

## AWAY THE BOWL.

Our youthful hearts with temp'rance burn, A-way, a-way the bowl; From dram shops all our

steps we turn, A-way, a-way the bowl; Fare-well to rum and all its harms, Farewell the winecup's

boast-ed charms, A-way the bowl, a-way the bowl, a-way, a-way the bowl.

See how that staggering drunkard reels!  
 Away, away the bowl;  
 Alas, the misery he reveals,  
 Away, away the bowl;  
 His children grieve, his wife's in tears!  
 How sad his once bright home appears!  
 Away the bowl, away the bowl, away, away the bowl.

We drink no more, nor buy nor sell,  
 Away, away the bowl!  
 The tippler's offers we repel,  
 Away, away the bowl;  
 United in a temperance band,  
 We're joined in heart, we're joined in hand,  
 Away the bowl, away the bowl, away, away the bowl.

## LONG-WISH'D JUBILEE.

I. P. DIBDIN.

Tune each voice, O shout and sing, Make earth's concave loudly ring, See the scourge intemp'rance flee, Hail the long-wish'd

ju-bi-lee. See the scourge in-temp'rance flee, Hail the long-wish'd ju-bi-lee.

See the star of hope arise;  
 Lo! it sparkles in the skies;  
 Man comes forth, from bondage free—  
 Hail the long-wish'd jubilee.

Bid the drunkard look and live;  
 Take the comfort it will give;  
 Lo! he joins the League with glee—  
 Hail the long-wish'd jubilee.

Nations now the accents hear;  
 Millions dry the sorrowing tear;

And the islands of the sea  
 Hail the long-wish'd jubilee.

Now the earth, with temperance blest,  
 Yields to man his long-sought rest;  
 Man, no more a slave, is free—  
 Hail the long-wish'd jubilee.

Strike anew your tuneful lyres;  
 Kindle now your sacred fires;  
 Blest with peace, the earth shall be—  
 Hail the long-wish'd jubilee.