

With bleeding scars,
Firm as the granite hills
Were their unbending wills,
And now sweet freedom fills
Our flag with stars.

- 4.—When the saloon is sealed,
And broken hearts are healed,
And speech is dumb—
That would, if uttered, be
Filth and profanity,
Then our glad eyes shall see
God's kingdom come.

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MUSIC PAGE 8

Blow the Temperance Trumpet.

I.—

Blow the Temp'rance trumpet, sound it night and
day,

Rouse the gallant soldiers from their sleep ;
See how men are falling victims in the way !
*See their dear ones left alone to weep !

CHO.—Onward ! onward ! sound the battle cry !
Onward, comrades, for the foe is nigh !
Marching on together let us strive and pray
That the Lord will help us on our way.