The BATTLE CRY

A NEW COLLECTION OF TEMPERANCE & PROHIBITION SONGS

BY

H. S. TAYLOR AND DR. J. B. HERBERT.

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FILLMORE BROS., Publishers,

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1887
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The Battle Cry.

Flag of Freedom.

Words by H. S. TAYLOR. Music by J. B. HERBERT.

1. The land the pil - grims sought for Shall wear no des - pot's chain;
2. Shake out your folds, full flow - ing, Dear Flag of lib - er - ty,
3. Rum's reign shall soon be bro - ken, And in the pur - er air

The cause our fa - thers fought for Their chil - dren will main-tain.
As free as free air blow - ing, That sweeps from sea to sea.
Our old flag fly a to - ken Of free - dom ev - 'ry - where.

CHORUS.

Hip, hip, hur - rah! hur-rah! Co - lum - bia! And Temp'rance, Peace and Law;

All hail the flag, all hail the flag, All hail the flag of free - dom.

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Roll Along, Childeren.

H. S. TAYLOR. SONG AND CHORUS. J. B. HERBERT.

1. Oh, mis-ter brewer man, what you gwine to do? Pro - hi - bi-tion am a com - in' ar - ter you, O, kind o' 'pears to me dat you's look-in' sort - er blue, Roll a - long, chil-der - en, roll.
2. Ole mis-ter licker coon, set - tin in de tree— Boys wid der ax - es a- mak - in' might-y free, O, sum - pin's gwine to drap in de year ob ju - bi - lee, Roll a - long, chil-der - en, roll.
3. Han' down my hat, Hanner, button up my coat, Temp'rance sheep nebber neigh - bo' wid a goat, O, mo - sey to de polls wid a pro - hi - bi - tion vote, Roll a - long, chil-der - en, roll.

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CHORUS.

p

Roll a - long, chil - der - en, nev - er mind de wed - der,

Buck - le up your belts, boys, keep de step to - ged - der;

Roll a-long, childer - en, roll, . . . roll a-long, chil-der-en, roll, . .

Roll a-long, childer - en, roll, . . . Roll a-long, chil-der-en, roll.

O, Join the Army.

H. S. TAYLOR. H. S. TAYLOR. Arr. for this work.

CHORUS.

O, join the Temperance ar - my, Come a-long, come along, muster with the

ar - my, O, join the Temperance ar - my, Come, join the ar - my, O!

Fine.

May be sung as a Solo.

1. Whis-ky steals the wise man's brains, It binds him fast with its hor- ri-ble chains,
2. Whis-ky makes the rich man poor, It brings dis-ease to the healthy man's door,
3. Whis-ky drags a man down hill, It holds him tight and a - bus-es him still,
4. Come on, neighbor, lend a hand, To drive this e - vil from our land;

Works him hard with noth-ing for his pains—O, join the ar - my, O!
Makes him sin and set - tle up the score—O, join the ar - my, O!
Grinds him fine in the Lu - ci - fer mill—O, join the ar - my, O!
Fall in ranks with the Temper - ance band—O, join the ar - my, O!

D. C.

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Clear the Track!

H. S. TAYLOR. J. B. HERBERT.

1. Clear the track! clear the track! The temp'rance train is com-ing,
2. Climb a-board! climb a-board! The time to move ap-proaches,
3. Now we're off! now we're off! Just hear the win-dows rat-tle!

How the sparks are roll-ing back, And how the wheels are hum-ming!
So-ber men can all af-ford The pro-hi-bi-tion coach-es!
Blow the whis-tle, clear the track, And drive a-way the cat-tle!

CHORUS.

Clickety, clackety, clickety, clackety, clickety, clackety,
Hoo! . . . . . .
Click, clack, click, clack, click, clack, click, clack, click, clack, click, clack,

clickety, clack, The liquor league must stand back,
The temperance train is coming.
click, clack, clack,

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(Arrangement for Male Voices, page 8.)

Clear the Track.

H. S. T. MALE VOICES. J. B. H.

(May be sung in key of A.)



1. Clear the track! clear the track! The temp'rance train is com - ing,



2. Climb a-board! climb a-board! The time to move ap-proach-es,



3. Now we're off! now we're off! Just hear the win-dows rat - tle!



How the sparks are roll - ing back, And how the wheels are hum - ming.



So - ber men can all af - ford The pro - hi - bi - tion coach-es.



Blow the whis - tle, clear the track, And drive a - way the cat - tle!



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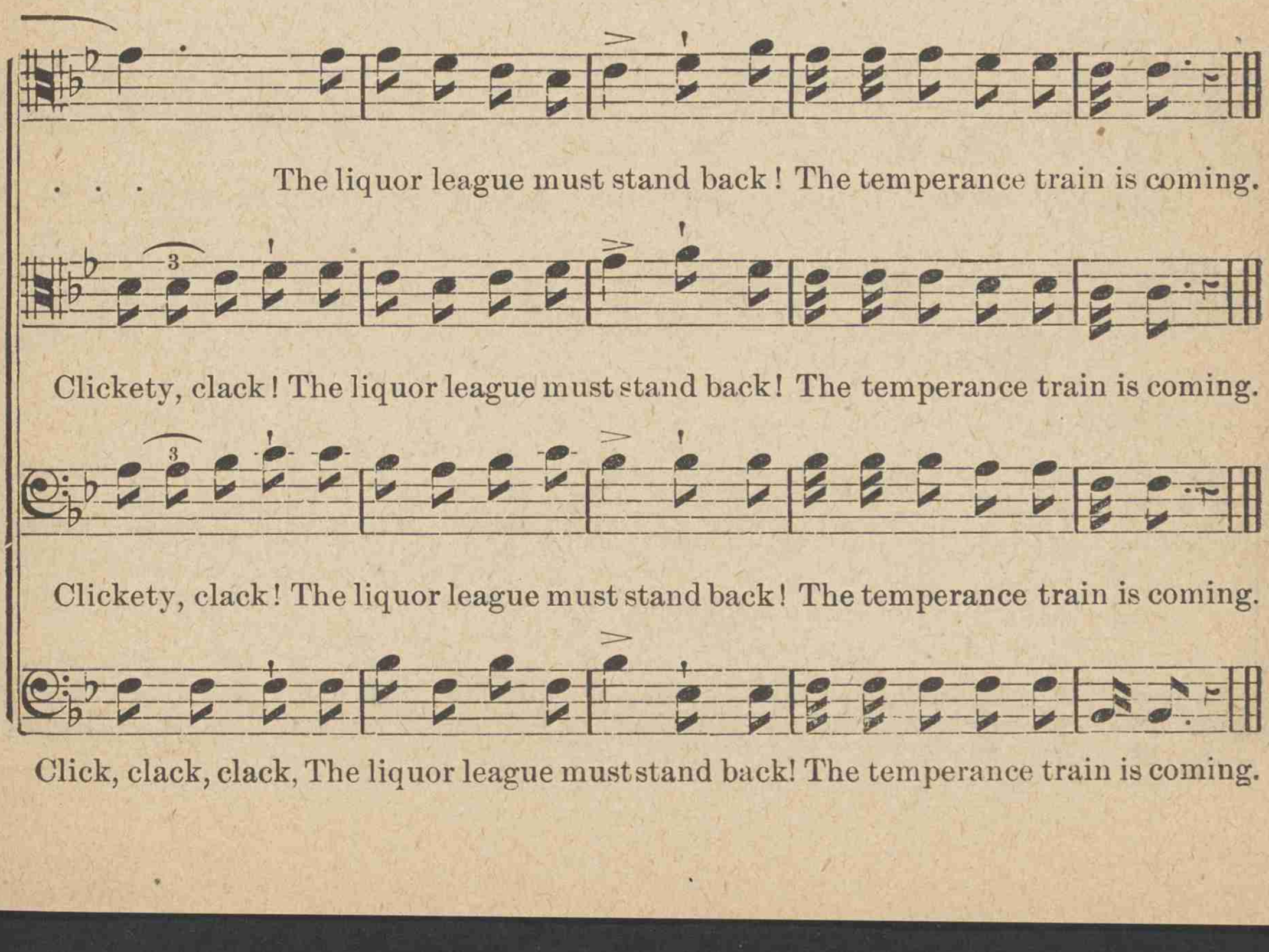


Hoo . . . . . .

Clicket - y, clacket - y, clicket - y, clacket - y, clicket - y, clacket - y,

Clicket - y, clacket - y, clicket - y, clacket - y, clicket - y, clacket - y,

Click, clack, click, clack, click, clack, click, clack, click, clack, click, clack,



. . . The liquor league must stand back! The temperance train is coming.

Clickety, clack! The liquor league must stand back! The temperance train is coming.

Clickety, clack! The liquor league must stand back! The temperance train is coming.

Click, clack, clack, The liquor league must stand back! The temperance train is coming.

Prohibition Music all Around.

H. S. TAYLOR. J. B. HERBERT.

1. A swell-ing wave of temp'rance song Is spreading far and near;
2. Old Moth-er Maine, she pitched the tune, She pitched it loud and clear,
3. The North and South, now rec - on - ciled, Join hands in love sin - cere,

In - creas-ing as it sweeps a - long, O, list-en! listen! don't you hear?
And ev - 'ry state will sing it soon, O, list-en! listen! don't you hear?
To save the flag that rum de-filed, O, list-en! listen! don't you hear?

CHORUS.

p **Cres.**

List - en! list - en! don't you hear that sound? The morn-ing seems to

cen - do.

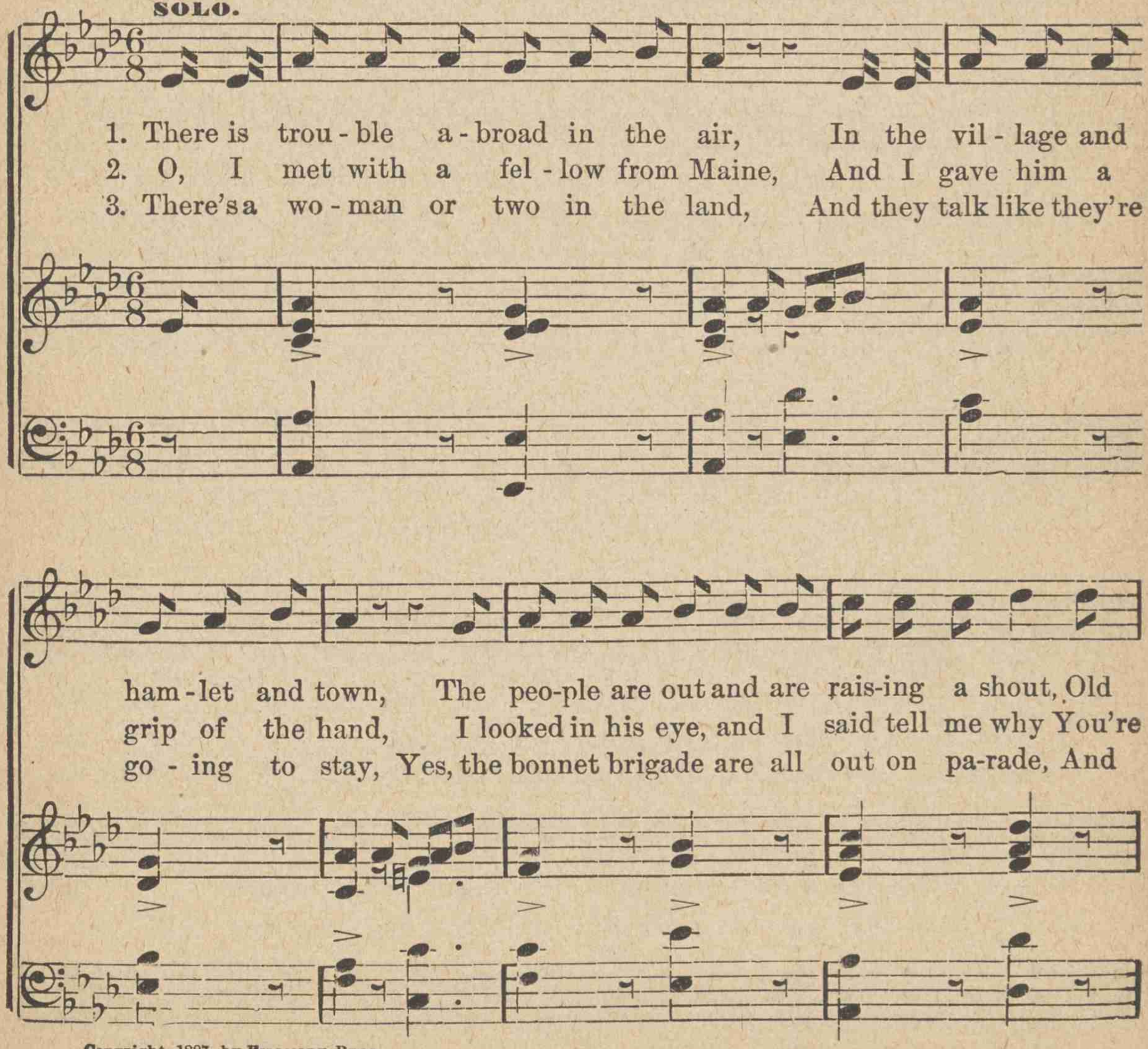
glis - ten on the ris - ing ground; There's music in the air, You can

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Lillibullero.

H. S. TAYLOR. J. B. HERBERT.



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Lillibullero. Continued.

Mo - loch has got to come down: He's troubled the land long e-
smil - ing so pleas-ant and bland? Says he I'm a tem- per-ance
something will have to give way. Old Al - co - hol sneers at the

nough, But at last his do - min - ion is through; Old King Al- co-
crank, But we're go - ing to bat - tle it through; Says he, with a
sight, But I think he will find it is true,— This mil - li - ner

hol will soon tum - ble and fall! O, lil - li - bul - le - ro, bal - loo!
grin, we are go - ing to win:— O, lil - li - bul - le - ro, bal - loo!
crowd are a - stitching his shroud—O, lil - li - bul - le - ro, bal - loo!

CHORUS.

Bal - loo, bal · loo, . . . bal - loo, . . . Bal - loo,

Bal - loo, bal - loo, bal - loo, bal - loo, bal - loo, O, lil - li - bul-

boys, bal - loo, ... King Al - co - hol's crown has

le - ro, bal - loo, bal - loo! King Al - co - hol's crown has

got to come down, O, lil - li - bul - le - ro, bal - loo! -loo!

got to come down, O, lil - li - bul - le - ro, bal - loo! -loo!

Roll on the Ball.

H. S. T. J. B. H., by per.

1. On - ward the cause is mov - ing, strong - er it grows,
2. On - ward and up - ward, broth - ers, ev - er be true,
3. On - ward a lit - tle long - er, urg - ing the fight;

From its path - way quick - ly sweep - ing all who op - pose.
Ev - 'ry one must have a mis - sion, some - thing to do.
Push the con - flict, do not fal - ter, stand for the right.

Vic - to - ry will gild its ban - ners, Sa - tan's throne shall fall;
Touch ing el - bows, close u - nit - ed, there is work for all;
Ev - 'ry-where the cause is gain - ing, soon the foe must fall;

Push to - geth - er, keep it go - ing, roll on the ball!
Push to - geth - er, strong and will - ing, roll on the ball!
Push to - geth - er, keep it go - ing, roll on the ball!

CHORUS.

Roll on the ball, broth - ers, roll on the ball!

Quick - ly, gal - lant min - ute men, re - spond to the call!

Stem the bat - tle, no sur - ren - der, friend or foe must fall!

Now or nev - er, all to - geth - er, roll on the ball!

The Home that Used to Be.

H. S. TAYLOR.

J. B. HERBERT, by per.
(From an English theme.)

1. I re-mem - ber well a cot - tage, With its ros - es climb-ing o'er:
2. Oh, a cloud shut out the sun-shine, And the ros - es fad - ed lay:
3. Oh, I've fall - en and I've suffered, But my heart is still with hope

The bird - ies in the orchard, And the sun-shine at the door;
The cheer-ful hearth-stone mu-sic, Sob-bing, wail - ing died a - way;
That the Sav - iour, he will help me, And the gold - en gate will ope;

The lit - tle blue-eyed prattlers, And the wife so dear to me;
As the ser - pent came to E - den, So the tempt-er came to me,
For the sake of wife and chil-dren, If the Lord be good to me,

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Rit. - - - - -

Oh, the mo-ments ran like mu - sic, In the home that used to be!
And he drove me from my heav-en, In the home that used to be!
I'll bring the glad-ness back a-gain, To the home that used to be!

CHORUS.

Oh, the warbling birds have flown! The flowers are all gone! And shadows fall where
sunshine used to fall so warm and free! My heart is full of care, I can
fall so warm and free!

Rit. e Dim.

only breathe a prayer, That God may give me back again The home that used to be.

Bury Him Deeply Down.

H. S. TAYLOR. BASE SOLO AND CHORUS. J. B. HERBERT.

Base Solo.

1. A cru-el old King from a cas-tle strong, Has reigned in the world for
2. This tyrant has ruled with an i-ron hand, Has robbed and destroyed in
3. The widow and or-phan have felt his stroke, The strong and the brave have

a-ges long; He has marched in wrath thro' the frightened years, And
ev-'ry land; He has pierced old age with a pois-oned thrust, And
worn his yoke; He has poured from bot-tom-less springs of hate A

laughed at hu-man-i-ty's pit-i-ful tears, But we'll bury him deeply down.
trampled the glo-ry of youth in the dust, But we'll bury him deeply down.
curse on the home, on the church and the state, But we'll bury him deeply down.

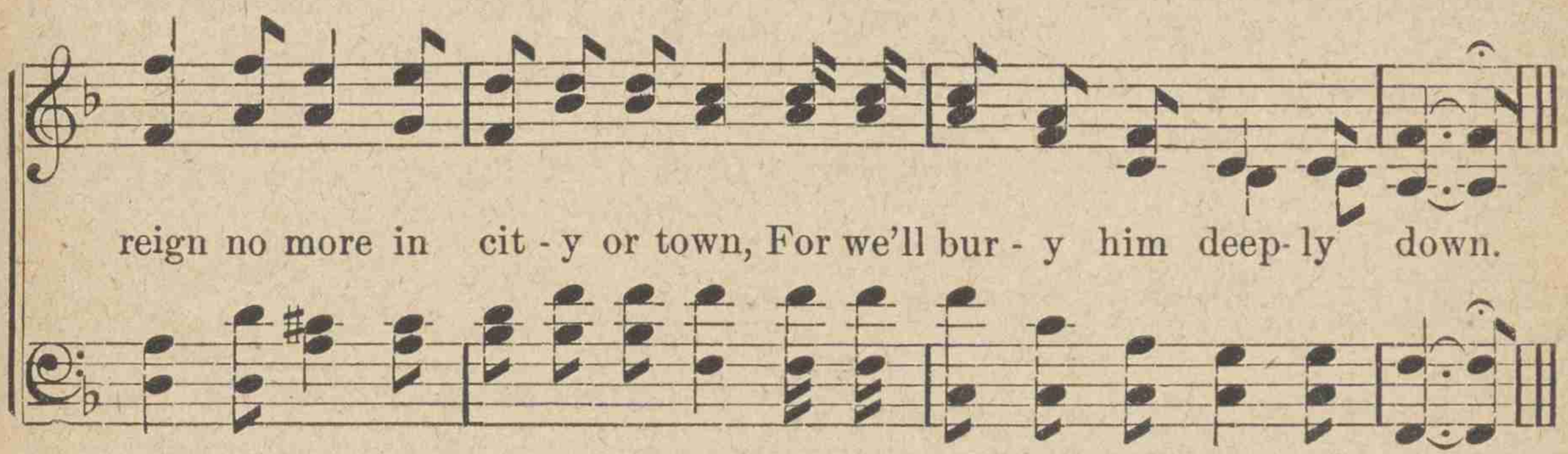
*Small notes for 2d and 3d verses.

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CHORUS.



Bury him down, deeply down, This fierce old King with his serpent crown, He shall

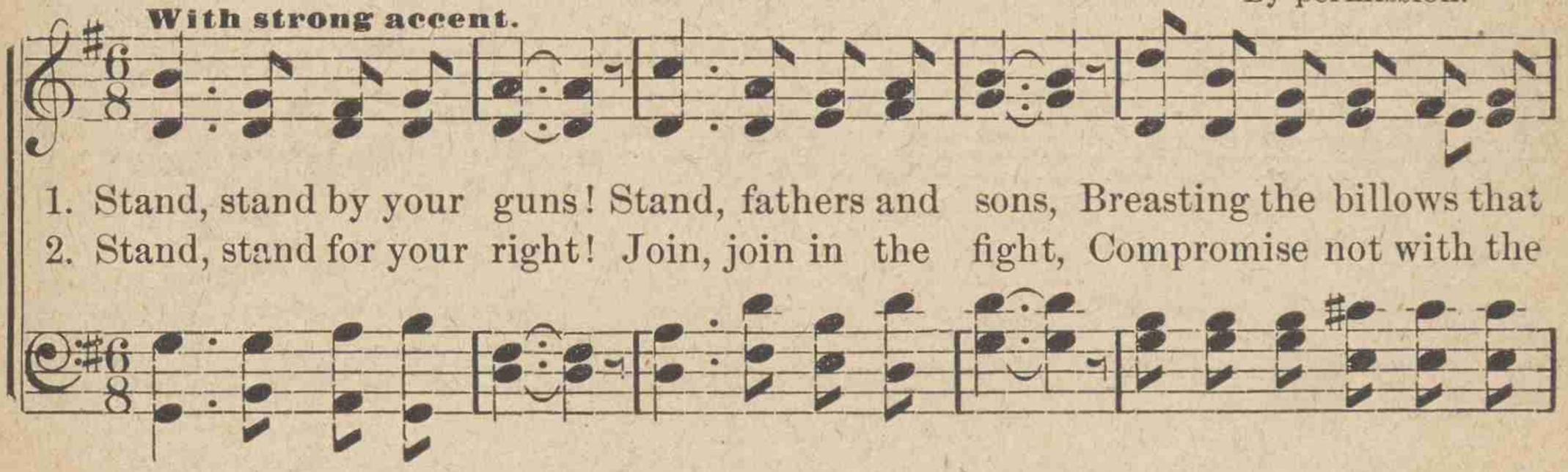


reign no more in cit - y or town, For we'll bur - y him deep- ly down.

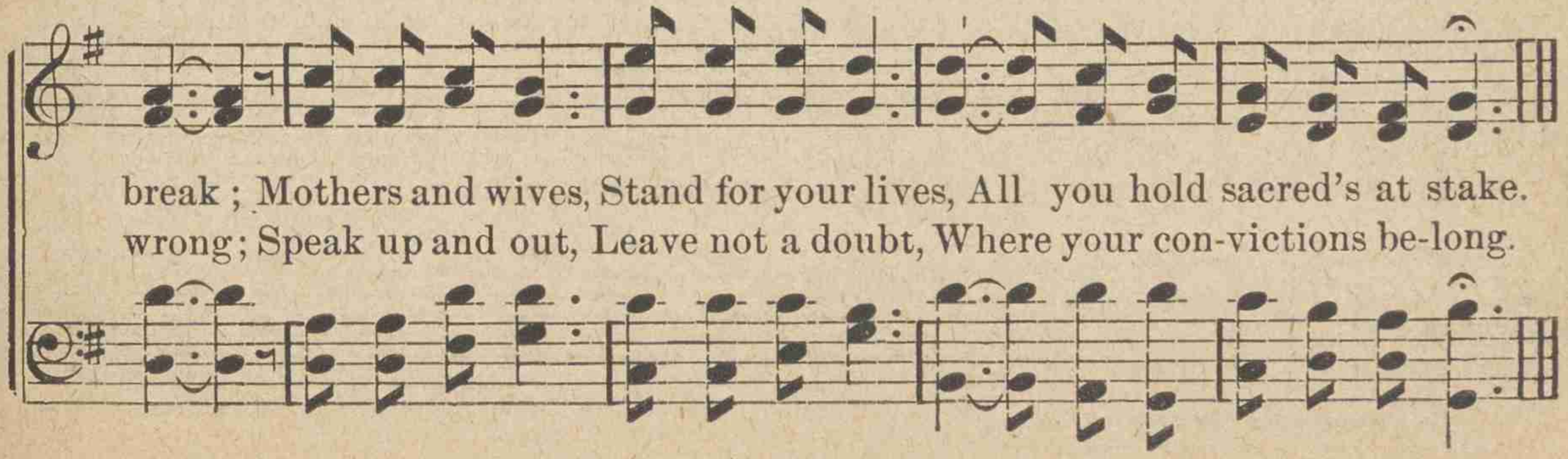
Stand by Your Guns.

By permission.

With strong accent.



1. Stand, stand by your guns! Stand, fathers and sons, Breasting the billows that
2. Stand, stand for your right! Join, join in the fight, Compromise not with the



break ; Mothers and wives, Stand for your lives, All you hold sacred's at stake.
wrong; Speak up and out, Leave not a doubt, Where your con-victions be-long.

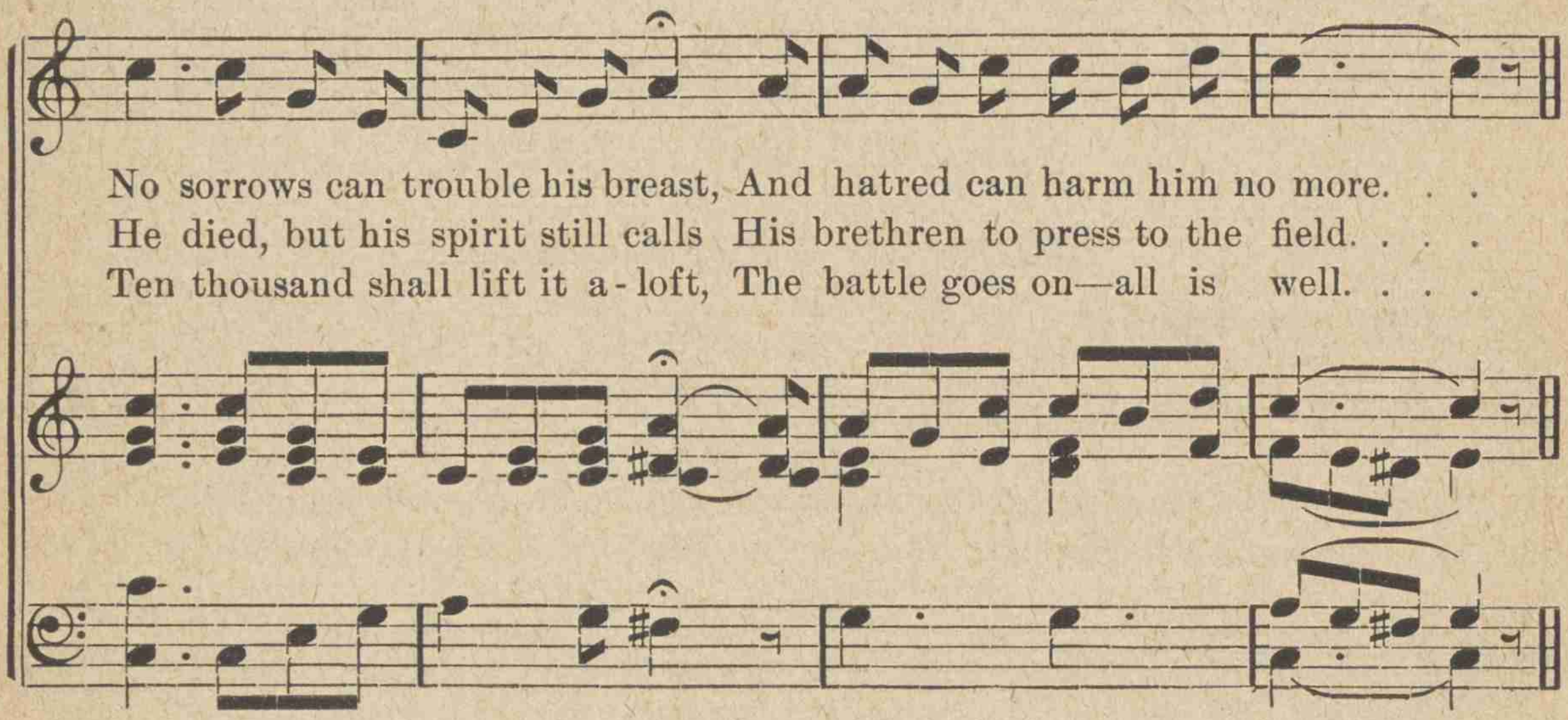
20 Brave Haddock has Gone to his Rest.

H. S. TAYLOR. SOLO AND CHORUS. J. B. HERBERT.



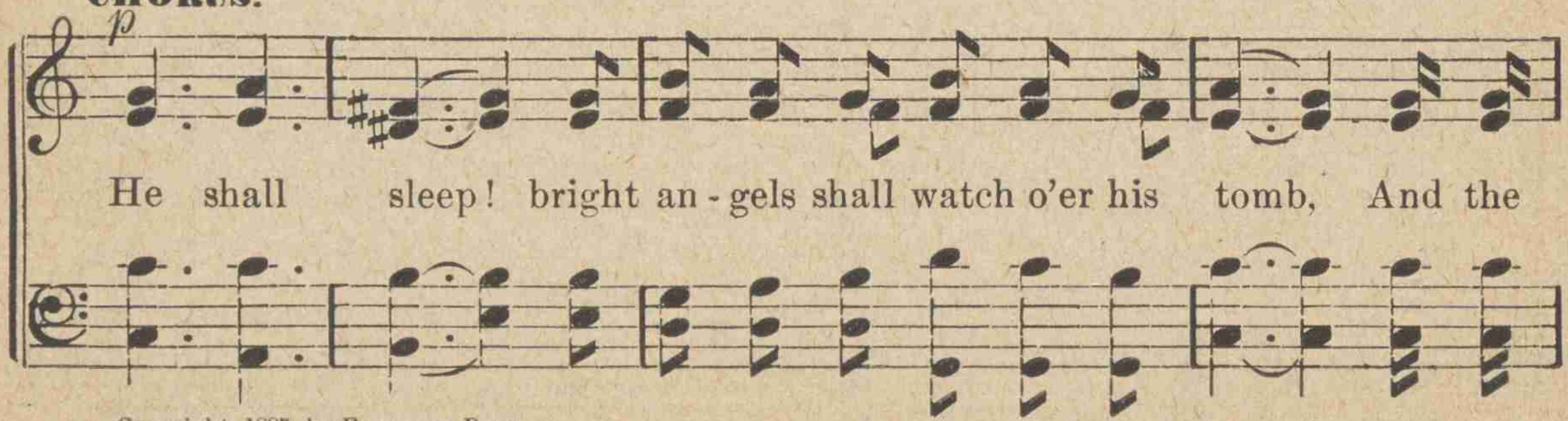
1. Brave Haddock has gone to his rest, His conflicts and trials are o'er;
2. He fell as the brave soldier falls, Re - fus-ing to fly or to yield;
3. Sleep, sol-dier of Je-sus, sleep soft, The flag from your true hand that fell,





No sorrows can trouble his breast, And hatred can harm him no more. . .
He died, but his spirit still calls His brethren to press to the field. . . .
Ten thousand shall lift it a - loft, The battle goes on—all is well. . . .

CHORUS.



He shall sleep! bright an - gels shall watch o'er his tomb, And the

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Cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do. - - - -

cause shall move on, the cause shall move on, Till the flaming of dawn shall

gloom. . . .

f

burst in its splendor, shall burst in its splendor thro' gloom, thro' the gloom.

gloom. . . .

Dash the Cup Away.

DUET (for two little girls.)

1. There's an ad - der in the cup, There's a woe in ev - 'ry sup;
2. There's dis - ease in ev - 'ry glass, There's re - morse and shame, a - las!
3. There is sor - row in the bowl, There is thirst be - yond con - trol,
4. O then spurn the lur - ing wine, And for - sake her dead - ly shrine,

f

Will you dare to drink it up? Dash the cup a - way!
And a gulf you can not pass! Dash the cup a - way!
There is ru - in to your soul! Dash the cup a - way!
By the help of God di - vine, Dash the cup a - way!

No License.

H. S. TAYLOR. SOLO AND CHORUS. J. B. HERBERT.

1. I asked of my conscience to give A char-ter for sor - row and woe; A rum - sell - er's war-rant to
2. I questioned the spir - it of Home, In man-sion and la - bor - ers' cot; The moth - er - arms clung to the
3. I asked of the Church for I knew Her mis - sion to nour - ish and save; A voice is - sued out of the
4. I asked of the School and the State, The gib - bet, a - sy - lum and jail, Their voic - es were ma - ny, their

plun - der and kill, But quick - ly my conscience said "No!"
dear lit - tle folks, And this is the an - swer I got:—
Al - tar of God, And this is the an - swer it gave:—
words were the same, As each of them an - swered my hail:—

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CHORUS. Spirited.

No! no, no li - cense, no li - cense, no, no, no, no, no

No! no, no li - cense, no li - cense, no, no, no, no, no

li-cense, high li - cense or low! The death-deal - ing dram-shop must

li-cense, high li - cense or low! The death-deal - ing dram-shop must

bun - dle and go, No li - cense, no li - cense, no, no, no, no!
no! . . .

bun - dle and go, No li - cense, no li - cense, no, no, no, no!

no! . . .

Dem Walls ob Jericho.

H. S. TAYLOR. J. B. HERBERT.

1. O Gin - er - al Mo - ses wid his Iz - zer - lite band, Dey dodged ole Pha - ra - oh, But dey had to cross de rib - ber in - to Ca - nyan's land, By de walls ob Jer - i - cho.
2. You lit - tle brown dim - my - john a - set - tin on de wall, W'at make you hol - ler so? De pro - hi - bi - tion ark's a- gwine to make you fall At de walls ob Jer - i - cho.
3. My bred - de - ren, sis - ter - en, march you right round, O lif' you trumpits an' blow, De lick - er men trim - ble w'en dey hear dat sound By de walls ob Jer - i - cho.

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CHORUS.

O dem walls! dem walls mus' tum - ble, I know;

O dem walls! dem walls ob Jer - i - cho! you know!

O dem walls! dem walls mus' tum - ble, I know;

O dem walls! dem walls ob Jer - i - cho!

Excepting When I Vote.

JENNIE SAYRE, from "Gatesville Advance."

SOLO AND QUARTET. MALE VOICES.

REV. E. W. THOMSON. Arr. for this work.

Tenor Solo.

1. I'm a temp'rance man, I will do what I can, I will
2. My tongue shall de-light to talk of the right, I will
3. A vote for right is lost from sight, For the

Cres.

earn - est - ly talk and pray; I will la - bor with might for the
speak its praise each day; I will urge it strong on the
cause is weak to - day; It might grow strong if

Cres.

Dim.

cause of right, But I can not vote that way.
list'n - ing throng, But I can not vote that way.
helped a - long, But I can not vote that way.

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CHORUS.

Of course, so am I, so will I,

Of course, so am I, so will I,

I'm a tem - p'rance man, I will do

m

Let all take note, I nev - er shirk

Let all take note, I nev - er shirk

what I can, ... I nev - er shirk . . . . from

Cres. - - - - - - - - - -

f *p* Rit. ad lib.

from temp'rance work, Ex - cept-ing when I vote.

p

from temp'rance work, Ex - cept-ing when I vote.

temp'rance work,

p

With the Help of God.

H. S. TAYLOR. J. B. HERBERT, by per.

1. With the help of Christ, our Sav - iour, broth - ers, we may safe - ly stand In the cleft - ed rock se - cret - ed, in the
2. In the pow - er of Je - ho - vah, who de - feat - ed E - gypt's king, And from bit - ter bond - age tak - en, all His
3. To the strong-hold of His mer - cy, weak and wound - ed we will fly, And like the faint dis - ci - ple, sink - ing

hol - low of his hand; He can suc - cor all the
peo - ple forth did bring; In the name of Him who
down - ward, we will cry:— Je - sus save us or we

tempt - ed, said a ho - ly one of old, For
work - eth with a might - y out-stretched arm, And who
per - ish! speak the life - sus - tain - ing word! Let our


He, him - self, hath suf - fered, be - ing tempt - ed, we are told.
walks up - on the bil - lows, speak-ing peace up - on the storm.
weak - ness find a shel - ter in the pow - er of the Lord.

CHORUS.


With the help of God, though the world may sneer and mock, With the
help of God, all un - shaken by the shock, With the help of God,
like a storm-de - fy - ing rock, With the help of God we'll stand.

30 Joyful Sounds from Vale and Mountain.

S. WESLEY MARTIN.

Soprano.

1. Joyful sounds from vale and mountain Float up-on the balm-y air,
2. Men who walk in mor - al blindness, See the beauty of her face;

Alto.

1. Joy - ful sounds from vale and mountain Float upon the balm-y air,
2. Men who walk in mor - al blindness, See the beauty of her face;

Tenor and Base.

Till around the crys-tal fountain, Gather youths and maidens fair.
Who by o - ver-flow-ing kindness, With her chil-dren take her place.

Till a - round the crys-tal fountain, Gather youths and maidens fair.
Who by o - ver - flow-ing kindness, With her children take her place.

Temp'rance with her sons and daughters, Wreathes with roses white and red,
Many fond, rejoicing mothers See their sons from vice reclaimed,

Temp'rance with her sons and daughters, Wreathes with roses white and red,
Ma - ny fond, re-joic-ing mothers See their sons from vice reclaimed,

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Rainbows from the crystal wa - ters Fling a ha - lo round her head.
Ma-ny sisters hear their brothers, Sons of temperance proclaimed.

Rain - bows from the crys - tal wa - ters Fling a ha - lo round her head.
Ma - ny sis - ters hear their brothers, Sons of temperance proclaimed.

REFRAIN.

Come and join our song of gladness, Where the sparkling water flows,

Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, Where the sparkling water flows,

Dash a - way the cup of mad - ness, Ev - 'ry drop is fraught with woes.

Dash a - way the cup of mad - ness, Ev - 'ry drop is fraught with woes.

The Hawkeye State.

H. S. TAYLOR. J. B. HERBERT.

1. The em-'rald breast of the great green West Has ma - ny jew - els great;
2. These prairies wide, where the free winds ride, To truth will con - se - crate;
3. Then brothers stand for your own home-land, And be it soon or late,

But none so fair, so rich and rare, As the no - ble Hawkeye state.
We'll break the chain of Rum's red reign, In the good old Hawkeye state.
The right shall gain the whole do-main, Of the dear old Hawkeye state.

CHORUS.

Then hur - rah! brothers, hur - rah! For our cause so good and great;

For the temp'rance cause, and the homes and laws Of the brave old Hawkeye state.

Rit.

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Watch and Pray.

H. S. T. J. B. H., by per.

1. When the hours are dark and drear, Watch, watch and pray! When the shadow
2. When you see a sun - ny sky, Watch, watch and pray! There's a dan - ger
3 O, the morn is com - ing on, Watch, watch and pray! Soon will break the

draw-eth near, Watch, watch and pray! Watch and pray, . . . Watch and
lurk - ing nigh, Watch, watch and pray!
glorious dawn, Watch, watch and pray! night and day,

CHORUS.

Rit.

pray, . . . O temp'rance soldier, watch and pray, Watch and pray, . . .
night and day, night and day,

Watch and pray, ... O temp'rance sold-ier, watch and pray.
night and day,

Give the Cause another Cheer.

H. S. T. J. B. H.

Moderato.

1. Courage, friends, the lust of blindness, Passion's wrath and mis'ry's tear,
2. Joy shall fol - low som-ber sor-row, Gladdest faith shall banish fear,
3. Des - ert lands shall have a fountain, Songs shall swell where sighs we hear,

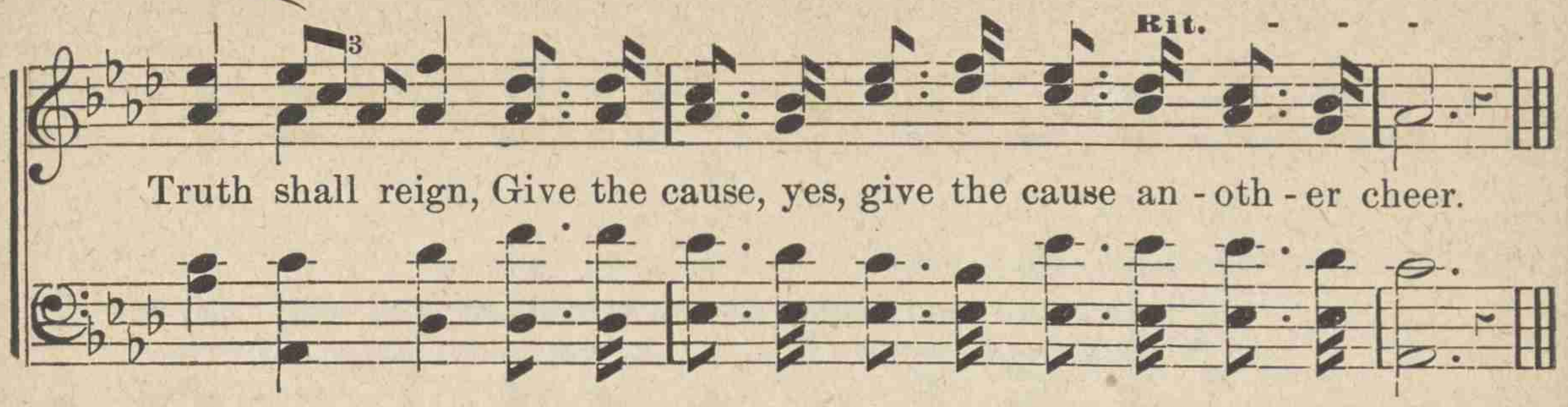
Shall give place to peace and kindness, Give the cause another cheer,
Drear-y dark-ness have its morrow, Give the cause, etc. [another cheer.
Val-leys smile be-yond the mountain, Give the cause, etc.

CHORUS.

Cheer and cheer and cheer a - gain, For our temp'rance cause so dear,

For our temp'rance cause so dear; Hope shall smile and

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Can We Help the Cause?

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. A Song for the Children. J. B. H.



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The Temperance Bells.

H. S. TAYLOR. J. B. HERBERT.

1. The bells, the bells, the temp'rance bells Are sound-ing far and near;
2. The bells, the bells, they mul - ti - ply North, south and east and west;
3. The bells, the bells, the wel - come bells! Tri - umph - ant mu - sic swells,

They peal the notes of vic - t'ry out, For all the world to hear. Hark!
Good news, they cry, the e - ra comes Of peace and love and rest. Hark!
And ea - ger ar - mies swarm a-round To ring the temp'rance bells. Hark!

CHORUS.

Hear the temp'rance bells! How grand the

Bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim,

Bim, bome, bim, bome, bim, bome, bim, bome, bim, bome,

mu - sic swells. Hark! An an-gel in the steeple seemeth

bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim.

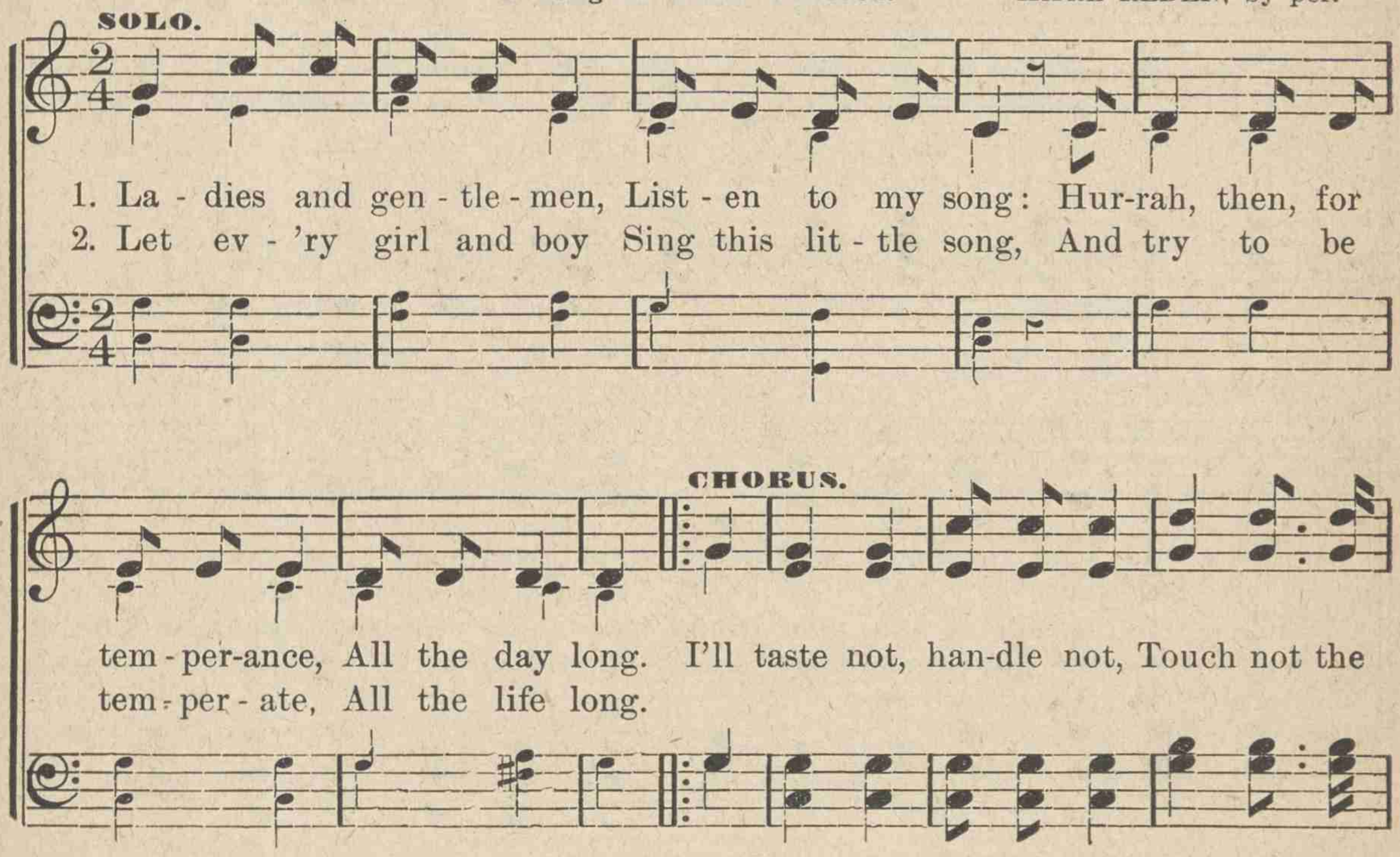
bim, bome, bim, bome. Hark!

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I'll Taste Not.

A Song for Little Children. KARL REDEN, by per.



The Road to Jericho.

H. S. TAYLOR. J. B. HERBERT., by per.

Andante.

1. O the sor - row and the woe on the way to Jer - i - cho,
2. Broth - er, do not pass them by, with a cold dis - dain - ful eye,
3. Some that share your blood and name, robb'd and wounded and in shame,
4. O the sor - row and the woe on the road to Jer - i - cho!

Where the wound - ed lie and lan - guish on the road!
If in heav'n you hope the bless - ed Christ to greet!
May be need - ing a Sa - mar - i - tan, a - las!
O the ach - ing, break - ing hearts that line the way!

Where's the kind - ly hand and heart that will take the vic - tim's part,
O Sa - mar - i - tan of God! as you tread the dust - y road,
Or your neigh-bor and your friend, stop in mer - cy, then, and bend,
How they lan - guish, how they bleed, Chris - tian work - er, speed, O speed,

And will help him back to hon - or and to God.
Find a dai - ly mis - sion ly - ing at your feet.
And staunch their wounds and bless them as you pass.
For the sigh - ing, dy - ing, call for you to - day.

CHORUS.

Do you want to work, my broth-er? Ah! you need no dis-tance go;

Rit.

They are ly-ing, they are dy-ing, On the road to Jer-i-cho

Our Cause Shall On and Upward Go.

WHITTIER. J. B. H

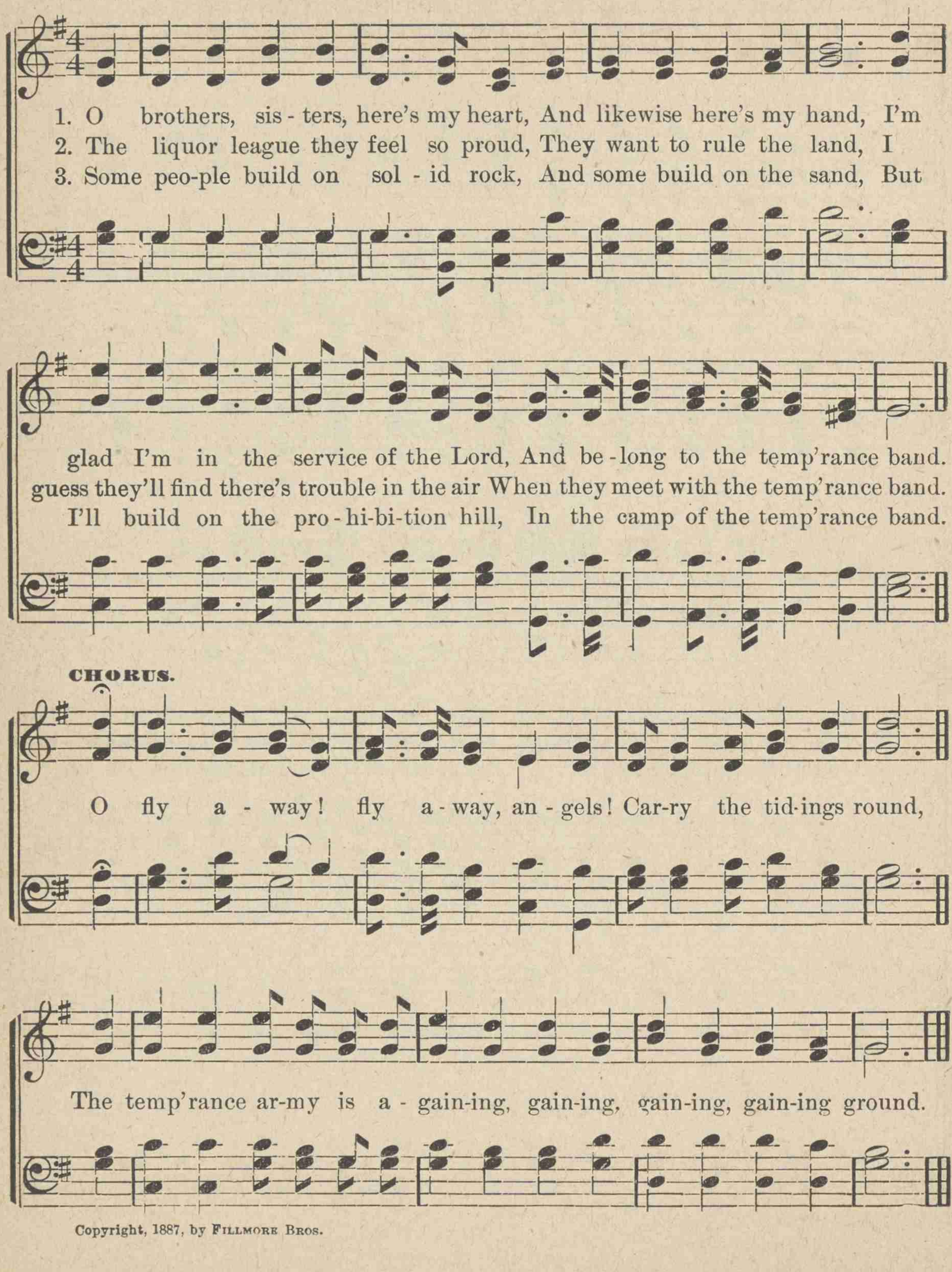
1. Our cause shall on and up-ward go; Th' eter-nal step of pro-gress beats,
2. Take heart, the Master builds a-gain; A charm-ed life our good cause hath:
3. God works in all things, all o-bey, His first pro-pul-sion from the night;

To that great an-them, calm and slow, Which God re-peats.
The tares may per-ish, but the grain Is not for death.
Wake thou and watch, the world is gray With morn-ing light.

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Fly Away, Angels.

H. S. T. Arr. by J. B. H.



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Forward, Soldiers.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Forward, soldiers! fight for temp'rance, Form your ranks a-new, Fear ye
2. Boldly wield the sword for temp'rance, In his strength pre-vail, With a
3. Then at last a glo - rious vic-t'ry, You, thro' Christ, shall win, More than

not, be not dis-cour - aged, Still the foe pur - sue.
cour-age, no-ble, con - stant, You can nev - er fail. Forward, soldiers!
conq'rers, in the con - flict With the hosts of sin.

CHORUS.

fight for temp'rance, Bravely marching on; Marching, marching, boldly marching on,

Till the vic - t'ry's won, Till the vic - t'ry's won.
Till the great and glo-rious vict'ry's won, Till the glo-rious vic-t'ry's won.

De Brewer's Big Hosses.

H. S. TAYLOR. SOLO AND CHORUS. J. B. HERBERT.

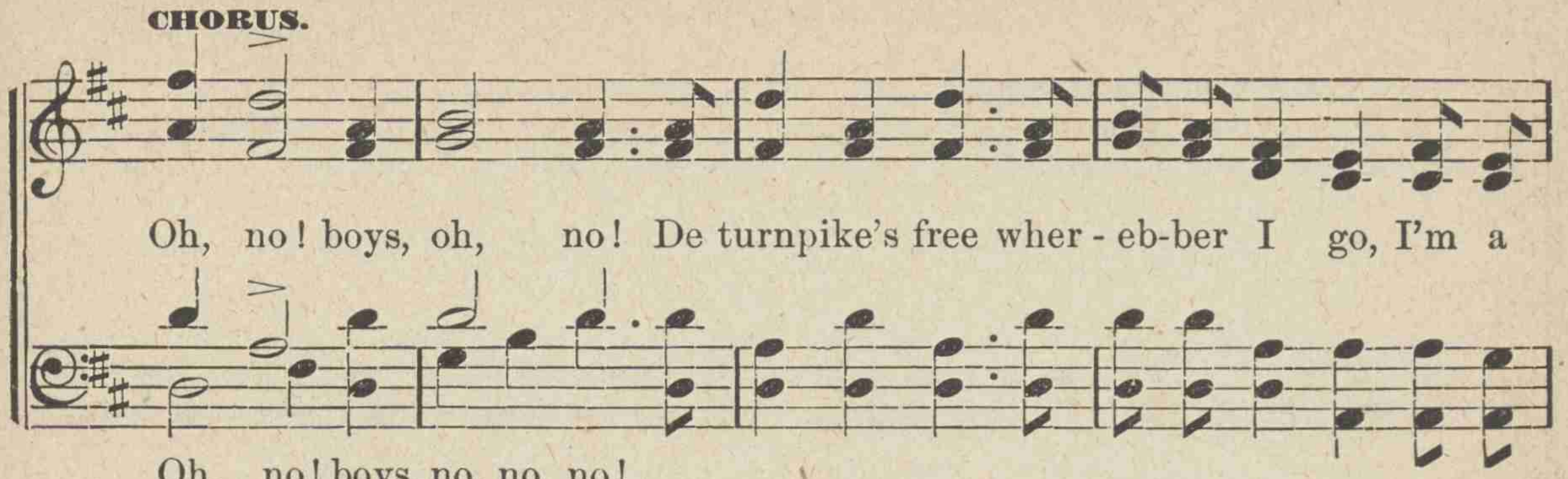
1. O de Brew - er's big hoss - es, com - in' down de road,
2. O de lick - er men's act - in' like dey own dis place,
3. O I'll har - ness dem hoss - es to de temp-'rance cart,

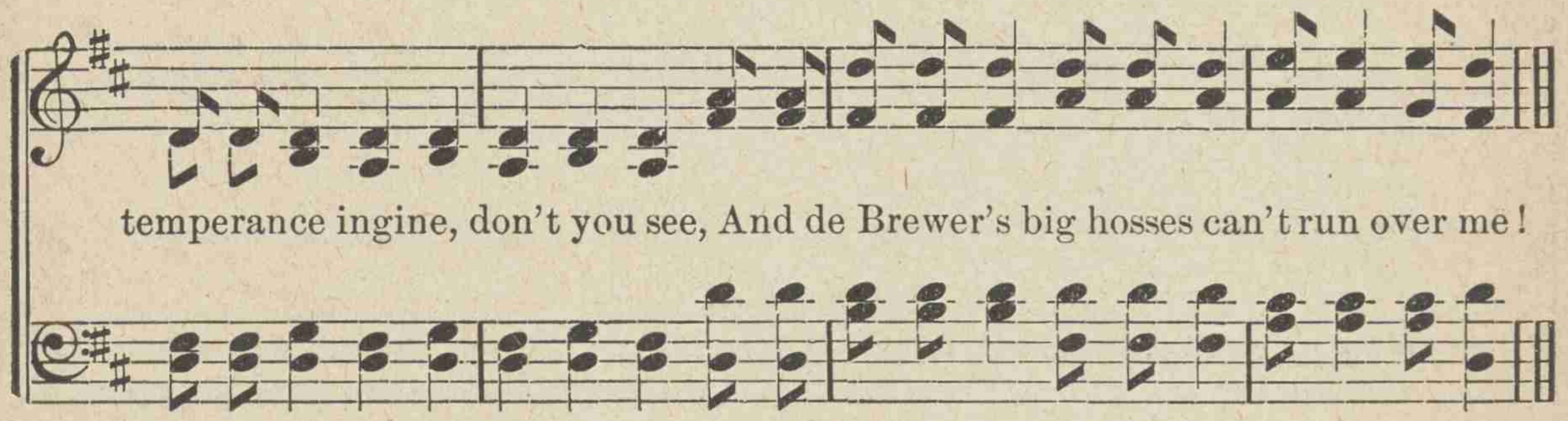
Tot - in' all a - round ole Lu - ci - fer's load; Dey step so high,
Liv - in' on de sweat ob de po' man's face. Dey's fat and sas-
Hit 'em wid a gad to gib 'em a start, I'll teach 'em how

an' dey step so free, But dem big hoss - es can't run o - ver me!
sy as dey can be, But dem big hoss - es can't run o - ver me!
for to haw and gee, For dem big hoss - es can't run o - ver me!

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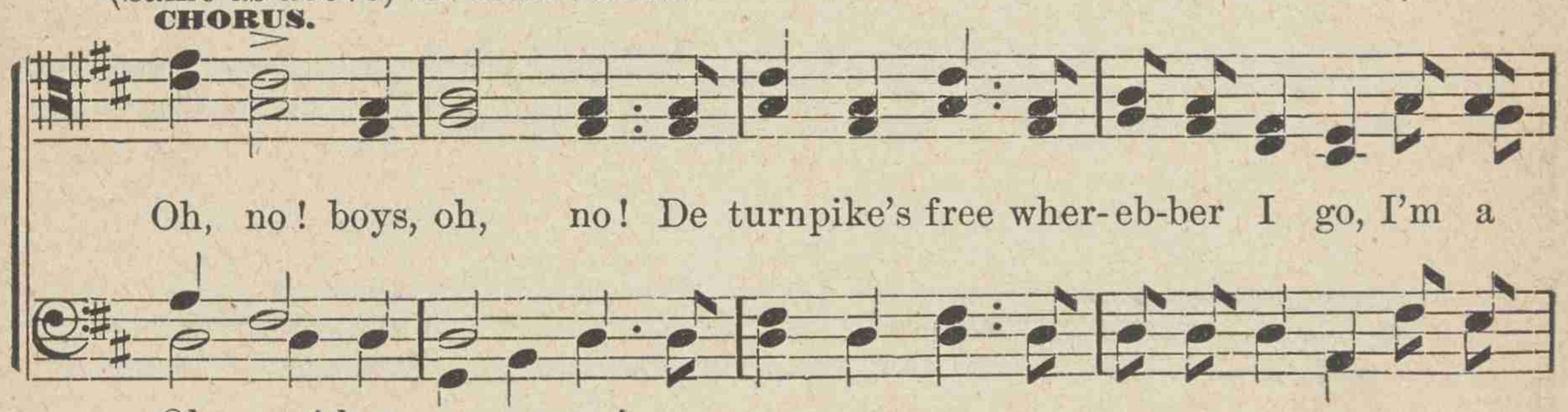
CHORUS.

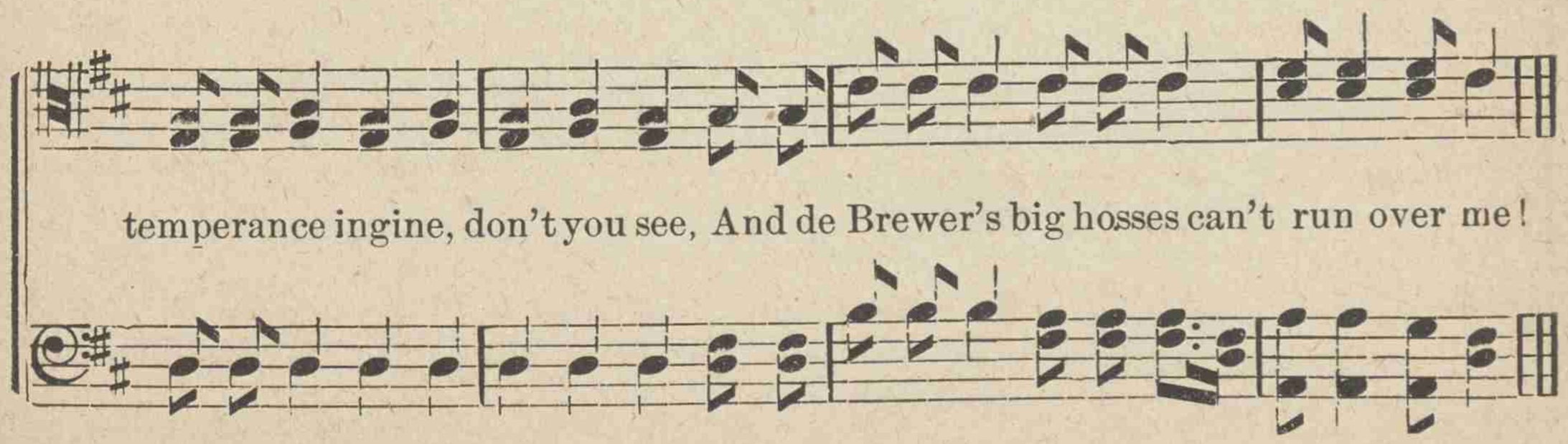




(Same as above) for male voices.

CHORUS.





The Cause Speeds On.

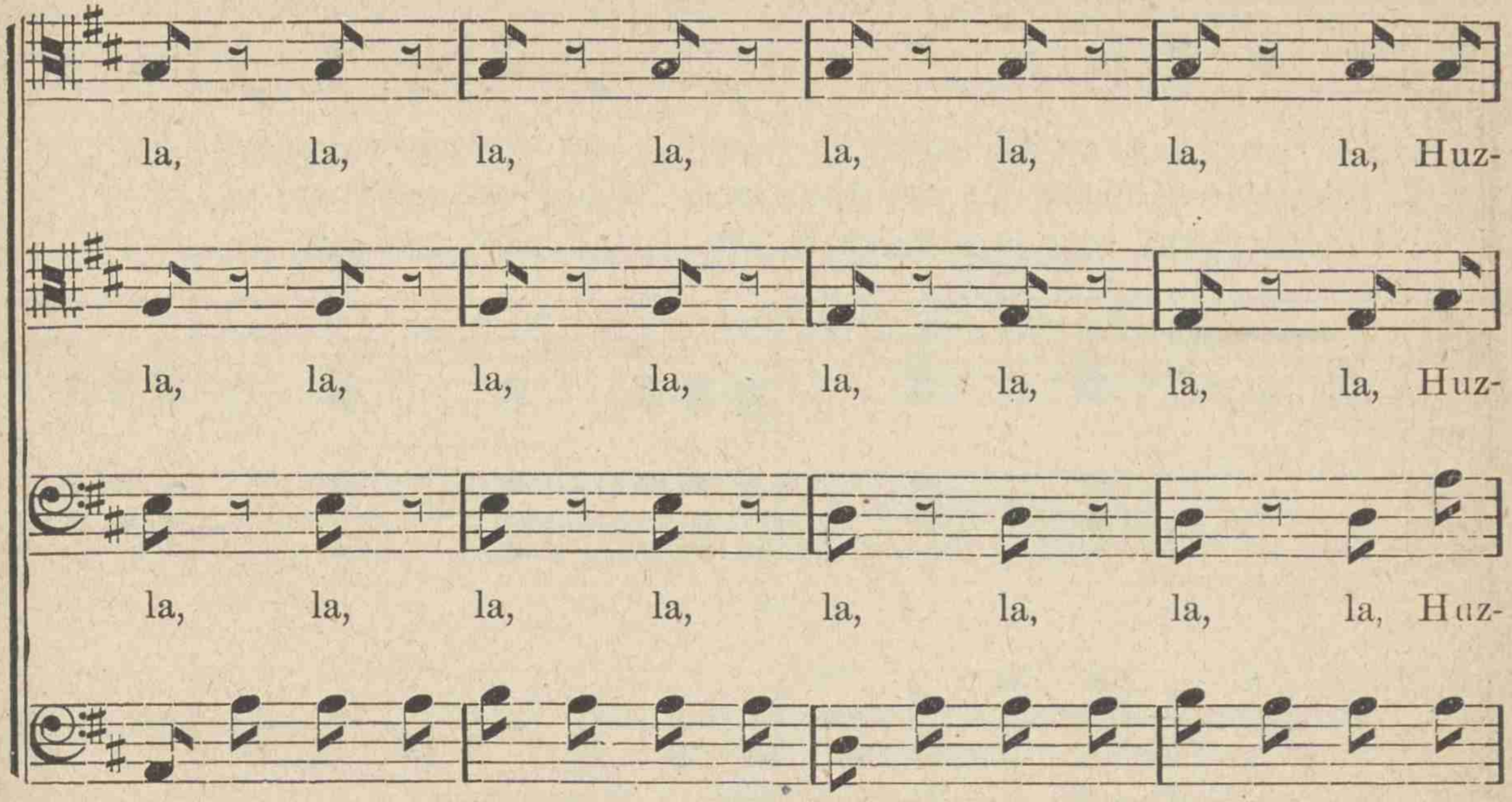
H. S. TAYLOR. MALE VOICES. From the German, by per.



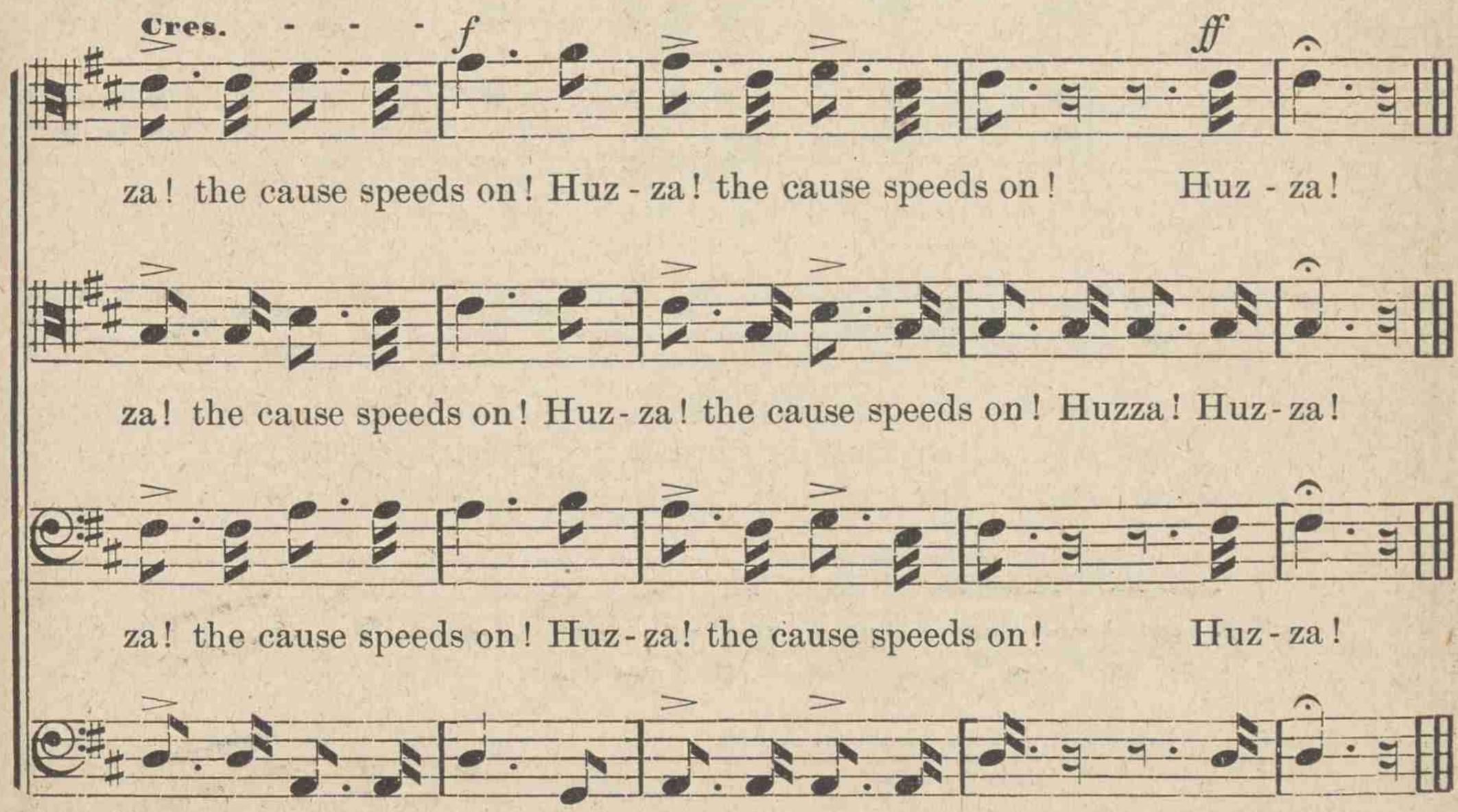
1. Huz-za! Huz
2. Huz-za! a-
3. Huz-za! Huz-



za! our col - ors fly, They sweep a - long se - cure and high, And
cross this might - y land, The rain - bow arch of hope is spanned, And
za! we're gain - ing ground, A vic - tor blast our bu - gles sound! Our



beck-on to a bright'ning sky, Let ev - 'ry temp'rance sol-dier cry, Huz-
like a fire by tempest fanned, Right forward sweeps the movement grand, Huz-
banners sweep the field a-round, Our shouts of triumph loud re-sound, Huz-



Song of the Distillery.

H. S. TAYLOR. BASS SOLO. J. B. HERBERT.

Allegro.

1. I am a brave Dis - till - er - y, And from my chimneys high,
2. I breathe a blight up - on the air, And Peace and Hope re - tire,
3. The courts and leg - is - la - tures all, I yoke be-neath my rule,

In roll-ing smoke, my ban-ners black, With bold de - fi - ance fly.
With hearts that break in wild de-spair, I feed my fur-nace fire.
A-round the church I cast a pall, I'm mas-ter of the school.

The belt-ed wheel, the whirl-ing shaft, The en-gine's panting breath,
The in-fant at the moth-er's breast, Shall with-er where I reign,
I heed no em - bas - sy of God, I spurn the tears of man,

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Pre-pare the bead-ed pois-on-draught, The chem-is-try of Death.
I lay the hoar-y head to rest, On pil-lows set with pain.
I spread my sa-ble flag a-broad; Let him be King who can.

REFRAIN.

I'm a King, I'm a King, Oh, trem-ble at the scep-ter in my hand;

I'm a King, I'm a King, I am ru-ler of the land.

We'll Get There all the Same.

H. S. TAYLOR. SOLO AND QUARTET. MALE VOICES. J. B. HERBERT.

Tenor or Baritone Solo.

1. When Mo-ses led the He-brews out, They marched thro' flood and flame,
2. Good No-ah work-ing on the ark, Was put to o-pen shame,
3. Our fa-thers brave in seven-ty-six, Our free-dom did pro-claim,
4. Some peo-ple call us temp'rance cranks, And we ac-cept the name,

Old Pharaoh tried to turn them back, But they got there all the same.
The peo-ple laughed and hoot-ed him, But he got there all the same.
King George pronounced them rebel cranks, But they got there all the same.
A crank is what you run things with, And it gets there all the same.

CHORUS.

Git there, git there, git there, boys,
Git there, ...
Git there, git there, git there, boys,

Let pro-hi-bi-tion be your aim,
Git there, ...
Let pro-hi-bi-tion be your aim,

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No mat - ter what is said, Just keep a lev - el head, And we'll
Git there, git there, git there, boys,
git there all the same. Git there, ...
Git there, git there, git there, boys,
Let pro - hi - bi - tion be your aim, No mat - ter what is said, Just
Git there, ...
Let pro - hi - bi - tion be your aim,
keep a lev - el head, And we'll git there all the same.

No! not I.

J. B. H., by per.

1–3. Take a drink! No! not I; Take a drink! No! not I; No! No!

1. Reason's taught me bet - ter Than to bind my ver - y soul With a
2. I have seen too ma - ny Tak - ing drinks like that of yours Stripped of
3. By God's bless-ing, nev - er, Will I touch, or taste, or smell, Henceforth

CHORUS. Spirited.

gall - ing fet - ter.
ev - 'ry pen-ny. Oh, water, sweet and cool, Clear water, cool and
and for - ev - er.

free, Pure wa - ter has no cru - el chains for you and me.

Election Day in the Morning.*

H. S. TAYLOR. J. B. HERBERT.

March movement.

1. A - rouse! ye sons of temp'rance now, The cri - sis sounds a warn-ing,
2. The time has come, be firm, be true, All com - pro - mis - es scorn-ing,
3. Stand up! stand up! all hearts as one, We give old Mo - loch warn-ing,

Let truth and courage light each brow, 'Tis e - lec-tion day in the morning.
Be res - o - lute to dare and do, 'Tis e - lec-tion day in the morning.
His reign of wrath is al - most done, 'Tis e - lec-tion day in the morning.

CHORUS.

In the morn-ing, in the morn-ing, 'Tis e - lec-tion day in the morn-ing;

Be ready to march, be ready to march, Be ready to march in the morning.

*Appropriate for the "Last Rally," but may be sung with good effect at any time during the campaign.

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(Arrangement for Male Voices, page 52.)

Election Day in the Morning.

H. S. T. MALE VOICES. J. B. H.

1st Tenor. March movement.

1. A - rise! ye sons of temp'rance now, The cri - sis sounds a warn - ing,
2. The time has come, be firm, be true, All com-pro-mis - es scorn - ing;

2d Tenor.

3. Stand up! stand up! all hearts as one, We give old Mo-loch warn - ing,

1st and 2d Bass.

Let truth and cour-age light each brow, 'Tis e - lection day in the morn-ing.
Be res - o - lute to dare and do, 'Tis e - lection day in the morn-ing.

His reign of wrath is al- most done, 'Tis e - lection day in the morn-ing.

CHORUS.

In the morn-ing, in the morn-ing, 'Tis e - lec - tion day in the morn-ing,

In the morn-ing, in the morn-ing, 'Tis e - lec - tion day in the morn-ing,

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ff **Dim.**

Be read-y to march, be ready to march, Be ready to march in the morning.

Be read-y to march, be ready to march, Be ready to march in the morning.

Dare to do Right.

H. S. T. A Song for the Children. J. B. H.

SOLO, or all voices in Unison.

1. Dare to do right! Dare to do right! Be hon - est what - e'er it cost;
2. Dare to do right! Dare to do right! Stand up and your faith make known;
3. Dare to do right! Dare to do right! Con-fess and cor - rect a fault;

Dare to do right! Dare to do right! Be faith-ful, stand to your post.
Dare to do right! Dare to do right! O stand for truth tho' a - lone.
Dare to do right! Dare to do right! De - fend what oth - ers as - sault.

CHORUS. **1st.** **2d.**

Act as you ought in Je - hovah's sight, Dare, dare, dare to do right! right!

54

Victory is Near.

REV. D. R. MILLER. ENGLISH.

1. We have met Rum's grim A - poll - yon, lo, these ma - ny wea - ry years,
2. O the day is com - ing, com-ing, we can read it in the dawn,
3 Then a - wake! a - rouse ye freemen! for our chains shall dis - ap - pear;

And with ban - nered hosts have braved his bat - tle cry;
We can see the sun - light stream - ing in the sky;
O the Land we love to hon - or shall be free;

But hur - rah! the day is break-ing and the vic - to - ry ap- pears,
And a thou-sand hap - py voic - es tell us that the night is gone,
And a new e - man - ci - pa - tion shall re - ech - o far and near,

And we'll tri - umph in the dawn - ing by and by.
And the day of our re - demp - tion draw - eth nigh.
In the dawn - ing of this glo - rious ju - bi - lee.

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CHORUS.

We are bound to win the kingdom, we are bound to gain the day;

We will cross and take pos - ses - sion by and by.

O lift up your streaming ban-ners for the mists have rolled a - way,

And the bless - ed day of vic - to - ry is nigh.

Barley-Corn John.

JNO. W. MATTHEWS. SONG AND CHORUS. J. B. HERBERT.

SOLO.

1. Oh, Bar - ley - corn John-ny, yez played me sich tricks, sir, Yez laid me right out in the ditch loike a pig; Yez left me there flat in a moight-y bad fix, sir, In mud and the rain till it soaked me whole rig.
2. Oh, Bar - ley - corn John, sure I tho't yez a jew - el, Yez smiled in the glass loike the sun in the sky; But John - ny I found yez both wick - ed and cru - el, And all your pro - fes - sions of friendship a lie.
3. Yez soon had me rag - ged, me chil-der a cry - in' And beg - gin' and hun - gry as chil - der could be; Yez got all the mon - ey I earned, wid your ly - in', And niv - er a pen - ny left Pad - dy Mc - D.
4. Now pra - ties are plen - ty, I've duds to me back, sir, And pov - er - ty left whin I bid yez good-bye; An' whenev - er I meet yez, I'll take yez a crack, sir, Wid a han-dy shil - la - ly schmack un - der the eye.

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CHORUS. *f* Dim.

Oh, Bar - ley-corn John, yer a fraud and a chate, sir, Yez made me swate

Oh, Bar - ley-corn John, yer a fraud and a chate, sir, Yez made me swate

Rit. - - - - - - A tempo. *f*

Bid - dy's tears fall like the rain, But I've joined wid the temp'rance, and

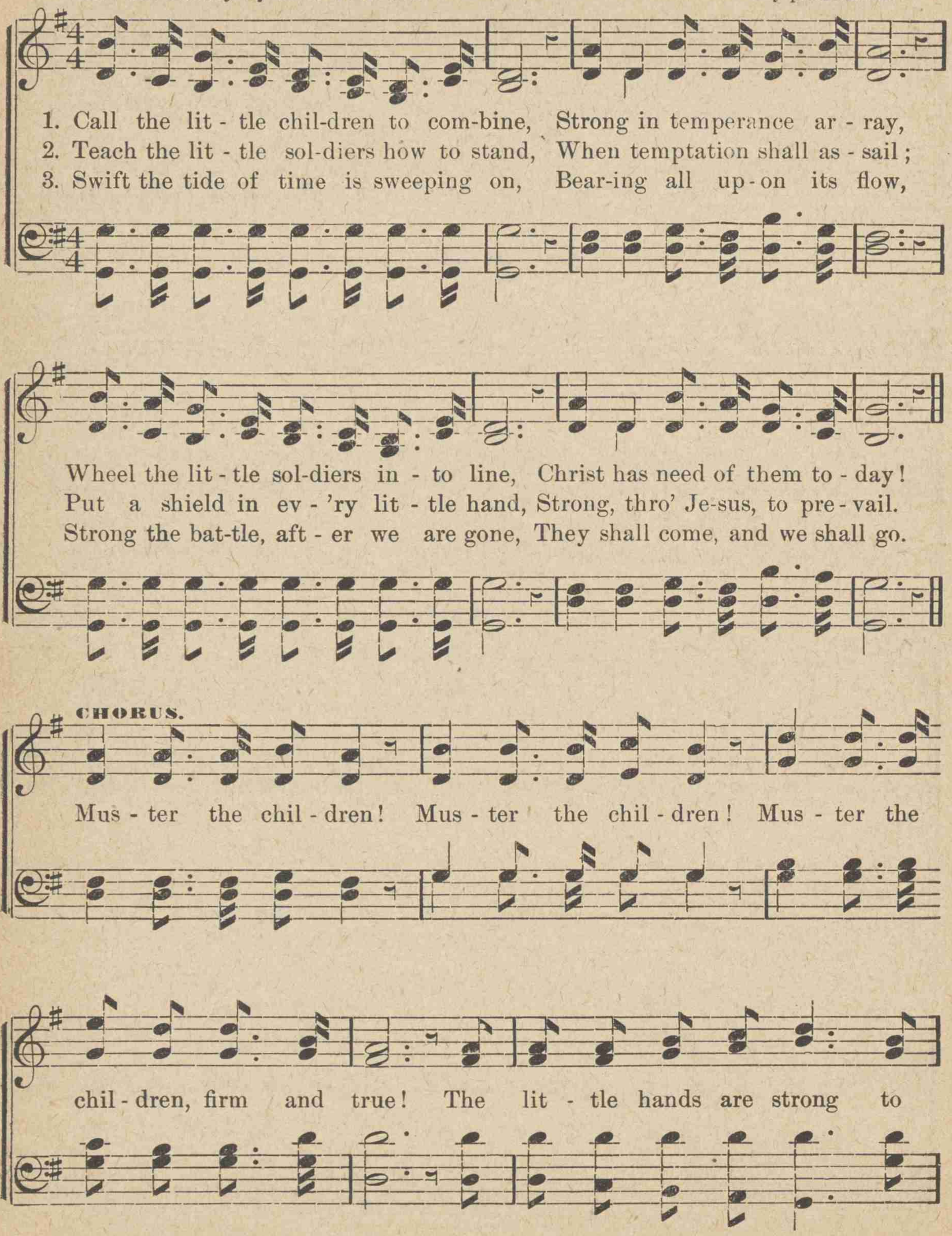
Bid - dy's tears fall like the rain, But I've joined wid the temp'rance, and

John-ny yer bate, sir, Ye'll nev - er fool Pad - dy Mc - Duf - fie a - gain!

John-ny yer bate, sir, Ye'll nev - er fool Pad - dy Mc - Duf - fie a - gain!

Muster the Children.

Words and Melody by H. S. TAYLOR. By permission.



help the cause a - long, Yes, lit - tle hands find some-thing to do.

Sign the Pledge.

H. S. T. J. B. H.

1. Take the step that fast will bind you, Let the world know where to find you,
2. Crush the bar - ri - er or leap it, Sow to virtue and you'll reap it,
3. Take the right path and pur-sue it, Sign the pledge—you'll never rue it,
4. 'Tis your duty, don't you feel it? Reason, conscience, both re-veal it,

Cross and burn the bridge be-hind you,—Sign the pledge! Sign the pledge!
Sign the pledge and stern-ly keep it,— Sign the pledge! Sign the pledge!
Can you, will you, dare you do it? Sign the pledge! Sign the pledge!
Sign the pledge and God will seal it,— Sign the pledge! Sign the pledge!

Sign the pledge! Sign the pledge!

CHORUS.

Sign the pledge! Sign the pledge! Ask the Lord to keep you, Sign the pledge!

Ship Me to Alaska.

H. S. TAYLOR. SALOON-KEEPER'S LAMENT. J. B. HERBERT.

Solo and Chorus for Male Voices.

1. Good folks list - en to a man in troub - le,
2. Once I meas - ured out a power of whis - ky,
3. Now days peo - ple are op - posed to free - dom,
4. I'm un - ea - sy, and I can't help think - ing,

Troub-le has al - most brok - en me down, Bowed my back and
Ev - 'ry day brought a bu - shel of dimes, Now the trade is
Li - quor men can't call noth - ing their own; Folks won't let us
Peo - ple are mak - ing troub-le for me; All the boys have

bent me doub - le,— I keep a bar in a tem-per-ance town.
aw - ful risk - y,— O, how I mourn for the jol - ly old times!
fel - lers bleed 'em, Tem-per-ance cranks nev - er let us a - lone.
swore off drink - ing: Some-how I feel that the country ain't free.

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CHORUS.

1st Tenor.

Help, kind friends, for help I ask you, Head me up

2d Tenor.

Help, kind friends, for help I ask you, Head me up

1st & 2d Base.

in a bar - rel tight, And ship me a - way to

in a bar - rel tight, And ship me a - way to

cold A - las - ka, A - ny-where, a - ny-where, out of sight.

cold A - las - ka, A - ny-where, a - ny-where, out of sight.

Who will Stand for Fatherland?

H. S. T., by per. MALE VOICES. From the German.



1. O, who will stand for Fa - ther - land? Our Fa - ther-land, Dear
2. Land of the free, our ranks shall be Strong armed for thee, Land
3. O Fa - ther-land, thy cause so grand Our hearts com-mand, Dear





Fa - ther - land? Shall we, the foe ap - pal - ling us, Re-
of the free! No more shall vice en - chain - ing thee, De-
Fa - ther - land! No Bac - chus wreath a - bus - ing thee, Shall



CHORUS.



fuse our country call - ing us?
file thy al - tar, stain-ing thee! O, no! no! no! The temp'rance
twine thy brow disgracing thee!





band will firm - ly stand For God and home and na - tive land!

H. S. TAYLOR. SONG AND CHORUS. J. B. HERBERT.

SOLO.

1. Come and list - en, me boys, And don't make the least noise, I'll tell yez a won-der-ful sto - ry, Of a coup-le of saints That our
2. O, St. Pat - rick was one, And whin first he be - gun To put the ould sod in-to or - der, There were millions of snakes In the
3. O, the oth - er saint's name, So fa - mil - iar to fame, Was good Father Matthew, the jew - el! And he set out to kill The old
4. Now the poi - son - est snake In the bog or the brake, Ac- cor-din' to my way of think-in'— Is a mild-er one far Than the

his - to - ry paints, And kiv - ers all o - ver wid glo - ry;
bogs and the brakes, From Bal - ly - ma - hon to the bor - der;
snake of the still,—That mon - ster so dead - ly and cru - el:
one in the bar, That bites the poor boys whin they're drink - in';

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They were both of them good, And of true I - rish blood, And they
But the saint he was bold, And the sto - ry is told, How he
Wid his stick in his hand He pa - rad - ed the land—It was
But the tim - per - ince min They are all fall - in' in, And a-

stood for hu - man - i - ty's sake, sirs, But the thing that was odd In these
thought of a beau - ti - ful no - tion: He cut him a stick, And so
blood he was aft - er, not blar - ney, And the hor - ri - ble baste Was pur-
march-in' wid ban - ners so gai - ly, And like the good Praste, If they

sons of the Sod, They, both of them, hat - ed the snake, sirs.
won - der - ful quick, He drove all the snakes in the o - cean.
sued by the Praste From Don - ne - gal down to Kil - lar - ney.
mate wid the baste, They'll give him a taste of shil - la - ly.

CHORUS. Spirited.

Saints they were, sins - i - ble, Bold and in - vin - ci - ble,

Praise to them, hon - est and heart - y; I - rish-men, hal - low them,

Fall in and fol - low them, Join in the tim - per - ance—

(Spoken:) "Yis! that's the doctrine." Oh! join in the tim-per-ance par - ty!

Rally on the Reserve.

H. S. TAYLOR. J. R. MURRAY, by per

1. When the ver - y heav-en's shud-der at the crashing cannon's sound,
2. When our hopes are bro - ken, baf - fled, and our cour-age all is gone,
3. How the dread-ful com - bat thickens, see, our foe - men fierce and large,

And like au - tumn leaves we're fall - ing on the field;
And our trem - bling limbs they tot - ter 'neath their load;
How they gath - er, gath - er, gath - er on the field;

When our ban - ners wav - er, falt - er, and our troops are giv - ing ground,
As the ban-nered hosts of dark-ness all come rush - ing, sweeping on,
How they fight us, smite us, blight us by the whirlwind of their charge,

And be - fore the strong in - vad - er break and yield.
We'll fall back up - on the might - i - ness of God.
Shall we fal - ter? are we blench - ing? must we yield?

Like an an - gel, high and might-y, thro' the bat - tle shock and storm,
Yes, we'll ral - ly on the Sav - iour, on the pow - er of his grace!
Cour-age, cour - age, cour-age brethren, for the great re-serves are near!

We can hear the bu - gle call - ing, loud and clear;
Hark, He's sound-ing out a cheer-ing bu - gle call!
"I am with you"—calls the bu - gle loud and long:

Call - ing, call - ing bro - ken bat - tle lines to ral - ly and re - form,
Up, and get you to His stronghold and se - cure a hid - ing-place,
Let our ranks be firm and stead - y, He is com-ing, He is here!

On the i - ron, strong bat - tal - ions at the rear!
Where the fie - ry darts of e - vil can not fall!
Ral - ly, ral - ly on the Sav - iour, great and strong!

Vote as you Pray.

H. S. TAYLOR. MALE VOICES. J. B. HERBERT.

1. Come, fel - low Chris-tian, time is slip-ping by, Let us do our
2. Pray till the good cause con-quers ev - 'ry - where, Let your earn - est
3. Pray for the vic - t'ry, work with all your might, Leave the end to

du - ty, broth - er, you and I: Fol - low - ers of Je - sus,
la - bor help to an - swer prayer. Faith and works to - geth - er,
Je - sus, He will make it right. Serve a sin - gle mas - ter,

Chil - dren of the day, Brother, let us vote as we pray.
Let your life dis - play, Brother, let us vote as we pray.
Throw no chance a - way, Brother, let us vote as we pray.

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CHORUS.

Vote as you pray, broth-er, Vote as you pray, That is the

Vote as you pray, broth-er, Vote as you pray, That is the

du - ty be - fore you to - day. When deed is as creed is, the

du - ty be - fore you to - day. When deed is as creed is, the

foe will give way, Broth - er, let us vote as we pray.

foe will give way, Broth - er, let us vote as we pray.

70 Molly and the Baby, Don't You Know.

H. S. TAYLOR. SONG AND CHORUS. J. B. HERBERT.

SOLO.

1. There's a pa - tient lit - tle woman here be - low, And a
2. You may tell the liq - our - seller not to crow, He will
3. You may tell the pol - i - ticians they may go, I am

lit-tle kid that ought to have a show;
nev-er get a nickel from me now;
in for pro - hi - bi-tion, head and toe!

Now I'll give the whis-ky up,
He may keep his poisoned trash,
For at last I've turned my coat,

And I'll take a coffee cup With Molly and the Baby, don't you know!
And I'll put a - way my cash For Molly and the Baby, don't you know!
And I'll cast a temp'rance vote For Molly and the Baby, don't you know!

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CHORUS.

Don't you know, don't you know, what a fel - low ought to do,

When he's got a lit - tle fam' ly de - pend - ing on him so?

He should try to be a man, and to do the best he can

For Mol - ly and the Ba - by, don't you know, don't you know!

Asleep at the Maintop.

"Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth . . upon the top of a mast."--PROV. 23. 34.

H. S. TAYLOR. J. B. HERBERT, by per.

SOLO. *p*

1. Sleep - ing on the main - top, sail - or, . . While the ris - ing
2. Sleep - ing on the main - top, sail - or, . . Sweet - est dreams may
3. Sleep - ing on the main - top, sail - or, . . Sleey is close a-

breez - es blow, . . . With the ves - sel rock - ing,
haunt thy sleep, . . . But the wind is ris - ing,
kin to death; . . . See the dis - tant bil - lows

Cres - - - - -

roll - ing, . . And the yawn - ing waves be - low!
ris - ing, . . And its wrath is on the deep!
dash - ing, . . In the com - ing tem - pest's breath!

- cen - - - - do. - - - - - Attacca subito.

CHORUS.

f

A - wake! a - wake! thou care - less sleep - er, Deep de-

f

A - wake! a - wake! thou care - less sleep - er, Deep de-

f

struc - tion draw - eth nigh! Drink is strong - er than the

struc - tion draw - eth nigh! Drink is strong - er than the

Rit. - - A tempo.

tem - pest: A - wake, O sleep - er! A - wake or die!

tem - pest: A - wake, O sleep - er! A - wake or die!

The Rum Revenue.

H. S. TAYLOR. SOLO AND CHORUS. J. B. HERBERT.



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CHORUS.

f *p*

Oh, the rum rev - e - nue! Oh, the rum rev - e - nue!

Cres.

The rum, rum, rum, rum, rum rev - e - nue! Here's a

ten - der of a six - pence, a bribe for me and you, Shall we

sell the cause of vir - tue for the rum rev - e - nue?

Catch the Step.

H. S. TAYLOR. Arr. for this work by J. B. HERBERT.

First Voice.

1. What's all the stir, neigh - bor? What's all the stir?
2. What will they do, neigh - bor? What will they do?
3. What if they fail, neigh - bor? What if they fail?
4. Let's see 'em through, neigh - bor! Let's see 'em through!

Second Voice.

The temp'rance men are fall - ing in, They're ris - ing ev - 'ry - where!
They'll nev-er sneak, but bold - ly speak, And vote the tick - et too!
They've never heard that sil - ly word, They're cer-tain to pre - vail!
O here's my hand, we'll take a stand For pro - hi - bi - tion, too!

CHORUS. (Keep time with the feet.)

O, neigh - bor, catch the step, O, be quick and catch the step!

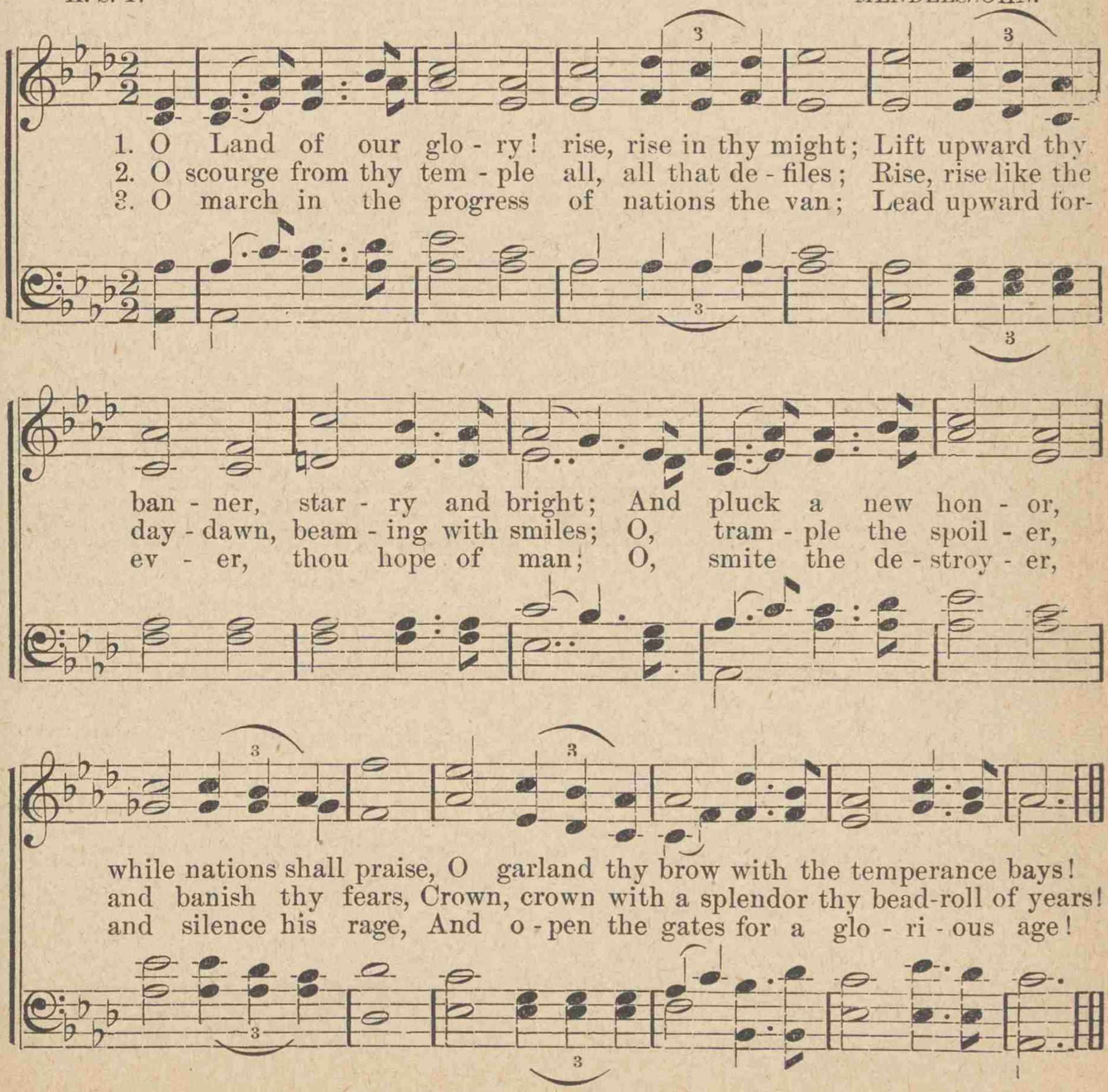
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Repeat Chorus in exact time.



Land of Our Glory.

H. S. T. MENDELSSOHN.



A Freeman's Right.

H. S. TAYLOR. SOLO OR UNISON. J. B. HERBERT.

With strong accent.

1. What are a freeman's rights to - day— Co - lumbia's boast and pride?
2. Each free-man has the right of choice, As conscience may command:
3. He has a right like oth - er men, Whom patient pride con - trols,

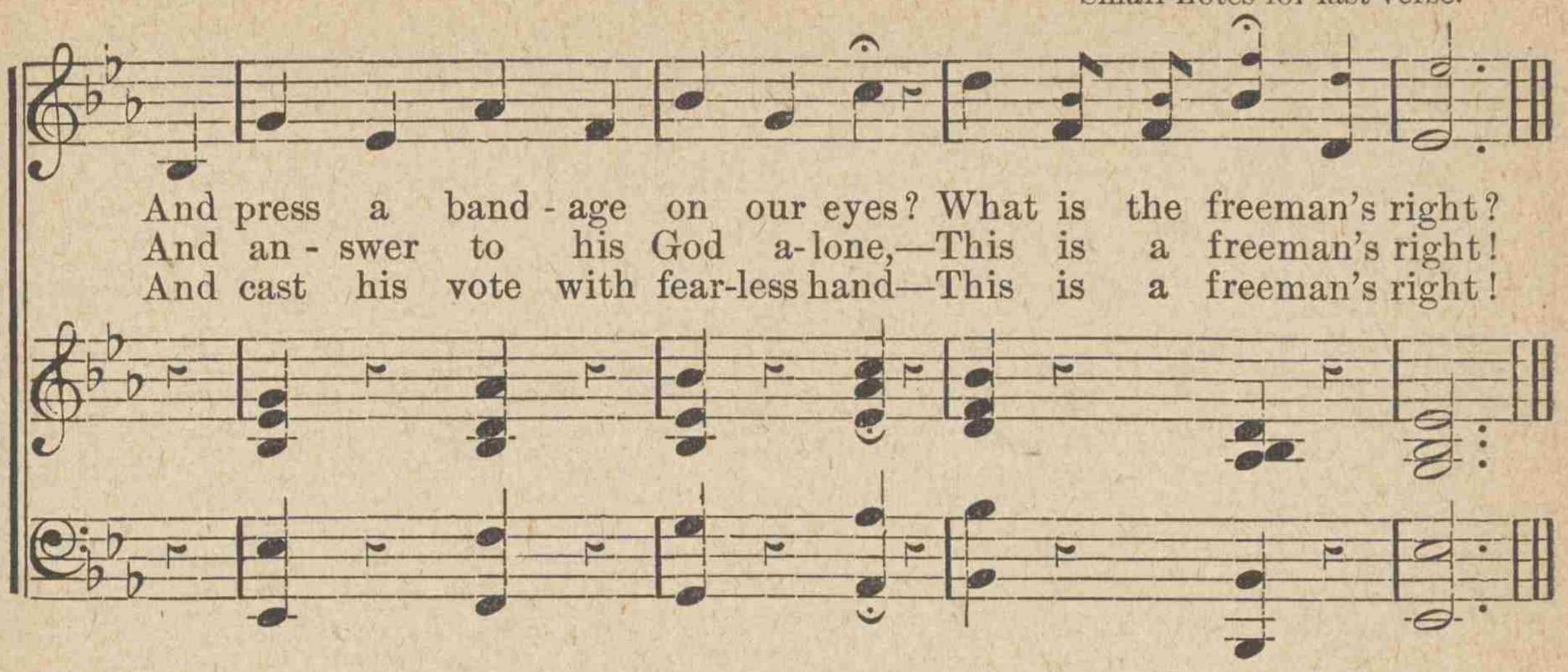
Shall mob - o - pin - ion have its way And truth be cru - ci - fied?
A right to lift an earn - est voice When per - il is at hand:
To choose his prin - ci - ples and then, To bring them to the polls!

Shall par - ty whips and print - ed lies, De - cree that black is white,
A right to make the truth be known, Ac - cord - ing to his light,
He has a right to free - ly stand Ac - cord - ing to his light,

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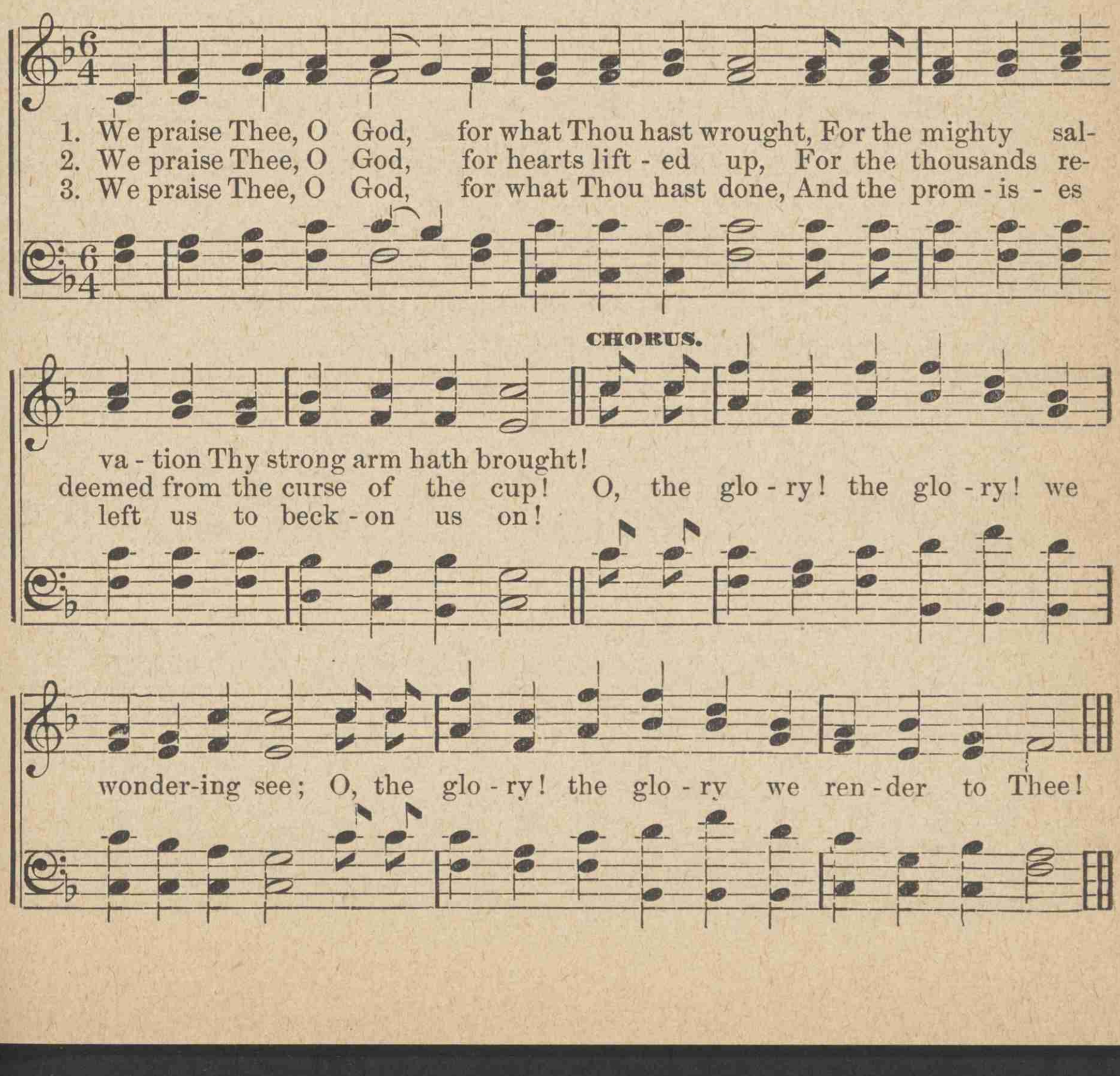
A Freeman's Right. Concluded.

Small notes for last verse.



The Glory!

H. S. T., by per. J. B. H.



Press Forward.

H. S. TAYLOR. J. B. HERBERT.

1. The bonds of the a - ges are break-ing, break - ing; Christ lifts
2. Like dews up - on Her - mon soft fall - ing, fall - ing; Grace falls
3. Our tem - per - ance cause like a riv - er, riv - er, Shall roll

up his sea - part - ing rod; The songs of our tri - umph are
on the earth's ar - id sod; The Lord is our Lead - er, He's
thro' the world, bright and broad; The cross is our en - sign for-

wak - ing, wak - ing; Press for - ward, ye sol - diers of God.
call - ing, call - ing; Press for - ward, ye sol - diers of God. Press forward!
ev - er, ev - er; Press for - ward, ye sol - diers of God.

CHORUS.

For - ward, nor fal - - ter, the mount - - -
for - ward, for - ward, for - ward, nor fal - ter, the mountains shall melt,

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ains shall melt at His nod,
shall melt at His nod, For temp'rance, for temp'rance, lay

of God.
all on the al - tar, Press for-ward, ye soldiers, ye sol - diers of God.

of God.

Up, Away!

H. S. T. J. B. H., by per.

Andante.

1. Time is fly-ing, fly-ing, fly-ing, Men are sink-ing down and dy - ing.
2. Hearts are aching, aching, aching, Ev - 'ry moment hearts are break-ing.
3. Drink is raging, raging, raging, Bat - tled hosts are now en - gag - ing.
4. Men are falling, falling, falling, Hear the Mas - ter call - ing, call - ing.

CHORUS. Allegro.

Up, a-way! up, a-way!
Up, away! up, away! For the Master calls the workers out today.

A Social Drink.

TRIO, MALE VOICES.

H. S. T. New arrangement. J. B. H., by per.

1st Tenor.

1. I used to like a so - cial drink,
2. I drank a lit - tle more each day,
3. I gave the land - lord all my store,
4. I quick - ly went from bad to worse,
5. At last I broke my dem - i - john,

2d Tenor.

So did I, so did I:

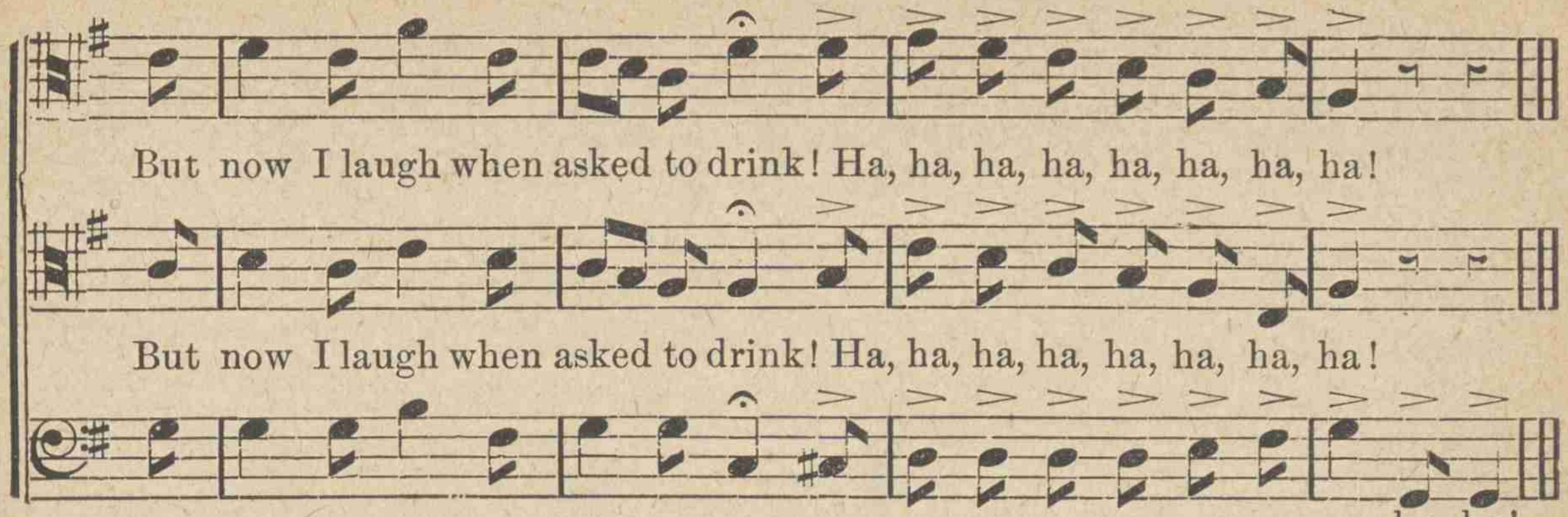
Bass.

'Twas ver - y good I used to think,
And threw my chanc - es all a - way,
As he got rich, why I got poor,
In rep - u - ta - tion, health and purse,
And then I let the drink a - lone,

So did I, and I. . .

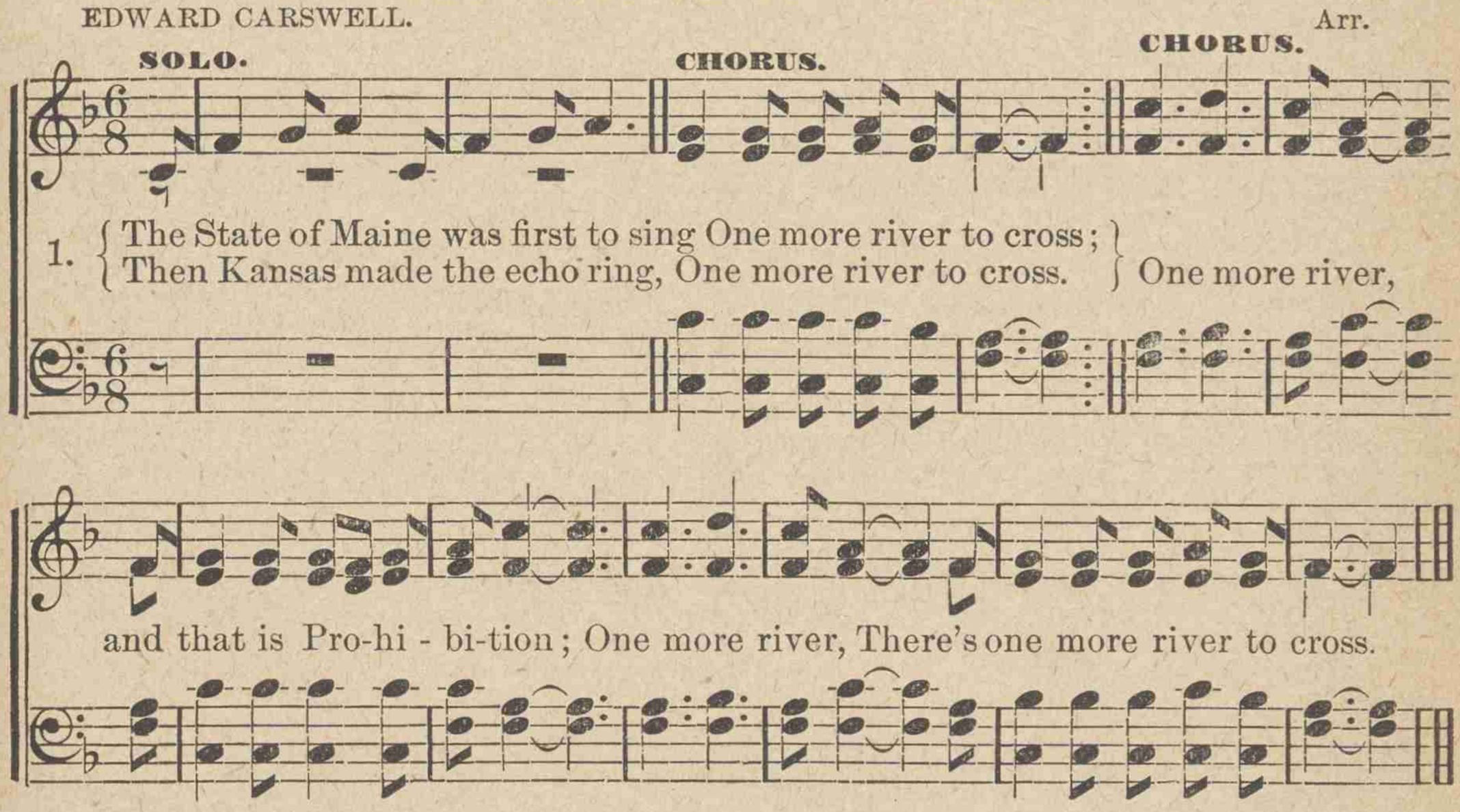
Ha, ha, ha, ha! the so-cial drink! 'Twas ver - y good, I used to think:

Ha, ha, ha, ha! the so-cial drink! 'Twas ver - y good, I used to think:



One More River to Cross.

EDWARD CARSWELL. Arr.



2 Iowa said "We like the song,"
One more river to cross;
Nebraska shouted, "Come along,"
One more river to cross.—CHO.

3 At last the shout becomes a din,
One more river to cross;
By tens of thousands wading in,
One more river to cross.—CHO.

4 But liquor sellers stand beside,
One more river to cross;
Their mouths and eyes are open wide,
At one more river to cross.—CHO.

5 They whine, "Please do not make a fuss,"
One more river to cross;
"Or it will be the death of us,
This one more river to cross."—CHO.

6 The politician cries "Be still,"
One more river to cross;
"The party it will surely kill,"
One more river to cross.—CHO.

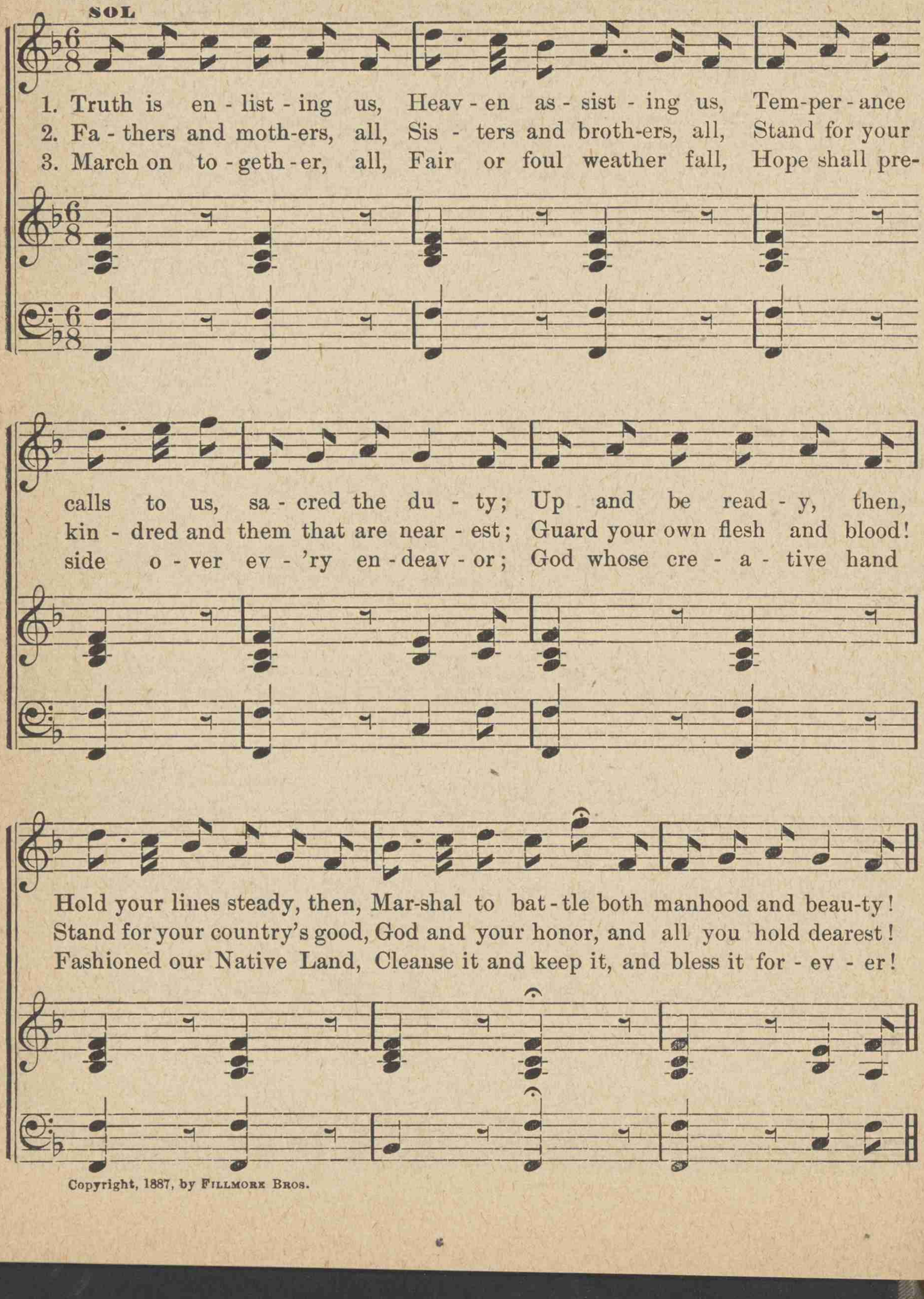
7 The people shout, "No stops or stand,"
One more river to cross;
"Until we reach the promised land,"
One more river to cross.—CHO.

Prohibition March.

H. S. T. Arr. from the Scotch, by J. B. H.

SOL

1. Truth is en - list - ing us, Heav - en as - sist - ing us, Tem-per - ance
2. Fa - thers and moth-ers, all, Sis - ters and broth-ers, all, Stand for your
3. March on to - geth - er, all, Fair or foul weather fall, Hope shall pre-



calls to us, sa - cred the du - ty; Up and be read - y, then,
kin - dred and them that are near - est; Guard your own flesh and blood!
side o - ver ev - 'ry en - deav - or; God whose cre - a - tive hand

Hold your lines steady, then, Mar-shal to bat - tle both manhood and beau-ty!
Stand for your country's good, God and your honor, and all you hold dearest!
Fashioned our Native Land, Cleanse it and keep it, and bless it for - ev - er!

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March, march, bold - ly and cheer - i - ly! March, march,

March, march, bold - ly and cheer - i - ly! March, march,

fal - ter - ing nev - er! March, march, for - ward so mer - ri - ly!

fal - ter - ing nev - er! March, march, for - ward so mer - ri - ly!

This be our mot - to— "Pro - hi - bi - tion for - ev - er!"

This be our mot - to— "Pro - hi - bi - tion for - ev - er!"

Each Man to his Post.

H. S. T., by per. J. B. H

1. On the hill the bea - con blaz - es, Sig - nal for the fight;
2. Ar - ma - ged - don's bat - tle rag - es, Buds the bar - ren rod;
3. Bare thine arm, O God of heav - en, Swing the sea a - part;
4. Send, O Christ, an - gel - ic forc - es, Halt the speed - ing sun;

Tem - per - ance her ban - ner rais - es— Who is for the right?
'Tis the cri - sis of the a - ges, Cru - cial hour of God.
Make a path thro' wa - ters riv - en, Strengthen ev - 'ry heart.
Let the stars in all their cours - es, Smite the e - vil one.

CHORUS.

To your posts! to your posts! The foe approach - es! Face his com - ing

host! Gird yourselves as he ap-proach-es, Each man to his post!

For God and Home and Native Land. 87

H. S. TAYLOR. J. B. HERBERT, by per.

1. For God and Home and Native Land! O words of blend - ing beau-ty!
2. For God and Home and Native Land! The skies grow clear - er o'er us;
3. For God and Home and Native Land! O wa - ver not nor fal - ter!
4. For God and Home and Native Land! The sa - cred cause we'll cher-ish;

Thou bind'st our hearts with triple strand, Un - to the path of du - ty.
God leads us on with ten - der hand, His pil - lar goes be - fore us.
Go for - ward at your King's command, Lay all up - on the al - tar.
Wreathe in our hearts the motto grand, Till mem - o - ry shall per-ish.

CHORUS. Cres.

For God and Home and Na - tive Land! Help us, help us, O
For God and Home and Native Land!

Lord, to firm - ly stand! Help us, help us, O Lord, to firm - ly stand!

Fling Out the Banner.

H. S. T. J. B. H., by per.

1. O fling out the ban - ner! let all the world know To which
2. O fling out the ban - ner! our cause is the best That has
3. O fling out the ban - ner! it stands for the cause Of the

one of the hosts you be - long! Do you mus - ter with Je - sus, or
e'er summoned sol - diers to fight; Then march with the val - or of
Lord who looks down from a - bove; Our coun - try, her best in - sti-

march with the foe? Are you pledged for the right or the wrong?
truth in your breast, Bold - ly march on for God and the right!
tu - tions and laws, And the trin - i - ty, Faith, Hope and Love!

CHORUS.

The Sa - mar - i - tan's mis - sion, we'll share it, (we'll share it,) The

yoke of the Mas-ter, we'll wear it, (we'll wear it,) The tem-per-ance

banner we'll bear it, (we'll bear it,) As we march on for God and the right!

Temperance Battle Hymn.

WM. HUNTER, D. D. E. S. LORENZ, by per.

1. The light of truth is break-ing, On the mountain top it gleams,
2. From morning's ear - ly watch-es Till the set - ting of the sun,
3. Our strength is in Je - ho - vah, And our cause is in His care,

Let it flash a - long our val-leys, Let it glit-ter on our streams;
We will nev - er flag nor fal - ter In the work we have be - gun;
With Al-might - y arms to help us, We have faith to do and dare;

Temperance Battle Hymn. Concluded.

Un - til all our land a - wak - ens In its flush of gold - en beams,
Till the forts have all sur - ren-dered, And the vic - to - ry is won,
While con-fid - ing in the prom-ise That the Lord will an - swer prayer,

CHORUS.

Our God is march - ing on! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le-

lu - jah! (glo - ry!) Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! (glo - ry!)

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Our God is march-ing on!

No Surrender.

H. S. TAYLOR. JOHN McPHERSON.

1. "No sur - ren - der!" pass the word! For the con - flict quick-ly gird!
2. "No sur - ren - der!" dauntless heart! Prov - i - dence will take our part!
3. "No sur - ren - der!" for-ward now! Vic - to - ry shall wreathe each brow!

Let each heart be faith - ful found; "No sur-ren-der"—hold your ground!
God will bring the spoil - er low; "No sur - ren-der" to the foe!
Shout your challenge bold and high! "No sur - ren-der" be the cry!

CHORUS.

"No sur - ren - der," live or die! "No sur - ren - der," lift the cry!

"No sur - ren - der," truth and right Con - se - crate our ban - ner bright!

The Golden Year.

H. S. T.

Arr. from SULLIVAN, for this work.

Allegro.

1. Join loud and long In a cheerful song, A hope-ful and ju - bi-lant
2. A heart-y cheer For the time so near, When banished will be ev-'ry

cho - rus; A rol - lick-ing rhyme For the com - ing time, For the
sad - ness; A hap - py con - tent Like an an - gel sent, Shall en-

gold - en year be - fore us. The gold - en year, It will
wreath our brows with glad - ness. Then for - ward tread, Hold e-

soon ap - pear, And al - co - hol cease to de - stroy us, And the
rect your head, And push the work on-ward with ar - dor, Should the

temperance band, It will rule the land, In the gold - en year so joy - ous!
ju - bi - lee year Ver-y late ap-pear, We must push the work the hard-er!

CHORUS.

Join loud and long In a cheer - ful song, A hope - ful and

ju - bi - lant cho - rus; A rol - lick - ing rhyme For the

com - ing time, For the gold - en year be - fore us!

To the Front, Sisters.

Written for this work.

1. Sis - ters, a - rise! a - rise! Wide sounds the dread a - larm!
2. The he - ro - ines of old, De - vot - ed, brave and true,
3. Arm, mothers, sis - ters, wives, The Mas - ter gives the word!

A na - tion's groans and cries Bid you to up and arm!
Had no such field to hold As that which calls for you!
Go con - se - crate your lives To temp'rance and the Lord!

CHORUS.

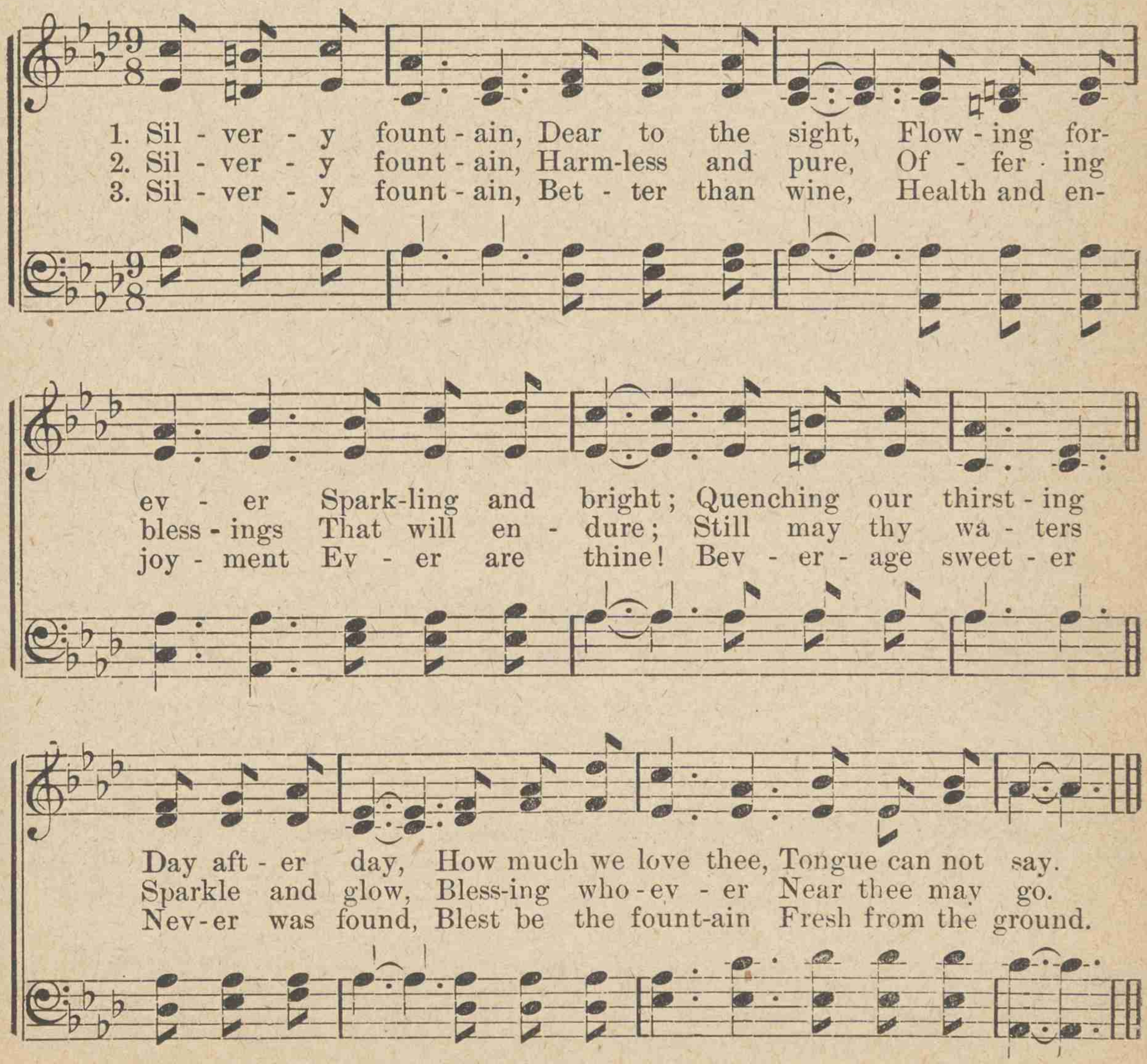
To the front, sis - ters, true, There's a great work to do, Let the

con - se - crat-ed strength of woman's hand, Lift the temp'rance banner high,



Silvery Fountain.

E. R. LATTA. A Song for the Children. J. H. F.



Under the Flowers.

DUET AND CHORUS.

H. S. T., by per. "The flowers swim at the top of the bowl."—ANACREON. J. B. H.

DUET.

1–3. "The flowers swim at the top of the bowl," Beautiful flow'rs, beautiful flow'rs,

Alto. **Soprano.**

But what is un-der the flow'rs? What is un-der the flow'rs?

DUET.

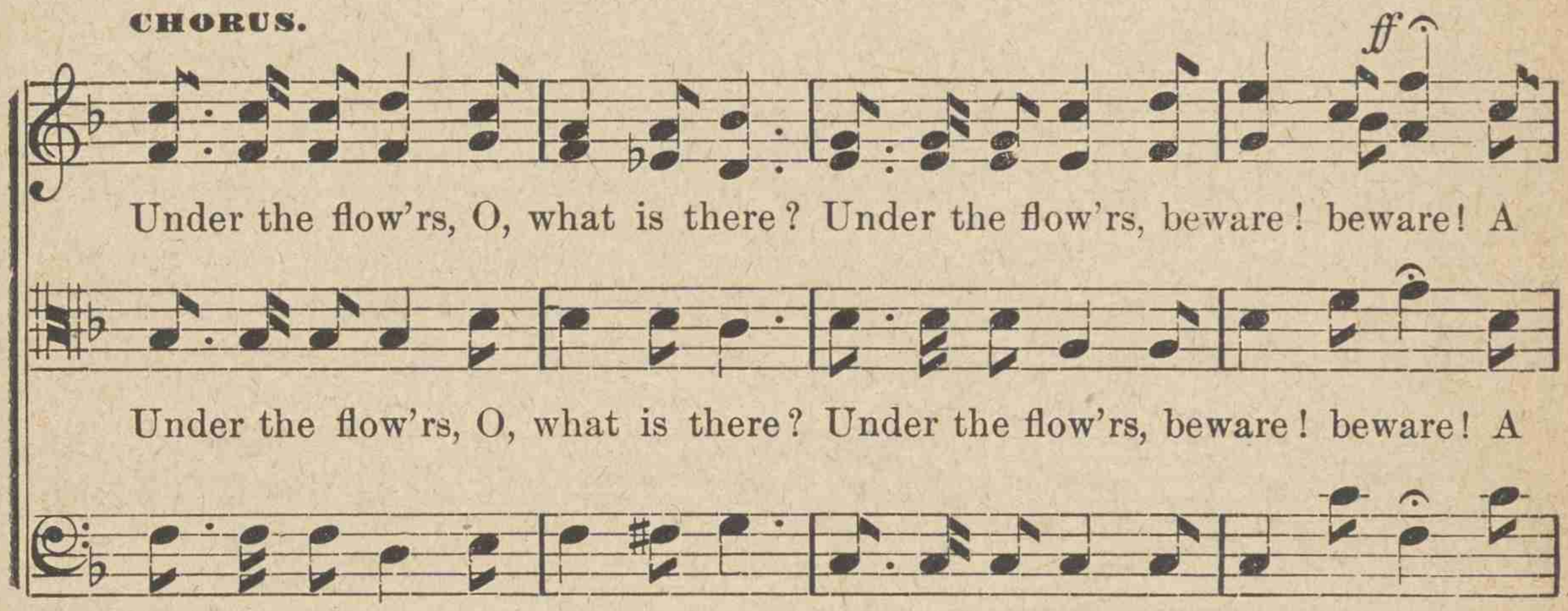
1. Blasphemous words and in-fi-del jeers, Recklessness, wrath, and torturing fears,
2. Manhood deprav'd and poverty's purse, Char-ac-ter blast-ed, un-der a curse,
3. Fren-zy of soul, a maniac's yell, Bitter remorse the tongue can not tell,



Stinging regrets and de - spair-ing tears, Un-der the beau-ti-ful flow'rs!
Rag-ing of ap - pe-tite worse and worse, Un-der the beau-ti-ful flow'rs!
Death of a pau-per, a yawn-ing hell, Un-der the beau-ti-ful flow'rs!

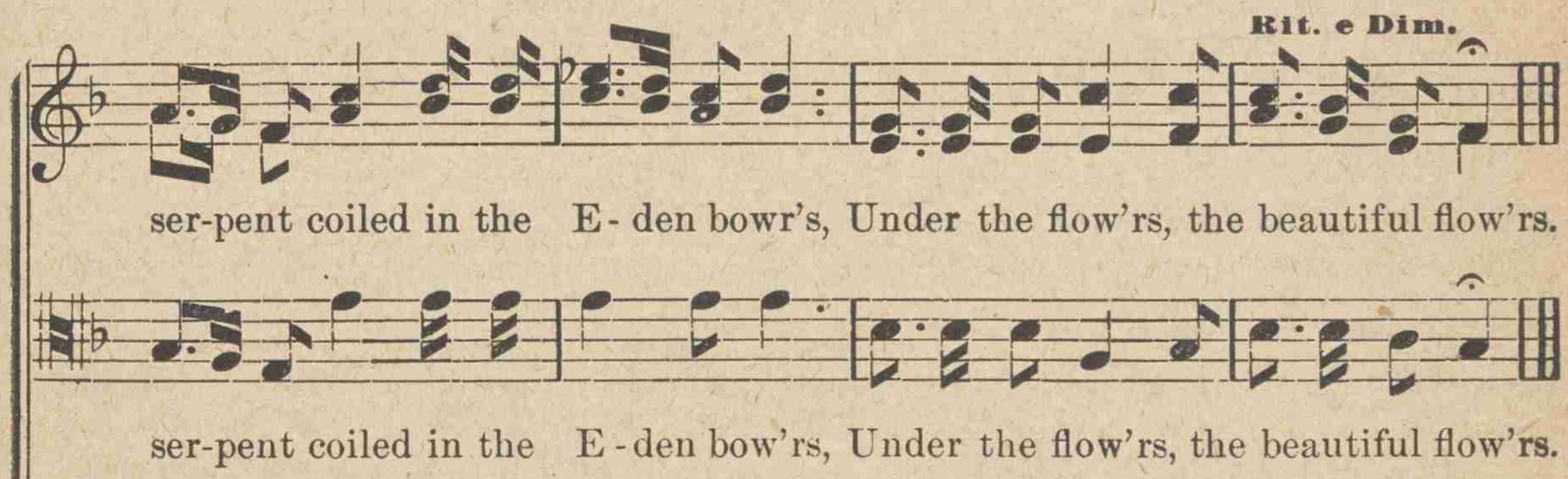


CHORUS.



Under the flow'rs, O, what is there? Under the flow'rs, beware! beware! A

Under the flow'rs, O, what is there? Under the flow'rs, beware! beware! A



ser-pent coiled in the E - den bowr's, Under the flow'rs, the beautiful flow'rs.

ser-pent coiled in the E - den bow'rs, Under the flow'rs, the beautiful flow'rs.

Rise up, Gideon's Band.

H. S. TAYLOR. J. B. HERBERT.

SOLO.

1. To Ophrah's oak an an - gel came, And gave the Lord's com-mand:
2. God grants his signs to cheer us still: His an - gels close at hand
3. The spoiler's host is still a - broad, In - temp'rance fills the land;

With signs of dew - y fleece and flame, "O rise up, Gid - e - on's Band!"
Will strengthen us to do his will— O rise up, Gid - e - on's Band!
Where are the faith-ful troops of God? O rise up, Gid - e - on's Band!

CHORUS.

Rise up, rise up, Gid - e - on's Band! Rise with the lamp and

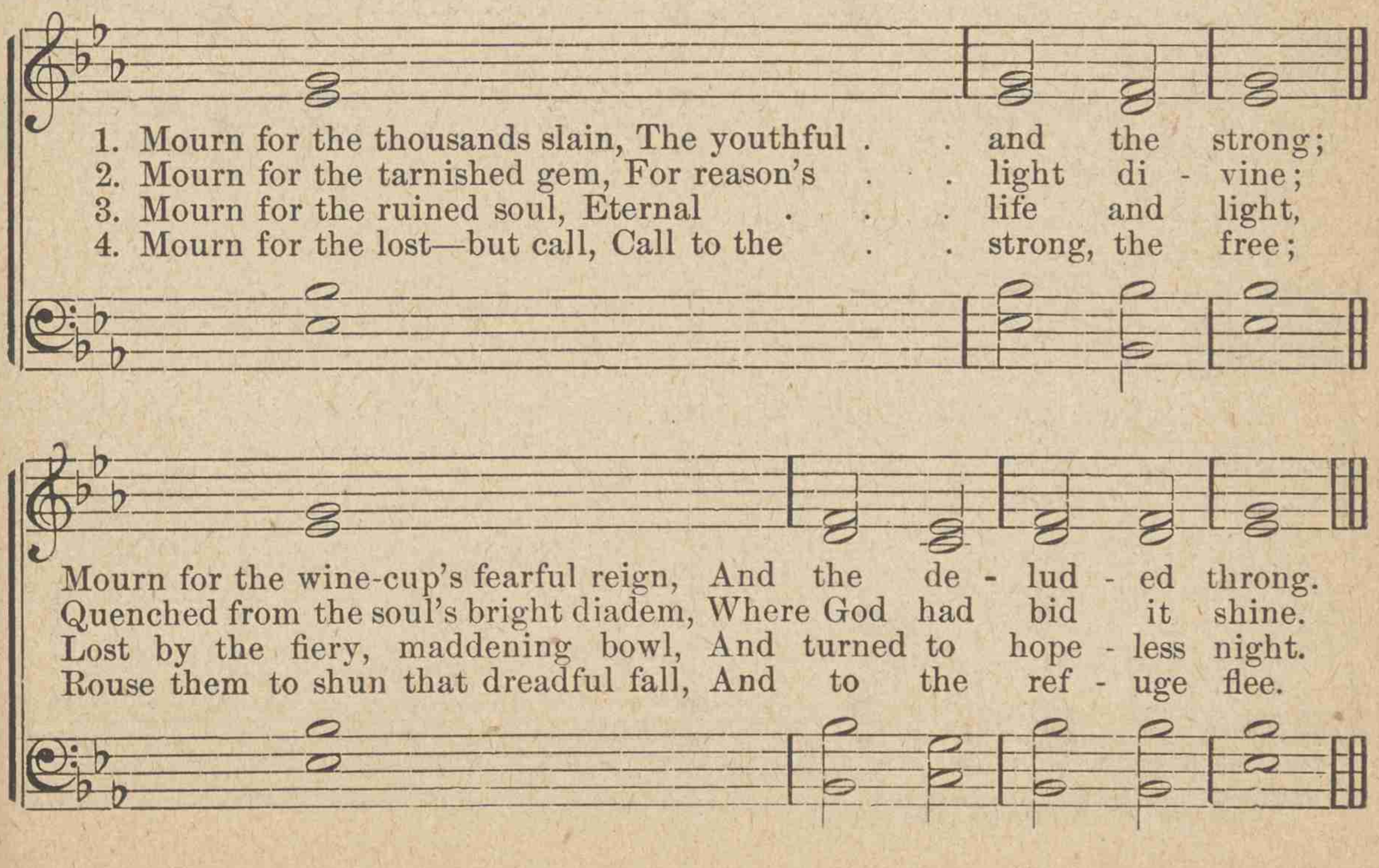
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Mourn for the Thousands Slain.

S. C. BRACE. CHANT. TALLIS.



Call Some Other Day.

H. S. T. J. B. H.

SOLO.

1. I'm a tem - per-ance fa - na - tic, I'm a rad - i - cal em-phat - ic,
2. When I meet a drinking fel - low Get-ting breez-y - like and mel-low,
3. When I hear a pol - i - ti - cian Rail-ing out at pro - hi - bi - tion,

I'm a pro - hi - bi - tion board - er come to stay!
I am nev - er at a loss for what to say;
And he warns me not to throw my vote a - way;

And when li - cense, high or low, Comes a - court - ing me, you know,
When he gives a friend - ly wink, And he asks me up to drink,
And he bland - ly tries to stick His col - lar on my neck,

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Then I an - swer, "Won't you call some oth - er day?"—O!

CHORUS.

No! not to - day! Call some oth-er day! The man that used to live here has

late - ly moved a - way; I'm in - vest - ing all I can, in the

pro - hi-bi-tion plan, So you'd bet-ter call a-gain some oth-er day—good day!

The Temperance Drum.

H. S. T. J. B. H.

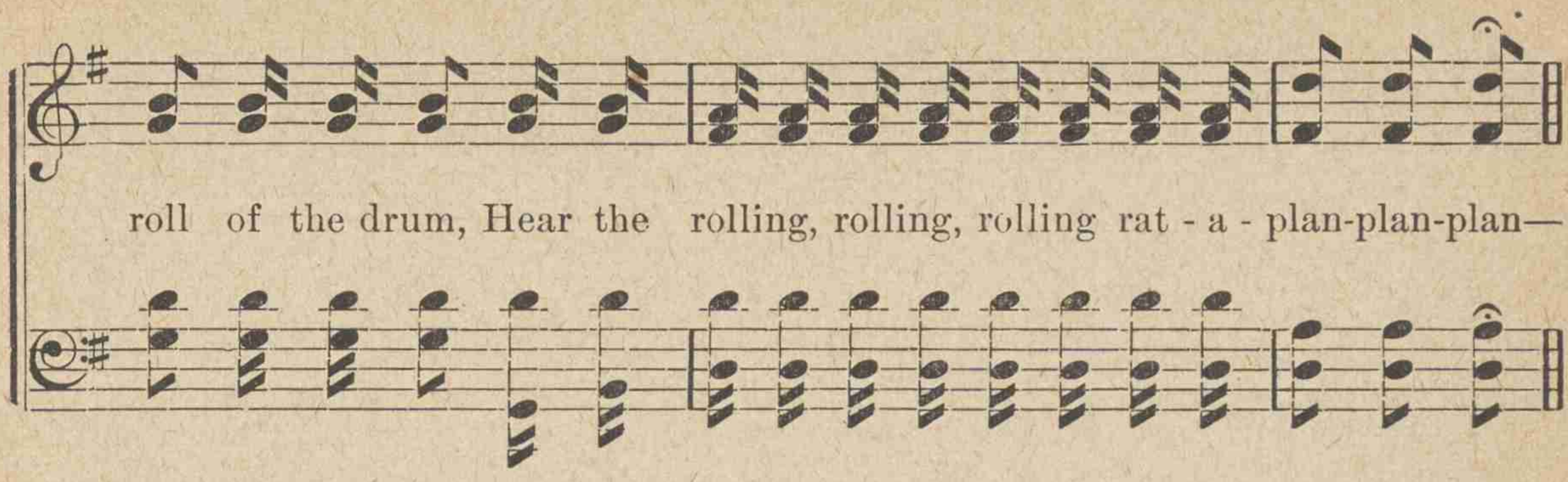
1. Bring the brave drum out, fill the air around With its voice as in days gone by,
2. Such a drum as this, like the Nation's heart Beating on with a cour-age bold,
3. Let the brave drum sound! 'tis an echo grand Of the drums of the olden time!

When our fathers marched to its stirring sound With a courage to do or die.
Can to Freedom's veins mighty pow'r impart, As it did in the days of old.
Then for God and Home and our Native Land, Let us march to its notes sublime.

Let the ty-rant Rum Hear the roll of the drum, Hear the rolling rat-a-

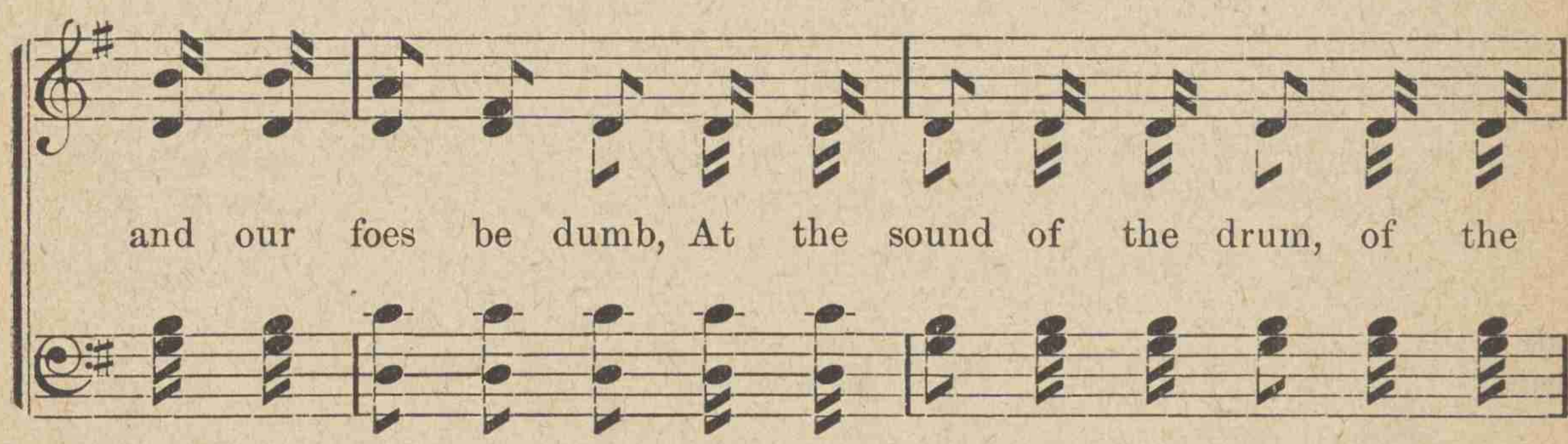
plan of the Temp'rance Drum; Let the ty-rant Rum Hear the

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Melody of concluding measures from ROSSINI.







104 Temperance is Gaining the Day.

H. S. TAYLOR. J. B. HERBERT.

1. O come along! we'll sing a song With greatest of pleasure, 'Tis ea - sy to sing when we're gay.
2. Vic - to - ri - ous and glo - ri - ous The good cause is rising, And justice is com - ing to stay.

The subject is cheerful, then light be the
We're jol-ly as jay-birds, and 'tis not sur-

1. we're gay, when we're gay.
2. is com - ing to stay.

Slower.

measure, For temp'rance is gain-ing the day! The brew-ers are
pris - ing, For temp'rance is gain-ing the day! Po - lit - ic - al

is gain-ing the day!

huf - fy and ter - ri - bly troubled, Their fac - es are gloomy and long,
par-ties are aw-ful - ly wor-ried, They vow pro-hi - bi - tion is wrong,

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A tempo.

But cold wa - ter peo - ple with cour-age re - doubled Can lilt out their
But we will re-joice when Gam - brinus is bur - ied, And lilt out our

REFRAIN.

mer - ri - est song! Then sing, sing, sing, sing,
jol - li - est song! La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

mer - ri - est song!
jol - li - est song!

Sing, brothers, sing, brothers, sing, I say; The na - tion is wak-ing, The

dry bones are shaking, And temp'rance is gain-ing the day.

is gain-ing the day.

106 Steer by the Temperance Star.

H. S. TAYLOR. QUARTET. J. B. HERBERT.

1. On the o - cean of life, wild and broad, . . With
2. When the bil - lows roll high and the gale . . . Strains
3. There are lights that are false and will fade . . . And

1. On the o - cean of life,
2. When the bil - lows roll high,
3. There are lights that are false,

1. On the o - cean of life, wild and broad,
2. When the bil - lows roll high and the gale,
3. There are lights that are false and will fade,

shore lights re - ced-ing a - far, . . . Just stand by the wheel, brother,
fierce - ly the sail and the spar, . . . God's beacon burns brightly, His
cours - es that make us or mar, . . . Then choose wisely, broth-er, and

re - ced - ing a - far,
the sail and the spar,
that make us or mar,

With shore lights re - ced - ing a - far,
Strains fiercely the sail and the spar,
And courses that make us or mar,

look up to God, And steer by the Tem-per-ance, Tem-per-ance Star!
light will not fail, O steer by the Tem-per-ance, Tem-per-ance Star!
be not a - fraid, To steer by the Tem-per-ance, Tem-per-ance Star!

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REFRAIN.

O, steer by the Star, ... The bright beam-ing

Steer by the Star, . . The bright beam-ing

Steer by the Star!

Tem - per - ance Star! . . . If clouds shall con - ceal it,

Tem - per - ance Star! . . .

Tem - per - ance Star!

O, steer by the Tem - per - ance Star!

A rift will re - veal it, O, steer by the Tem - per - ance Star!

108 Get aboard the Ark while you Can.

Words and Melody by H. S. TAYLOR. Arr. for this work.

SOLO. CHORUS.

1. The temp'rance ark is just a - bout to sail,
2. O tim - id Chris-tian, get a - board the ark, Get a - board!
3. O pol - i - ti - cian, get a - board the ark,

SOLO. CHORUS.

She is chartered by a Pro - hi - bi - tion clan,
Take a tick - et through and show your - self a man, Get a-board!
Tricky dodg - ing is the poor - est sort of plan,

SOLO.

She can't af - ford to wait, So don't you be too late, Come,
Do your du - ty ev - 'ry way, And bal - lot as you pray, Come,
Be quick, make up your mind, Or you'll be left be - hind, Then,

CHORUS.

Get a - board the ark while you can, Get a - board!

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FULL CHORUS.

O, get a - board the ark while you can, ...
Get a - board!

The pro - hi - bi - tion ark while you can, ...
Get a - board!

The whistle is ready to sound, And you'd bet-ter be moving around,

O, get a - board the ark while you can!

110 The Temperance Brigade.

H. S. T. J. B. H.

1. We will stand side by side, firm and stead - y (firm and stead - y),
2. May the stripes on our flag keep their splendor (keep their splendor),

For the hon - or of our no - ble cru - sade
(our no - ble cru-sade),
May the glo - ries of its stars nev - er fade (nev - er fade),

Man and maid, old and young, we are read - y (we are read - y),
May our homes nev - er need a de - fend - er (a de - fend - er),

To march with the Tem - per - ance Bri - gade.
(the Temp'rance Bri-gade).
While we march with the Tem - per - ance, (the Temp'rance Bri-gade).

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CHORUS.

Marching a - long, firm and strong,
Marching a - long, marching a - long, firm and strong, firm and strong,

We are com - ing, we are com - ing, our Na - tion to aid:

With heav'n smil-ing o'er us all, Our country's flag be - fore us all,

We march with the Tem - per - ance Bri - gade.
(the Temp'rance Bri-gade).

112 O Sound the Jubilee.

H. S. TAYLOR. J. B. HERBERT.

p **Cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do. - - -**

1. There's a rod a - bove the o - cean, And a wind a - cross the
2. O the might-y God has spoken For the chil - dren whom he
3. We will stand a - side like Mo - ses, When Je - ho - vah pass - es

Dim. - - - -

wave, And a pathway thro' the sea, And a pathway thro' the sea.
loves! He has said they shall be free, He has said they shall be free!
by, And His glo - ry we will see, And His glo - ry we will see.

p **Cres - - cen - - - do. - - -**

And a na - tion is in mo - tion For a land with - out a
Up, O Ja - cob! heed the tok - en, When the fi - ery pil - lar
For He o - pens and He clos - es With a pow - er great and

f *f*

slave! O, sound the ju - bi - lee! O, sound the ju - bi - lee!
moves! O, sound the ju - bi - lee! O, sound the ju - bi - lee!
high, O, sound the ju - bi - lee! O, sound the ju - bi - lee!

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CHORUS. Cres. f

Ju - bi - lee! Ju - bi - lee! Ju - bi - lee! come!

Dim.

Sound the sil - ver trum - pet, Call the chil - dren home!

p Cres.

For the yoke of Rum is broken, And the peo - ple shall be

f

free! O, sound the ju - bi - lee! O, sound the ju - bi - lee!

114 The Workingman's Strike.

H. S. TAYLOR. MALE VOICES. J. B. HERBERT.

SOLO.

1. We have struck, neighbor Joe, Just for luck, don't you know? Let the brewer
2. There's the beer, neighbor Joe, Ain't it queer, don't you know? That the working-
3. For the lives, neighbor Joe, Of our wives, don't you know? And our children,

find some oth - er geese to pluck, Here we go! We will boycott the saloon,
men should use what costs so dear, Here we go! 'Tis a pil - fer-er that takes
we will leave the deadly dives, Here we go! And the liquor peddling shirk,

f

And we'll teach them ver - y soon, A pro - hi - bi-tion tune, neighbor Joe.
All the cash a fel-low makes, And bends him till he breaks, neighbor Joe.
Proud and la - zy as a Turk, Can leave or go to work, neighbor Joe.

Attacca.

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CHORUS.

1st Tenor. *p* Cres.

O, hammer and chisel and shovel and plane, We're out and we

2d Tenor.

O, hammer and chisel and shovel and plane, We're out and we

1st & 2d Base. *p* Cres.

won't go back a - gain, For we've struck, just for luck, And to

won't go back a - gain, For we've struck, just for luck, And to

show a proper pluck! Let the brewer keep his truck, neighbor Joe.

show a proper pluck! Let the brewer keep his truck, neighbor Joe.

116 I Know How it is Myself.

H. S. TAYLOR. MALE VOICES. J. B. HERBERT.

SOLO. 1st Base.

1. I'm al - ways ver - y sor - ry for a drink - ing man,
   I al - ways try to help him just the best I can,
2. I like to see a fel - low make a man - ly fight,
   And put an hon - est bri - dle on his ap - pe - tite,
3. I like to see that fel - low take a prop - er stand,
   And help to drive the traf - fic from our na - tive land,

CHORUS.
1st & 2d Tenor.

CHORUS (after each verse).

For I know how it is my - self. Yes, we know how it is—'Tis an

1st & 2d Base.

old, old tale, And some succeed, while oth-ers fail But there's just one way

for a fel - low to pre - vail, And I know how it is my - self.

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H. S. T. MALE QUARTET. J. B. H.

With strong accent.

1. In the land of Freedom's choice, Let Freedom's work be done;
Blindfold-ed Jus-tice loves a - like Her daughter and her son!

2. From the Truth's impar-tial throne An e - qual war-rant comes,
"Let man and woman side by side, De - fend their sacred homes!"

3. In the name of struggles past, And struggles yet to be,
Our wives and mothers claim a place, As free a-mong the free.

REFRAIN. Spirited.

Call the women to the polls, There is need of earnest souls, For a

de-vas-ta-ting tide up-on us rolls! By the worth of woman's tears,

By her sor-rows and her fears, Call the women to the polls!

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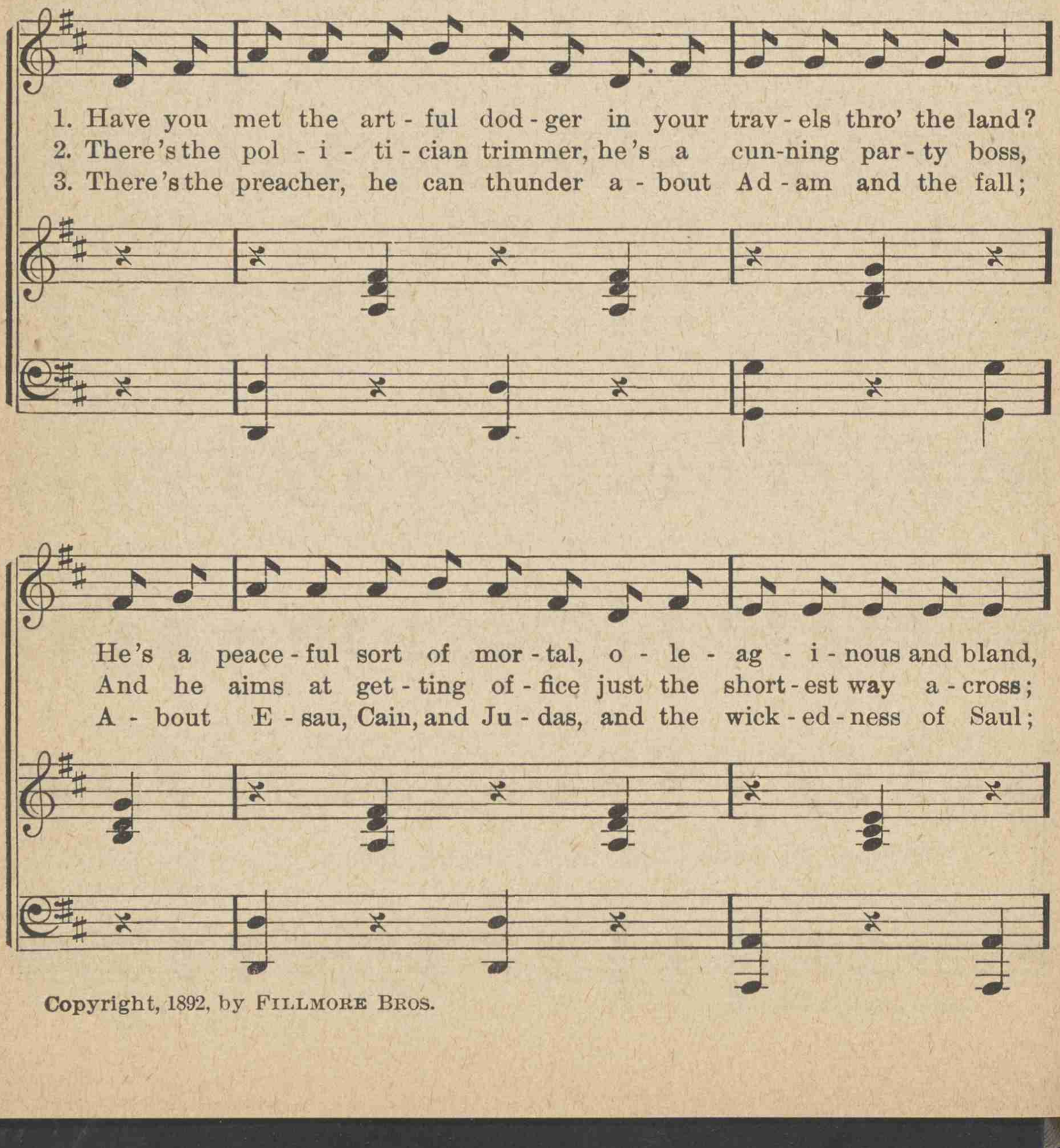
The Artful Dodger.

(SOLO AND CHORUS. MIXED VOICES.)

H. S. TAYLOR. J. B. HERBERT.

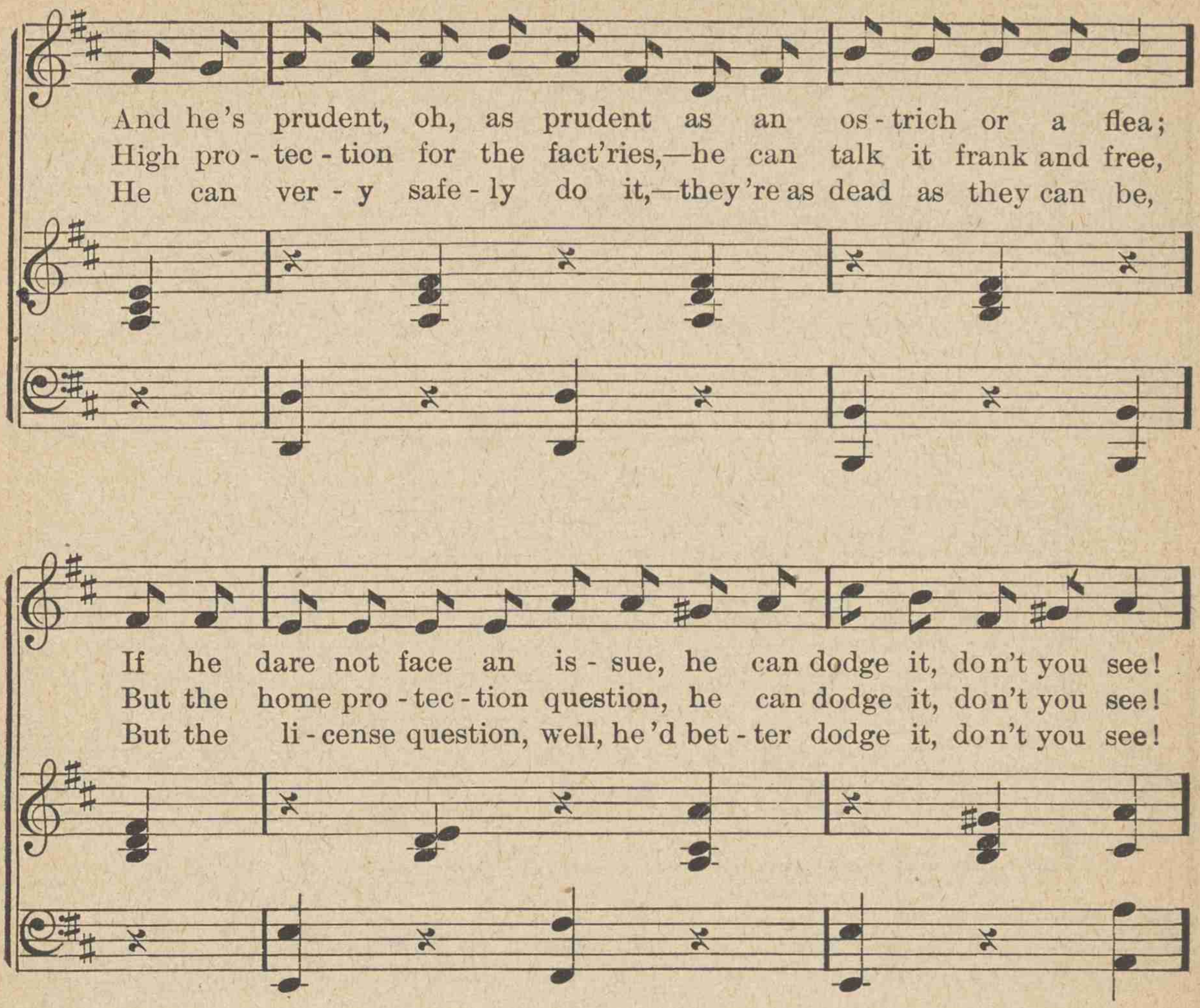


1. Have you met the art - ful dod - ger in your trav - els thro' the land?
2. There's the pol - i - ti - cian trimmer, he's a cun-ning par - ty boss,
3. There's the preacher, he can thunder a - bout Ad - am and the fall;



He's a peace - ful sort of mor - tal, o - le - ag - i - nous and bland,
And he aims at get - ting of - fice just the short - est way a - cross;
A - bout E - sau, Cain, and Ju - das, and the wick - ed - ness of Saul;

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And he's prudent, oh, as prudent as an os-trich or a flea;
High pro-tec-tion for the fact'ries,—he can talk it frank and free,
He can ver-y safe-ly do it,—they're as dead as they can be,
If he dare not face an is-sue, he can dodge it, don't you see!
But the home pro-tec-tion question, he can dodge it, don't you see!
But the li-cense question, well, he'd bet-ter dodge it, don't you see!


mf CHORUS.
Faster.
He can dodge it! dodge it! dodge it! If his hear-ers dis-a-gree,
mf
He can dodge it! dodge it! dodge it! If his hear-ers dis-a-gree,

The Artful Dodger. Concluded.

If his hear - ers dis - a - gree,

If his hear - ers dis - a - gree, He can dodge it, don't you see!

m

For pre - ven - tion of con - ten - tion, He can dodge it!

m

For pre - ven - tion of con - ten - tion, He can dodge it!

f

He can dodge it! He can dodge it, don't you see!

f

He can dodge it! He can dodge it, don't you see!

The Temperance Temple.*

LADIES VOICES.

MRS. MARY C. WHITE. (May be sung by Male Voices) J. B. HERBERT.

DUET. Sop. and Alto.

1. Oh, fair is the vision that greets me, As my eyes pierce futur-i - ty's veil,
2. Its walls are of mar-ble the whitest, Sym - bol - ic of purpos - es pure;
3. Each stat - ue so proudly up - ris-ing, Each beau-ti - ful fres-co of art;

Of a Temple whose wonderful beauty, Out - rivals an - tiq - ui-ty's tale.
And the grandest of human endeavors, In its massive proportions en-dure.
Em - bod - y a sac - ri - fice no-ble, From many a woman - ly heart.

CHORUS.
1st and 2d Sop.

p **Cres.**

A - mer - i - ca's women are praying, For the day when their eyes shall behold,

1st and 2d Alto.

Dim.

ff

The glo - ri-ous Temperance Temple, In its wonder-ful beauty un - fold.

*Sung at the National W. C. T. U. Convention, Nashville, Tenn.

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The Prodigal Son.

H. S. T. LUKE 15: 11–24. By permission.

1. Look up, O Prod - i - gal! cease thou to lan - guish!
2. Turn from the down - ward way thou art pur - su - ing,
3. God can give back to thee dews of the morn - ing,

Back - ward, O, turn in the path thou hast trod;
Quaff - ing the gob - let all brim-ming with wrath;
Make thy sad heart gush with glad - ness, so free;

One is still left thee who pit - ies thy an - guish;
Turn from the tempt - er while mer - cy is woo - ing;
List to the plead - ing, the heav - en - ly warn - ing;

Thou art still dear to the heart of thy God!
Je - sus will bright - en the pen - i - tent's path!
Fath - er is wait - ing, is wait - ing for thee!

CHORUS.

Prod - i - gal, Prod - i - gal, still thou'rt re - mem - bered!

White pin - ioned An - gels are haunt - ing thy track;

Prod - i - gal! Prod - i - gal! far hast thou wan - dered,

But the Fa - ther is wait - ing to wel - come thee back!

124 Tell Us Where to Cast the Net.

H. S. T. J. B. H., by per.

1. Bar - ren wa - ters sometimes mock us, Fruitless toil our hands have met,
2. Sometimes hearts in gloom are mantled, Ev - 'ry star - ry hope is set,
3. There are moments when the fall - en Wring the hands in deep re-gret,

O, for wis - dom, bless-ed Je - sus! Tell us where to cast the net.
O, for pow - er, bless-ed Je - sus! Tell us where to cast the net.
O, for promptness, bless-ed Je - sus! Tell us where to cast the net.

CHORUS.

O, we can not work with-out thee! Do not leave us nor for - get;

Standing on the sea-shore, Je - sus, Tell us where to cast the net.

Wine is a Mocker.

From "Bible Anthems," by per. J. B. HERBERT.

f **CHORUS.**

Wine is a mock - er, strong drink is rag - ing, and

m

who - so is de - ceiv - ed there - by is not wise.

Quartet or Semi-Chorus.

Look not thou up - on the wine when it is red, when it is red,

When it giv - eth his col - or in the cup, in the cup.

Wine is a Mocker. Continued.

Look not thou up - on the wine when it is red, when it is red,

When it mov - eth, it mov - eth it - self a - right.

CHORUS.

f *m*

Wine is a mock-er, strong drink is rag - ing, and who - so is de-

f *m*

Semi-Chorus.

ceiv - ed there - by is not wise. For at the last,

It bit - eth like a ser - pent, and stingeth like an ad - der, It

bit - eth like a ser - pent, and sting - eth like an ad - der,

Dim. e Rit. A tempo.

At the last, at the last. Wine is a mock-er, strong drink is

rag - ing, And who - so is de - ceiv - ed there - by is not wise.

Marching Out of Egypt.

H. S. TAYLOR. MALE VOICES. J. B. HERBERT.

SOLO.

1. Good - bye, Re-pub - li - cans, good-bye! We are sor - ry that you look so ver - y blank;
2. Good - bye, you Dem - o - crats, good-bye! You can keep your an - ti- sump-tu - a - ry plank;
3. Good - bye, you li - cense men, good-bye! You can put your Ju - das mon - ey in the bank;

You have worked a lit - tle scheme, Just to drive a doub - le team; But you can't work a brew - er with a crank.
You can wor-ship at the still, You can run your whis-ky mill; But you can't get to run it with a crank.
With the liq - uor - sell - er's aid, You can reg - u - late the trade; But you can't reg - u - late it with a crank.

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CHORUS.
1st Tenor.



No, no, no, no, no! Ho, ho! here we go; We are marching out of

2d Tenor.



No, no, no, no, no! Ho, ho! here we go; We are marching out of

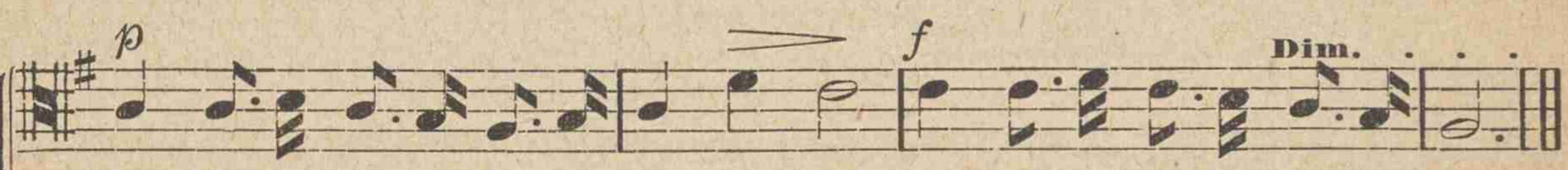
1st & 2d Base.



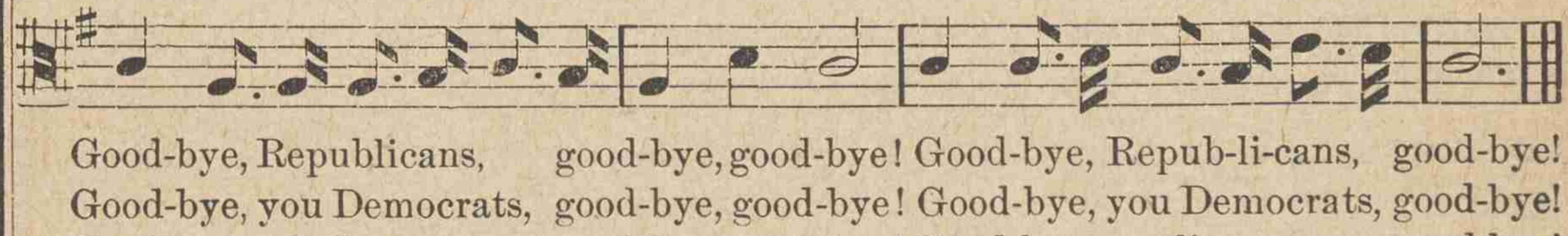
Egypt we would have you all to know; Old friends must part, and you know why:



Egypt we would have you all to know; Old friends must part, and you know why:



Good-bye, Republicans, good-bye, good-bye! Good-bye, Repub-li-cans, good-bye!
Good-bye, you Democrats, good-bye, good-bye! Good-bye, you Democrats, good-bye!
Good-bye, you license men, good-bye, good-bye! Good-bye, you license men, good-bye!



Good-bye, Republicans, good-bye, good-bye! Good-bye, Repub-li-cans, good-bye!
Good-bye, you Democrats, good-bye, good-bye! Good-bye, you Democrats, good-bye!
Good-bye, you license men, good-bye, good-bye! Good-bye, you license men, good-bye!



Come Off the Fence.

H. S. TAYLOR. MALE VOICES. J. B. HERBERT.

SOLO. 2d Tenor.

1. The home and the sa - loon are out, There's bound to be a fight;
2. I'd rath - er be a pol - ly - wog, A liz - ard or a snail,
3. I'd rath - er be a jel - ly - fish The tide has left a - shore.

SOLO. 1st Base.

And some are stand - ing for the wrong, And some are for the right;
Than wear a doub - le face and sit A roost - ing on a rail.
Than have to make a - pol - o - gies When all the war is o'er;

SOLO. 1st Tenor.

And some are neith - er wet nor dry, In spite of com - mon sense,
I'd rath - er join the weak - er side, And take the con - se - quence,
I'd rath - er take my chanc - es now, Than make a false pre - tense,

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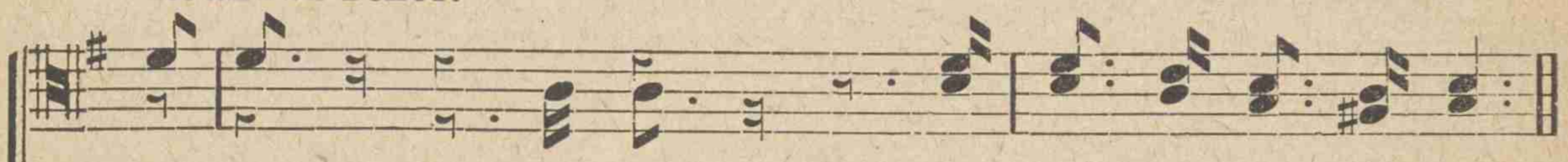
SOLO. 2d Base.



They try to find an ea - sy seat, A - strad - dle of the fence.
Than be a dum - my stuffed with straw, A - strad - dle of the fence.
And by and by, when truth has won, Come *sneak-ing* off the fence.

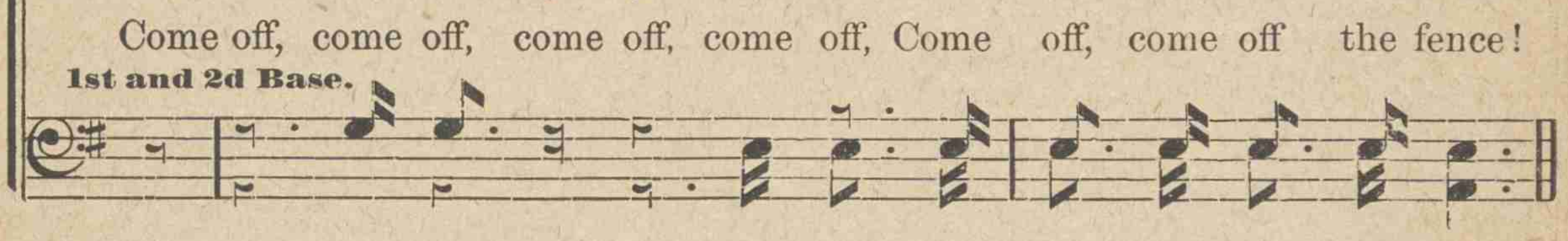


CHORUS.
1st and 2d Tenor.



Come off, come off, come off, come off, Come off, come off the fence!

1st and 2d Base.





Come off, come off, come off, come off, And take the con - se-quence;



The is-sue's plain—you can't re - main, O neighbor, come off the fence!



* Small notes for Second Tenor.

We're All Right.

H. S. TAYLOR. MALE VOICES. J. B. HERBERT.

Baritone Solo.

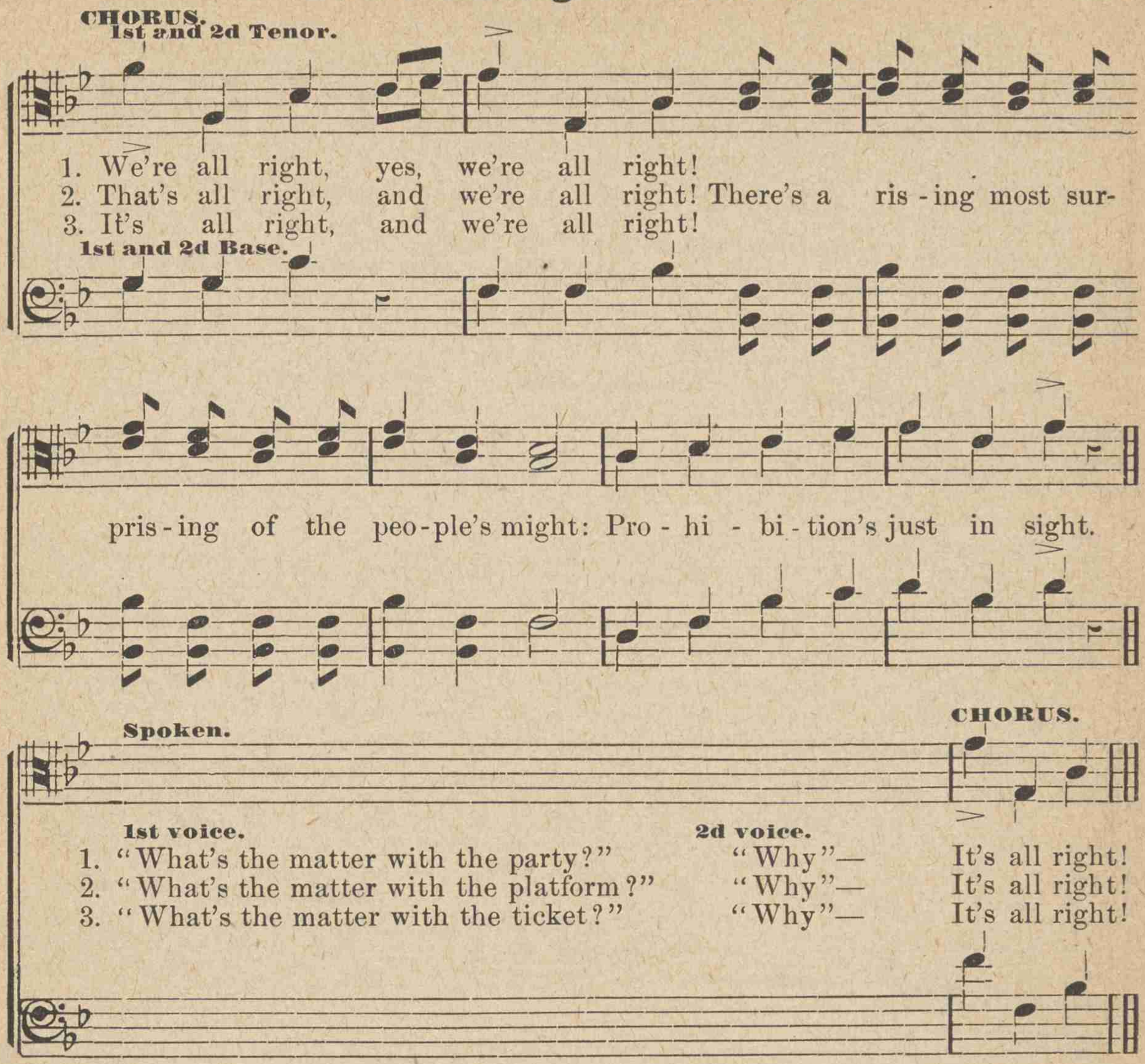
1. The lines are drawn and we're prepared, We won't be bought and can't be scared;
2. We have a platform straight and clean, We know just what its makers mean:
3. Our can - di-dates will lead us thro', They're a - ble men and so - ber too

Tenor Solo.

We'll just "keep sweet," and be po - lite, But we
They've laid it down in black and white, And there
In their sup - port we'll all u - nite, And we'll

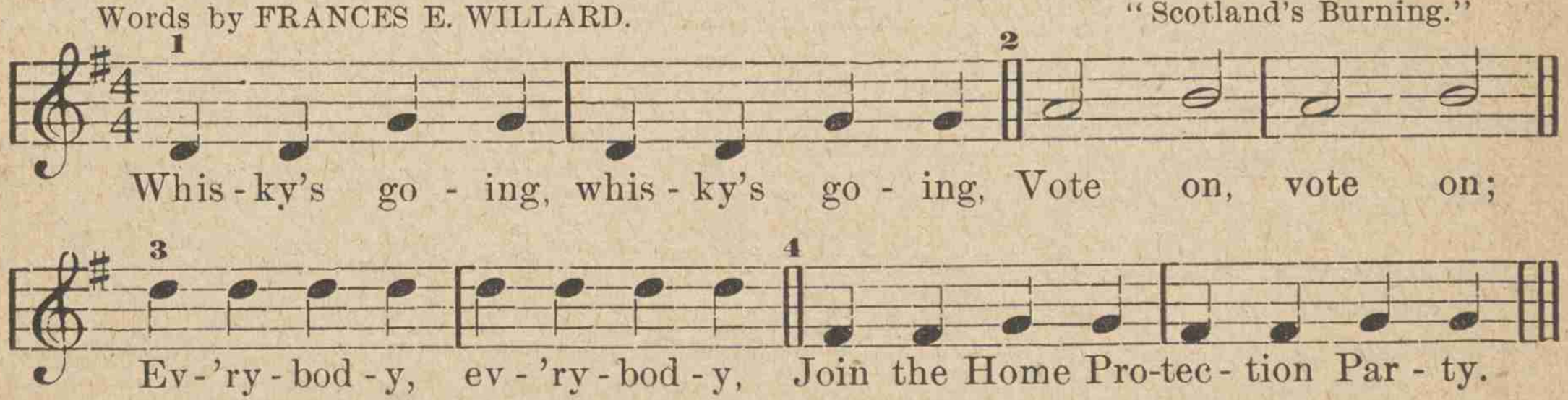
nev - er will sur - ren - der for we're all right!
is - n't an - y dodg - ing— and that's all right!
ral - ly for the tick - et, for it's all right!

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Prohibition Round.*

Words by FRANCES E. WILLARD. "Scotland's Burning."



*Miss Willard suggests the following gestures: For the first part—the gesture of a fist driving something away; for the second part—finger pointing at the audience; for the third part—a "gathering up" motion of the hands; for the fourth part—a beckoning gesture to the audience.

134 That's What Tickles Us So.

H. S. TAYLOR. MALE VOICES. J. B. HERBERT.

Tenor Solo.

1. The signs are im - prov - ing, The peo - ple are mov - ing, They
2. The high - li - cense tink - ers Would tax all the drink - ers, And
3. Po - lit - i - cal boss - es, A - larmed at their loss - es, Their
4. The fel - lows who strad - dle The fence for a sad - dle, Are

Acc.

vow that the dram-shops must go! The cranks are so bus - y, Dis-
shut up the dives for a show! But crawl thro' the sew - ers To
old par - ty bu - gles must blow! But, spite of their bawl-ing, Their
get - ting un - ea - sy to know Just which side to frown on, And

CHORUS.

Ho, ho!

Acc.

till - ers are diz - zy, And—that is what tick - les us so!
please the big brew - ers, And—that is what tick - les us so!
fenc - es are fall - ing, And—that is what tick - les us so!
which to get down on, And—that is what tick - les us so!

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CHORUS.
1st Tenor.

Cres.

Ho, ho! It tick-les us, tick-les us, tick-les us so! 'Tis ver-y a-

2d Tenor.

Ho, ho! It tick-les us, tick-les us, tick-les us so! 'Tis ver-y a-

1st and 2d Base.

musing, you know; The boss-es are rearing, The barkeepers swearing, And—

musing, you know; The boss-es are rearing, The barkeepers swearing, And—

Presto.

That is what tickles us so! That is what tickles us so!

That is what tickles us so! That is what tickles us so!

Rit. Ad lib.

That's what tickles us.

The Prohibition Cranks.

H. S. T. MALE VOICES. J. B. H.

TENOR SOLO.
Moderato.

1. Ma - ny peo-ple have a no-tion that the Pro - hi - bi-tion folks
2. When the steamboat was in-vent-ed and the lo - co - mo-tive came,
3. If you want to scratch the grav-el at the slow - est rate of speed,

Acc.

Are a fee - ble lot of fool - ish mount-e-banks;
'Twas a con - sum - ma - tion call - ing for our thanks;
You may foot it on your liq - uor - li-cense shanks;

CHORUS.

1. mount-e-banks!
2. for our thanks!
3. on your shanks!

SOLO.

But there's power in the mo-tion of the en-gine's stead-y strokes,
And the prin - ci - ple pre-sent-ed, land and wa - ter, was the same,
If you tru - ly want to trav-el, we can tell you what you need,

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And the wheels are set in mo - tion by the cranks.
It was prog-ress driv-ing for-ward with the cranks.
'Tis the pow - er of the Pro - hi - bi - tion cranks.

CHORUS.

by the cranks!
with the cranks!
of the cranks!

CHORUS after each verse.*

Slow. **Ac - - - cel - - - e - -**

I'll turn, I'll turn, I'll turn, too, We'll all turn to-geth-er, 'tis the

ran - - - do.

prop - er thing to do. Right dress! Close up the ranks! We'll

set the world a - mov - ing with the Pro - hi - bi - tion cranks.

* The Chorus begins with the first tenor singing slowly, accompanied by a crank motion of the right arm, "I'll turn." This is imitated by the second tenor, when the first base sings, a little faster, "I'll turn, too;" then all together, continuing the crank motion of the right arm and accelerating the time to the words "Right dress." Then all sing in unison "Right dress," and at the pause after these words the singers take two short steps to the right, in exact time, and hold this position to the close of the Chorus.

138 Prohibition's Comin'.

Words by L. F. COLE, by per.. J. B. HERBERT.

1. Pro - hi - bi-tion's com-in', com - in', com - in', com - in', com - in'!
2. Pro - hi - bi-tion's com-in', com - in', com - in', com - in', com - in'!
3. Pro - hi - bi-tion's com-in', com - in', com - in', com - in', com - in'!
4. Pro - hi - bi-tion's com-in', com - in', com - in', com - in', com - in'!

Don't you see the morn - in' flam - in' up de sky?
Chil - un stop yo' cry - in', moth - ers dry yo' tears,
God an' all de an - gels help de cause a - long,
See de dust a fly - in' from de rum - mie's heels,

Pro - hi - bi-tion's com - in', com - in', com - in', com-in', com - in'!
Pro - hi - bi-tion's com - in', com - in', com - in', com-in', com - in'!
Pro - hi - bi-tion's com - in', com - in', com - in', com-in', com - in'!
Pro - hi - bi-tion's com - in', com - in', com - in', com-in', com - in'!

All de birds am sing - in' in de branch - es high.
Look an' see de sun - shine chase a - way yo' fears.
Soon de might - y na - tion will break forth in song.
How de dev - il trem - bles, how his king - dom reels.

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CHORUS.

com - in', com - in',

Pro - hi - bi-tion's com-in', com-in', Pro - hi - bi-tion's comin', comin',

See de east a - flam - in', see de morn is nigh;

Pro - hi - bi-tion's com - in', com - in', com-in', com-in', com - in'!

Don't you see de morn - in' gleam - in' up de sky.

The Blue and the Gray.

H. S. T. MALE VOICES. J. B. H.

1st and 2d Tenor.

1. O, tem - per - ance men, we're A - mer - i - cans all! U - nit - ed we
2. You men of all sections, just reach out your hand, We wel-come all
3. One na - tion to hon - or, where hon - or is due, One ar - my, one

1st and 2d Base.

stand and di - vid - ed we fall! The is - sue is press-ing, then
sons of Co - lum - bi - a's land. We're brothers for - ev - er, Rum-
ban - ner, one pur - pose so true, That pur - pose the brew - ers be-

ral - ly to - day, And sound the long roll for the Blue and, the Gray.
sell - ers, make way, We're marching to meet you—the Blue and the Gray.
hold with dis - may, U - nit - ed we're marching—the Blue and the Gray.

CHORUS.

ff

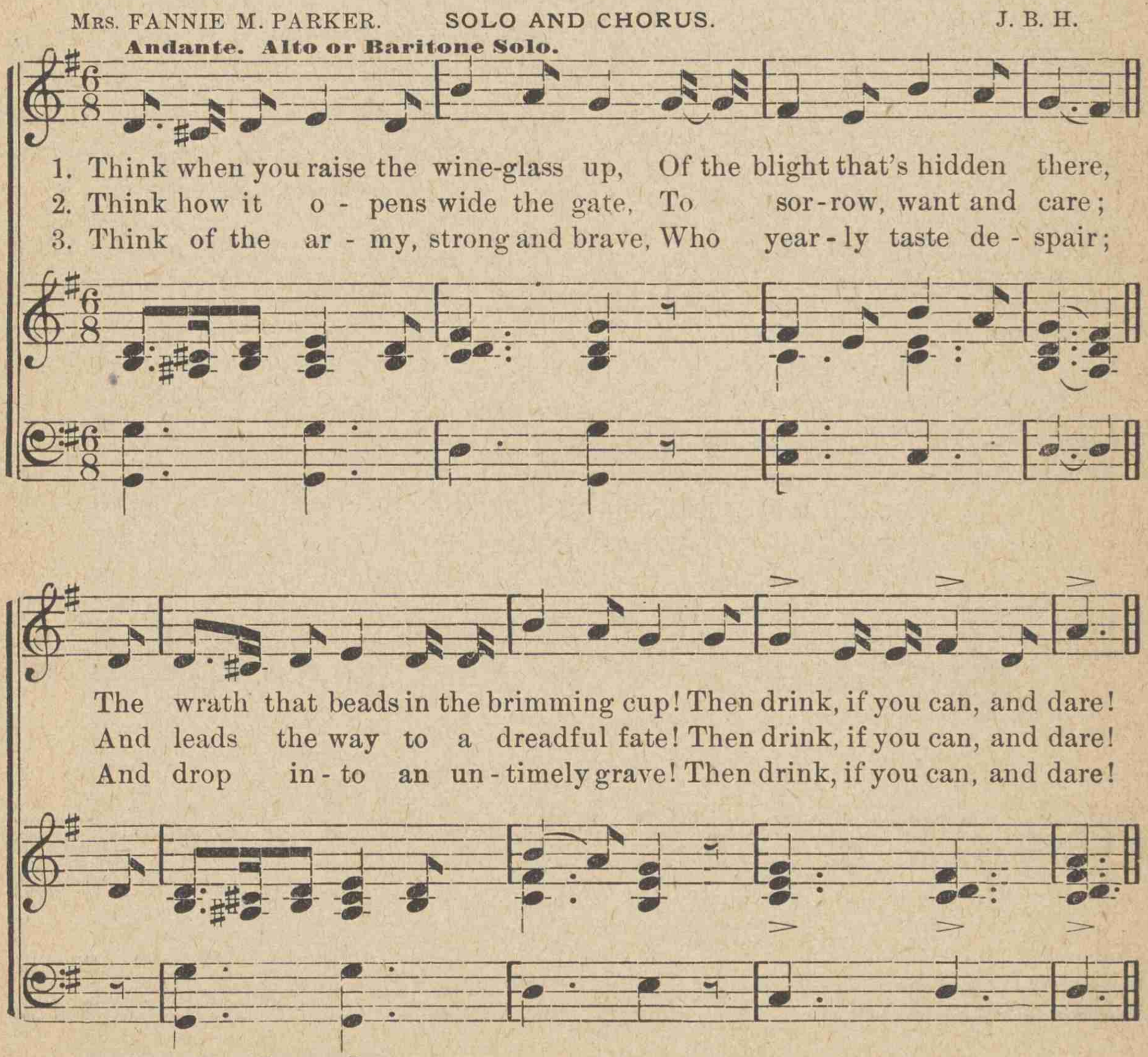
Hoo-ray! hoo-ray! hoo - ray! Pro - hi - bi - tion is com-ing to stay!

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Drink, if You Can, and Dare.

MRS. FANNIE M. PARKER. SOLO AND CHORUS. J. B. H.



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Drink, if You Can, and Dare. Concluded.

CHORUS. (Mixed voices.)

Oh, drink, if you can, and dare! Drink, if you can, and dare!

Rit. **A tempo.**

Aft - er the tho'ts that sol-emn - ly plead, Drink, if you can, and dare!

CHORUS. (The same for male voices.)

Oh, drink, if you can, and dare! Drink, if you can, and dare!

Rit. **A tempo.**

Aft - er the tho'ts that sol-emn - ly plead, Drink, if you can, and dare!

The Deacon's Duty. 143

H. S. TAYLOR. J. B. HERBERT.

1. Said the Deacon Bedott, "The religion I've got
2. Said the Deacon, "oh, my! I will always fight shy
3. Said the Deacon, said he, "Only look now at me,
4. Said the Deacon, "the cranks Never git any thanks,

Is one full of prac-ti-cal beau - ty; For it pays a reward, And I
Of ev'rything rugged and root - y; For re-ligion won't mix With a
I am chock full of sweetness and beau - ty; One day in the week For re-
And the licker men git all the boot - y; It's as plain as the day That re-

don't find it hard, When I strict-ly at-tend to my du - ty.
man's pol-i-tics, And so I at-tend to my du - ty.
lig-ion I seek, And for six days at-tend to my du - ty.
form does-n't pay, And so I'll at-tend to my du - ty."

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The Deacon's Duty. Continued.

Deliberately.

"There's a du-ty on scissors, and saddles, and salt, And a du-ty on
"There's a du-ty on in-di-go, i-ron, and ink, And a du-ty on
"There's a du-ty on hatchets, and hammers, and hams, And a du-ty on
Said the dev-il, "I reckon a don-key could see That Deacon is

mus-lins, and mel-ons, and malt; Oh, that is the du-ty I'm
zith-ers, and zephyrs, and zinc; That du-ty will do if Mc-
cot-ton, and cop-per, and clams; I pray for the drunkard—my
just the right oys-ter for me; He'll attend to his du-ty,—but

al-ways a-seek-in', I'll 'tend to my du-ty—I will," says the Deacon.
Kin-ley don't weak-en, I'll 'tend to that du-ty bang up," says the Deacon.
faith'does n't weak-en; But I vote for my du-ty—it pays," says the Deacon.
I have a sneak-in' Good no-tion that I will at-tend to the Deacon.

CHORUS. Very fast.

There's a du - ty on scis - sors, and sad - dles, and salt, And a
There's a du - ty on in - di - go, i - ron, and ink, And a
There's a du - ty on hatch - ets, and ham - mers, and hams, And a
Said the dev - il, "I reck - on a don - key could see That
du - ty on mus-lins, and melons, and malt; Oh, that is the du - ty he's
du - ty on zith - ers, and zephyrs, and zinc; That du - ty will do if Mc -
du - ty on cot - ton, and cop-per, and clams; He prays for the drunkard—his
Deacon is just the right oys - ter for me; He'll attend to his du - ty—but
al - ways a - seek - in', He'll 'tend to his du - ty—he will, says the Deacon.
Kin-ley don't weak-en, He'll 'tend to that du - ty bang up, says the Deacon.
faith does n't weak-en; But he votes for his du-ty—"it pays," says the Deacon.
I have a sneak-in' Good no-tion that I will at-tend to the Deacon.

The Two Voters.

(SOLO AND CHORUS. MALE VOICES.)

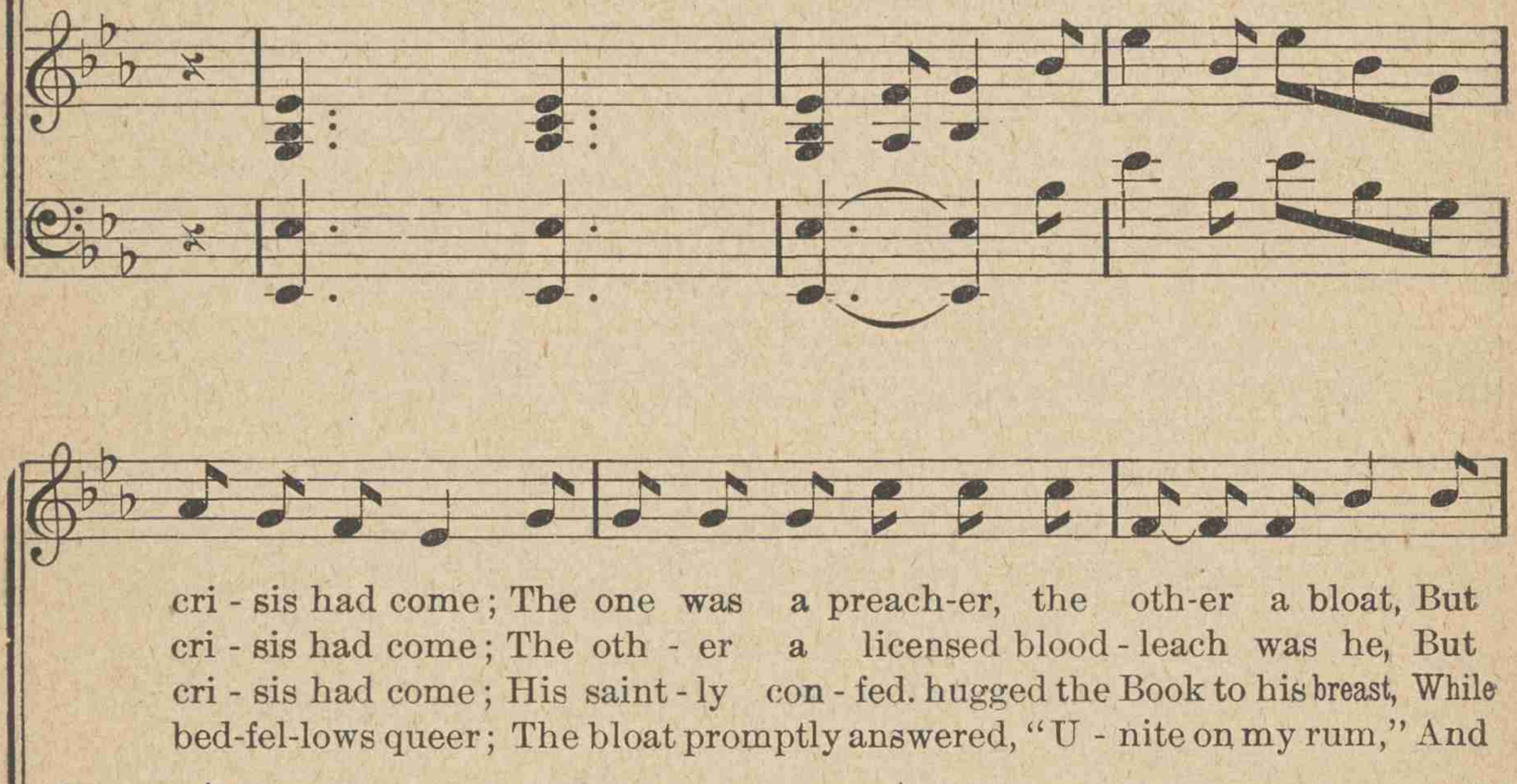
A. G. WOLFENBARGER, Esq. J. B. HERBERT.



TENOR OR BARITONE SOLO.



1. Two vot - ers went down to the polls to vote, Sing hey! sing ho! for the
2. The one had a li - cense to preach, you see, Sing hey! sing ho! for the
3. The bloat was a brew - er quite bold, ha! ha! Sing hey! sing ho! for the
4. The "Saint" said the time to u - nite had come, Sing rats! sing rats! for such



cri - sis had come; The one was a preach-er, the oth-er a bloat, But
cri - sis had come; The oth - er a licensed blood - leach was he, But
cri - sis had come; His saint - ly con - fed. hugged the Book to his breast, While
bed-fel-lows queer; The bloat promptly answered, "U - nite on my rum," And



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CHORUS. 1st & 2d Tenor. *f*

each cast his bal - lot for rum.
both pooled their issues on rum. Sing hey! sing ho!
Bloat hugged his li-cense for rum.
both vot - ed sol - id for beer.

1st Base.

for rum! for beer!

2d Base.

The cri - sis has come, the cri - sis is here; Just think of a preacher,

The cri - sis has come, the cri - sis is here; And a

Both cast - ing their bal - lots for rum!

bloat - ed old leech-er, Both cast - ing their bal - lots for rum!

The Beer Missionaries.

H. S. TAYLOR. (SOLO AND CHORUS.) J. B. HERBERT.

m **SOLO. Moderato.**

1. Said the Sec - re - tary of State, "Oh, the des - ti - tu - tion's great
2. Said the Pres - i - dent, "I guess Ev - 'ry - bod - y must con - fess,
3. Said our thoughtful Un - cle Sam, "What is life with - out a dram?

p

Cres. **Rit.** *m*

In each South A-meri-can State, so we hear, so we hear; In their
Such a case of dry dis - tress is se - vere, most se - vere; 'T is a
Why, its just a hol - low sham, that is clear, that is clear; Its a

bar - bar - ous con - di - tion, I sub - mit a prop - o - si - tion,—
most af - flict - ed sec - tion, Sad - ly need-ing the cor - rec - tion
Christian oc - cu - pa - tion, To sup - ply each heath - en na - tion

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f

Let us or - gan - ize a mis - sion to sup - ply them lag - er beer."
Nec - es - sa - ry to per - fec - tion,—a sup - ply of lag - er beer."
With a swift re - gen - er - a - tion, through the means of lag - er beer."

CHORUS. Spirited.

f

E - plur - i - bus! Bring out the flag, the flag, And wrap it a - round a

bar - rel and brag; Our con - suls now can fur - nish a jag To the

Fine. **Interlude.** **D. C.**

f **Rit.**

South A-mer-i-can nations.

The Twin Ballots.

H. S. TAYLOR. (MALE VOICES.) J. B. HERBERT.



1. A - long in November, when chill was the weather, Two ballots were cast in a
2. The Sunday-school man—no man could be truer—Kept busy all sum-mer de-
3. The Sunday-school man had always been noted For fighting sa - loons,—ex-
4. The fox - y old brewer was cheerful and mellow; Said he, "I ad - mire that



box to - geth - er, Two bal - lots were cast in to - geth - er; They
nouncing the brew - er, All summer de-nounc-ing the brew - er; But his
cept when he vot - ed; For temp'rance, ex-cept when he vot - ed; He
Sunday-school fel - low, I ad - mire that Sunday-school fel - low; He's



nestled up close like brother to brother, You could n't tell one of the
fer - vor cooled off with the change of the weather, And late in the autumn they
piled up his pray'rs with a ho - ly perfection, But knocked them all down on the
true to his Church—to his par - ty he 's truer; He talks for the Lord, but he



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- - - - - - do - a tempo. Dim.

votes from the oth - er, You could - n't tell one from the oth - er.
vot - ed to - geth - er, In au - tumn they vot - ed to - geth - er.
day of e - lec - tion, But knocked them all down at e - lec - tion.
votes for the brew - er, He votes ev - 'ry time for the brew - er."

f CHORUS.

They were both rum votes, And sanctioned the li - cense plan;

f *f*

But one was cast by a jol - ly old brew - er,

Spoken by a single voice. *p* Rit.

And one by a Sunday-school man, One by a Sun - day - school man.

152 The Demopublican Party.

H. S. TAYLOR. (MALE VOICES.) J. B. HERBERT.

1. Clark-son, and Dud - ley, and Quay, they say, Went in - to a
2. Palm - er, and Boise, and Hill, they tell, Came al - so, and
3. Sa - tan bobbed up, and, with glee, said he, "My children, now

still-house to pray, one day; They knelt with the still for an
knelt at the still, un - til They shout - ed, "O Sa - tan, now
try and a - gree with me; U - nite your two par - ties, your

al - tar, and cried, "O Sa - tan, come, help the Re - pub - li - can side!"
mind what you're at, And don't you go back on a good Dem - o - crat!"
quar - rels re - sign, The great Dem - o - pub - li - can par - ty is mine!"

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CHORU.
1st Tenor.

Old Sa - tan knows when To an - swer a

2d Tenor.

A - men! Old Sa - tan knows when To an - swer a

f

pray'r that is heart - y! He gives his good-will to the

pray'r that is heart - y! He gives his good-will to the

pray'r that is heart - y! He gives his good-will to the

friends of the still, { 1. The grand old Re - pub - li - can par - ty.
2. The old Jef - fer - son - i - an par - ty.
3. The great Dem - o - pub - li - can par - ty.

friends of the still, { 1. The grand old Re - pub - li - can par - ty.
2. The old Jef - fer - son - i - an par - ty.
3. The great Dem - o - pub - li - can par - ty.

154 The Dram-Shop and the King's Highway.

H. S. TAYLOR. (MALE VOICES.) J. B. HERBERT.

SOLO. Moderato.

1. There's a good old road, There's a good old road, the Scriptures say,
2. That good old road, That good old road leads on to joy
3. The King's High - way, The King's Highway is a bless - ed track,
4. Good peo - ple, come, Good peo - ple, come and work the road,

That leads to life,—'tis the King's Highway! 'Tis the way of peace that mercy showed;
For man and maid, for girl and boy; It leads from sin to love's abode;
But the dram-shop turns the people back; The license law is the Dev-il's code,
'Tis a du - ty plain we long have owed; We can not rest while rum holds sway,

But the dram - shop stands, it stands in the mid - dle of the road!
But the dram - shop stands, it stands in the mid - dle of the road!
For the dram - shop stands, it stands in the mid - dle of the road!
In the King's High-way, while it stands in the mid - dle of the way!

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CHORUS. Fast.

In the mid - dle, in the mid - dle, in the mid - dle, I say!

Slower.

Who put it there in the King's Highway?

Spoken.

(1st voice.) I did n't. (2d.) Neither did I.
(1st voice.) We don't patronize it nor vote for it.
(3d voice.) In fact, we are straight Prohibitionists.
(1st voice.) The Democratic Party. (2d.) Yes, and the Republican Party.

Deliberately.

(3d.) Nor I. (4th.) None of *us* did it.
(2d.) Nor support any political party that does vote for it.
(4th.) And we believe with all our hearts
(3d.) Yes, and I want you to understand that the People's Party has consented to it. (4th.) But the Prohibition Party is always against it for we believe

Its a sin and shame! Its a guilty load!

f

For the dram - shop stands in the mid - dle of the road! . .

The Barkeeper Boss.

H. S. TAYLOR. (MALE VOICES.) J. B. HERBERT.

BARITONE OR TENOR SOLO.

Moderato.

1. Oh, Ki - zer, Ki - zer is my name, I geeps dot schmall sa-loon; I am a boss in bollyticks, You find dot mighty soon. I've got a pull,—I
2. Dem breachers hate dot schmall saloon, Oont bray oont breach so loudt, Py chings, it makes me laff so qwick, To hear dot foolish growd. Dot Sunday vork don't
3. I geeps a dog be-hindt mine bar, Al - so a bus - sey cat; And von I galls Re-poob-li-can, Oont von a Dim-o - craat. Sometimes ven dey ox-

know dot well; For ef - 'ry sin - gle day Dose of - fice seek - ers
gount so much As vork e - lec - tion day; Dose bol - ly - tic - ians
cite me pad, I gick dem bote a - vay; The gan - di-dates dey

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Rit. *p* REFRAIN. Waltz time.

gome aroundt, Oont dis is vat dey say:
find dot oudt, Oont gome to me oont say:
get a-fraid, Oont shmile so nice, oont say:

"O Mis - ter Kiz - er, you're our ad -

Rit. *p*

Cres. *p*

vis - er, Ve hope dot you vont feel cross; Ve're anxious a -

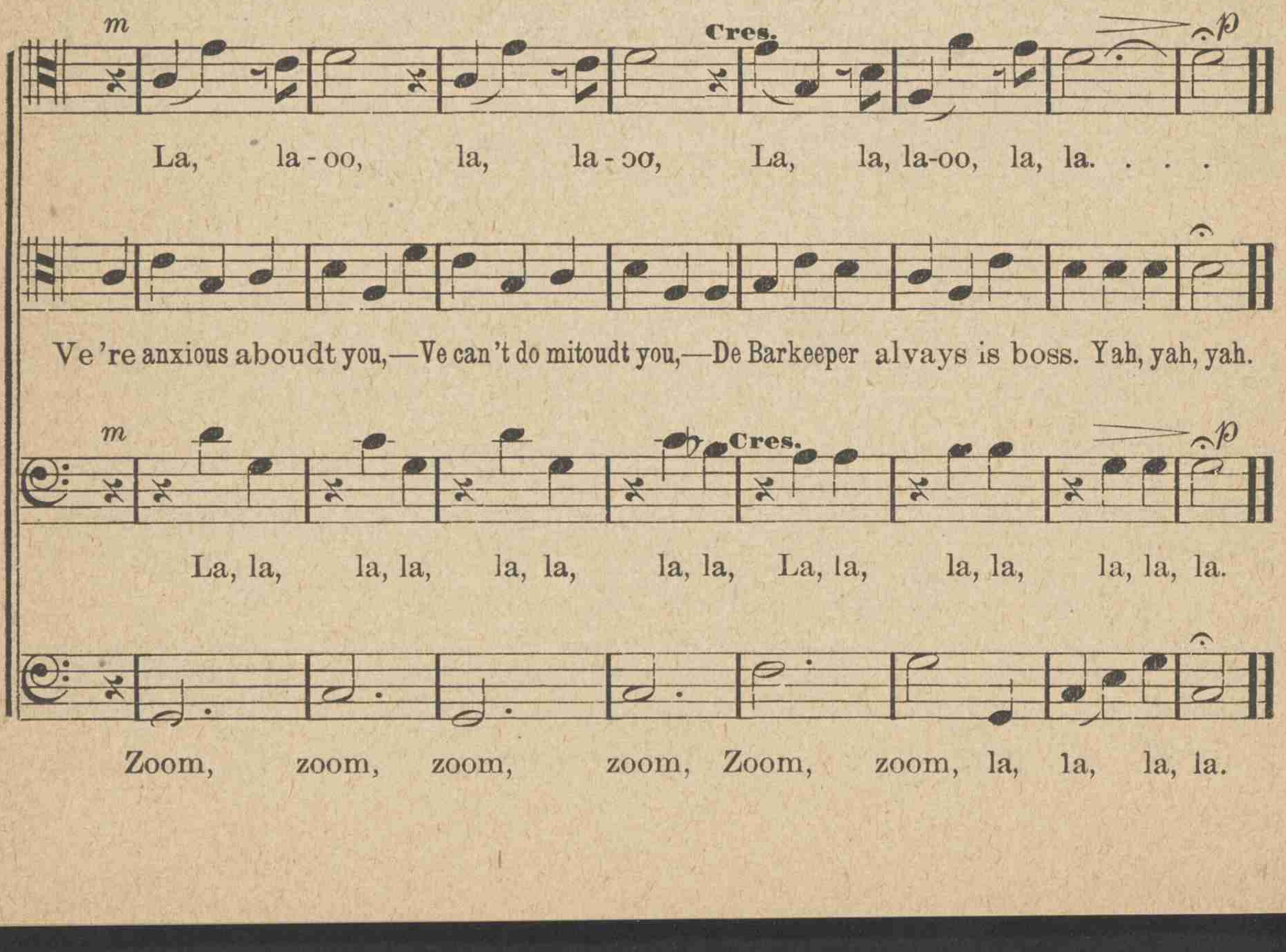
Cres. *p*

boudt you,—Ve can't do mitoudt you,—De Barkeeper al-vays is boss."

Cres.

The Barkeeper Boss. Concluded.





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