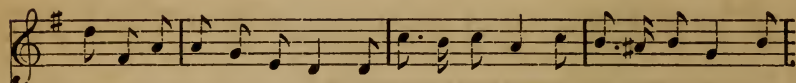
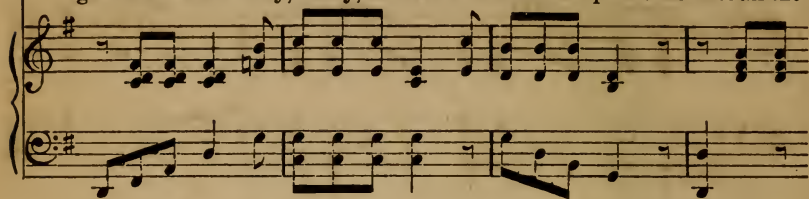
Moneybags, rising with excitement:

The rumsellers, friend, d'you say they're well paid With what should have gone to le-

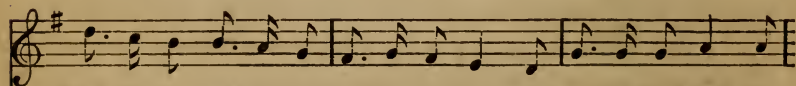
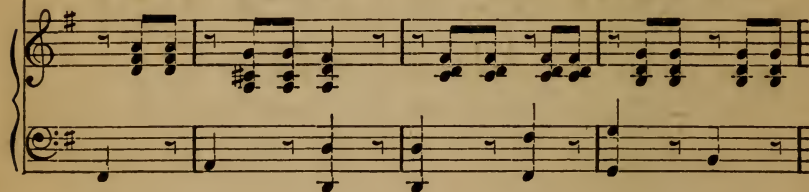




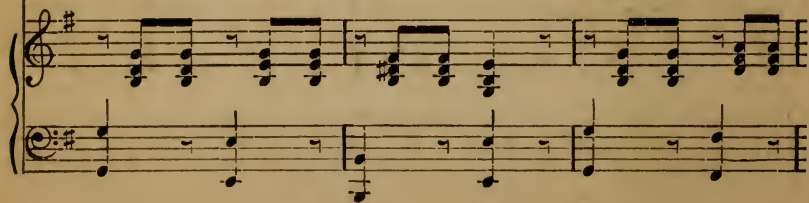
quite at my ease. I know it is sad that whiskey and rum, And all dang'rous daily delights. Without license fees, rich fellows (like me!) Would have to pay loon-keepers go Our merchants will get for clothing and bread, And many who're git-imate trade? Why, surely, the cost of convicts and poor Consumes all the

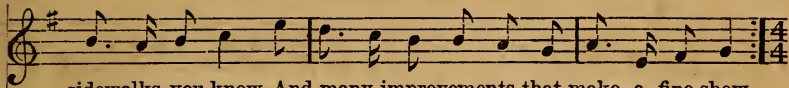


drinks to our fair land should come; But still, is it best to vote it all down? Just double the tax - es, you see. And, ev - en if there were no license paid, We hungry be clothed and well fed. Two thirds of the crime that daily we see, With license—and *very much more*. It reaches us all! It makes taxes higher! I



think what it does t'ward upbuilding our town: The license fund pays for know the saloons are the life of our trade; We scarcely would dare to cas - es that call for a gen - erous fee; The most of our help - less, see! the rum traffic's a gi - gan - tic liar! 'Tis strange that so long a

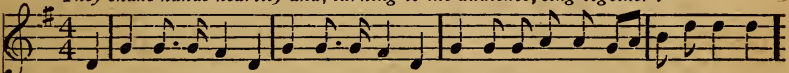




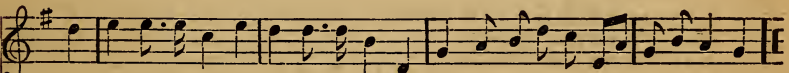
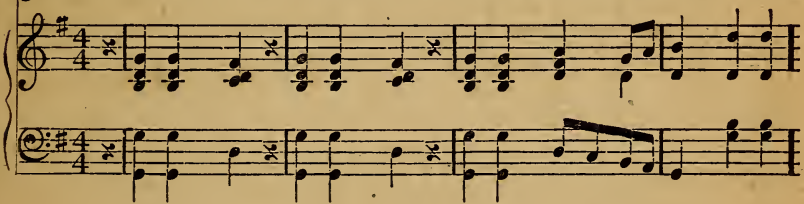
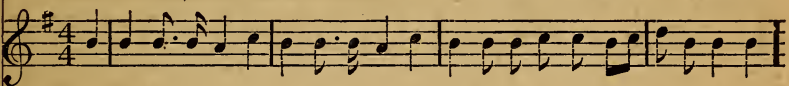
sidewalks, you know, And many improvements that make a fine show.
 close them a year, For men do their trading where they can get beer.
 orphans, and poor, Can tru - ly be laid at the rum - seller's door.
 man should be blind! Go on with the fight and I'll not be be-hind.



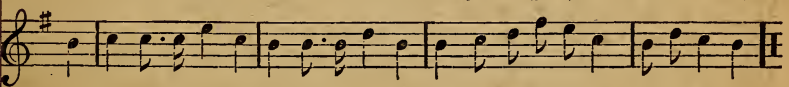
They shake hands heartily and, turning to the audience, sing together :



We call on you, friends, and ask for your aid To help us to carry the coming crusade;



The conflict is sharp, but men firm and true
 Are coming to help us, and now we want you.



To the Rescue.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. As we journey by the wayside, Rushing onward, to and fro; Oh, the
 2. They are thirsting for the water, That their souls may drink and live; They are
 3. Once He journeyed by the wayside,—Praise and glory to his name!—Richest

many we may rescue From the path of sin and woe; Sad and lonely, heavy-
 longing for the comfort That a better life will give; Hear the pleading voice of
 blessing, sweetest comfort, Filled the soul where'er he came; And the poorest of his

hearted, None to heed their plaintive cry, Can we leave them thus to perish?
 mer - cy, Bending now her loving eye, Jesus will not leave them friendless,
 creatures That to him for refuge fly, Tho' a heartless world forsake them,

CHORUS.

Can we pass them coldly by. Save them now! save them now! Christian worker,
 He will never pass them by.
 He will never pass them by.

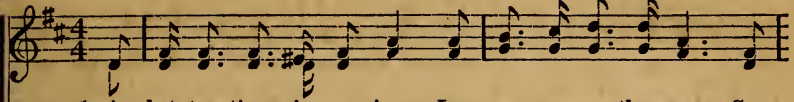
where art thou? To the rescue hasten quickly, Je - sus calleth, Save them now!

We Do Say So.

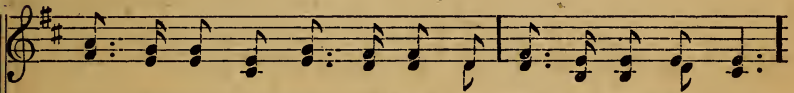
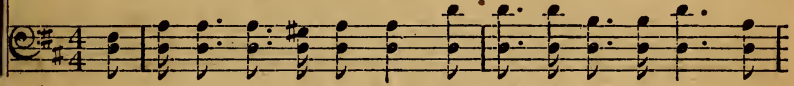
33

E. E. HEWITT.

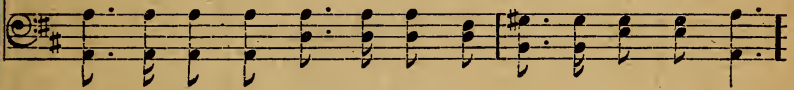
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



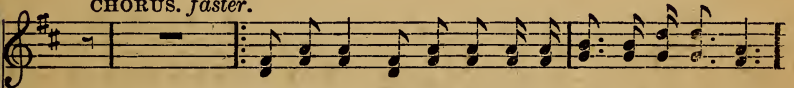
1. A bet-ter time is com-ing, Is now up-on the way; See,
2. A bet-ter time is com-ing, Of temp'rance, joy, and cheer; By
3. A bet-ter time is com-ing, When men shall vote a-right, And
4. A bet-ter time is com-ing, Of man-ly lib-er-ty; From



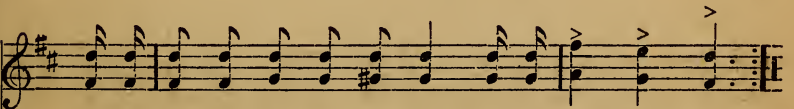
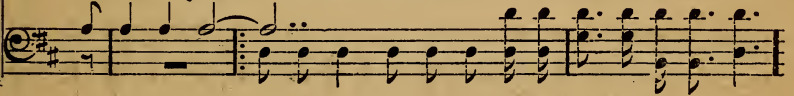
in the flush-ing sky ap-pears The bright new temp'rance day.
ear-nest prayer, by faith-ful work, We'll help to bring it here.
turn from e-vil ways; to walk In paths of ho-ly light.
all the chains of al-co-hol Our land will then be free.



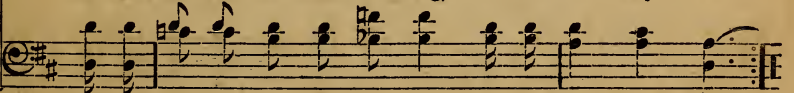
CHORUS. *faster.*



Yes, we do, yes, we do, For we see the ruddy glow
You don't say so? . . .



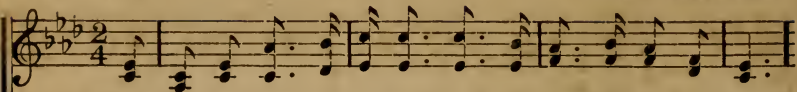
Of a Pro-hi-bi-tion morning, And we do say so.



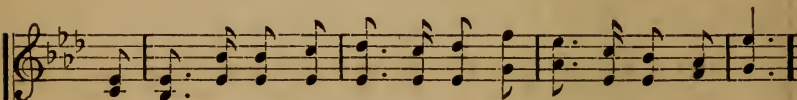
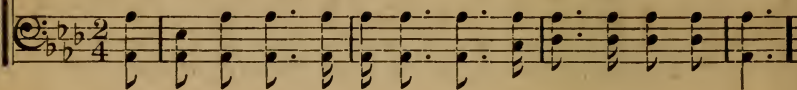
Something Better.

E. E. HEWITT.

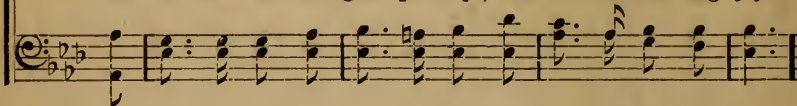
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



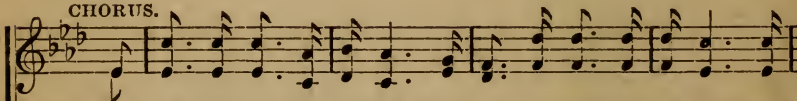
1. Let's give them something better, friends, Than gin, or wine, or beer ;
2. Let's give them something better, friends, Than rags, and want and woe ;
3. Let's give them something better, friends, Than all the tempter's gifts ;
4. Let's give them something better, friends, Than pleasures which destroy ;



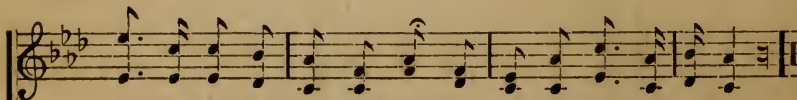
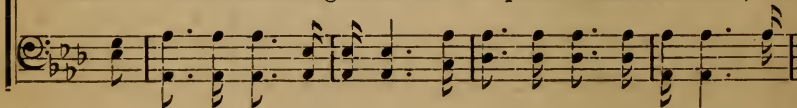
The good that sat - is - fies the mind, That fills the heart with cheer.
 The work which makes an hon - est man, And homes with love a - glow.
 The kindness which en - no - bles one, The friendship which uplifts.
 We'll tell them of the gos - pel hope, And ev - er - last - ing joy.



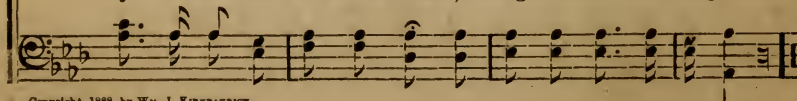
CHORUS.



Thank God there's something better! We'll help them break each fetter, We'll



try to save their souls from death, And give them something better.

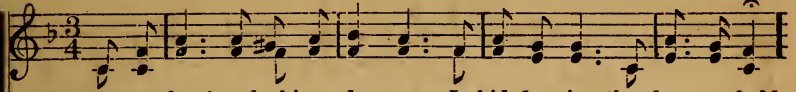


Drink it not.

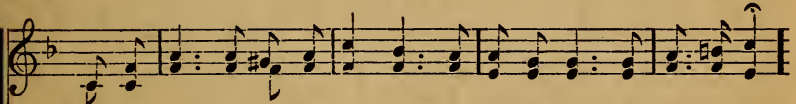
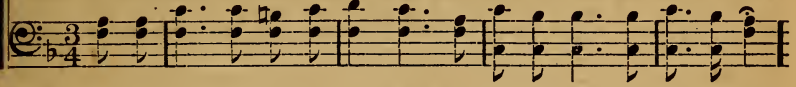
35

ELIZA D. HAND.

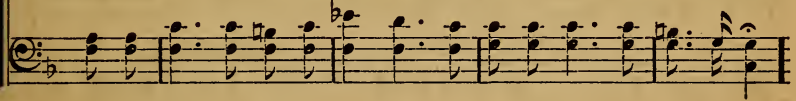
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



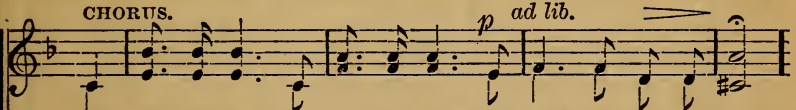
1. Stop, my boy! a lurking de-mon Is hid-den in the glass you hold;
2. Drink it not, 'tis fraught with anguish: 'Twill drag you down to death and woe,
3. Kneeling in her darkened chamber, Your mother's praying for her boy;
4. Think how oft you've heard her praying, That God your precious life would spare,



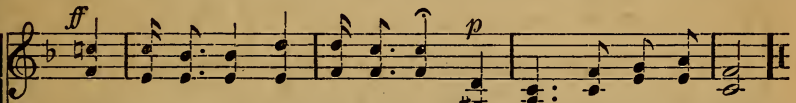
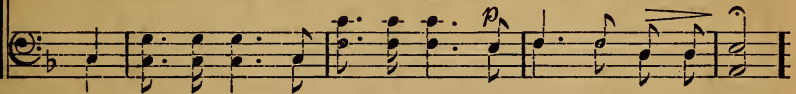
Drink it not, for in the drinking Lie shame and miser - y untold.
Rob you of life's choicest blessings, Your brightest hopes will overthrow.
Will you fill her heart with sorrow, And rob her lat - est years of joy?
Lead you up to no-ble manhood, And save you from the tempter's snare.



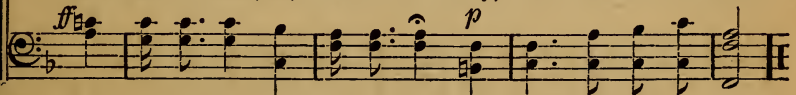
CHORUS.



Oh, drink it not, for if you do, Your mother's heart will break;



Then dash it down, oh, dash it down! Say, no! for her dear sake.



5 Shall yours be the hand to bring her
In tears and sorrow to the tomb?
No, my boy, you'll spare your mother
From such a sad and dreadful doom.

Dash the poisoned cup far from you,
E'en tho' it sparkle fresh and bright;
Spurn it, ere it turn and bind you
In strongest chains and blackest night.

E. E. HEWITT

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We will work, we will work for the temperance cause, For the sake of the
 2. We will pray, we will pray, for the temperance cause, To our God ev - er
 3. We will vote, we will vote for the temperance cause, We will ral - ly our
 4. As we work, as we pray, so we mean to vote; Let our watchword ring

land that we love; For the sake of the souls who are tempted to sin,
 rul - ing on high; He is might - i - er still than the hosts of the foe,
 strength at the polls; We'll remem - ber the wives who are praying at home;
 bold - ly again; Here are hearts, here are hands, here are courage and faith,

CHORUS.

We will lift up our ban - ner a - bove. We will work and pray, we will
 Though they gather his power to de - fy.
 We'll remem - ber the per - il of souls.
 And may God give his bless - ing, A - men.

vote al - way For the men who will make better laws; better laws; We will

work and pray, we will labor night and day For the good of the temperance cause.

Rally for the Right.

37

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sol-diers recruiting in the ranks of the Lord, Fall in - to line,
2. There is a bat-tle to be fought in the right, Fall in - to line,
3. Earnest the conflict, needing brave men and strong, Fall in - to line,

fall in - to line; Gird on the ar - mor, both the shield and the sword,
fall in - to line; And we can win it if we strike in our might,
fall in - to line; We will not falt-er though the struggle be long,

CHORUS.

Fall in - to line, fall in - to line. Ral - ly, then; ral - ly, then;

ral - ly for the right; God needs the brave and true;

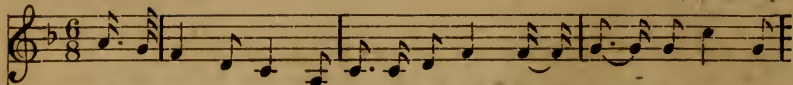
God needs the true, Then

Ral - ly, then; rally, then; ral - ly in your might; God is call - ing you.

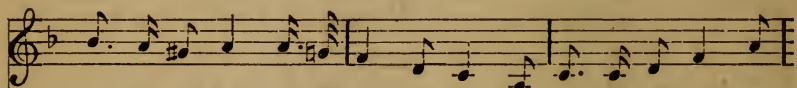
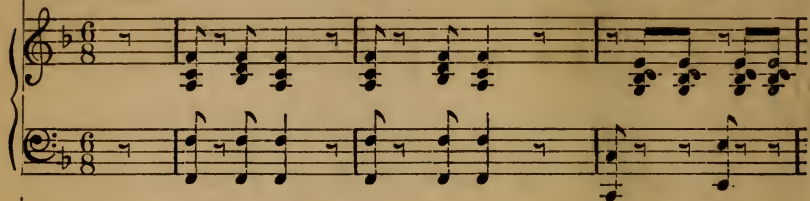
The Little Bare Feet.

E. E. HEWITT.

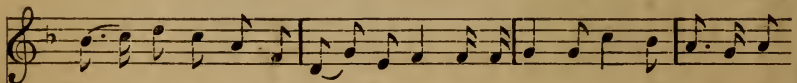
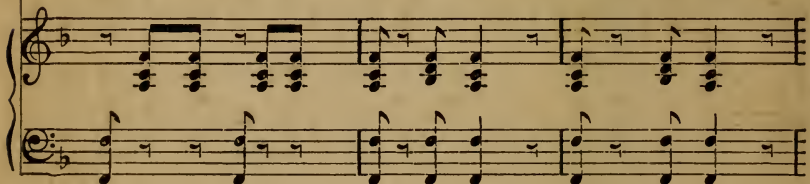
JNO. R. SWENNY.



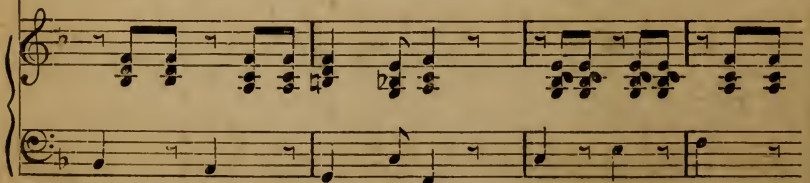
1. Oh, the wind was keen that cold winter night, But I knew a room all
2. How she danced about: "See, papa, just see My pretty new shoes!" she
3. O my faithful wife, you did not then know Why it was I start-ed,

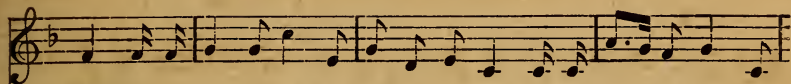


blaz-ing with light,—I was oft-en there,— I knew it, how well, My
laughed in her glee; But I felt that something had struck me a blow,—What
shiv-er-ing so, As I took our Rose, and felt the cold chill, The

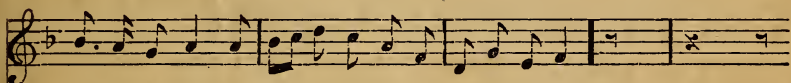
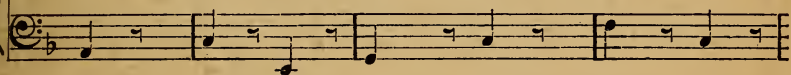
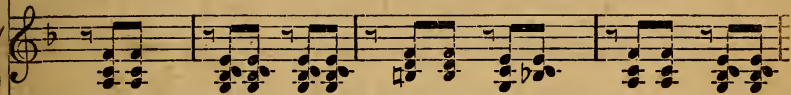


child, your father's ashamed now to tell; To my lips I raised the ru-inous
kind of shoes could my little one show? So I left the room. Outside at the
ti-ny bare feet! Yes, I feel them still. But the Sabbath came, we spent it in

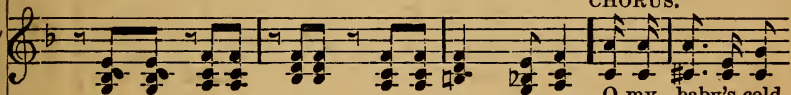




glass, When I turned to see a bright little lass; By her rib-bons gay, her door, There I met my wife, as oft-en be-fore, In her arms she held our prayer, With a sa-cred hope replac-ing despair; So my home is now the

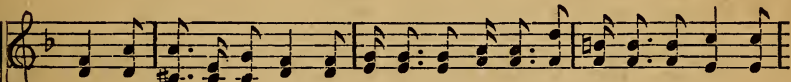
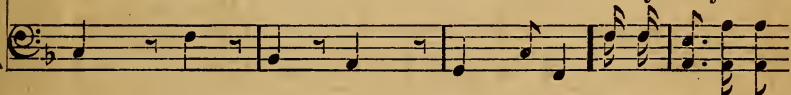


curls flying wild, I knew at once 'twas the landlord's own child. little white Rose, And 'neath her shawl peeped the tiny bare toes. happiest place; Oh, praise the Lord and his wonderful grace.

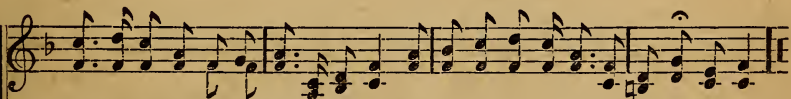
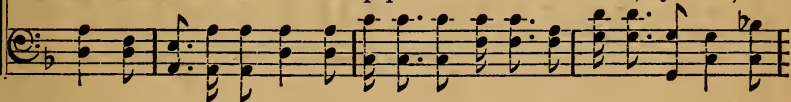


CHORUS.

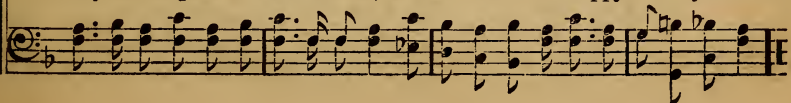
O my baby's cold



feet! These little bare feet! Your papa's been wicked and cruel, my sweet; But



now may God help me to lead a new life, And make the home happy for baby and wife.



The White Ribbon Host.

"The Lord giveth the Word: the women that publisheth the tidings
are a great host."—Ps. 68: 11, (Revised version). ELIZA D. HAND. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Who are these with emblems white, Sow - ing seeds of
2. Joy - ful tid - ings, yes, they bring, Bro - ken hearts are
3. On per - dition's fear - ful brink Lie the victim's
4. Wives and mothers, children, too, Of - - fer heartfelt
5. On - ward march, then, in your might; Ye are mess - en-

truth and light, Greet - ing us on ev - 'ry hand,
made to sing; How sad eyes with rap - ture glow
of the drink; How their hearts with hope will beat,
prayers and true While they bring good news to all
gers of light; God hath giv - en you the word,—

March time.

As they march o'er all the land?
In the drunk - ard's home of woe.
As they list - en for their feet.
Who have felt the dem - on's thrall.
Be you faith - ful to your Lord.

[*Organ or Male Voices.*]
On they are marching,

CHORUS.

On they are march - ing, 'Tis the host, 'tis the host, 'Tis the
On, 'tis the host, 'tis the host,

The White Ribbon Host.—CONCLUDED. 41

host that pub-lish-eth the joy - ful tid - ings; Shout! shout!

fling your banners out; 'Tis the host that publisheth the joy-ful tid-ings;

Shout! shout! fling your banners out; 'Tis the host that pub-lisheth the

joy - ful tid - ings. *A tempo.*

Come Back.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Come back, come back to your better self; Come back to your home to-day;
 2. You come and go with no tender words, A frown is up-on your brow;
 4. We miss our boy in the hallowed hour, When gathered at family prayer;

Your name is still in the household group; But your heart is far a - way.
 Your mother's heart you're breaking, my boy, For you do not love her now.
 We sing our hymns on the Sabbath eve;— Oh, my son, we miss you there.

So far a - way, in the gilded paths That lead to distress and death;
 You do not love as you used to, dear, In hap - pi - er days of yore,
 Come back, come back to the faith and love, You learned at your mother's knee,

A - las, your mother knows far too well, For the poison's on your breath.
 Come back, come back to the sweet old ways, Be your mother's boy once more.
 Oh, look, dear boy, at the outstretched hands Of your pleading Saviour, see.

CHORUS.

Come, come, oh, come . . . To the pure home-life a - gain; . . .

wander-er come, a - gain, come again,

God save you, my darling. God help me, a - men. Come, come, oh,

come . . . To the pure home life a - gain; . . .

wan - der - er come, a - gain, come a - gain,

God save you, my dar - ling. God help me, a - men. a - men.

rit.

Wine is a Mocker.

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—Prov. xx, 1.

E. G. TAYLOR.

1. Wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging, For so does the Bible declare;
 2. Wine is a mocker! Tho' seems it so charming, Tho' some call it wholesome and good;
 3. Wine is a mocker! it leads into sinning The thousands who perish from drink;
 4. Wine is a mocker! The social glass, shun it; Oh, linger not where 'tis in sight!

Touch not the glass, then, however engaging, Of all its allurements beware.
 Mischievous is in it that ever is harming, To fire and to poison the blood.
 Here 'tis the drunkard has had his beginning, The first step that caused him to sink.
 Dash it away from you, look not upon it, Stand firm and be true to the right.

CHORUS.

The Bi - ble, the Bi - ble, the Bi - ble says so; That wine is a mocker!

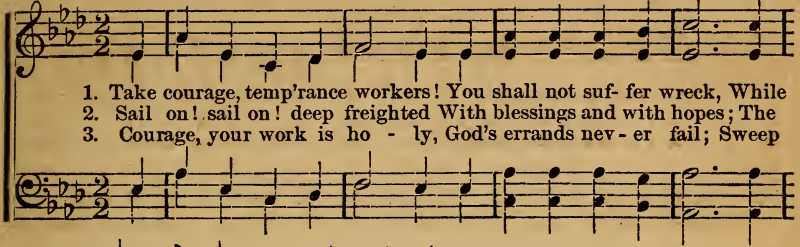
Wine is a mocker! wine is a mock-er! We know—ah! we know.

Speed On!

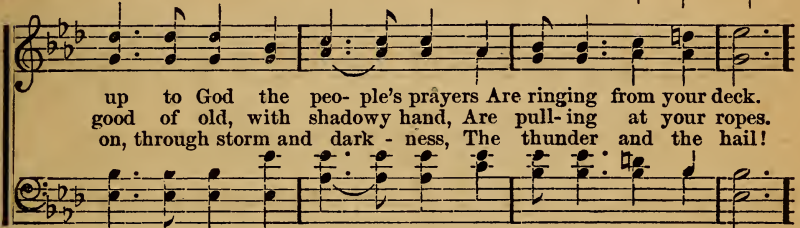
45

JNO. G. WHITTIER.

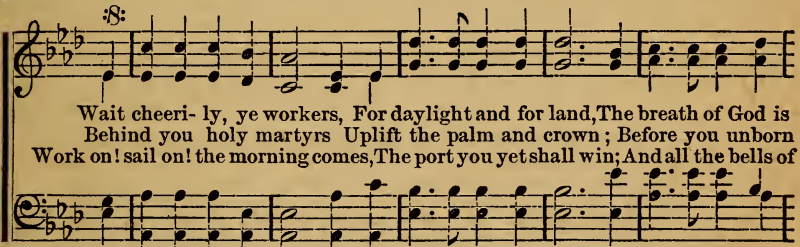
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Take courage, temp'rance workers! You shall not suffer wreck, While
2. Sail on! sail on! deep freighted With blessings and with hopes; The
3. Courage, your work is ho - ly, God's errands nev - er fail; Sweep

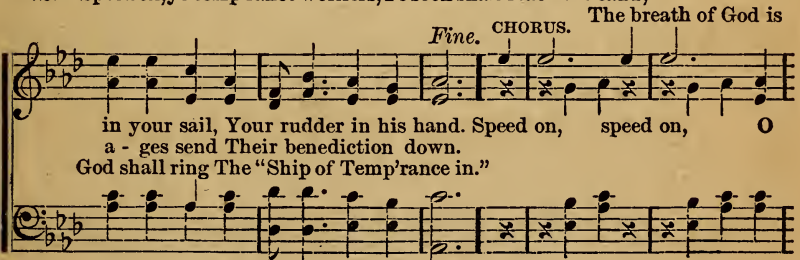


up to God the peo - ple's prayers Are ringing from your deck.
good of old, with shadowy hand, Are pull - ing at your ropes.
on, through storm and dark - ness, The thunder and the hail!



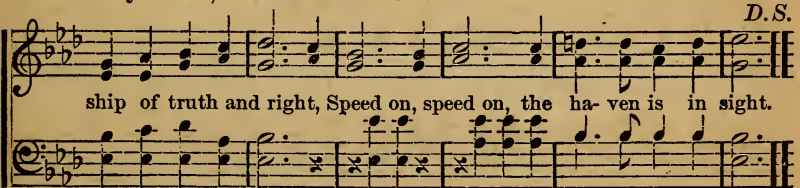
Wait cheeri - ly, ye workers, For daylight and for land, The breath of God is
Behind you holy martyrs Uplift the palm and crown; Before you unborn
Work on! sail on! the morning comes, The port you yet shall win; And all the bells of

D. S.—Speed on, ye temp'rance workers, Ye soon shall reach the land;



Fine. CHORUS. The breath of God is
in your sail, Your rudder in his hand. Speed on, speed on, O
a - ges send Their benediction down.
God shall ring The "Ship of Temp'rance in."

in your sail, Your rudder in his hand.

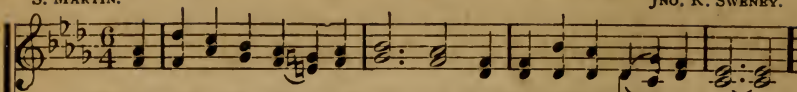


ship of truth and right, Speed on, speed on, the ha - ven is in sight.

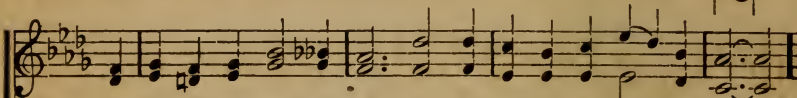
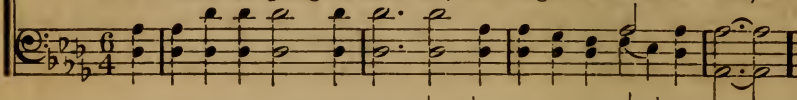
I Never will Drink Again.

S. MARTIN.

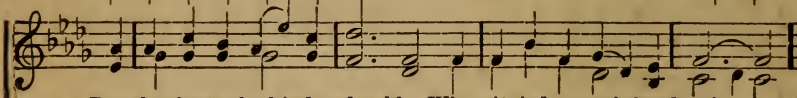
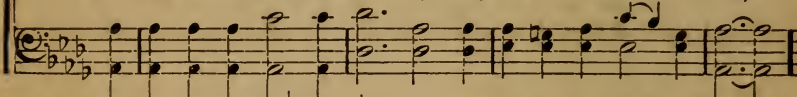
JNO. R. SWENEY.



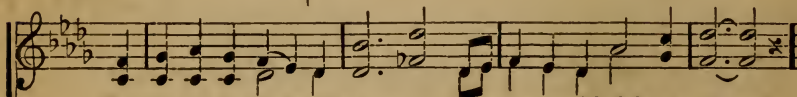
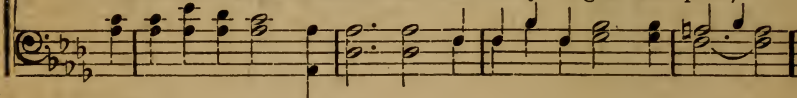
1. I stood on the brink of ru - in, And thought there was no reform;
2. I've taken the pledge in earn - est, To Jesus my heart I give,
3. I've taken the pledge in earn - est, No longer a slave to sin,



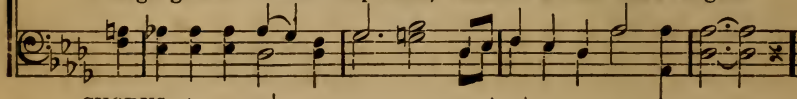
I felt like a barque forsak - en, Alone in a fear - ful storm;
 And promise, if he will help me, Henceforth for his cause to live;
 I rest in the ark of mer - cy,—My Saviour has let me in;



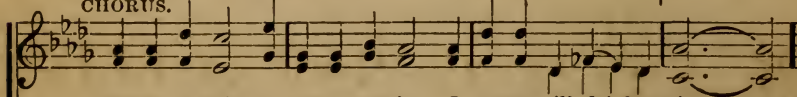
But thanks to the kind and noble Who pit - ied my grief and pain,
 I'll go to my home repent - ant, Forgiveness I'll ask, and then,
 The wiles of the arch - deceiv - er Lead on - ly to grief and pain;



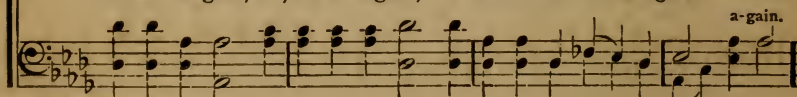
I've taken the pledge in earn - est, And never will drink a - gain.
 With tears in my eyes, assure them, I never will drink a - gain.
 Through grace I'll resist temptation, And never will drink a - gain.



CHORUS.



Never a - gain, no, never again, I never will drink again!



a - gain.

I've tak- en the pledge in earn- est, And never will drink again. again.

For God, and Home, and Native Land.

ELIZA D. HAND.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. For God we've put the armor on, At his command we forward go;
2. We're pleading for our homes to day, Where loved ones gather at our side;
3. For na- tive land we plead once more, This fairest land of all below;
4. For God, for home, for native land, Who would not join us, young and old?

Let all who love the Saviour's cause Come join our ranks against the foe.
 Shall Sa - tan have them for his prey? And all our fondest hopes deride?
 We'll ban- ish rum from shore to shore, And shout the vic'try as we go.
 We'll work together hand in hand, With God our righteous cause to-uphold.

CHORUS.

Rejoice, rejoice, the Lord is on our side, He's Captain of our sturdy band, And

this shall be the motto on our banner wide, For God, and home, and native land.

Forward to Victory.

JNO. BELL.

THOS O'NEILL.

1. We're marching to the fight With armor whole and bright; We're ready ev'ry
2. We're gaining on the foe; Straight forward let us go, Though often faint and
3. We'll tighter grasp the sword, And at our Captain's word Rush out in mighty
4. Rejoice! rejoice! rejoice! Lift up both heart and voice, As we move along the

moment for the fray; Our ban-ner is un-furled; We'll show a wicked world weary by the way; As servants of the Lord, Re-ly-ing on his word, force upon the foe; The powers of darkness all Shall quickly flee or fall, new and living way, From Sa-tan and from sin, The world for Christ to win,

CHORUS.

That Je-sus leads to vic-t'ry ev-'ry day. Then lift the banner high, And He'll give us power our ev-'ry foe to slay.
For Je-sus doth in-sure their o-verthrow.
For he will all his wondrous power display.

raise the bat-tle cry; We're pressing on to vic-t'ry ev-'ry day: We'll

never quit the field Until our foe does yield, For Jesus leads our army all the way.

Come Sign To-night.

49

Rev. THOS. L. BAILY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Come, sign the pledge! oh, why delay? Come, sign to-night; Break from the yoke and
2. Talk not of rest, but take the stand; Oh, sign to-night! And, firm of heart and
3. Oh, yes, to-night, while warm your heart, This pledge now take; Forever flee the

do not say, 'Twill do as well another day, But come from 'neath the tyrant's
free of hand, Come, join the growing temp'rance band, To drive this curse from out our
tempter's dart, His iron grasp, his crushing smart, And ask that God his strength im-

CHORUS.

sway, A man outright. Come, sign to-night, oh, yes, to-night,—
land As men of might. A freeman you shall be,—And
part, For Je-sus' sake.

rend in twain the drunkard's chain With glorious victory;
The battle won, to-morrow's sun Shall

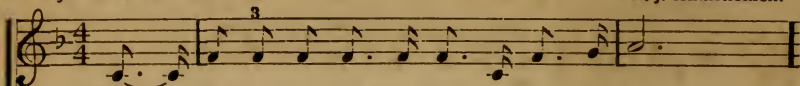
rise for liberty, And thro' your soul this thought shall roll, I'm free! I'm free! I'm free!

Copyright, 1888, by Jno. R. Sweney.

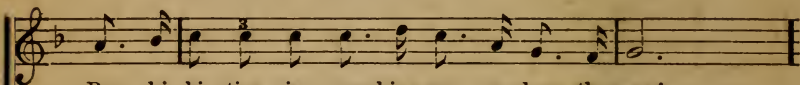
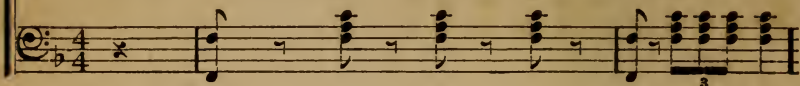
Prohibition is Marching On.

Major "BOB" ATCHINSON.

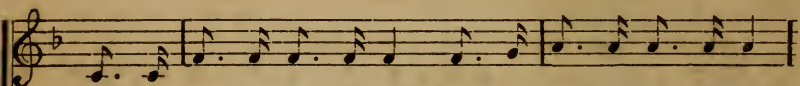
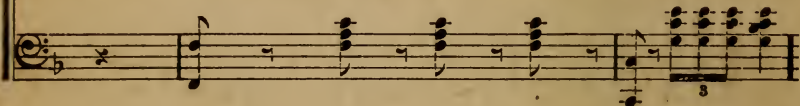
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



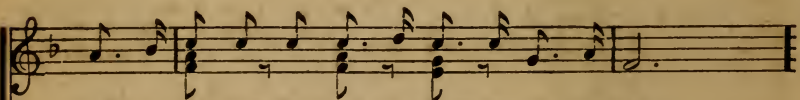
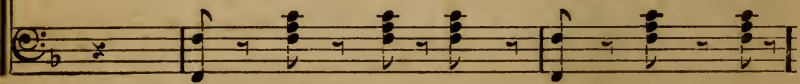
1. Pro - hi - bi - tion is marching on to win the day,
 2. High li - cense can nev - er meet our just demand;
 3. Now, if you are convinced we're right let's go a - head,



Pro - hi - bi - tion is marching on, so clear the way!
 Pol - i - ti - cians will have to take a bet - ter stand;
 Nev - er stop till the liq - uor sys - tem shall be dead;



Be you par - ty man or not, Let your par - ty be for - got,
 For the truth is ver - y clear, we must ban - ish rum and beer.
 Ev - 'ry pound you lift will tell, ev - 'ry vote the count will swell,



Pro - hi - bi - tion is now the question of the day.
 Pro - hi - bi - tion a - lone will ben - e - fit the land.
 Pro - hi - bi - tion must plant her standard in the lead!



Prohibition is Marching On.—CONCLUDED. 51

CHORUS. *faster.*

Fall in - to line, boys, fall in - to line, boys,
Fall in - to line, boys, fall in - to line, boys,

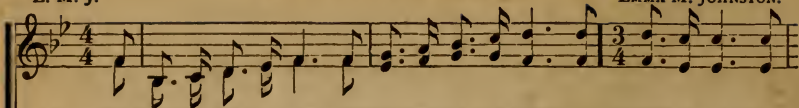
Pro - hi - bi - tion is marching on! Pro - hi - bi - tion is marching on!

Fall in - to line, boys, fall in - to line, boys,
Fall in - to line, boys, fall in - to line, boys,

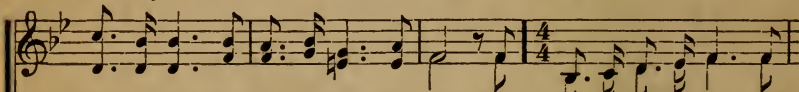
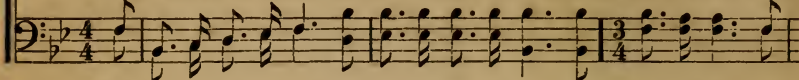
Small notes for final ending.

Pro - hi - bi - tion is marching on to win the day!
to win the day!

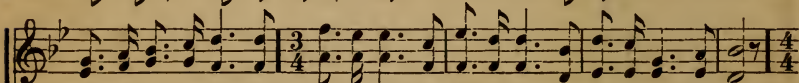
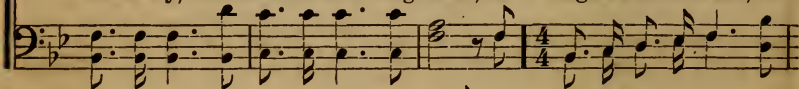
4 Don't be voting your party ticket as of old,
Don't be saying "the temp'rance boys are being sold;"
Just remember this, my friend, ere this grand reform shall end,
Prohibition will leave your party in the cold.



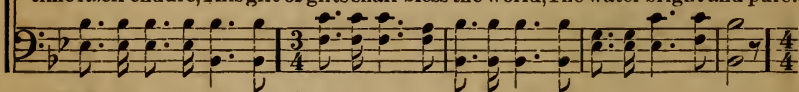
1. We sing the water pure, The water pure and bright, That from the bosom
2. Its springs from the secret rocks The trav'lers thirst to greet, And courses thro' the
3. No curse is in its depths, No madness in its gleam, It bears the sun's keen



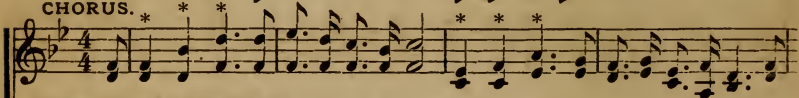
of the earth Springs up to seek the light: The gift of God to man, A-
burning sands To lave his wea-ry feet. In forest depths it gleams For
alchem-y, Nor dreads its scorching beam; As long as life shall last, Or



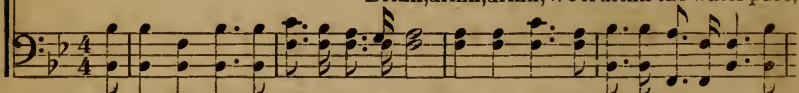
bundant, pure, and free, No diamond rare can half compare, Nor match its purity.
panting beast and bird, And down the steep and wooded hills Its music wild is heard.
time itself endure, This gift of gifts shall bless the world, The water bright and pure!



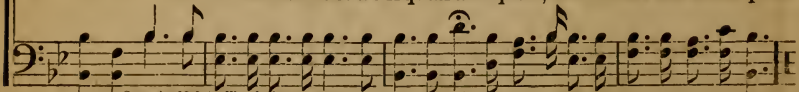
CHORUS.



Then drink, drink, drink, We'll drink the water pure, Then
Drink, drink, drink, We'll drink the water pure,



drink, drink, drink, Then drink the water pure;
While life shall last we'll quaff and quaff, We'll drink the water pure.



Our Victory.

53

Rev. T. L. BAILY.

"Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through
Jesus Christ our Lord."—I Cor. xv. 57.

JNO R. SWENEY.

1. Re-joyce! re-joyce! the deed is done, My word is pledged—the vict'ry won;
2. Re-joyce! re-joyce! the fiery king No more from me can curses wring;
3. Re-joyce! re-joyce! O, hap-py day! To own no more the tyrant's sway;
4. Yes, love divine has wrought for me A work to last e - ter - nal-ly;

From Satan's pow'r I am set free, Thro' Christ, who died to rescue me.
No more my lips his love profane Whose blood has cleansed this crimson stain.
The drunkard's home no more is mine, I've better hope, through love divine.
And while I live I will a-dore My God, who saves forev - ermore.

CHORUS.

Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! Through Jesus Christ our Lord, Victo - ry!

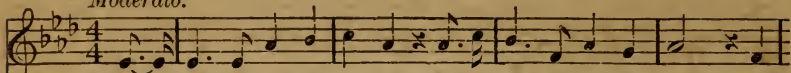
vic - to - ry! We're trusting in his word. Forev - er, for - ev - er Our

praise ascends above; For - ev - er, for - ev - er Triumphant in his love.

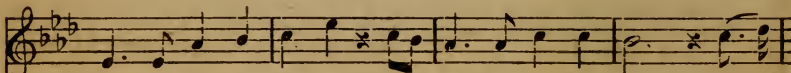
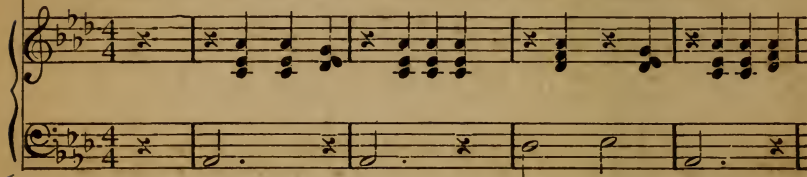
The Grand Trunk Railway.

J. B.

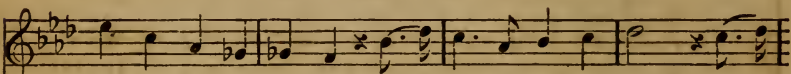
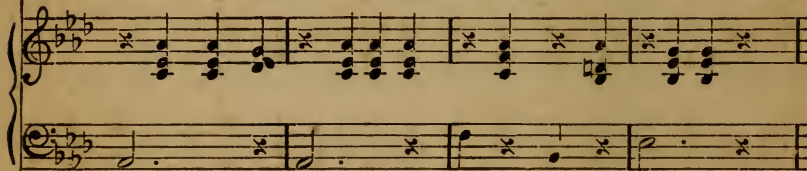
JAS. BAKER.

Moderato.

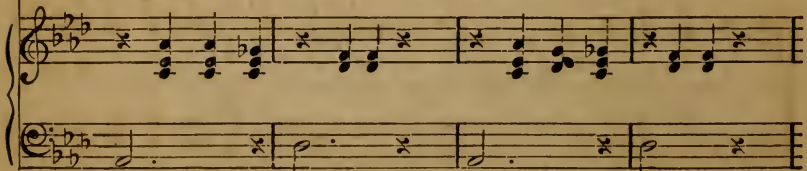
1. We are on life's Grand Trunk Railway, Rushing faster ev'ry hour; Our
2. Do you live for worldly profit, And fulfill-ing lust's desire? Does
3. The way is straight for heaven, There's no switch or curve to turn, God's
4. Now, fel-low-sinner, whither, To what country are you for? If
5. Are we on the road for heaven, Let us keep our engine bright, We

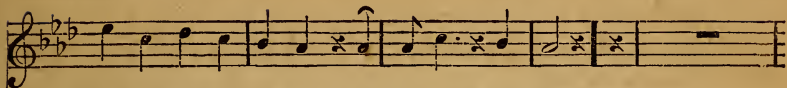


bo - dy is the en-gine, The mind the rul-ing power. Let us
 self, de- ceit, and fol- ly, Sup- ply your en-gine fire? The
 word the guide so sim- ple, The hum- blest one may learn: Are you
 heaven, yours is the king- dom, And joys for- ev- er- more; The
 shall the ci- ty ent- er, When faith is lost in sight. We are



ask our- selves the ques- tion, Is the end to us quite clear? If we
 track may be quite ea- sy, And devoid of ev-'ry care, You may
 run- ning on this rail- way, Dai- ly switch- ing ev-'rywhere? You may
 Spir- it is your coun- sel, Jesus Christ the en- gi- neer, Your
 get- ting near the sta- tion, The Gos- pel whis- tle hear, Our



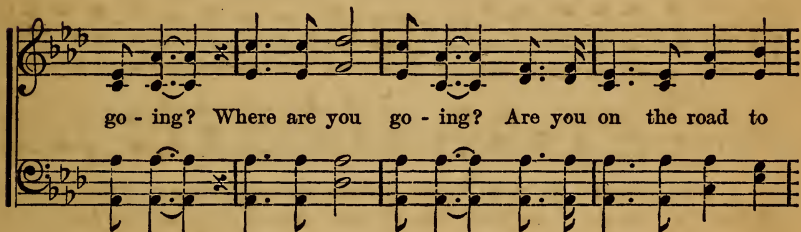


are not booked for heaven, We cannot stop there.
 pass the gate of heaven, But cannot stop there.
 see the gate of heaven, But cannot stop there.
 Father is conduct-or, You'll surely stop there.
 Father is conduct-or, We'll surely stop there.

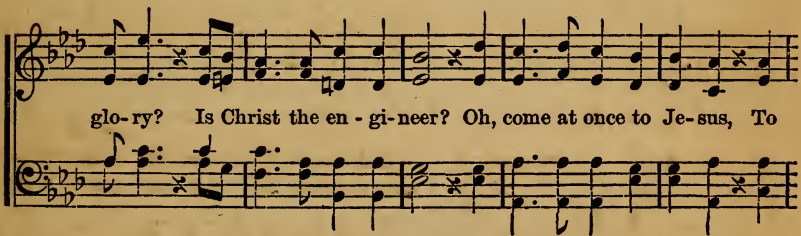
CHORUS.



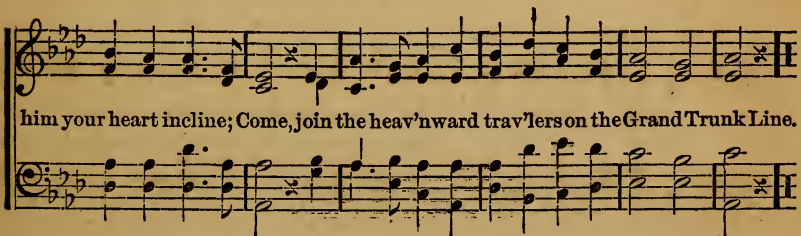
Where are you



go - ing? Where are you go - ing? Are you on the road to



glo-ry? Is Christ the en - gi-neer? Oh, come at once to Je-sus, To



him your heart incline; Come, join the heav'nward trav'lers on the Grand Trunk Line.

The Grand Rally.

F. G. BURROUGHS.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Who will stand up for the pure and true, And spurn the world's false reward?
 2. Who will be firm when earth's leaders fail, And -the cause of the weak espouse?
 3. Who will be valiant when foes increase, And dare to be one for right?
 4. Who will stand up for the pure and true, And proudly the standard wave?

Who'll join the ranks of the loy - al few, And garner the harvest for God?
 Who will be bold where the trusted quail, And -the angel within him arouse?
 Who will his trust in the Prince of Peace Repose thro' the heat of the fight?
 Who'll join the ranks of the loy - al few, And win the reward of the brave?

CHORUS.

Who'll stand for truth When falsehood is strengthening ev'ry flank? Who'll
 4th v. We'll stand for truth, Tho' falsehood is strengthening ev'ry flank; We'll

save our youth By join -ing the Nazar -ene rank? Who'll
 save our youth By swelling the Nazar -ene rank; We'll

stand for God? Who'll rescue his brother and native land? Who'll
 stand for God, And rescue our brother and native land: We'll

grasp the sword, And slay at his Captain's com-mand?
grasp the sword,— We'll slay at our Captain's com-mand.

No Half-way Measures.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We'll take no half-way measures Against the mighty foe, When asked to drink a
2. Oh, yes, the foe is mighty, But need we be dismayed? For mightier is
3. No trifling with such danger; The best, the only way, Is, put it wholly
4. Then take no half-way measures, Yourself and others save; If all would be ab-

CHORUS.

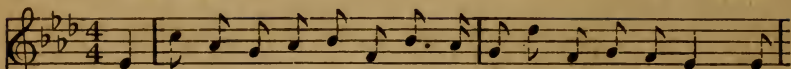
lit-tle, We'll firmly answer, No. Then away with half-way measures, boys,
Je-sus, And willing is his aid.
from us, For temp'rance work and pray.
stainers, There'd be no drunkard's grave.

Strike a hea-ry blow, Against the giant evil; God helps the right, we know.

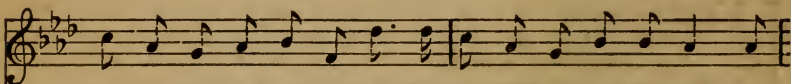
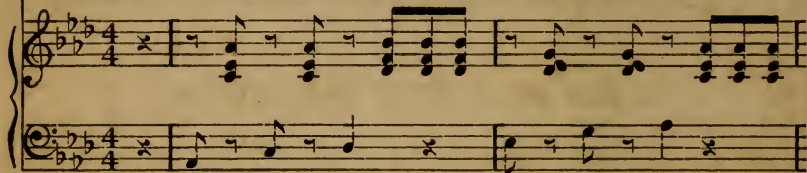
Sipping Cider.

Mrs. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

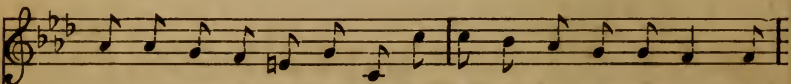
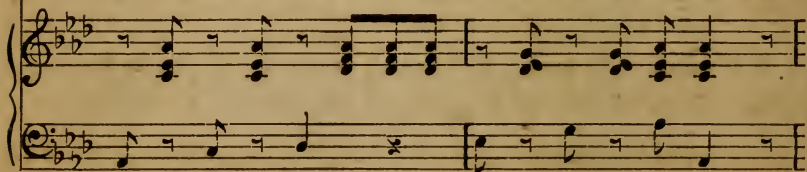
JNO. R. SWENEY.



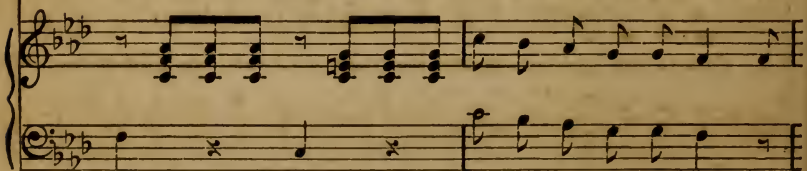
1. Of course, dear girls, you never give A thought to matri-mo-ny; You
2. 'Tis best to bear this news in mind, And watch, while you are waiting, The
3. Mankind are strong, mankind are weak, Time's plough turns out the axiom, And
4. Cling to the strong, make others strong! Have pity for their weakness! Let

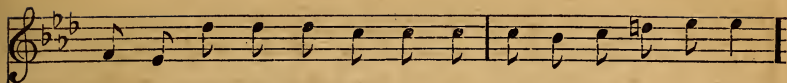


may, if for - ty years you live, Tho' 'twould be rare and fun-ny! But
various grades of human-kind, (I am not i - dly prating,) Wheth-
ev - 'ry fur-row bears a streak To prove the old, old maxim; Sup-
pi - ty not drag love a - long To an - y tipping meekness, And,



what has been may be a-gain, And, lest you chance to mar-ry, I'll
er or not you wish to wed, Some temperance bread be brewing, Some
port the weak! women have tried, Dear girls, for weary a - ges, And
if you wed, the temperate wed, Be upheld while uphold - ing, Then

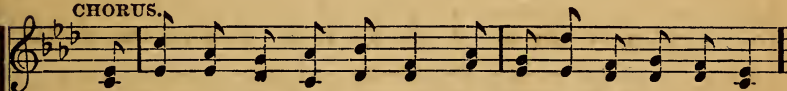




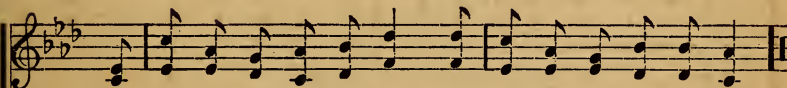
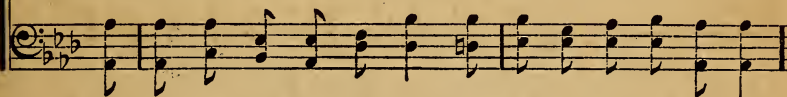
tell you something now of men, To muse on while you tar-ry.
 bet-ter food than wine so red Be to the nation strewing.
 borne down by the bur-den died, Laid by the drunkard's wages.
 pray for those through darkness led, A stronger love un-fold-ing.



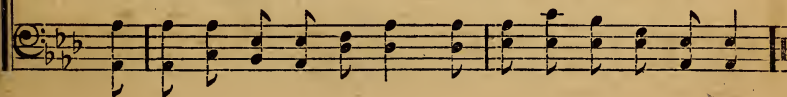
CHORUS.



They will, at times, drink brandy, And whis-ky, if it's han-dy;
 4th. v. Pray, pray they drink no brand-y, Or have of whisky han-dy;



Sad woe will sure be-tide her Whose lov-er sips hard ci-der.
 And that no girl be-side her Has lov-er sip-ping ci-der.



Coming Victory.

G. W. COLLINS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There's a murmur in the valley, and there's music on the hills, There's a
 2. Lo! it whispers of the coming of a bet-ter, brighter day, And it
 3. Hear this army's heav-y footfall, how it shakes the solid ground, As it
 4. Soon will come a day of gladness, when the victo-ry we gain, And our

message full of promise ev-'rywhere; We can read it in the sunbeams as they
 bids us watch to see the glorious dawn; When the mists of sin and sorrow shall be
 gathers to do battle for the right; Hear the ringing voice of captains, and the
 land, redeemed and ransomed, shall be free; We will join the voice of millions as they

dance up-on the rills, We can catch the floating cadence in the air.
 driv-en far a-way, As the arm-y in its triumph marches on.
 thrilling bu-gle sound, They are calling us to muster for the fight.
 shout the glad refrain To the welcome song of Freedom's Jubi-lee.

CHORUS.

On-ward, onward now the arm-y still advanc-es. See its ban-ners

wav-ing in the sun; On-ward, on-ward now, let
 yes, wav-ing;

vic-t'ry be the watchword, The battle by the bal-lot must be won!

Battle for the Truth.

“And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.”

Rev. C. W. RAY, D. D.

John viii. 32.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Let the children and the youth Firm-ly bat-tle for the truth ;
2. Let us bat-tle for the right As tho' men of nerve and might ;
3. Whether weak, or brave and strong, We may o-vercome the wrong ;

Bat-tle, brave-ly bat-tle: Without fa-vor, without fear, With a
 Bat-tle, brave-ly bat-tle: Calmly fac-ing all our foes, Tho' the
 Bat-tle, brave-ly bat-tle: We at first in grief may fail, But o'er

D.S.—Je-sus, help us day by day, Arm us,

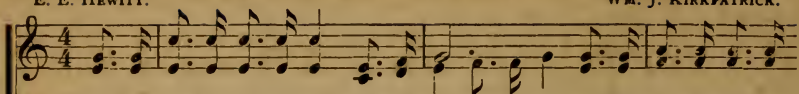
courage most sincere, They shall win who persevere; Bravely battle.
 hosts of sin oppose, And their malice may disclose, Bravely battle.
 wrong which we bewail, Truth and justice must prevail; Bravely battle.

gird us for the fray! May we nev-er cease to pray As we bat-tle.

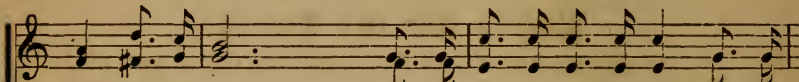
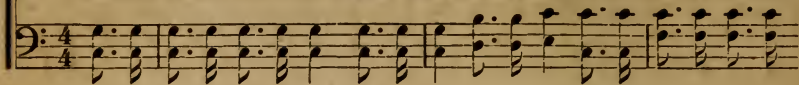
We Shall Conquer.

E. E. HEWITT.

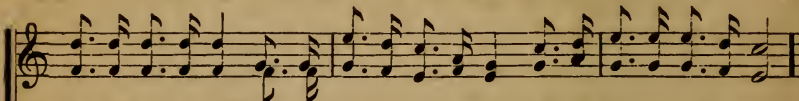
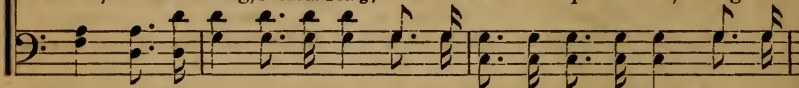
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



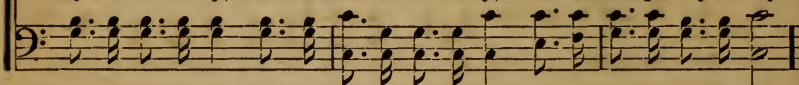
1. There's a foe we must resist, Great and strong, Great and strong, There's a battle to be
2. There's a golden light of dawn, Look on high, Look on high; Bright'ning promise of the
3. Praise to Jesus we proclaim, Mighty King, Mighty King, There is triumph in his



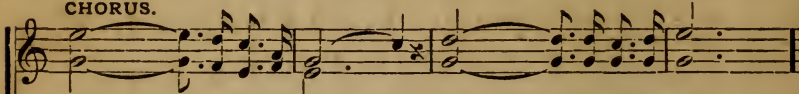
fought, Hard and long, Hard and long; But this hope our spir - it cheers, Just be -
morn, In the sky, In the sky; Dark the hours of night and slow, But that
name, Shout and sing, Shout and sing; He will set the capt - ive free, Bring the



yond are better years; Then away with doubts and fears, We shall conquer by and by.
radiance will o'erflow, Till the hill and valley glow, — We shall conquer by and by.
day of lib - er - ty, Fol - low him to vic - to - ry, — We shall conquer by and by.

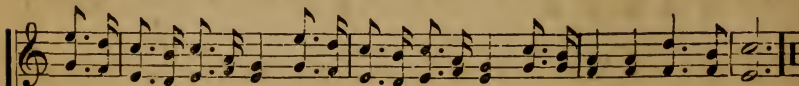
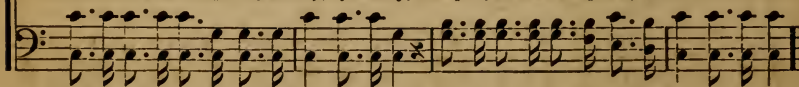


CHORUS.



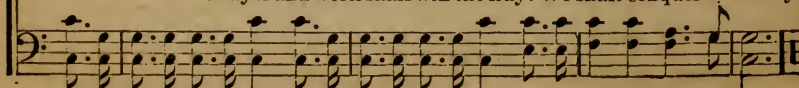
Con - - quer by and by, . . . Con - - quer by and by;

Conquer, we shall conquer by and by, by and by, Conquer, we shall conquer by and by, by and by;



Hail the happy, happy day!

Prayer and work shall win the fray! We shall conquer by and by.



Save the Boy!

63

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

W. W. BENTLEY. By per.

1. Once he was so light and fair, Glad, and light, and free, Filled my soul with
2. Once he was so brave and true, Shun'd the tempter's pow'r; Once for right he
3. Once he was my on - ly hope, Source of joy and pride, Then I thought that
4. Tell him tho' he's wandered far, Love can never die, Lives in hopes of

peace and joy; Life was dear to me; But he took the fa - tal glass,
firm - ly stood, Till that dreadful hour. Bright and sparkling was the cup,
love might clasp, Hold him to my side; But to - day my boy forsakes
his re - turn, Looks with patient eye. Loving hearts have pleaded long,

'Twas a fleeting joy, Drank, and lo, the hand of death Grasped my darling boy.
Seemed without alloy, Fair the hand that captive led My poor wand'ring boy!
Home with all its joy, Far in sin he's wand'ring now, Save, oh, save my boy!
Prayed for light and joy, Keeping still a welcome there For the wand'ring boy.

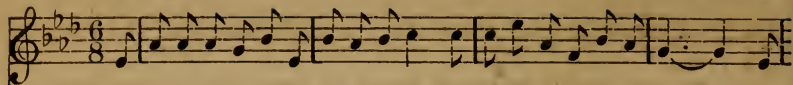
CHORUS.

Save the boy! Save the boy! Heaven will ring with joy;
Lov - ing hearts are plead - ing now, Save, oh, save the boy!

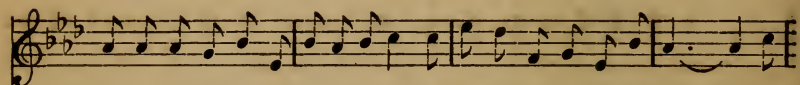
Don't Treat.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

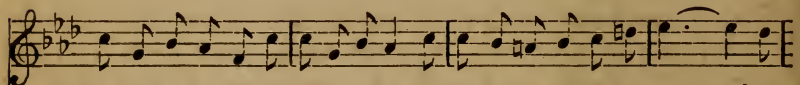
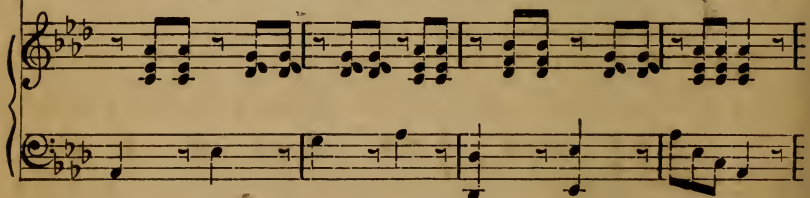
JNO. R. SWENBY.



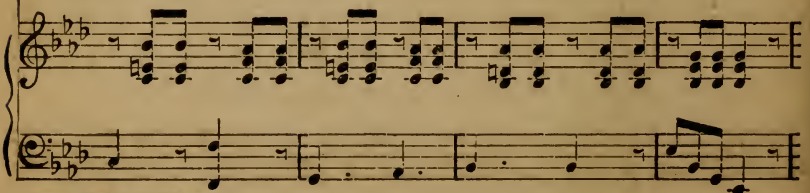
1. "Walk up to the bar, boys, its my treat to-day,
Walk up and have something to drink ; Our
2. They said that our glasses were filled with pure wine,
In mine was a serpent of fire, That

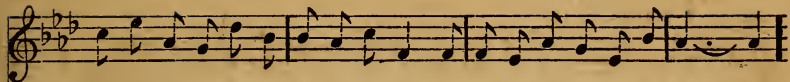


pledges of friendship once more we'll renew, And laugh as our glasses we clink." My
gnaws at my vitals, and crazes my brain With appetite's craving desire. It

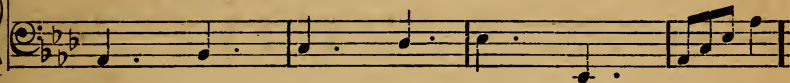
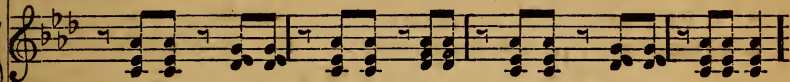


friends, do you know I was one of those 'boys' so merrily treated that day ? 'Twas
robs me of peace and the comforts of home, It robs me of manhood and pride, The

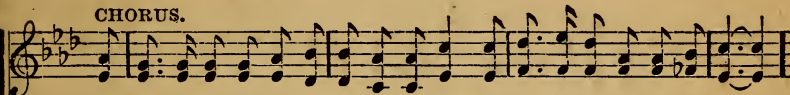




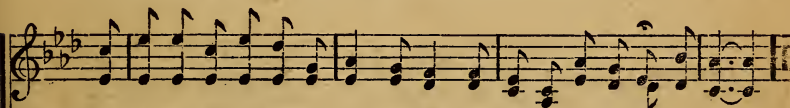
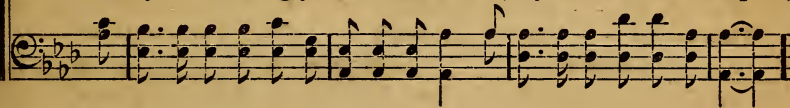
long long ago, but the boys of this age Are treated the very same way.
love of my children, my money and health, And God only knows all beside.



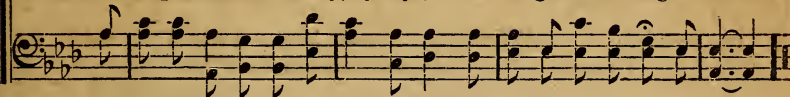
CHORUS.



I warn you of treating, you see what it does, My life is a failure complete;



Show friendship in some other way, my boys, There's danger in treating—don't treat!

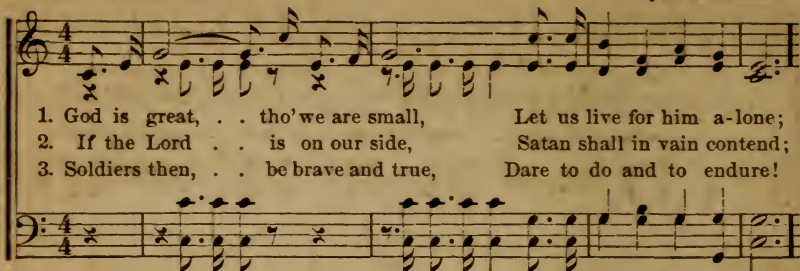


- 3 You see, I was treated for true friendship's sake,
But oh, 'twas the curse of my life,
I'd rather he'd struck through my innocent heart
A murderer's death-dealing knife.
They said 'twas a costly and generous treat,
They praised as they passed round the bowl,
Who'll reckon the cost? what's the worth of a life?
Who'll tell me the price of a soul?
- 4 I would'nt have gone to the bar-room alone,
And called for my first glass of wine,
But, urged by companions, for friendship I took
The treat that I could not decline.
There're thousands who never to drink would have learned
If treating had never been known,
So, if you will drink what kills body and soul,
I pray you to drink it alone.

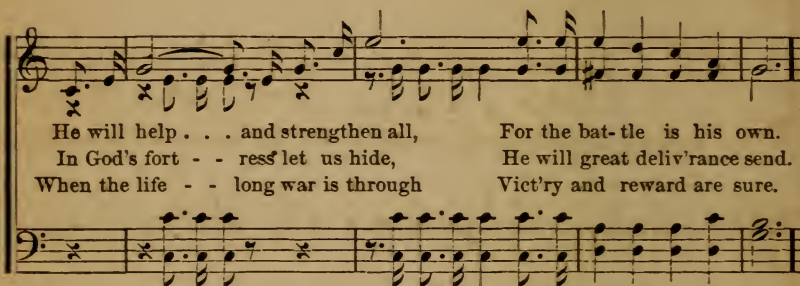
The Lord is For Us.

ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D. D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

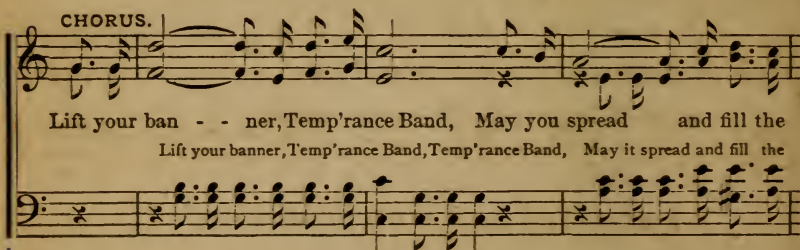


1. God is great, . . . tho' we are small, Let us live for him a-lone;
 2. If the Lord . . . is on our side, Satan shall in vain contend;
 3. Soldiers then, . . . be brave and true, Dare to do and to endure!

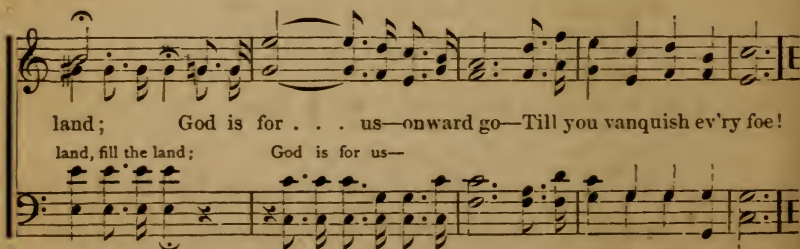


He will help . . . and strengthen all, For the bat-tle is his own.
 In God's fort - - res's let us hide, He will great deliv'rance send.
 When the life - - long war is through Vict'ry and reward are sure.

CHORUS.



Lift your ban - - ner, Temp'rance Band, May you spread and fill the
 Lift your banner, Temp'rance Band, Temp'rance Band, May it spread and fill the



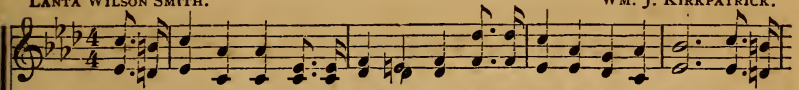
land; God is for . . . us—onward go—Till you vanquish ev'ry foe!
 land, fill the land; God is for us—

Prohibition's Come to Stay.

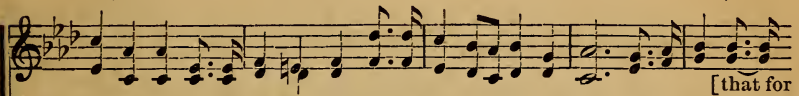
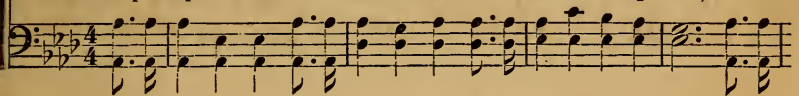
67

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

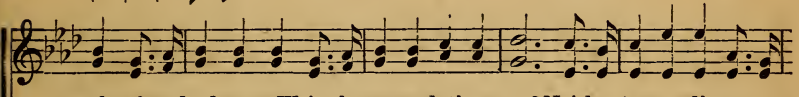
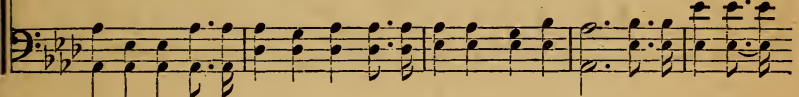
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



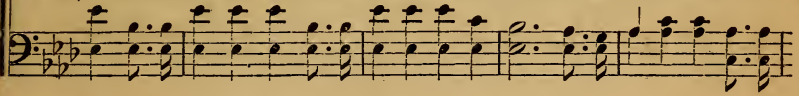
1. You have heard it said, "Prohibitionists Are a little bit too fast, For by
2. After wasted years are we not prepared For a newer, better way? Drop old
3. Tho' perhaps we stand like the Israelites While the enemies pursue, With the



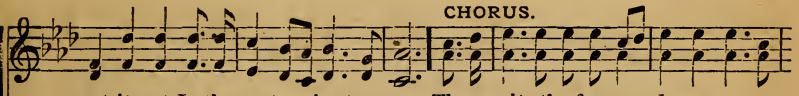
[that for quiet ways and by slow degrees They might win their cause at last." Do you know party ties and unite with us,—Prohibition's come to stay; Moral-suasion Red sea rolling before our path, Yet the Lord will lead us thro', Be no longer



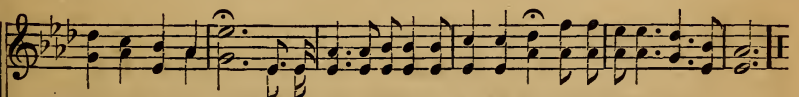
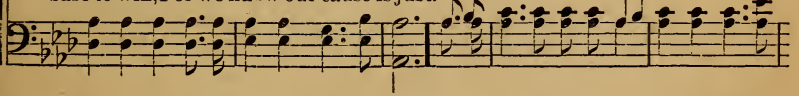
nearly a hundred years We've been regulating rum? Neither tax nor license can fails,—regulation laws Are a fraud we cannot stand;—Prohibition comes as the slaves, but in freedom bold Forward march, in God we trust! He is on our side and we're



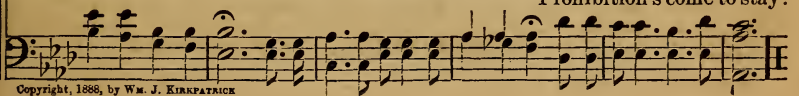
CHORUS.



root it out In the centur-ies to come. Then unite the forces and only means That can save our noble land. onward move, The sure to win, For we know our cause is just.



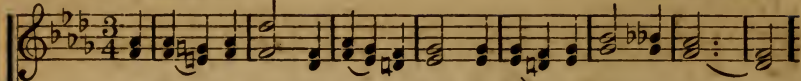
Lord will lead the way, 'Tis the hour for earnest, decisive work,— Prohibition's come to stay!



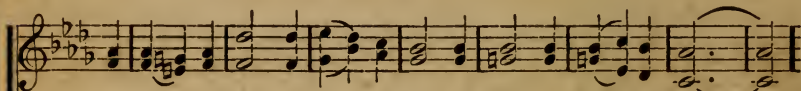
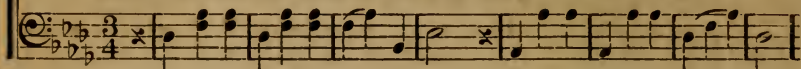
68 Touch not, Taste not, Handle not.

Rev. JOHN O. FOSTER. A. M.

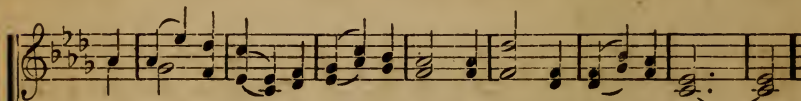
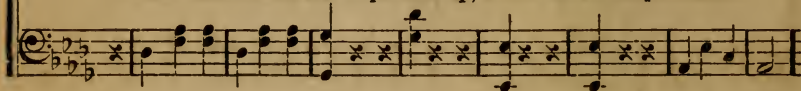
JNO. R. SWENEY.



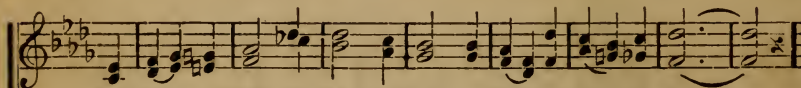
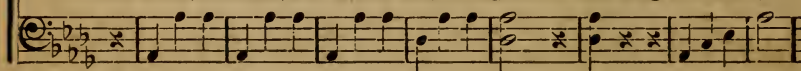
1. *Touch* not the tempting cup of wine, Nor fill the flowing bowl;
2. *Taste* not the burning stream of death, That glides with subtle flow;
3. Then *han - dle* not the poisoned cup, Nor give to oth - ers pain;



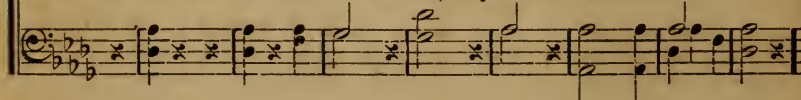
A mo - ment - a - ry joy of thine May ru - in heart and soul;
It ru - ins life and hope and breath Where'er its billows go.
To life and health and hope look up, While life and hope remain.



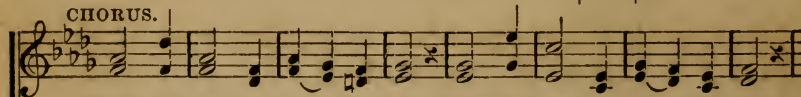
Then touch it not, for conscience sake, Its pleasures all forego,
Taste not, the Word divine commands, Though raging thirsts may burn,
Then touch, nor taste, nor handle not, Though fierce and long the strife;



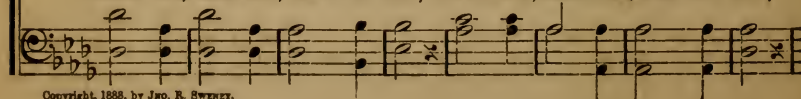
But strength divine from heaven take, And shun the way of woe.
The stream of Life runs through all lands, And thither you may turn.
A vic - tor in this bat - tle hot, May win e - ter - nal life.



CHORUS.



Touch not, taste not, han - dle not; Touch not, taste not, han - dle not;



Touch not, taste not, Touch not, han - dle not.
 Touch not, taste not, han - dle not, Touch not, taste not, han - dle not.

Vote as You Pray.

ELIZA D. HAND.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Can you go on thus, my broth - er, While praying day by day,
 2. Can you see your neighbors fall - ing A - round you in the fray,
 3. Do not cease from prayer; no, never! But pray on while you may;
 4. Let us wake from this de - lu - sion That praying will win the day

"Thy kingdom come, thy will be done," And yet not vote as you pray?
 And pray that God may speed the right, And yet not vote as you pray?
 But if you-would know your prayer is heard, Be sure to vote as you pray?
 (Un - less our prayer and votes agree), Then al - ways vote as we pray?

CHORUS.

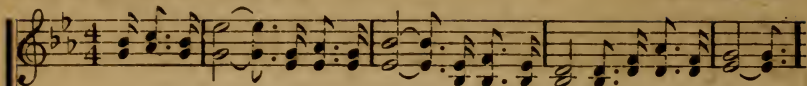
Oh, vote as you pray, vote as you pray, Vote as you pray, my friend,

Oh, vote as you pray, 'twill hasten the day When the rum fiend's work shall end.

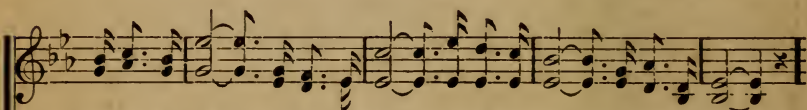
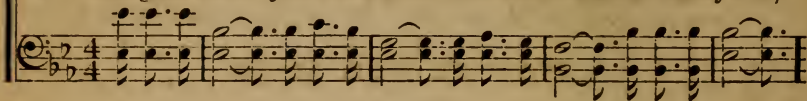
Give Him a Lift.

Arr. by Rev. JNO. O. FOSTER. A. M.

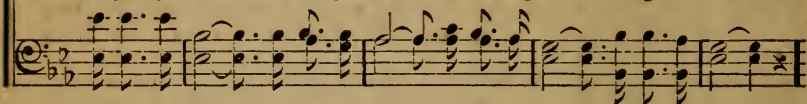
F. S. SHEPARD.



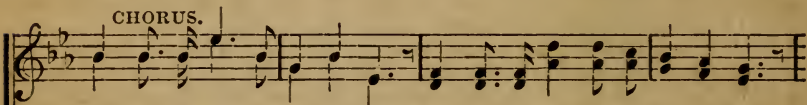
1. Give him a lift, dont kneel in prayer, To moral-ize on his de-spair;
2. 'Tistime when woundsarewashedand healed That christly motives be reveal'd;
3. One grain of aid just now is more Than tons of tracts or saintly lore;



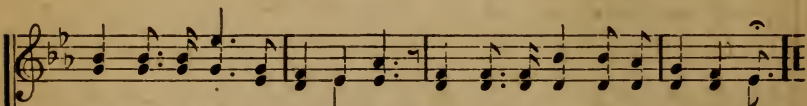
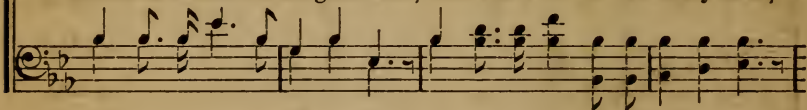
The man is down, and his great need Is ready help, not prayer nor creed.
 But now, whatev - er else there be, Are but the words of mocker-y.
 Pray if you feel it in your heart, But help the man again to start.



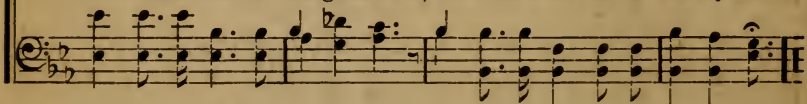
CHORUS.



Give him a lift in his great need, Give him a lift of a worthy deed;



Give him a lift in his great need, Give him a lift of a worthy deed.

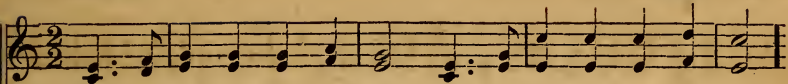


- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>4 The world is full of good advice,
 Of this and that so very nice;
 But helping souls to aid mankind
 Are scarce as gold, and hard to find.</p> | <p>5 Give like a man who speaks in deed,
 And never minds about his creed;
 Give but a lift when men are down,
 And then perchance you'll wear a crown.</p> |
|---|---|

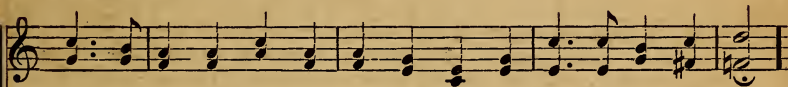
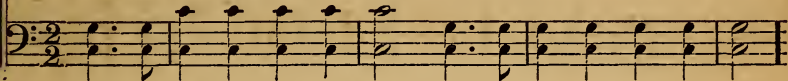
Be True!

F. G. BURROUGHS.

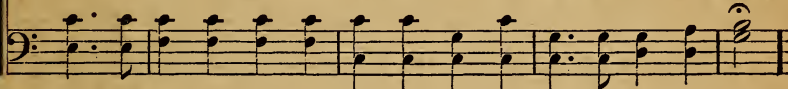
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



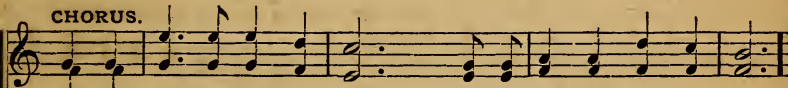
1. If the cause you have espoused You believe the true and right,
2. If you know a way is best, And an-oth - er path is wrong,
3. Ev'ry truth your heart hath learned Let your hon - est deeds at - test;
4. Those who dauntless face the foe Oft - en seem to stand a - lone;



Then be firm to your con - victions,—Do not sin against the light.
Then be sure to take the safe road, Tho' it parts you from the throng.
Do not let your words be - lie you, When you know a cause is best.
But a host of heavenly warriors Stand equipped about the throne.

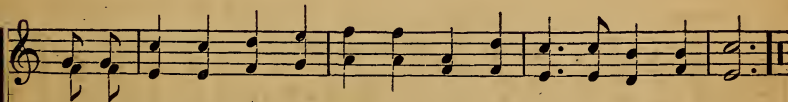
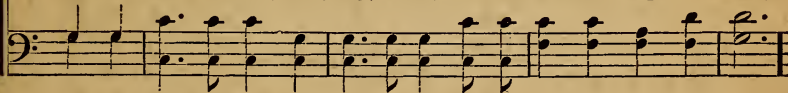


CHORUS.

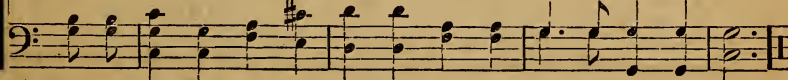


O be true, be true, we cry, be true, Tho' the con - flict rag - es high;
Chorus for fourth verse:—

"O be true, be true," they cry, be true, "Tho' the conflict rag - es high;



God hath need of val - iant sol - diers, Who are not a - afraid to die.
Be ye steadfast, faith - ful sol - diers, God will crown you by and by!"



Face the Other Way, Boys.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Solo ad lib.

1. Now, boys, attend: should miscalled friend Some tempting treat display,
 2. The so - cial glass you must not pass, But God and truth o - bey;
 3. Should lovely maid, your mirth to aid, Pre - sent the glass and say,
 4. The li - quor host with all their boast Must not your hearts dis - may;
 5. Let oth - ers hear your words of cheer; Go, bid the souls a - stray

By tav - ern sign or homemade wine, Just face the oth - er way.
 And ne'er turn back on du - ty's track, But face the oth - er way.
 Be - hold, the wine I've brought is thine; Just face the oth - er way.
 Fear not de - feat, nor once re - treat, But face the oth - er way.
 Their steps re - trace, by God's free grace, And face the oth - er way.

CHORUS.

Face the other way, boys, Face the other way, In spite of censure or applause,

rall. Face the oth - er way; Face, *a tempo* Face the oth - er way, In
 Face the oth - er way, Face the oth - er way, Face the oth - er way, In
 Face the oth - er way,

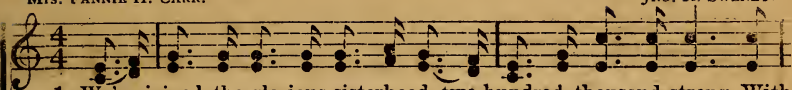
spite of censure or applause, Face the oth - er way. Face the oth - er way.
 Omit last time. *last ending.*

Our Cause is Marching On.

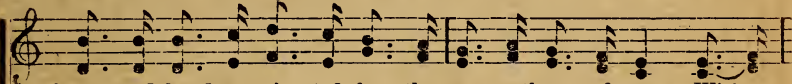
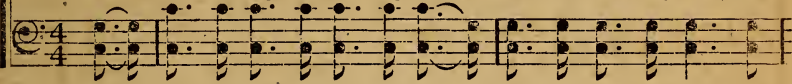
73

Mrs. FANNIE H. CARR.

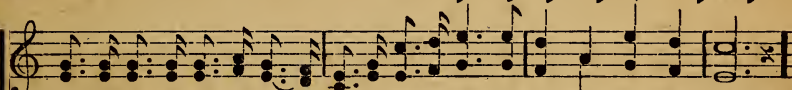
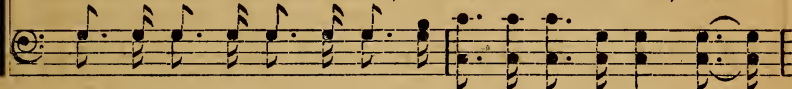
Jno. R. SWENEY.



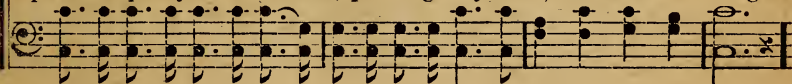
1. We've joined the glorious sisterhood, two hundred thousand strong, With
2. We've heard the cry of childhood, and the prayer of woman too; We've
3. With Je - sus for our Captain, no ill can us be - tide; In-the
4. With his light upon our pathway and his grace within our heart, Fearing
5. A bet - ter day is dawning, the hour is draw - ing near, King



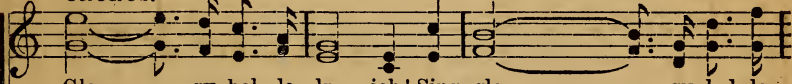
heart and hand u - ni - ted for the ov - erthow of wrong; With
seen the fall of manhood, and what al - co - hol will do; We've
se - cret of his pow - er we as - sur - ed - ly confide; Anchored
naught that man can do to us, nor dreading Satan's dart, Leaning
Al - co - hol shall be dethroned, with all that he holds dear, And



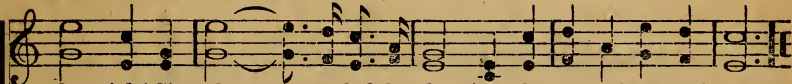
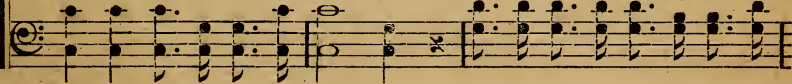
purpose firm and courage high our phalanx moves along, Our cause is marching on.
consecrated heart and hand to push this campaign through, Our cause is marching on.
to the Rock of Ages se - cure - ly we abide, Our cause is marching on.
hard on our beloved, from whose strength we ne'er shall part, Our cause is marching on.
peace and plenty crown our land, spreading ev'rywhere, Our cause is marching on.



CHORUS.



Glo - - - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Sing glo - - - - - ry, hal - le -
Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le -



lu - jah! Sing glo - - - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Our cause is marching on!
lu - - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!



1st. 2d.

1. { Arm for the battle of glo - ry; Strike for the cause of Truth;
Fathers with locks so hoa - ry, Sons in the

2. { Death to the crested ser-pent! War on the curse of rum!
From hill to valley the watchword Shout, while the

3. { Hath he not murdered our mothers, Brought their gray locks to the tomb?
Hath he not murdered our brothers, Yet in their

vigor of youth. Mothers and sisters and daughters, With prayers and blessings come!
heroes come. Follow the track of the monster, And trail him thro' forest-and glen,
manhood's bloom? Hath he not coiled on our hearthstones, Hissing with Upas breath?

Death, wher - ev - er he lurk - eth, To the serpent whose name is Rum!
Hunt him wherev - er he hid - eth, And stab him to death in his den!
On to the warfare, my brothers, Nor cease till he writhes in death!

CHORUS. *Emphatic.*

"Arm for the battle," strike, strike, strike, No quarter to the fier - y foe;

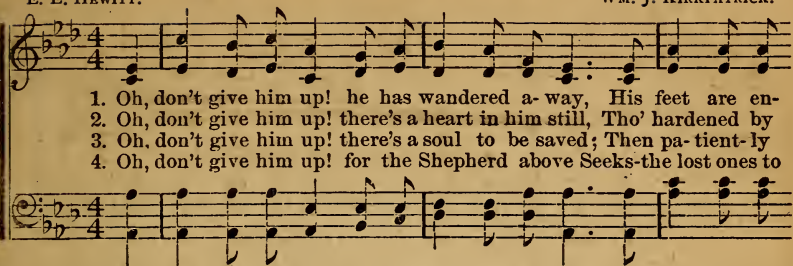
"For God, and Home and Na - tive Land," We'll strike a dead - ly blow.

Don't Give Him Up.

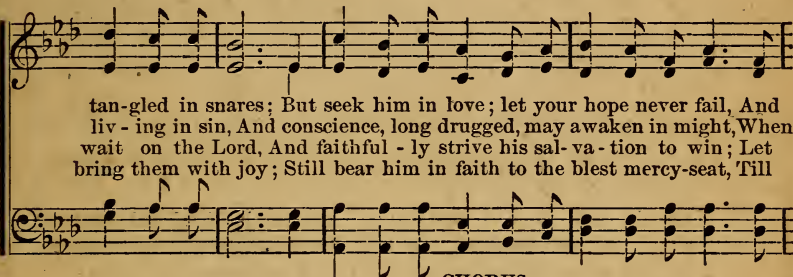
75

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

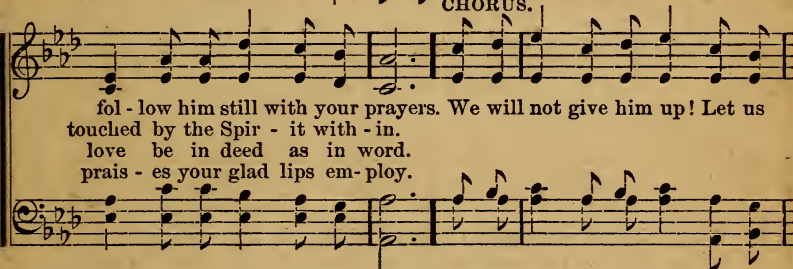


1. Oh, don't give him up! he has wandered a-way, His feet are en-
2. Oh, don't give him up! there's a heart in him still, Tho' hardened by
3. Oh, don't give him up! there's a soul to be saved; Then pa-tient-ly
4. Oh, don't give him up! for the Shepherd above Seeks-the lost ones to

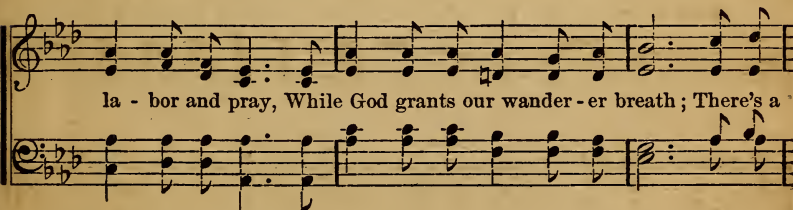


tan-gled in snares; But seek him in love; let your hope never fail, And
liv - ing in sin, And conscience, long drugged, may awa-ken in might, When
wait on the Lord, And faithful - ly strive his sal - va - tion to win; Let
bring them with joy; Still bear him in faith to the blest mercy-seat, 'Till

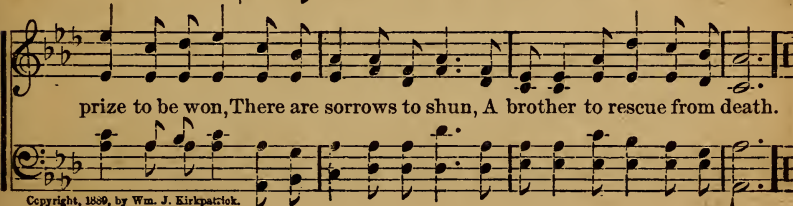
CHORUS.



fol - low him still with your prayers. We will not give him up! Let us
touched by the Spir - it with - in.
love be in deed as in word.
prais - es your glad lips em - ploy.



la - bor and pray, While God grants our wander - er breath; There's a



prize to be won, There are sorrows to shun, A brother to rescue from death.

76 Where there's Drink there's Danger.

"Strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

Rev. C. W. RAY, D. D.

Prov. xx. 1.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

With energy.

1. Write it on the grog-shop door, Write it on each cask in store;
 2. Write it o - ver pal - ace halls, Write it o - ver market walls;
 3. Tell the man with gi - ant frame, Tell the man of highest fame,

Write it, tell it o'er and o'er, To both friend and stranger;
 Strong drink maddens and enthalls, Merchant prince, and granger;
 Tell the youth of noblest name, Child, and stur - dy rang - er;

Write it on each prison gate, Write it on each house of state,
 Write it on the nations dome, Write it in the humblest home,
 Warn them of the fa - tal snare, Warn and save them from despair,

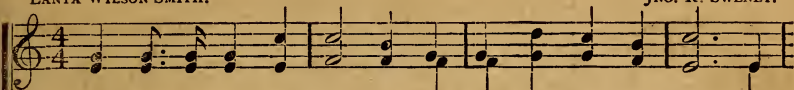
Tell it to both small and great, Where there's drink there's danger.
 Tell with trembling those who roam, Where there's drink there's danger.
 Warn the tempted ev'rywhere, Where there's drink there's danger.

For the Temperance Army.

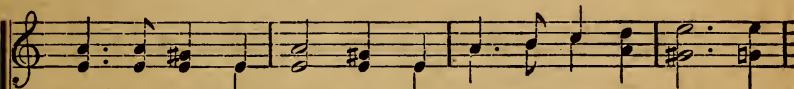
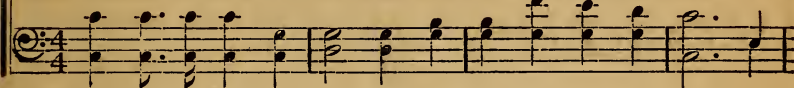
77

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

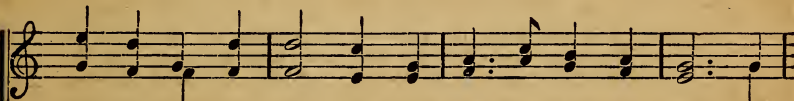
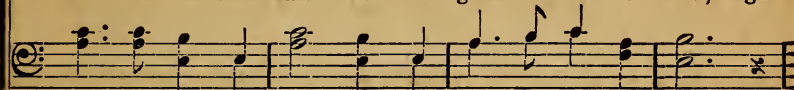
JNO. R. SWENEY.



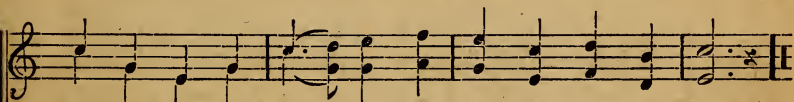
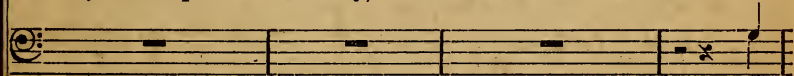
1. Prayers for the temp'rance ar - my A - rise from hearthstones cold, Where
2. Songs for the temp'rance ar - my The na - tion sings to - day; Glad
3. Help for the temp'rance ar - my, It comes from great and small; Though
4. Vote for the temp'rance ar - my, The ear - nest, brave, and true, For



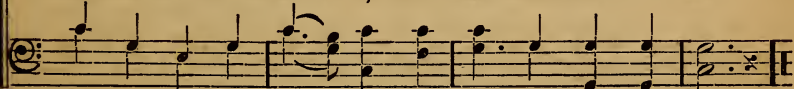
weep - ing wives and moth - ers In grief and want grow old; Prayers
songs, whose notes of tri - umph Our en - e - mies dis - may; As
prayers and songs are fruit - ful, Yet these must not be all: Give
one more vote will hast - en The glo - rious end in view; Fight



from all pray - ing peo - ple, — God an - swer them to - night! And
strains of mar - tial mu - sic A - rouse a march - ing throng, Our
free - ly time and mon - ey, Give sym - path - y and love; Lead
on, O temp'rance ar - my, Till bursts from sea to sea A



lead to cer - tain vic - t'ry These champions for the right.
men are nerved to ac - tion By soul - in - spir - ing song.
res - cued broth - ers near - er Our God and home a - bove.
shout that heaven will ech - o, "At last our land is free!"



Thy Light is Come.

M. E. SERVOSS.

"And the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

Isa. lx. 1.

H. R. PALMER. By per.

Not too fast.

1. A - mid the deep valleys of anguish and sorrow, Where dwell the foul
 2. Give thanks unto God who is a - ble and will - ing To save to the
 3. Then ban - ish the wine-cup, and seek for a blessing From him in whose

demons who lurk in the still, Sweet hope had been lost, and forgotten the
 ut - termost all who draw near; To send out his light, their redemption ful -
 mighty you a - lone can prevail; For they who will seek him, their weakness con -

mor - row Till the light of sal - va - tion broke o - ver the hill.
 fill - ing, While his won - der - ful love shall dis - pel ev - 'ry fear.
 fess - ing, Shall have strength to re - sist all the foes who as - sail.

CHORUS. *Spirited.*

A - rise! a - rise! a-rise, for thy light is come! A - rise! a -

rise! a-rise, for thy light is come! The light of truth To
 The light of his truth and love,

lead thee home; A-rise! oh, a-rise, for thy light is come!
To lead to thy home above;

Hurrah for the Temperance Army.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Two kings a war are wag - ing, Two ar - mies in the field,
2. King Al - co - hol is try - ing, With all his e - vil powers,
3. King Temperance, sure and stead - y, Looks up with trusting eye,
4. King Al - co - hol re - treat - ing, Is trembling now with fear;
5. King Temperance, wave thy standard! Pro - phet - ic tongues have said

Drawn up in mor - tal com - bat, De - ter - mined not to yield.
To make the host he gath - ers By far out - num - ber ours.
And knows the God of na - tions Will help him from on high.
He sees his ranks de - sert - ing, And feels his end is near.
That thou shalt reign in tri - umph When Al - co - hol is dead.

CHORUS.

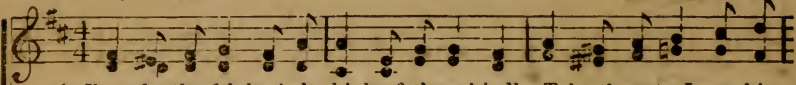
Hur - rah for the Temperance Ar - my! Hur - rah for the song they sing!

Hur - rah for the spark - ling wa - ter That leaps from the mountain spring!


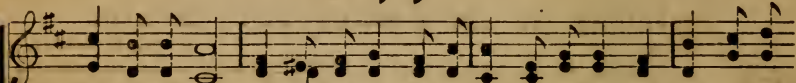
Pray for the Fallen.

MARTHA J LANKFEN


WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



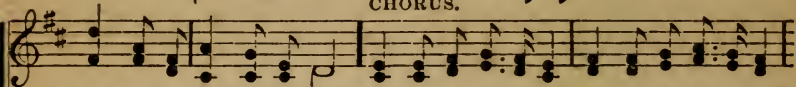
1. Pray for the fal- len! oh, think of them kindly, Take them to Jesus, his
2. Pray for the fal- len! oh, do not forsake them, Slaves to the tempter who
3. Pray for the fal- len, the world has renounced them! Keen are its glances, its
4. Pray for the erring! oh, think of them kindly They are our neighbors, tho'

mercy implore; Tho' they have wander'd, and sad their condition, Prayer and our
laughs at their pain; Fast in the fet- ters he forged to deceive them, Pi- ty and
censure is cold; Yet the dear Saviour will gently receive them, He will not
far they have stray'd; They are our brothers: go forth to their rescue! Give them our

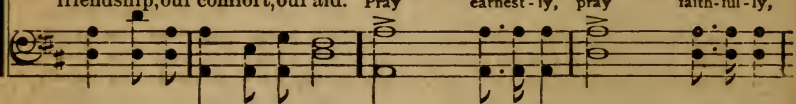
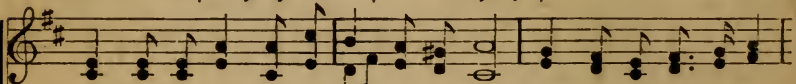


CHORUS.


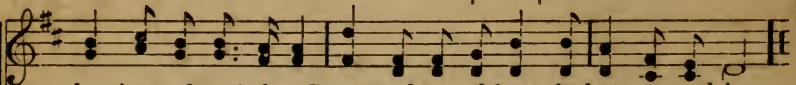


efforts their souls may restore. Pray for them earnestly, pray for them faithfully,
help them again and a- gain.
turn them away from his fold.
friendship, our comfort, our aid.

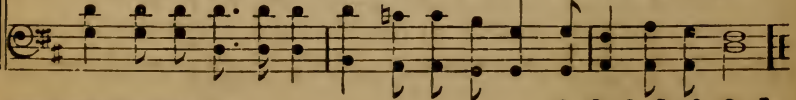
Pray earnest- ly, pray faith- ful- ly,

Prayers will be answered thro' Je- sus' dear name; Pray for them fervent- ly,
Pray fer- vent- ly,

lov- ing, and tenderly,—Prayer and our ef- ferts the lost may reclaim.



In His Name.

LIDIE E. HEWITT.

Dedicated to "The King's Daughters."

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

- | | |
|---|----------|
| 1. Let us give the cup of wa-ter In His name; | Help our |
| 2. Let us pray for one an-oth-er In His name; | Lift-ing |
| 3. With the love of Christ constraining, In His name, | Work or |

In His name;

REFRAIN.

- | | |
|--|--------------------------|
| Father's son or daughter In His name. | In His name, oh, let the |
| up the fallen brother In His name. | |
| bear without complaining, In His name. | <i>Semi-staccato.</i> |

In His name. In His name, oh,

watch - word Blazoned on . . . our banners be; . . . Where the

let the watch - word Bla-zoned on our ban-ners be;

gleam - ing standard leads us, Let us fol - low loy - al - ly. loy - al - ly.

Where that gleaming standard leads us, Let us fol - low loy - al - ly.

- 4 Let our lives flow out in blessing,
In His name;
Bravely God's own truth confessing,
In His name.

- 5 This will lighten every duty,
In His name;
Fill our lives with heaven's beauty,
In His name.

Bring Back my Boy.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. The midnight lamp . . . is burning now, . . . While all a-
 2. I know he drains . . . the fa - tal cup . . . That lured his
 3. O Christians, wake! . . . let all unite . . . To crush the

lone . . . my watch I keep, With breaking heart and throbbing
 youth - - - ful feet to stray; But never will . . . I give him
 dread - - - ful power of ill, Whose baneful breath and cruel

D.S.—Bring back my poor deluded

brow, . . . And aching eyes . . . that cannot sleep; . . .
 up . . . While I have breath . . . and strength to pray. . .
 blight . . . Our hearts and homes . . . with anguish fill; . . .

boy,— . . . My hope and pride, . . . my cradle joy. . . .

I list in vain . . . a step to hear, . . . Whose bounding
 My boy, whate'er . . . his wrong may be; . . . My boy, so
 Save, save our boys! . . . the plaintive cry . . . Is echoed

tread . . . was joy to me; . . . But now my
 pure . . . in days of yore; . . . My boy, that
 now . . . from ev - 'ry side; . . . Save, save our

home . . . is sad and drear,— . . . Its light is
 still . . . I long to see, . . . And fold him
 boys! . . . nor let them die . . . A- mid de-

CHORUS.

gone; . . . oh, where is he? . . . I clasp my hands in wild de-
 in . . . my arms once more.
 struc - - - tions lava tide. . . . I clasp my hands, my hands in wild de-

D.S.

spair; . . . O God of mercy, hear my prayer! . . .
 spair, in wild despair; O God of mer- cy, hear, O hear my prayer, hear my prayer.

Andante.

1. Is that a cry from a storm-tossed bark, A voice from the an - gry
 2. Some mother's once - be - lov - ed child Now is pleading with ear - nest
 3. See care - less souls on the dreadful brink Of that gulf of unnumbered
 4. Our pitying Sav - iour walks the sea, Where no life-boat could dare the

waves? 'Tis a voice from the floods of ru - in dark, Where in -
 breath, A - drift in the tem - pest of er - ror wild, Sweeping
 graves: Oh, hold them back, Lest they reel and sink 'Neath the
 tide, And back at his voice will the bil - lows flee, - To the

temperance fierce - ly raves, Where intemperance fierce - ly raves.
 out on that sea of death, Sweeping out on that sea of death.
 mer - ciless, yawn - ing waves, 'Neath the mer - ciless, yawn - ing waves.
 res - cue he will guide, To the res - cue he will guide.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

Bear a hand, bear a hand, With courage ev'ry man, Where the breakers wildly roll;

By the grace of God we'll do all we can To res - cue that perishing soul.

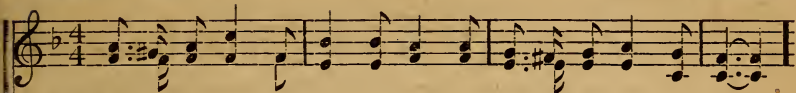
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Pray for My Boy.

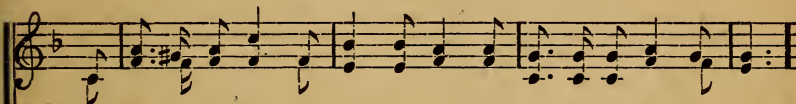
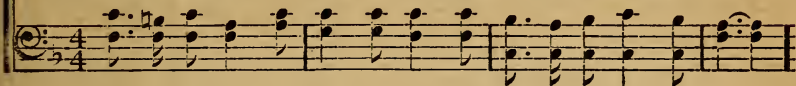
85

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



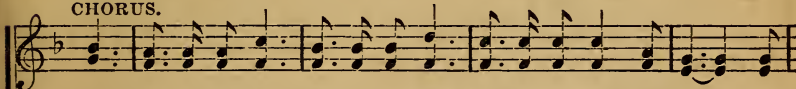
1. What shall I do to win my boy Away from the flam-ing cup?
2. What shall I do to save my boy? They tell me that all is vain;
3. Oh, that he now would break the chain That makes him a slave to sin!
4. Though he has gone I know not where, And lonely the hours go by,



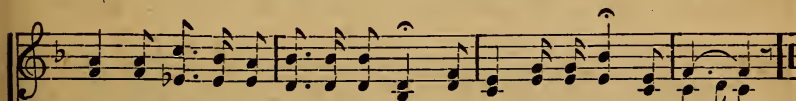
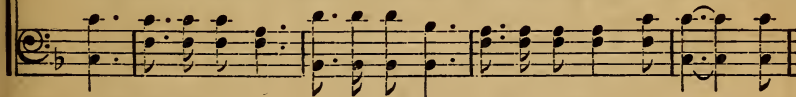
They say at the wine he tar-ries long, But how can I give him up?
But if I could find the er-ring one I'd plead with him once a-gain.
My heart and my home are waiting still To welcome the wand'rer in.
I know that my boy I yet shall see, And bless him before I die.



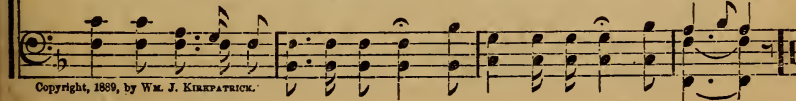
CHORUS.



Oh, pray for my boy, pray for my boy, Pray for my boy to-night; There's



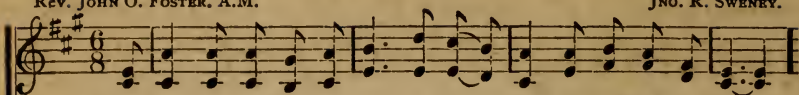
power in prayer, and my refuge is there: Oh, pray for my boy to-night. to-night.



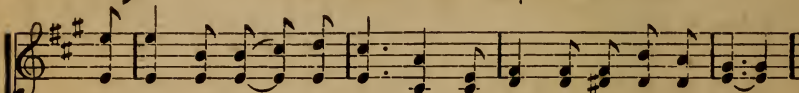
Fire Away with Your Ballots.

Rev. JOHN O. FOSTER, A.M.

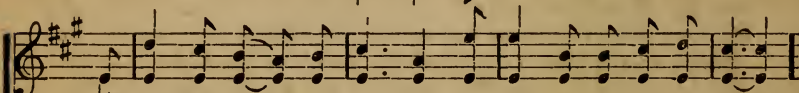
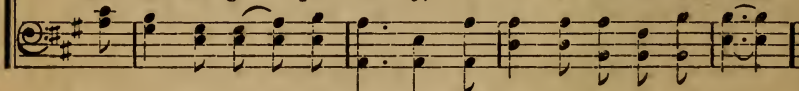
JNO. R. SWENEY.



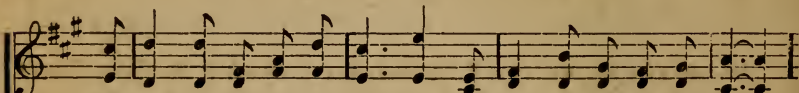
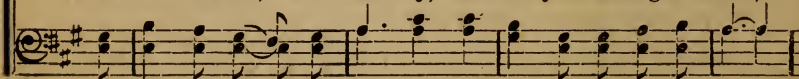
1. You need not wait a - ny long - er For the temp'rance bugle to blow,
2. The Judges made their decision, For the laws are wholesome and strong;
3. March on and go for a lev - y, Break up the hor - ri - ble crime;



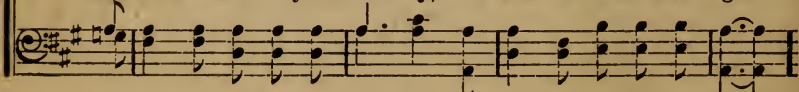
The call is loud - er and stronger, You'll hear the trumpet I know.
No long - er an - y di - vi - sion, For li - quor selling is wrong.
Give law and gos - pel heav - y, A dou - ble barr'l at a . time.



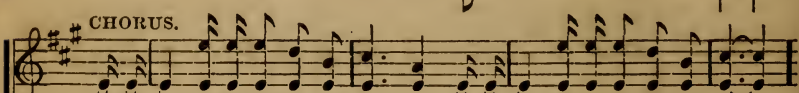
The long deep roll has been sounded, A sig - nal boom from the gun;
The work is squarely be - fore us, The great decree handed down;
Take aim awhile, be stead - y, Be sure your aiming is low;



The staff and banner surround - ed, And vict - 'ry sure to be won.
We'll fire a thundering cho - rus In ev - 'ry cit - y and town.
And shoot whenever you're read - y, And then the sa - loon will go.



CHORUS.



Fire away, fire away with your ballots, Fire away, fire away on the field;



Fire away, fire away, fire away, fire away, Fire away, fire away till they yield.

Save the Many.

E. A. BARNES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Save the many who to-day are drinking Deeply from the cup with hidden sting,
2. Save the many who to-day are bringing Sorrow to the loving ones at home,
3. Save the many who to-day are drinking From the cup in which such evils dwell,

And amid its ruddy glow and sparkle, Heeding not the woe that it will bring.
 Throwing off the golden gifts of heaven, Bidding want and wretchedness to come.
 Heeding not the death that lurks within it,—A wful death that language cannot tell.

CHORUS.

See the need of earnest work, my brothers, Feel the need of mighty faith and prayer;

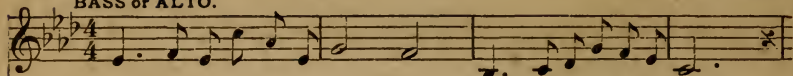
rit. ad lib.

Save the many who to-day are going Downward in the way of dark despair.

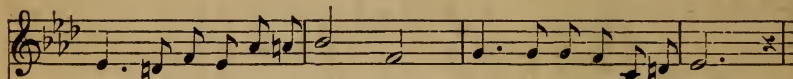
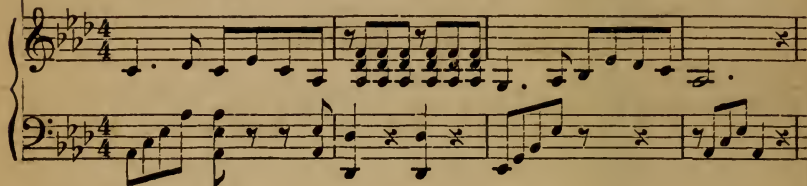
E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

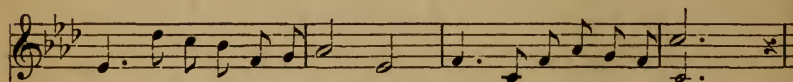
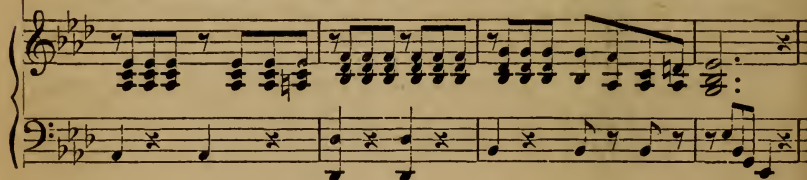
BASS or ALTO.



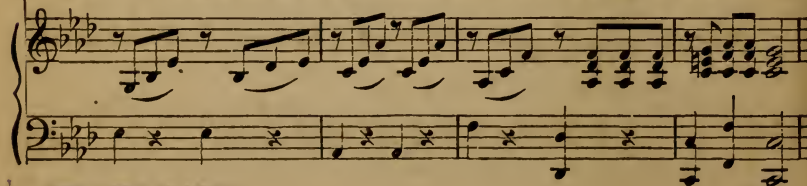
1. If you re - alized the dang - er Lurking in the sparkling cup,
2. If you saw the path you're treading, Ending in a drunkard's grave,—
3. Were you told the loving moth - er, Pleading for you day by day,
4. If you thought your feet were standing Close beside the narrow stream,

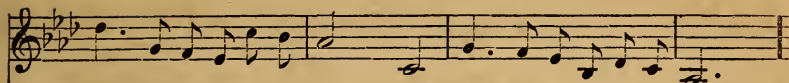


Saw the coiled serpent in it, Would you dare to take it up?
 End - ing in a cry of an - guish, Late, too late your soul to save,—
 Would be taken home to - mor - row, Would you not begin to pray?
 That your eyes would never o - pen To another morning's beam,



Could you see your tinselled pleasures Are but masks to hide despair,
 Would you not then turn to Je - sus While it still is called to - day?
 Turning off from false companions, Dashing down the poisoned bowl,
 Would you seek the way to heaven? Would you not for pardon bow?

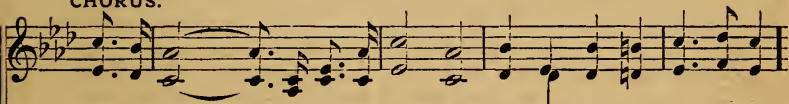




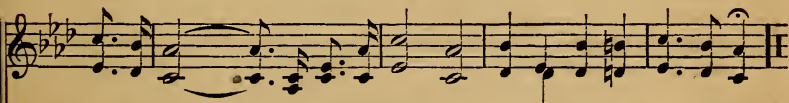
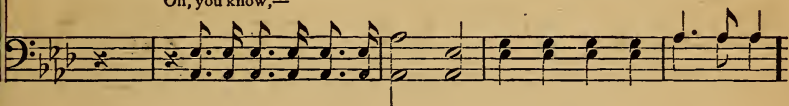
You would heed when others warn you, List - en to their earnest prayer.
Ask him now to take and keep you In his blessed, holy way.
Would you seek your mother's Saviour, Ask - ing mercy for your soul?
If you knew—but oh, why ling- er? Come to Jesus, come just now.



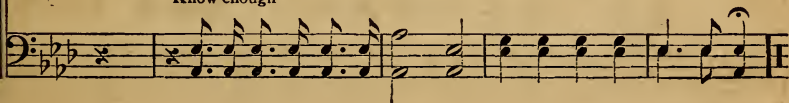
CHORUS.



Oh, you know,— your Bible tells you, Wounded conscience stirs within,—
Oh, you know,—



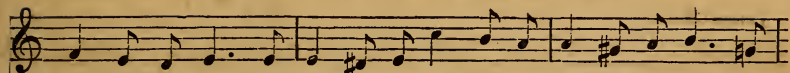
Know e - nough this hour to save you, Know enough to turn from sin.
Know enough



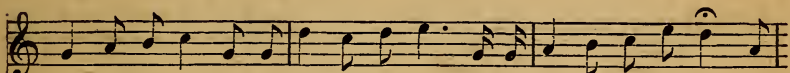
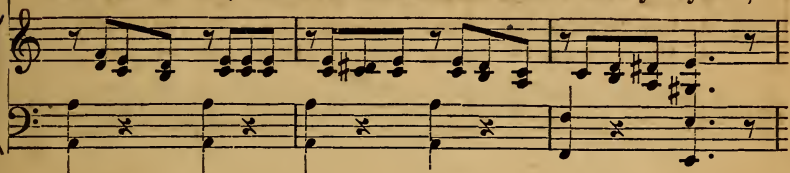
1. She stood by her lov-er, in beauty and grace, A sor-rowful look on her
2. "Tis true that I love you; I love you too well To dare walk with you, *your* face
3. "The lips that touch liquor! how could they be strong To utter a promise to

brave, earnest face: "No, Ralph, do not ask me; I can but re-fuse, Un-
turned towards hell; The ad-der that lurks in the glit-tering bowl Would
bind us life long? Or, how could I 'hon-or' a man who loved *me* Not

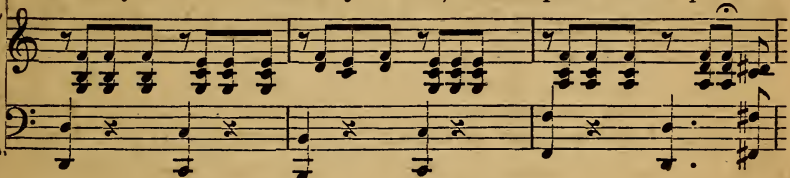
less, with God helping, the right path you choose. Your footsteps tend down to the
dart cru-el fangs thro' my quiver-ing soul. Too ho-ly the treasure of
near-ly so much as his mad rev-el-ry? Farewell, Ralph, farewell! till you



val - ley of shame, Where hopes are all blighted and sullied the name; Now woman's deep love To pour up - on one who unworthy would prove; This tell me in truth, The chains have been broken that fettered your youth; I'll

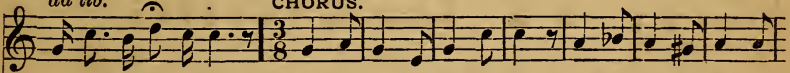


choose between me and the murderous wine, For the lips that touch liquor must ring on my fing - er to you I re - sign, For the lips that touch liquor must seek for you ev - er the mer - cy di - vine, But the lips that touch liquor must

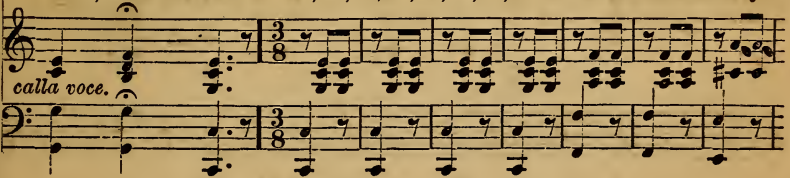


ad lib.

CHORUS.



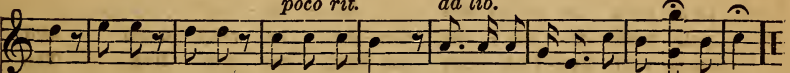
never, never touch mine." No, sir, no, sir, no, no, no, Not while downward still you



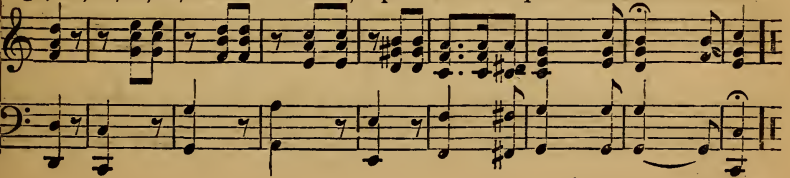
calla voce.

poco rit.

ad lib.



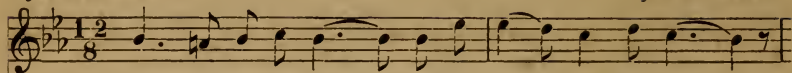
go; No, sir, no, sir, not with the wine; Lips that touch liquor must never touch mine.



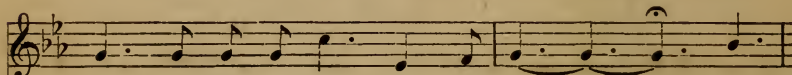
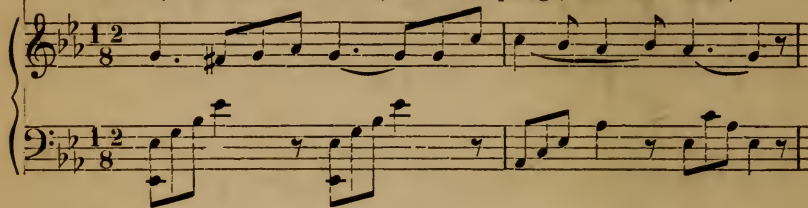
Look Not on the Wine.

JENNIE GARNETT.

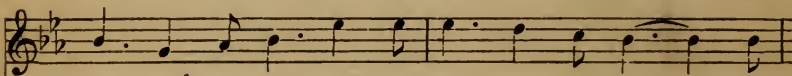
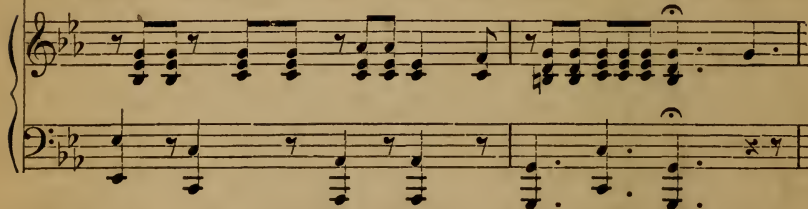
JNO. R. SWENEY.



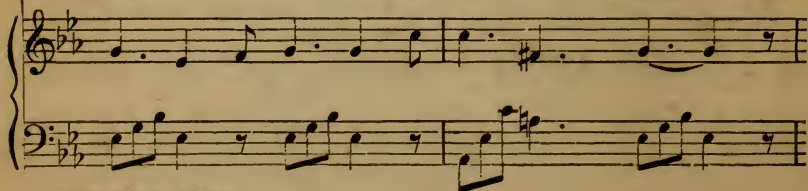
1. Look not on the wine when it moves in the cup,
2. Look not on the wine, though its drops may be red,
3. Oh, trust not the wine, it will sure - ly de - ceive,
4. Oh, trust not the wine, take the pledge, and be wise,



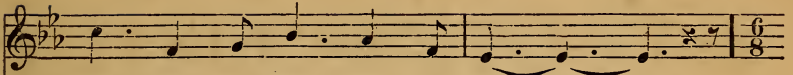
For dan - ger a - round it is cast; Re-
 They craze and be-wild - er the brain; They
 Nor once to your lips let it pass; Re-
 Make Je - sus your ref - uge and friend; His



mem - ber the warn - ing of him who has said, It
 lure from the coun - sels of in - no - cent youth, And
 pel, with de - cis - ion, who - ev - er may come And
 grace will pro - tect you as long as you live, The



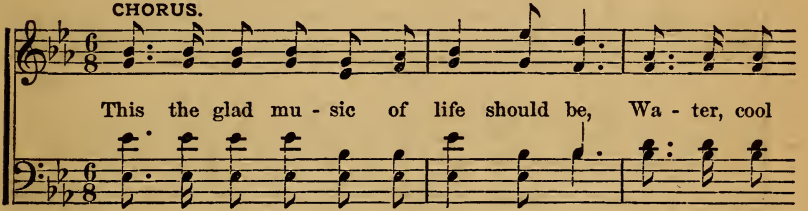
Look Not on the Wine.—CONCLUDED. 93



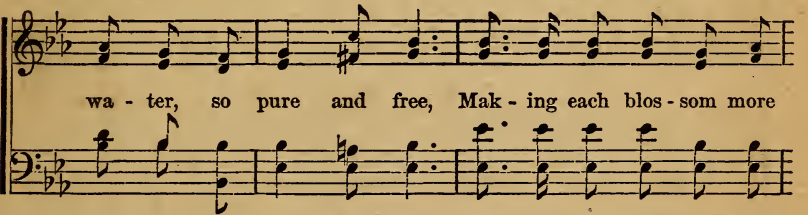
bites like a ser - pent at last.
 lead to de - struc - tion and pain.
 urge you to take the first glass.
 arm of his love will de - fend.



CHORUS.



This the glad mu - sic of life should be, Wa - ter, cool



wa - ter, so pure and free, Mak - ing each blos - som more



fair to see; Wa - ter, cool wa - ter give me, give me.

Gather Them.

ANNA C. STOREY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, gather to Jesus the lost ones that stray From home and the light of his
 2. Oh, gather the lost ones o'erladen with grief, Who called, but in vain, to the
 3. Oh, gather the lost ones, where'er they may be, The Saviour is waiting; his

presence a-way, Far out on the cold, barren mountains of sin; He
 world for re-lief; They sigh as they car-ry their burden of sin; The
 mer-cy is free! His ten-der compassion will pardon their sin; There's

CHORUS.

bids you go quickly and gather them in. Gather them, gather them,
 life-gate is o-pen,—go, gather them in.
 room in his kingdom,—go, gather them in.

gather them in, Faithful-ly, earnest-ly gather them in; Far out on the

cold, barren mountains of sin, To Jesus who loves them, go, gather them in;

Gather them, gather them, gather them in, To Jesus who loves them, go, gather them in.

Free the Slave.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Sons of Temperance, rouse to ac - tion! Du - ty calls you on, ye brave;
2. See, the temp - ter, truth de - fy - ing, Stalks abroad with fearful stride,
3. With a spir - it firm and dauntless, In the ranks your colors show;
4. Sons of Temperance, rouse to ac - tion! Hear the cry of wild despair;

'Gainst oppres - sion bold and law - less Join the con - flict, free the slave.
 Leading thousands bound in fet - ters To his cav - erns deep and wide.
 Pro - hi - bi - tion be your mot - to, — Deal destruc - tion to the foe.
 To the res - cue hast - en quickly, — Now the time to do and dare.

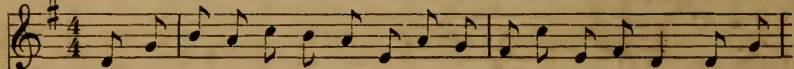
CHORUS.

Free the slave, oh, free the slave! Du - ty calls on you, ye brave;

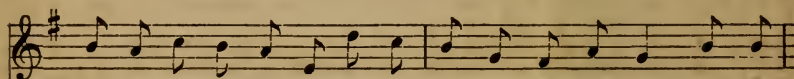
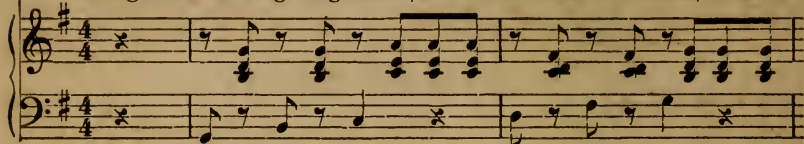
Help the fa - tal cup to ban - ish; Crush the ty - rant; free the slave.

We Have Grappled.

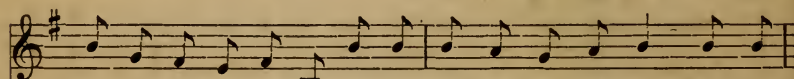
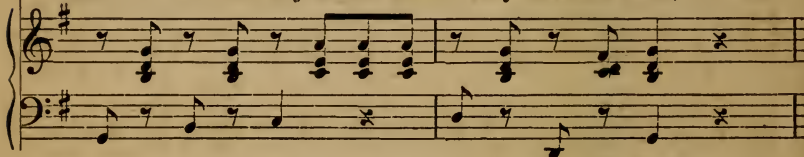
Rev. J. O. FOSTER, A. M. Respectfully Dedicated to Miss F. E. Willard. JNO. R. SWENKY.



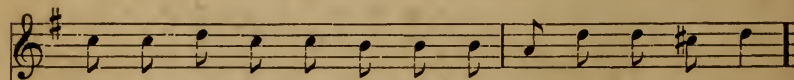
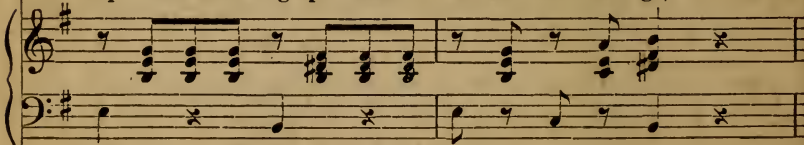
1. We have grappled with a monster In the fiend of rum and wrong; We are
2. Let the worse be known the sooner, Let the craven heart be still; All our
3. Sing aloud the songs of gladness, In a well deserved renown, 'Till we



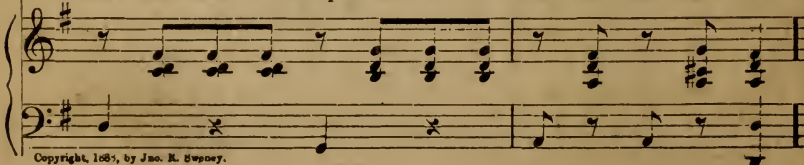
in a dead-ly conflict, With a will-ing heart and strong, And the
foes shall yet surrend-er, For the righteous nev-er will; Christ the
shout our hal-le-lu-jahs In-to ev-'ry state and town, 'Till the



one that dies the hard-est Will be vic-tor in the strife, For the
Lord shall take the kingdom, His in-her-it-ance sub-lime, And will
temp'rance cause and gospel Heart in hand and hand shall go, 'Till the



right-ous cause shall tri-umph,—It can nev-er lose its life.
rule with king-ly glo-ry, In the bless-ed com-ing time.
na-tion has re-demp-tion From its wretch-ed-ness and woe.



CHORUS.

Then fling out the roy - al ban - ner In de - fi - ance as we stand,
 With the watchward of the kingdom, "God and home and na - tive land."

Don't Touch the Wine.

W. J. K.

1. Children, do you see the wine In the crystal goblet shine? Be not tempted
 2. Do you know what causeth woe, Bitter as the heart can know? 'Tis that self-same
 3. Nev - er let it pass your lips; Never e - ven let the tips Of your fingers

CHORUS.

by its charm; It will sure - ly lead to harm. Children, hate it, hate it,
 ruby wine Which would tempt that soul of thine.
 touch the bowl; Hate it from your inmost soul.

Don't touch the wine; Fight it ev - er, taste it nev - er, Don't touch the wine.

4 Such a deadly poisoned dart
 Never fails to reach the heart;
 Turns to night life's brightest day,
 Takes all hope of heaven away.

5 Fight it with unyielding will;
 Though you conquer, fight it still,
 Lest it lift again its head,
 Like a serpent never dead.

Ah! 'tis the old, old Story.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Ah! 'tis the old, old stor - y, . . . Tempted and led a - stray, . . .
 2. Robbing the heart of lightness, . . . Los - ing the bloom of youth, . . .
 3. But, in an old, old stor - y, . . . Full of a grace di - vine, . . .

Leaving the path of dut - y, . . . Choosing the e - vil way, . . .
 Dimming the eyes' glad brightness, . . . Stilling the voice of truth, . . .
 There is a - bun - dant par - don, . . . Ev - en for sin like thine, . . .

Breaking the hearts of moth - ers, . . . Slighting their fer - vent prayers, . . .
 Missing the pride of manhood, . . . Missing a no - ble aim, . . .
 Now, with a con - trite spir - it, . . . Turn from the ways of sin, . . .

Sowing the seed which bringeth . . . On - ly a wealth of tares, . . .
 Gaining a ship-wrecked nature, . . . Gaining a sul - lied name, . . .
 Knock at the gate of heav - en, . . . Entrance thy soul shall win, . . .

CHORUS.

Ah! 'tis the old, old stor - y, . . . Ah! 'tis the old, old stor - y, . . .
Last cho. - Yes, 'tis the old, old stor - y, . . . Yes, 'tis the old, old stor - y, . . .

Ah! 'tis the old, old stor - y, . . . Tempted and led a - stray. .
 Yes, 'tis the old, old stor - y, . . . Full of a grace di - vine. .

Light after Darkness.

DUET.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Light af - ter darkness, Gain af - ter loss, Strength af - ter
 2. Sheaves af - ter sow - ing, Sun af - ter rain, Sight af - ter
 3. Near af - ter dis - tant, Gleam af - ter gloom, Love af - ter

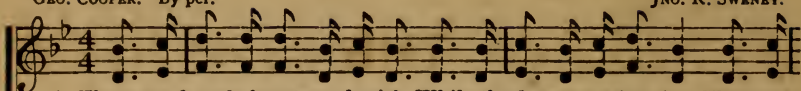
weakness, Crown af - ter cross, Sweet af - ter bit - ter,
 mys - tery, Peace af - ter pain, Joy af - ter sor - row,
 loneliness, Life af - ter tomb; Af - ter long a - go - ny,

Song af - ter fears, Home af - ter wander - ing, Praise af - ter tears.
 Calm af - ter blast, Rest af - ter wear - i - ness, Sweet rest at last.
 Rap - ture of bliss; Right was the path - way Leading to this!

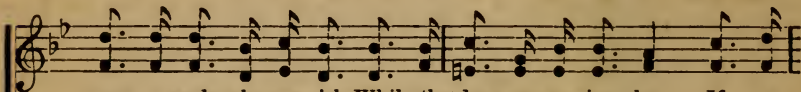
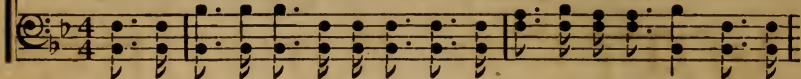
While the Days are Going By.

GEO. COOPER. By per.

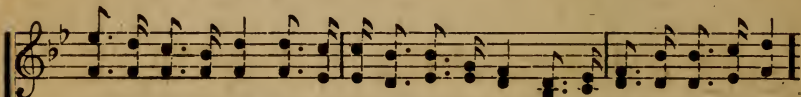
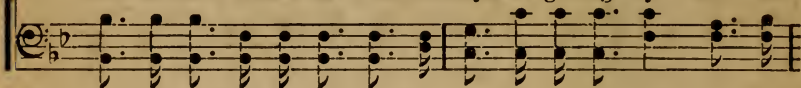
JNO. R. SWENEY.



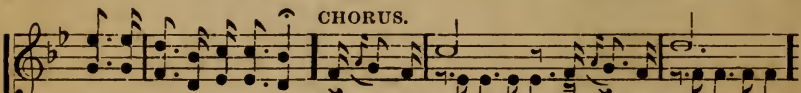
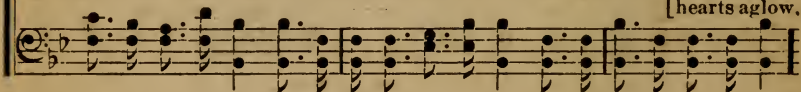
1. There are lone-ly hearts to cherish, While the days are going by; There are
2. There's no time for i - dle scorning, While the days are going by; Let our
3. All the lov-ing links that bind us While the days are going by, One by



wear - y souls who per - ish While the days are go - ing by. If a
face be like the morning, While the days are go - ing by. Oh, the
one we leave behind us While the days are go - ing by. But the

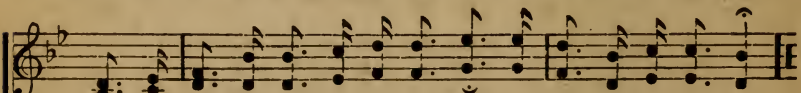
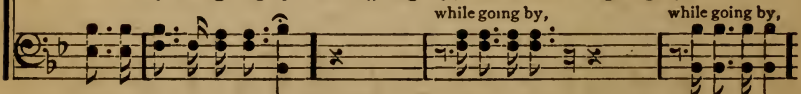


smile we can renew, As our journey we pursue, Oh, the good that we might do,
world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weeping eyes; Help your fallen brother rise
But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow, And will keep our
[hearts aglow.

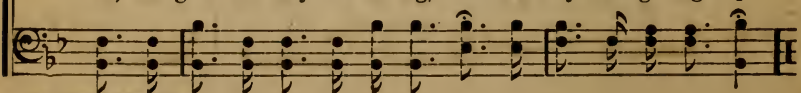


CHORUS.

While the days are going by. While going by, while going by,



Oh, the good we may be do-ing, While the days are go-ing by.



THE
WATER · FAIRIES:

A

TEMPERANCE · CANTATA.

WORDS BY

LYDIE E. HEWITT.

MUSIC BY

JNO. R. SWENEY and WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Philadelphia: JOHN J. HOOD, 1018 Arch St.

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THE

WATER PAIRIES

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



CHARACTERS.

REGINA, Queen of the Water Fairies.
 RILLA, Fairy of the Rills.
 BUBBLE, Fairy of the Springs.
 PITTER-PATTER COMPANY.
 MERMA, Princess-Fairy of the Ocean.

ARCH, the Rainbow Fairy.
 SPRAY and SPARKLE, Fairies of the Fountains.
 MIXIE and PIXIE, mischievous elves.
 Officers, other fairies unnamed, etc.

SUGGESTIONS.

Those who have charge of an entertainment are generally the best judges of details of preparation. But perhaps to some a few suggestions may be helpful.

The stage would be appropriately decorated with growing plants or ever-greens.

QUEEN: dressed in white; crown of flowers. A small, fancy cane tied with ribbon would answer for wand.

RILLA: white dress decorated with water lilies (very pretty ones can be made of paper.)

BUBBLE: white, decorated with ferns.

PITTER-PATER COMPANY: fancy suits of cheap, grey material, dotted with spangles. Small japanese umbrellas, carried closed, as rifle. Various

movements can be executed with these in the umbrella drill, such as change and present arms, opening umbrellas and holding as shields, etc.

MERMA: white dress, with aqua-marine ribbons.

ARCH: a parti-colored dress, or white trimmed with ribbons of the rainbow colors.

OFFICERS: plain clothing, with white stripes down the pants, and stars of office

MIXIE: grotesque suit of pale, sickly blue.

PIXIE: white suit, slashed with yellow and red.

OTHER FAIRIES: girls dressed in white or light shades,—Nile green, salmon, pink, etc. Boys with white shirt-waists and fancy neck-ties.

CONTENTS.

1.	{	MARCH, "The Water Fairies' March," Piano or Organ.
		SONG AND CHORUS, "Marching On," Fairies.
2.		GREETINGS, (spoken),	Fairies, Queen.
3.		CHORUS, "We Come," Fairies.
4.		RECITATION, "The Queen's Welcome." Queen.
5.		SOLO AND CHORUS, "Song of the Rippling Rill," Rilla and Fairies.
6.		SOLO AND CHORUS, "Bubble of the Wayside Spring," Bubble and Fairies.
7.		SOLO, "Blessings on my loyal children," Queen.
8.		SEMI-CHORUS, "The Pitter-patter Company," Boys.
9.		SOLO, "Chime On," Queen.
10.		SOLO, "My Home," Merma.
11.		BASS SOLO, "Down, down, down,"
12.		RECITATION, "I have an echo song," Merma.
13.		ECHO SONG, "Jesus Saves," Semi-chorus.
14.		SOLO, "Now as the sweet strains die away," Queen.
15.		SOLO, "Upon the storm-dark clouds," Arch.
16.		ARREST OF MIXIE AND PIXIE,	Queen, Officers, Fairies, etc.
17.		DUET, "Temperance Fountains," Spray and Sparkle.
18.		RECITATION, "The Queen's Farewell," Queen.
19.		FULL CHORUS, "Away, away,"

THE WATER FAIRIES.

1 March, Song and Chorus.

[Curtain rises during the playing of the voluntary, disclosing the Queen seated on her throne. Enter Water Fairies, marching and counter-marching before the Queen, singing, "Marching On."]

THE WATER FAIRIES' MARCH.

Sempre Staccato.

Piano or Organ.

The musical score is written for Piano or Organ in 4/4 time. It consists of four systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Sempre Staccato'. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and triplets. The first system begins with a treble staff containing a melodic line and a bass staff with chords and some rests. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system features a triplet in the treble staff. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final triplet in the bass staff.

MARCHING ON.

1. March-ing on, march-ing on, Through the
 2. March-ing on, march-ing on, Glad in
 3. March-ing on, march-ing on, march-ing on, Nod-ding

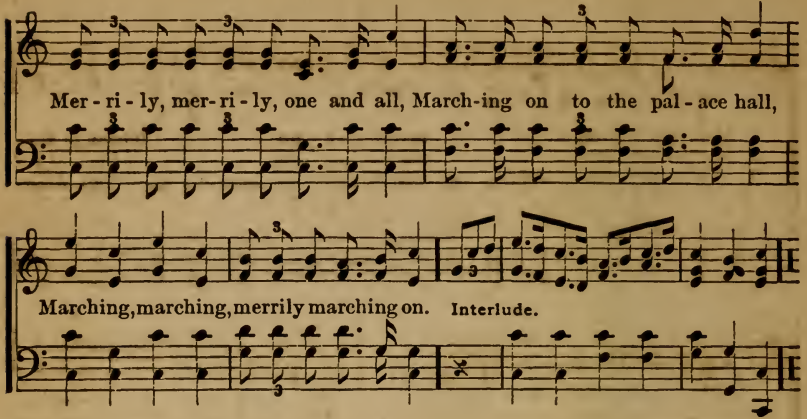
starry hours of night marching on; Marching on, marching
 robes of silver sheen, marching on; Marching on, marching
 blossoms smile to hear, marching on; marching on; Marching on, marching on, marching

on, Come the wa-ter fair-ies bright, marching on.
 on, Rainbow tints and emerald green, marching on.
 on, marching on, This our music sweet and clear, marching on. marching on.

CHORUS.

Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, one and all, March-ing on to the pal-ace hall,

Mind-ful of Re-gi-na's call, Mer-ri-ly march-ing on; mer-ri-ly,



Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, one and all, March-ing on to the pal-ace hall,
 Marching, marching, merrily marching on. Interlude.

2 Greetings.

[Fairies form a semicircle around the Queen; then follow the greetings, spoken; Fairies say:]

"All hail, your gracious majesty! Hail, lovely Regina!"

[The Queen replies, waving her wand in welcome:]

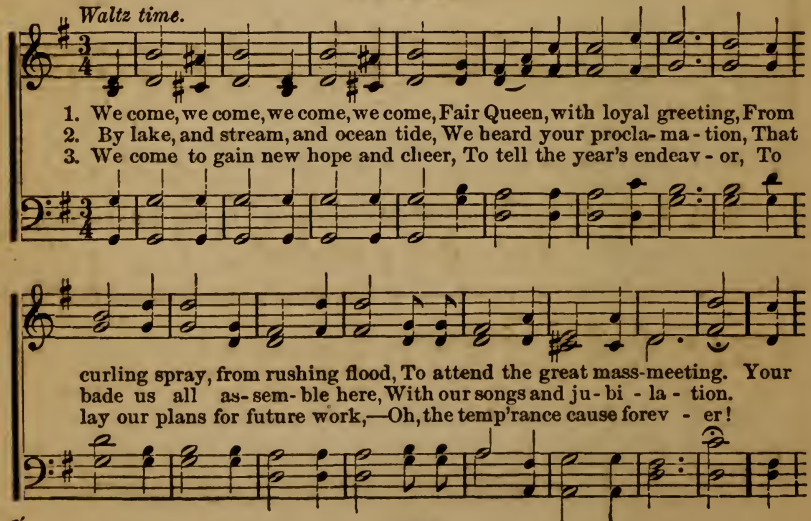
"Welcome, fair ladies and courtiers brave."

[The Fairies then sing "We Come."]

3 Chorus.

WE COME.

Waltz time.



1. We come, we come, we come, we come, Fair Queen, with loyal greeting, From
 2. By lake, and stream, and ocean tide, We heard your procla-ma-tion, That
 3. We come to gain new hope and cheer, To tell the year's endeav-or, To
 curling spray, from rushing flood, To attend the great mass-meeting. Your
 bade us all as-sem-ble here, With our songs and ju-bi-la-tion.
 lay our plans for future work,—Oh, the temp-rance cause forev-er!

ma - jes - ty now greet - ing, We come to the great mass-meeting; We

come, we come, we come, we come To the wa - ter fair - ies' meet - ing.

4 Recitation.

THE QUEEN'S WELCOME.

Faithful subjects, welcome, all!
 Welcome to my palace hall;
 Speak, my fairies, first and least,
 Afterward the joyful feast.
 Know ye all your mission true,—
 Mirrors of the sky's clear blue,

Of the sunshine sparkling bright,
 Of the moonbeams' tender light?
 Blessings must ye ever be,
 Busy in love's ministry;
 Now your Queen awaits to hear
 Your reports, please, for the year.

[While the prelude to the next song is being played, all but Rilla courtesy and retire to seats prepared on the stage. Rilla advances towards the Queen, bows, and sings:]

5 Solo and Chorus.

SONG OF THE RIPPLING RILL.

The first system of the piano introduction consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. It features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, accented chords, and a final cadence. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The first system of the vocal line is on a single staff in treble clef, matching the key signature and time signature of the piano introduction. It contains the first two lines of the lyrics.

1. I am Rilla, And my murmuring voice Makes the woodland And the field rejoice;
 2. Meadows brighten Where my gleams are seen,
 Like a ribbon Winding thro' the green;

The piano accompaniment for the first system of lyrics consists of two staves. The upper staff has 'x' marks over the notes, indicating that the piano part is silent for this section. The lower staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

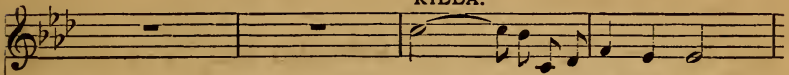
The second system of the vocal line is on a single staff in treble clef, continuing the melody from the first system.

Crystal waters, Pure as morning's glow, Bathe the flowers Meekly bending low.
 Snow-white lilies On my bosom rest, As the starlets On fair Evening's breast.

The piano accompaniment for the second system of lyrics consists of two staves. The upper staff has 'x' marks over the notes, indicating that the piano part is silent for this section. The lower staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

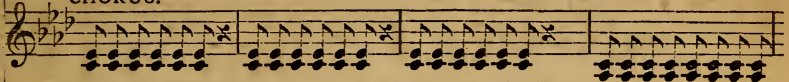
THE WATER FAIRIES.

RILLA.

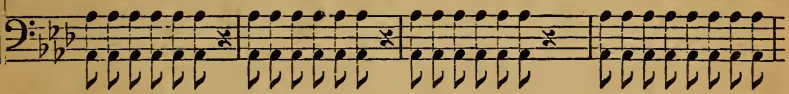


List - en to my rippling flow,
List - en to the rippling rill,

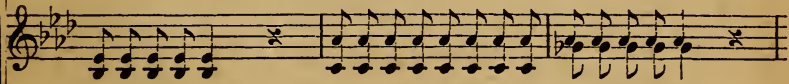
CHORUS.



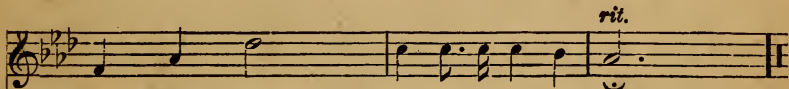
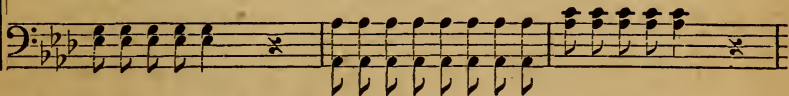
Listen to the rippling, Listen to the rippling,
pp Listen to the rippling, Listen to the rippling, to the



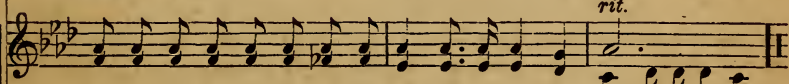
Sing - - ing, singing as I go; 'Tis a temp'rance
Leap - - ing from the breezy hill; Temp'r - ance it is



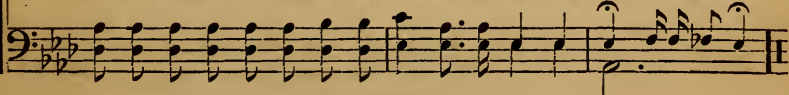
rippling of the rill, Listen to the rippling, to the rippling of the rill,



song, I know, Song of the rippling rill.
sing - ing still, Song of the rippling rill.



Listen to the rippling, rippling, Song of the rippling rill, murmuring rill.



6 Solo and Chorus.

BUBBLE OF THE WAYSIDE SPRING.

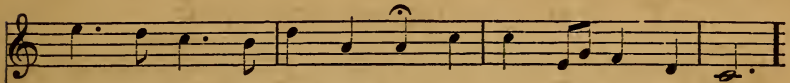
BUBBLE.

Dear Queen, I'm but a

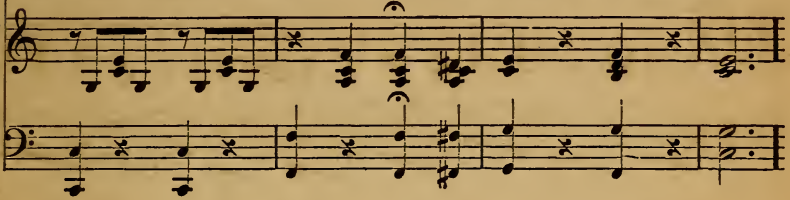
little thing, Only Bubble of the wayside spring, Bright little Bubble,

fresh lit - tle Bub - ble, Bub - ble of the way - side spring. 1. { The
2. { But

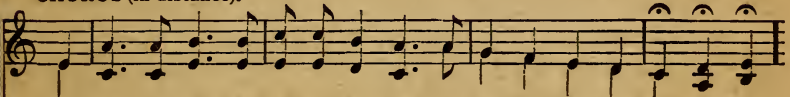
spring that gushes clear and bright, 'Neath clust'ring boughs, half hid from sight, I
as I bub - ble from the ground, I gai - ly smile on all around; Of



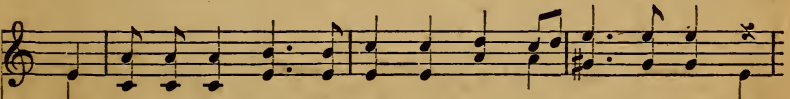
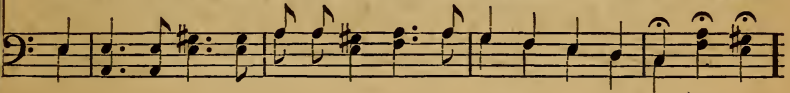
of - fer cool - ing drink, with joy, To ev - 'ry girl and boy.
health and pur - i - ty I tell, Drink, drink of Na - ture's well.



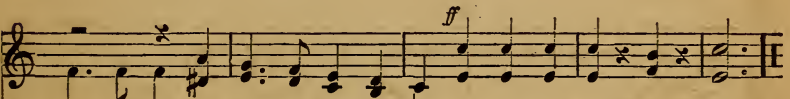
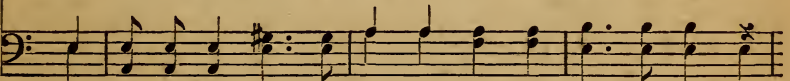
CHORUS (in distance).



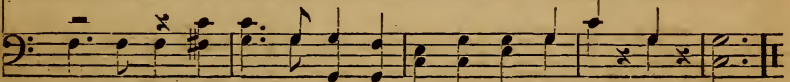
A - las! a - las! that any should pass Your sparkling drops to take a glass,
A - las! a - las! that any should pass Those diamond drops to take a glass,



A ru - in - ous glass of fier - y drink; Why don't they stop? why



don't they stop? Why don't they stop and think? Why don't they stop and think?



7 Solo.

QUEEN.

Bless-ings on my loy - al children, Who thus nobly live,

Ev - er from a lov - ing spir - it Help and comfort give.

Gen - tle Ril - la, lit - tle Bub - ble, All you do is well;

Now let oth - ers, step - ping forward, Some good tidings tell.

8 Semi-chorus of Boys.

[During the Piano prelude in imitation of rain, "The Pitter-Patter Company" draw up in single file before the Queen; saluting her, they sing:]

THE PITTER-PATTER COMPANY.

Very lively.

Prelude.

The first system of music features a treble clef staff with a 4/4 time signature. It begins with a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The bass line starts with a piano prelude consisting of chords. The melody includes eighth and sixteenth notes with accents and slurs.

The second system continues the musical piece, maintaining the same instrumental texture with a treble and bass staff.

The third system continues the musical piece, maintaining the same instrumental texture with a treble and bass staff.

F Voices in unison.

1. May it please your gracious majesty, Hear the Pitter-pat-ter Com- pa- ny;
 2. May it please your gracious majesty, Hear the Pitter-pat-ter Com- pa- ny;

The vocal entry is shown on a single treble clef staff. The lyrics are written below the notes. The bass line continues with accompaniment.

Members of the great rain-fam-i - ly, Temp'rance drops of rain.
 Members of the great rain-fam-i - ly, Temp'rance drops of rain.

The chorus is shown on a single treble clef staff with lyrics below. The bass line continues with accompaniment.

ff
 Pit-ter, pat-ter, pit-ter, pat-ter, Falls reviv-ing rain, On the pasture
 Pit-ter, pat-ter, pit-ter, pat-ter, On the waving corn, On the dai-sy-

white with clover, On the golden grain. Pitter-patter, Pitter-patter, named are we,
 spangled carpets Which the hills adorn. Pitter-patter, Pitter-patter, named are we,

Members of the great rain-fami-ly, And our tinkling drops keep time To the
 Members of the great rain-fami-ly, And our tinkling drops keep time To the

Sva.
 merry temp'rance chime. *D. S.*
 merry temp'rance chime.
Fine.

[Company execute a drill with their Japanese umbrellas; change and present arms, open and close umbrellas, hold them open, before them, shield-wise, etc.]

9 Solo (Queen).

CHIME ON.

Chime on, chime on, oh, glad re - frain;

The first system of the musical score for 'Chime On' features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The time signature is 6/8. The vocal line begins with a half note 'Chime' followed by a dotted half note 'on', then another half note 'on', a quarter note 'oh', a dotted half note 'glad', and a quarter note 're' with a fermata, followed by a quarter note 'frain' with a fermata. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the left hand and single notes in the right hand.

Tink - le to the temp'rance song, lit - tle drop's of rain.

The second system continues the vocal line with a quarter note 'Tink', a dotted half note 'le', a quarter note 'to', a dotted half note 'the temp'rance song', a quarter note 'lit', a dotted half note 'tle drop's', and a quarter note 'of rain'. A 'rit.' (ritardando) marking is placed above the piano accompaniment in the right hand.

[Queen recites:]

What shining princess comes this way?
 'Tis Merma, noble fay!
 The princess of the mighty wave,
 From distant ocean cave.

10 Solo (Merma).

MY HOME.

My home is on the high foaming crest
 Which glitters, like diamonds, on ocean's fair breast, My

The first system of the musical score for 'My Home' features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The time signature is 6/8. The vocal line begins with a half note 'My', a dotted half note 'home', a quarter note 'is', a dotted half note 'on the high foaming crest', a quarter note 'Which glitters, like diamonds, on ocean's fair breast,', and a quarter note 'My' with a fermata. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the left hand and single notes in the right hand.

home is in the depths far below. With treasures of pearl and coral aglow.

The second system continues the vocal line with a quarter note 'home', a dotted half note 'is in the depths far below.', a quarter note 'With treasures of pearl and coral aglow.', and a quarter note 'aglow.' with a fermata. A 'rit.' (ritardando) marking is placed above the piano accompaniment in the right hand.

THE WATER FAIRIES.

Oh, bright is my home on the o - cean tide When the

sun - beams dance on the wa - ters wide; But when

storms a - rise, and the wild winds roar, And the

bil - - lows beat on the wreck-bound shore,

Un - - der the dark - - ened heav - - en's frown

Man - - y a brave, good ship goes down, goes down.

11 Bass Solo.

DOWN, DOWN, DOWN.

1. In the storm of life, in the waves of sin, While the maddened billows
2. In temptation's whirl, in the blinding glare Of the lightning flashes

rush wildly in; Los-ing, a-las! his manhood's crown, Many-a
 through the air; Los-ing the bright, e-ter-nal crown, Many-a

bright, young life goes down, down, down, An immortal soul goes down.
 precious life goes down, down, down, An immor-tal soul goes down.

12 Recitation (Merma).

I have an echo song to-night,
 To please your majesty,
 Borne hither on the swelling voice,
 That rises from the sea.
 For as the waters rolled along,
 They touched at "Ocean Grove,"
 And caught, from thousands singing there,
 These notes of faith and love.

[Merma raises her hand, and holds her head in attitude of listening.]

13 Echo Song.—"Jesus Saves."

[By a semi-chorus of singers hidden from view.]

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

JESUS SAVES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 2. Waft it - on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves,
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves,

Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 By his death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steep and cross the waves,
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, E - cho back, ye o - cean caves,
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves,

Onward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

14 Solo (Queen).

NOW AS THE SWEET STRAINS DIE AWAY.

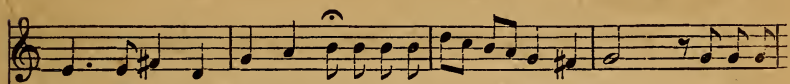
Now, as the sweet strains die away, Come, love-ly rainbow fair - y,
 In col-ors of the light arrayed, With footsteps light and air - y.

15 Solo (Arch).

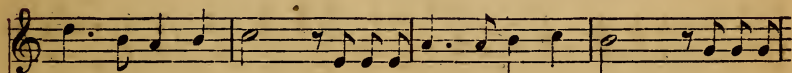
UPON THE STORM-DARK CLOUDS.

1. Upon the storm-dark clouds I throw The splendor of my brilliant bow, And
 2. When sunbeam fingers touch the rain, With beauty beams the sky again; Then,

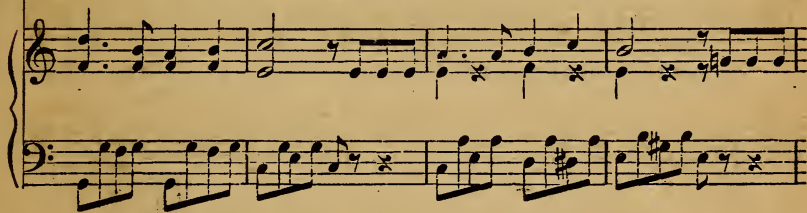
THE WATER FAIRIES.



ev - 'ry sunbeam-tint-ed hue Proclaims a promise grand and true. They say I
where the clouds so grimly march, I come, the promise-bearing Arch. So, Christians



am an emblem fair Of hope that smiles away de-spair, Eternal
say, their clouds are spanned By gleamings from Immanuel's land, Thus tears, trans-



hope, that shines for all Who heed the blessed gos-pel call.
formed by heav-en's ray, Be- come a pledge of end-less day.



16 Arrest of Mixie and Pixie.

[Charges brought and sentence pronounced. Queen, Officers, and Chorus. Queen, speaking:]

"What have we here?"

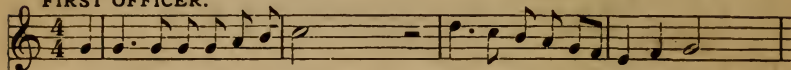
[Officers, leading Mixie and Pixie, present themselves before the Queen. First Officer:]

"Mixie and Pixie under arrest, your Majesty."

[Queen:]

"What are your charges, officers?"

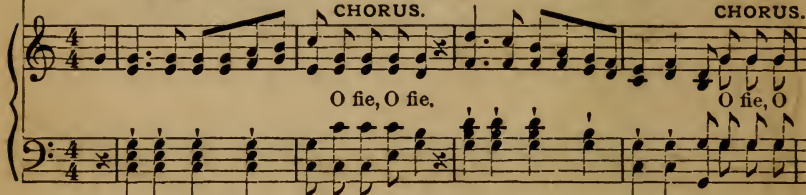
FIRST OFFICER.



I found this Mixie, lawless elf, Hiding under a cupboard shelf,

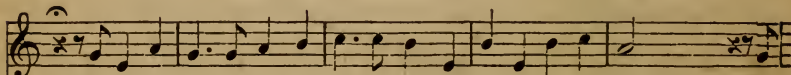
CHORUS.

CHORUS.



O fie, O fie.

O fie, O



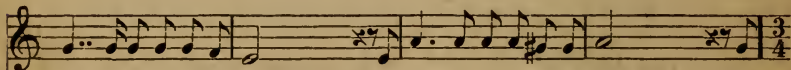
Because he knew, most gracious Queen, He'd been so very, very mean. He



fie,

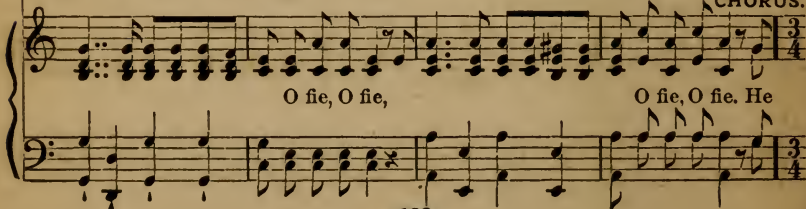
rit.

so mean, so mean,



helped the milkman with his tricks, As water with the milk he'd mix. He

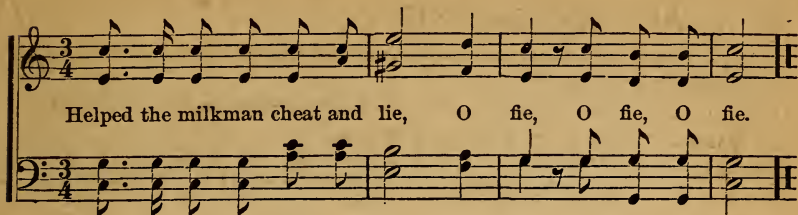
CHORUS.



O fie, O fie,

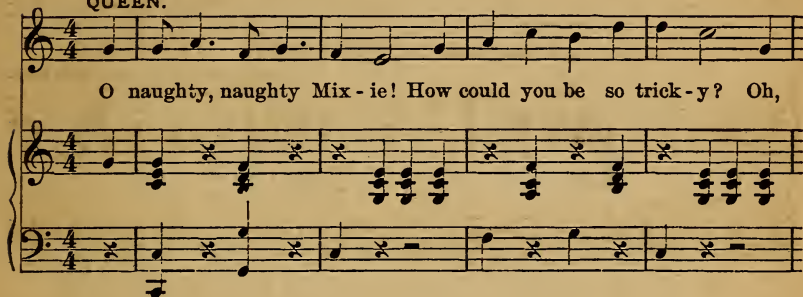
O fie, O fie. He

THE WATER FAIRIES.



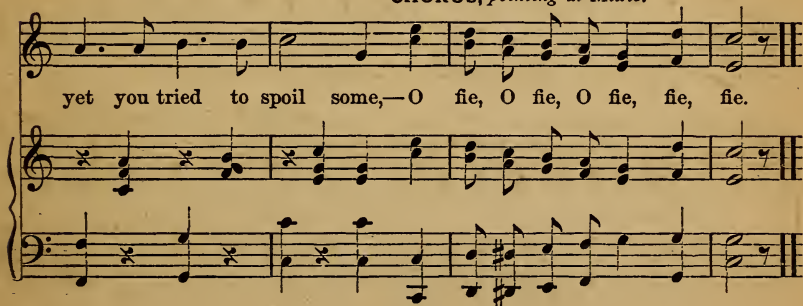
Helped the milkman cheat and lie, O fie, O fie, O fie.

QUEEN.



O naughty, naughty Mix-ie! How could you be so trick-y? Oh,
 don't you know that rich, pure milk Is our great temp'rance al-ly? And

CHORUS, *pointing at Mixie.*



yet you tried to spoil some,—O fie, O fie, O fie, fie, fie.

SECOND OFFICER.

'Tis even worse with this bad Pixie,—I found him in a glass of whiskey; He told me

with a taunting laugh, That he was making half and half,
That he was making half and half.

QUEEN.

This pal - try talk of half-and-half Is worse by far than senseless chaff; In

pri - vate life, in pol - i - tics, Pure streams with whiskey nev - er mix.

CHORUS (to Pixie).

Making hissing motion with fingers.

And so you sullied your good name? For shame! for shame! for shame!

THE QUEEN'S SENTENCE.

Mixie, I sentence you to go
To Alpine peaks, a flake of snow;
Pixie, to mark your degradation,
Still worse must be your condemnation;

An icicle in Arctic cave,
Where never blooming branches wave,
There must your dismal prison be,
Till penitence shall set you free.

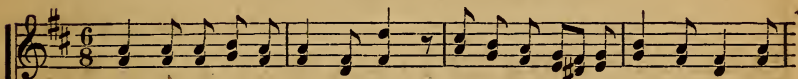
[Officers and prisoners retire. Queen, speaking:]

Now, after this most sorrowful digression,
Let us proceed with business of the session.

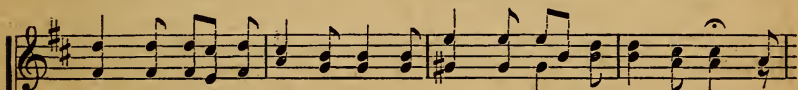
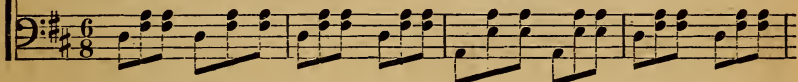
[Spray and Sparkle (boy and girl) approach.]

17 Duet (Spray and Sparkle).

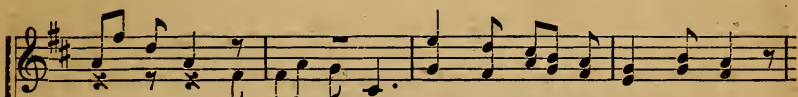
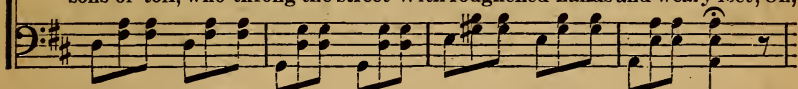
TEMPERANCE FOUNTAINS.



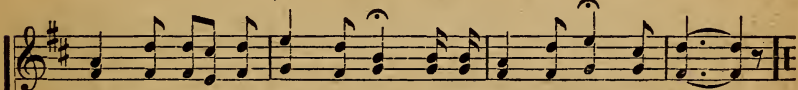
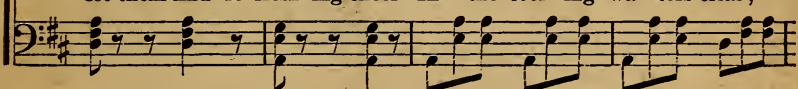
1. Spray and Sparkle, your majesty, Fays of the fountain, here are we; We
2. Spray and Sparkle, your majesty, Pleading for others, here are we; For



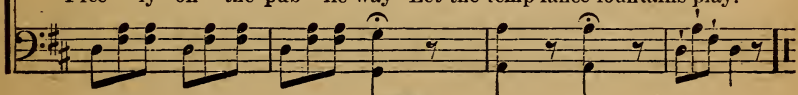
toss our liq - uid gems in air, In roy - al gardens grand and fair. Oh,
sons of toil, who throng the street With roughened hands and weary feet; Oh,



bet - ter still the tune - ful plash Where our sparkling wa - ters flash
let them find re - fresh - ing cheer In the cool - ing wa - ters clear;



Bless - ings to the pub - lic way:—Let the temp'rance fountains play.
Free - ly on the pub - lic way Let the temp'rance fountains play.



18 Recitation (Queen).

But one more song, my fairies all,
Then march we gaily to the banquet hall.

[Fairies all rise and sing:]

19 Full Chorus.

AWAY, AWAY.

1. The ro - sy light is dawning, A-way, a-way, a-way, a-way, Now
2. Beyond the distant mountains, A-way, a-way, a-way, a-way, Light

breaks a love-ly morning, Away, away, a-way, away, We hail, we hail a
springs from hidden fountains, Away, away, a-way, away, With noble purpose

brighter day, We hail, we hail a better way, When right and truth shall
high and true Our varied la - bors we'll renew; A-dieu, our love - ly

have full sway, Away, away, away. *rit.*
Queen, adieu, Away, away, away. Away, away, a-way, away, away.

INDEX.

	HYMN.		HYMN.
A better time is coming,	33	If you realized the danger,	88
A HELPING HAND,	5	I NEVER WILL DRINK AGAIN,	46
Ah, 'tis the old, old story,	98	IN HIS NAME,	81
Amid the deep valleys of anguish,	78	I rocked him in his cradle,	26
Are you drifting down life's current?	4	I sought the humble dwelling,	20
Arm for the battle of glory,	74	I stood on the brink of ruin,	46
As we journey by the way,	32	Is that a cry from a storm-tossed bark,	84
A wave is rolling o'er the land,	23	I've called, Mister Rich, to ask for your	29
A WOMAN'S NO,	90		
BATTLE FOR THE TRUTH,	61	Let's give them something better,	34
BEAR A HAND,	84	Let the children and the youth,	61
BE TRUE,	71	Let us give the cup of water,	81
Bravely launch the temp'rance life-boat,	28	Light after darkness,	99
BRING BACK MY BOY,	82	LIVING WATERS,	18
Brother for Christ's kingdom sighing,	22	Look not on the wine when it moves in	92
Can you go on thus, my brother,	69	MONEYBAGS AND THE PROHIBITION-	29
Children, do you see the wine,	97	NEARING EVERY DAY,	8
Come back, come back to your better	42	NO HALF-WAY MEASURES,	57
COME BACK TO THY HOME TO-NIGHT,	26	Now, boys, attend,	72
Come, sign the pledge! oh, why delay?	49		
COMING VICTORY,	60	Of course, dear girls, you never give a	58
DON'T GIVE HIM UP,	75	Oh, gather to Jesus the lost ones that	94
DON'T TREAT,	64	Oh, how many souls are falling,	1
Don't touch the wine,	97	Oh, the wind was keen that cold winter	38
DRINK IT NOT,	35	Oh, won't we be a happy people,	19
FACE THE OTHER WAY, BOYS,	72	O look not on the sparkling wine,	17
FIRE AWAY WITH YOUR BALLOTS,	86	Once he was so light and fair,	63
FOR GOD, AND HOME, AND NATIVE	47	Only a pleasant evening,	14
For God we've put the armor on,	47	OUR CAUSE IS MARCHING ON,	73
FOR THE TEMPERANCE ARMY,	77	OUR VICTORY,	53
FORWARD TO VICTORY,	48	Prayers for the temp'rance army,	77
FREE THE SLAVE,	95	PRAY FOR MY BOY,	85
Friends of temperance, duty calls you,	6	Pray for the fallen,	80
GATHER THEM,	94	PROHIBITION IS IN THE AIR,	9
Gather them in at the Master's call,	15	Prohibition is marching on to win the	50
Give him a lift, don't kneel in prayer,	70	PROHIBITION'S COME TO STAY,	67
God is great, tho' we are small,	66	Raise the standard " Prohibition,"	16
GLORIOUS VICTORY,	7	RALLY FOR THE RIGHT,	37
HELP JUST A LITTLE,	22	Rejoice, rejoice, the deed is done,	53
HOPE FOR THE DRUNKARD,	13	RISE, QUICKLY RISE,	6
HURRAH FOR THE TEMPERANCE AR-	79	SAVE THE BOY,	63
If the cause you have espoused,	71	Save the many who to-day are drinking	87
		See the crystal waters from the fountain	18
		She stood by her lover, in beauty and	90

SIPPING CIDER,	58	Two kings a war are waging,	79
SOMETHING BETTER,	34	VOTE AS YOU PRAY,	69
Some time ago, when the world was	24	Walk up to the bar, boys, it's my treat,	64
Sons of temperance, rouse to action,	95	We are coming from the mountains,	5
SPEED ON,	45	We are on life's grand trunk railway,	54
Stop, my boy!	35	WE DO SAY SO,	33
Take courage, temp'rance workers,	45	We have grappled with a monster,	96
TAKE YOUR STAND,	1	We'll never lay down our armor,	7
THE CRANK,	24	We'll rally round our cause,	27
THE GRAND RALLY,	56	We'll take no half-way measures,	57
THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY,	54	We must save them,	12
THE LITTLE BARE FEET,	38	We're marching to the fight,	48
The Lord bless thee,	11	WE SHALL CONQUER,	62
THE LORD IS FOR US,	66	We sing the water pure,	52
The midnight lamp is burning now,	82	We've joined the glorious sisterhood,	73
There are lonely hearts to cherish,	100	We've wheeled into line,	9
There is hope for the drunkard to-day,	13	We will work, we will pray,	36
There's a foe we must resist,	62	What shall I do to win my boy?	85
There's a murmur in the valley,	60	WHERE THERE'S DRINK THERE'S	76
THE RUM SALOON SHALL GO,	23	WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY,	100
The temp'rance army rallies,	8	Who are these with emblems white,	40
THE TEMPERANCE LIFE-BOAT,	28	Who will stand up for the pure and true	56
THE WATER SONG,	52	Wine is a mocker, and strong drink is	44
THE WHITE RIBBON HOST,	40	WON'T WE BE A HAPPY PEOPLE,	19
The world is growing better,	10	WORK, VOTE, PRAY,	36
THY LIGHT IS COME,	78	Write it on the grog-shop door,	76
TOGETHER SIDE BY SIDE,	20	You have heard it said,	67
TO THE RESCUE,	32	You need not wait any longer,	86
To the rescue, to the rescue!	12	YOUR BIBLE TELLS YOU,	88
TOUCH NOT, TASTE NOT, HANDLE NOT,	68		
Touch not the tempting cup of wine,	68		



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