



THE CANADA DRY

AND PROHIBITION SINGLES

PHYSICAL FOUNTAIN

DRAKE TORONTO

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THE CANADIAN  
MUSICAL FOUNTAIN:

FOR

Temperance Meetings, Bands of Hope, Temperance Conventions,  
SOCIAL GATHERINGS, HOME CIRCLE, &c.



COMPILED WITH GREAT CARE FROM THE BEST SOURCES.

*FIFTH THOUSAND.*

TORONTO:

JAMES CAMPBELL & SON, FRONT STREET WEST.

## PREFACE.

PERHAPS there never was a time in the history of our country when so deep an interest was felt in the Temperance Cause as the present. Men of all classes and creeds appear to have received a stimulus to work, as they have never worked before, to drive Intemperance from our land. We desire to help. Hence this book.

There is doubtless considerable force in the sentiment expressed by Fletcher of Saltoun: "I knew a very wise man who believed that if he were permitted to make all the *ballads*, he need not care who should make all the *laws* of a nation." If singing is "talking on a large scale," may we not hope to accomplish much by the circulation of this book? May we not hope that the sentiments so well expressed in song will act as messengers of mercy to reclaim many wanderers, as well as to stimulate earnest workers in the good cause to greater diligence?

We aim at PROHIBITION—pure and simple. The book will be found to breathe this spirit throughout. Nothing short of this will do. Nothing short of this will save our country from the curse which blasts its beauty, cripples its energies, and dries up the sources of its prosperity.

We are greatly indebted to many friends of the cause who have kindly given us valuable suggestions, and otherwise aided us in our work. We are also especially indebted to the Revs. E. H. Dewart, J. A. Williams, W. Scott, and W. H. Withrow, M.A.; G. W. Ross, Esq., M.P., and Prof. J. P. Samuel, for original contributions. All concerned will please accept our most sincere thanks.

C. W. COATES & BROTHERS,

Computers.

TORONTO, September, 1874.

138504

# THE CANADIAN MUSICAL FOUNTAIN.

## Friends of Temperance, Onward Go.

**Distinct, not Fast.**

1. Friends of temp'rance onward go, Fear not ye to face the foe; God and truth are on your side, Needful strength will be supplied  
2. Warn the mod'rate to beware, Lest they fall into the snare, Bid them from temptation fly, Touch not, taste not, lest they die.

*p* *f* *ritard.*  
3. Warn the drunkard of his state, Rouse him ere it be too late; Tell him hope doth yet remain, If he on-ly will ab-stain.  
4. Warn them all with feeling heart, In this sin to take no part, Warn them all this curse to shun, Which hath multitudes undone

## DELIVERANCE.

Allegro

1. Sons of temperance joy a-round ye, Sheds a bright en-chant-ing beam, Free from chains which  
 2. See the world be-fore you ly-ing, To in-temp'-rance still the slave, All to you for  
 3. Hope's bright star your path en-light-ens. Sure suc-cess will crown your way, On-ward go, the

long had bound ye, Free from cus-tom's fool-ish dream; Filled with glad-ness, Filled with  
 help are cry-ing, From you their de-liv'-rance crave; Come and save us, Come and  
 pros-pect bright-ens, Till you see the per-fect day; Then re-joic-ing, Then re-

glad-ness, Flow-ing in a pu-rer stream, Flow-ing in a pu-rer stream.  
 save us, Save us from the drunk-ard's grave, Save us from the drunk-ard's grave.  
 - joic-ing, Temp'rance! all shall own thy sway, Temp'rance! all shall own thy sway.



# Will you Come to the Spring.

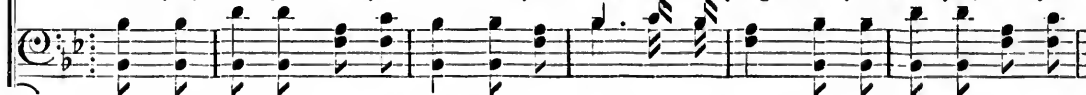
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**Adagio.**

1. Will you come to the spring that is sparkling and light, Where the birds carol sweet-ly, the sun-set is bright?
2. There the cup runneth o'er with the pu-rest of drink, And as sweet as the ro-ses that bend from the brink.
3. Let it flow, lovely stream it will sure-ly im-part Both a new glow to beau-ty and peace to the heart.
4. With new blessings of life it for ev-er o'er-flows; It re-fresh-es all na-ture wher-ev-er it goes.

**CHORUS, with animation.**

Will you, will you, will you come, will you come to the spring, Will you, will you, will you



come, will you come, will you come, will you come to the spring. . . .



## THE FREE.

*Allegro Spirito.*

A shout, .. .. . A shout, .. .. . The

A shout, a shout from sea to sea, A song from shore to shore.

chain is riv'n, the slave is free, Free to be bound no more. The chain is riv'n, the slave is free,

Free to be bound no more, A shout, .. a shout, .. the night is gone, The

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The piano accompaniment consists of chords and rhythmic patterns in the right hand, and a bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line, with some words aligned with specific notes or rests.

# THE FREE. Concluded.

clouds have pass'd a - way, The glo-ries of the temp'rance sun, Pour forth in floods of day,

The glo - ries of the temp'rance sun, Pour forth in floods of day.

A shout, a shout of triumph now,  
 The victory is ours;  
 Not gained by sword, nor battle bow,  
 But love's superior powers.  
 Not gained by sword nor battle bow,  
 But love's superior powers.

A shout, a shout, from sea to sea,  
 A song from shore to shore,  
 Ten thousand deathless souls are free,  
 Free, to be bound no more.  
 Ten thousand deathless souls are free,  
 Free, to be bound no more.

## Hark! the Temperance Trump is Sounding.

*Moderato.*

1. Hark! the temp'rance trump is sound - ing, ... Glad - some notes are ech - oed round,

Ev - 'ry heart with rap - ture bound - ing, ... Hails with joy the wel - come  
 Alto and Tenor: - Hails with joy the wel - come sound  
 the wel - come

sound, ... Hails with joy the wel - come sound, Oh what glo - rious  
 Hails with joy the wel - come sound, ...

times are dawning, On a dark and ruined world; Truth's bright beams break forth with splendor, Darkness from her

throne is hurled, Dark - - - - - ness from her throne is hurled.  
**Alto and Tenor:**—Truth's bright beams break forth with splendor, Dark-ness from her throne is hurled.

2. As the light is still advancing,  
 Backward shrinks our country's foe,  
 We, through future ages glancing,  
 View another Eden glow.  
 See the drunkards, long neglected,  
 List'ning to the cheering strains,  
 Now their freedom is effected,  
 Casting off their slavish chains.

3. Like the star of Bethlehem shining,  
 Which the eastern shepherds led,  
 Where the Saviour was reclining  
 In His poor and lowly bed,  
 May the temperance star ascending,  
 In unclouded lustre shine,  
 With the gospel's brightness blending,  
 Light our way to bliss divine.

Allegro.

1. What, what, what, though small the cloud a - rose, O'er the sky of hu - man woes,

What so small as hu - man hand, Now it ov - er - spreads the land,

Now it ov - er - spreads the land.

2.  
From its bosom blessings pour,  
Join in large abundance shower,  
Peace and love commingling flow,  
Temp'rance, thou art conqu'ring woe.

3.  
Let your praise like incense rise,  
To the Ruler of the skies,

In His strength to conquest go,  
Banish drink and human woe,  
Banish drink and human woe.

4.  
Then His pow'r shall drunkards own,  
Sin's stronghold be overthrown;  
Man in man will find a friend,  
Joys begin that never end,  
Joys begin that never end.

# THE TEMPERANCE STAR.

11

WORDS BY THOMAS EDGERLEY, MUSIC ARRANGED BY GEORGE STOWE.

*p*

1. Beau-teous Star, Glo - rious Star, Gleam - ing bright, Shed - ding light  
 2. Lost in gloom, Pall of doom O'er each day Shroud - ing lay;  
 3. Ra - diant beam, Ev - er gleam O'er our strand, Free - dom's land;

*f*

O - ver the moun-tains and val - leys a - far, Illuming the track of the tem - per - ance car  
 Sudden - ly boom - ing is heard from a - far, Joy - ous shouts, as the tem - per - ance car  
 Shine, still ef - ful - gent, thou beau - te - ous Star, Onward, yet light - ing that tem - per - ance car,

*ritard.*

On its er - rand of love, .. On its er - rand of love.  
 By that star - light comes on, .. By that star - light comes on.  
 Till all na - tions are free, .. Till all na - tions are free.

## My Peaceful Home of other Days.

ARRANGED BY THE ALLEGHANIANS, WORDS BY MRS. E. C. LOOMIS.

**Moderato.**

1. My peace - ful home of o - ther days Can ne'er for - got - ten

be, When morn and eve, I knelt to pray Be - side my mo - ther's

knee; Nor yet the joys of ri - per years, When love and hope were



mine, Ere I had known the temp - ter's power, Or quaff'd the spark - ling

wine:—Ere I had known the temp - ter's power, Or quaff'd the spark - ling wine.

2. Alas! those days of pure delight  
 Fled like a dream away,  
 And o'er my heart intemp'rance held  
 An undisputed sway.  
 My gentle wife in sorrow died;  
 My children pined alone;  
 ||: Their father's heart, once kind and true,  
 Had cold and cruel grown. :||

3. But time has wrought a happy change—  
 The tempter's power is o'er;  
 The pledge has saved me from despair—  
 I taste the wine no more.  
 Now pleasure lights my path again,  
 And happiness is mine;  
 ||: Hope, love, and joy, around my heart  
 Their tendrils sweet entwine. :||

**Sing third verse Lively.**

## When is the Time to Sign ?

1. I ask'd the bloom - ing, spor - tive boy, "Say, will you come and sign?"

Health beams with - in thy glist - 'ning eye; Now is the gold - en time!"

But "No," he cried, and shook his head; "Now is the time for play;

I can - not, will not, yet," he said, And bound - ed on his way :

"I can - not, will not, yet," he said, And bound - ed on his way.

2.  
I ask'd him, when a youth; but then  
He stopped me, with alarm—  
"Nay, leave the pledge for grave old men;  
A drop can do no harm!  
Youth is the time for mirth and joy,  
I'll live thus while I can;  
Your sober scheme perchance I'll try  
When I am quite a man."

3.  
I ask'd a man of middle age;  
How gleamed his fiery eye!  
Such fearful signs his frame betrayed;  
They gave a full reply:  
For many years had firmly fixed  
The tyrant's iron chain;  
His all for drink he'd madly risked;  
To ask him now was vain.

4.  
I questioned next an aged man—  
A miserable form;  
His course of life had nearly run,  
Each short-lived pleasure gone:  
"Alas!" he cried, in accents wild,  
With anguish on his brow,  
"Would I had signed it when a child,  
I cannot do it now."

## CRYSTAL SPRING.

WORDS BY CHARLES THURDER, ESQ., MUSIC BY ASA R. TROWBRIDGE.

The musical score is presented in three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes, while the vocal line contains the lyrics and a tenor part.

**System 1:**  
 Vocal: I. What is beau - ty's dead - liest foe? Tenor: 'Tis the Still :  
 Piano: Accompaniment for the first system.

**System 2:**  
 Vocal: What sheds count - less charms be - low? Tenor: 'Tis the rill :  
 Piano: Accompaniment for the second system.

**System 3:**  
 Vocal: See it spread be - fore the eyes, Beau - ties of a thou - sand dyes ;  
 Piano: Accompaniment for the third system.

O 'tis sent in full supplies

Drink thy fill, Drink thy fill

Drink thy fill.

2.  
 What can mar the sweetest face?  
 Alcohol:  
 What can dress it up with grace?  
 Showers that fall  
 See them on the landscape sink,  
 Paint the grass and deck the pink;  
 Come. O come with joy and drink,  
 Great and small, Great and small.

3.  
 What can wake the angry frown?  
 Drunkards know:  
 What can charm the passions down?  
 Streams that flow.  
 See the songster drink and fly,  
 Charming earth and charming sky;  
 Drinker, to the fountain hie,  
 Fearless go, Fearless go.

**B**

4.  
 What can make us sick and poor?  
 Sets can tell:  
 What brings plenty to the door?  
 Water will.  
 Drink, O drink it merrily,  
 'Twill a glorious treasure be,  
 Leaving all thy stores to thee,  
 Growing still, Growing still.

5.  
 What brings vice and guilt below?  
 Strong drink brings:  
 What makes streams of virtue flow?  
 Crystal springs.  
 Stay no longer at your wine,  
 But partake the gift divine;  
 Then you may in virtue shine,  
 Queens and kings, Queens and kings.

## LIST, LIST! O LIST!

WORDS BY T. EDGERLEY.

ARRANGED BY S. O. DYER.

1. "List, list! O list!" I heard a drunk - ard say, dear,  
 2. "Sad, sad! O sad! I once had pa - rents dear,

"Would you a - void my wretch - ed, wretch - ed, fate,  
 Wife, chil - dren, friends, yea, ev - 'ry bliss was mine,

And shun dis - hon - or's vile and doom - ed way?  
 Yet, scarce had passed a - way some five short years

## LIST, LIST! O LIST! Concluded.

19

Then, while my sto - ry I to you .. re - late,  
Ere I had bar - ter'd all these joys .. .. for wine,

Then, while my sto - ry I to you joys re - late,  
Ere I had bar - ter'd all these joys .. .. for wine :

List, list! O list.  
Sad, sad! O sad.

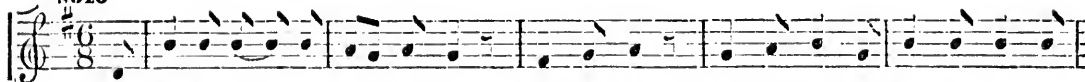
3.  
True, true! too true! the ways of sin are hard,  
Yet, wayward man heeds not the warning given,  
Till in his deepest soul he feels the barb,  
And all his earthly joys are from him riven,  
And all his earthly joys are from him riven,  
True, true! too true!

4.  
Heed then! O heed! ye careless sons of mirth,  
Nor proudly scorn the poor, poor drunkard's  
cry;  
The love of wine to every vice gives birth,  
Then leaves its victim, ruined, lost, to die!  
Then leaves its victim, ruined, lost, to die.  
Heed then, O heed.

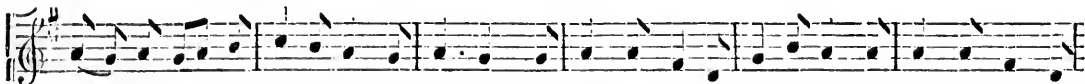
## THE SOCIAL GLASS.

A GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

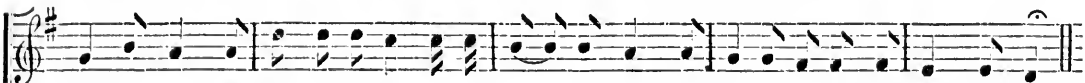
SOLO



- |   |                   |                   |                        |
|---|-------------------|-------------------|------------------------|
| <b>First Voice.</b>                       | <b>2nd voice,</b> | <b>3rd voice,</b> | <b>1st voice,</b>      |
| 1. I'm ve-ry fond of a so - cial glass ;  | So 'am I ;        | So am I ;         | It makes the time so   |
| <b>Second Voice.</b>                      | <b>3rd voice,</b> | <b>1st voice,</b> | <b>2nd voice.</b>      |
| 2. I like with a friend an hour to pass ; | So do I ;         | So do I ;         | But nev - er with "the |
| <b>Third Voice.</b>                       | <b>1st voice,</b> | <b>2nd voice,</b> | <b>3rd voice,</b>      |
| 3. I love to sing a temp'rance glee ;     | So do I ;         | So do I ;         | I long to see th'in-   |



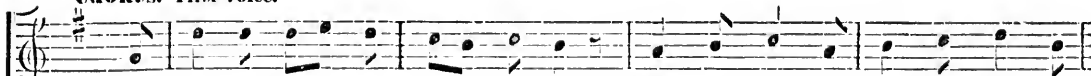
- |   |                   |   |
|---|-------------------|---|
| pleasant-ly pass, And fill the heart with pleasure. | <b>2nd voice,</b> | Ah, wa -ter pure doth brighter shine Than brandy, rum, or         |
| so - cial glass," Un-less it be cold wa-ter.        | <b>3rd voice,</b> | No, friendship's joys are so divine, They nev-er should be        |
| - e - briate free, And eve-ry mod-'rate drink-er:   | <b>1st voice,</b> | You, friends, may think me "a hard case," But strong drink nev-er |



- |   |                                |                            |                 |                 |
|---|--------------------------------|----------------------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| sparkling wine; But sad is the fix, if the liquors you mix:       | <b>3d vol.</b>                 | <b>1st voi.</b>            | <b>2d voi.</b>  | <b>3d voi.</b>  |
| pledg'd with wine; Perhaps you may think that I some-times drink, | <b>1st voi.</b>                | O, I never do that, Nor I, | Nor I,          | Nor I.—         |
| reach'd my face; Then I understand, you're a temperance man,      | <b>2d voi.</b>                 | <b>2d voi.</b>             | <b>3d voi.</b>  | <b>1st voi.</b> |
|   | <b>1st voi.</b>                | I cer-tain - ly do; And I, | And I,          | And I.—         |
|   | <b>3d voi.</b>                 | <b>3d voi.</b>             | <b>1st voi.</b> | <b>2d voi.</b>  |
|   | I reck-on he is; You're right, | All right.—                |                 |                 |

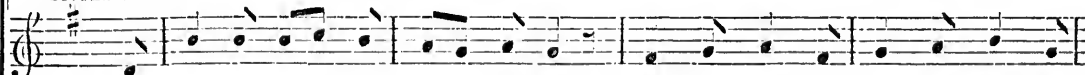


## CHORUS. First Voice.



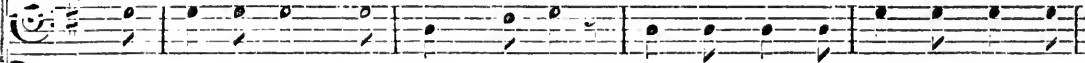
O yes, we love the so - cial glass, But it must be filled with wa - ter;

## Second Voice.



O yes, we love the so - cial glass, But it must be filled with wa - ter;

## Third Voice.



Wis - dom says, Be temp - 'rate now, To eve - ry son and daugh-ter.



Wis - dom says, Be temp - 'rate now, To eve - ry son and daughter.



## A BETTER TIME IS DAWNING.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY GEO. STOWE.

DUET. *Vivace.*

The musical score is a duet for two voices, written in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of three systems of two staves each. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics printed below the notes. The tempo is marked 'Vivace'.

**System 1:**

1. A bet - ter time, a bet - ter time, Is  
 1. A bet - ter time, a bet - ter time, Is

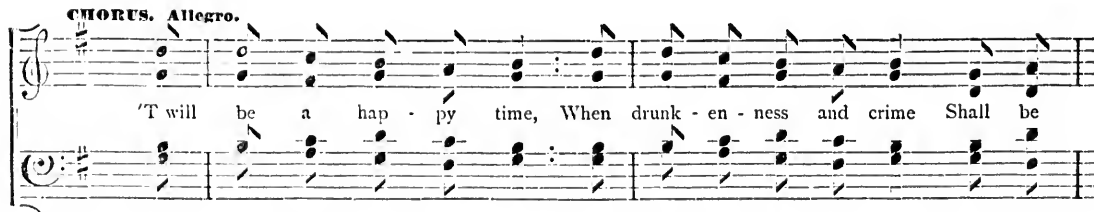
**System 2:**

dawn - ing on our sight ; Come, friends, a - wake ! the  
 dawn - ing on our sight ; Come, friends, a - wake ! the

**System 3:**

cloud will break, And o - - pen clear and bright :  
 cloud will break, And o - - pen clear and bright :

**CHORUS. Allegro.**



'T will be a hap - py time, When drunk - en - ness and crime Shall be



swept from the land By the temp'rance band: swept from the land By the temp'rance band.

2.  
Rum dealers all, both great and small,  
Will witness in dismay,  
The joyous time, when vice and crime  
Shall all be swept away.

3.  
'T will give you health, 't will give you wealth,  
Resolve, then, one and all,—  
We 'll water take, our thirst to slake,  
Instead of alcohol.

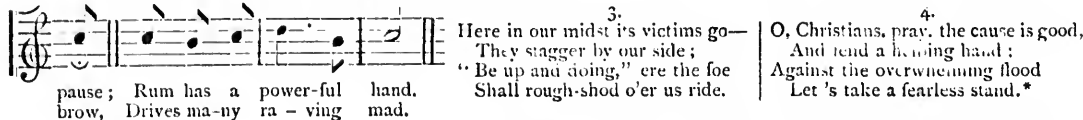
4.  
Then mirth shall spring, and music ring  
Within the dwellings bright,  
Where rum and gin, and vice and sin,  
Once spread their with'ring blight.

5.  
Then truth shall gleam, and health shall beam,  
Through our beloved land;  
And thousands throng to swell the song  
Of our Teetotal Band.



1. If we would see the temp'rance cause Tri-umph ant o'er our land,  
2. There's many a heart that's mourning now, There's many a heart that's sad;

We must be vig-i-lant, nor  
In-temp'rance dark-ens many a



pause; Rum has a power-ful hand.  
brow, Drives ma-ny ra-ving mad.

\* Chorus to last verse, begin with "Yes, while we may."



# BONDAGE.

25

Moderato.

1. Long mis - guid - ed men have wan - dered In a dark and drea - ry way,  
 2. D - un - kard ! long for - lorn and blight - ed, Keen - ly hast thou felt the sting,  
 3. Tho' the ty - rant holds his sta - tion, Tho' he smile with as - pect fair,

Now they ral - ly round thy stand - ard, Now they see thy bright - er day ; Love - ly Temp'rance,  
 Join our cause ! if once u - ni - ted, Bless - ings in thy path will spring, Join our stand - ard,  
 Touch ye not his foul temp - ta - tion, Shun the first, the fa - tal snare, No - bly fight - ing,

And sub - mit to thee thy sway, thy mild sway.  
 From thy soul the bond - age fling, bond - age fling.  
 Drive the de - mon from his lair, from his lair.

## RENOUNCE THE CUP.

1. A drunkard reached his cheerless home, The storm without was dark and wild, He forced his weeping wife to roam, A  
2. And colder still the winds did blow, And darker hours of night came on, And deeper grew the drifted snow, Her

wand'rer friendless with her child: As thro' the falling snow she press'd, The babe was sleeping on her breast, The babe, &c.  
limbs were chilled, her strength was gone. O God, she cried in accents wild, If I must perish, save my child, If I must, &c.

She stripped the mantle from her breast,  
And bared her bosom to the storm,  
As round the child she wrapped the vest,  
She smiled to think that it was warm.  
With one cold kiss, a tear of grief,  
||: The broken-hearted found relief. :||

At morn her cruel husband passed,  
And saw her on her snowy bed,  
Her tearful eyes were closed at last,  
Her cheek was pale, her spirit fled;  
He raised the mantle from the child,  
||: The babe looked up, and sweetly smiled.

Shall this sad warning plead in vain?  
Poor thoughtless one, it speaks to you;  
Now break the tempter's cruel chain,  
No more your dreadful way pursue:  
Renounce the cup, to Jesus fly—  
||: Immortal soul, why will you die?: ||

# GOOD NIGHT.

27

*Larghetto.*

1. Come, brethren, ere we part again, In friendship's  
 2. O, may the Lord each meet - ing bless, Bless with His

ho - ly light, Let each one join the cheer - ful strain,  
 pres - ence bright, That we may sing with joy - ful - ness,

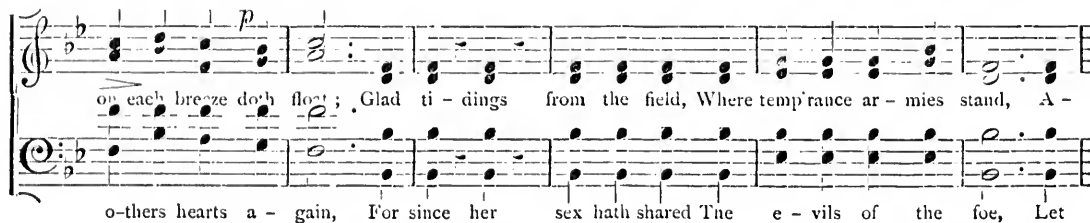
Good night, good night, good night.  
 Good night, good night, good night.

3. May every drunkard join our band,  
 With feelings pure and right,  
 And sing while joining heart and hand,  
 Good night, good night, good night.
4. And, brethren, when we meet again,  
 O, may it bless our sight,  
 To see some drunkard saved — till then,  
 Good night, good night, good night.

Lively, but softly and distinctly.



1. Say not that wo-man's voice must stay its sil-very note, While the far hills and vales re-joice, And  
2. Say not that wo-man's heart, Its ful-ness must con-tain; Nor from com-pas-sion's fount im-part, To



on each breeze doth float; Glad ti-dings from the field, Where temp-rance ar-mies stand, A-  
o-thers hearts a-gain, For since her sex hath shared The e-vils of the foe, Let



- gainst king al-co-hol to wield The sword with fear-less hand, Let wo-man too re-joice, To  
not her sym-pa-thy be spared. Where yet is felt the blow, See how that gen-tle band Of



see the foe re-cede; And let her in the 'still small voice,' The cause of temp'-rance plead. And while the

sis - ters on-ward move, How in one cause have heart and hand, U-ni - ted works with love; Go now, do .

thun-der tone of el - o-quence is stirred. Her whispered warning God may own, His voice thro' her's be

what ye can, And as by E - den's laws, Wo-man must be 'help meet for man,' So in the temp'-rance

heard, Her whis-pered warn - ing God may own, His voice through hers be heard.

cause, Wo - man must be 'help meet for man,' So in the temp'-rance cause.

1. May ev - ery year but draw more near, The time when strife shall cease, When truth and love all

hearts shall move To live in joy and peace. Now sor - row reigns and

earth com-plains, For fol - ly still her pow'r main-tains. But the day shall yet ap - pear,

When the might with the right and the truth shall be, When the might .. .. .

When the might with the right and the

.. .. . And come what there may to stand in the way, That day the world shall see.

truth shall be, And come, etc.

2.

Though interest pleads that noble deeds  
 The world will not regard,  
 To noble minds when duty binds  
 No sacrifice is hard;  
 In vain, and long, enduring wrong  
 The weak may strive against the strong.  
 Chorus.—But the day shall yet appear.

3.

Let good men ne'er of truth despair  
 Though humble efforts fail,  
 Oh give not o'er until once more  
 The righteous cause prevail;  
 The brave and true may seem but few,  
 But hope has better things in view.  
 Chorus.—And the day shall yet appear.

## GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

From the German. Words by W. E. HICKSON.

With spirit.

1. Now to heav'n our pray'r as - cend - ing, God speed the right!  
 In a no - ble cause con - tend - ing, God speed the right!  
 2. Be that pray'r a - gain re - peat - ed, God speed the right!  
 Ne'er des - pair - ing though de - feat - ed, God speed the right!

1. Be their zeal in heav'n re - cord - ed, With suc - cess on earth re - ward - ed,  
 2. Like the good and great in sto - ry, If they fail, they fail with gio - ry,

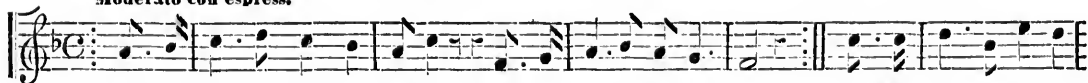
3. Patient, firm, and persevering,  
 God speed the right;  
 Ne'er the event our danger fearing,  
 God speed the right;  
 Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,  
 And in heav'n's own time succeed -  
 God speed the right. [ing,

4. Still their onward course pursuing,  
 God speed the right;  
 Every foe a length subduing,  
 God speed the right,  
 Truth, thy cause, what'er delay it.  
 There's no pow'r on earth can stay  
 God speed the right. [it,

# DAYS GOING BY.

33

*Moderato con espress.*



1. There are lone - ly hearts to cher-ish While the days are go-ing by ; } If a smile we can re-  
There are wea - ry souls who per-ish While the days are go-ing by ; }

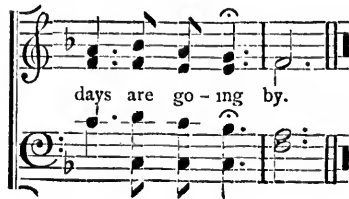


- new, As our jour-ney we pur-sue, O! the good we all may do, While the days are. go-ing by.

**CHORUS.**



While the days are go - ing by, While the days are go-ing by, All may find a field of toil, While the



days are go - ing by.

2. There 's no time for idle scorning,  
While the days are going by,  
Let your face be like the morning,  
While the days are going by;  
O! the world is full of sighs,  
Full of sad and weeping eyes;  
Help your fallen brother rise,  
While the days are going by,  
While the days, etc.

3. All the loving links that bind us,  
While the days are going by,  
One by one we leave behind us,  
While the days are going by;  
But the seeds of good we sow,  
Both in shade and shine will grow,  
And will keep our hearts aglow,  
While the days are going by.  
While the days, etc.

## ARISE! ARISE TO SAVE.

1. Ye friends of temp'rance self - de - ny-ing, Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise; See wretched

The first system of the hymn features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and common time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "1. Ye friends of temp'rance self - de - ny-ing, Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise; See wretched"

drunk-ards round you dy - ing, Be-hold their tears and hear their cries, Behold their tears and hear their

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "drunk-ards round you dy - ing, Be-hold their tears and hear their cries, Behold their tears and hear their"

cries, Shall hateful cus-toms mis - chief breed-ing, With woes and crimes, a dire - ful band, Afflict and

The third system concludes the hymn. The lyrics are: "cries, Shall hateful cus-toms mis - chief breed-ing, With woes and crimes, a dire - ful band, Afflict and"

des-o-late the land, While peace and happi-ness lie bleed-ing, A - rise! a-rise to save; Your

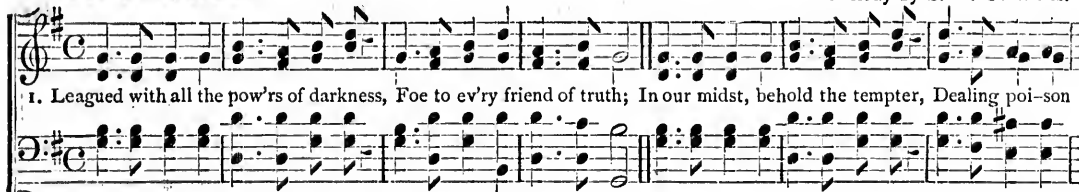
stan - dard wide un - fold. March on, march on, All hearts re - solved On

vic - to - ry or death.

2. No joy of heart or hope resigning,  
 Our bosoms glow with gen'rous flame;  
 No narrow bounds the soul confining,  
 Shall e'er our noble ardour tame,  
 Too long our land has been bewailing,  
 The giant ills which far and wide,  
 Stalk through its bounds with guilty stride,  
 O'er prostrate virtue's powers prevailing.  
 Arise, arise, &c.

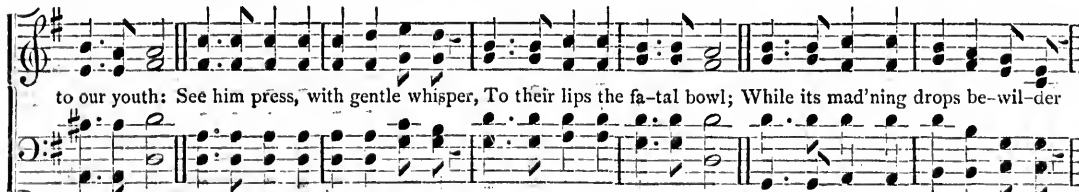
May be sung as a Solo.

Melody by S. M. GRANNIS.



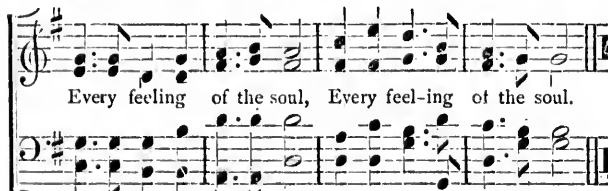
1. Leagued with all the pow'rs of darkness, Foe to ev'ry friend of truth; In our midst, behold the tempter, Dealing poi-son

2. Step by step he leads his victim To the verge of dread despair; Hurls him o'er the brink of ruin; Laughs & leaves him



to our youth: See him press, with gentle whisper, To their lips the fa-tal bowl; While its mad'ning drops be-wil-der

hopeless there: Widowed hearts and homes deserted, Helpless children orphans made; What a picture! God of mer-cy,



Every feeling of the soul, Every feel-ing of the soul.

Let this cru-el tide be stay'd, Let this cru-el tide be stay'd.

3.  
 Friends of temperance, Christian workers,  
 Let your glorious standard wave;  
 Up and arm yourselves for conflict,  
 Fired with zeal and courage brave.  
 Touch not, taste not, be your motto,  
 And your watchword in the fight;  
 God will give you strength to conquer,  
 He'll protect you in the right.



# Intemperance shall not always Reign.

37

**Allegro.**

Words adapted by Rev. W. SCOTT.



1. In-tem'rance shall not always reign; There comes a brighter day, When freedom burst from ev'ry chain Shall



2. What voice shall bid the progress stay, Of truth's vic-to-rious car? What arm ar-rest the growng day, Or



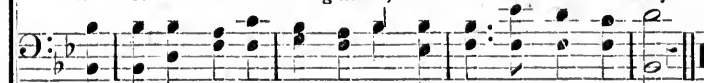
have tri-um-phant sway; Then right does o-ver might pre-vail, The sons of temp'rance arm'd in mail,



quench the so-lar star? What reckless soul though stout and strong, Shall dare bring back the le-gal wrong,



And Rechab's hosts the wrong assail, Which held des-truc-tive sway.



Our coun-try's guilty night prolong, And freedom's morning bar.

3.

The hour of triumph comes apace,  
The promised glorious hour,  
When temp'rance on a ransomed race,  
Her bounteous gifts shall shower.  
Ring, temp'rance ring, thy sweet-toned  
Bid high thy sacred banner swell, [bell,  
Let shout on shout the victory tell,  
Of heaven's redeeming power.

## Father's a Drunkard and Mother is Dead.

Words by STELLA; Music by Mrs. E. A. PARKHURST.

1. Out in the gloomy night, sad-ly I roam, I have no mo-ther dear, no pleas-ant home;

2. We were so hap-py till Fa-ther drank rum, Then all our sor-row and trou-ble be-gun;  
No-bo-dy cares for me—no one would cry, Ev-en if poor lit-tle Bes-sie should die.

Mo-ther grew pa-ler, and wept ev-ery day, Ba-by and I were too hun-gry to play.  
Bare-foot and tired, I've wandered all day, Ask-ing for work—but I'm too small they say; On the damp

Slow-ly they faded, and one summer's night Found their dear fa-ces all si-lent and white; Then with big

**CHORUS.**

ground I must now lay my head—"Father's a Drunkard, and Mother is dead." Mother, oh, why did you  
tears slow-ly drop-ping, I said:—"Father's a Drunkard, and Mother is dead." **Chorus.**

leave me a-lone, With no one to love me, no friends and no home? Dark is the night, and the storm ra-ges wild,

God pit-y Bes-sie, the Drunkard's lone child.

3.

Oh, if the "Temp'rance men" only could find  
Poor, wretched Father, and talk very kind—  
If they could stop him from drinking—why, then  
I should be so very happy again.  
Is it too late? "Men of Temp'rance," please try,  
Or poor little Bessie may soon starve and die.  
All the day long I've been begging for bread—  
"Father's a Drunkard, and Mother is dead."—Cho.

## TEMPERANCE BATTLE SONG.

Words by Rev. W. H. WITHROW, M.A. Music by CARL WILHELM.

I. O ye who love your na-tive land, Come firm-ly join with heart and hand, To

fight a- gainst its di- rest foe, The fa- tal cause of hu- man woe.

**CHORUS.**

We pledge our heart and pledge our hand, That we a firm u- nit- ed band,

For ev - er will to - geth - er brave - ly stand

To guard and keep our dear, our na - tive land.

2.

This foe to God and foe to man,  
 We will for ever seek to ban—  
 To save the ages yet unborn  
 From this foul heritage of scorn.  
 We pledge our hearts, etc.

3.

Too long before the power of wine,  
 As at a horrid Moloch shrine,  
 A countless host of victims fall,  
 And groan beneath its cursed thrall.  
 We pledge our hearts, etc.

4.

The monstrous fatal power we'll foil,  
 And from our fair and virgin soil,  
 We swift must drive this vilest curse,  
 That seathes and blasts our universe.  
 We pledge our hearts, etc.

## PLY THE OAR, BROTHER.

Arranged.

1. Ply the oar, brother, and speed the boat, Swift o-ver life's glitter-ing waves we float; Then onward bound, and  
2. Loudly the heart-cheering temp'rance call, Sounds over the na-tions to welcome us all; It sweet-ly swells from  
3. Now o'er the ocean our good bark rides, And safe-ly in har-bour she smoothly glides; But should the cry of

strive to save Brothers from fil-ling a drunk-ard's grave. Then pull away, haul away, row, boys, row, A  
hill and grove, Calling re-tun un-to all that rove. **Chorus.**  
help be heard, Quick-ly to du - ty is our watchword.

long pull, a strong pull, and off we go, Off we go, off we go, off we go, off we go.



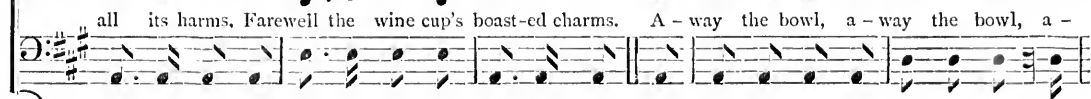
1. Our youth-ful hearts with temp'rance burn, A-way, a - way, the bowl; Fare - well to rum and  
From dram shops all our steps we turn, A-way, a - way, the bowl;



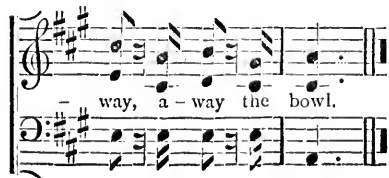
2. See how the stagger-ing drunk-ard reels, A-way, a - way, the bowl; Fare - well to rum and  
A - las! the mis - ery he re - veals, A-way, a - way, the bowl;



all its harms, Farewell the wine cup's boast-ed charms. A - way the bowl, a - way the bowl, a -



all its harms, Farewell the wine cup's boasted charms.



way, a - way the bowl.

3.  
Boys.—We drink no more, nor buy, nor sell,  
Away, away, the bowl!

Girls.—The tippler's offers we repel,  
Away, away the bowl.

Both.—United in a temperance band,  
We're joined in heart, we're joined in hand.  
Away the bowl, away the bowl, away, away the bowl.

**Bold, with decision.**

1. There's a ve - ry small word, but some folks are so weak That they find it a

The first system of musical notation for the song 'NO!'. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and common time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: '1. There's a ve - ry small word, but some folks are so weak That they find it a'.

ter - ri - ble hard one to speak: Though one syl - la - ble on - ly, at

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass line continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'ter - ri - ble hard one to speak: Though one syl - la - ble on - ly, at'.

times men are slow, When asked, "Will you just take a drink?" to say, No!

The third and final system of musical notation. The melody concludes in the treble staff, and the bass line concludes in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'times men are slow, When asked, "Will you just take a drink?" to say, No!'.

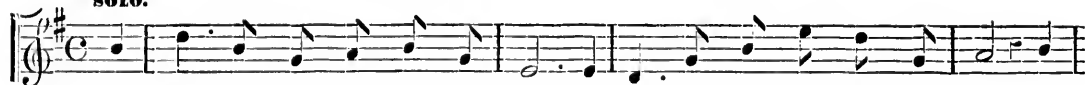


The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of two staves, a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The melody is written on the treble staff, and the accompaniment is on the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The lyrics are: "No, no, no. no! When asked 'Will you just take a drink?' to say No!"

2. There is many a drunkard who reels through the street,  
We can scarce walk at all but such victims we meet ;  
Who would never have looked such a picture of woe,  
If when first asked to drink, he had boldly said "No!"
3. Some say No! so faintly, we cannot but guess  
That N, O, in their case means Y, E, S, yes,  
If we 'd live sober lives we decision should show,  
And reply in firm tones, unmistakably, "No."
4. Oh, how much it would save both in money and fame,  
How often 't would keep from remorse and from shame ;  
If we checked at the first liquor's stream in its flow,  
And turned it by saying indignantly—"No."
5. Then lasses and lads, heed the word though so small,  
When invited to drink, you 'll be safe from its thrall,  
And onward in health and prosperity go,  
Protected and saved by the syllable "No."

## THE FIRST GLASS.

## SOLO.



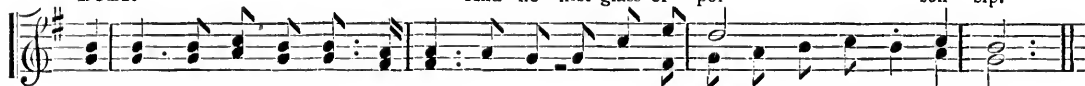
1. Oh, tell me not of spark-ling wine, A pur-er, sweet-er, draught be mine, The



crys-tal spring shall sol-ace me; The Temp'-rance pledge my shield shall be.

## DUET.

And no first glass of poi-son sip.

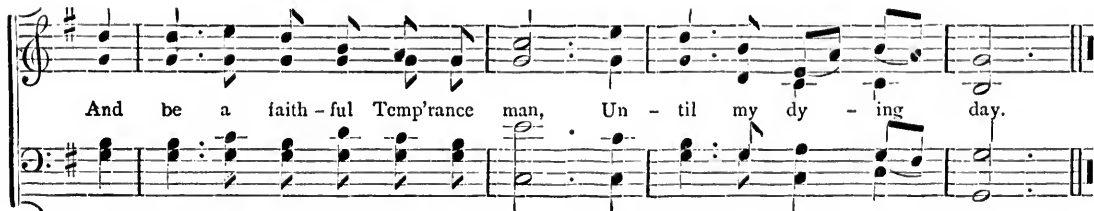


Un-stained I'll keep my youth-ful lip,

And no first glass of poi-son sip.

## CHORUS.

Then shall I end as I be-gan, In peace pur-sue my way,



And be a faith - ful Temp'rance man, Un - til my dy - ing day.

2. The Bible says that drunkards ne'er  
The bliss of Paradise shall share:  
That wine's a mocker, and at last  
Will bind its wretched victims fast:  
Then let me in life's morning say—  
Shun the first glass that would betray.  
Chorus.—Then shall I, etc.

3. The one first step that leads astray,  
Is often in a flowery way,  
And oft the drunkard's progress shows,  
Sin's growth and its reward of woes;  
To save from Habit's glass accursed,  
In childhood we will shun the first.  
Chorus.—Then shall I, etc.

ROUSE TO DUTY. (*Tune*—"Arise, arise to Save." *Page 34.*) M. D. Bateman.

Ye friends of Temperance, rouse to duty,  
Heed now the call that bids you rise;  
Heed wives' and mothers' earnest pleading—  
Behold their tears and hear their cries;  
Behold their tears and hear their cries;  
Shall selfish men, vile mischief breeding—  
A heartless liquor-dealing band—  
Afflict and desolate the land,  
While pure and loving hearts are bleeding?

Chorus.—Arise ye friends of truth,  
Gird on your armour bright,  
Work on, work on, all hearts resolved

March on, the battle is Jehovah's,  
Our Leader calls us on to-day;  
His arm is strong, our cause will triumph;  
Then let us work, and strive, and pray,  
Till this dark curse be swept away.  
Our enemies will yield before us,  
Their work of sin and ruin cease,  
And homes be blessed with love and peace,  
For God and Right shall be victorious.

To conquer in His might;  
Pray on, pray on, and God will give  
The victory to the right.

## SOME LOVE TO DRINK.

G. A. LITTLE.

1. Some love to drink from the foam - y brink, Where the

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The bass staff has a bass clef, the same key signature, and common time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

wine - drop's dance they see; But the wa - ter bright, in its

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

sil - ver light, And a crys - tal cup for me.

The third system of music concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The music ends with a double bar line and repeat dots in both staves.

## CHORUS.

Oh, wa - ter, bright wa - ter! Pure, pre - cious, free! Yes, 'tis

wa - ter bright in its sil - ver light, And a crys - tal cup for me.

2.  
As pure as heaven is the water given,  
'Tis for ever fresh and new;  
'Tis distill'd in air, and it comes from there  
In the shower and the dew.

Oh, water, etc.

D

3.  
They say 'tis weak, yet its strength I'll seek,  
For the worn rock owns its sway;  
And we're borne along by its wing so strong  
When it silent flies away.

Oh, water, etc.

4.  
There's strength and glee in the mighty  
When the stormy winds do blow; [sea,  
And a fearful sight is the cat'ract's might,  
As it leaps the depths below.

Oh, water, etc.

Allegretto.

1. There is woe in the wine-cup, there's death in the bowl, Tho' it bright-ly may spar-kle and shine;  
There's a ser-pent with - in that will strike at the soul: Then a - way, then a - way with the wine!

D. C. There's a ser-pent with - in that will strike at the soul: Then a - way, then a - way with the wine!

A - way, then, a - way with the wine! A - way, then, a - way with the wine. D. C.

2.

There is death in the wine-cup: the tempter may smile,  
And may seem for awhile half divine;  
But there's nothing on earth half so fiendish and vile  
As the serpent that lurks in the wine.  
Away, then, away with the wine,  
Away, then, away with the wine.  
For there's nothing on earth half so fiendish and vile  
As the serpent that lurks in the wine.

3.

Then arise, friends of Temp'rance, and strike for the right,  
And in Faith, Hope, and Love combine,  
Free the land that we love from the dramseller's blight—  
From the demon that dwells in the wine.  
Away then, away with the wine,  
Away then, away with the wine.  
Free the land that we love from the dramseller's blight—  
From the demon that dwell in the wine.

*Moderato.*

1. 'Twas mid-night's sad and lone-ly hour, No moon was in the sky; The som-bre clouds did

2. No home had he; all shel-ter-less A-long the street he fled; No Mo-ther's smile or

dark-ly low'r, And moan-ing winds swept by; A lit-tle boy, with na-ked feet, Crept forth be-neath the

warm ca-ress—That tru-est friend was dead; A drunk-en fa-ther's bru-tal ire Had turned his ten-der

night, A-long the dark and si-lent street, Trembling with cold and fright.

feet, To wander, with-out food or fire, A-long the fro-zen street.

3.

Now fiercely sweeps the frigid storm,  
 The driving snow flakes fall,  
 Above that little shiv'ring form,  
 Crouching beside the wall.  
 All night the storm beat fierce and loud,  
 Yet felt he not its dread,  
 For by the wall, in snowy shroud,  
 The morning found him dead.

## HURRAH FOR PROHIBITION.

With Spirit

1. The temp'rance folks are wak - ing up, Throughout the Brit - ish na - tion, To put the li - quor

traf - fic down, And drive it from cre - a - tion. The stills and drink - ing dens are doom'd To

law - ful dem - o - li - tion; For all good men are go - ing in For



# HURRAH FOR PROHIBITION. Concluded. 33

le - gal pro - hi - bi - tion; Hur - rah! hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah! hur - rah, hur -

- rah! For all good men are go - ing in For le - gal pro - hi - bi - tion.

2.

We've tried persuasion long enough,  
 No use to try it longer;  
 It will not stop the traffic, and  
 We must have something stronger.  
 The heartless fiends who make and sell  
 The bev'rage of perdition.  
 Must have their "breathing holes of hell"  
 Shut up by prohibition.  
 Hurrah, hurrah, etc.

3.

Too long king Alcohol has reigned,  
 All moral suasion scorning;  
 Too long his murd'rous savages  
 Have filled the land with mourning.  
 Rum-sellers care not for our prayers,  
 Or tears, or admonition;  
 But there's a pow'r can make them quake—  
 'Tis legal prohibition.  
 Hurrah, hurrah, etc.

4.

No scoffs of foes or doubts of friends  
 Shall weaken our endeavour,  
 To brand the traffic with disgrace,  
 And wipe it out for ever.  
 Right on shall go the noble work,  
 Until its full completion;  
 We'll "fight it out upon the line"  
 Of TOTAL prohibition.  
 Hurrah, hurrah, etc.

## COME HOME, FATHER.

HENRY C. WORK.

Tenderly.



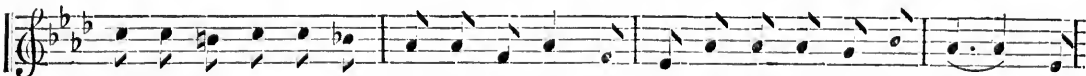
1. Fa - ther, dear fa - ther, come home with me now ! The clock in the stee - ple strikes one ; You
2. Fa - ther, dear fa - ther, come home with me now ! The clock in the stee - ple strikes two ; The
3. Fa - ther, dear fa - ther, come home with me now ! The clock in the stee - ple strikes three ; The



said you were com - ing right home from the shop, As soon as your day's work was done. Our  
 night has grown cold - er, and Ben - ny is worse, But he has been call - ing for you. In -  
 house is so lone - ly - the hours are so long For poor weep - ing mo - ther and me. Yes,



fire has gone out - our house is all dark - And mo - ther's been watching since tea. With  
 - deed he is worse - Ma says he will die, Per - haps be - fore morn - ing shall dawn ; And  
 we are a - lone - poor Ben - ny is dead, And gone with the an - gels of light ; And



poor bro - ther Ben - ny so sick in her arms, And no one to help her but me. Come  
 this is the mes - sage she sent me to bring, "Come quick - ly, or he will be gone." Come  
 these were the ve - ry last words that he said - "I want to kiss Pa - pa good night." Come

# COME HOME, FATHER. Concluded.

55



home! come home! come home; PLEASE, fa - ther, DEAR fa - ther, come home.  
 home! come home! come home; PLEASE, fa - ther, DEAR fa - ther, come home.  
 home! come home! come home; PLEASE, fa - ther, DEAR fa - ther, come home.

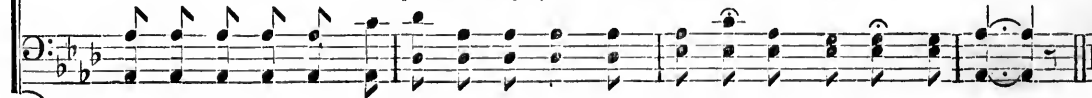
## CHORUS.



Hear the sweet voice of the child . . . Which the night winds re-peat as they roam; . . . Oh.



who could re - sist this most plaintive of prayers? "Please, fa-ther, dear fa-ther, come home!"



## WINE IS A MOCKER.

E. D. PEBBLES.

*Andantino.*

Wine is a mock-er, Strong drink is ra-ging. Wine is a mock-er. Strong drink is ra-ging.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 12/8. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The lyrics are placed below the upper staff.

Who - so - ev - er is . . . deceived there - by is not wise. Look not thou up -

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are placed below the upper staff.

- on . . . the wine, Look not thou up - - on the wine. Who hath woe;

The third system of music concludes the piece. The lyrics are placed below the upper staff.

## WINE IS A MOCKER. Concluded.

57

Who . . . hath sor - row; Who hath con - ten - tions; Who . . . hath bab - bling;

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Who . . . hath sor - row; Who hath con - ten - tions; Who . . . hath bab - bling;"

Who . . . hath wounds with - out cause, They that tar - ry

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Who . . . hath wounds with - out cause, They that tar - ry"

*Slow.*

long at the wine Look not thou up - on the wine.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "long at the wine Look not thou up - on the wine."

## GLORIOUS NEWS.

Music by L. O. EMERSON.

SOLO or CHORUS.

I. O, have you heard the glorious news That's round the town to-day? Fa-ther has sig'r'd the pledge, and we Are

hap-py, light, and gay. No more we dread his com-ing step, But spring to greet him home; Mother has wip'd her

CHORUS,

tears a-way. And jov to us has come. O, glorious news, glorious news, glorious news to-day!

Fa-ther has sign'd the pledge, and we Are hap-py, light, and gay, Happy, happy, happy, light, and gay,

happy, happy, happy, light and gay. Father has sign'd the pledge, And we are happy, light and gay.

2. Many's the sorrowing time we've had,  
 But such we'll have no more;  
 For father has driv'n the demon out,  
 And locked and barred the door.  
 No more we'll want for food and clothes,  
 No more we'll mourn and sigh;  
 Our home shall be a home of peace,  
 With ev'ry comfort nigh.—Cho.

3. Now, thanks we raise to God on high,  
 For this great blessing given,  
 And earth to us henceforth shall be  
 The entrance door to heaven.  
 Sing loud and full, sing clear and free,  
 Let hill to valley call,  
 And bear upon the wings of wind,  
 The glorious news to all.—Cho.

## HASTE TO THE RESCUE.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

1. On, brothers, on, to meet the foe that we ab-hor! Rise and put your ar-mor on, and

The first system of music features a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "1. On, brothers, on, to meet the foe that we ab-hor! Rise and put your ar-mor on, and".

hast-en to the war, Nev-er, nev-er, dare to think your fight-ing days are o'er,

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "hast-en to the war, Nev-er, nev-er, dare to think your fight-ing days are o'er,".

Our cause is march-ing on. Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-

The third system concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "Our cause is march-ing on. Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-".





lu - jah, Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah.



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, Our cause is march - ing on.

2. See how his banners gleam along the rank to-day!  
 How he hides his horrors 'neath the glittering display,  
 Wife and husband, children too, are caught and lured  
 To join the ranks of sin. [away,  
 Glory, glory, hallelujah, glory, glory, hallelujah,  
 We 'll battle for the right.
3. Let us to the rescue, now, before it is too late;  
 Let us save a comrade from so terrible a fate,

- Death may be his portion, if to-morrow we but wait;  
 So fill the ranks to-day!  
 Glory, glory, hallelujah, glory, glory, hallelujah,  
 We 'll battle for the right.
4. Strike, for the homes where peace can never enter in,  
 Strike, for the many souls that you may hope to win;  
 Strike, for the love of right, and for the hate of sin,  
 And God shall nerve the arm!  
 ||: Glory, glory, hallelujah, :|| We 'll battle for the right.

## TEMPERANCE RALLYING SONG.

Words by Mrs. VAN ALSTYNE.

Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

I. Friends of Temperance, quick to arms, We must struggle for the right; And our

no - ble cause with vig - or we'll de - fend, See the foe is in the field, We must  
 §: ty - rant shall be slave, To our

Fine.

meet him in the fight, And be faith - ful and cour - a - geous to the end.  
 ar - my bold and brave! We shall gain a glo - rious vic - tory by and by.

**CHORUS,**

March - ing on - ward, ev - er on - - - ward, Sound - ing still the bat - tle

March - ing on - ward, ev - er on - ward, on - ward, Sound - ing still the

**Dal Segno :8:**

cry; .. .. Soon the

bat - tle cry; Soon the

**3.**

Throw our banner to the breeze,  
 Let the wrongs that claim redress,  
 Be our signal and our watchword as we go;  
 Like the veterans of the past,  
 We will never, never, rest,  
 Till our weapons deal destruction to the foe.—Cho.

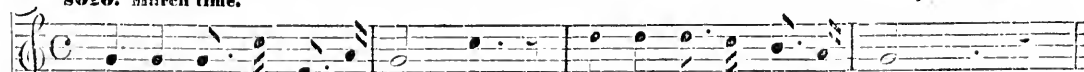
**2.**

Like the fatal wind that sweeps,  
 O'er the desert's burning plain,  
 Is the deep and deadly poison of his breath;  
 While the aged and the young,  
 He is binding with a chain,  
 That will lead them on by thousands down to death.—Cho.

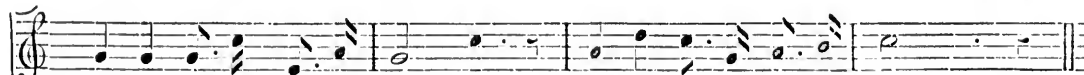
**4.**

Friends of Temperance, quick to arms,  
 We must struggle for the right;  
 And our noble cause with vigour we'll defend;  
 See the foe is in the field,  
 We must meet him in the fight,—  
 And be faithful and courageous to the end.—Cho.

SOLO. March time.



1. Now the temp'-rance ar - my's march - ing,      With the Christian's ar - mour on ;  
 2. Now the temp'-rance ar - my's march - ing,      Firm and stea - dy is our tread ;  
 3. Now the temp'-rance ar - my's march - ing,      Wives and sis - ters in the throng ;  
 4. Now the temp'-rance ar - my's march - ing,      Let the joy - ful ti - dings roil ;



Love our mot - to, Christ our Cap - tain,      Pro - hi - bi - tion is our song !  
 See, the mo - thers they are lead - ing,      Marching bold - ly at the head.  
 Shout - ing: "To - tal Pro - hi - bi - tion,"      As we brave - ly march a - long.  
 Send the news to ev - 'ry na - tion,      Let it sound from pole to pole.



# The Temperance Army. Concluded.

65

**CHORUS.**

Yes, the temp'rance ar-my's march-ing, And will march for ev-er more .. ..

ev-er more, And our

And our triumph shall be sound-ed, Round the world from shore to shore, March-ing

tri-umph shall be sound-ed, Round the world from shore to shore,

on, Marching on for ev-er more, And our triumph shall be sounded, Round the world from shore to shore.

Marching on, Marching on, etc.

E

## Hast Thou Gleaned Well To-day.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

I. The sha-dows are fall-ing, Swift clo-seth the day, I hear a voice

call-ing, It seem-eth to say,—Oh, soul, hast thou glean'd well to-day? In the

world's har-vest field, With its full pre-cious yield, Has it vain-ly ap-pealed,—Oh,

**Refrain.**

soul, hast thou gleaned well to - day? Hast thou gleaned . . . . hast thou gleaned . . . . hast thou

Hast thou gleaned, hast thou gleaned,

gleaned . . . . well to - day? Oh, soul, hast thou gleaned well to - day?

Hast thou gleaned well to - day?

2.

The day is departing, the darkness is here ;  
 Ah ! why am I starting, while heart beats with fear,  
 Soul, hast thou not gleaned well to-day?  
 In the world's busy throng,  
 Hast thou failed to be strong,  
 Weakly yielding to wrong,  
 Oh ! hast thou not gleaned well to-day?  
 Hast thou gleaned, etc.

3.

The light is appearing, the darkness is gone,  
 For Jesus is nearing, and tender His tone,—  
 Oh, soul, in My might glean each day ;  
 When the harvest is o'er,  
 Shall be joy evermore,  
 If the sheaves at thy door  
 Shall say, thou hast filled well thy day !  
 Hast thou gleaned, etc.

## SOUND THE BATTLE CRY.

Vigorously, in March time.

Words and Music by W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Sound the bat - tle cry! See, the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high For the Lord;

The first system of music is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The melody is rhythmic and march-like, with lyrics: "1. Sound the bat - tle cry! See, the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high For the Lord;"

Gird your ar - mor on, Stand firm ev - 'ry one; Rest your cause up - on His ho - ly word.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Gird your ar - mor on, Stand firm ev - 'ry one; Rest your cause up - on His ho - ly word."

**CHORUS.**

Rouse then, free-men, come from hill and val - ley; Fa - thers, bro - thers, earn - est, brave, and strong;

The chorus begins with a dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo). The music is more energetic and features a strong rhythmic pattern. The lyrics are: "Rouse then, free-men, come from hill and val - ley; Fa - thers, bro - thers, earn - est, brave, and strong;"



On - ward, for - ward, all u - ni - ted ral - ly, "Death to Al - co - hol," your bat - tle 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.

I'LL DRINK NO MORE. (ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.)

*Allegro vivace.*

Arranged from an Old English Round, by T. M. DEWEY.

I'll drink no more gin sling, I'll drink no sling made of gin, No  
 rum or whis - key flip or bran - dy, Wine or an - y such thing.

## HAS FATHER BEEN HERE?

E. W. LOCKE.

1. Please, Mister Bar-keeper, has fa-ther been here? He's not been at home for the day, 'Tis now almost midnight, and  
 2. Please, Mister Police-man, my fa-ther is lost, A man says you took him away; Oh, can't he go home, sir, and  
 3. Please, sir, Mister Jailer, please let me go in, They say that my father's inside; I scarcely can tell how un-

mother's in fear Some ac-ci-dent keeps him a-way. No, no, lit-tle stran-ger, or yes, he's been here, Some  
 what will it cost? If mo-ther will send you the pay; Oh, no, lit-tle plead-er, your fa-ther can't go, We  
 hap-py we've been, We could not feel worse had he died; Please, sir, it was drink-ing that made him do wrong, I'm

of-fi-cers took him a-way, He's gone to the lockup, I'm sor-ry my dear, He's done some-thing wicked, they say.  
 put him in pris-on to-day, Go home to your mother, & quick let her know, What's keeping your father a-way.  
 sure, sir, he will drink no more, Oh, just a few minutes, a minute's not long, But no one would op-en the door.

# HAS FATHER BEEN HERE. Concluded. 71

## CHORUS,

Oh, 'twas not my father who did the bad deed, 'Twas drinking that maddened his brain, .. .. Oh,

'Twas drink - - - ing that maddened his brain,

let him go home to dear mother, I plead, I'm sure he'll not touch it a - gain, I'm sure, I'm sure, I'm

sure, I'm sure he'll not touch it a - gain.

4.

All day the young watcher stood fast by the door,  
 In vain with his father to speak ;  
 It creaked its great hinges twice ten times or more,  
 As prison doors only can creak.  
 Then speeding through darkness to home sad as death,  
 A promise most solemn he bore,  
 Dear mother, I'll shun it as long as I've breath,  
 I'll taste it, and touch it no more.—Chorus.

## SPEED THE HAPPY DAY.

Words by W. BENNETT.

W. F. SHERWIN.

i. Lo, a bright-er day is break - ing O'er our heav - en fa - vored land ;

Men are ev - 'ry where a - wak - ing, Bold - ly for the Right, to stand.

**CHORUS.**

Speed, O speed the hap - py day, .. .. May it meet no ling - 'ring pause, .. ..

hap - py day,

ling - 'ring pause,

'Till the curse shall pass a - way, .. And vic - t'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.  
 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.  
 Speed, O speed, etc.

PERSEVERE. (ROUND FOR  
 THREE VOICES.)

1. If a wea - ry task you find it, Per - se - vere and nev - er mind it,  
 2.  
 3. Nev - er, nev - er mind it, nev - er, nev - er mind it.

## 74 WE'LL CROWN THEM WITH ROSES.

W. A. OGDEN.

i. We'll take up our stand For the youth of our land, And weave them a gar - land to wear, Though no

leaves of the vine In our wreath shall entwine, For we'll crown them with ro - ses so fair.

**CHORUS.**

*ff* We'll crown them We'll crown them, We'll crown them with ro-ses so fair. We'll  
We'll crown them with ro-ses, We'll crown them with ro-ses, We'll crown them, etc.

crown them, We'll crown them, We'll crown them with ro - ses to wear.  
 crown them with ro - ses, We'll crown them with ro - ses, We'll crown them with ro - ses to wear.

2.  
 We'll tempt not the youth from the fountain of truth,  
 Whose waters are pure and divine,  
 But we'll banish for-e'er from our homes that are dear,  
 The chalice that sparkles with wine.  
 Chorus.—We'll crown them, etc.

3.  
 Our sweet household joys, all the girls and the boys,  
 We'll shield from the tempter so bold,  
 And we'll bind their white brows that with innocence  
 With a crown that is richer than gold. [glow,  
 Chorus.—We'll crown them, etc.

## THE CARS ARE COMING.

Allegretto.

1. It is time, time, time that the peo - ple were wide a - wake ; Our  
 2. Come, a - rouse, rouse, rouse, ye, and ral - ly with might and main, To

## The Cars are Coming. Continued.

lives and our for - tunes are all at stake ; A - rouse, or you'll find your - selves  
 scat - ter the for - ces of Rum a - gain ; Our cause is ad - van - ing, hur -

late in the day, The cars are on time, and they ne - ver de - lay  
 - rah for the fray, The cars are on time, and they ne - ver de - lay.

**CHORUS:**

The cars are com - ing, com - ing, com - ing, The wheels are roll - ing,



roll - ing, roll - ing, Stand out of the way there, clear the track, This en - gine goes for - ward, but

nev - er goes back ; The cars are com - ing, com - ing, com - ing, The wheels are roll - ing,

roll - ing, roll - ing, Hur - rah for Temp - rance.

3.

All ye youth of the land, hear the call once more,  
 The train is approaching, the night is o'er ;  
 For Temperance Station our baggage we'll check,  
 Resolve to be sober and keep on the track,  
 Chorus.—The cars are coming, etc.

W. H. DOANE.

1. There's a dawn to day-light grow-ing, Toil a - way, Toil a - way! There's a

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains the vocal melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics for this system are: "1. There's a dawn to day-light grow-ing, Toil a - way, Toil a - way! There's a".

tide of rea-son flow-ing—Work and pray, Work and pray, Lo a spir-it leaps to

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. The treble staff has the vocal line and the bass staff has the accompaniment. The lyrics for this system are: "tide of rea-son flow-ing—Work and pray, Work and pray, Lo a spir-it leaps to".

birth, Robed in truth and mor-al worth, That shall pu-ri-fy the

The third and final system of musical notation concludes the piece. The treble staff has the vocal line and the bass staff has the accompaniment. The lyrics for this system are: "birth, Robed in truth and mor-al worth, That shall pu-ri-fy the".

CHORUS.

earth, In the fu - ture day. Then work away, Work and pray, Work a - way to - day,

Time flies a - way, Time flies a - way! Work a - way, Work and pray, Work a - way to - day,

Work till the day-light fades.

2.

Aid the movement every preacher,  
Toil away, toil away,  
Aid it every Sunday teacher—  
Work and pray, work and pray.  
Aid it hosts of Christian men,  
Pulpit, platform, press and pen,  
Eden's flower shall bloom again,  
In the future day.—Chorus.

3.

Sound abroad the saving chorus,  
Toil away, toil away,  
There's a noble work before us—  
Work and pray, work and pray.  
Courage, labour and be true;  
Better days are just in view,  
Choicest blessings wait for you,  
In the future day.—Chorus.

# 80 THE TEMPERANCE BALL IS ROLLING.

Lively.

Words by D. J. MANDELL. ARRANGED.



1. The Temp-'rance Ball is roll - - ing, And the knell of vice is toll -
2. A migh - ty surg - ing o - - cean, Is this great and vast com - mo -
3. It shall fill up all your rum - holes, It shall shake up all your numb -
4. An - gel hosts now cheer it dai - ly, Hu - man voi - ces shout - ing gai -
5. Soon the thou - sands yet de - lay - ing, In the haunts of e - vil stray -
6. So the Temp-'rance Ball goes hum - ming, And the glad "good time" is com -



- ing, As the Power Di - vine comes grand - ly Roll - ing, roll - ing, roll - ing on . . .

- tion, When the Temp-'rance Bomb comes bound - ing, And our cause goes roll - ing on . . .

- souls, All hu - man - i - ty shall hail it, As it goes roll - ing on . . .

- ly, While our no - ble work brings bless - ing, As it goes roll - ing on . . .

- ing, Shall swell the Temp - 'rance tri - umph, And with it go roll - ing on . . .

- ing, To light up all the a - ges, While our ca<sup>u</sup>se goes roll - ing on . . .

CHORUS.

Roll - ing on, roll - ing on, roll - ing on; .. .. Roll - ing on, Roll - ing on,

on, Roll - ing on, roll - ing on; .. .. Oh, the knell of Roll - ing on.

vice is toll - ing, As our cause goes roll - ing on. Repeat *pp* ad lib.

**F**

## THE LIVING WATERS.

Words by B. M. LAWRENCE, M.D. Music by JAMES G. CLARK.

Andantino.

1. By the riv - ers of peace where the pure shall reign When the  
 2. The mock - er, strong drink, is de - nounced by the Word, It de -

storms of life are past, There re - mains a rest free from  
 -stroys eve - ry im - pulse di - vine; The drunkards of Ephraim were con -

toil and pain While the peace - ful a - ges last; But we  
 - demned by the Lord, And priests have erred through wine. Wine

read in the Word, by the wise re - vered, That those joys they ne'er shall know Whose  
 drink - ers have woe and wounds with - out cause, They have sorrow and red - ness of eyes, They

souls by the love of wine are seared, Ere they leave this world be - low.  
 live in de - fi - ance of na - ture's great laws, And they die as the fool - ish man dies.

CHORUS.

Then shun the foul poi-son that kills .. Soul and bod - y by the ten thou-sand  
 Oh, check the chief cause of these ills, .. Save the fall - en by the ten thou-sand

score ; Oh, drink from the life - giv - ing rills, .. .. Where they  
 score ; Then at last, on the ev - er - green hills, .. .. Thou shalt

*rit.* *ad lib.*  
 hun - ger and thirst no more.  
 hun - ger and th no more.

3.

While waiting for that home, sweet home of the blest,  
 Where the tempter shall come no more,  
 We sigh for the weary who find no rest,  
 Till the journey of life is o'er.  
 But more dark is the doom of the drunken host,  
 Whose lives through drink go down ;  
 Then come help to rescue and reclaim the lost,  
 And Christ will reward thee a crown.  
 Chorus.—Then shun the foul poison, etc.

## COLD WATER SONG.

1. Full many a time .. .. on sun - mer's day, .. .. When  
 1. Full man-y a time, on sum - mer's day

haste - ning to .. .. our work a - way; .. .. We paused by that .. .. green  
 When haste-ning to our work a - way. We paused by that green

slo - ping bank, .. .. And there the pure .. .. cool wa - ters drank, .. .. A  
 green slo - ping bank, And there the pure cool wa - ters drank,



sa - cred vow . . . . we bro - thers made, . . . . While there be - neath . . . . that  
 A sa - cred vow we bro - thers made, While there be - neath

cool - ing shade, . . . . Long years a - go . . . . we made that vow, . . . . But  
 that cool - ing shade, Long years a - go we made that vow, we made that vow,

still 'tis just . . . as sa - cred now.

But still 'tis just as sa - cred now.

2.

We'll shun the bright and sparkling joy  
 That lures us on but to destroy ;  
 That sheds its light on young and old,  
 Who ne'er its death blight have been told.  
 The sacred vow we brothers made,  
 While resting 'neath that cooling shade,  
 Has brought us peace, content and love,  
 And turned our thoughts to heaven above.

## THE CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN.

1. Down in yonder meadow ... ... Where the

1. Down in yonder meadow, Where the lilies grow, Down in yonder

lilies grow, ... ... 'Neath the willow's

meadow, Where the lilies grow, 'Neath the willow's shadow,

shadow, ... ... Pu rest waters flow. waters flow. There the

Pu rest waters flow, 'Neath the willow's shadow Pu rest waters flow. There the

wea - ry travel - ler turn - eth, From the noon-tide heat to rest; For a

wea - ry travel - ler turn - eth, From the noon-tide heat to rest; For a

cool - ing draught he yearn - eth, From this spring of all the best.

cool - ing draught he yearn - eth, From this spring of all the best.

2. Wild and sweet the roses  
 By that streamlet's side,  
 Peace with joy reposes,  
 Where its waters glide.  
 Brighter crystals sparkled never,  
 Than are flowing from that rill;  
 Emblem of a life forever,  
 Far beyond this world of ill.

3. Near to yonder mountain,—  
 Winding through the glade,—  
 Now the silver fountain  
 Seeks the forest shade.  
 Haste thee onward, singing gaily  
 'Till thou reach the ocean, vast;  
 So we hasten onward daily,  
 Finding home and heaven at last.

## THE TOPER'S LAMENT.

OR EVILS OF THE PROHIBITORY LAW.

Words by a LADY. Music from CONRADIN KREUTZER.

Vivace.

I. Once seat - ed at a tav - ern [- ern] door, A to - per did his

fate de - plore, His eyes cast on the ground; No more would boon com - pan - ions stay, A -

- lone he sings his dole - ful lay, A - lone he sings his dole - ful lay, ... O

where, O where, O where shall drink be found, ... ..

Alto:- O where, O where, O where shall drink be found, ... ..

Tenor:- O where, O where, O where shall drink be found ... ..

O where shall drink be found.

2.

O, what a hateful law they've passed—  
The watermen have beat at last ;  
Oppressive and unjust !  
The "aqua vitæ" all is spilled,  
The casks with cold, dead water filled,  
And we, and we, must drink or thirst.

3. My throat was parched, my heart was dead,  
For help I to the city sped.  
To find the "mountain dew,"  
My demijohn was filled once more,  
In my valise I hid my store,  
As rich, as rich, as any Jew.
4. Alas ! my sorrows must I tell :  
Plump down my precious burden fell—  
It broke—my treasures spill ;

To crown my shame and deep distress,  
It spoiled a lovely lady's dress,  
And I, and I, must pay the bill.

- 5 No blissful nights I now can pass,  
With laugh, and song, and social glass ;  
O, sad and heavy doom !  
My days, to business all confined,  
My nights to rest with sober mind,  
Must now, must now, be spent at home.

## STAND LIKE THE BRAVE.

1. A - way with the cup, .. let it spar - kle in vain,

The first system of music is in G major (one flat) and 3/4 time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment starts with a bass line of G2, B1, and D2, and a treble line of G4, B4, and C5. The system concludes with a double bar line.

There's death in the drop that so mad - ly we drain;

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line features a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment maintains the same harmonic structure. The system ends with a double bar line.

Break, break, its vile fet - ters, go, val - iant - ly go! And

The third system concludes the piece. The vocal line has a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment provides a steady accompaniment. The system ends with a double bar line.

# STAND LIKE THE BRAVE. Concluded.

91

♩: SOLO,

stand like the brave with your face to the foe. Stand like the brave

**SEMI-CHORUS.**                      **FULL CHORUS.**                      **Dal Segno. ♩:**

Stand like the brave, Stand like the brave with your face to the foe.

2.

No time to be lost, we entreat you, beware,  
Oh, turn from a path that will end in despair;  
Now gird on your armour, go, valiantly go,  
And stand like the brave with your face to the foe.

3.

Oh, tarry no more at the wine-cup by night,  
Be true to yourselves and return to the right;

To crush the vile tempter, go, valiantly go,  
And stand like the brave with your face to the foe.

4.

Remember the hearts that are bleeding and torn,  
The eyes that with watching are weary and worn;  
For God and your loved ones, go, valiantly go,  
And stand like the brave with your face to the foe.

## THE PLEDGE.

Alto or Baritone Solo, or Unison.

Words by T. HASTINGS, Mus. Doc. Music arr. from Dr. ARNOLD.

Alto: I. Now let us strike the cheer-ful strain, ... The

joys of temp'rance tell, The joys of temp'rance tell,

Till ev'ry val-ley

Till ev'ry val-ley

hill and plain, The song re-spon-sive swell ;



hill and plain, The song re - spon - sive swell, . . . The song, . . . The song . . . re -

- spon - - sive swell, .. The song re - spon - sive swell, . . . The song re - spon - sive  
The song The song . . . . . re - spon - sive

swell, . . . The song re - spon - sive swell.  
swell. . . The song re - spon - sive swell.

2. Loud be the strain in virtue's praise,  
And while the strains prolong,  
Let thousands turn from sinful ways,  
And join the happy throng.
3. Soon may we see throughout the land,  
Blessings without alloy;  
Come, sign the pledge with heart and hand.  
And swell the tide of joy.

P. P. BLISS.

*Moderato.*

i. With a light, cheer - ful song, now we greet you, Kind stran-gers, a song glad and

ree ; We are hope - ful and glad here to meet you, And glad shall our songs ev - er be.

**CHORUS.**

With a mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry, song we come, Light and joy - ous -

- heart - ed glad and free; Please ac - cept our true en - deav - or, While we

strive to meet your fa-vour, In our songs of love, and home, and lib - er - ty.

2.

We have songs for the gay and the cheerful,  
 We have songs for the rich and the poor;  
 We have songs for the sad and the tearful,  
 And songs for the Right evermore.  
 Chorus.—With a merry, merry, etc.

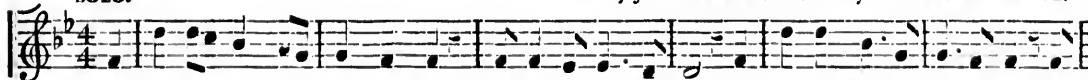
3.

Let us sing and forget care and sorrow,  
 Let us sing, thinking not of despair;  
 Let us sing, thinking not of to-morrow,  
 For to-morrow, perhaps, may be fair.  
 Chorus.—With a merry, merry, etc.

## JUBILEE SONG.

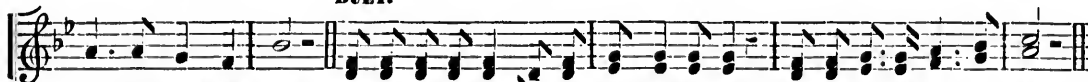
SOLO.

Words by J. P. SAMUEL. Music by WALTER KITTRIDGE.



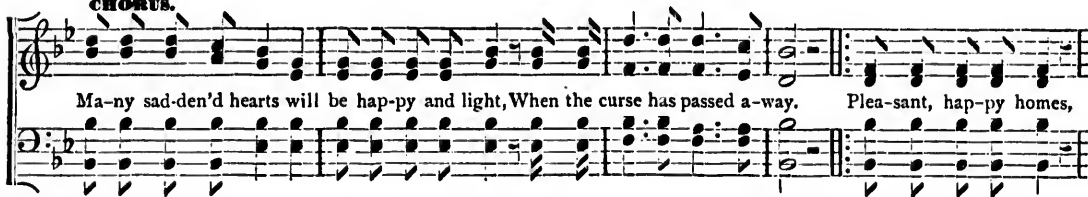
1. The Temp'rance ju - bi - lee draws near, The day of joy and peace; Let ev-'ry heart ex - ult and sing, For

DUET.



drunk-en-ness shall cease. Ma-ny are the homes now so wretched and sad, Who will hail the glorious day;

CHORUS.



Ma-ny sad-den'd hearts will be hap-py and light, When the curse has passed a-way. Plea-sant, hap-py homes,



Plea-sant hap-py homes; Sing-ing in their hap-py homes.

2. The Temperance car shall onward roll,  
With firm, resistless might;  
Till every hindrance be removed,  
In its glorious march of light.—Chorus.
3. We'll rally round our noble flag,  
And sing our glad refrain;  
And swell the chorus loud and long,  
In cheerful, happy strain.—Chorus.

# IS IT TRUE?

97

Words by H. REED. Music by J. W. DADMUN.

1. Is it true that I must lie In the grave-yard by-and - bye, *Sym.* And with

o - thers gone be - fore Sleep till time shall be no more? Is it true? Oh, is it true?

2. Is it true, as many say,  
Life is but a passing day,  
And that heaven is lost or won  
Ere this fleeting day has flown?  
Is it true—Oh, is it true?

3. Is it true that on the cross  
Jesus bled and died for us,  
And, while hanging on the tree,

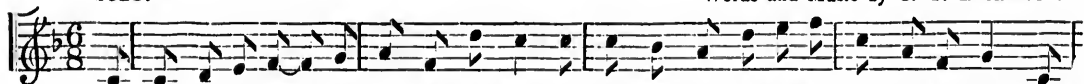
Upward sent a prayer for me?  
Is it true—Oh, is it true?

4.  
Is it true that all death's slain  
Will arise and live again,  
And to final judgment go,  
Some for bliss and some for woe?  
Is it true—Oh, is it true?

## DON'T YOU GO, TOMMY.

SOLO.

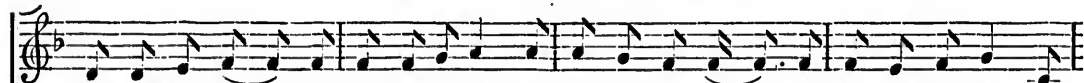
Words and Music by C. T. LOCKWOOD.



1. You'll rue it my boy, now mind what I say, Don't spend all your money and time in that way, There's
2. Why don't you be steady, and work like a man, I can't hold the plow, but still do what I can, There's
3. We've watch'd o'er you Tommy, in sweet infan - cy, Whilst an - gels were si - lent - ly beck - ning to thee, At



no one but idlers that lounge a - bout so, I beg of you Tommy, don't go. We're  
 so much to do, and our grain we must sow, I beg of you Tommy, don't go; Be-  
 mid-night we knelt by your cra - dle so low, I beg of you Tommy, don't go. Be



fee - ble and old, your mo - ther and me; And kind to us both you ev - er should be, To  
 - sides, there is corn and po - ta - toes to plant, You're young and can stand it, you know that I can't, Let  
 kind to us Tommy, we'll soon pass a - way, The farm will be yours, at no dis - tant day, E -



whis - key shops, billiards, and cards bid a - dieu, I beg of you Tommy don't go.  
 whis - key a - lone for it grieves mo - ther so, I beg of you Tommy don't go.  
 - ter - ni - ty's bless - ing you'll reap if you sow, O Tom - my, dear Tommy, don't go.

# DON'T YOU GO TOMMY. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Don't you go, Tom - my, don't go, . . . . . Stay at home, Tom-my, don't  
 No, don't go,

go, . . . . . There's no one but idlers that lounge a - bout so, I  
 Now don't go, (Last verse):—O

beg of you, Tommy, don't go, don't go.  
 Tommy, near Tommy, don't go. . . . .

*rit* *ad libitum* *pp*

## THE GUSHING RILL.

1. Oh! if for me the cup you fill, Then fill it from the gush - ing rill, With

wa-ter, wa-ter, sparkling bright, As clear as truth, and free as light. Then if for me the  
Then if for me the

me the cup you fill, the cup you fill, O, fill it from the gush-ing rill, the  
cup you fill, Then if for me the cup you fill, O, fill it from the gush-ing rill, O,



gush - - ing rill. Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,  
 fill it from the gush-ing rill. La la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. O, fill it from the gush - ing rill.  
 la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

2.

Kiss not to me the mantling brim,  
 Where dancing bubbles gaily swim;  
 For in each shining crystal round,  
 A deadly, lurking fiend is found.

Then if for me the cup you fill, etc.

3.

Speak not to me of rosy wine,  
 Of nectar cups, or draughts divine;  
 The taste of bitter tears is there,  
 Winged from the hearts most true and dear.

Then if for me the cup you fill, etc.

## OH, BRIGHT IS THE WINE.

Music by Rev. J. A. WILLIAMS.

1. Oh, bright is the wine, the ru - by wine, That spar-kles in the cup; But

dim are the eyes, the blood - shot eyes, Of him who quaffs it up. Then

shun the cup, the death-fraught cup, That dooms the soul to hell, And

drink the draught, the cool - ing draught, That comes from the crys - tal well.

2.  
O bright is the glow, the rosy glow.  
As on the eye it gleams;  
But pure is the light, the diamond light,  
Of Nature's crystal streams.  
Chorus.—Then shun the cup, etc.

3.  
O sad is the end, the dreadful end,  
Of him who heedeth not  
To shun the cup, the treacherous cup,  
So full of danger fraught.  
Chorus.—Then shun the cup, etc.

## THE TEMPERANCE CALL.

**Allegro con Fuoco.** FRANZ ABT.

1. Hear the Temp'-rance call, Free-men, one and all! Hear your coun-try's earn-est cry,

See your na - tive land Lift its beck'-ning hand, "Sons of free-dom," come ye nigh;

Chase the monster from our shore, Let his cruel reign be o'er; Chase the monster from our  
Chase the monster from our shore, Let his cruel reign be o'er, be

shore, Let his cru-el reign be o'er.

2.  
Leave the shop and farm,  
Leave your bright hearths warm;  
To the polls! the land to save;  
Let your leaders be  
True and noble, free,  
Fearless, temp'rate, good and brave;  
Chase the monster, etc.

3.  
Hail our Father-land!  
Here thy children stand,  
All resolved, united, true,  
In the temperance cause,  
Ne'er to faint or pause!  
This our purpose is, and vow;  
Chase the monster, etc.

# LEAVE ME NOT.

103

Slow and Soft.

1. Stay, father, stay, the night is wild, O leave not now your dy - ing child, I  
 2. Stay, father, stay, my mo - ther's gone, And thou and I are left a - lone, And

feel the i - cy hand of death, And short - er, short - er, grows my breath, O Fa - ther,  
 from her star - lit home on high, She'll weep, that I a - lone must die, O Fa - ther,

leave me not, O . . . fa - ther, leave . . me not.

3. Stay, father, stay, O leave, this night,  
 The mad'ning bowl whose with'ring blight,  
 Has cast so dark a shade around  
 The home, where joy alone was found.  
 O father, leave me not.

4. Stay, father, stay, once more I ask,  
 O count it not a heavy task  
 To stay with me, till life shall end,  
 My last, my only earthly friend.  
 O father, leave me not.

# FORWARD MARCH TO VICTORY.

Dedicated to M. KNOWLTON, Esq., G. W. C., by the Author.

**SOLO or DUET. With Spirit.**

Words and Music by J. P. SAMUEL.

1. Forward, for-ward, men of Temp'rance, March ye on ye no-ble band; Nev-er halt what-e'er the  
2. Forward march, lift high the standard, In the war a-against the foe; Bold and stead-y, ev-er

hindrance, While the foe is in the land. Tho' his host, in might a-bounding. Ready stand in close ar-ray;  
on-ward, Till we strike the conq'ring blow. High-er lift the Temp'rance banner, On the hill-top let it wave;

3.  
Forward, see the golden dawning,  
Tinge the mountains of the East,  
And the glorious rays of morning,  
Light the prairies of the West.  
Onward bear the noble standard,  
Over land and over sea;  
With our motto ever onward,  
Forward march to victory.—Cho.

CHORUS.

For-ward, for-ward, men of Temp'rance, March ye on ye no-ble band; Nev-er halt what-e'er the

hindrance, While the foe is in the land. Onward bear the no-ble stand-ard,

On-ward bear the no-ble

Ov-er land and ov-er sea; This our mot-to ev-er for-ward, Forward march to vic-to-ry.

standard. Ov-er land and ov-er sea.

**Bold.**

Words by Rev. E. H. DEWART.

1. All hail to the land of the for-est and lake, That wel-comed our

fa-thers from o-ver the sea; The stan-dard they car-ried we'll nev-er for-

- sake, But bear it a-loft, the proud flag of the free.

2.  
O Canada! dearly-loved home of my heart,  
Wherever I wander, whate'er be my lot,  
Thy pictures of beauty shall never depart,  
Thy sons and thy daughters shall ne'er be forgot,

3.  
May Virtue and Temperance gild with their light,  
And Heaven's own hand ever shelter and save;  
May the sun that looks on thy scenes of delight,  
Ne'er rise on a tyrant, or set on a slave.



## Tenor Solo.

## ALPINE MELODY.



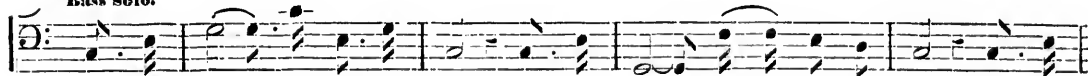
1. We are hap-py and free, as a crew can be; .. While our bark is sail-ing o'er the sea. ..
2. Come a-way then with me. o'er the dark blue sea, .. And a gal-lant sail-or you shall be; ..
3. On our ves-sel we'll ride, with the wind and the tide, .. O'er the heav-ing o-ccean swift-ly glide;..

## Soprano Solo.



1. Our sails we heave at the call of the brave, For we love the home of the o - cean wave.
2. I'll leave my home on the wa-ters to roam, For I love to bound o'er the spark-ling foam.
3. Should wild winds roar, with each man to his oar, We will safe-ly land on our des-tined shore.

## Bass Solo.



1. O, our hearts do burn with glee, As we sail o'er the roll-ing sea; Let us
2. O, what joy it is to me, Thus to sail o'er the roll-ing sea; Loud we'll



all u-nite in love, Trusting in the God a - bove.  
raise our mer-ry strain, As we sail o'er the foam-ing main.

## 3. (Bass Solo.)

Then from toil and perils free,  
And the dangers of the sea,  
We will all unite in love,  
Praising HIM who rules above.

CHORUS. First Time *f* Second Time *pp*.

Mer - ri - ly now we row a - long, row a - long, row a - long,

Mer - ri - ly now we row a - long, O - ver the dark blue sea.

## SPEAK GENTLY TO THE ERRING.

Earnestly, with strong accent,

Words by F. G. LEE.

1. Speak gent - ly to the err - ing - Ye know not all the power With which the dark temp -

- ta - tion came, In some un - guard - ed hour : Yc may not know how ear - nest - ly They

strug-gled, or how well, Un - til the hour of weak-ness came, And sad - ly thus they fell.

2.  
 Speak gently of the erring—  
 Oh, do not thou forget,  
 However darkly stained by sin,  
 He is thy brother yet.  
 Heir of the self-same heritage,  
 Child of the self-same God,  
 He hath but stumbled in the path  
 Thou hast in weakness trod.

3.  
 Speak kindly to the erring—  
 For is it not enough  
 That innocence and peace are gone,  
 Without thy censure rough?  
 It surely is a weary lot  
 That sin-crushed heart to bear;  
 And they who share a happier fate  
 Their chidings well may spare.

4.  
 Speak kindly to the erring—  
 Thou yet mayst lead him back,  
 With holy words, and tones of love,  
 From mis'ry's thorny track;  
 Forget not thou hast often sinn'd,  
 And sinful yet must be;  
 Deal kindly with the erring one,  
 As God hath dealt with thee.

From the GERMAN.

1. Our Fa-ther land! who names the name Of Fa-ther land with-out a tear? The voice of

love, the voice of fame, The voice of all we hold most dear, Tell us to love our Fa-ther

land, Tell us to love our Fa-ther land.

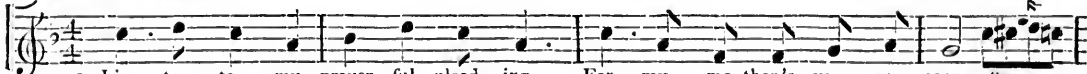
2. Th' aspiring hills that look on heaven,  
The streams that wander to the sea,  
The song of birds at morn, at ev'n,  
The forest's choral minstrelsy,  
Tell us to love our Father land.
3. Whose is the heart that will not beat,  
More proudly on the ocean wave,  
Nor feel his life's blood back retreat  
Into its mystic crimson cave,  
As thinks he of his Father land?

## Listen to my Prayerful Pleading.

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SOLO. Moderato.

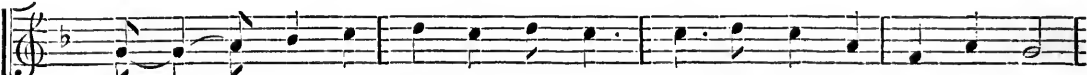
WILL S. HAYS.




1. Lis - ten to my prayer - ful plead - ing, For my mo - ther's ve - ry poor; **Sym.**  
 2. Kind - ly wait, and let me tell you, That my bro - ther's drown'd at sea,  
 3. Strang - er, just one mo - ment lis - ten! You are rich and we are poor;



I have come to ask a pen - ny, Do not turn me from your door!  
 And my poor heart - bro - ken mo - ther Has no chil - dren, ma'am, but me.  
 I'll go home and say to mo - ther, That you turn'd me from your door.



Mo - ther's .. sick, and weak, and fee - ble, And she sent Me on the street;  
 Do .. not spurn me, do not shun me, I'm a child and no - thing more;  
 Good bye, .. We can starve and suf - fer, Yet we'll look to God and pray,



For my fa - ther is a drunk - ard, And we've no - thing home to eat!  
 Give me some - thing, if but pi - ty, Do not turn me from your door!  
 That when you go to Him beg - ging, He'll not turn your soul a - way.

H

## CHORUS.

Please, ma'am, won't you give me some-thing, I'll not come here an - y more;

Fa - ther drinks. Oh, please, take pit - y! Do not turn me from your door!

## TOBACCO, OH! OH!!

## Recitativo.

Words by a LADY,

1. Tell me, ye winged winds } round my dwell-ing blow, { Do ye not know some spot } do not go-  
that ..... } where smokers.....

Some quiet, pleasant dell, } in the West, { Where, freed from pipes and }  
 some valley..... } smoke, a soul in..... } peace may rest? | The loud winds dwindled to a

whis - per low, And sighed for pity as they answered, "No, No, No, No!"

2.  
 Tell me, thou ocean deep, whose' billows' oft I' see,  
 Know'st thou some island home, to which our' sex may' flee,  
 Safe from tobacco quids, and streams of' filthy' juice  
 Ejected from men's mouths?—O, what a' vile a'-buse!—  
 The wild waves rolling in perpet'-u-al' flow. [No,  
 Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer' No'-' No'-' No'-'

3.  
 And thou, bright silver moon, when' on thy' nightly' round,  
 Thou look'st adown on earth, hast thou not' somewhere' found  
 A spot yet undefiled by those who' use the' weed,

And where mankind the rules of' neatness' heed?  
 Behind a cloud the moon with'-drew her' face,  
 A voice in sadness answered—Not, ' Not, ' a' place.

4.  
 Tell me, ye Spirits bright, that' now are' hovering' o'er.  
 Must we endure this curse forever, ' ev'er' more?  
 O, search beyond this earth, search regions' of the' blest;  
 Can ye not find some place where we un'-smoked may' rest?  
 Faith, Hope and Trust—best boons to' mortals' given—  
 Waved their bright wings, and whispered, ' Yes!-' yes, '  
 in' heaven.

*Moderato.*

1. My fa - ther's grow - ing old; his eye Looks dim - ly on the

page, The locks that round his fore - head lie, Are sil - vered o'er by age;

My heart has learned too well the tale Which o - ther lips have told, . . . His

His years and



years and strength be - gin to fail— "My fa - ther's grow - ing old."

strength .. .. be - gin to fail—

The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first line of lyrics is "years and strength be - gin to fail— 'My fa - ther's grow - ing old.'" The second line of lyrics is "strength .. .. be - gin to fail—".

2.

They tell me, in my youthful years,  
 He led me by his side,  
 And strove to calm my childish fears—  
 My erring steps to guide.  
 But years, with all their scenes of change,  
 Above us both have rolled,  
 I now must guide his faltering steps—  
 "My father's growing old."

3.

And when each tuneful voice we raise,  
 In songs of "long ago,"  
 His voice, which mingles with our lays  
 Is tremulous and low.  
 It used to seem a clarion's tone,  
 So musical and bold.  
 But weaker, fainter, has it grown—  
 "My father's growing old."

4.

The same fond smile he used to wear  
 Still wreathes his pale lips now,  
 But time with lines of age and care  
 Has traced his placid brow,  
 But yet amidst the lapse of years  
 His heart has not grown cold,  
 Though voice and footsteps plainly tell,  
 "My father's growing old."

5.

My father! thou didst strive to share  
 My joys, and calm my fears,  
 And now thy child, with grateful care,  
 In thy declining years,  
 Shall smooth thy path, and brighter see  
 By Faith and Hope unfold;  
 And love thee with a holier love,  
 Since thou art "growing old."

## Let the Dead and the Beautiful Rest.

Words by C. C. BUTLER. Music by S. WESLEY MARTIN.

**SOLO. Moderato.**

1. Let the dead and the beau - ti - ful rest, Make her grave 'neath the wil - low by the stream, Where the
2. Let the dead and the beau - ti - ful rest, For the spring - time is com - ing with its flow'rs, When the
3. Let the dead and the beau - ti - ful rest, Where the long droop - ing wil - low branches wave, While the



wind - harps will whis - per o'er the blest, Like the 'song of some an - gel in our dream.  
 wild - rose will blos - som o'er her breast, As the song - birds will while a - way the hours.  
 moon, slow - ly sink - ing in the west, Leaves the stars keep - ing vi - gils o'er her grave.

**DUET.**

Oh, so young and fair, With her bright gold - en hair :



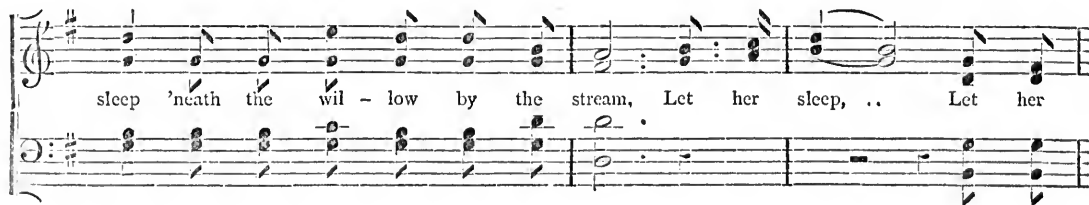
## CHORUS.



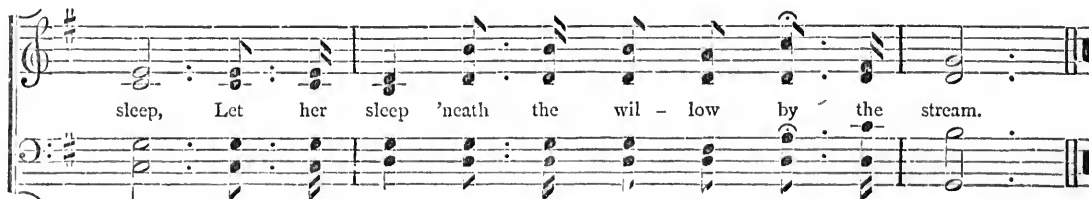
Let her sleep .. .. Let her sleep .. .. Let her

Let her sleep,

Let her sleep, Let her



sleep 'neath the wil - low by the stream, Let her sleep, .. Let her



sleep, Let her sleep 'neath the wil - low by the stream.

## WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

**Semi-Chorus.**

Words by G. W. ROSS, Esq., M.P. Music by J. P. SAMUEL.

Watch - man! what of the night? Is the day at all to come. Long, how long we've

strug - gled on, Wea - ri - ly we toil and pray; Wea - ri - ly we wait.. for day.

**RESPONSE. 1st time Solo; 2nd time Full Chorus.**

'Tis a long, long night, and mur - ky and dre - ar, But my faith is strong that the

day is near. There's a gleam of light in the dus-ky sky, It must

be, bro-ther, that the day is nigh. day is nigh.

2.

Watchman! What of the night?  
Rum and ruin, hand in hand,  
Sweep like fiends across the land.  
Shall their power ever cease?  
When shall shine the sun of peace?

RESPONSE.

The sunshine of peace is coming now;  
Its brightness I see on yon mountain's brow,  
Let the weary rise and the faint be strong,  
For a night so drear can not be long.

3.

Watchman! What of the night?  
Need we look at all for day?  
Shall we cast all hope away?  
Shall we leave our sons to die?  
Is there hope in yonder sky?

RESPONSE.

I see a light like the light of day,  
It is streaming fast through the fading gray;  
And its sheen of gold overspreads the sky,  
Oh, let us rejoice, for the morn is nigh.

SOLO. With feeling.

H. R. PALMER.



1. The day was gone, and the night was dark, And the howl-ing winds went by, .. And the blind-ing sleet fell  
 2. 'Twas a youth who had left his moun-tain home: He had wan-dered far and long:.. He had drain'd the gob-let's  
 3. "I have left the hails of the tempt-er's pow'r, And the rev-el wild and high;.. They cared not in their



thick and fast, From a stern and storm-y sky; .. When a mourn-ful wail, thro' the  
 fi-ery tide, At the fes-tal, mid-night throng;.. But a dream of home came  
 reck-less mirth If I wandered a-lone to die-.. Doth the fire .. still burn on the



rush-ing gale, Was heard at a cot-tage door- .. "O, car-ry me back, O,  
 o'er his heart As he crept to the cot-tage door- .. "O, car-ry me back," etc.  
 house-hoid hearth, By the oak tree oid and hoar? .. "O, car-ry me back," etc.



car-ry me back To my mo-ther's home once more." ..

4. Like the weary bird that wandered long,  
 I will seek my mountain nest,  
 And lay my aching head once more,  
 On my gentle mother's breast.  
 Once more will I seek the household hearth,  
 By the oak tree old and hoar.-O carry, &c

## CHORUS.

**Soprano:** Air. O car - - ry me back to my home .. .. once more, .. O

**Alto:** Lis - ten to that mourn - ful wail - ing, As it floats to yon - der cot - tage door - "O,

**Tenor:**

**Soprano:** car - - - ry me back to my home .. .. once more. *ritard.* **Repeat *pp***

**Alto:** give me back my hap - py child - hood, O take me to my home once more."

**Tenor:**

## THE OLD COLLEGE BELL.

1. That old fa - mil - iar bell, How clear its ech - oes swell, Up -

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a vocal line with lyrics, and the bass staff contains a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics for this system are: "1. That old fa - mil - iar bell, How clear its ech - oes swell, Up -".

- on the ear; How ve - ry dear That old fa - mil - iar bell, Whose mem - o - ries, which dwell With -

The second system of musical notation continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics for this system are: "- on the ear; How ve - ry dear That old fa - mil - iar bell, Whose mem - o - ries, which dwell With -".

- in the heart's pure cell, Now call'd to mind By ech - oes kind, Of that old fa - mil - iar bell.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. The lyrics for this system are: "- in the heart's pure cell, Now call'd to mind By ech - oes kind, Of that old fa - mil - iar bell." The piece ends with a double bar line.



**Treble.** *f* That old ... bell, ... That old ... bell, How clear its ech - oes swell, How

*mf*

bell, ... How clear, ... how clear ... its ech - oes swell. ...  
clear its echoes swell, That old fa-mil-iar bell, That old fa-miliar bell, How clear its echoes swell, echoes swell.

2. That old familiar bell,  
How peal on peal doth tell,  
Of other times;  
Yes, happy chimes!  
That old familiar bell,  
To woo our hearts so well,  
And hold them with its spell,  
Of by-gone days,  
Which waken praise  
Of that old familiar bell.

3. That old familiar bell,  
Gives memory to tell  
Of other hours,  
A holy power  
Of old familiar bell,  
Which would all thoughts repel,  
But those who love to dwell  
Upon the past,  
The joyous past,  
Of that old familiar bell.

1. How my heart is in me burn-ing, And my ve-ry soul is yearn-ing, As my thoughts go backward

turn - ing To the good old days of yore, When my fa-ther and my mo-ther, And each

sis-ter dear, and bro-ther, Sang and chatted with each o-ther 'Round that good old cot-tage door.

*Omit these six measures for last verse*

*After fourth verse only.*

Dear old home-stead cot-tage door...

Dear old home-stead cot-tage door. Sing the new song for

Sing the new song for ev - er more. ev - er more. ev - er more. . .

ev - er more.

2.

3.

4.

Voice and spirit loved to cheer it,  
 And the very birds to hear it  
 Flew around the door, and near it,—  
 Near that good old cottage door!  
 And each sister dear, and brother,  
 Nestled closer to each other,  
 As our father and our mother,  
 Sang their good old songs of yore.

Then were words of kindness spoken,  
 And each heart renewed the token,  
 Pledging vows not to be broken,—  
 Broken, never, never more :  
 And though now asunder driven,  
 With the ties of childhood riven,  
 Still we cherish pledges given  
 'Round that good old cottage door.

Though our days on earth are fleeting,  
 And all temp'ral joys retreating;  
 Yet we hope for another meeting,  
 Better far than days of yore ;  
 Where thro' heavenly courts ascending,  
 And with angel voices blending,  
 We shall sing on without ending  
 At our Heavenly Father's door.

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