

When the Church and the State shall  
arise  
In the strength of their virtue and  
might;  
And improve every moment that flies,  
In their daring to vote for the right.

Let us, with a mighty purpose, rise and  
crush this hellish foe;  
Rise and put the awful curse of rum  
away.  
—Oho.

### Prohibition Song

Tune—"Stand up for Jesus."  
Awake, awake! ye fathers!  
Your homes from sorrow save;  
'Neath Prohibition's banner;  
Let every heart be brave;  
Triumphant notes are sounding  
O'er many a hard-fought field;  
Our faith with works abounding  
Shall make the foe to yield.

Be all prejudice forgotten; lay all  
party names aside;  
Let us all unite with purpose true  
and grand,  
In this holy war for freedom, as a  
great relentless tide,  
For the saving of our children and  
our land.

Chorus:—  
When the call to vote is sounded, I'll  
be there.

March on! march on, my brothers!  
Old comrades, see, they fall!  
Strong drink their ruin seeketh;  
His challenge is to all.  
Go forth, demand "surrender";  
A mighty phalanx go;  
Thy brother's anguish pleadeth,  
Oh, hear the tale of woe!

### When Whiskey is no More

Tune—"When Johnny Comes March-  
ing Home."

Great God! arouse all nations,  
Rum's power to overcome;  
Defend the poor and needy—  
O let thy kingdom come!  
Behold, night's darkness yieldeth,  
The morning light shines clear;  
Our Lord dominion wieldeth,  
Grand victory is near.

Get ready for the jubilee, hurrah,  
hurrah!  
When this our country shall be free,  
hurrah, hurrah!  
The girls will sing, the boys will  
ehout  
When Alcohol is driven out;  
And we'll all feel gay when whiskey  
is no more;

—Rev. Dr. Tovell.

### Rally All!

Tune—"When the Roll Is Called up  
Yonder."

Hark! a trumpet note is sounding  
over land and over sea;  
'Tis a call that all should heed and  
all obey;  
'Tis the mighty King of Heaven calling  
now to you and me—  
"Rise and put the awful curse of  
rum away."

And we'll all feel gay when whiskey  
is no more.  
It will not do to simply say hurrah!  
hurrah!  
But do your duty, then you may,  
hurrah, hurrah!  
Assist the weak, yourself deny,  
Stand by the right, and by and by  
We'll all feel gay that whiskey reigns  
no more;  
We'll all feel gay that whiskey reigns  
no more.

### The Ontario Conflict

Tune—"From Greenland's Icy Moun-  
tains."

Chorus:—  
When the battle call is sounded, I'll  
be there.  
Can we, dare we, longer license that  
which bringeth naught but woe?  
Dare we lightly treat this curse from  
day to day?

From scenes of wealth and splendor,  
Where wine paces freely round,  
From har-rooms and from gutter  
Where filth and vice abound,  
From highest and from lowest,  
From poor and rich the same,  
The call comes to deliver  
Our land from drink's domain.