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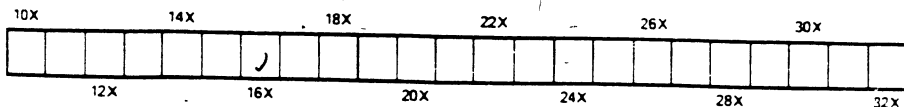
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- 3.—With God there is no compromise,
 He hateth every wrong ;
 With Him as Leader of our cause,
 With ballot, prayer, and song,
 We'll work united, brave and strong,
 Until the whisky power,
 Throughout the world shall surely know
 God's clock has struck the hour.
- CHO.—God's clock has struck, etc.

3

MUSIC, PAGE 5

Star of Peace to Wanderers Weary.

8s 7s. & 4.

- 1.—Star of peace to wand'ers weary,
 Bright the beams that smile on me ;
 Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
 Far, far at sea.
 Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
 Far, far at sea.
- 2.—Star of hope, gleam on the billow,
 Bless the soul that sighs for thee ;
 ||:Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
 Far, far at sea.:||
- 3.—Star of faith, when winds are mocking
 All his toil, he flies to thee :
 ||:Save him on the billows rocking,
 Far, far at sea.:||

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- 4.—Star divine, O safely guide him,
Bring the wand'rer home to thee ;
||:Sore temptations long have tried him
Far, far at sea.:||
- 5.—Star of hope, gleam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for thee ;
||:Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.:||

4

MUSIC PAGE 6

Daybreak.

- 1.—One year nearer ! Hope is blooming ;
Dawns the day of ruin's death ;
Sunlight breaking, lifts the glooming,
Raiding ranks, the right assuming,
Rum and ruin are entombing,—
Tardy statesmen, hold your breath !
- CHO.—Hear the drum beat loud and long,
Swell a glad triumphant song ;
Faith-clad legions now are coming,
Many hundred thousand strong.
- 2.—Hear the roll of distant thunder !
See the lightning's wrathful glare ;
Down the day of legal plunder,
License is the nation's blunder,
High and low must both go under,
So prophetic words declare ;

CHO.—Hear the drum beat loud and long,
Swell a glad triumphant song ;
Men and women, children coming,
Many hundred thousand strong.

3.—Wrong the right is hard assailing,
All advances to defy ;
Never mind ! God's help availing,
Right will conquer wrongs entailing :—
Forward, banners never trailing—
Forward, let us do or die.

CHO —Let the drums beat loud and long,
Swell a glad triumphant song ;
Blast of bugle, we are coming,
Many hundred thousand strong.

4.—Up ! Hurrah ! The world is rising,
Right and truth no more afraid—
Tear the mask of wrongs contriving,
List no more to her advising,
But with strength and speed surprising,
Rush and rise the upward grade ;

CHO.—Let the drum beat loud and long,
Swell a glad triumphant song ;
Hear the tramp of coming people,
Many hundred thousand strong.

5.—Truth is mighty, wrongs expiring,
Onward, there is no retreat ;
Millions are the right de-iring,

Millions to the right aspiring,
God and angels all admiring,
See the victory complete.

CHO.—Bugle blast and drum beat long,
Swell a glad triumphant song ;
Lo ! the conquering host-increasing,
Hundreds, thousands, millions strong.

5

MUSIC PAGE 7

Freedom's Day.

Tune—America.

- 1 —God bless our rock-bound coast,
The land we love the most,
Our native land.
Land where our noble sires,
Lit freedom's beacon fires
And shook with bells the spires,
A patriot band.
- 2.— And when they died 'twas well
Their starry mantle fell
On heroes free ;
And be their colors true,
The red, the white, the blue,
The white light shining thro'
On Liberty.
- 3 —'Tis here our fathers sought
The boon their valor bought

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.

6

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.

2.—
Blow the Temp'rance trumpet, let the martial sound
Thrill with hope in every sufferer's ear ;
Send the echo pealing all the world around,
And our foes shall tremble when they hear.
CHO.—Onward, etc.

3.—
Blow the Temp'rance trumpet, victory comes at
last,
Farewell, sorrow, poverty and pain ;
All our doubts and trials numbered with the past,
We shall sing no more the martial strain.
CHO —Onward, etc.

7

MUSIC PAGE 9

The Right Shall Win the Day.

1.—
Thro' the mists of night is shining fair and clear a
glorious star,
And the splendor of its brightness, like a beacon
seen afar,
Flashes out the cheering message o'er the fields
where workers are,
That victory is at hand.

CHO —Glory, glory, hallelujah, Glory, glory, hal-
lelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah, For right shall
win the day.

2.—

'Tis the star that heralds morning after long and
gloomy night,
'Tis the star of prohibition, and its pure and
steady light
Guides the temp'rance army onward to the battle
field in sight,
Where victory will be won.

CHO.—Glory, etc.

3—

Oh, be brave of heart, my brothers, in the battle
lift your eye
To the star whose ray of promise flashes grandly
forth on high,
And our hearts shall gain such courage that the
enemy will fly,
And victory will be ours.

CHO.—Glory, etc.

4.—

Think of home and loved ones, comrades, when
you face the desperate foe ;
For your boy and mine, my brothers, strike a
strong and telling blow ;
Shall we, can we, yield the battle ? by our homes
and dear ones, no !
The victory must be ours.

CHO.—Glory, etc.

The Prohibition Army.

- 1.— The Prohibition army
O'er all the land goes forth,
And calls from far its men of war,
East, West and South and North.
Come, warriors, to the battle !
Come, join the furious fray !
Come, bravely stand with ready hand
To meet the foe to-day ;
Come, bravely stand with ready hand
To meet the foe to-day.

- 2.— The powers of drink are dealing
Their fiercest, heaviest blows,
'Tis no child's play for us to-day,
When hosts like these oppose.
The conflict sharply rages,
The shots fly thick and fast ;
God is our friend ; on Him depend
For victory at last ;
God is our friend ; on Him depend
For victory at last.

Who is the Coming Man ?

- 1.—Hail to the coming unknown chief,
Who'll blow the final bugle call,
And lead the forces in the fight
Against the demon Alcohol.

CHO.—Who is the coming man,
Who will marshal every tribe and clan ?
O hail him, pray for him, rally when he
comes,
And follow him in battle for your hearts
and homes.

- 2.—Let's sound the tocsin long and loud,
Let's sing the conq'ring hero's song,
Let's ring the changes of our faith,
Till man shall shout the doom of wrong.

CHO.—Who is, etc.

- 3.—Great God, assist our work once more,
Give answers to our fervent pray'r ;
Let mercy, peace and love prevail,
Till Christ has triumphed everywhere.

CHO.—Who is, etc.

Thy Lord is With Thee.

1.—

Thy Lord is with thee, mighty man of valor,
 Rise and obey the word He speaks to thee ;
 Go in thy might, put from thy face its pallor ;
 Strong in His strength, go set thy people free.

CHO.—Thy Lord is with thee, dark tho' the night,
 With thee, to keep thee in thickest of the
 fight ;
 With thee, to bring thee to victory, to
 victory and to light.

2.—

Thy Lord is with thee, for the fight He needs thee,
 He will defend, whatever may oppose ;
 Strange tho' the way, yet follow where he leads
 thee,
 He leads to victory over all thy foes.

CHO.—Thy Lord, etc.

3.—

Gather the host, be bold, be calm, be cheerful,
 Trust not to numbers, choose the strong and
 brave ;
 Send to their homes the cowards and the fearful,
 In His own way the Lord thy God will save.

CHO.—Thy Lord, etc.

4.—

Charge on the foe sword of the Lord and Gideon !
Blow now the trumpets through the hostile
camp !

Put to the rout the frightened hosts of Midian,
Break every pitcher, wave each blazing lamp.

CHO.—Thy Lord, etc.

11

MUSIC PAGE 13

Star of Temperance.

(May be sung as a solo.)

1.—When darkness brooded o'er the scene,
And grief was raging sore ;
While anguish dire and hunger keen
Around their terrors bore,—
Above the gloom, divinely clear,
A bright'ning radiance shows,
And sent from heaven to guide and cheer,
The Star of Temp'rance rose.

2.—In distant lands beyond the sea,
On many a far off strand,
Hope hails its silver beams with glee,
As broadly they expand ;
From faintest streak on sorrow's sky,
Where bright its splendor grows,
For man and nations, far and nigh,
The Star of Temp'rance rose.

3.—'Twas love awoke its sacred fires,
Love keeps them still aglow ;
Love regulates its pure desires,
As hours and seasons go ;
Love labors to exalt and bless,
Exchanging gifts for blows ;
And, for an aim sublime as this,
The Star of Temp'rance rose.

4 — In beauty, power and grandeur, still
Its genius proudly strays,
An aid and help to all who will,
On all the earth's highways ;
And sweet as light and bright as spring,
Its fruit and flowers disclose ;
To better every mortal thing
The Star of Temp'rance rose.

12

MUSIC PAGE 14

Onward ! Onward ! Band Victorious !

1.—Onward ! onward ! band victorious !
Rear the Temperance banner high !
Thus far had your course been glorious ;
Now your day of triumph's nigh.
Vice and error flee before you,
As the darkness flies 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 !

2.—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.

3.—To the vendor 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 ! Yes !
Swear, on temperance' holy altar,
Death is yours, or victory !

Grandly the People are Rising.

1.—Grandly the people are rising,
Hailing the great and the small ;
And with a courage surprising,
Numbers respond to our call.

CHO.—Over each mountain and over each valley
Will echo the temperance song,
'Till round us for duty shall rally, shall
rally,
The hopeful, the brave and the strong.

2.—Children, the hope of the nation —
Men from the hills and the glade :
Some from the worthiest station,
Eagerly come to our aid.

CHO.—Over each mountain, etc.

3.—Widows and orphans in sorrow,
Tell us their hunger and woe ;
Smiling we whisper—to-morrow
We shall to victory go.

CHO.—Over each mountain, etc.

We'll Make the Foe Retreat, Boys.

1.—We have to fight a foe, boys,
 Of evil name and birth,
 One "Alcohol," who would enslave
 The noblest sons of earth ;
 But now these sons of earth, boys,
 With us together meet,
 And all do now devoutly vow
 To make this foe retreat.

CHO.—We think not of a truce, boys,
 Nor compromise with wrong ;
 We never doubt the issue,
 Our faith in God is strong :
 Our faith in God is strong, boys,
 We'll never know defeat ;
 But boldly fight for truth and right,
 And make the foe retreat.

2.—The horny handed workmen,
 The ploughmen from the farms,
 And diggers from the gold mines
 Have come to shoulder arms,
 With us they shoulder arms, boys,
 While drums—by quakers beat—
 Shall cheer us on, till victory's won,
 We see the foe retreat.

CHO.—We think not, etc.

3.—We know in every battle
Some useful lives are lost ;
But though our task is mighty,
We've counted up the cost.
Yes, counted all the cost, boys,
And though it will be great,
We'll pay the bill with right good will,
To make the foe retreat.

CHO.—We think not, etc.

4.—For life we have enlisted,
And free from doubt or fear
We sight the hostile forces,
And give a hearty cheer !
We give a ringing cheer, boys !
And rush with footsteps fleet
Upon the foe, with blow on blow
To force him to retreat.

CHO.—We think not, etc.

15

MUSIC PAGE 17

Cold Water Clear and Friendship Dear.

(A new version of Auld Lang Syne.)

1.—Cold water clear and friendship dear
Bring purest joys to mind,
The hope of earth was sober worth
In auld lang syne.

CHO.—For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
Our love and friendship we'll renew,
In auld lang syne.

2.—No heart that's pure can long endure
The curse of rum and wine ;
Drink made hearts sore the wide world o'er
In auld lang syne.

CHO.—For auld lang syne, etc.

3.—By sunny bowers and bonny flowers
Young hearts were glad and kind ;
Now down life's stream they sing serene,
Of auld lang syne.

CHO.—For auld lang syne, etc.

4.—The song we sung when we were young,
Aye round our hearts will twine ;
The temperate ways and sunny days
Of auld lang syne.

CHO.—For auld lang syne, etc.

5.—There's hope before, aye, more and more,
When evening days are fine,
And memories dear, our hearts to cheer,
Like auld lang syne.

CHO.—For auld lang syne, etc.

The New Flag-Star.

1.—The crystal wave is rising,
Our craft is on the sea,
And with our canvas spreading
Our course shall onward be :
Our flag-star on the breezes
Is beautiful and bright,
Our flag-star, prohibition,
And here we all unite.

CHO.—The crystal wave is rising
That bears the flag-star on ;
We'll work for prohibition
Till victory is won.

2.—The stars and stripes dishonored
And held by shameless hands,
Must from their grasp be wrested ;
Come forth, ye loyal bands,
Put down the great oppression,
Write on the nation's flag
The watchword " Prohibition,"
To float o'er sea and crag !

CHO.—The crystal wave, etc.

3.—Ye sons of loyal fathers,
The land twice dis-enthralled,
Besieged again is striving

Against the bastion walled ;
But God who freedom planted,
Leads on the van once more,
And we shall swing our banner
In joy, from shore to shore.

CHO.—The crystal wave, etc.

17

MUSIC PAGE 19

A Joyous Song We Sing.

- 1.—A song, a joyous song to thee,
O Temp'rance, now we bring ;
With hearts and voices full of glee,
Thy praises we will sing.
No grief or sadness clouds thy brow,
But joy and hope are there ;
And as we think upon thee now,
A look of love we wear.

CHO.—So once again a song to thee,
O Temp'rance now we bring ;
With hearts and voices full of glee,
Thy praises we will sing

- 2.—O Temp'rance, there's a greeting here
From wealthy and from poor ;
We now renew without a fear,
Our pledge of fealty sure,
And pray that we fresh strength may gain.

Thy blessings all to tell ;
With vigor new thy cause maintain,
And all thy triumphs swell.

CHO.—So once again, etc.

3.—And Temp'rance, there's a blessing too,
From hearts and homes for thee—
From former slaves of drink and woe,
Who now through thee are free.
And women too, and children dear,
Thy name with love repeat ;
And all who now are gathered here,
With joy thy presence greet.

CHO.—So once again, etc.

18

MUSIC PAGE 20

Lift High the Banner.

1.—Lift it high ! 'tis pure as the morning light,
Let it wave o'er land and sea,
'Twill be borne aloft in the cause of right,
Till the whole wide world is free.
It will bring the dawn of a brighter day
To the weak and tempest tossed,
Like a star that shines with a cheering ray,
For the wand'ring and the lost.

CHO.—Lift it high, lift the temp'rance banner high,
Let it wave o'er land and sea.

'Twill be borne aloft in the cause of right,
Till the whole wide world is free.

2. —Lift it high, in sight of the vaunting foe ;
For the victory we will win
Is to save the lost from the depths of woe,
From the gloomy haunts of sin.
And we come with faith in the power divine,
And a courage bold and high,
Where the poison lurks in the fumes of wine,
To the rescue we will fly.

CHO.—Lift it high, etc. -

3. —Lift it high, we fight on a bloodless field,
But the conquest will endure,
- For the Lord himself is our mighty shield,
And His promises are sure.
Like the stars that shine in the vault above,
Is the crown the victors wear,
When they give their lives to the cause they
love,
And a spotless banner bear.

CHO.—Lift it high, etc.

All-Gracious God to Thee We Raise.

Tune—Melcombe, L M.

- 1.—All gracious God to Thee we raise
 Our voice in solemn prayer and praise ;
 We praise Thee for Thy mercy shown ;
 Lord let that mercy now be known !
- 2.—Intemperance on every hand
 Abounds in this our guilty land ;
 While drunkards glory in their shame,
 And pour contempt on Jesus' name.
- 3.—Lord, let Thy banner be displayed,
 And check the run sin hath made ;
 The foe with power divine assail,
 Nor let the hosts of hell prevail

Why Farmer Jones Went to the Meeting.

1.—

You all look astonished to see farmer Jones
 Come into the meeting to-night ;
 He said he'd have nothing to do with the work,
 And doubtless he thought he was right.
 He said that his sons have grown up steady lads,
 His daughters have all married well ;

But cheereth like the gentle rain,
Drink water, pure water,
Drink water, pure water.

CHO.—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.

2. —When Bacchus first the wine-cup bro't,
'Twas found with purest grape juice fraught,
A jolly rogue was he,
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.

CHO.—Drink, etc.

3. —Well, let him shake his jolly sides,
As years of folly he derides,
'Twill be our time to laugh,
Ha, ha, our time, our time to laugh ;
When men refuse to “go it blind,”
And Bacchus can no followers find,
We'll laugh, ha, ha, ha, ha,
We'll laugh, ha, ha, ha, ha.

CHO.—Drink, etc.

Coming Victory.

1.—

There's a murmur in the valley and there's music
on the hills,

There's a message full of promise everywhere ;
We can read it in the sunbeams as they dance
upon the rills,

We can catch the floating cadence in the air.

CHO.—Onward, onward, now the army still ad-
vances,

See its banners waving in the sun ;
Onward, onward, now let victory be the
watchword.

The battle by the ballot must be won.

2.—

Lo ! it whispers of the coming of a better, bright-
er day,

And it bids us watch to see the glorious dawn ;
When the mists of sin and sorrow shall be driven
far away,

As the army in its triumph marches on.

CHO.—Onward, etc.

3.—

Hear this army's heavy footfall, how it shakes the
solid ground,

As it gathers to do battle for the right,
Hear the ringing voice of captains, and the thrilling
bugle sound,
They are calling us to muster for the fight.

CHO.—Onward, etc.

4.—

Soon will come a day of gladness, when the victory we gain,
And our land, redeemed and ransomed shall be
free ;

We will join the voice of millions as they shout
the glad refrain
To the welcome song of freedom's jubilee.

CHO.—Onward, etc.

23

MUSIC PAGE **27**

Lord, Let Thy Blessing Now Descend.

Tune—Christmas, C M.

1.—Lord, let Thy blessing now descend,
To give our work success ;
May many to our cause incline,
And find true happiness,
And find true happiness.

2.—O'er all our meetings still preside,
Our conquering cause confess ;

Our motives rule, our movements guide,
And all our labors bless,
And all our labors bless.

- 3.—Our speakers' tongues with truth inspire,
The hearers' hearts prepare ;
That truth to see, receive, admire,
And ever cherish Thee,
And ever cherish Thee.

24

MUSIC PAGE 28

The Drunkard's March.

1. — Tramp, tramp, tramp, in the drunkard's way,
March the feet of a million men ;
If none shall pity and none shall save,
Where will the march they are making end ?
The young, the strong, the old are there,
In woeful ranks as they hurry past,
With not a moment to think or care
What is the fate that comes at last ?
- 2 — Tramp, tramp, tramp, to a drunkard's doom,
Out of the boyhood so pure and fair ;
So soon forgetting the joys of home—
Slighting a sad mother's love and prayer ;
And swift and sure, in paths of crime—
Away from sorrowing wife and child,
He breaks the holiest ties of time—
Reason dethroned and soul gone wild !

- 3.— Tramp, tramp, tramp, till a drinkard's grave
Hides the wreck of a life of shame,
And souls, whom Jesus has died to save,
Meet with a future we dare not name.
God help us all the cross to bear,
And work to rescue the mighty throng,
God give us courage till toil and prayer
End in the victor's joyful song.

25

MUSIC PAGE 29

Bringing in the Sheaves.

I.—

Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eve ;
Waiting for the harvest and the time of reaping,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the
sheaves.

CHO.—

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the
sheaves,
Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the
sheaves.

2.—

Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling
breeze ;

By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the
sheaves.

CHO.—Bringing in, etc.

3.—
Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master,
Tho' the loss sustained our spirit often grieves,
When our weeping's over; He will bid us welcome,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the
sheaves.

CHO.—Bringing in, etc.

26

MUSIC PAGE 30

The Sword of Gideon.

1.—Up and on, ye true three hundred,
Faith is more than odds ;
Do the doing you are bidden,
And the day is God's.

CHO.—Wake the trumpet, shout the watchword,
Lift the flaming lamp ;
Bear the sword of God and Gideon,
Truth shall rout the camp

2.—Jerico fell down before us,
Midian's host shall flee ;

Israel's Prince shall out before us,
Thrust the enemy.

CHO.—Wake the trumpet, etc.

3.—God that rides the sky to help us,
God—whose majesty
Cleaved the flood and paved the river,
Pledges victory.

CHO.—Wake the trumpet, etc.

4.—Thine the cause, O God of armies,
Gird us for the fight ;
With the glory of the morning
Smite the hosts of night.

CHO.—Wake the trumpet, etc.

5.—Yesterday, to-day, forever,
Right shall hold the field ;
Everywhere the truth shall rally,
Powers of darkness yield.

CHO.—Wake the trumpet, etc.

27

MUSIC PAGE 31

Rise Up to Labor.

1.—Rise up to labor, ye who sit
In slothful ease, while all about
The old crusader fires are lit,
To put the enemy to rout ;

The foe is weaving crafty wiles,
And creeping slowly, surely up ;
Beware the siren's tempting smiles,
Beware the proffered social cup,

2.—Be earnest, brothers, brave and true,
It is a grand and golden chance
To work as we are pledged to do,
To wield for Right the sword and lance ;
Our swords are earnest words and deeds,
Our lance is love for fellow man ;
Upon our shield the legend reads :
Strike once, strike twice, and strike again.

3.—By memory of the weeping wives
Who wait and watch by hearthstone cold.
By memory of the ruined lives
Whose story is a tale oft told,
By memory of the drunkard's graves,
We pledge ourselves with sword and lance
To win for freedom error's slaves,
Beneath the flag of Temperance.

28

MUSIC PAGE 32

Betty and the Baby.

1.—
Oh, the drink has made a wretched man of me,
And from its cursed power I can't get free ;

While I know I never can,
Yet I'd like to be a man
For Betty and the Baby, don't you see!

CHO.—

For Betty and the Baby, don't you see,
Are the only ones on earth who care for me ;
And although it be my last,
A temp'rance vote I'll cast
For Betty and the Baby, don't you see.

2.—

From the demon of the cup I've tried to flee,
But, alas ' the awful thirst won't let me be ;
Of my reason I'm bereft,
And no good is in me left
For Betty and the Baby, don't you see.

CHO.—For Betty, etc.

3.—

I'm a drunkard, lost and ruined, don't you see,
But to do a righteous thing I now agree ;
On the verge of ruin's brink,
I will vote against the drink
For Betty and the Baby, don't you see.

CHO —For Betty, etc.

The Great Physician.

1.—The Great Physician now is near,
The sympathising Jesus ;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

CHO.—“Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue.
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus ”

2.—Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus ;
Go on your way in peace to heav'n,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

CHO.—“ Sweetest note, etc. .

3.—All glory to the dying Lamb !
I now believe in Jesus ;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

CHO.—“ Sweetest note, etc.

4.—And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus ;
We'll sing around the throne of love,
His name, the name of Jesus.

CHO.—“ Sweetest name, etc.

Rescue the Perishing.

1.--Rescue the perishing,
 Care for the dying;
 Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave :
 Weep o'er the erring one,
 Lift up the fallen,
 Tell them of Jesus the mighty to save.

CHO.—Rescue the perishing,
 Care for the dying ;
 Jesus is merciful,
 Jesus will save.

2.—Tho' they are slighting Him,
 Still He is waiting,
 Waiting the penitent child to receive.
 Plead with them earnestly,
 Plead with them gently ;
 He will forgive if they only believe.

CHO.—Rescue the, etc.

3.—Down in the human heart,
 Crushed by the tempter,
 Feelings lie buried that grace can restore ;
 Touched by a loving heart,
 Wakened by kindness,
 Chords that were broken will vibrate once more

CHO.—Rescue the, etc.

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it ;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide ;
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them ;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.
CHO.—Rescue the, etc.

31

MUSIC PAGE 35

Waiting for the Morning.

- 1.—We are waiting for the dawning
Of that bright and glorious day,
For the good time so long coming,
When old wrongs shall pass away.
We have longed for light and freedom,
Truth to triumph over vice,
Love to make the earth an Eden,
And each home a paradise.
- 2.—We are waiting for the morning,
Night has been so dark and long,
Dimly now the day is dawning,
And we hail it with a song
Light and truth to every nation,
Brightly now begins to shine,
Paeans rise from every station,
“Peace on earth and love divine.”

- 3 — We are waiting for the morning
 And our courage will not fail,
 While our souls for light are yearning,
 Until truth and right prevail.
 We will work to banish sorrow,
 Work and wait for human good,
 Trusting to the coming morrow
 For the perfect brotherhood.
4. — We have waited for this morning,
 Thro' the long dark night of years,
 But we now behold the dawning
 While the light of truth appears.
 Human hearts are sweetly singing,
 "Mortals see with angels' ken,
 Dove-winged Faith and Hope are bringing
 Peace on earth, good will to men."

32

MUSIC PAGE 36

Temperance Work.

- 1 — 'Tis a work of prevention and cure ;
 A work for the rich and the poor , ,
 A work that is steady and sure ;
 A work that will ever endure.

CHO.—Then shout for it, hearer and preacher !
 Shout for it, Master and man !
 Shout for it, scholar and teacher !
 Praise it wherever you can—you can—
 Oh ! praise it wherever you can.

2.—Total abstinence banishes crime,
It blesses the day and the night,
Its paths out of misery climb
Aloft to religion's pure light.

CHO.—Then shout, etc.

3.—'Tis a work for the pen and the tongue,
A work for the pulpit and pew;
A work for the old and the young,
A work that's for me and for you.

CHO.—Then shout, etc.

33

MUSIC PAGE **38**

Coming Right Along.

1.—Behold the day of promise comes,
Full of inspiration,
The blessed day, by prophets sung,
For the healing of the nations.
Old midnight errors flee away;
They soon will all be gone;
While heav'nly angels seem to say,
"The good time's coming" on,
O! the

CHO.—Good time, the good time,
The good time's coming on,
The good time, the good time,
The good time's coming on.

Coming right along,
Coming right along, ha! ha! ha!
Coming right along,
Coming right along,
Coming right along,
Coming right along.

2.—Already in the golden east
The glorious light is dawning,
And watchmen from the mountain tops
Can see the blessed morning.
O'er all the land their voices ring,
While yet the world is napping,
Till e'en the sluggards begin to spring,
As they hear the spirits "rapping."
O! the

CHO.—Good time etc.

3.—And all the old distilleries
Shall perish and burn together,
The Brandy, Rum, and Gin, and Beer,
And all such whatsoever.
The world begins to feel the fire,
And e'en the poor besotter,
To save himself from burning up,
Jumps in the cooling water.
O! the

CHO.—Good time, etc.

Never Drink Whiskey or Brandy.

- 1.—Gloom and care away we fling,
Hand in hand a merry ring ;
This is the chorus we will sing—
“ Never drink whiskey or brandy.”
- 2.—Water bright on all the hills,
Hangs in dew, or leaps in rills ;
Quenches our thirst, and turns the mills,
“ Never drink whiskey or brandy.”
- 3.—Take the pitcher to the spring,
Homeward healthful water bring ;
Merrily let the kettle sing—
“ Never drink whiskey or brandy.”
- 4 —Some drink beer to quench their thirst,
We will try the water first ;
Beer is bad, but whiskey is worse,
“ Never drink whiskey or brandy.”
- 5.—Drink is blighting old and young,
Maiden fair and manhood strong ;
Filling the world with sin and wrong,
“ Never drink whiskey or brandy.”

Vote as You Pray.

1.—Can you go on thus, my brother,
 While praying day by day,
 "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,"
 And yet not vote as you pray?

CHO.—Oh, vote as you pray, vote as you pray,
 Vote as you pray, my friends ;
 Oh, vote as you pray, 'twill hasten the day
 When the rum fiend's work shall end.

2 —Can you see your neighbor falling
 Around you in the fray,
 And pray that God may speed the right,
 And yet not vote as you pray?

CHO.—Oh, vote, etc.

3.—Do not cease from prayer, no, never ;
 But pray on, while you may ;
 But if you would know your pray'r is heard,
 Be sure to vote as you pray.

CHO.—Oh, vote, etc.

4.—Let us wake from this delusion,
 That praying will win the day ;
 Unless our prayer and votes agree,
 Then always vote as we pray.

CHO —Oh, vo e, etc.

Friends of Freedom.

- 1.—Friends of freedom, swell the song,
Young and old the strain prolong,
Make the Temp'rance army strong,
And on to victory !
Lift your banners, let them wave,
Onward march the world to save !
Who would fill a drunkard's grave,
And bear his infamy ?

- 2.—Shrink not when the foe appears,
Spurn the coward's guilty fears ;
Hear the shrieks, behold the tears
Of ruined families.
Raise the cry in every spot—
" Touch not, taste not, handle not,
Who would be a drunken sot,
The worst of miseries ?

- 3.—Give the aching bosom rest,
Carry joy to every breast,
Make the wretched drunkard blest,
By living soberly.
Raise the glorious watchword high,
" Touch not, taste not till you die,"
Let the echo reach the sky,
And earth keep jubilee.

- 4.—God of mercy, hear us plead,
For Thy help we intercede ;
See how many bosoms bleed,
And heal them speedily,
Haste, O haste the happy day,
When beneath its gentle ray,
Temp'rance all the world shall sway,
And reign triumphantly.

37

MUSIC PAGE 42

Little by Little.

- 1.—Little by little the time goes by—
Short if you sing thro' it, long if you sigh ;
Little by little—an hour a day,
Gone with the years that have vanished away ;
Little by little the race is run,
Trouble and waiting and toil are done ;
Little by little the time goes by—
Short if you sing thro' it, long if you sigh.
- 2.—Little by little the skies grow clear ,
Little by little the sun comes near—
Little by little the days smile out
Gladder and brighter on pain and doubt ;
Little by little the seed we sow
Into a beautiful yield will grow.
- 3.—Little by little the world grows strong,
Fighting the battle of Right or Wrong—

Little by little the Wrong gives way,
Little by little the Right has sway ;
Little by little all longing souls
Struggle up near to the shining goals.

4.—Little by little the good in men
Blossoms to beauty in human ken ;
Little by little the angels see
Prophecies better of good to be ;
Little by little the God of all
Lifts the world nearer the pleading call.

38

MUSIC PAGE 43

The Drunkard's Woe.

1.—Who hath woe and bitter sighing ?
Who in anguish deep do groan ?
Who in hopeless grief are crying ?
Who in dire distress do moan ?

CHO.—They, who tarry long at wine,
Ev'ry cheering prospect gone ;
They who worship at the shrine,
Where the rosy god doth reign.

2.—Who in fierce contentions striving,
In vain babblings loud engage ?
Who from causeless wounds are grieving,
Which no med'cine can assuage ?

CHO.—They who, etc.

- 3.—Would'st thou 'scape the drunkard's sorrow?
Would'st thou shun his dreadful doom?
Wait not for the coming morrow,
Take the pledge, there yet is room.

CHO.—They who, etc.

39

MUSIC PAGE **44**

Clear the Way!

- 1.—Men of thought! be up and stirring,
Night and day, night and day;
Sow the seed, withdraw the curtain,
Clear the way! Clear the way!
Men of action, aid and cheer them,
As we may! As we may!
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;
||: There's a midnight blackness changing
Into gray, into gray.: ||
- 2.—Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say, who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day? Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ways? In its ways?
Aid the dawning tongue and pen;

Aid it, hopes of honest men ;
Aid it, paper, aid it, type,
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
|| : And our earnest must not slacken
Into play, into play. : ||

3.—Lo ! a cloud about to vanish
From the day, from the day ;
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay, into clay ;
Lo ! the right's about to conquer ;
Clear the way ! Clear the way !
With the right shall many more
Enter, smiling at the door ;
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
|| : That for ages long have held us
For their prey, for their prey. : ||

40

MUSIC PAGE 46

The Life-Boat at Sea.

I.—
Come, brother sailors, and don't fall asleep,
Pray night and day, or you'll sink in the deep ;
Hope is the anchor, and this you must keep,
If you want to sit with Jesus in the life-boat.

CHO.—Let me in the life-boat.
She will stand the raging storm

Let me in the life-boat,
Let me in the life-boat,
She will bear my spirit home.

2.—

Now, brother sailors, the voyage is short ;
Hoist up the sails, and we'll soon make the port,
Call for the sailors and send them aloft,
For Christ is coming in the life-boat.

CHO.—Let me in, etc.

3.—

The storms are heavy, the winds are loud,
The thunder is rolling and bursting in the cloud,
Fathers and mothers are crying aloud,
Jesus will take us in the life-boat.

CHO.—Let me in, etc.

—

Now, brother sailors, the voyage is done,
The battle is fought, the victory won ;
Go tell your shipmates what Jesus has done,
He took the dying sailor in the life-boat,

CHO.—Let me in, etc.

—

All glory to Jesus for what He has done,
The storm is past, and I have reached my home,
With angels in glory I now sing the song,
My soul has safely landed in the life-boat.

CHO.—Let me in, etc.

Speed the Happy Day.

1.—Lo, a brighter day is breaking
 O'er our heaven-favor'd land :
 Men are ev'rywhere awaking,
 Boldly for the Right to stand.

CHO.—Speed, O speed the happy day,
 May it meet no ling'ring pause,
 'Till the curse shall pass away,
 And vict'ry crown the Temp'rance cause.

2.—O, the glory of the morning,
 When the joyful time shall come,
 When all men shall heed the warning,
 And forsake the demon, Rum !

CHO.—Speed, O speed, etc.

3.—In that welcome hour of gladness,
 When the tyrant's reign is o'er,
 Free from bitter woe, and sadness,
 We shall feel his power no more.

CHO.—Speed, O speed, etc.

The Handwriting on the Wall.

I.—

At the feast of Belshazzar and a thousand of his
lords,

While they drank from golden vessels, as the Book
of truth records—

In the night, as they revelled in the royal palace
hall,

They were seized with consternation—'twas the
hand upon the wall !

CHO.—'Tis the hand of God on the wall,

'Tis the hand of God on the wall,

Shall the record be "Found wanting,"

Or shall it be "Found trusting" ?

While that hand is writing on the wall.

2 —

See the brave captive, Daniel, as he stood before
the throng,

And rebuk'd the haughty monarch for his mighty
deeds of wrong ;

As he read out the writing—'twas the doom of
one and all,

For the kingdom now was finished—said the hand
upon the wall !

CHO.—'Tis the hand, etc.

3.—

See the faith, zeal and courage, that would dare
to do the right,
Which the Spirit gave to Daniel—this the secret of
his might—
In his home in Judea, or a captive in the hall—
He understood the writing of his God upon the
wall.

CHO. — 'Tis the hand, etc.

4.—

So our deeds are recorded—there's a hand that's
writing now,
Sinner, give your heart to Jesus, to his royal man-
date bow ;
For the day is approaching—it must come to one
and all,
When the sinner's condemnation will be written
on the wall !

CHO. — 'Tis the hand, etc.

43

MUSIC PAGE **49**

Fight for Prohibition.

Tune—Ring the Bells of Heaven.

1.—

Fight for prohibition, gird our armor on,
Valiantly we'll march against the foe ;
We will wield the sceptre till the battle's won,
Till we stay the stream of blood and woe.

CHO.—Glory, glory, let the people sing
Glory, glory, make the welkin ring;
'Tis for prohibition we will take our stand,
Till we drive intemp'rance from the land.

2.—
Vote for prohibition—hear the bondmen call;
From the weak and fallen comes the cry;
“Come, undo the shackles, burst the chains
that gall,
Come and rescue, save us ere we die.”

CHO.—Glory, etc.

3.—
Work for prohibition—now the father calls,
Calling for the safety of his child;
O, he loves him dearly, cannot see him fall
By intemp'rance, and by sin defiled.

CHO —Glory, etc.

44

MUSIC PAGE **50**

If I were a Voice.

1.—
If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
That could travel the wide world through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And tell them to be true.
I would fly, I would fly over land and sea,

Wherever a human heart might be,
Telling a tale, or singing a song
In praise of the right—in blame of the wrong ;
 I would fly, I would fly,
I would fly over land and sea.

2.—

If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
 I'd fly on the wings of the air ;
The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak
 To save them from despair.
I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowded town,
And drop, like the happy sunlight, down
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them to look up again :
 I would fly, I would fly,
I would fly o'er the crowded town.

3.—

If I were a voice, a convincing voice,
 I would travel with the wind,
And wherever I saw the nations torn
By warfare, jealousy, spite or scorn,
 Or hatred of their kind,
I would fly, I would fly on the thunder crash,
And into their blinded bosoms flash ;
 Then with their evil tho'ts subdued,
 I'd teach them Christian brotherhood ;
 I would fly, I would fly,
I would fly on the thunder-crash.

4 —

If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I would fly the earth around ;
And wherever man to his idols bowed,
I'd publish in notes both long and loud
The Gospel's joyful sound.

I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day,
Proclaiming peace on my world-wide way,
Bidding the saddened earth rejoice—
If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I would fly, I would fly,
I would fly on the wings of the day.

45

MUSIC PAGE 52

The Sweetest Draught.

1.—Come, let us sing of fount and spring,
Of brooklet, stream and river,
And tune our praise to Him always,
The great and gracious Giver.

CHO.—What drink with water can compare,
That nature loves so dearly?
The sweetest draught that can be quaff'd,
Is wa'er, water, water that sparkles so
clearly.

2.—Down fall the showers to feed the flowers,
And in the summer, nightly,

The blossoms sip with rosy lip
The dew-drops gleaming brightly.

CHO.—What drink, etc.

3.—Each little bird, whose song is heard
Thro' grove, and meadow ringing,
At streamlet's brink will blithely drink,
To tune its voice for singing.

CHO.—What drink, etc.

46

MUSIC-PAGE **53**

Awake ! Arise !

1.—

Awake ! arise ! who would be free !
The call resounds from sea to sea ;
Look on our nation's sin and woe,
And deal destruction to the foe.
Sweet Peace with Hope and Love entwine,
Where enters not the tempting wine.

||: Tell the poor wanderer these may be thine.:||

2.—

They hear, they rise—the brave and true,
With stalwart heart to dare and do ;
From hill to hill, from plain to plain,
Ten thousand voices swell the strain—
Sweet Peace with Hope and Love entwine,
Where enters not the tempting wine.

||: Rise, rise, poor wanderer, these may be thine.:||

3.—

And while a voice is left to sing,
Still shall the song of freedom ring ;
Still shall the truth our forces cheer,
And smite the nation's waking ear.
Sweet Peace with Hope and Love entwine,
Where enters not the tempting wine.
: Rise, rise, poor wanderer, these may be thine. :||

47

MUSIC PAGE 54

The King's Highway.

I.—

Wherever you may be, whatever you may see
That would lead you into evil, say you nay, say
you nay,
I will not turn aside, whatever may betide ;
Just keep along the middle of the King's high-
way.

CHO.—

The King's highway, the King's highway,
Oh, turn aside from everything that leads astray,
Wherever you may be, whatever you may see,
Just keep along the middle of the King's high-
way.

Original Chorus by J. M. Whyte.

Just keep along the middle of the King's highway,
Just keep along the middle of the King's highway,
Just keep along the middle of the King's highway.

2 —

The meadows may be green where by-path stile is
seen ;

Turn aside, the little flowers seem to say, seem
to say.

Be sure you take no heed, they're trying to mis-
lead ;

Just keep along the middle of the King's high-
way.

CHO.—The King's highway, etc.

3.—

For on enchanted ground there's danger all around,
And a thousand pleasant voices bid you stay,

bid you stay ;

With fingers stop your ears, and never mind their
jeers ;

Just keep along the middle of the King's high-
way.

CHO.—The King's highway, etc.

4.—

Our God will give us light, and, walking in the
light,

We shall win a crown of glory in the day, in
the day

When Jesus calls his own together round the
throne,

Who kept along the middle of the King's high-
way.

CHO.—The King's highway, etc

Water from the Spring.

1.—I've heard the praise of rosy wine
 In dulcet measures sung ;
 And oft, with wild and loud applause,
 The festive hall has rung ;
 Let drunkards wake their noisy harps,
 And Bacchus' praises sing—
 By far the sweetest drink for me
 Is water from the spring.

CHO.—Is water from the spring,
 Is water from the spring,
 By far the sweetest drink for me
 Is water from the spring.

2.—Whene'er I wander from my home,
 How distant, far or wide,
 I fear no danger on my way,
 While Temp'rance is my guide ;
 With her my course I fearle-s steer,
 Secure beneath her wing,
 And health and happiness enjoy
 By water from the spring.

CHO.—By water from the spring, etc.

3.—She shelters me from all the ills
 The drunkard knows and feels ;

The bruised reed she does not break,
The wounded spirit heals ;
And when at last life's journey's o'er,
That sweet repose she'll bring—
Like infant's sleep—as sweet and pure
As water from the spring.

CHO.—As water from the spring, etc.

49

MUSIC PAGE. 57

'Tis Time to Swing our Axes.

Tune—Yankee Doodle.

- 1.—We've had enough of license laws,
Enough of liquor's taxes ;
We've turned the grindstone long enough,
'Tis time to swing our axes.
This deadly upas tree must fall—
Let strokes be strong and steady,
Pull out the stumps ! grub out the roots !
O brothers ! are you ready ?
- 2.—No longer will we shield this foe
To manhood, love and beauty ;
We've had enough of compromise—
The right alone is duty.
Enough of weak men and distrust ;
The burden grows by shifting ;
Let's put our shoulder to the wheel !
And do our share of lifting.

M
I
C
F
H

3.—We've had enough of forging chains
 This demon drink to fetter,
 Good bullets from the ballot box
 Well sped, will fix him better '
 Will ye not hunt him to the death '
 Speak out ! speak out, O brothers '
 Will ye not sound the bugle call,
 O sisters, wives and mothers !

4.—We've had enough of shame and woe ;
 Of cruel spoliation,
 Who fears to say it loud enough
 To thrill our land and nation ?
 God help us all to work like men,
 In earnest agitation,
 Till we have crushed the power of rum
 By righteous legislation.

50

MUSIC PAGE 58

Be 'Umble.

1.—

Oh, de Fairisee dat went in de temple fur ter
 pray,—

Be 'umble in de sight ob de Lawd—

Hil' up his head like er ole blue jay—

Be 'umble in de sight ob de Lawd.

He wore er new hat an' had money in his cloze—

Be 'umble in de sight ob de Lawd—

Had wine on his bref an' er ring in his nose—
Be 'umble in de sight ob de Lawd.

CHO.—

Oh, de time gwine ter come when de second birth
Will gin more joy den de whole ob de earth ;
White robes'll be tied wid de silken cawd
On dem what wus 'umble in de sight ob de Lawd.

2.—

“ Much er bleegee, good Lawd,” he said, wid er
bow—

Be 'umble in de sight ob de Lawd—

“ Dat yer thinks is er privilege ter bless me now—
Be 'umble in de sight ob de Lawd.

But he went down outen dat house ob pra'r—
Be 'umble in de sight ob de Lawd—

Wid er rock in his heart an' tho'ns in his ha'r—
Be 'umble in de sight ob de Lawd.

CHO.— Oh, de time gwine ter come, etc.

3.—

Oh, de po' man dat went in de temple for ter pray—
Be 'umble in de sight ob de Lawd—

Didn' hol' up his head like er ole blue jay—
Be 'umble in de sight ob de Lawd—

But he bowed down his head an' poured out his
soul—

Be 'umble in de sight ob de Lawd—

Without any thought ob jewelry or gol'—
Be 'umble in de sight ob de Lawd.

CHO.—Oh, de time gwine ter come, etc.

4.—

He felt dat at most er man wuz small—
Be 'umble in de sight ob de Lawd—

Dat death comes erlong an' settles it all—
Be 'umble in de sight ob de Lawd—

An' he went down outen dat pra'ful place—
Be 'umble in de sight ob de Lawd—

Wid love in his heart an' hope on his face—
Be 'umble in de sight ob de Lawd.

CHO —Oh, de time gwine ter come, etc.

51

MUSIC PAGE 59

Now to Heaven our Prayers Ascending.

Tune—God Speed the Right.

1.—Now to heaven our prayers ascending,
God speed the right !

In a noble cause contending,
God speed the right !

Be their zeal in heaven recorded,
With success on earth rewarded,
God speed the right !

2. —Be that prayer again repeated,
God speed the right !
Ne'er despairing, though defeated,
God speed the right !
Like the good and great in story,
If they fall, they fall with glory,
God speed the right !
- 3.—Patient, firm and persevering,
God speed the right !
Ne'er the event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right !
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
But in heaven's own time succeeding,
God speed the right !
- 4.—Stall their onward course pursuing,
God speed the right !
Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the right !
Truth Thy cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it,
God speed the right !

52

COME AND HELP US. MUSIC PAGE 60

- 1.—Oh, won't you come and help along
The Temp'rance reformation ?
We boys and girls united are
To save from drink our nation.

CHO.—Oh, won't you come, oh, won't you come,
And help the reformation?
We'll work with all, both great and small,
To drive drink from our nation.

2.—We're only boys and girls, 'tis true,
But we are growing stronger ;
And men and women we shall be
In just a few years longer.

CHO.—Oh, won't you come, etc.

3.—We are opposed to all saloons,
To drink we give no quarter ;
And so our voices high we raise
In praise of pure cold water.

CHO.—Oh, won't you come, etc.

53

MUSIC PAGE **61**

The Temperance Chimes.

1.—The temp'rance chimes are ringing
O'er all our happy land,
And new born souls are singing
As now redeemed they stand ;
Their glorious notes ascending,
Fill all the azure dome,
In welcome notes attending
The lost returning home.

- 2.—The temp'rance chimes are ringing,
Salvation, joy and love ;
Hope to the captive bringing,
And freedom from above.
To watchers ever praying,
There comes a mighty aid—
The march of evil staying,
And mercy's sign displayed.
- 3.—The temp'rance chimes are ringing
Redemption in His name,
To whom the saved are clinging,
And for whose love He came.
He still is calling kindly,
His arm is strong to save ;
Oh, brother ! walk not blindly,
Nor be temptation's slave.
- 4.—The temp'rance chimes are ringing,
Let all the earth be glad ;
For light and love upspringing,
In hearts bowed down and sad.
The night of pain and sorrow
Is fading fast away ;
We hail the coming morrow
Of Love's eternal day.

Coming By and By.

1.—A better day is coming—
 A morning promised long,
 When girded Right, with holy Might,
 Will overthrow the Wrong ;
 When God the Lord will listen
 To every plaintive sigh,
 And stretch His hand o'er every land,
 With justice by and by.

CHO.—Coming by and by, coming by and by,
 The better day is coming,
 The morning draweth nigh ;
 Coming by and by, coming by and by,
 The welcome dawn will hasten on,
 'Tis coming by and by.

2.—The boast of haughty Error
 No more will fill the air,
 But Age and Youth will love the Truth,
 And spread it everywhere ;
 No more from Want or Sorrow
 Will come the hopeless cry ;
 And strife will cease and perfect peace
 Will flourish by and by.

CHO.—Coming by and by, etc.

- 3.—Oh, for that holy dawning
We watch, and wait and pray,
Till o'er the height the morning light
Shall drive the gloom away ;
And when the heav'nly glory
Shall flood the earth and sky,
We'll bless the Lord for all His word,
And praise Him by and by.

CHO.—Coming by and by, etc.

55

MUSIC PAGE 63

The Temperance Star.

Tune—Watchman. Key E flat.

- 1.—Watchman, tell us of the night—
What its signs of promise are :
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glorious Temp'rance star '
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell ?
Traveler, yes, it brings the day,
Wrested from the tyrant's spell.
- 2.—Watchman, tell us of the night,
Higher yet the star ascends ;
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.

Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth

56

MUSIC PAGE **63**

Battle Hymn of the Women's Crusade.

Tune—The Battle Hymn of the Republic.

1.—

The light of truth is breaking, on the mountain
tops it gleams;
Let it flash along our valleys, let it glitter on our
streams;
Till all our land awakens in its flush of golden
beams.
Our God is marching on.

CHO.—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Our God is marching on.

2.—

With purpose strong and steady, in the great
Jehovah's name,
We rise to snatch our kindred from the depths of
woe and shame,

And the jubilee of freedom to the s'aves of sin proclaim.

Our God is marching on
CHO.—Glory, etc.

3.—

Our strength is in Jehovah and our cause is in His care ;
With Almighty arms to help us, we have faith to do and dare,
While confiding in the promise that the Lord will answer prayer.

Our God is marching on.
CHO.—Glory, etc.

57

MUSIC PAGE 64

The Children or the Drink.

1.—When drink invades the peaceful home,
And poisons all its life,
'Tis not content alone to rob
The husband and the wife.
The little ones must suffer too ;
Their joys are put to rout ;
And when the spell begins to work
The children find it out.

CHO.—O fathers, stop and think ;
O mothers, stop and think,

Which do you love the best on earth—
The children or the drink ?

- 2.—The little stockings, boots and shoes,
The toy, the top, the ball,
With every decent dress or hat,
The drunkard swallows all.
While he is wasting time and cash
In “drinks” of every sort,
To slake his ever burning thirst
The children’s food runs short.

CHO.—O fathers, etc.

- 3.—But only let the dreadful drink
Be banished far away,
Then plenty will succeed to want,
And night give place to day.
Once more the merry children smile,
As joy again appears ;
While soon they happily forget
The woes of early years.

CHO.—O fathers, etc.

58

MUSIC PAGE **65**

There’s Work to be Done.

- 1.—’Tis the song of the morning,
The words of the sun,
As he swings o’er the mountains
“There’s work to be done ;

I must wake up the sleepers,
And banish the night ;
I must paint up the heavens,
Tuck the stars out of sight

2.—“ Dry the dew on the meadows,
Put warmth in the air,
Chase the fog from the lowlands,
Stay gloom everywhere ;
Never pausing nor resting,
There's work to be done,
It is upward and onward,
Ever on,” says the sun.

3.—’Tis the song of our soldiers,
Who march bravely on,
“ There are souls to be gathered,
There's work to be done ;
We must wake up the sleepers,
And teach them to think ;
We must tell them the danger
That is lurking in drink.”

59

MUSIC PAGE **66**

Ring Out the Bells !

1.—Ring out the bells, the joyful bells !
The prohibition call,
To summon to the jubilee
Our friends, both great and small

We've struggled on in hopeful toil
For many a weary year,
And now the waiting days are o'er,
The jubilee is here.

CHO.—The joyful bells, the prohibition bells,
The victory bells, the prohibition bells,
Ring out the bells, the merry bells ;
The jubilee is here.
Ring out the bells, the merry bells ;
The jubilee is here !
The jubilee is here !
The jubilee is here !

2.—Ring out the bells, the joyful bells :
The jubilee has come
To make our nation truly free ;
Free from the curse of rum.
Our cause sweeps o'er the blessed land,
Our hearts with praise are warm ;
The better days have come at last,
The days of glad reform.

CHO.—The joyful bells, etc.

3.—Ring out the bells, the joyful bells !
The sun of victory shines ;
Its golden radiance cheers our souls ;
The power of drink declines.

The triumph notes ring glad and clear ;
Right glad of soul are we ;
All hail the victory of the right !
All hail the jubilee !

CHO.—The joyful bells, etc.

60

MUSIC PAGE **68**

Now Sing with Joyful Hearts and Voices.

1.—Now sing with joyful hearts and voices,
We're on our way, good cheer to-day !
While every heart with hope rejoices,
We've come to stay, we've come to stay.

CHO.—No turning back, right on we press,
Our cause the Lord will bless ;
We fight against grim Satan's powers,
The vict'ry will be ours ;
We make the most of precious, precious
hours,
The victory will soon, will soon be ours.

2.—Now work a thorough reformation ;
We work with hope, we work with hope
For purity throughout the nation ;
We'll work and vote, we'll work and vote.

CHO.—No turning back, etc.

3.—Now praise the lord for promise spoken ;
We're in the right, God speed the fight !
Praise Him whose word was never broken ;
The Lord is King, the Lord is King.

CHO.—No turning back, etc.

61

MUSIC PAGE 69

The Wanderer's Return.

1.—My wand'ring boy came home to-day,
And proud and pleased am I.
For many a year he's roamed abroad
In sin and misery.
But now he's signed the pledge and all
Is happy, bright and gay ;
The danger's past, he's saved at last,
My boy's come home to stay.
The danger's past, he's saved at last,
My boy's come home to stay.

CHO.—My boy's come home to stay,
My boy's come home to stay.
The danger's past, he's saved at last,
My boy's come home to stay.

2.—My wandering boy's come home to-day,
The Lord has heard my prayer ;
When He saw fit He took away
My load of anxious care.

For since my boy's come home again,
Night seems turned into day ;
||: No more alone, my boy's come home ;
Yes, he's come home to stay. :||

CHO.—My boy's come home, etc.

3.—My wand'ring boy's come home again,
God bless the noble few
Who saved my boy from drunkard's doom,
And safely brought him through.
Yes, he's come home to me once more,
And treads in wisdom's way ;
||: You little know the joy that's mine
Now he's come home to stay. :||

CHO.—My boy's come home, etc.

4.—My wand'ring boy's come home again,
But oh ! how many more,
Are roaming still, whilst friends at home
For them are grieving sore.
Then let us work as best we can,
To save them whilst we may,
||: And then this song we'll raise e'er long,
“ Our boys are home to stay. ” :||

CHO.—Our boys are home to stay,
Our boys are home to stay,
All danger's past, they're safe at last,
Our boys are home to stay.

Great Founder of Our Cause, Look Down.

Tune—Hebron, L M.

- 1.—Great Founder of our cause look down
And bless our labors as Thine own ;
Our common foe drive far away,
And bid fair temp'rance bear the sway.
- 2.—A tyrant has usurped her throne,
Beneath whose reign the world doth groan ;
Bid temp'rance now resume her reign,
And earth's dread waste shall bloom again.
- 3.—O breathe Thy Spirit on our cause,
And we shall vanquish all our foes ;
Let truth with knowledge fly abroad
Till all own Thee, our Father, God.

The Dawning of the Day.

- 1.— Cheer, comrades, cheer, we're sure to win,
There's vict'ry on before ;
The day, the day is coming in
To bless our native shore.
Speed on the time—arise, arise !
The drink shall pass away

As mist before the glad sun flies,
At the dawning of the day.

CHO.—The dawning of the day
When the drink is swept away,
By the spread of right and the Gospel
light,
At the dawning of the day.

2.—The nation moves—it stirs at last
To aid the cause of right;
Brave men, brave men are gath'ring fast,
All eager for the fight.
Hark to their tramp—they come, they come,
Heav'n speed them on their way,
To save our land and bless each home
At the dawning of the day.

CHO.—The dawning of the day, etc.

3.—Cheer, comrades, cheer, be true and brave,
The vict'ry you shall win ;
Your arms, your arms the land must save,
The day is coming in.
Forth in the Lord—be strong, be strong
On your triumphant way,
And the hills shall ring with a joyful song
At the dawning of the day.

CHO.—The dawning of the day, etc.

Stand Up For Temperance.

Tune—Webb, 7s 6s D.

- 1.—Stand up, stand up for temp'rance,
 Ye soldiers of our cause ;
 Lift high our royal banner,
 Nor let it suffer loss.
 From vict'ry unto vict'ry
 Our army shall be led,
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 And all are free indeed.

- 2.—Stand up, stand up for temp'rance,
 Against unnumbered foes ;
 Your courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose ;
 Forth to this mighty conflict—
 Go in this glorious hour—
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

Song of a Thousand Years.

- 1.— Temperance men, go raise your standard ;
 Lo ! for your guide a star appears ;
 Forward, ye braves, the daylight's breaking,
 And it will shine a Thousand Years.

CHO.—A Thousand Years, my own Columbia,
'Tis the glad day so long foretold ;
'Tis the glad morn, whose early twilight
Washington saw in times of old.

2.— These are the times that try true courage—
Never give place to doubt or fear ;
Why should you doubt?—the bow of promise
Surely will stand a Thousand Years.

CHO.—A Thousand Years, etc.

3.— Cheer up, brave hearts, proclaim the tidings,
Shout aloud in the drunkard's ear,
Touch not the cup, but pledge your honor,
You will not drink for a Thousand Years.

CHO.—A Thousand Years, etc.

4.— Lo ! the bright star, in glory riding
High in the heav'ns, each heart it cheers ;
Join the glad shout, swell out the chorus,
Jubilee lasts a Thousand Years.

CHO.—A Thousand Years, etc.

5.— Brewers who live, and feast and fatten
On the crushed hearts and widows' tears,
Soon shall you hear in tones of thunder,
Stop your work for a Thousand Years !

CHO.—A Thousand Years, etc.

6.— Drinkers, the time is hastening onward,
When your proud looks, your scoffs and
sneers

Shall be dried up, and Prohibition
Legally reign a Thousand Years.

CHO.—A Thousand Years, etc.

66

MUSIC PAGE 75

All Unite in Singing.

Tune.—Auld Lang Syne.

1.—Come, friends and brethren, all unite
In songs of hearty cheer ;
Our cause speed onward in its might ;
Away with doubt and fear.
We give the pledge, we join the hand,
Resolved on victory ;
We are a bold, determined band,
And strike for liberty.

2.—The cup of death no more we take ;
That cup no more we give ;
It makes the head, the bosom ache—
Ah ! who can drink and live ?
We give the pledge, we join the hand,
Resolved on victory ;
We are a bold, determined band,
And strike for liberty.

The Old Oaken Bucket.

1.—

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
 When fond recollection presents to my view,
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-
 wood,

And every loved spot which my infancy knew ;
 The wide-spreading pond and the mill which
 stood near it,
 The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell ;

The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
 And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

2.—

The moss-covered bucket I hail as a treasure,
 For often at noon when returned from the field,
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
 The purest and sweetest that nature could yield.
 How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glow-
 ing,

And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell ;
 Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing
 And dripping with coolness it rose from the well.
 The old oaken bucket, etc.

3.—

How sweet from the green mossy rim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips ;
Not a full flowing goblet could tempt me to
leave it,

Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, etc.

68

MUSIC PAGE 77

Yield Not to Temptation.

I.—Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin ;
Each vic'try will help you
Some other to win ;
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

CHO.—Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen and keep you,
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

2 -- Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in rev'rence,
Nor take it in vain ;
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind-hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

Cho.—Ask the Saviour, etc.

3.--To him that o'ercmeth
God giveth a crown,
Thro' faith we shall conquer,
Tho' often cast down ;
He who is our Saviour,
Our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

CHO.—Ask the Saviour, etc.

69

MUSIC PAGE 78

They are Coming from the Mountains.

I.—
They are coming from the mountains to the great
campaign,
That is waking up the nations all around us ;
East and West their forces blending,

North and South the line extending,
Gladly hail us with the grand refrain

CHO.—

Then hurrah for prohibition now and ever
From the battle will we turn our faces never,
Till the foe shall fall before us, and our Prohibition
chorus,
Shall proclaim the mighty conquest won.

2.—

They are coming strong and valiant to the great
campaign,
That will make the bold oppressor fear and
tremble ;
From our daily growing numbers,
With a zeal that never slumbers,
O'er the world is heard the grand refrain.

CHO —Then hurrah, etc.

3 —

We are bound to be the victors in the great cam-
paign,
And to break the yoke of alcohol's oppression :
In the battle fiercely raging,
Let us one and all engaging,
Sing and shout aloud the grand refrain.

CHO.—Then hurrah, etc

Jesus Shall Reign.

Tune—Uxbridge, L. M.

- 1.—Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more !
- 2.—For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His name, like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3.—People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love, with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.
- 4.—Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blessed.
- 5.—Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen !

The Worker's Song.

1.—To those who bravely take their star,
 The good, the true, the brave;
 In this and every other land,
 Who would their country save;
 We sing a song, a temp'rance song,
 The hearts of all to cheer;
 If wrong to right must yield its might,
 Then what is there to fear?

CHO.—Then what is there to fear?
 Then what is there to fear?
 If wrong to right must yield its might,
 Then what is there to fear?

2.—With courage, then, work, watch and pray,
 Uniting heart and hand,
 To drive the curse of drink away
 From this, and every land.
 Oh, workers all, in every clime,
 The coming victory hail,
 For God will give the harvest-time,
 We never knew Him fail!

CHO.—||: We never knew Him fail! :||
 For God will give the harvest time,
 We never knew him fail!

3.—The tem'prance cause is gaining ground,
'Tis pushing to the fore ;
With rapid strides it speeds along,
And spreads from shore to shore.
The land we love, the land we prize,
Shall from the curse be free,
And small and great, shall celebrate
A Tem'prance Jubilee.

CHO.—||: A Tem'prance Jubilee, ;||
And small and great shall celebrate
A Tem'prance Jubilee.

72

MUSIC PAGE 81

Little Drops.

- 1 —Little drops of claret,
Now and then, at first,
Forms an awful habit,
And a dreadful thirst.
- 2.—Little drinks of lager,
Little cups of ale,
Makes the biggest guzzler—
Never knew it fail.
- 4.—Little kegs of whisky,
Often brought from town,
Makes a man a monkey,
Or a silly clown.

- 4.— Little drops of brandy,
Little drops of rye,
Make the mighty toper,
And a rummy eye.

73

MUSIC PAGE 82

And Are Ye Sure the News is True?

- 1.—And are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's signed?
I can't believe the joyful tale,
And leave my fears behind;
If John has signed and drinks no more,
The happiest wife am I,
That ever swept a cottage hearth,
Or sung a lullaby.

CHO.—For there's no luck about the house,
For there's no luck at all,
And gone's the comfort of the house,
Since he to drink did fall.

- 2.—Whose eye so kind, whose hand so strong,
Whose love so true will shine,
If he has bent his heart and hand,
The temp'rance pledge to sign;
But what puts breaking in my head?
I trust he'll taste no more;
Be still, be still, my beating heart!
Hark! hark! he's at the door.

CHO.—For there's no luck, etc.

3.—And blessings on the helping hands
That sent him back to me ;
Haste, haste, ye little ones, and run
Your father's face to see ;
And are you sure, my John, you've signed,
And are you sure 'tis passed,
Then mine's the happiest, brightest home,
On temp'rance shores, at last.

CHO.—There's been no luck about the house,
For there's no luck at all,
And heaven preserve my own good man,
That he may never fall.

74

MUSIC PAGE 83

Shall We See the Victory?

Tune.—Shall we Gather at the River?

1.—Shall we see the brighter beaming,
Of an error yet to be ?
Will the signs that now are gleaming
Bring the temperance jubilee ?

CHO.—Yes, the victory is nearing !
The victory, the victory is nearing !
Shouts of gladness we are hearing
From hosts that our pledge makes free.

- 2.—Shall we see the light returning
To sad homes of deepest woe?
And love's altar fires new burning
Where the cup had quenched their glow?
- 3.—Shall we see the young and gifted
Standing forth in manly strength?
Shall the masses all be lifted
To the purer life at length?

75

MUSIC PAGE 83

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

- 1.—Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!
- 2.—Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

Sparkling Water.

1.—Water, water, sparkling water,
Best of earthly gifts to men :
How it dances in the sunlight,
How it races thro' the glen !
Out into the open meadow,
Where the birds sing with delight,
See, it spreads itself in mirrors
That reflect the stars of night.

CHO.—Water ! Water !
Water, water, sparkling water,
Best of earthly gifts to men.

2.—Gaily dancing, plunging, skipping,
Now 'tis here and then 'tis there,
Softly whispers, sweetly murmurs,
Bringing gladness everywhere :
Water, water, sparkling water !
Oh ! that it could wash away,
Every stain of sin and sorrow,
Caused by rum's relentless sway.

When Rum Shall Cease to Reign.

1.—

Get ready for the jubilee, hurrah ! hurrah !
When this our country shall be free, hurrah !
hurrah !

The girls will sing, the boys will shout,
When alcohol is driven out ;
||: And we'll all feel gay when whisky is no more, ||:

2.—

We're only children now you know, hurrah !
hurrah !

But temperance children always grow, hurrah !
hurrah !

The girls will all be women then,
The boys, of course, will all be men,
And we'll all fight rum till rum shall be no more.

3.—

From Maine to California, hurrah ! hurrah !
From Delaware to Canada, hurrah ! hurrah !
The struggle now is going on,
And when the mighty victory's won,
We'll all feel gay that whisky reigns no more.

4.—

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 bye-and-bye,
We'll all feel gay that whisky reigns no more.

Help Just a Little.

- 1.—Brother for Christ's kingdom sighing,
 Help a little, help a little ;
 Help to save the millions dying,
 Help just a little.
- CHO.—Oh, the wrongs that we might righten !
 Oh, the hearts that we might lighten !
 Oh, the skies that we might brighten !
 Helping just a little.
- 2.—Is thy cup made sad by trial ?
 Help a little, help a little ;
 Sweeten it with self-denial,
 Help just a little.
- 3.—Though no wealth to thee is given,
 Help a little, help a little ;
 Sacrifice is gold in heaven,
 Help just a little.
- 4.—Let us live for one another,
 Help a little, help a little ;
 Help to lift each fallen brother,
 Help just a little.
- 5.—Though thy life is pressed with sorrow,
 Help a little, help a little ;
 Bravely look t'wards God's to-morrow,
 Help just a little.

MUSIC PAGE 87
Touch Not the Cup.

1.—

Touch not the cup, it is death to the soul ;
 Touch not the cup ; touch not the cup,
 Many I know who have quaffed 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, oh, beware !
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.

2.—

Touch not the cup when the wine glistens bright ;
 Touch not the cup, touch not the cup ;
 Tho' 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 it will get plunge beyond thy control ;
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.

3.—

Touch not the cup, 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 the lonely and desolate tomb,
 Think of the death, of the sorrow and gloom,
 Think that perhaps thou may'st share in the doom ;
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.

4.—
Touch not the cup ; O drink not a drop ;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup ;
They whom thou lovest entreat thee to stop ;
Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Stop ! for thy home that to thee is so near ;
Stop ! for thy friends that to thee are so dear ;
Stop ! for thy country, the God that you fear.
Touch not the cup, touch it not.

80

MUSIC PAGE 88

Good News.

1.—Oh ! happy, happy tidings,
That reach our ears to-day,
The temp'rance flags are flying,
Along the great highway,
The trumpet blast has sounded,
O'er mountain, hill and lea,
The tyrant rum is tott'ring,
Our land shall yet be free.

CHO.—From worse than heathen bondage,
On land or on the sea,
From worse than Egypt's darkness,
Our land shall yet be free.

2.—Rum dealers sit in council,
They know their cause is weak,

They see the temp'rance cyclone,
And safety they would seek.
Upon the wall is written,
That every man may see,
In heavenly script the sentence,
"The land shall yet be free."

CHO.—From worse than heathen bondage, etc.

3.—Then earnest men and women,
Who stand up for the right,
Gird on your trusty armor,
And enter in the fight.
The world is growing better,
Our temp'rance fruit we see,
And we in joy repeat it,
The land shall yet be free.

CHO.—From worse than heathen bondage, etc.

81

MUSIC PAGE 89

Let Us Sing With Voice and Mind.

Tune—Harts, 7s.

1.—Let us sing with voice and mind,
Praises to the Lord most kind ;
Who hath filled the earth with good
Water pure and wholesome food.

2.—Thou dost send, O Lord, the vine,
And each grape contains sweet wine,
But this wine, when it decays,
Poisonous qualities displays.

3 --And the barley in the fields,
Nourishment and gladness yields,
But when spoil'd for ale and beer,
Sorrow comes, and want and fear.

82

MUSIC PAGE 90

Prohibition is Marching On!

I —

Prohibition is marching on to win the day,
Prohibition is marching on, so clear the way!

Be you party man or not, let your party be
forgot,

Prohibition is now the question of the day.

CHO.—

Fall into line, boys, fall into line, boys,
Prohibition is marching on! prohibition is
marching on!

Fall into line, boys, fall into line, boys,
Prohibition is marching on to win the day!

2.—

High license car never meet our just demand;
Politicians will have to take a better stand;
For the truth is very clear, we must banish rum
and beer,

Prohibition alone will benefit the land.

СНО.—Fall into line, etc.

3.—

If you are convinced we are right, let's go ahead,
Never stop 'till the liquor system shall be dead ;
Every pound you lift will tell, every vote the count
will swell,

Prohibition must plant her standard in the lead !

СНО.—Fall into line, etc.

83

MUSIC PAGE 92

Move Along ! March Along !

1.—

Of all the glorious war-cries that fill the public ear,
The cry for prohibition is the one we love to hear ;
From shore to shore it echoes, the greatest and the
best,

From Maine as far as Mexico, from East unto the
West.

СНО.—

Then move along ! March along ! Make no delay !
Work in right good earnest ! Stand in line to-day !
Our hearts are warm, our hands are strong ;
You may depend that prohibition principles will
triumph in the end.

2.—
The Prohibition cause at first seemed very small
indeed,
And people shook their heads and said it ne'er
would take the lead ;
But the biggest politicians and other men of note,
Have now begun to figure up the Prohibition vote.

CHO.—Then move along ! etc.

3.—
Our liberty and bondage have been a little mixed,
When slavery was blotted out we thought it all
was fixed ;
But though we're marching onward now, how sad
it is to think
Our nation's bound in chains to-day by slavery to
drink,

CHO.—Then move along ! etc

4.—
But better times are coming soon, and presently
we'll see
The new emancipation days, the land from drink
set free ;
For Prohibition's bound to win, of that we're very
sure,
The land shall be redeemed from death—the
people shall be free.

CHO.—Then move along ! etc.

Trust in God and Do the Right.

- 1.—Courage, brother! do not stumble,
 Tho' thy path be dark as night,
 There's a star to guide the humble,
 "Trust in God and do the right;"
 Tho' the road be long and dreary,
 And the end be out of sight,
 Foot it bravely, strong or weary,
 "Trust in God and do the right."

CHO.—||: Do the right, do the right ;
 Trust in God, and do the right. :||

- 2.—Perish "policy" and cunning,
 Perish all that fears the light ;
 Whether losing, whether winning,
 "Trust in God and do the right ;"
 Shun all forms of guilty passion—
 Friends can look like angels bright,—
 Heed no custom, school or fashion ;
 "Trust in God and do the right."

CHO.—Do the right, etc.

- 3.—Some will love thee, some will hate thee,
 Some will flatter, some will slight ;
 Cease from man and look above thee,
 "Trust in God, and do the right."

Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and shining light,
Star upon our path abiding,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

CHO.—Do the right, etc.

84

MUSIC PAGE 95

Rally for the Right.

Tune Webb.

1.—The battle-cry is sounding.
We hear it from afar ;
The Lord his host is mustering
For Zion's holy war.
Awake ! O slumbering Christian !
Arouse thee to the fight ;
Gird on the Gospel armor,
And rally for the right.

2.—We will not faint or falter,
Or fear the cross and shame ;
The Lord of Hosts is with us—
We wrestle in his name.
Who loses life shall find it
In him our glorious head,
When every foe is vanquished.
And sin itself is dead.

- 3.—Who is this King of Glory,
Who leads the chosen band?
The Lord our God Almighty,
And none can stay his hand.
Ride on, O conquering Saviour,
In majesty divine,
And in Thy peerless beauty,
Shall all Thy armor shine.

84

MUSIC PAGE 96

The Fountain.

- 1.—A song, a song to the bubbling spring,
So clear and bright;
Let us all its praises sing,
Sing, sing to-night.

CHO.—Sparkling little fountain,
Singing ever gaily,
Cheer us with thy music,
Cheer us, cheer us daily.
Tra la la la la la la la la la, tra la la,
tra la la,
Tra la la la la la la la la la,
Cheer us, cheer us daily.

- 2.—How sweet it is, when tired and faint,
With noon tide heat,

Here to quaff the gushing wave,
Cool, cool and sweet.

CHO.—Sparkling little fountain, etc.

3.—No grief nor discord here is found,
; None here is found ;
Peace, and love, and joy abound,
Joy, joy abound.

CHO.—Sparkling little fountain, etc.

4.—Then drink away, boys, freely drink,
Yes, drink, drink, drink ;
Fill your cups, fill to the brink,
Fill to the brink.

CHO.—Sparkling little fountain, etc.

5.—A bumper now to ladies all,
To ladies all ;
To ladies short, to ladies tall,
I like them all.

CHO.—Sparkling little fountain, etc.

Oh, Pity the Tempted.

1.—

Oh, pity the tempted and tried,
 Who fall into error and wrong,
 And do not their weakness deride,
 But help them to rise and be strong ;
 Their hot tears may fall like the rain,
 And they may be fainting and sad ;
 By their side, by their side, to uphold them remain,
 Still cheer them with hope that is glad.

2.—

In memory of innocent youth,
 And joys of the daisy-pied mead,
 Be tender in speaking the truth,
 And gentle in look and in deed.
 By the future more blest than the past
 That we're seeking and longing to share,
 Be hopeful of leading at last
 The wayward to paths that are fair.

Hurrah for Sparkling Water.

1.—Hurrah for sparkling water !
 The cool, the pure and free ;
 The silver splashing water,
 That murmurs o'er the lea.

It gives us health and vigor,
It makes us bold and strong ;
Unfurl the Temp'rance banner,
And this shall be our song.

CHO.—Hurrah ! hurrah !
Hurrah for sparkling water !
Hurrah ! hurrah for water,
The cool, the pure and free.

2.—Hurrah for sparkling water,
We love the pearly rill,
That glides along the valley,
Beside the woodland hill.
The merry laughing water,
We hail it with delight ;
It fills our heart with gladness,
And makes our dwelling bright.

CHO.—Hurrah ! hurrah ! etc.

3.—As stream with stream uniting,
In beauty wend their way,
To seek the mighty ocean
And mingle with its spray.
So may our growing numbers,
Our strength and union prove,
Till all shall reach the haven,
Of joy, and peace, and love.

CHO.—Hurrah ! hurrah ! etc.

We are Coming to the Battle

1.—

We are coming to the battle of the weak against
the strong,
We are coming to the conflict of the right against
the wrong ;
We are coming to the rescue of our country and
our home,
We are coming to the help and hope of years that
are to come

CHO.—

Then raise the flag of Prohibition, wave it as o
yore,
We are coming to the rescue with a hundred thous-
and more ;
We are coming, yes we're coming,
We are coming with a hundred thousand more.

2.—

We are coming in our early days to aid the good
and true,
We are coming in our youthful strength with faith
to dare and do ;
We are coming in our love for friends in country
and in town,
We are coming in the might of God to put the
tyrant down.

CHO.—Then raise the flag, etc.

3.—

We are coming ere the tempter has had time to
forge his chain

To bind us fast and make us slaves in evil's dark
domain ;

We are coming with our little help to do what we
can do

For other's good, for God's own cause, in all the
wide world thro'.

CHO.—Then raise the flag, etc.

88

MUSIC PAGE **101**

I'll Drink No More.

Round for Four Voices.

1. I'll drink no more gin sling,
2. I'll drink no sling made of gin,
3. No rum or whisky flip, or brandy,
4. Wine, or any such thing.

88

MUSIC PAGE **102**

The Cleansing Fountain.

- 1.—There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

CHO —||:Lose all their guilty stains, :||
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2.—The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

CHO —Wash all, etc.

3.—Thou dying lamb ! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God,
Are saved to sin no more.

CHO.—Are saved, etc.

4.—E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

CHO.—And shall be, etc.

5.—Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

CHO.—Lies silent, etc.

The Temperance Ship.

- 1.—Take courage, temperance workers,
You shall not suffer wreck,
While up to God the people's prayers
Are raising from your deck.
Wait cheerily, temp'rance workers,
For daylight and for land,
The breath of God is in your sail,
Your rudder in His hand !
- 2.—Sail on ! sail on ! deep freighted
With blessings and with hopes ;
The good of old with shadowy hands
Are pulling at your ropes,
Behind you holy martyrs
Uplift the palm and crown ;
Before you unborn ages send
Their benedictions down.
- 3.—Courage ! your work is holy,
God's errands never fail !
Sweep on through storm and darkness,
The thunder and the hail !
Work on ! sail on ! the morning comes,
The port you yet shall win ;
And all the bells of God shall ring
The ship of temp'rance in.

How Beautiful to See.

- 1.—How beautiful ! how beautiful !
O yes, we soon shall see,
The blessed land, our own dear land,
From curse of drink set free ;
Our sons and daughters in their might,
Invincible shall stand,
||: And gladly join the songs of praise,
That God hath saved our land, :||
- 2.—How beautiful ! how beautiful !
If ev'ry brother's name
Were rescued from its old reproach,
The scoffing and the shame ;
And dashing ev'ry chain away,
How beautiful to see,
||: The drunkard rise to be a man,
Intelligent and free :||
- 3.—How beautiful ! how beautiful !
If thro' this land of ours,
Each village wore the happy smile,
Of sunshine and of flowers ;
Then should the bulwarks of the State,
Erect in glory stand,
||: And hope re-light her dying torch,
To brighten up the land. :||

Vote it Out!

- 1.—There's an evil in the land,
 Rank with age and foul with crime,
 Strong with many a legal band,
 Money, fashion, use and time ;
 'Tis the question of the hour,
 How shall we the wrong o'erpower ?
 Vote it out ! Vote it out !
 This will put the thing to rout

CHO.—Vote it out, vote it out,
 Let us rise and vote it out.

- 2.—We have beg'd the traffic long,
 Beg'd it both with smile and tears,
 To abate the flood of wrong,
 But it answered us with sneers ;
 We are weary of the scourge,
 This the way at last we urge—
 Vote it out ! Vote it out !
 Loyal people raise the shout.

CHO.—Vote it out, etc.

- 3.—'Tis the battle of the hour ;
 Freemen, show your strength again ;
 In the ballot is your pow'r,
 This will bring the foe to pain ;

We have preach'd against the wrong,
We have pleá'd with words of song ;
Vote it out ! Vote it out !
Vote and pray with heart devout.

CHO.—Vote it out, etc.

4.—Never shall the promise fail,
God is with us for the right ;
Truth is mighty to prevail,
Faith shall end in joyous sight ;
We shall see the hosts of Rum
Palsied with affright and dumb ;
Vote it out ! Vote it out !
Thus we'll put the fiend to rout.

CHO.—Vote it out, etc.

Keep Step Ever.

1.—Would you gain the best in life ?
Win the prize 'mid all the strife ?
Hold your place thro' troubles rife ?
With the right keep step.
Know the world is watching you,
Be sincere in all you do,
With the good, the pure and true,
Ever firm keep step.

o CHO.—Keep step, keep step ever,
Keep step, keep step ever, keep step,
Keep step, keep step, keep step ever.

2.—Life is more than idle play,
And 'twill quickly pass away ;
Use aright each golden day,
With the good keep step.
There are earnest, pressing needs
Fill'd alone by truest deeds ;
Happy he, the call who heeds,
With the true keep step.

CHO.—Keep step, keep step ever, etc

3.—Look beyond the present hour,
Never yield to satan's power,
Tho' above the clouds may low'r,
With the truth keep step.
Onward press, nor on the way
Loiter once, or waste the day ;
God and Truth and Right all say,
Strong in faith keep step.

CHO.—Keep step, keep step ever, etc.

Unfurl the Temperance Banner.

Tune—Webb. Key of B flat

- 1.—Unfurl the Temperance Banner,
 And fling it to the breeze,
 And let the glad, hosanna
 Sweep over land and seas
 To God be all the glory
 For what we now behold—
 Oh! let the cheering story
 In every ear be told.

- 2.—Come, join the noble army,
 Enlist now for the fight;
 Maintain our nation's honor,
 Firm stand ye for the right;
 Promote the cause of temp'rance
 T'assist poor, fallen man;
 Put on the glorious armor;
 Be foremost in the van.

- 3.—Then rally round the standard,
 And let the work go on,
 Until the last dim vestige
 Of intemperance is gone.
 Be earnest in the battle,
 Your weapons boldly wield;
 You'll surely gain the victory,
 And make the monster yield.

Hurrah !

1.—

Shrink not in the battle, friends, because the foe
 is strong ;
 Think not rum shall always rule because he's
 reign'd so long ;
 We shall gain the victory, for right shall conquer
 wrong,
 If we are faithful to duty.

CHO.—

Hurrah ! hurrah ! all the people sing !
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! the vict'ry we will win !
 God will fight on our side againsts the hosts of sin.
 If we are faithful to duty.

2.—

Fearless, tho' a mighty foe ; we know our cause is
 right,
 Prohibition yet shall win, for right is always
 might ;
 Clouds of night shall disappear before the morning
 light,
 If we are faithful to duty.

CHO.—Hurrah ! hurrah ! etc.

Now Let Us Join in Cheerful Strain.

Tune—St. Martin's. C. M.

- 1.—Now let us join in cheerful strain,
The joys of temp'rance tell ;
Till every valley, hill and plain,
The song responsive swell.

- 2.—The cause we love, it bringeth joy ;
Rich blessings it bestows ;
Your pow'rs employ, strong drink destroy,
And lessen human woes.

Sound the Battle Cry !

- 1.—Sound the battle cry !
See ! the foe is nigh ;
Raise the standard high
For the Lord ;
Gird your armor on,
Stand firm every one ;
Rest your cause upon
His holy word.

CHO.—

Rouse, then, freemen, come from hill and valley ;
Fathers, brothers, earnest, brave and strong !

Onward, forward, all united rally,
"Death to Alcohol," your battle song !

2.—Strong to meet the foe,
Marching on we go,
While our cause we know
Must prevail ;
Shield and banner bright
Gleaming in the light ;
Battling for the right
We ne'er can fail.

CHO.—Rouse then, etc.

3.—Oh ! thou God of all,
Hear us when we call ;
Help us one and all
By thy grace ;
When the battle's done,
And the vict'ry won,
May we wear the crown
Before thy face.

CHO.—Rouse, then, etc.

97

MUSIC PAGE **111**

Prohibition Bells.

1.—The bells are ringing through the land,
They sound both loud and clear ;
They tell to all the world around,
— That freedom's day draws near.

CHO. --

Hear them bells ! Don't you hear them bells ?

They're ringing in the freedom of the land ;

Hear them bells ! Prohibition bells !

They're ringing in the freedom of the land.

2.—They're ringing out the reign of wrong,

They're ringing in the right ;

Old midnight errors flee away,

Behold the dawning light.

CHO.—Hear them bells, etc.

3.—They're ringing out the rum king's doom,

He totters on his throne ;

The right shall win, for God is right—

And God shall have His own.

CHO —Hear them bells, etc.

4 —They're bringing cheer to woman's heart,

God bless them, one and all ;

Before her faith, and pray'r's and zeal,

This giant wrong shall fall.

CHO.—Hear them bells, etc.

98

MUSIC PAGE **112**

We Are Strong.

I.—

We are strong, we are strong,

Tho' the contest be long,

We shall wave high our banner triumphant at last,

And the day soon shall come,

When the horrors of rum,
And the ruin it wrought shall be things of the
past.

CHO —

||: We are strong, we are strong, :||
Tho' the contest be long ;
We are strong, we are strong,
We shall wave high our banner triumphant at
last.

2.—

In our might, in our might,
We will fight for the right,
We will conquer the foe at the close of the day ;
And the lost of the land,
We shall bring to our band,
And teach them to walk in the beautiful way.

CHO.—We are strong, etc.

3.—

They shall turn from the night
To the morn and the light,
While the Lord girdeth up every wavering soul ;
Then rejoice ! oh, rejoice
With a jubilant voice !
Hail brothers released from the cup and the
bowl.

CHO.—We are strong, etc.

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Truth is Marching On.

1 —

We are toiling thro' the darkness, but our eyes be-
hold the light,
That is mounting up the eastern sky and beating
back the night ;
Soon with joy we'll hail the morning when our
Lord will come in might,
For Truth is marching on.

CHO.—

Marching, marching, Truth is ever marching ;
Brighter, clearer, comes the happy dawn ;
Marching, marching, Truth is ever marching ;
Ever marching on.

2 —

He will come in glorious majesty to sweep away
all wrong,
He will heal the broken-hearted, and will make
His people strong ;
He will teach our souls His righteousness, our
hearts a glad new' song,
For Truth is marching on.

3.—

He is calling on His people to be faithful, prompt
and brave,
To uplift again the fallen, and to help from sin to
save ;

To devote themselves for others, as Himself for
them He gave,
For Truth is marching on.

CHO.—Marching, marching, etc.

4.—Let us fight against the evil, with our faces
t'ward the light,
God is looking thro' the darkness, and He watches
o'er the fight ;
And His joy will be our recompense, His triumph
crown the right,
For Truth is marching on.

CHO.—Marching, marching, etc.

100

MUSIC PAGE **115**

Come Thou, Almighty King.

Tune—Italian Hymn, 6, 4.

- 1.—Come, thou almighty King ;
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise ;
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days !
- 2.—Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend ;
Come, and thy people bless,

And give thy word success :
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend '

3.—Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour :
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power '

3.—To Thee, great One and Three,
Eternal praises be
Hence, evermore :
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity.
Love and adore '

101

MUSIC PAGE 116

Ring It Out.

1.—Ring it out ! ring it out on every hand !
Reformation has begun !
Ring it out ! ring it out thro' all the land !
Victory is almost won !
'Tis war to the death with wine and beer,
With ale and gin and whiskey, too ;

Then join in our union, never fear—
Be earnest faithful, firm and true.

CHO.—Ring it out ! ring it out !
Let the reign of peace begin !
Ring it out with a shout !
Our cause is bound to win !

2.—Ring the bells in the east and in the west,
Reformation has begun !
All unite in the warcry—do your best !
Let the work be grandly done.
'Then raise up the standard, swell the song !
And press the foe on every field !
Till justice shall triumph over wrong,
And all the hosts of evil yield.

CHO.—Ring it out ! etc.

3.—Ring it out ! ring it out in ev'ry home !
Reformation has begun !
Let the young hear the call, let old age come,
Ev'ry heart should join as one,
Then labor at morn and work at noon,
Nor rest when ev'ning shadows fall ;
For victory grand shall crown us soon,
And truth an l right shall reign o'er all.

CHO.—Ring it out ! etc.

Storm the Fort.

1.—Ho ! my comrades ! see the signal
Jesus waves on high !
Satan's battlements are reeling.
Hear our Captain's cry.

CHO.—Storm the fort ! for I am leading,
I have shown you how !
Shout the answer back to heaven,
We are ready now !

2.—See, the lofty walls are frowning,
Held by Satan's pow'r ;
Sin enshrouds the world in darkness,
Now's the storming hour.

CHO.—Storm the fort ! etc

3 —See, the prophets now are showing
How the fort must fall ;
There is no such thing as failing,
Shout, my comrades, all !

CHO.—Storm the fort ! etc.

4.—Fierce and long the siege has lasted ;
But the end is near ;
Onward leads our great Commander,
Cheer ! my comrades, cheer !

CHO.—Storm the fort ! etc.

The Work is Going On!

I —

Although 'tis many, many years since temp'rance
work begun,
We'll never rest contented 'till the glorious work
is done ;
We'll labor on from dawn of day until the set of
sun—

The work is going on !

CHO.—

The work is going on ! Yes, the work is going
on !

In the name of God and home, the work is
going on !

The glorious day is coming when the vict'ry shall
be won—

The work is going on !

2.—

We'll battle for the rights of home, and all its
sacred joys,

We'll undermine the gay saloon that tempts our
darling boys ;

'Twill yield, if, may be, brick by brick ; my
friend, don't mind the noise,

The work is going on !

CHO.—The work is going on ! etc.

3.—The time will come, not in our day, perhaps,
but further on,
When temp'rance laws will rule the land that
freemen dwell upon ;
God speed the day, the glorious day when vict'ry
shall be won,—
The work is going on !

CHO.—The work is going on !

104

MUSIC PAGE **119**

My Faith Looks up to Thee.

Tune—Olivet, 6, 4.

- 1.—My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine.
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.
- 2 —May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire.
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm and changeless be—
A living fire.

3.—While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide.
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4.—When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll.
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

105

MUSIC PAGE **120**

Come, Join Our Crusade.

1.—Hurrah! Hurrah! now who's afraid
To come and join our great crusade?
Come to-day, no delay,
To work and fight, and watch and pray,
Raise triumph notes on high!
Our Prohibition cry
Rings out the land around—
God speed the sound!
Gladly help the work along,
With the voice of grateful song;
With the voice of hopeful, joyous song

CHO.—Hurrah ! Hurrah ! now who's afraid
To come and join our great crusade ?
Come to-day, no delay,
To work and fight, and watch and pray.

2.— Hurrah ! Hurrah ! no faltering heart !
In this great work need want a part !
Bright and brave ! come and save
The people from the drunkard's grave.
O'er hosts of crime and sin,
Sure vict'ry we will win.
On God we will depend
Firm to the end.
Men of faith and men of might !
Join the battle for the right !
Prohibition conquers in its might.

CHO.—Hurrah ! etc.

106

MUSIC PAGE 121

We are Marshalling the Forces.

1.—We are marshalling the forces,
Of an army true and strong ;
We are marching to the music
Of a ringing temp'rance song ;
We are going forth to battle
With a hydra-headed wrong,
Till one grand triumphant chorus
Shall the victors' shout prolong.

2.—Where the bugle calls to battle,
If Heav'n that call repeat,
If right and duty lead us,
There alone the path is sweet ;
Though the proud may deem this service,
Both for us and them unmeet,
Unheeding scorn or frowning,
We will go with fearless feet.

3.—We are pledged to guard each other,
And all those we love the best,
From the poisoned darts and arrows,
Of a fell destroyer's quest,
And our battle cry is "Onward !
No falt'ring and no rest,
Till his flaunting, mocking ensign
In dishonored dust is pressed."

107

MUSIC PAGE 121

My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

Tune—Laban.

1.—My soul, be on thy guard !
Ten thousand foes arise ;
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

- 2.—Oh ! watch, and fight and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er ;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3.—Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down ;
Thine arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

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MUSIC PAGE 122

Sleeping on Guard.

- 1.—Out from the camp-fire's red glowing,
Cheerfully shedding its light ;
On to the pickets we're going,
For the long watches of night ;
Let us be careful that slumber
Press not our eyelids too hard,
Surely not one of our number,
Must be found sleeping on guard.
- CHO.—Yes, sleeping on guard, sleeping on guard,
No, surely not one of our number,
Must be found sleeping on guard.
- 2.—Yonder rum's camp-lights are burning ;
Hark to the revelry there ;
Waiting the conflict returning,
Scouts round us throng everywhere ;

We must be watchful and ready,
See ev'ry entrance is barred,
Keeping our heads cool and steady,
All is lost sleeping on guard.

CHO.—Yes, sleeping on guard, etc.

- 3.—Our aim is vigilance ever,
We can allow no defeat,
True hearted soldiers will never,
Way from their duty retreat ;
Wary and watchful be keeping,
Though the task be e'er so hard,
; Knowing what dangers come creeping,
When they are sleeping on guard.

CHO.—Yes, sleeping on guard, etc.

109

MUSIC PAGE **123**

Blest be the Tie that Binds.

Tune—Boylston.

- 1.—Blest be the tie that binds,
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2.—Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

- 3.—We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

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MUSIC PAGE 124

Rallying Song.

- 1.—Fierce is our foe and marshalled in might,
And their motto is "Rum and Slaughter,"
But hand to hand their hireling band
We'll conquer with pure cold water.
Down with the flag they carry in pride,
For there's death in the air around it !
We'll sink their wine in the ocean brine,
Where no plummet of earth can find it.
- CHO.—Temperance men ! Rally again !
Rally ! Rally ! Rally ! Rally again !
Rally again ! Rally ! Rally ! Rally again !
- 2.—Hark to the cry that bids us arise !
'Tis the children, the wives, the mothers '
There's work to do for me and you,
While we fight against Rum, my brothers.
Flock to our side the brave and the true,
And the curse of the land we'll throttle ;
Till death we'll fight, God's with the right,
And we'll crash to the earth the bottle.
- CHO.—Temperance men ! etc.

What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

8s and 7s. Key of F.

- 1.—What a friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear ;
 What a privilege to carry
 Everything to God in prayer.
 Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
 Oh, what needless pain we bear—
 All because we do not carry
 Everything to God in prayer.
- 2.—Have we trials and temptations ;
 Is there trouble anywhere ?
 We should never be discouraged,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Can we find a Friend so faithful,
 Who will all our sorrows share ?
 Jesus knows our every weakness,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3.—Are we weak and heavy laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care ?
 Precious Savior, still our refuge,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee ?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer ;
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
 Thou will find a solace there.

Key-Note Song.

- 1.— There's a battle song to sing, song to sing,
And alarm-bell loud to ring, loud to ring ;
There's a drum beat to be heard,
And a nation to be stirred ;
Strike the key-note, ring it out, ring it out,
Send it with a loyal shout, loyal shout,
Send it with a loyal shout, loyal shout,
Loud and long, loud and long, loud and long,
Strike the key note bold and strong.
- 2.— Think it not a skirmish light, skirmish light,
'Tis to be a nation's fight, nation's fight !
City, towns shall feel the stroke,
Hills be darkened with the smoke,
Horse and foot in battle heat, battle heat,
||:Shall together clashing meet. clashing meet, :||
Not in play, not in play, not in play,
It shall be a sturdy fray.
- 3.— Hail, Columbia ! dare to be
God's peculiar land and free ;
Brothers, let the key-note ring,
Mothers pray and children sing ;
Drive the traffic to the wall,
|. Prohibition ! shout it all ; :||
Pray and vote ! pray and vote !
And ring out a grand key-note.

Sign To-Night.

- 1.— Sign to-night, sign to night, sign to-night,
 Why stand ye longer waiting ?
 The pledge is here within your reach,
 Why linger hesitating ?
 Sign to-night, sign to-night,
 Your heart will be the lighter ;
 'Twill cheer and comfort others, too,
 And make your path the brighter.
 Sign to-night, sign to-night,
 Oh, sign, sign to-night.
- 2.— Sign to-night, sign to-night, sign to-night,
 Ere Satan's chains have bound you ;
 Come, sign the pledge for God and man,
 And scatter joy around you.
 Sign to-night, sign to night,
 Behold the work of sorrow !
 A million homes are desolate !
 Oh, wait not for the morrow.
 Sign to-night, sign to-night,
 Oh, sign, sign to-night.
- 3.— Sign to-night, sign to-night, sign to-night,
 A million hearts are pleading,
 And fathers, mothers, children, too,
 For you are interceding.
 Sign to-night, sign to-night,

You shall regret it never ;
Come join our band and fight with us
To banish Rum forever.
Sign to-night, sign to-night,
Oh, sign, sign to-night.

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MUSIC PAGE **129**

Shun the Little Drop.

Tune—Brown, C. M.

1.—Oh ! deem it not an idle thing,
The little drop to shun,
For all the sorrow sin doth bring,
By little is begun.

2.—Oh ! deem it not an idle thing,
While children round thee play,
And from thy ways are fashioning,
Their life from day to day.

3.—Oh ! deem it not an idle thing,
The temp'rance cause to spread,
While young and old are travelling,
The road that drunkards tread.

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MUSIC PAGE **130**

Oh ! Come Where the Moss is Growing.

1.—Oh ! come where the moss is growing ;
Where the wild flow'rs scent the air ;

Where the breeze is softly blowing
Like the breath of an infant's pray'r.

CHO.—But away from the path of ruin ;
Near the drink saloon ne'er stay,
Tho' it glitters e'er so brightly,
Come away ! come away ! come away !

2.—Oh ! come where the woods are ringing,
Where the birds are all blithe and gay,
Like the heart, just pardoned, singing.
That all sin has been washed away.

CHO.—But away from the path of ruin, etc.

3.—Oh ! come where the dark blue ocean,
Rolls its waves on the rock-bound shore,
It may wake some purer motion
As ye list to its ceaseless roar.

CHO.—But away from the path of ruin, etc.

116

MUSIC PAGE **131**

The Drunkard's Wife.

Tune—Gaily the Troubadour.

I.—

Softly the drunkard's wife breathes forth her pray'r,
Sadly her bosom heaves, wild with despair,
Saying " For thee I pine, mourning alone—
Wanderer, wanderer, come to thy home !

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2.—

He with the revellers merrily sung,
Wildly he raised his voice, madly in song ;
She sang in sorrow's tone, why wilt thou roam ?
Wanderer, wanderer, come to thy home."

3.—

Hark ! 'tis her husband's voice rings in her ear !
See how the upturned eye melts with the tear :
" Wife of my bosom ! see, here I come—
Come like a wanderer, back to my home."

4.—

Brightly the drunkard's home shines in the ray ;
Sweetly the drunkard's wife smileth to-day ;
Drunkard no longer, her husband has come ;
Happiness—happiness brightens their home.

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MUSIC PAGE 132

The World Is Moving On.

- 1.—A song, a song to-day,
For those who meet the fray,
Where sunshine struggles with the night;
The cloud of Error's reign
Is lifting from the plain,
And brave hearts battle for the right.

CHO.—Oh, the world is moving on,
The world is moving on,
From lowland and from valley,
On mountain tops to rally ;
The battle bow is strung,
The banner is outflung,
And giant wrong no more is strong,
For the world is moving on.

2.—The Truth in durance long,
Is coming forth with song,
The nations catch the swelling cry ;
Oppression, crime and greed,
And superstition's creed,
Are stricken, driven out to die.

CHO.—Oh, the world, etc.

3.—Then shout and sing again
The new evangel strain,
That ushers in the rising day ;
The coming ages wait
At freedom's golden gate,
And brave hearts throng along the way.

CHO.—Oh, the world, etc.

While the Days Are Going By.

- 1.—There are lonely hearts to cherish
While the days are going by ;
There are weary souls who perish
While the days are going by.
If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue,
Oh, the good that we may do
While the days are going by.

CHO.—While going by, while going by,
Oh, the good we may be doing
While the days are going by.

- 2.—There's no time for idle scorning
While the days are going by ;
Let our face be like the morning
While the days are going by ;
Oh, the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes ;
Help our fallen brothers rise
While the days are going by.

CHO.—While the days, etc.

- 3.—All the loving links that bind us
When the days are going by

One by one we leave behind us
While the days are going by.
But the seed of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow
While the days are going by.
CHO.—While going by, etc.

119

MUSIC PAGE 135

Upon the Congo River.

Tune—Suwannee River.

1.—'Way down upon the Congo River,
Far, far away,
'Mid burning heat and wasting fever,
There's where the black folks stay.

CHO.—Hear the Afric natives crying
From the Congo's brink,
Oh, save us for we're dying, dying,
Dying from the curse of drink.

2.—All up and down the Congo region
Vile traders come,
Like evil fiends whose name is legion,
Bringing them the curse of rum.

CHO.—Hear the, etc.

Joyful Day!

- 1.— A glorious light hath burst around us,
 Joyful day! Joyful day!
 We see the chains that would have bound us,
 Joyful day! Joyful day!
 The sparkling wine we ne'er will crave,
 For tasting may our souls enslave,
 We drink the fountain's crystal wave,
 Joyful day! Joyful day!
- 2 — We'll sing to God a holy chorus,
 Joyful day! Joyful day!
 Truth shines in radiant brightness o'er us,
 Joyful day! Joyful day!
 A firm and dauntless host we stand,
 Ye millions join our temp'rance band,
 And plenty then will bless the land,
 Joyful day! Joyful day!
- 3.— The old and young come forth to hear us,
 Joyful day! Joyful day!
 And isles across the ocean cheer us,
 Joyful day! Joyful day!
 We'll spread the truth where man is found,
 Bear it to earth's remotest bound,
 Till every wind shall catch the sound,
 Joyful day! Joyful day!

Tobacco.

- 1.— What gives my breath an awful smell,
And hinders me from feeling well?
One single word the tale will tell!
Tobacco! Tobacco!

CHO.—
Tobacco's the curse of the land,
Tobacco's the curse of the land:
I pledge you, my friend,
I'll never defend that villainous weed tobacco.

- 2.— What keeps me spitting all the day
On fence and wall, till people say,
"I guess he'll spit his life away!"
Tobacco! Tobacco!

CHO.—Tobacco's the curse of the land, etc.

- 3.— I often ask the doctor why
So much of suffering have I?
In one short word he makes reply,
Tobacco! Tobacco!

CHO.—Tobacco's the curse of the land, etc.

- 4.— I'll then no more my health abuse,
Nor chew this weed nor spit its juice;
I give my pledge to never use
Tobacco! Tobacco!

CHO.—Tobacco's the curse of the land, etc.

5.—I tell you, friends, I will be free !
My passions' slave no more I'll be ;
And in my mouth no man shall see
Tobacco ! Tobacco !

CHO.—Tobacco's the curse of the land, etc.

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MUSIC PAGE **139**

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name !

Tune—Coronation C. M.

- 1.—All hail the power' of Jesus' name '
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2.—Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all ;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3.—Let every tribe and every tongue,
That bound creation's call,
Now shout in universal song
The crowned Lord of all ;
Now shout in universal song
The crowned Lord of all.

Breakers Ahead.

- 1.—In its stately pride the ship went down,
It was wrecked in sight of shore ;
For it struck the rock the breakers hid,
And it sank to rise no more.

CHO.—

There are breakers ahead,
There are breakers ahead in the smoothest tide,
There are treacherous rocks which the waters hide,
There are breakers, breakers ahead.

- 2.—In the countless homes that fill the land,
Are the young, the loved, the brave ;
Upon ruin's brink how many stand,
Are there none to warn and save ?

CHO.—There are breakers ahead, etc.

- 3.—In the golden light of life's fair morn,
Of their homes the joy and pride ;
Will they bless the land where they were born,
Or be wrecked upon the tide.

CHO.—There are breakers ahead, etc.

Work, for the Night is Coming.

Tune—Work Song, P. M., Key of F.

- 1.—Work, for the night is coming ;
Work through the morning hours ;
Work while the dew is sparkling ;
Work 'mid springing flowers ;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun ;
Work for the night is coming,
When man's work is done,

- 2.—Work, for the night is coming ;
Work through the sunny noon ;
Fill brightest hours with labor ;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

- 3.—Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies ;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more ;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

A Little Bow of Blue.

1.—My heart was very heavy,
 For my children cried for bread—
 I wept to see my little ones
 Go supperless to bed ;
 I listened for a footstep,
 As I'd often done before,
 Waiting for a staggering man
 To stumble thro' the door.
 But his step came firm and steady,
 And his eyes were clear and true,
 And on his ragged coat he wore
 A little bow of blue. :||

CHO.—A bit of ribbon blue,
 May seem little, perhaps, to you ;
 But oh ! how much it meant to me,
 That little bow of blue.

2.—He came and stood beside me,
 And stooped and kissed my face,
 Where tears but lately wip'd away
 Had left a burning trace ;
 Then, as my arm embraced his neck,
 Sweet hope came back anew,
 For on his ragged coat I saw
 A little bow of blue.

And his step came firm and steady,
And his eye was clear and true,
||:And on his ragged coat he wore
A little bow of blue.:||

CHO.—A bit of ribbon blue, etc.

3.—We knelt down by the bed-side,
Where the children lay asleep,
And prayed the Lord to give him strength
His new-made vow to keep.
Then to my lifted eyes a bow
Of promise rose in view ;
The bow that spanned my brightened sky
Was just a bow of blue.
For his step is firm and steady,
And his eye is clear and true,
||:And on his manly breast he wears
A little bow of blue.:!

CHO.—A bit of ribbon blue, etc.

4.—And is there one before me now,
Addicted to the cup ?
Oh, listen to a woman's prayer,
And give the idol up.
Do, while your heart is warm,
An act you'll never, never rue ;
Come, take our vow, and proudly wear
Our little bow of blue.

Then, with step that's firm and steady,
And eye both clear and true,
||:Wear in your heart and on your breast
Our little bow of blue.:||

CHO.—A bit of ribbon blue, etc.

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MUSIC PAGE 144

Save the Boy!

1.—Once he was so light and fair,
Glad and light and free,
Fill'd my soul with peace and joy,
Life was dear to me;
But he took the fatal glass,
'Twas a fleeting joy,
Drank, and low, the hand of death,
Grasp'd my darling boy.

CHO.—Save the boy! Save the boy!
Heav'n will ring with joy;
Loving hearts are pleading now,
Save, O save the boy.

2.—Once he was so brave and true,
Shunn'd the tempter's pow'r,
Once for right he firmly stood,
Till that dreadful hour;

Bright and sparkling was the cup,
Seem'd without alloy,
Fair the hand that captive led,
My poor wand'ring boy.

CHO.—Save the boy ! etc.

3.—Once he was my only hope,
Source of joy and pow'r,
Then I thought that love might clasp,
Hold him to my side ;
But, to-day my boy forsakes
Home with all its joy,
Far in sin he's wand'ring now,
Save, oh save my boy.

CHO.—Save the boy ! etc.

4.—Tell him, though he's wandered far,
Love can never die,
Lives in hope of his return,
Looks with patient eye ;
Loving hearts have pleaded long,
Pray'd for light and joy,
Keeping still a welcome there,
For the wand'ring boy.

CHO.—Save the boy ! etc.

The Right Shall Prevail.

Tune—Sweet By-and-By.

1.—

When the right over wrong shall prevail,
 When the woes of wine-drinking shall cease,
 Then all nations and people shall hail
 With a shout the grand triumph of peace.

CHO.—

It will come, by-and-by,
 When the race out of childhood has grown ;
 It will come, by-and-by—
 Then the age of true manhood shall dawn.

2.—

Right ordains that the old wrongs shall cease,
 And make way for the growth of reform ;
 Truth and wisdom proclaim from on high
 That the triumph of virtue must come.

CHO.—

It will come by-and-by,
 When the sway of foul passion is o'er ;
 It will come, by-and-by—
 Then fair reason shall rule evermore.

CHO.
 Oh !
 How
 No
 The

130

C

Tune

1.—C

2.—C

CHO.—

Oh ! to be rid of tobacco !
How shall we abolish tobacco ?

Now don't be a dunce, but drop it at once,
The habit of using tobacco !

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MUSIC PAGE **147**

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing !

Tune—Nettleton. 8s and 7s.

- 1.—Come, Thou Fount of every blessing !
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace ;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise :
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above ;
Praise the mount ; I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.
- 2.—Oh ! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be !
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee ;
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

A Good Time Coming.

Theme of Chorus from Freedman's Melody.

1.—There's a good time coming, friends,
A good time, a good time ;
There's a good time coming, friends,
'Tis almost here.

Oh, let us hope to see the day,
In the good time coming,
When earth shall glisten in the ray,
Of the good time coming.
Cannon balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger,
We'll win our battles by its truth,
Oh, wait a little longer.

CHO.— There's a good time coming, friends,
A good time, a good time ;
There's a good time coming, friends,
'Tis almost here.

2.—There's a good time coming, friends,
A good time, a good time :
There's a good time coming, friends,
'Tis almost here.
Then all shall pledge eternal hate,
In the good time coming,

To all that can intoxicate,
In the good time coming ;
They shall banish Alcohol,
And virtue shall grow stronger ;
The reformation has begun,
Oh, wait a little longer.

CHO —There's a good time coming, friends, etc

- 3.—There's a good time coming, friends,
A good time, a good time ;
There's a good time coming, friends,
'Tis almost here.
Then let us aid it all we can,
In the good time coming ;
Yes, ev'ry woman, ev'ry man,
In the good time, coming.
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Will make the impulse stronger,
It will be strong enough one day,
Oh, wait a little longer.

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MUSIC PAGE **149**

Dare We a License Give?

Tune—Duke Street. L. M.

- 1—Dare we a license give to sin,
Or sanction that which God abhors ?
When evil like a flood comes in,
Against it let us shut the doors.

- 2.—A compromise with this dread foe
To make, no liberty is given ;
Let magistrates and rulers know
How to respect the laws of heaven.
- 3.—Must law or its transgressors yield ?
Shall right succumb and law abound ?
Rather round virtue cast a shield,
And by her claims let all be bound.

133

MUSIC PAGE **150**

The Temperance Banner.

- 1.—Keep the temp'rance banner waving,
Bear it onward fearlessly,
It will lead the temp'rance army
To a glorious victory ;
Where its folds are grandly flying,
There are noble hearts and true ;
And however hard the struggle,
They will fight the battle thro'.

CHO.—

Waving, waving, waving, waving the temp'rance
banner high ;
Marching, marching, marching, marching on to
victory.

- 2.—They are valiantly engaging
With the foe upon the field,

CH
3.—

CH
13.

I.—

CHC

They have taken oath to conquer,
And the enemy must yield ;
They are desperately charging,
On the citadel of wrong ;
And the solid walls shall crumble,
That have stood for ages long.

CHO.—Waving, etc.

3.—Both the tippler and the drunkard
They will rescue from the grave,
And the smiling youths and children
From the monster they will save ;
Smiles shall take the place of weeping,
And the famishing be fed ;
Hail the mighty temp'rance army,
With their banner overhead.

CHO.—Waving, etc.

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MUSIC PAGE **151**

The Great Jubilee.

1.—Oh, what a good time there will be,
When rum shall infest us no more ;
Glad mothers, glad children we'll see,
In homes of the rich and the poor.

CHO.—We'll work for the great jubilee,
No field will we yield to the foe ;
The right over wrong shall prevail,
Then peace o'er the land we shall know.

2.—The great jubilee we will hail,
When Alcohol's reign shall be o'er ;
We'll shout it in anthems of praise,
And Jesus we'll ever adore.

CHO.—We'll work for the great jubilee, etc.

3.—March on, ye grand armies of truth,
Your banners of temp'rance still wave ;
Each day we are gaining recruits,
Fight on till the world shall be saved.

CHO.—We'll work for the great jubilee, etc.

135

MUSIC PAGE **152**

Keep in de Middle of de Road.

1.—For truth and right we take our stand,
Keep in de middle ob de road ;
For God, and Home, and Native Land,
Keep in de middle ob de road ;
The right shall win if God be true,
Then stand, ye men, and dare to do,
Your vows to him again renew,
Keep in de middle ob de road.

CHO.—

Den, children, keep in de middle ob de road,
Den, children, keep in de middle ob de road ;—
Don't you turn to de right, don't you turn to
de left,
But keep in de middle ob de road.

2.—Come all ye men who love the right,
Keep in de middle ob de road ;
Come aid us in this glorious fight,
Keep in de middle ob de road.
We'll hurl the rum king from the throne,
Then God the Lord shall have his own,
And liberty to all made known,
Keep in de middle ob de road.

CHO.—Den, children, etc.

3.—We've tried to pray the traffic out,
Keep in de middle ob de road ;
But votes will put the fiend to rout,
Keep in de middle ob de road.
Let prayers go up while votes go down,
In spite of scoff, or sneer or frown,
For all right efforts God will crown,
Keep in de middle ob de road.

CHO.—Den, children, etc.

4.—Our cause is right, and shall prevail,
Keep in de middle ob de road ;
With God there's no such word as fail,
Keep in de middle ob de road.
We fight against the hosts of sin,
'Gainst foes without, and foes within.
But in the end we're bound to win,
Keep in de middle ob de road

CHO.—Den, children, etc.

I Love the Cause of Temperance.

Tune—Sweet Rest in Heaven.

1.—I love the cause of temperance,
 'Tis good and true I know ;
 It gives a joy and blessing
 To many a heart of woe ;
 It makes the home of sadness
 A glad and bright abode ;
 And the drunkard, once so fallen,
 Is nearer brought to God.

CHO.—Lead us onward, O Lord,
 Lead us onward, O Lord ;
 ||:Lead us onward,:||
 Lead us onward, O Lord.

2.—Strong drink, impetuous ever,
 Sweeps like a rising flood,
 And downward beareth many
 That once were wise and good ;
 The poor man from his cottage,
 The monarch from his throne,
 And the young in life's fair morning,
 Are carried swiftly down.

CHO.—Lead us onward, etc.

3.—I would not be a drunkard
 For all the world can give,

In sorrow and in sadness
A sinful life to live ;
But still in words of kindness
I'll ask him to abstain,
And God may yet restore him
To happiness again.

CHO.—Lead us onward, etc.

137

MUSIC PAGE 154

The Ship Intemperance.

1.—A ship comes over the sea of time,
Freighted with human souls ;
And out on the billows dashing high,
The cry of their anguish rolls,
The masts are broken, the rudder gone,
Sails are all tattered and torn,
And high on the crest of rolling waves,
The ship t'ward the rocks is borne.

CHO.—Oh, pray to God, who alone can save,
As you never have prayed before ;
But look to it well that you're ready to help,
If any should come ashore.

2.—All unseaworthy she left the port,
Colors were flying fair ;
A slaver that buys up human souls,
And sells them to dark despair,

The ship Intemperance homeward bound,
Freighted with vassals of drink ;
To whirlpools of woe, she bears them on,
Oh, must they, her victims, sink ?

CHO.—Oh, pray to God, etc.

3.—See how she bounds on the sunken rocks,
Carried before the blast,
A ship that never could breast a gale,
She'll sink ere the storm is past.
'Tis only God who can bring to land
Shipwrecked and perishing souls ;
He surely will hear, so on the strand
We'll watch as each breaker rolls.

CHO.—Oh, pray to God, etc.

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MUSIC PAGE **155**

Beautiful Home with Temp'rance Blest.

Tune—Beautiful Star.

1.—Beautiful home, with temp'rance blest,
Happy they who find thy rest ;
Earth without thee were lost in gloom,
Home ever peaceful, beautiful home !

CHO.—Beautiful home !
Home ever peaceful, beautiful home !

- 2.—Beautiful home beyond compare,
Sweet thy strains of praise and prayer ;
Angel voices they seem to come,
Blending their songs of beautiful home.

CHO.—Beautiful home ! etc.

- 3.—Beautiful home ! how near to heav'n,
When to thee pure joys are giv'n ;
Rest and comfort for all who come,
Home ever peaceful, beautiful home !

CHO.—Beautiful home ! etc.

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MUSIC PAGE **156**

No, Sir !

- 1.—Why, my laddie, to my question,
Asking if with me you'll go
Where the ruby wine is flowing,
Do you always answer " No !"
No, sir. No, sir. No, sir. No, sir.
No, sir. No, sir No, sir. No.
- 2.—My mother is a temperance woman,
And she always says to me,
Answer " No " whene'er the tempter,
Oh, my laddie, tempteth thee !
No, sir ! etc.

3.—Ruby wine, I'll never take it,
I have often told you so ;
Every time the tempter asks me,
I shall always answer, " No !"
No, sir ! etc.

4.—If I ask you, lad or lassie,
Sitting here, beside the rill,
Now to pledge me in cold water,
Will you call me tempter still ?
No, sir ! etc.

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MUSIC PAGE 157

No, Sir ! No, Sir !

1.—Come, my lad, so bright and manly,
Will you drink a glass with me ?
We have wine, and beer, and cider,
Take your choice of what you see.
No, sir !

2.—Will you have a sip, fair maiden ?
Just a little does no harm :
It will give you strength and beauty,
It will heighten every charm.
No, sir !

3.—We the iron pledge have taken,
Standing resolute and free ;

Strong in our determination,
Boys and girls alike are we.

No, sir !

- 4.—Never, never, will we listen
To the tempter anywhere ;
To his blandest invitations
We will answer bold and square,
No, sir !
-

141

MUSIC PAGE 158

Which Way Is Your Musket a'Pin'tin' ?

1.—

In a little log church, in the State of Virginia,
Some negroes had gathered to worship the Lord;
And after the service they held a class-meeting,
That each for the Master might utter a word.
The leader exhorted and spoke of the warfare
That Christians should wage against error alway,
And finished by asking the following question :
“ Which way is your musket a-p'intin' to-day ? ”

CHO.—

||: “ Which way, which way, which way is your
musket a-p'intin' to-day ? ” :||

2.—

One after another gave in their experience :
Some brothers were happy, some luke-warm,
some cold ;

One saw his way clear to the portals of glory,
Another had strayed, like a lamb, from the fold.
At last Brother Barcus, a renegade member,
And Satan's companion for many a day,
Arose, cleared his throat, but though visibly nervous,
He folded his arms, and proceeded to say :

CHO.—Which way, etc.

3.—
“Dear brudders and sisters, I once was a Christian,
I fit for de church like a battle-scarred soldier,
And stood by her banner when traitors are near.”

SPOKEN—

“Hold on, dar,” the leader excitedly shouted,
“Please answer the questions I ax you, I say,
I’s given you credit for all you fit den, sir—
Which way is your musket a-p’intin’ to-day?”

4.—
Some people now speak of the “Glory of Temp’-
rance,”
And boast of their tee-total record and all—
Of Lodges, and Unions, and Clubs, active mem-
bers—
Take *big rents from tenants* who sell alcohol.
I’d liken their boast to the boast of old Barcus,
And then with the class-leader earnestly say :

“Hold on, dar, my brudder, just stick to de
question,
Which way is your musket a-p'intin' to-day?”

CHO.—Which way, etc.

5.—

Shall men who are training with bloated distillers,
• Whose traffic degrades fair Columbia's fame,
Receive from the people their lofty positions,
And use them to add to a nation's foul shame?
Shall they who bow down in the rumseller's caucus,
And *worship* the master they humbly obey;
Shall *they* lead the nation by Washington founded?
“Which way are their muskets a-p'intin to-day?”

CHO.—Which way, etc

6.—

The question, my friends, is of vital importance,
The nation is waiting in anxious suspense;
Each voter can wield a *political musket*,
Then wield it, I ask, in your country's defence!
The issue before us is plain and unclouded—
Shall our nation be ruled by King Alcohol's
sway?
I candidly ask *every* qualified voter,
“Which way is your musket a-p'intin' to-day?”

CHO.—Which way, etc.

Nearer, My God, To Thee!

Tune—Bethany.

1.—Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to thee !
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be—
||:Nearer my God to thee,:||
Nearer to thee !

2.—There let my way appear,
Steps unto heaven ;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given :
Angels to beckon me
||:Nearer my God, to thee,:||
Nearer to thee !

I'm Hiding, But Please, Sir, Don't Tell.

1.—
Within a dark garret in tenement house
A good man discovered one day,
A heap, near the rafters, of shavings and chips,
On which a poor little boy lay ;
Pray what are you doing in this place, my boy ?
Be sure that you answer me well ;

Good News, de Chariot's Comin'.

CHO.—

Good news, de chariot's comin', good news,
 De chariot's comin', good news,
 De chariot's comin', I doan' want her leave-a me
 behind.

1.—

Gwine to get up in de chariot, carry me home,
 Get up in de chariot, carry me home ;
 Get up in de chariot, carry me home,
 An' I doan' want her leave-a me behind.

Gwine to get up in de chariot, carry me home,
 Get up in de chariot, carry me home ;
 Get up in de chariot, carry me home,
 An' I doan' want her leave-a me behind.

2.—

Dar's a long white robe in de hebben, I know,
 A long white robe in de hebben, I know ;
 A long white robe in de hebben, I know,
 An' I doan' want her leave-a me behind.

Dar's a golden crown in de hebben, I know,
 A golden crown in de hebben I know ;
 A golden crown in de hebben, I know,
 An' I doan' want her leave-a me behind.

3.—

Dar's a golden harp in de hebben, I know,
 A golden harp in de hebben, I know

A golden harp in de hebben, I know,
An' I doan want her leave-a me behind.
Dar's silver slippers in de hebben, I know,
Silver slippers in de hebben I know ;
Silver slippers in de hebben, I know,
An' I doan' want her leave-a me behind.

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MUSIC PAGE 164

Labor On.

1.—Labor on, that right may triumph !
Strive with valiant heart and hand !
Labor on, the wrong to vanquish,
And to drive it from the land !
There are many plants of evil,
That corrupting fruit will bear,
There are many kinds of error,
Running riot everywhere !

CHO.—Labor on ! labor on !
Tho' the progress slow appears,
Yet the victory draweth near !
Labor on ! labor on !

2.—Labor on as ye have labored,
Every noble cause to aid !
Think you what has been accomplished,
By the efforts you have made !

Do not be discouraged, brothers,
God will aid you by His grace !
He will bless your good endeavors
For the needy human race !

CHO.—Labor on, etc.

- 3.—Labor on to crush the monster
That is ravaging the land ;
Wrecking both the soul and body,
Day and night on ev'ry hand !
Brothers, give not up the struggle
With the frightful demon, drink !
Strive to snatch his wretched victims
From destruction's dreadful brink !

CHO.—Labor on, etc

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MUSIC PAGE 165

Am I a Soldier of the Cross ?

Tune—Arlington, C. M.

- 1.—Am I a soldier of the cross—
A foll'wer of the Lamb,—
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name ?
- 2.—Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease :
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed thro' bloody seas ?

- 3.—Are there no foes for me to face ?
 Must I not stem the flood ?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God ?
- 4.—Since I must fight if I would reign,
 Increase my courage, Lord,
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by Thy word.

147

MUSIC PAGE 166

Rally, All.

- 1.—O rally ye from hill and vale,
 Come join our legions strong,
 Come, battle in a noble cause—
 A conflict 'gainst the wrong.

CHO.—Hear ye the call ! rally one and all !

Rally, for the foe is near !
 Blow ye the bugle ! sound the alarm !
 Rally, for the hosts appear !

- 2.—Intemperance and every ill,
 We'll seek to overthrow,
 Till peace and truth and righteousness
 Forever dwell below.

CHO.—Hear ye the call ! etc.

- 3.—The God of Israel's mighty host
Is leading in the fray ;
His arm is pow'r, His word is strength,
His law the living way.

CHO.—Hear ye the call ' etc.

- 4.—Oh, when the victory is won
We'll pitch our tents for aye,
On Judah's plains within the light
Of heaven's eternal day.

CHO.—Hear ye the call !

148

MUSIC PAGE **166**

Mourn for the Thousands Slain.

Tune—Boylston. Key of C.

- 1.—Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong ;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.
- 2.—Mourn for the lost, but call,
Call to the strong, the free ;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.
- 3.—Mourn for the lost, but pray,
Pray to our God above
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

The Water Drinker.

1.—

I am a drinker of water clear,
 And never take spirit, or wine, or beer ;
 My eye sparkles bright, 'tis not swollen or red,
 And my step is steady, my path to tread ;
 My hands are not shaking, like those who oft sip,
 And my nose does not look all red at the tip ;
 When morning returning bids sleepers awake,
 My brain is quite cool, and my head does not ache.

CHO —No spirits, or wine, or treble X beer,
 Suit half so well as the water clear ;
 No spirits or wine, or treble X beer,
 Suit half so well as the water clear.

2.—

I sing the blessings that temp'rance brings,
 Of health, and wealth, and of more good things ;
 There's food for the board, and the clothing to
 wear,
 There is cash for the rent, and some to spare.
 How peaceful the home ! how loving the life !
 How happy the children ! how smiling the wife !
 Then loud let the praises of Temperance ring,
 And I'll drink ever more of the crystalline spring

CHO —No spirits or wine, etc.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Tune—Martyn. 7. D.

- 1.—Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high !
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

- 2.—Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee .
Leave, O leave me not all alone,
Still support and comfort me :
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing !

- 3.—Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find ;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness :
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Drifting Away.

1.—

They are drifting away on the sea of life,
 On its foaming billows tossed ;
 They are weary and faint with the fruitless strife,
 In a moment they'll be lost.

CHO.—

Drifting away, drifting away,
 They are drifting farther and farther away ;
 Drifting away, drifting away,
 They are drifting farther and farther away, away.

2.—

Let the beacon of hope thro' the darkness shine,
 For the wand'ers of the wave,
 There is mercy and love in the Fount divine,
 All the wrecked of the earth to save.

CHO.—Drifting away, etc

3.—

They are drifting away from the light of home,
 They are losing manhood's pride,
 They are wrecking their hopes for the life to come,
 They are drifting with the tide

CHO —Drifting away, etc.

There's a Better Time a-Coming.

1.—There's a better time a-coming,
By and by, by and by ;
You can catch the glory breaking
In the sky, in the sky ;
Kind the words which shall be spoken ;
Loving hearts no more be broken ;
And the Cross shall be the token
Of the better time a-coming.

CHO.—There's a better time coming,
By and by, by and by ;
There's a better time coming,
By and by, by and by ;
There's a better time coming,
By and by, by and by,
And you can help it on

2.—There's a better time a-coming,
By and by, by and by ;
You can catch the glory breaking
In the sky, in the sky ;
Men no more will tempt each other ;
Sinful passions, they will smother ;
Brother, then, be true to brother,
In the better time a-coming.

CHO.—There's a better time coming, etc.

3.—There's a better time a-coming,
By and by, by and by ;
You can catch the glory breaking
In the sky, in the sky ;
All men's wrongs, then, love shall right them,
All men's battles love shall fight them,
All men's foes we'll win, despite them,
In the better time a-coming.

CHO.—There's a better time coming, etc.

4.—There's a better time a-coming,
By and by, by and by ;
You can catch the glory breaking
In the sky, in the sky ;
We'll be true ! we here declare it !
We'll be loyal ; now we swear it !
What is needful, do or dare it,
For the better time a-coming.

CHO.—There's a better time coming, etc.

5.—There's a better time a-coming,
By and by, by and by ;
You can catch the glory breaking
In the sky, in the sky ;
With the Lord to go before us,
With His banner floating o'er us,
Loud we shout, we shout the chorus,
Of the better time a-coming.

CHO.—There's a better time coming, etc.

King Alcohol!

1.—

King Alcohol has many forms by which he catches
men,

He is a beast of many horns, and ever thus has
been ;

For there's rum, and gin, and beer, and wine, and
brandy of logwood hue,

And hock, and port, and flip, combine to make a
man get blue.

He says, be merry, for here's good sherry, and
Tom and Jerry,

Champagne and Perry, and liquor of ev'ry hue ;

Now are not these a fiendish crew as ever a
mortal knew ?

2.—

King Alcohol is very sly, a liar from the first,

He makes you drink until you're dry, then drink
because you thirst ;

For there's rum, and gin, and beer, and wine, and
brandy of logwood hue,

And hock, and port and flip, combine to make a
man get blue.

He says, be merry, for here's good sherry, and
Tom and Jerry,

Champagne and Perry, and liquor of ev'ry hue ;

Now are not these a fiendish crew as ever a
mortal knew ?

3.—

King Alcohol has had his day, his kingdom's
crumbling fast,

His votaries are heard to say —Our tumbling days
are past ;

For there's rum, and gin, and beer, and wine, and
brandy of logwood hue.

And hock, and port, and flip, combine to make a
man get blue.

And now we're merry, without our sherry, or Tom
and Jerry,

Champagne or Perry, or liquor of any hue,

||:And now we are a temp'rate crew as ever a
mortal knew.:||

4.—

The shouts of the Teetotalers are heard on ev'ry
gale,

They're chanting now their victory o'er cider,
beer and ale.

For there's rum, and gin, and beer, and wine, and
brandy of logwood hue,

And hock, and port, and flip, combine to make a
man get blue.

And now they're merry, without their sherry, or
Tom and Jerry,

Champagne or Perry, or liquor of any hue,

||:And now they are a temp'rate crew as ever a
mortal knew.:||

The Royal Templars' Battle Song.

- 1.—Rouse Templars for the action,
 And boldly meet the foe
 Which bands in heartless faction,
 To spread around us woe
 'Twill need a vigorous onslaught
 To overthrow the wrong ;
 But "Immanuel" is our war-cry,
 "God with us" we are strong.

CHO.—Rouse, Templars, rouse to battle,
 Our ammunition bring ;
 And 'midst the conflict's rattle
 In faith our war-cry ring.

- 2.—The drunkard's wife expects us
 Deliverance to bring,
 And make the home now wretched,
 With songs of gladness ring.
 The mother, bowed with grieving,
 For him, her darling boy,
 Prays. "Templars, stop the traffic,
 And change our grief to joy."

CHO.—Rouse, Templars, etc.

- 3 --Our cause is just and glorious,
 And bless'd by God above,
 We'll go to war like Templars,

In Hope, and Truth, and Love.
Then rally round the standard,
Full girded for the fight ;
The time has come for action,
We'll conquer might with right.

CHO.—Rouse, Templars, etc.

1 5

MUSIC PAGE 177

Royal Revival Pledge Song.

1.—Death bells tolling, tolling, tolling,
Wrecks adrift and breakers rolling ;
Where the floods of intemperance rave,
Light the beacon and speed to save.

CHO.—Sign our pledge, now sign,
And strength divine shall yet be thine ;
Sign our pledge, now sign,
Touch not, taste not the wine.

2.—Voices cheering, life-boats steering,
See, the helping hands are nearing,
Jesus comes with His power to save,
For their ransom His life He gave.

CHO.—Sign our pledge, etc.

3.—Joy bells ringing, ringing, ringing,
Friends a hearty welcome bringing :
Heaven bends down with joy to hear,
Greets the rescued with words of cheer.

CHO.—Sign our pledge, etc.

ROYAL DEGREE ODES.

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MUSIC PAGE 178

Opening Ode, No. 1.

Arlington. C M.

- 1.—This day let songs of joy arise
Throughout our favored land.
From all the true and honest hearts
That form our noble band.
- 2.—Our banners are unfurled to-day,
Our motto all may see—
Hope, Love and Truth are now combined
With faith and charity.

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MUSIC PAGE 178

Opening Ode, No. 2.

Ortonville. C. M.

- 1.—Oh, God! we lift our hearts to thee,
And grateful voices raise;
We thank Thee for this festive night,—
::Accept our humble praise.:||
- 2.—Here may our souls delight to bless
The God of truth and grace,
Who crowns our labors with success,
::Among the rising race!:||

3.—May each unholy passion cease,
Each evil thought be crushed,
Each anxious care that mars our peace
||:In hope and truth be hushed.:||

4.—Oh ! may we all in truth abound,
And charity pursue ;
Thus shall we be with glory crowned,
||:And love as angels do.:||

158

MUSIC PAGE 179

Closing Ode.

Auld Lang Syne. C. M.

Now we must close our labors here,
Though sad it is to part,
-May Hope, and Love, and Truth sincere,
Unite each member's heart.
Now to our homes we'll haste away,
Each filled with peace and light,
And may our hearts in kindness say,
Dear friends a kind good-night.

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MUSIC PAGE 179

Initiatory Ode, No. I.

Coronation. C. M.

1.—We'll neither buy, nor take, nor give,
The Drunkard's drink at all ;
We will not keep it where we live,
||:In cottage or in hall.:||

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MUSIC PAGE **181**

Closing Ode.

Old Hundred, L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below !
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host !
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

165

MUSIC PAGE **181**

Raising Ode, No. 1.

Give, G M

- 1.—Happy the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast ;
LOVE is the brightest of the train,
And perfects all the rest. .
- 2.—This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease,
'Tis LOVE shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

166

MUSIC PAGE **182**

Raising Ode, No. 2.

Dennis, S. M.

Blest is the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,
The fellowship of kindred minds,
Is like to that above.

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MUSIC PAGE 182

Raising Ode, No. 3.

Rockingham, L. M.

Sweet is the labor to set free,
Our brother from Intemp'rance chains,
In sickness to his side to flee,
Assuage his grief and soothe his pains.

168

MUSIC PAGE 182

Raising Ode, No. 4.

Boylston, S. M.

- 1.—In love we'll cluster here,
Like grapes upon the vine ;
What grieves another help to bear,
Nor murmur or repine.
- 2.—As equals here we meet,
In emblematic line,
Teaching in this Select retreat,
Lessons of love divine.

169

MUSIC PAGE 183

Raising Ode, No. 5.

Portuguese Hymn, IIs

Be faithful, *O brother*, thy promise observe,
May love for each other our union preserve ;
Keep each obligation a gem of thy soul—
'Mid every temptation, untarnished and whole.
'Mid every temptation, untarnished and whole.

KNIGHT DEGREE HYMNS.

170

MUSIC PAGE 183

Opening Hymn.

Dallas, S. M,

- 1.—Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through His eternal Son,
Through His eternal Son.
- 2.—Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power,
|| Who in the strength of Jesus trusts:||
||: Is more than conqueror.:||
- 3.—Stand then against your foes,
In close and firm array :
||:Legions of wily fiends oppose.||
||:Throughout the evil day.:||
- 4 —But meet the sons of night,
But mock their vain design,
||:Armed in the arms of heav'nly light,:||
||:Of righteousness divine :||
- 5.—Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul ;

||:Take every virtue, every grace ||
||:And fortify the whole.:||

- 6.—Indissolubly join'd,
To battle all proceed ;
||:But arm yourself with all the mind, :||
||:That was in Christ, your Head. :||

171

MUSIC PAGE **184**

Closing Hymn.

God Be With Us Till We Meet Again.

- 1.—God be with you till we meet again ;
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you,
God be with you till we meet again.

CHO.—Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with us till we meet again.

- 2.—God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings securely hide you ;
Daily manna still divide you ;
God be with you till we meet again.

CHO.—Till we meet, etc,

3 - God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put his arms unfading round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

CHOR --Till we meet, etc.

4 -God be with you till we meet again ;
Keep Truth's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

CHOR --Till we meet, etc.



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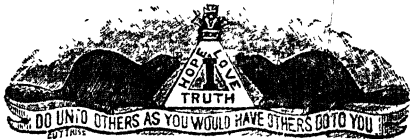
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