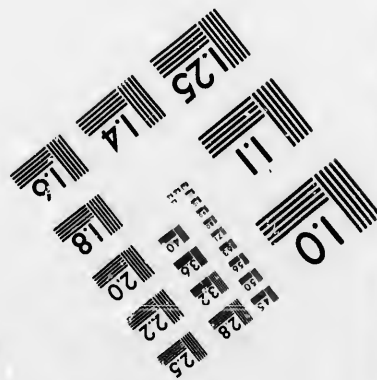
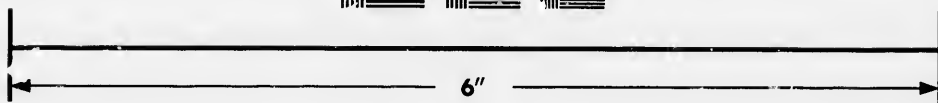
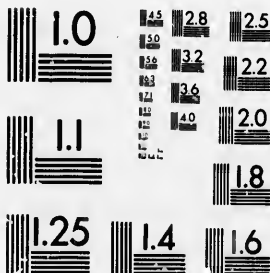


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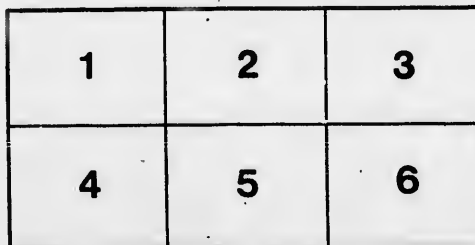
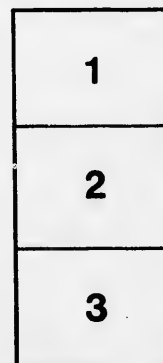
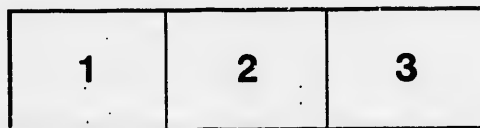
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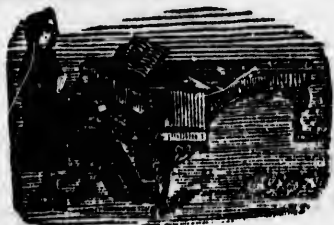
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## UP WITH THE STANDARD OF TEMPERANCE.

TUNE—Up with the Standard of England.

Up with the Standard of Temperance,  
Let the watchword alone be ADVANCE;  
Up with the Standard of Temperance—  
The brave cause we have met to enhance.

CHORUS—Up with the Standard, &c.

Hark! how the tavern-keeper's roaring;  
List! list, to the growl of him there;  
Far above him pure temperance is soaring,  
Its crescent waves high in the air.

CHORUS—Up with the Standard, &c.

'Tis fearful that time should be wasted,  
'Tis dreadful that talent should lie dead,  
That the horrors of drink should be tasted,  
That the Scaffold and Grave should be fed.

CHORUS—Up with the Standard, &c.

## II

### SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

SPARKLING and bright in its liquid light  
Is the water in our glasses,  
'Twill give you health 'twill give you wealth,  
Ye lads and rosy lasses.

CHORUS—Oh then resign your ruby wine,  
Each smiling son and daughter,  
There's nothing so good for the youthful blood  
Or sweet as the sparkling water.

Better than gold is the water cold  
 From the crystal fountain flowing  
 A calm delight, both day and night,  
 To happy homes bestowing

CHORUS—Oh then resign your ruby wine, &c.

Sorrow has fled from the heart that bled  
 Of the weeping wife and mother,  
 They've given up the poisoned cup,  
 Son, husband, daughter, brother.

CHORUS—Oh then resign your ruby wine, &c.

### ONWARD! ONWARD! BAND VICTORIOUS!

ONWARD! onward! band victorious!  
 Bear the temperance banner high!  
 Thus far has your course been glorious;  
 Now your day of triumph's high.  
 Vice and error flee before you,

As the darkness flees the sun,  
 Onward! victory hovers o'er you,  
 Soon the battle will be won!

Yes! Yes!  
 Onward! victory hovers o'er you,  
 Soon the battle will be won.

Onward! onward! songs and praises  
 Ring to heaven's topmost arch,  
 Wheresoe'er your standard rises,  
 And your conquering legions march,  
 Gird the temperance armor on you,  
 Look for guidance from above,  
 God and angels smile upon you,

Hasten then your work of love,  
 Yes! yes!  
 God and angels smile upon you,  
 Hasten then your work of love!

To the venter and distiller,  
 Thunder truth with startling tone;  
 Swell the accents louder, shriller,  
 Make their guilt enormous known.  
 Onward! onward! never falter,  
 Cease not till the earth is free;  
 Swear on temperance' holy altar,  
 Death is yours or victory!

Yes, **Swear, on temperance' holy altar,**  
**Death is yours, for victory!**

### UP GOES THE BANNER.

We will have our country free,  
 And sing a loud hosanna,  
 While in proof that it shall be—

Up goes the banner;  
 Chains shall not our brother bind,  
 Hope for him a wreath hath twined,  
 He sweet liberty shall find—

Up goes the banner.

Young and old shall both unite,  
 Sir John and youthful Hannah,  
 And witness to the love of right—

Up goes the banner;  
 Joy shall make the aged young,  
 Youth distribute flowers among  
 All around, and songs be sung—

Up goes the banner;  
 North and South, the East and West,  
 Shall join as to the manner,  
 Bring their honor to the test—

Up goes the banner;

Then shall cease each bitter strife,  
 Freedom be the boon of life,  
 Peace and joy be ever rife—  
 Up goes the banner.

## V

## THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

The day was gone, and the night was dark,  
 And the howling winds went by;  
 And the blinding sleet fell thick and fast,  
 From a stern and stormy sky;  
 When a mournful wail through the rushing ga'e,  
 Was heard at a cottage door,—  
 O, carry me back, O, carry me back  
 To my mother's home once more.  
 O, carry me back, &c.

'Twas a youth who had left his mountain home;  
 He had wandered far and long;  
 He had drained the goblet's fiery tide,  
 At the festal midnight throng;  
 But a dream of home came o'er his heart,  
 As he crept to the cottage door,—  
 O, carry me back, O, carry me back  
 To my mother's home once more.  
 O, carry me back, &c.

I have left the halls of the tempter's power,  
 And the revel wild and high;  
 They cared not in their reckless mirth,  
 If I wandered alone to die.  
 Doth the fire still burn on the household hearth,  
 By the elm tree old and hoar?  
 O, carry me back, O, carry me back  
 To my mother's home once more  
 O, carry me back, &c.



Like the weary bird that hath wandered long,  
 I will seek my mountain nest,  
 And lay my aching head once more,  
 On my gentle mother's breast.  
 Once more will I seek the household hearth,  
 By the elm tree old and hoar :  
 O, carry me back, O carry me back  
 To my mother's home once more.  
 O, carry me back, &c.

## VI

## HAIL TO THE FOUNTAIN.

Hail to the fountain, let it flow  
 Like a free and bounding river,  
 Till sadness sinks, and every woe  
 Lies drowned beneath its waves for ever.  
 For there's naught can cheer the hearts that pine  
 Like a deep, deep, draught of the fountain wine.

CHORUS—Like a deep, &c.

Hail to the fountain evermore !  
 Let the goblet ne'er be tiring ;  
 The poet's song, and the sage's lore ;  
 And the patriot's lofty soul inspiring.  
 For an offering meet at freedom's shrine  
 Is a deep, deep, draught of the fountain wine.

CHORUS—Is a deep, &c.

Hail to the fountain ! when each hand  
 Doth grasp a brimming measure ;  
 The Pledge shall be our fatherland,  
 And freedom, friendship, love, and pleasure.  
 Then, hurrah ! for the Bands whose hearts incline  
 For a deep, deep, draught of the fountain wine.

CHORUS—For a deep, &c.

VII

HAIL THE FESTAL DAY:

Joyful, joyful, joyful be our numbers,  
 Bursting forth the soul-enliv'ning lay,  
 Swell the strain to music's sweetest murmurs,  
 Every heart now hail the festal day,  
 Bursting forth the soul-enliv'ning lay,  
 Hail! O hail the festal day  
 From the hill and valley far away  
 We come with merry greetings in our lay.

CHORUS—Joyful, joyfu', &c.

Joyful, joyful, joyful be our numbers,  
 Bursting forth the soul-enliv'ning lay,  
 Swell the strain to music's sweetest murmurs,  
 Every heart now hail the festal day,  
 Bursting forth the soul-enliv'ning lay,  
 Hail! O hail the festal day.  
 Yearly, as our festal day rolls round,  
 We hail it ever with harmonious sound.

CHORUS—Joyful, joyful, &c.

Joyful, joyful, joyful be our numbers,  
 Bursting forth the soul-enliv'ning lay,  
 Swell the strain to music's sweetest murmurs,  
 Every heart now hail the festal day,  
 Bursting forth the soul-enliv'ning lay,  
 Hail! O hail the festal day.  
 Golden hours have fled like a spell,  
 And now we're called to part and bid farewell

CHORUS—Joyful, joyful, &c.

Joyful, joyful, joyful be our numbers,  
 Bursting forth the soul-enliv'ning lay,  
 Swell the strain to music's sweetest murmurs,  
 Every heart now hail the festal day.

Bursting forth the soul-enliv'ing lay,  
Hail O hail the festal day.

Give the hand of friendship ere we part;  
May heaven now embalm it in each heart.

CHORUS—Joyful, joyful, &c.

VIII

CHEER, BOYS, CHEER.

CHEER, boys, cheer, raise up your banner proudly,  
Never show fear, our cause is getting strong,  
The great and the good are now proclaiming loudly,  
Rule for the right, and a law for the wrong.  
Assert, then, boldly, fear no faction's anger,  
The people's right to crush the drunkard's crime;  
Arouse ye, the mass awaking from its languor,  
Demand ye a Maine Law—now is the time.

CHORUS—Cheer, boys, cheer, the world is growing  
wiser.

Cheer, boys, cheer, the law is getting strong,  
Cheer, boys, cheer, for right will be triumphant,  
Cheer, boys, cheer, and law abolish wrong.

Cheer, boys, cheer, our beacon fires are blazing,  
All o'er the land, and nobles feel the flame;  
The rich and the poor are eager all in raising  
Drunkards from sin and their children from shame.  
Then stand ye firm; to stem the torrent sweeping  
Over the land with trade and passion's power,  
Evoke the law's aid, to hush the millions weeping,  
Demand ye a Maine Law—now is the hour.

CHORUS—Cheer, boys, cheer, for vice is getting weaker,  
Cheer, boys, cheer, for law is getting strong,  
Cheer, boys, cheer, for right will be triumphant,  
Cheer, boys, cheer, and law abolish wrong.

## IX

## CRYSTAL SPRING.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring,  
 When the burning sun is high,  
 Where the rocks and the woods their shadows fling,  
 And pearls and the pebbles lie.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring  
 When the cooling breezes blow,  
 When the leaves of the trees are withering  
 From the frost or the fleecy snow

Give me a draught from the crystal spring,  
 When the wintry winds are gone,  
 When the flowers are in bloom, and the echoes ring  
 From the woods o'er the verdant lawn.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring,  
 When the ripening fruits appear,  
 When the reapers the song of harvest sing,  
 And plenty has crowned the year.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring,  
 And the same from day to day,  
 But if aught from the worm of the still you bring  
 I will pour every drop away.

## X

## HOW BEAUTIFUL.

How BEAUTIFUL, how beautiful, 'twould be if we could  
 Our own dear land, this glorious land, from vile  
 intemperance free.

If all her sons would stand erect the temperance  
 cause to bear,  
 And all her daughters wreath its flowers amidst  
 their shining hair.

How beautiful, how beautiful, if every brother's  
 Were rescued from its old reproach, the scoffing and  
 the shame;  
 And dashing every chain away, how beautiful to see,  
 The drunkard starting to the man, the noble and the  
 free.

How beautiful, how beautiful, if thro' this ocean isle,  
 Each village wore the coming glimpse of a redeeming  
 smile;  
 Then should the ruins of the state erect in glory stand  
 And hope relume her dying torch, to lighten up our  
 land.

Yes, beautiful, most beautiful, and shortly we shall see  
 This land, our own dear native land, from vile intem-  
 perance free;  
 Shall see her sons all stand erect, the temperance  
 cause to bear,  
 And all her daughters wreath its flowers amidst their  
 shining hair.

### XI TEMPERANCE TRUMPET.

The trumpet is sounding with notes full and clear,  
 To warn all the nations that danger is near.

Onorus—When our young and growing Band of Hope  
 Calls "Beware, oh! beware!"  
 Oh flee from the wine-glass—  
 For ruin lies there.

The monster Intemperance is wasting our land,  
 Ten thousands are conquered and fall by his hand.

Our flag of true temperance we've raised to the sky,  
 And we are determined to conquer or die.

We wish all were freed from this curse to our race,  
 And the soul-cheering cause of true temperance  
 In our embrace, however bright the sun may be.

XII

THE TEMPERANCE WARRIOR

Bright as the morning star Our temperance cause  
 shall shine,  
 We'll join in the total war 'Gainst brandy, beer  
 and wine;  
 But like the mountain deer, so lightly we will bound,  
 To springs which run so fresh and clear, where'er  
 they may be found.

CHORUS—Then let the trumpet sound to the  
 drums reply,  
 We choose to live a happy life, and sober  
 live and die.

Such as the walls of cities, and the tyrant's  
 Our joyful banners we'll unfurl in peace from shore  
 to shore.  
 Away with dissipation, thou spoiler of our land!  
 Thou chief of desperation, thy temples shall not  
 stand.

CHORUS—Then let the trumpet sound to the  
 Then like a valiant soldier, come help to form our  
 line,  
 Each day you will be bolder, each year more bright  
 will shine.  
 Come burnish up your armor, come to the muster,  
 and lead your serpent pharmer, to sound the tem-  
 perance drum.

CHORUS—Then let the trumpet sound to the

XIII

TEMPERANCE WELCOME!

WELCOME BROTHERS, welcome here

Cheerful are our hearts to-day;

Tell us, we would gladly hear

How our cause speeds on its way,

Brothers, then the foe shall fall,

When we take our fathers' seats,

Here we pledge us, one and all,

We will drive him from our streets.

We will drive him, &c.

'Tis on us the work depends—

On the young and rising race,

And we'll try to make amends

For our country's deep disgrace

Here we pledge ourselves anew,

Not to touch the drunkard's drink,

Proving faithful, proving true,

We will make the demon shrink,

We will make, &c.

XIV

JOYFUL JUVENILES.

Gone, ye children, and sing

Let the joys which temperance bring

Be known to the world's dew

O let us be joyful, joyful, joyful,

O let us be joyful, we are pledged to drink no more.

We are happy, we are free;

We can sing of liberty,

Which drunkards never enjoy.

O let us—

Canadian youths now join our Band ;  
Aid us when we stretch the hand  
To save the drunkard's child

O let us—

Parents, teachers, pastors to—  
Friends of youth—we look to you  
To aid our glorious cause.

O let us—

O how happy shall we be,  
When, from drinking customs free,  
Mankind shall swell the song—

O let us—

That will be a joyful day,  
When true temperance holds the sway  
And strong drink is no more.

O let us be joyful, joyful, joyful, joyful !

O let us be joyful, we are pledged to drink no more.

## XV

### AWAY THE BOWL.

Our grateful hearts with temperance burn,  
Away, away the bowl,

From grog shops all our steps we turn,  
Away, away the bowl.

Farewell to rum and all its harms,  
Farewell the wine-cup's boasted charms,

Away the bowl, away the bowl,  
Away, away the bowl.

See how the 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.

B.—We drink no more, nor buy, nor sell,  
 Away, away the bowl.

G.—The drunkard's offer we repel,  
 Away, away the bowl.

B&G.—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.

## XVI

## CLEAR COLD WATER.

Lar others pine for ru'y wine,  
 And its brilliant deeds recount;  
 I'll with joy look up, as I fill my cup  
 From the water's purer fount.

The Bacchar song, tho' loud and long,  
 Bears sorrow on its wing;  
 But there's ne'er a tear in his eye so clear,  
 Who joins the song I sing.  
 But there's ne'er a tear in his eye so clear,  
 Who joins the song I sing.

Then sing we the praise of cold water,  
 The clear, sweet cup of cold water;  
 His eye is bright and his heart is light,  
 Who sings to the clear cold water.  
 His eye is bright, and his heart is light,  
 Who sings to the clear cold water.  
 Who sings, who sings, who sings to the clear cold  
 water.

(Who sings)—(Who sings)  
 Who sings, who sings, who sings to the clear cold  
 water.

The floweret's bloom steals sweet perfume  
 From the dew of shady nooks,  
 And the birds that sing in joyous spring,  
 Quaff glee from tuneful brooks.

The flashing rills from a thousand hills,  
 Trill on to the rolling sea ;

And the pearls sent down from the cloud-king's crown—  
 All join this song with me,

And the pearls sent down from the cloud-king's crown—  
 All join this song with me,

Then sing we the praise of cold water,  
 The clear, sweet cup of cold water ;

Each pure, bright thing ne'er fails to bring  
 A song to the clear, cold water ;

Each pure, bright thing ne'er fails to bring  
 A song to the clear cold water.

A song, a song, a song to the clear cold water,  
 A song, a song, a song to the clear cold water,

A song, a song, a song to the clear cold water,  
 A song, a song, a song to the clear cold water,

Sweet fruits and flowers are born of showers,  
 That water the laughing plain ;

And the rainbow's light, with its colors bright,  
 Is child of sun and rain.

Earth, sea, and air draw beauties rare  
 From steamlet passing by,

And always drink at its mossy brink ;  
 Then why not you and I ?

And always drink at its mossy brink  
 Then why not you and I ?

Then here's to the praise of cold water,  
 The clear sweet cup of cold water ;

With nature drink at the streamlet's brink,  
 And sing to the clear cold water ;

With nature drink at the streamlet's brink,  
 And sing to the clear cold water ;

And sing to the clear cold water,  
 And sing, and sing, and sing to the clear cold water,

And sing, and sing, and sing to the clear cold water,  
 And sing, and sing, and sing to the clear cold water.

And sing, and sing, and sing to the clear cold water,  
 And sing, and sing, and sing to the clear cold water.

And sing, and sing, and sing to the clear cold water,  
 And sing, and sing, and sing to the clear cold water.

And sing, and sing, and sing to the clear cold water,  
 And sing, and sing, and sing to the clear cold water.

THE TEMPERANCE WAR DRUM.

The war drums are beating up soldiers and fight,  
 The despot in temperance hurl down from his height,  
 Oh, gird on your armors, his minions are nigh,  
 I'll give you the watchword; we conquer or die,  
 CHORUS—We conquer, we conquer, we conquer, or die,  
 We conquer, we conquer, we conquer, or die.

The clarion is sounding from inland to shore!  
 Your swords and your lances must slumber no more;  
 Shout, shout in glory, your caps waving high,  
 I'll give you the watchword, we conquer or die.

Not chains for the tyrant, for chains are in vain,  
 He's planning already to break them in twain,  
 But raise your deep voices, and shout the watchword,  
 Death! death! for the tyrant, we conquer or die!

XVIII

BANDS - OF - HOPE.

Around Canadian friends of youth  
 Hundreds of children stand;  
 Children who all have signed the pledge,  
 A sober happy band,  
 Singing joyfully

What brought them to this place to-night,  
 This place so large, and fair?  
 With faces clean and eyes so bright,  
 What brought these children here?

Singing joyfully  
 Because they never meant to drink  
 Rum, whiskey, or any other

Or wine ; and why ? because they think  
That using them is sin.  
Singing joyful.

They each have signed the temperance pledge,  
Teetotal is their name;  
And here they altogether beg  
That you would do the same.  
Singing joyful.

**XIX**

**CHEERILY, CHEERILY, SOUND THE MERRY STRAIN.**

Cheerily, cheerily, sound the merry strain,  
Happily, happily, now we meet again,  
Here we stand, here we stand,  
Who at home can choose to stay ?  
Who from joy would be away ?  
Or who for work or play,  
Do we miss from our band ?  
Do we miss from our band ?

Cheerily, cheerily, sound the merry strain,  
Happily, happily, now we meet again,  
All are here, all are here,  
All who to our band belong,  
We're a temperance army strong,  
And we'll sound the merry song,  
All are here, all are here,  
All are here, all are here.

Cheerily, cheerily, sound the merry strain,  
Happily, happily, now we meet again,  
We are free, we are free,  
Boys and girls just in our prime,

Lo ! we greet this happy time ;  
Sing again the merry chime,  
We are free ! we are free !  
We are free ! we are free !

## XX

## THE RESCUE.

**D.**—Come, brothers, come, to the rescue come,  
Cheerly now our cause goes on.

Hark ! how the temperance warning clear,  
Sweetly falls upon the ear.

**T.**—Then come, let us fight till the battle is o'er,  
And man shall yield to temptations no more.

**Q.**—Our strife and warfare being done,  
How sweet the conqueror's welcome home.

**CHORUS.**—Home, home, home, the conqueror's wel-  
come home ;  
Sweet, O sweet the conqueror's welcome home,  
Welcome home, welcome home, welcome home.

**D.**—Come, sisters, come, to the rescue bring  
Warmed hopes on beauty's wing ;  
Come, cheer us with your heavenly smiles—  
Recompense for all our toils.

**T.**—Then come, let us fight till the battle is o'er,  
And man shall yield to temptations no more.

**Q.**—Our strife and warfare being done,  
How sweet the conqueror's welcome home.

**CHORUS.**—Home, home, home, the conqueror's wel-  
come home ;  
Sweet, O sweet the conqueror's welcome home,  
Welcome home, welcome home, welcome home.

XXI  
**DRINK, DRINK. TEMPERANCE GLEE.**

**DRINK NOT**, ye merry girls and boys  
 Of wine that sparkles, but decoys  
 Drink water, pure and bright,  
 Drink water, pure and bright;  
 It bringeth neither care nor pain,  
 But cheereth like the gentle rain;

Drink water, pure water,  
 Drink water, pure water,  
**Drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink,**  
 drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink,  
 Drink water, pure water,  
 Drink water, water pure and bright;  
 Drink water, pure water,  
 Drink water pure and bright.

When Bacchus first the wine-cup brought on  
 'Twas found with purest grape-juice fraught—

A jolly rogue was he, ha! ha!  
 A jolly rogue was he,  
 For when he saw man freely quaffed,  
 He drugged the bowl, and slyly laughed,  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Then drink, drink, &c.

Well, let him shake his jolly sides,  
 As years of folly he derides,

'Twill be our time to laugh,  
 Ha! ha! our time to laugh;

When men refuse to "go it blind,"  
 And Bacchus can no followers find,

We'll laugh, ha, ha, ha, ha!  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

And drink, drink, &c.

## XXII

THE SWEETEST FOUNTAIN. *TEMPERANCE*

I covet not the rosy wine,  
 Of tankards gaily flowing;  
 I envy not the jovial soul,  
 For pleasure ever roaming.  
 Give me my cottage near the wood,  
 Where forest birds are singing,  
 Give me my fountain, cool and clear,  
 Fresh from the hill-side springing,  
 Fresh from the hill-side springing.  
 When wearied with the mid-day glow,  
 I seek my sheltered dwelling;  
 And pause to quaff the limpid flood,  
 In freshness ever swelling.  
 Then all my heart o'erflows in song,  
 Heaven's blessed gifts recounting;  
 Mine is the dearest home on earth,  
 And mine, the sweetest fountain.  
 And mine, the sweetest fountain.

## XXIII

## THE CRYSTAL CUP.

Sox love to drink from the foamy brink,  
 Where the wine-drop's glance they see;  
 But the water bright, in its silver light,  
 And a crystal cup for me.  
 Oh, a crystal cup for me, my friends;  
 Yes, a crystal cup for me;  
 Oh! the water bright, in its silver light,  
 And a crystal cup for me.  
**Chorus.**—Oh! water, bright water!  
 Pure, precious, free;  
 Yes, 'tis water bright in its liquid light,  
 And a crystal cup for me.

Oh, a goodly thing is the cooling spring,  
 'Mong the rocks where the moss doth grow,  
 There's health in the tide, and there's music beside,  
 In the brooklet's bounding flow.  
 In the brooklet's bounding flow, my friends,  
 And the waters flashing free,  
 There's health in the tide, and there's music beside.  
 Oh, a crystal cup for me.

Oh, water, bright water, &c.

As pure as heaven is the water given,  
 'Tis forever fresh and new,  
 Distilled in the sky, it comes from on high,  
 In the shower and the gentle dew.  
 In the shower and the gentle dew, my friends,  
 And the rain drops flashing free,  
 There's health in the tide, and there's music beside,  
 Oh, a crystal cup for me.

Oh! water, bright water, &c.

## XXIV

### UNITY.

We stand here united in courage and will  
 The cause of the right to maintain,  
 With hearts true and constant, whatever may come,  
 We firm as the rocks will remain.

CHORUS.—For the right, for the right,  
 Here determined we stand,  
 So pledge we the word,  
 So join we the hand,

Join we the hand, join we the hand,  
 In the cause of our noble band.

Nor fearing, nor doubting, shall enter the band,  
 No question of evil report;



The nations and people of every land  
To us are united in heart,

For the right, &c.

Then stand here united in courage and will,  
The cause of the right to maintain;  
With hearts true and constant, whatever may come,  
We firm as the rocks will remain.

For the right, &c.

## XXV

## I LOVE TO SING.

I LOVE TO SING when I am glad,  
Song is the echo of my gladness;  
I love to sing when I am sad,  
Till song makes sweet my very sadness;  
Till song makes sweet my very sadness;  
La-la-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la-la-la,  
La-la-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la-la-la.  
'Tis pleasant time when voices chime  
To some sweet rhyme in concert only,  
And song to me is company,  
Good company when I am lonely.

When'er I greet the morning light,  
Sweet music flows in thankful numbers,  
And, 'mid the shadows of the night,  
I sing me to my welcome slumbers.

La-la-la-la-la, &c.

My heart is stirred by each glad bird,  
Whose notes are heard in summer bowers,  
And song gives birth to friendly mirth,  
Around the hearth in wintry hours.

La-la-la-la-la, &c.

## XXVI

## THE TEMPERANCE HERO.

Live on the field of battle  
 Be earnest in the fight;  
 Stand forth with manly courage,  
 And struggle for the right.

CHORUS—Live, live, live, live  
 On the field of battle.

Watch on the field of battle!  
 The foe is everywhere;  
 His fiery darts fly quickly,  
 Like lightning through the air.

CHORUS—Watch, watch, &c.  
 Pray on the field of battle!  
 God works with those who pray;  
 His mighty arm can nerve us,  
 And make us win the day.

CHORUS—Pray, pray, &c.  
 Die on the field of battle!  
 'Tis noble thus to die;  
 God smiles on valiant soldiers,  
 Their record is on high.

CHORUS—Die, die, die, &c.

## XXVII

## WE'VE HEARD THAT ROUND THE WINE CUP.

We've heard that round the wine-cup's brim  
 A thousand pleasures stray,  
 And that strong drink has wondrous power  
 To drive dull care away;  
 But we have seen the flashing light  
 Which from the goblet came,

Lead, like the meteor, on to tears,  
And wretchedness, and shame.

We've heard that though 'tis well enough  
For men the pledge to sign,

Yet youth need never be in haste  
Their freedom to resign;

But we are sure ill habits formed  
In youth destroy the man;

And we'll secure us from the snare  
Thus woven, if we can.

The children in Cha'dea's court,  
Who would not drink the wine,

Not only fair in flesh were seen,  
But wisdom had divine.

Like them, we choose the generous draught,  
God's cool, sweet springs supply;

And at the last, those streams, of which  
Who drink, shall never die!

## XXVIII

**WE'LL WIN THE DAY.**

As on we move through life's pathway,

Around each step temptations play;

Guide us, O God, thine own blest way,

And we will sing this happy lay.

**Chorus—**We'll win the day—We'll the day;

On we'll go right merrily, merrily;

Ever pray to win the day,

And work away right earnestly.

We'll teach the young all drink to shun,

The little is the sin begun;

We'll urge them to abstain a way,

If e'er they hope to win the day.

**We'll win the day, &c.**

When the poor drunkard in the street,  
 In all his sin we sadly meet,  
 We'll kindly plead with him and say—  
 Come thou with us, and win the day.

We'll win the day, &c.

Thus will we try a world to move,  
 By cries, entreaties, prayers and love;  
 And come what will to stop our way,  
 We'll win—we'll win—we'll win the day.

We'll win the day, &c.

## XXIX

### TOUCH NOT THE CUP.

Touch not the cup; it is death to thy soul;  
 Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.  
 Many I know who have quaff'd from the bowl;  
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Little they thought that the demon was there,  
 Blindly they drank and were caught in the snare;  
 Then, of that death-dealing bowl, O beware!  
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Touch not the cup when the wine glistens bright;  
 Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.

Though, like the ruby, it shines in the light,  
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.

The fangs of the serpent are hid in the bowl;  
 Deeply the poison will enter thy soul;  
 Soon will it plunge thee beyond thy control;  
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Touch not the cup, O young man in thy pride!  
 Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.  
 Hark to the warning of thousands who've died;  
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Go to their lonely and desolate tombs;  
 Think of their death, of their sorrow and gloom;  
 Think that perhaps thou may'st share in their doom

Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Touch not the cup; O drink not a drop;

Touch not the cup; touch not the cup;

All that thou lovest entreat thee to stop;

Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Stop for the home that to thee is so dear

Stop for the friends that to thee are so near;

Stop for the country, the God that you fear;

Touch not the cup, touch it not.

## XXX

## TEMPERANCE ANTHEM

God bless our youthful band,

O may we firmly stand

True to our pledge.

May we to liberty,

Truth, love and charity,

Evermore faithful be,

From youth to age.

While for the drunkard's woe

We work with constant zeal,

Our labour bless;

And we thy aid invoke,

To save all little folk

From the poor drunkard's yoke,

And deep distress.

May Canada's children stand

A noble temperance band,

And may we see

Our holy cause extend,

Until all nations blend,

And one great shout ascend—

"The world is free!"

XXXI  
**WE BELONG TO THE BAND OF HOPE**

The tototallers are coming,

The tototallers are coming,

The tototallers are coming,

With the Cold Water Pledge.

**Chorus**—We belong to the Band of Hope,

We belong to the Band of Hope,

We belong to the Band of Hope,

We will sound it through the land.

We mean to save our bacon,

And all the land awaken,

Stand firmly and unshaken

To the Cold Water Pledge.

We belong to the Band of Hope, &c.

We will save our sisters, brothers,

Our fathers, sons and mothers,

Our neighbours and all others,

With the Cold Water Pledge.

We belong to the Band of Hope, &c.

We will stop the curse of stilling

Alcoholic drink for killing,

And all fermented swilling,

With the Cold Water Pledge.

We belong to the Band of Hope, &c.

Huzza for reformation,

By all in every station,

Throughout this wide creation,

With the Cold Water Pledge.

We belong to the Band of Hope, &c.

May no evil e'er betide us,

To sever or divide us,

But the God of mercy guide us,

With the Cold Water Pledge.

We belong to the Band of Hope, &c.

XXXII

THE TEMPERANCE LIFE BOAT.

PLY THE oar, brother, and speed the boat,  
 Swift over life's glittering waves we float;  
 Then onward bound, and strive to save  
 Brothers from filling a drunkard's grave.

CHORUS—Then pull away, haul away, row, boys, row,  
 A long pull, a strong pull, and off we go,  
 Off we go—off we go—off we go.

Loudly the heart-cheering temperance call  
 Sounds over the nations to welcome us all;  
 It sweetly swells from hill and grove,

Calling "Return" unto all that rove.

Now o'er the ocean our good bark rides,  
 And safely in harbour she smoothly glides;  
 But should the cry of help be heard,  
 Quickly to duty is our watchword.

XXXIII

THERE'S A BLESSING ON THE WING.

There's a blessing on the wing,  
 Song of want and misery bring;  
 This the simple, solemn strain,  
 This the word of hope, "ABSTAIN!"

Touch nor taste; for dark despair  
 Fills the cup of poison there;  
 With a heaven-uplifted eye,  
 From this fell destroyer fly!

Tens of thousands he has slain,  
 Tens of thousands court his chain;  
 Never more his portion take,  
 For your soul's and mercy's sake.

Hear your wives, your children plead,  
Hear the gospel intercede ;  
Helpless drunkards, hither fly,  
"Touch not, taste not," or you die.

Die !—alas, there is a doom  
Darker than the darkest tomb,  
Blacker than the blackest night,  
Rayless sorrow, endless blight.

There the dying drunkard goes,  
Draining draughts of bitterest woes ;  
List then, to the simple strain,  
Here their word of hope—"ABSTAIN !"

XXXIV

**ROUND THE TEMPERANCE STANDARD RALLY.**

Round the temperance standard rally,  
All the friends of human kind ;  
Snatch the devotees of folly,  
Wretched, perishing and blind

Loudly tell them  
How they comfort now may find.

Bear the blissful tidings onwards,  
Bear them all the world around ;  
Let the myriads thronging downwards,  
Hear the sweet and blissful sound ;  
And obeying,

In the paths of peace be found.

Plant the temperance standard firmly,  
Round it live, and round it die ;  
Young and old, defend it sternly,  
Till we gain the victory.

And all nations  
Hail the happy Jubilee.



Now unto the lamb for ever,  
 Fountain of all light and love;  
 Let the glory now and ever,  
 Be ascribed to Him above,  
 Whose compassion  
 Did the friends of temp'rance move.

XXXV

**STAR OF THE TEMPERANCE MORNING HAIL**

**Star** of the temperance morning, hail!  
 Thrice welcome to our sight;  
**Shine**, brightly shine, nor canst thou fail  
 To cheer us with thy light.

**Shine** on thou star of promise, speak  
 Of brighter hours at hand;  
 When truth shall o'er all barriers break,  
 And virtue fill the land.

**Shine** on the young, ere they begin  
 To tread the dang'rous way  
 Nor cease till thou hast usher'd in  
 The bright millennial day!

XXXVI

HAPPY DAY.

**Preserved** by thine almighty power,  
 O Lord, our Maker—Saviour—King  
 And brought to see this happy hour,  
 We come thy praises here to sing.

Happy day, happy day,  
 Here in thy courts we'll gladly stay,  
 And at thy footstool humbly pray,  
 That thou would'st take our sins away.  
 Happy day, happy day,  
 When Christ shall wash our sins away.

We praise thee for thy constant care,  
For life preserved, for mercies given,  
Oh! may we still those mercies share,  
And taste the joys of sins forgiven.

Happy day, &c.

And when on earth our days are gone,  
Grant, Lord, that we at length may join,  
Teachers and scholars round thy throne,  
The song to Moses and the Lamb

Happy day, &c.

XXXVII

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER

BE KIND to each other,  
The night's coming on,  
When friend and when brother  
Perchance may be gone,  
Then, midat our dejection,  
How sweet to have earned  
The blest recollection  
Of kindness returned,

When day hath departed,  
And memcry keeps  
Her watch, broken-hearted,  
Where all the lov'd sleep;  
Let falsehood assail not,  
Nor envy disprove,  
Let it fles prevail not,  
Gainst those whom you love.

Nor change with to-morrow  
Should fortune take way;  
The deeper the sorrow,  
The closer still cling

Be kind to each other  
 The night's coming on,  
 When friend and when brother  
 Perchance may be gone.

XXXVIII

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

THERE'S a good time coming, boys,  
 A good time coming ;

The signs around us show it near,  
 We breathe the very atmosphere  
 Of the good time coming.

Intemperance has felt our blow,  
 Its struggles more and stronger ;  
 Dying throes they are, we know.

Wait a little longer.

CHORUS—There's a good time coming, boys,  
 A good time coming ;

There's a good time coming, boys,  
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
 A good time coming ;

The churches have been waked at last,  
 Temperance facts are telling fast.

Of the good time coming,  
 Human rights dare be discussed,

Faith in man grows stronger ;  
 And though prejudice yet lives,  
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming boys, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
 A good time coming ;

The days of progress now are here,  
 The seeds are sown—the harvest near  
 Of the good time coming.

Slavery—war—independence  
 Cannot now grow stronger,  
 Love and justice shall prevail—  
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming boys, &c.

XXXIX

DEDICATION.

Our cause when first to light it burst,  
 Rear'd by a dauntless few,  
 Appear'd so small, its early fall,  
 Our foes prepared to view;  
 But more and more from shore to shore,  
 Its influence shall extend;  
 Our flag unfurl'd around the world,  
 Triumphant to the end.

Another band is rear'd to stand  
 Among the brave array,  
 Before whose might, though hard the fight,  
 Intemperance dies away;  
 Our glorious plan to rescue man  
 From sorrow, vice, and shame,  
 Still gathers strength, until at length  
 May it the world proclaim.

XL

DISMISSION.

Lord dismiss us with thy blessing,  
 Let our temperance joys abound,  
 May we each, Thy grace possessing,  
 In the way of life be found,  
 Let our meeting, now be crown'd,  
 With thy blessing now be crown'd.

XLI  
WELCOME.

WELCOME, ye whose hearts are beating,  
High with hope, and love, and zeal;  
Here with kindred spirits meeting,  
All the joys of union feel.  
Welcome, welcome,  
Welcome to our happy throng.

XLII

FROM THE CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN.

From the bright crystal fountain  
That flows in beauty free,  
From shady hill and mountain  
Fill high the cup for me.  
Sing of the sparkling waters,  
Sing of the cooling spring—  
Let freedom's sons and daughters  
Their joyous tribute bring.

From many a happy dwelling,  
Late misery's dark abode,  
Now the glad peal is swelling  
The hymn of praise to God.  
Hear the glad song ascending  
From many thankful hearts;  
Hope, Joy, and Peace are blending,  
And each her aid imparts.

We'll join the tuneful chorus,  
And raise our song on high;  
The cheering view before us  
Delights the raptur'd eye;  
The glorious cause is gaining  
New strength from day to day—  
The drunkard host is waning  
Before cold water's sway.

## XLIII

## TEMPERANCE TRIUMPHS.

PRESERVED by Providence divine,  
 Lord in thy name again we meet;  
 Now cause thy face on us to shine,  
 And make our work in thee complete;  
 In vain we toil, except thou own  
 Our work, and with thy blessing crown.

We praise thy name that thou hast wrought  
 By instruments so weak as we;  
 Abandoned drunkards have been brought  
 To hate their sin and turn to thee;  
 To thee in prayer their voices raise,  
 And blasphemies give place to praise.

## XLIV

## GREAT GOD ! THY PRESENCE WE IMPLORE.

GREAT God ! thy presence we implore  
 While we together meet;  
 With rev'rence would we humbly bow  
 Before thy gracious seat.

Let truth and temperance prevail,  
 Throughout our favour'd land;  
 And may a numerous host come forth,  
 And join our growing band.

Let christian churches now awake,  
 And for poor drunkards care;  
 And, by their bright example, help  
 To break the tempter's snare.

Let young and old, let rich and poor,  
 Their energies unite;  
 Until all people, climes, and tongues,  
 In Temperance delight.

## XLV

## O THOU FROM WHOM ALL GIFTS PROCEED.

O THOU from whom all gifts proceed,  
 A blessing now dispense,  
 And give us, Lord, the power to plead,  
 The cause of temperance.

With wisdom, charity, and zeal,  
 May we its blessings trace;  
 That all to whom we shall appeal,  
 Those blessings may embrace.

That self-denial may we show,  
 Which men of old enjoin'd,  
 And every vain desire forego,  
 To benefit mankind.

That which offends a brother's eye,  
 Or gives another pain,  
 May we in love ourselves deny,  
 And from its use abstain.

## XLVI

## ASSISTANCE IMploRED.

LoRD of heav'n and earth | assist us,  
 While the temperance cause we plead;  
 Though both earth and hell resist us,  
 If thou bless, we must succeed;  
 From intemperance  
 May our country soon be freed!

Let the temperance reformation  
 Still go forward and increase,  
 Checking vice and dissipation,  
 Filling hearts and homes with peace.

Till intemperance  
 Shall, on earth, for ever cease,

## XLVII

## PLEGGED IN A NOBLE CAUSE.

PLEGGED in a noble cause,  
 We here each other greet ;  
 And bound by temperance laws,  
 As friends and brethren meet,  
 To make a full determined stand  
 Against the foe that rules our land.

'Tis true hard is the fight,  
 Our army is but small ;  
 The foe is great in might,  
 But if united all  
 In close array, our little band,  
 Shall chase intemperance from the land.

Then onward let us press ;  
 Our cause is great and good ;  
 And cheered by past success,  
 We'll stem the raging flood ;  
 Nor for a moment quarter give,  
 Resolved for this to work and live.

## XLVIII

## GUSHING SO BRIGHT.

GUSHING so bright in the morning light,  
 Gleams the water in yon fountain ;  
 As purely, too, as the early dew  
 That gems the distant mountain.

CHORUS—Then drink your fill of the grateful rill,  
 And leave the cup of sorrow ;  
 Though it shines to-night in its gleaming light,  
 'Twill sting thee on the morrow.



Quietly glide in their silvery tide,  
 The brooks from rocks to valley;  
 And the flashing streams, in the broad sunbeam  
 Like a bannered army rally.

Touch not the wine, though brightly it shine,  
 When nature to man has given  
 A gift so sweet, his wants to meet,  
 A bev'rage that flows from heaven.

Not only here of the Water clear,  
 Is God the lavish giver;  
 But when we rise to yonder skies  
 We'll drink of life's bright river.

## XLIX

## WE'LL NEVER DRINK AGAIN.

'Tis good, dear friends, to join the cause  
 That sets the drunkard free—  
 Come join the happy, happy band  
 Wherever they may be.

CHORUS—We're marching to the field of strife,  
 To give the dying drunkard life;  
 Let temp'rance then triumphant reign,  
 And never let us drink again.

*Girls*—What! never drink again?

*All*—No, never drink again!

*Girls*—What! never drink again?

*All*—No, never drink again:

Let temp'rance then triumphant reign,  
 And never let us drink again.

Weep not, dear children, weep no more,  
 Weep not, thou loving wife:  
 The father and the husband lost,  
 Is now restored to life.  
 We're marching, &c.

The temp'rance banner with the truth  
 By us shall be unfurled ;  
 And it shall be our pride and boast  
 To wave it o'er the world !  
 We're marching, &c.

## L

## TOUGH NOT THE WINE CUP.

OH! TOUCH it not, for deep within  
 That ruby tainted bowl,  
 Lie hidden fiends of guilt and sin,  
 To seize your precious soul.

That sparkling glass, if you partake,  
 Will prove your deadly foe,  
 And may, ere yet its bubbles break,  
 Have sealed your endiess woe.

Then pause ere yet the cup you drain,  
 The hand that lifts it, stay,  
 Resolve for ever to abstain,  
 And cast the bowl away.

## LI

## ROUND.

WATER bright is our delight,  
 Its praise we love to sing ;  
 And day by day, and night by night,  
 Our grateful offerings bring.

Water cheers the fainting soul,  
 Leaves not a pang of sorrow,  
 But madness lurks in the foaming bowl,  
 And hearts are sad to-morrow.

Then children all, both great and small,  
 Give us your heart and hand,  
 Help roll along this temperance ball,—  
 Come join our youthful band.

## LII

## THE SPARKLING FOUNTAIN.

COME, O come with me,  
 To the sparkling fountain,  
 Drink, O drink with me,  
 Our joys recounting ;  
 Far and near around,  
 In vale, on mountain,  
 Water's praise we now will sound.

CHORUS—Tra la la la la la la la la la,  
 Tra la la la la la la la la la.

Come, O come, the stream  
 Is pure and free,  
 To drink where waters gleam,  
 Is joy to me ;  
 And while I live below,  
 My song shall be,  
 Pure, pure water, no drink but thee.

## LIII

## O LORD IN MERCY BLESS.

O LORD, in mercy bless  
 Our souls before we part ;  
 Crown this our meeting with success,  
 And rule in every heart,  
 May we for drunkards care,  
 Expos'd to every ill ;  
 And guard them 'gainst each specious snare,  
 And lead to Zion's hill.

There may we all be found,  
 And low adoring fall ;  
 Praise Him who makes our joys abound,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

## LIV

## WATER, COOL AND CLEAR. I

ALL HAIL to the glass that is filled from the fountain !  
Which flows pure and sparkling, our thirst to allay ;  
That glides through the valley, or springs from the  
mountain,

While health, peace, and plenty attend on its way.  
Let us shun the rich draught that would madden our  
senses,

And leave us enfeebled, degraded, and poor ;  
Enjoy the pure blessing which nature dispenses,  
And drink of the cup of excitement no more.

Let us strive the poor drunkard from vice to deliver  
And ask him to join in the abstinence plan,  
Till all drinking customs are banished for ever,  
No more to destroy the best interests of man.  
May the 'cup of cold water' draw down a rich blessing  
On all who present it with feelings of love ;  
And may we partake of those times of refreshing,  
Which come from the life-giving Fountain above.

## LV

## GO, GO, THOU THAT ENSLAV'ST ME.

Go, go, thou that enslav'st me,  
Now, now, thy power is o'er ;  
Long, long have I obeyed thee,  
Now I'll not drink any more.

No, no, no, no,  
No, I'll not drink any more.

Thou, thou bringest me ever  
Deep, deep sorrow and pain ;  
Then, than from thee I'll sever,—  
Now I'll not serve thee again.

No, no, no, no,  
No, I'll not serve thee again.

Rum ! Rum ! thou hast bereft me,  
Home, friends, pleasures so sweet ;  
Now, now, for ever I've left thee,  
Thou and I never shall meet.

No, no, no, no,  
Thou and I never shall meet.

Joys, joys, bright as the morning,  
Now, now on me will pour ;  
Hope, hope sweetly is dawning,—  
Now I'll not drink any more.

No, no, no, no,  
No, I'll not drink any more.

## LVI

## TEMPERANCE CALL TO BATTLE.

**COM.** come, awake and come,  
Hark, 'tis the sound of the temperance drum,  
Come, come, awake and come,  
Hear ye the rolling drum.

**SOLO.**—When duty calls we'll all obey,  
True temperance summons us away,  
Success it will our toils repay,  
Come, sisters, brothers, come.

**CHORUS.**—Come, come, &c.

**DUET.**—With joyful hearts and ever, ever ready hand,  
For this our youthful and increasing band,  
The truly active member gladly will obey  
The temperance call that summons him away.  
Come, come, &c.

**DUET.**—And when we've fought the fight, the fight,  
the work is done,  
Beneath our flag, the glorious victory's won,  
The peace true temperance, temperance brings, all  
care beguiles,  
And pleasure greets us with her sweetest smiles.  
Come, cc. no, &c.

## LVII

## I DRINK.

I DRINK with a goodly company—  
With the sun that dips his beams,  
And quaffs in loving revelry  
The pure and sparkling streams ;  
The laughing streams  
That catch his beams  
To flash them back in light ;  
The glitt'ring streams  
Where rippled gleams  
Like liquid diamonds bright.

I drink with a blooming company—  
With flowers of every hue,  
Whose fragrant lips takes daily sips  
Of sweet and od'rous dew ;  
Of morning dew  
So fresh and new  
That tenderly distils,—  
The balmy dew,  
So pure and true,  
That every petal fills.

I drink with a merry company—  
With every bird that sings,  
Carolling free a strain of glee,  
As he waves his airy wings ;  
Wild airy wings,  
And upward springs,  
Filling the air with song ;  
The woodland rings,  
And echo flings,  
The warbling note along.

I drink with a noble company—  
With all the stately trees

That spreads their leafy shade abroad  
 And flutter in the breeze ;  
 The playful breeze  
 That loves to please  
 My comrades, great and small ;  
 I'll drink, at ease,  
 Pure draughts like these,  
 These water drinkers all.

## LVIII

## O COME, COME AWAY!

O come, come away, from all that can enslave you ;  
 'Gainst vice and crime let us combine,  
 O come, come away !  
 O come, let truth our mind employ,  
 And thus we'll ignorance destroy,  
 And hope shall increase our joy,  
 O come, come away.

In virtue and truth come let us be progressing ;  
 In works of love let us improve.  
 O come, come away !  
 For while in youth and health, we should  
 With all the virtuous, great, and good,  
 Join hands in brotherhood,  
 O come, come away !

With sweet songs of love we'll calm each angry  
 feeling,  
 And ne'er let wrath disturb our path,  
 O come, come away !  
 O come, let wisdom still increase,  
 And war of every kind will cease,  
 And man shall live in peace,  
 O come, come away !

No strong drink we'll use, then, it can ne'er deceive us  
 Don't taste a drop; O' touch it not,  
 But come, come away!  
 Come drink the pure and crystal stream,  
 And put our trust alone in Him  
 Who from sin can redeem,  
 O come, come away.

## LIX

## BENEVOLENCE.

TUNE—Bonnie Dundee.

LET THE warrior march over mountain and plain,  
 Let the poet sing sweetly, the patriot inflame,  
 And the voyager roam o'er the tempest-tossed main,  
 For riches or honour, for pleasure or fame.

But dearer to us to conquer and gain  
 A brother from ruin, and make him abstain:  
 For drink is the foe of our country and race,  
 The spoiler of hearts, and our nation's disgrace.

Benevolent hearts are like fountains that flow  
 All the purer and sweeter the more they bestow;  
 Let ours, then, in fulness, run outward, to bless  
 The "wee raggit weans," and their sires in distress,

Far dearest of all, when young hearts are won,  
 And led in the pathway of temperance to run;  
 For then they are free, and they never may know,  
 The sorrows and pains which from drinking must  
 flow.

As happy abstainers, right onward we'll go,  
 And love the poor drunkard, while drink is our foe.  
 Be kind and speak gently, for love may constrain,  
 And lead him to temperance and virtue again.



How rich the reward, when when in kindness we  
 gain;  
 The hearts of our neighbours, and make them  
 abstain!  
 Then bind them to ours with love's golden chain  
 There in exquisite friendship for ever remain.

## LX

## GOOD NIGHT.

Good Night! Dear friends, adieu! adieu!  
 Still in God's ways delight,  
 And grace and peace shall go with you,  
 Good night, dear friends, good night.

CHORUS—Good Night, &c.

We part, yet hope to meet again,  
 Each meeting yields delight,  
 But when to yon bright world we come  
 We'll never say Good Night.

And when Christ's banner is unfurled,  
 (The signal for our flight),  
 We then shall say to this vain world  
 Good Night, vain world, Good Night.

## LXI

## DISMISSION.

HEAVENLY FATHER! give thy blessing,  
 While we now this meeting end;  
 On our minds each truth impressing,  
 That may to thy glory tend.

Save from all intoxication,  
 From its fountains may we flee—  
 When assailed by strong temptation,  
 Put our trust alone in thee.

## LXII

## PRAISE OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

TUNE—Ye Banks and Braes O Bonnie Doon.

Come brothers, sisters, we will join  
And sing to night our temperance song ;  
Let us be joyful while we stay,  
And still keep following in the way

Of pure fidelity and truth—  
Our emblem—Beacon light of youth ;  
Let us our fallen brethren cheer,  
And tell them there's sobriety here.

In peace we meet, in peace we'll part,  
Unite as one with hand and heart ;  
To battle with our common foe—  
The husband's curse, the children's woe.

Then as we through this world move  
Our motto be,—“ Let brothers love—  
And sisters too with kindness teem,”  
Good night, dear friends, God save Queen.

## LXIII

## CLOSING.

A goodly thing it is to meet  
In friendship's circle bright,  
Where nothing stains the pleasure sweet,  
Nor dims the radiant light.  
No happier meeting earth can see  
Than where the joy we prove,  
Of Temperance and Purity,  
Fidelity and Love.

Some passing cloud may shade the mind,  
But cannot reach the heart.  
Dismissing every thought unkind,  
In mutual love we part.

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