Lillian A. Bennett

FILLMORE'S

PROHIBITION SONGS

A COLLECTION OF SONGS FOR THE

Prohibition Campaign, Patriotic Services, and all Meetings in the interest of Reform

EDITED BY

CHARLES M. and J. H. FILLMORE

WITH SPECIAL CONTRIBUTIONS

BY

Fred A. Fillmore, Dr. J. B. Herbert, Chas. H. Gabriel, and others

CHARLES M. FILLMORE,
1836 Commerce Ave.,
INDIANAPOLIS, - - IND.

PRICES:

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Bound in limp muslin, 25 cents; $2.60 per dozen, not prepaid.

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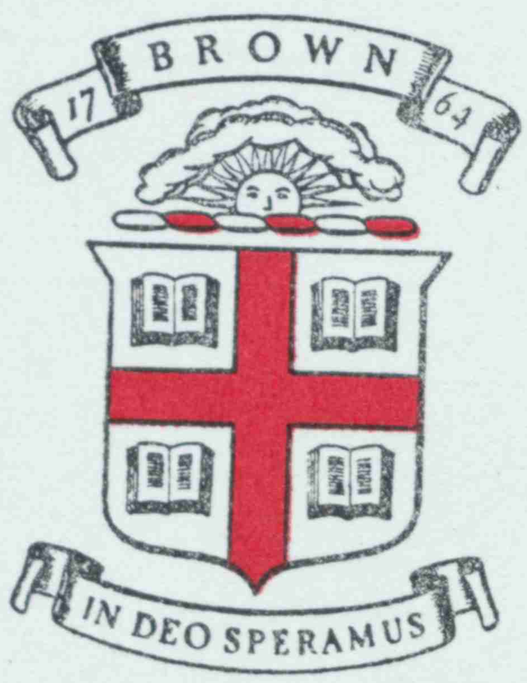

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MRS. LILLIAN ANDREWS BENNETT
PRESENTED BY
ROBERT K. BENNETT
CLASS OF 1943
AND
MRS. DAVID H. JOHNSON
CLASS OF 1935

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Features of this Book.

FIRST. We call attention to its large number of really fine choruses for mixed voices. It is hoped that this feature will lead to the organization of large choirs of singers in many communities. The words and the music are worthy of consideration by musicians. We are confident that singers will enjoy them. They are so patriotic and stirring that they will prove to be of force in molding public opinion and quickening the conscience.

SECOND. We have included many familiar songs, and have, we believe, done good work in adapting prohibition words to well-known airs. We have included, also, a number of religious songs.

THIRD. Soloists and male quartets are well provided with fresh, effective material for their trying and indispensable work.

We hereby tender our acknowledgments to those who have so heartily and effectively helped us. Their names appear with their contributions.

Hoping to aid in winning the fight for the destruction of the saloon, the greatest foe of our Nation, we are

Truly yours,

CHAS. M. AND J. H. FILLMORE.

Cincinnati, March, 1903.

Bible Readings For Reform Meetings.

N. B. The Revised Version text is used throughout.

Music
FI 296p
Harris

No. 1. Warning and Admonition.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink a brawler;
And whosoever erreth thereby is not wise.—[*Prov.* 20: 1.
Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions?
Who hath complaining? who hath wounds without cause?
Who hath redness of eyes?
They that tarry long at the wine;
They that go to seek out mixed wine.
Look not thou upon the wine when it is red,
When it giveth its color in the cup,
When it goeth down smoothly:
At the last it biteth like a serpent
And stingeth like an adder.—[*Prov.* 23: 29–32.
Be not among winebibbers;
Among gluttonous eaters of flesh:
For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty:
And drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.—[*Prov.* 23: 20, 21.

Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that tarry late into the night, till wine inflame them.—[*Is.* 5: 12.

Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, sorcery, enmities, strife, jealousies, wraths, factions, divisions, heresies, envyings, drunkenness, revellings, and such like: of the which I forewarn you, even as I did forewarn you, that they which practice such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.—[*Gal.* 5: 19–21.

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth unto his own flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth unto the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap eternal life.—[*Gal.* 6: 7, 8.

No. 2. Hope and Encouragement for the Fallen.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life.—[*John* 3: 16.

The Spirit and the bride say, come. And he that heareth, let him say, come. And he that is athirst, let him come: he that will, let him take the water of life freely. —[*Rev.* 22: 17.

Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.—[*John* 6: 37.

Ye will not come to me that ye may have life.—[*John* 5: 40.

He is able to save to the uttermost them that draw near unto God through him.—[*Heb.* 7: 25.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near: let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.—[*Is.* 55: 6, 7.

There hath no temptation taken you but such as man can bear: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation make also the way of escape, that ye may be able to endure it.—[*I Cor.* 10: 13.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he hath been approved, he shall receive the crown of life.—[*Jas.* 1: 12.

Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be the glory in the church, and in Christ Jesus unto all generations for ever and ever.—[*Eph.* 3: 20–21.

No. 3. The Christian's Personal Duty.

Abstain from every form of evil.—[*I Thess.* 5: 22.

If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.—[*Matt.* 16: 24.

Every man that striveth in the games is temperate in all things. Now they do it to receive a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible.—[*I Cor.* 9: 25.

I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service. And be not fashioned according to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of

RBy.

your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.—[*Rom.* 12: 1, 2.

Know ye not, that to whom ye present yourselves as servants unto obedience, his servants ye are whom you obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness?—[*Rom.* 6: 16.

Know ye not that ye are a temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?—[*I Cor.* 3: 16.

Be not drunken with wine, wherein is riot, but be filled with the Spirit.—[*Eph.* 5: 18.

Let us walk honestly as in the day; not in revelling and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and jealousy. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfill the lusts thereof.—[*Rom.* 13: 13, 14.

But take heed to yourselves lest haply your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and the cares of this life, and that day come on you suddenly as a snare.—[*Luke* 21: 34.

If that evil servant shall say in his heart, my lord tarrieth; and shall begin to beat his fellowservants, and shall eat and drink with the drunken: the lord of that servant shall come in a day when he expecteth not, and in an hour when he knoweth not, and shall cut him asunder, and appoint his portion with the hypocrites: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.—[*Matt.* 24: 48–51.

Adding on your part all diligence, in your faith supply virtue; and in your virtue, knowledge; and in your knowledge, temperance; and in your temperance, patience.—[*II Pet.* 1: 5, 6.

No. 4. The Christian's Duty to the Fallen.

Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.—[*I Cor.* 10: 12.

It is good not to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor to do anything whereby thy brother stumbleth.—[*Rom.* 14: 21.

None of us liveth to himself, and none dieth to himself.—[*Rom.* 14: 7.

We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves. Let each one of us please his neighbor for that which is good, unto edifying.—[*Rom.* 15: 1, 2.

Brethren, even if a man be overtaken in any trespass, ye which are spiritual restore such a one in a spirit of meekness; looking to thyself lest thou also be tempted. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.—[*Gal.* 6: 1, 2.

When I say unto the wicked, O wicked man, thou shalt surely die, and thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand. Nevertheless, if thou warn the wicked of his way to turn from it; and he turn not from his way, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul.—[*Ezek.* 33: 8, 9.

No. 5. The Christian and the Liquor Traffic.

Abhor that which is evil, cleave to that which is good.—[*Rom.* 12: 9.

Thou hast loved righteousness and hated iniquity;
Therefore, God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.—[*Heb.* 1: 9.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way with sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.—[*Ps.* 1: 1.

Now I write unto you not to keep company; if any man that is named a brother be a reviler or a drunkard; with such an one no not to eat.—[*I Cor.* 5: 11.

What fellowship have righteousness and iniquity? or what communion hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what portion hath a believe with an unbeliever? Wherefore

Come ye out from among them and be ye separate,
Saith the Lord,
And touch no unclean thing;
And I will receive you,
And will be to you a Father,
And ye shall be to me sons and daughters.—[*II Cor.* 6: 14–18.

Be not ye, therefore, partakers with them, and have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather even reprove them; for the things which are done by them in secret it is a shame even to speak of.—[*Eph.* 5: 7, 11, 12.

Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world-rulers of this power, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places.—[*Eph.* 6: 11, 12.

Fillmores' Prohibition Songs.

1 In the Cause of Truth.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. In the cause of truth, in the cause of right, We will ev - er firm - ly stand;
2. We are freemen true, we are freemen bold, In the cause of all most dear;
3. We have bade a - dieu to the truckling tribes In their rush for pow'r and gain;
4. With a pur-pose high, with a zeal for God, Will we seek the good of all,

And the watchword true and the standard bright, Shall be "God and Native Land."
And the sa-cred rights of the home we hold, For a fut- ure bright and clear.
For the right we stand, and their party bribes Will be of - fered all in vain.
That the light of life may be spread a-broad, And a - like on all may fall.

CHORUS.

{ At our post will we watch and pray, Then we'll move at the roll - ing drum
{ To the polls on e - lec - tion day, With the hosts of the Lord we'll come;

And our flag shall float O'er a pure white vote, That the kingdom of God may come.

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The Saloon Must Go.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus. Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. There's a plague up - on our well - be - lov - ed land, 'Tis a
2. It is rob-bing men of vir-tue and of health, It is
3. It is bring-ing wives and mothers to dis - grace, It is
4. It is fill - ing jails with crimi - nals and bums, And a-

curse of di - rest mis-er - y and woe, And its blighting blast is
rob - bing them of soul as well as purse, It is rob-bing those in
curs - ing children from their ver-y birth, It is mak-ing no - ble
sy - lums with a mot-ley pauper band, It is crowding o - ver-

felt on ev -'ry hand, It is time for the sa-loon to go.
pov - er - ty and wealth, It is time for us to stop the curse.
manhood low and base, It is time to blot it from the earth.
full the cit - y slums, It is time that it should have an end.

CHORUS

We stand for Pro - hi - bi - tion, The ut - ter dem - o-li - tion Of
all this curse of mis - er - y and woe; Complete ex - ter - mi-

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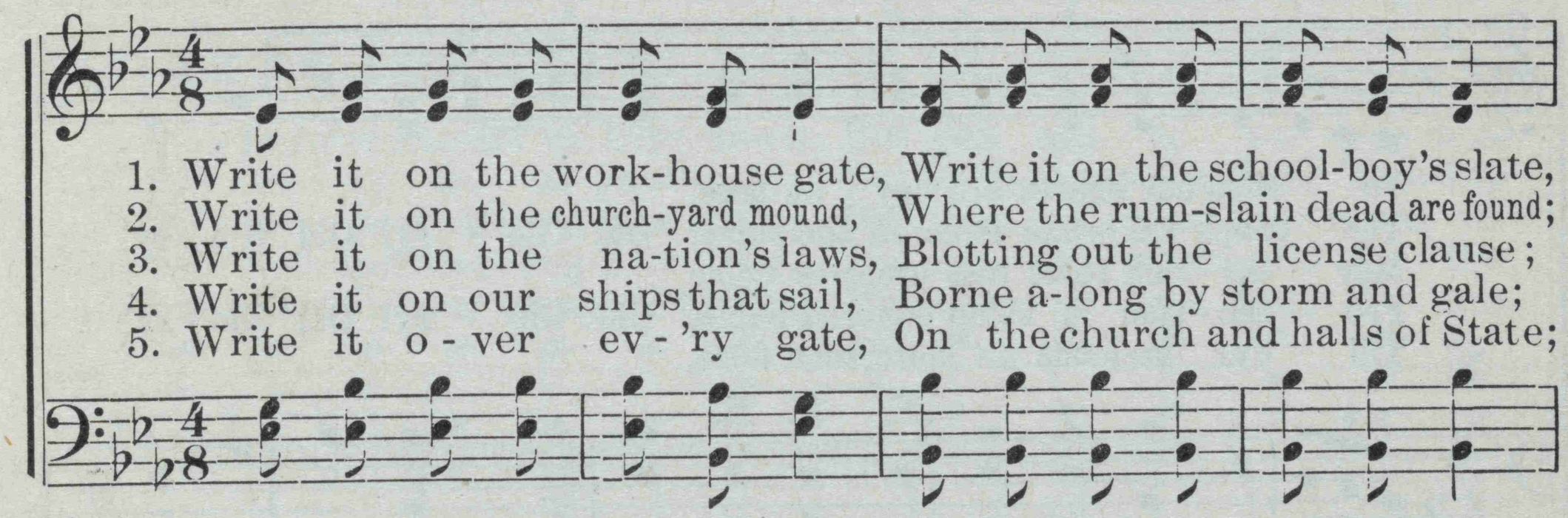
The Saloon Must Go.

3 Where There's Drink, There's Danger.

[Miss Frances E. Willard recommended every young person to learn these verses.]

CHAS. M. FILLMORE.



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Old Glory.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. Oh, banner, red and white and blue,
2. Led on by thee, our fathers brave, Old Glo - ry! Old Glo - ry!
3. O'er hill and vale, from ev-'ry school,
4. But, oh, the shame! saloons can claim, Old Glo - ry! Old Glo - ry!
5. God grant that we may work and vote,

To thee our hearts are loy - al, true,
The shack-les broke from off the slave, Old Glo - ry! Old Glo - ry!
May thy rich folds kiss breez-es cool,
Pro - tec - tion in thine honored name, Old Glo - ry! Old Glo - ry!
Till o'er sa-loons no more thou float,

CHORUS.

Old Glo - ry, Old Glo - ry! Thou banner bright, float on in might,

Old Glo - ry, Old Glo - ry! For ev - ermore float on.

CODA. For last verse.

Float on, float on, float on, float on, Thou banner bright, float on.

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5 We Will Vote You a License.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. We know that sa-loons are a curse to the town, That drunkenness
2. We know that red crimes in your dark cellars wait, That hunger and
3. We know that a sot has a bad look-ing face, That o - ver-filled
4. We know that good husbands in gutters will lie, Good wives be heart-
5. Our schools o'er which proudly Old Glory now floats, Will some day, we

ev-'rywhere should be kept down, But you are a ver - y nice
pov - er - ty lie at your gate, But then there are dues com-ing
jails are a stand-ing dis-grace, But then a good bar helps to
bro - ken and starving babes die, But aw - ful 'twould be for the
know, swell your army of bloats, But our pi - ous par - ty has

CHORUS.

man, Mister Brown, And so we will vote you a li-cense.
in - to the state, And so we will vote you a li-cense. For shame, shame,
boom up the place, And so we will vote you a li-cense.
town to go dry, And so we will vote you a li-cense.
need of your votes, And so we will vote you a li-cense.

shame! We know it is death in your goblets of flame, We know that your

business wrecks fortune and fame, And yet we will vote you a li-cense.

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Rally Song.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. 2. The bugle call is sounding, broth - er, A-wake! a-rouse! to arms!

Its notes are still resounding, brother, Awake! arouse! to arms!

Unison. Harmony.

1. What tho the foe be strong, Press onward! Press on-ward!
2. Soon will the fight be done, Press onward! Press on-ward!

Unison. Harmony.

What tho the fight be long, Press on! the right de-fend
Soon vic - to - ry be won, Our God is lead-ing on!

Unison. Harmony.

What tho some friends may fail, Press onward! Press on-ward!
Then how we'll shout and sing, Ho - san-na! Ho - san-na!

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Rally Song.

Unison.
Harmony.
Right will at last pre-vail, Press on-ward un-to the end.
Then will the wel-kin ring, Ho - san - na un-to the Lord!
CHORUS.
Then ral - ly for the right, my broth - er, Then
Then ral - ly, ral - ly, Ral-ly for the right,
ral - ly for the right to - day, make no de - lay, Then
ral - ly, ral - ly, ral - ly for for right,
ral - ly for the right with your cour - age and your
might, For God and home and na - tive land, come ral - ly!

The Warning Bells.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

Andante. **Rit.**

The bells, the bells, The warning bells, Ring the bells, ring the warning bells.

A tempo.

1. Where the blinds close dark There's a kindling spark, 'Tis a fire, a fire, a fire.
2. Where the blinds close tight Flows the red wine bright,
3. Where the blinds close well There's a breath of hell, 'Tis a fire, a fire, a fire.
4. Where the blinds close strong There's a plot of wrong,
5. Free-men while we may On e - lec - tion day To the polls, the polls, the polls.

From the heart of the town Come the fumes with the flames so brown,
Sits a youth at the bowl, While the bil-lows of laugh-ter roll,
To the home it will come, And the voi - ces of joy be dumb,
And the land of our pride, Ship of State on the o - cean wide,
And our votes we will pour Like a flood on the wreck and roar,

Rit. in firm tones.

And we weep and we sleep, Yes, we weep and we sleep, While the city is burning down.
And some day we will pray, And we'll stay and we'll pray O'er a char'd and a blackened soul.
Just a cry by and by, Just a sigh by and by, O'er the ashes of home, sweet home.
In the flame overcome, In the shame overcome, Sinks at last in obliv-ion's tide.
And the fire will expire, Yes, the fire will expire, For saloons will be seen no more.

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A Plea for Total Abstinence.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. Each drop of liq - uor in its cell, Contains some al - co - hol;
2. When one in mod-er - a - tion drinks, He laughs at all a - larm,
3. Light drinking forms an ap - pe - tite, And ere one is a - ware,
4. Who drinks, a drunkard *may* be-come, Who drinks not, nev - er *can*,

Who would es-cape its poisonous spell, Must nev - er drink at all.
But fol-ly blinds him when he thinks, "A *lit - tle* does no harm."
The hab - it gains re - sist - less might, And works remorse, de-spair.
Be wise then, never touch the rum, And be a man - ly man.

CHORUS.

Then nev - er drink a drop, For none knows where he will stop, E - ven

if in mod-er - a - tion he commence; He who to - tal - ly abstains,

Nothing los-es, all things gains, Take your stand for to - tal ab - stinence.

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9 Keep the Ball a-rolling.

P. H. J. H. F.

SOLO. Andante.

1. Broth-ers, ye who love the good and true, Keep the ball a-roll - ing,
2. Storm the par-ty ranks of rum and wrong, Keep the ball a-roll - ing,
3. Show to all the way of truth and right, Keep the ball a-roll - ing,
4. Fal - ter not but let your col-ors float, Keep the ball a-roll - ing,

roll - ing, Glo - rious is the work we have to do,
roll - ing, Truth must win and your de-fense is strong,
roll - ing, Show the world a bal - lot clean and white,
roll - ing, Stand for God and cast a right-eous vote,

f **CHORUS. Allegro.**

Keep the ball a - roll - ing on.

{ Keep the ball a-roll - ing, a-
{ Keep the ball a-roll - ing, a-

rolling, a-rolling, Keep the ball a-rolling, a-rolling on, Keep the teachers teaching it,
rolling, a-rolling, Keep the ball a-rolling, a-rolling on, Keep the winds a-winging it,

Keep the preachers preaching it, Keep the judge impeaching it, From day to day.
Keep the bells a - ring-ing it, Keep the folks a-sing-ing it, In ev - 'ry way.

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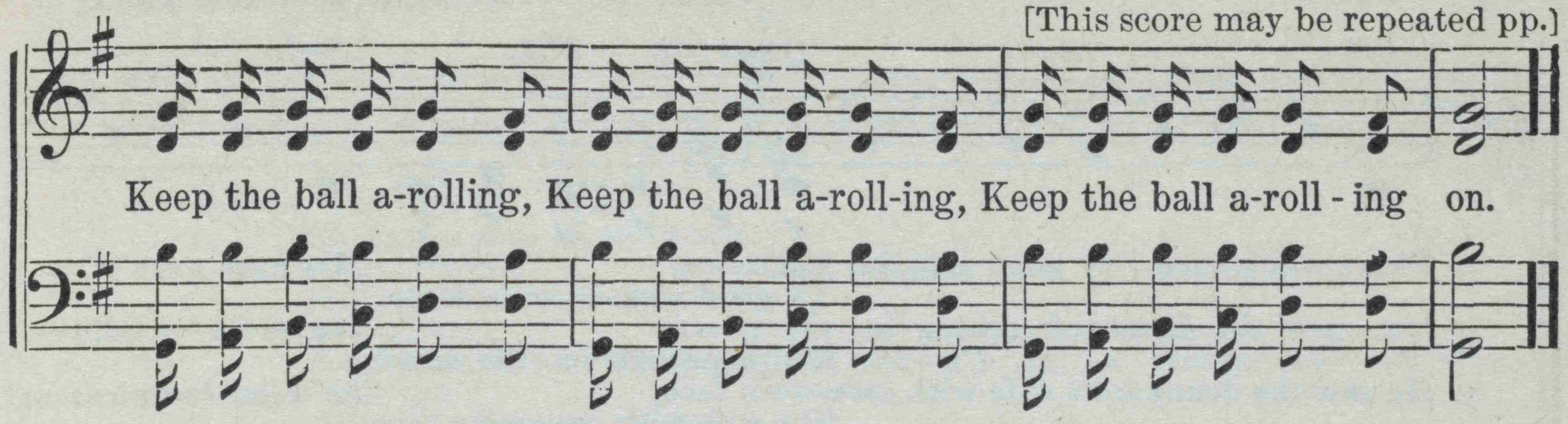
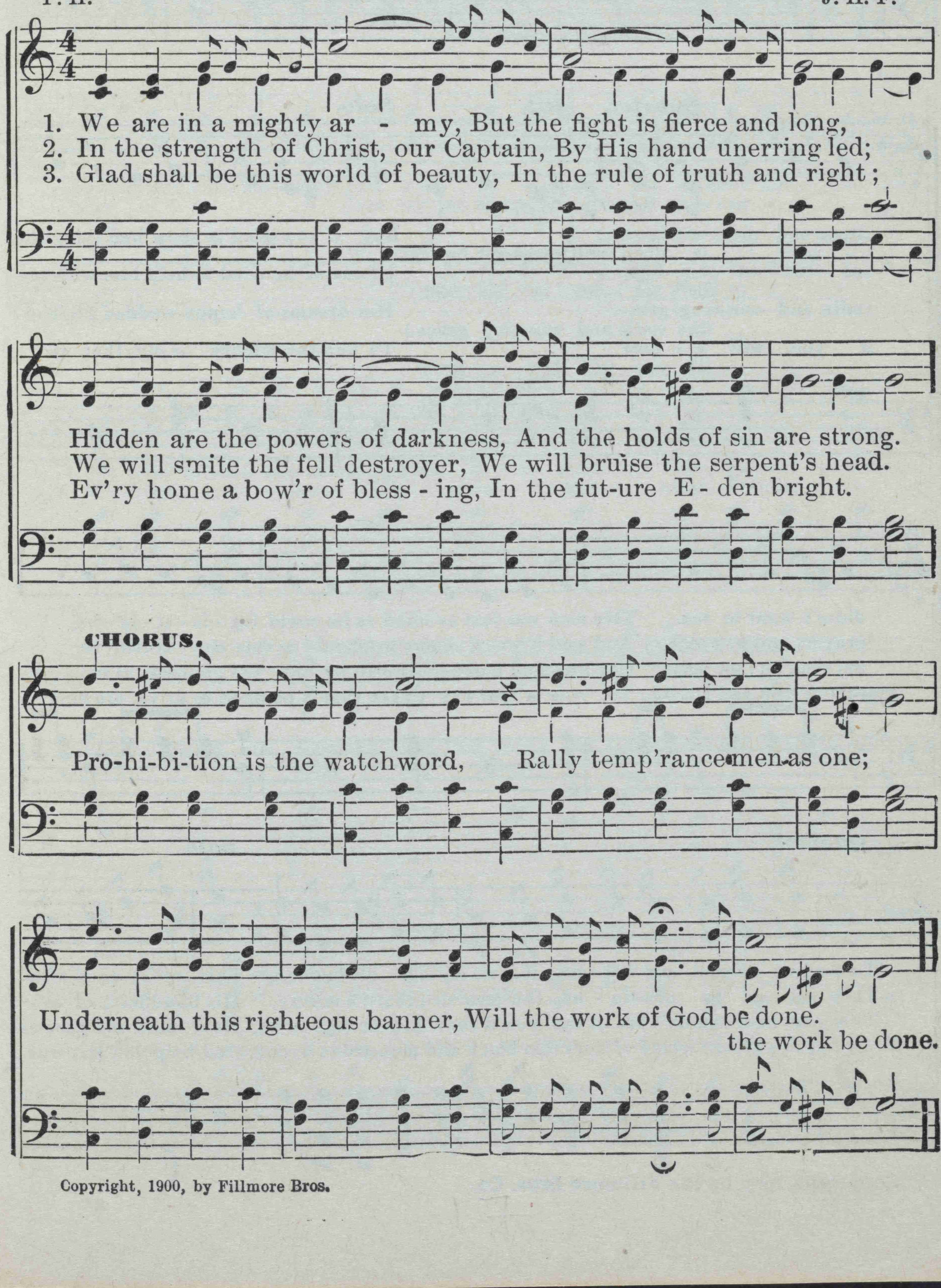
Keep the Ball a-rolling.

[This score may be repeated pp.]



10 Prohibition is the Watchword.

P. H. J. H. F.



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Blind Man's Buff.

Words and Music by W. EUGENE KNOX.

Solo. *Quartet.* *Rit.* *Solo.*

1. There was a ve - ry good man in our town, His eyes were of a
(a good man in our town,)
2. He saw the drunkard reel-ing in the street, He saw him fall be-
(the drunkard in the street,)
3. He saw the drunkard's wife with care-worn face, She'd lost her pleasant
(the wife with care-worn face,)
4. My broth-er, are you blind, or can you see That God can use you
(my broth-er, can you see,)

Quartet. *Rit.* *Solo.*

deep and pleas-ant brown; But if you tried to show him things he
(a deep and pleas-ant brown;)
sot - ted at his feet, Of course he tried to help him with his
(be - sot - ted at his feet.)
smile and win-ning grace. Her dreams of happy wedded life had
(the smile and win-ning grace.)
if you will a - gree To join the mighty ar-my that is
(If you will but a - gree)

did-n't want to see. This man was just as blind as he could log - ic - al - ly be,
prayers and sympathy; And said it was a shame he should in this con - di-tion be;
fad - ed, ah! too soon, Her husband had been stolen by the le - gal-ized sa-loon.
marching firm and strong; To vote a par - ty ticket that is pledged to drive, ere long

Quartet. *Solo.*

'Twere just as well and bet - ter if no eyes at all had he, This ve - ry good man
Then vot - ed to con-tin - ue the poor drunkard's misery, His blindness, all at
This good man couldn't see it, tho' you'd show him at high noon, He'd stand and gaze as
From out this glorious land of ours this black and monstrous wrong, God help you His true

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Blind Man's Buff.

Quartet. *CHORUS.*

liv - ing in our town.
(this good man in our town.)
once, was most complete. Oh! strange, strange,
(his blindness was complete.)
tho' at vacant space.
(he'd gaze at va-cant space.) Oh! was - n't he a strange and cu - rious
fol - low-er to be.
(His fol - low - er to be.)

Bass prominent.

strange and cur - ious man, Just try to com - pre - hend him if you can.
man, Just try to comprehend him if you can.

We tried to show him that it was his du - ty plain and clear, To vote a tick-et
We tried to show him plain and clear, To vote a-

straight against vile whis - ky and foul beer; The par-ty boss with whip in hand was
gainst vile whis - ky, beer;

all that did appear Be-fore the cloud - ed eyes of this good man. (this good man.)

12 In the Name of Christ as King.

Dedicated to Major C. N. Howard, Rochester, N. Y.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. What a stream of crime and woe From the curst saloon doth flow,
2. Far too long this blighting curse, Has been waxing worse and worse,
3. Let us fal - ter not nor fear, Let us brave-ly per - se-vere,

As the days and months and years roll by! To the breeze this banner fling:
On - ly laughing at its vic-tim's cry. There must be a reck-on-ing—
And we soon shall gain the victo - ry. While we bat-tle let us sing:

"In the name of Christ as King, The Liq-uor Traf - fic must die."

CHORUS.

In the name of Christ as King, Lift the standard high;
In the name of Christ as King, Shout the battle cry;

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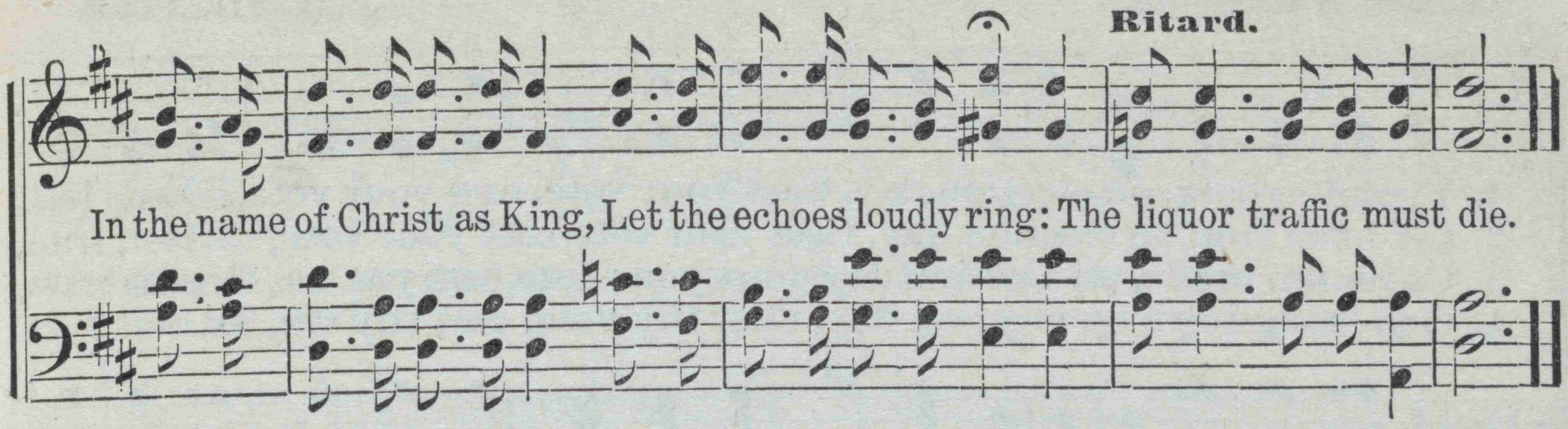
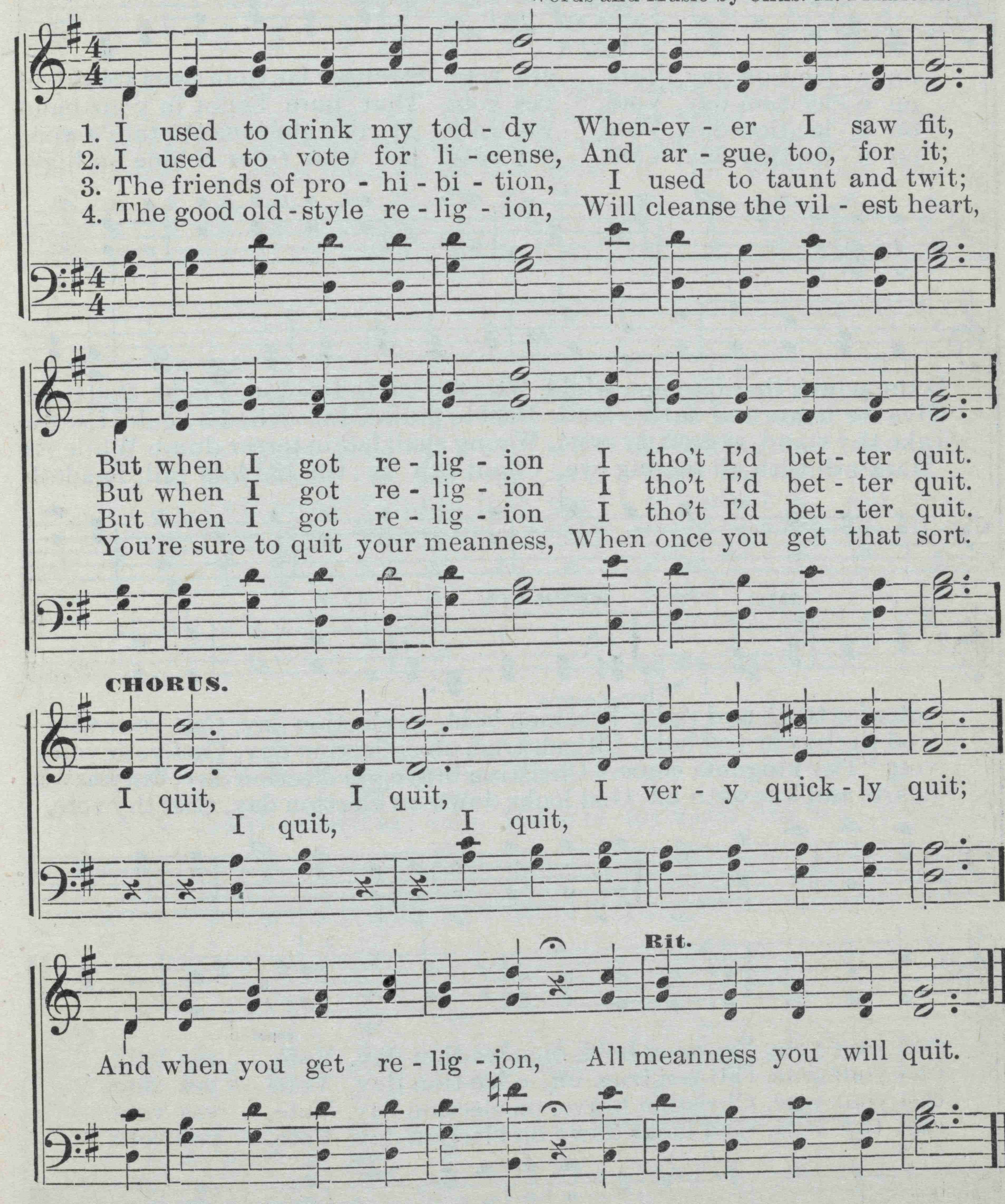
In the Name of Christ as King.



13 Quit Your Meanness.

Dedicated to Rev. Sam. P. Jones.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.



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[NOTE.—A striking effect can be made after the last verse, by stopping short in the chorus with the word "will," not singing the last word "quit."]

14 Vote, Yes Vote.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Freemen bold, on election day, Cast your vote, cast your vote, Freemen bold,
2. Cit-i-zen true, on election day, Cast your vote, cast your vote, Citizen true,
3. Christian brave, on election day, Cast your vote, cast your vote, Christian brave,
4. God looks down on election day, Cast thy vote, cast thy vote, God looks down

on e - lec-tion day, Vote, yes vote. Stronger far than sword and shield
on e - lec-tion day, Vote, yes vote. That pure ballot in your hand
on e - lec-tion day, Vote, yes vote. At thy glorious Captain's word
on e - lec-tion day, Vote, yes vote. He who rules a-lone on high

Is the power that freemen wield, When they true to freedom's light, Poll their
Give for home and native land, Deaf to praise, untouched by gold, Use for
Take thy stand, unsheath thy sword, Wrong shall fall in terror dumb While you
Mark-eth with all-see-ing eye, Count-eth as the bal-lots fall, Readeth

Rit. REFRAIN.

votes for truth and right. Freemen bold, on election day, Cast your vote,
God the power you hold. Citizen true, on e - lection day, Cast your vote,
vote "Thy kingdom come." Christian brave, on election day, Cast your vote,
hearts and knoweth all. God looks down on election day, Cast thy vote,

cast your vote, Freemen bold, on e-lec-tion day, Vote, yes vote.
cast your vote, Citi-zen true, on e-lec-tion day, Vote, yes vote.
cast your vote, Christian brave, on election day, Vote, yes vote.
cast thy vote, God looks down on election day, Vote, yes vote.

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15 Down in the Licensed Saloon.

An answer to, "Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?"

Words and Music by W. A. WILLIAMS.

p **Rit.**

Where is my wand'ring boy to-night! Down in the licensed saloon.

mf

1. Down in a room all co - zy and bright, Filled with the glare of
2. Learning new vi - ces all the night long, Tempted to all that's
3. Little arms once were thrown round my neck, Look at him now, my
4. Brother, I guess you'd en-ter this fight, If it were your boy

mp

ma - ny a light, Beau - ti - ful mu - sic the ear to de - light,
sin - ful and wrong, Lis - ten - ing to the har - lot's foul song,
poor heart will break! Think of that boy to - night a sad wreck,
down there to-night, Ruined and wrecked by the drink ap - pe - tite,

CHORUS.

Down in the li-censed sa - loon. There is my wand'ring boy to-night,

Cres.

There is my wand'ring boy to-night, Down, down, down, down, Down in the licensed saloon!

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Beautiful Flag of Liberty.

P. H. J. H. F.

Calore.

1. Beautiful flag of liberty, beauti-ful flag we love, Float afar o'er the land and the sea, Proudly wave in col-ors bright, Thou
2. Beautiful flag of liberty, beauti-ful flag we love, O'er the free thou for- ev - er shalt wave; Fall, ye crowns, ye thrones decay; 'Twas

Float a - far
O'er the free
o'er land and sea, Proudly wave colors bright, Thou
for - ev - er wave, Fall, ye crowns, thrones decay; 'Twas

star-ry standard of the no - ble free; Thou beam - est the glory of
God to thee thy hues e-ter-nal gave; Float on, oh, thou banner of
stand - ard of the noble free; Thou glory of Co-
God thy hues e - ternal gave; Float on, thou banner

fair Columbia's home, Thou shin - est the light of the lands beyond the foam.
freedom wide unfurled, Float on, oh, thou symbol of justice, o'er the world.
lum - bia's home, Thou light of lands be - yond the foam.
wide un - furled, Float on, thou sym - bol o'er the world.

Con fuoco.

Oh, flag so free, We stand for
Oh, flag beauti ful flag, so free, floating so free, We stand, bravely we stand for

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Beautiful Flag of Liberty.

thee, When strike the bolts of war, and flash the sabres bright,
thee, bravely for thee,

Thou beam - est the glory of fair Columbia's home, Thou shin - est the
Float on, oh, thou banner of freedom wide unfurled, Float on, oh, thou
Thou glo-ry of Co - lum - bia's home, Thou light of lands
Float on, thou ban - ner wide un - furled, Float on, thou sym-

light of the lands beyond the foam; For thee we stand, thou ensign fair of
sym - bol of justice, o'er the world; For thee we stand, thou ensign fair of
be - yond the foam;
bol o'er the world;

p **Coda for last verse.**

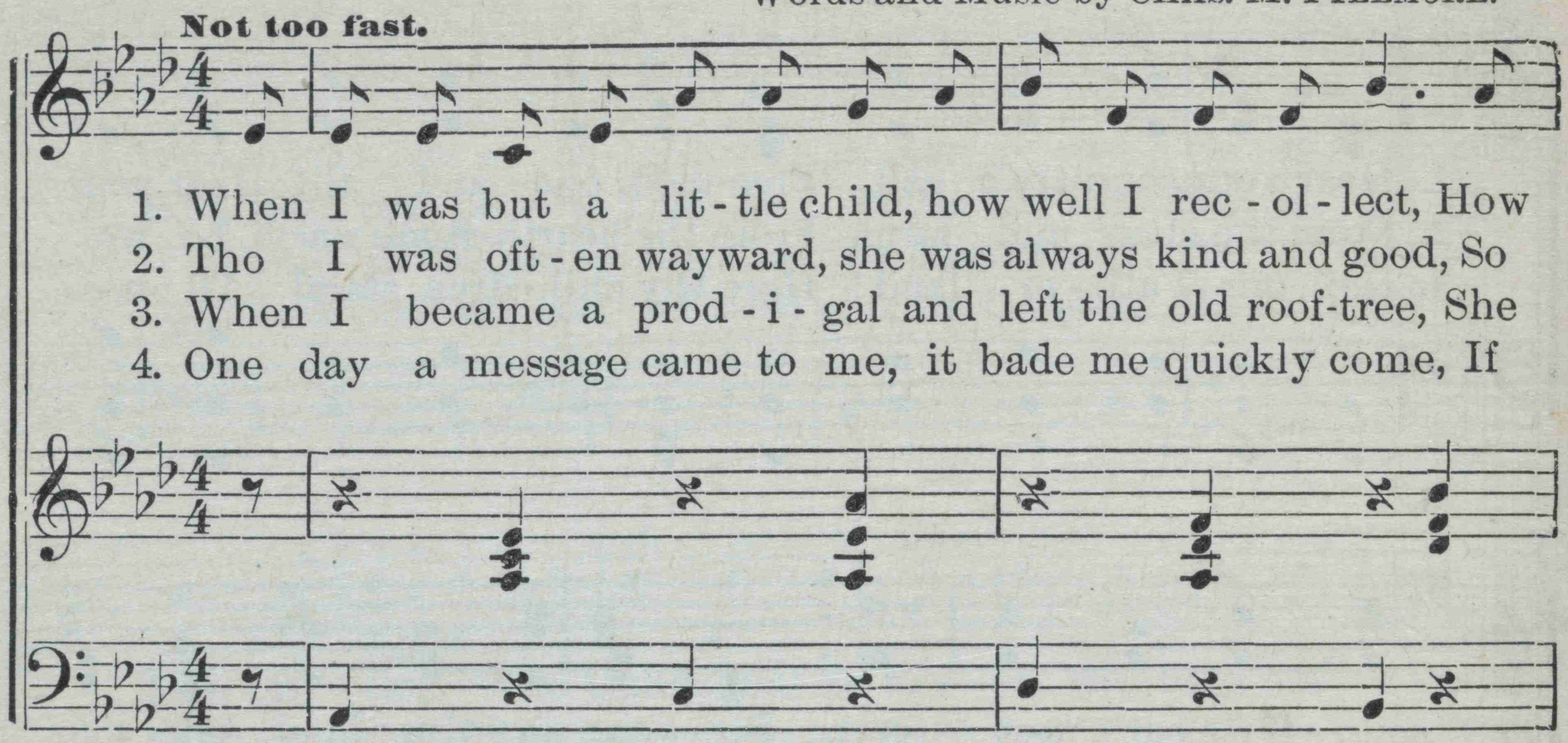
truth and right. beau-ti - ful flag of lib - er - ty,
truth and right. Oh, flag of lib - er - ty, float on, Oh,

beauti-ful flag of lib - er - ty, Beauti-ful flag of lib - er - ty.
flag of lib - er - ty,

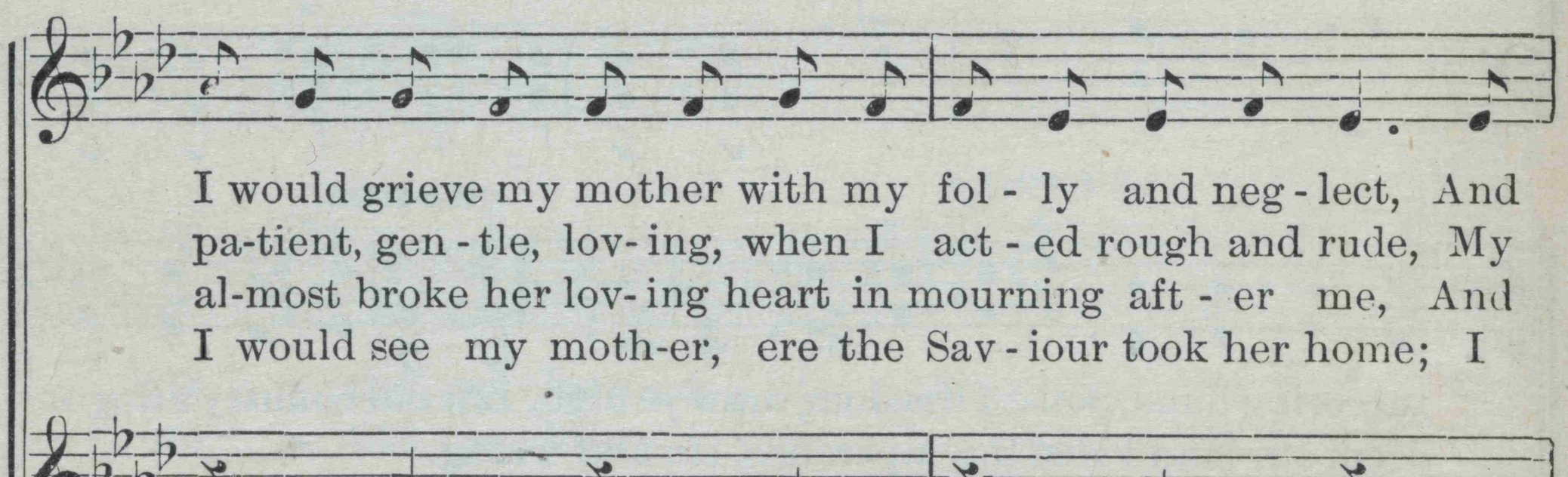
Rit.

19 Tell Mother I'll be There.

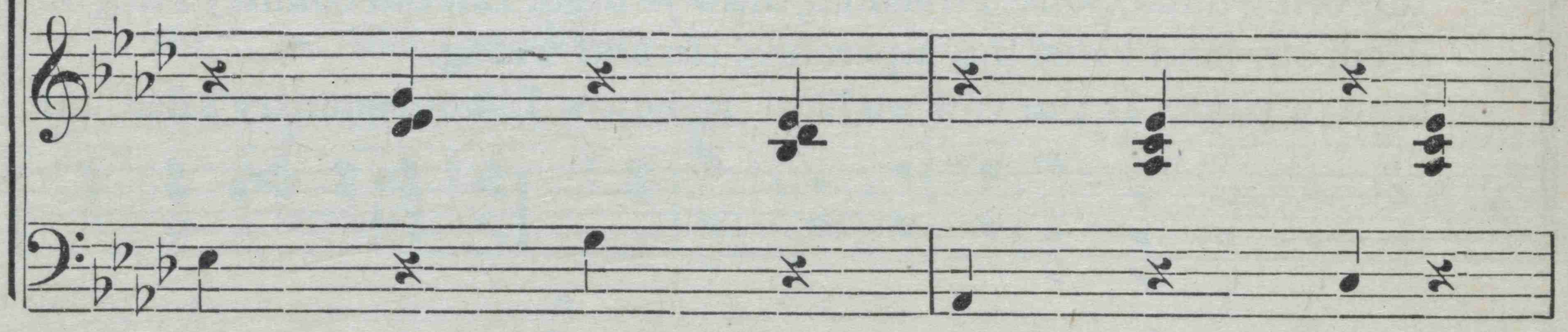
Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.



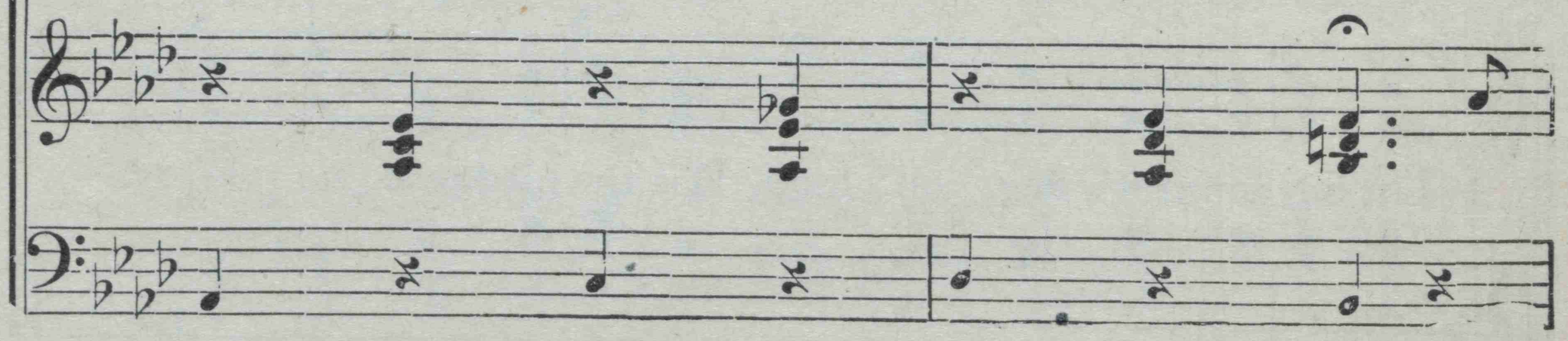
1. When I was but a lit-tle child, how well I rec-ol-lect, How
2. Tho I was oft-en wayward, she was always kind and good, So
3. When I became a prod-i-gal and left the old roof-tree, She
4. One day a message came to me, it bade me quickly come, If



I would grieve my mother with my fol-ly and neg-lect, And
pa-tient, gen-tle, lov-ing, when I act-ed rough and rude, My
al-most broke her lov-ing heart in mourning aft-er me, And
I would see my moth-er, ere the Sav-iour took her home; I



now that she has gone to heav'n, I miss her ten-der care, O
childhood griefs and tri-als, she would glad-ly with me share, O
day and night she prayed to God to keep me in his care, O
prom-ised her, be-fore she died, for heav-en to pre-pare, O



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Tell Mother I'll be There.

CHORUS.

an-gels, tell my mother I'll be there. Tell mother I'll be

there, in an - swer to her prayer, This mes - sage, guar-dian

an - gels, to her bear; Tell mother I'll be there, heav'n's

joys with her to share, Yes, tell my darling mother I'll be there.

20 Oh, Sound the Jubilee.

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

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

wave, And a path-way thro the sea, And a path-way 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.

f.

And a na-tion is in mo-tion For a land without a slave! Oh,
Up, O Ja-cob! heed the token, When the fiery pillar moves! Oh,
For he o-pens and he clos - es With a pow-er great and high, Oh,
D. S. *For the yoke of Rum is bro-ken, And the peo - ple shall be free! Oh,*

sound the ju - bi-lee! Oh, sound the jubilee!
sound the ju - bi-lee! Oh, sound the jubilee! Ju - bi-lee! ju -bi - lee!
sound the ju - bi-lee! Oh, sound the jubilee!
sound the ju - bi - lee! Oh, sound the jubilee!

Fine. CHORUS.

Ju - bi-lee! come! Sound the silver trumpet, Call the children home.

D. S.

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21 Save Our Land.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. **MALE VOICES.** J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Freemen, shout for pro-hi - bi-tion, See our country's sad con-di-tion,
2. Freemen, work for pro-hi - bi-tion, Clear the soil from crime's fruition,
3. Freemen, strike for pro-hi - bi-tion, For drink's to-tal dem-o - li-tion,
4. Freemen, vote for pro-hi - bi-tion, Heed no ly - ing pro-po - si-tion,

Dens of drink, dens of drink, dens of drink, Dens of drink a-
Free the land, free the land, free the land, Free the land from
Strike the foe, strike the foe, strike the foe, Strike the foe and
Vote it straight, vote it straight, vote it straight, Vote it straight the

bound on ev - 'ry hand, Lift the voice, lift the voice,
all the bogs of sin, Sow the seed, sow the seed,
wipe him from the earth, Fal-ter not, fal - ter not,
de - mon to de-stroy, Vote it right, vote it right,

lift the voice, Lift the voice to save our na - tive land, Then shout to
sow the seed, Sow the seed and bring the har - vest in, Then work to
fal - ter not, Fal - ter not, but save our native hearth, Then strike to
vote it right, Vote it right, and great will be your joy, Then vote to

save our land from dire perdition, Freemen, shout for prohi-bi - tion.
save our land from dire perdition, Freemen, work for prohi-bi - tion.
save our land from dire perdition, Freemen, strike for prohi-bi - tion.
save our land from dire perdition, Freemen, vote for prohi-bi - tion.

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Cranks!

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. All the pol - i - ti-cians tell us and of course they ought to know,
2. We are ver - y vis - ion - a - ry, and im-prac-ti - cal they say,
3. If we on - ly had a grain of sense and took them at their word,
.4 Well, perhaps they may be right—and, then, again—they may be wrong,

That the cause of Pro - hi - bi-tion has-ent got the slightest show,
Since we can not see as they see, and ac - cept *their* bet-ter way,
We would not be-come a laughing-stock, and make ourselves absurd,
And per-haps we are a set of cranks this con-flict to prolong,

We can nev-er win the bat - tle ev - en if our cause be right,
We would cease our ag - i - ta - tion, and ac - cept what we could get,
We would whoop it up for tar - iff, or for sil - ver, or for gold,
But un - til this migh-ty question has been set-tled in the right,

And that no one but a crank would think of keeping up the fight.
If we were not, as they say we are, a fool-ish, cranky set.
Or for a - ny-thing but temperance,—at least, so we are told.
We pro-pose to still con-tin - ue cranks, and car-ry on the fight.

CHORUS.

To be real frank, I'd rath-er be a crank, And stand right

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Cranks!

square on the Pro-hi-bition plank, Than to be in the rank, of the

blank-ety, blank, blank, Who votes the self-same ticket as the montebank.

23 Land of Greatness.

HAYDN.

1. { Land of greatness, home of glory, Glorious birth-place of the free, / Famed a-like in song and sto-ry, All thy sons shall cleave to thee; }
2. { No - ble deeds of old in-spiring, Ev -'ry heart with loft- y aim, / Now our ad - mi - ra-tion fir - ing, Leads us on to great - er fame; }
3. { Homes by safe defense surrounded, Rights which make our freedom sure, / Laws on e - qual jus-tice founded, These will loy-al - ty se-cure; }

North and South are firmly banded, East and West as one u - nite,
So shall Freedom's truth unshaken, Freedom's courage, Freedom's worth,
While with love and zeal un-ceas-ing, We are join - ing heart and hand,

All by hon-or well commended, Strong in striving for the right.
Might-y ech-oes still a-wak-en, To the farthest bounds of earth.
Shine in brightness yet in-creasing, Shine, oh, Freedom's fa-ther-land.

24 The Star-Spangled Banner.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

1. Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright
2. On the shore dim-ly seen thro the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence re - pos-es, What is that which the
3. Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand, Be- tween their loved home and foul war's desolation; Blest with victory and

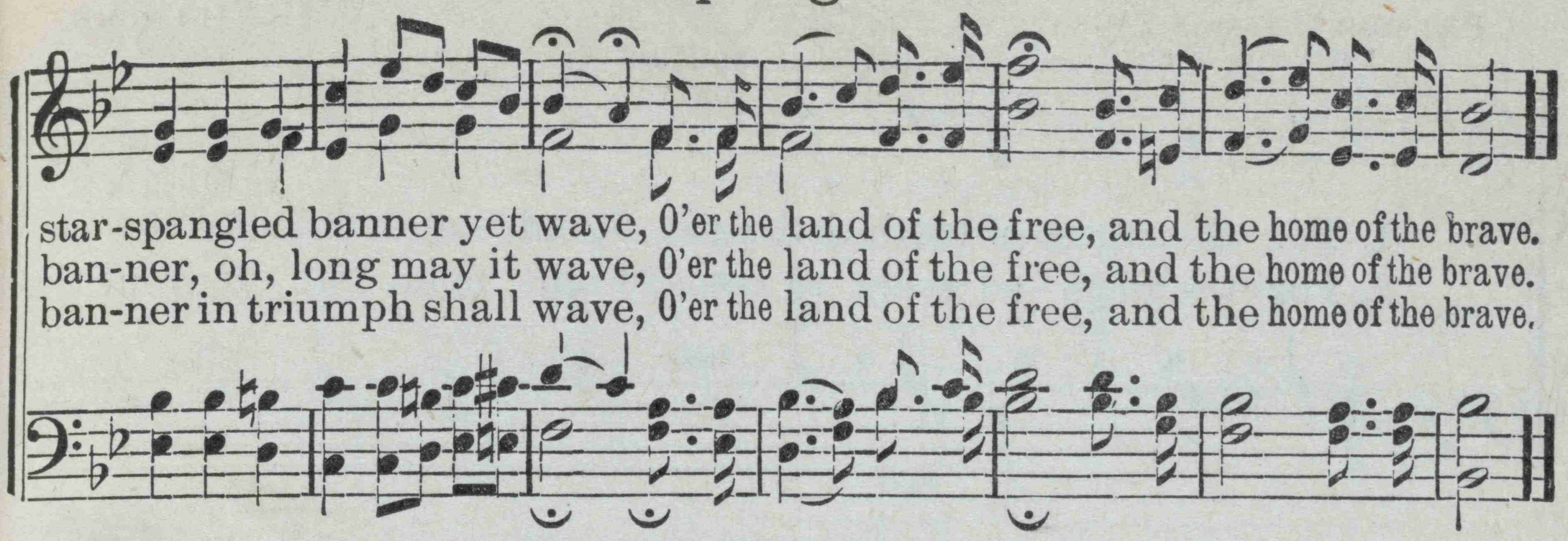
stars, thro the per - il - ous night, O'er the ramparts we watched were so
breeze o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con-
peace, may the heaven-rescued land Praise the power that hath made and pre-

gal - lantly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in
ceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first
served us a na-tion! Then conquer we must, when our cause it is

air, Gave proof thro the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say does that
beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream. 'Tis the star-spangled
just, And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled

CHORUS.

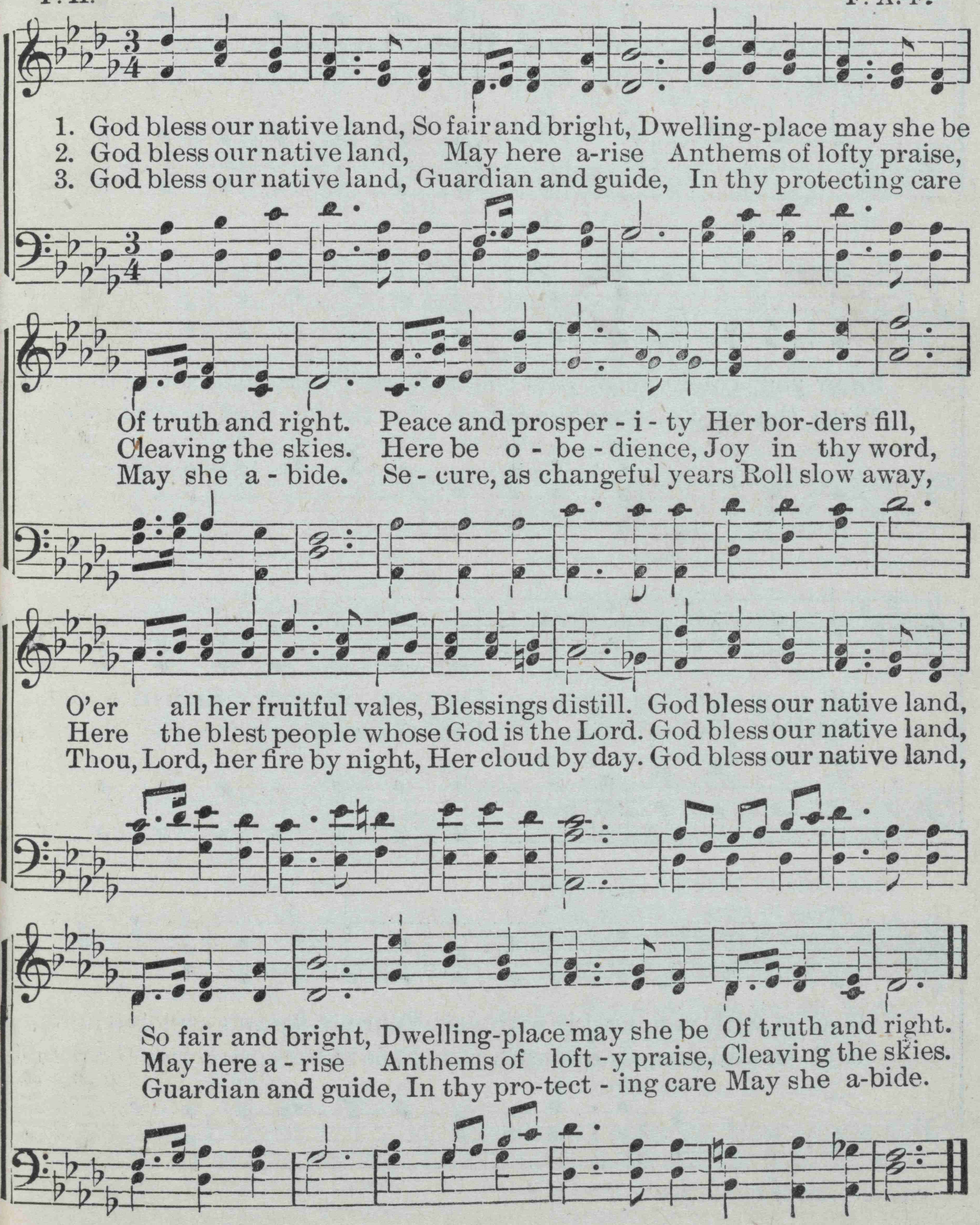
The Star-Spangled Banner.



25

God Bless Our Native Land.

P. H. F. A. F.



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26 The Victory Win.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

Con spirito.

1. For the cause of truth and right, Stand, stand, Shielded by Je-
2. For the bless - ed years to come, Fight, fight, Put to rout the

hovah's might, Stand, stand, Friends of temp'rance, sound the ral-ly,
hosts of rum, Fight, fight, For the fair land, for the free land,

Show your colors, show your colors, Friends of temp'rance, sound the rally,
Wage the bat-tle, wage the bat-tle, For the fair land, for the free land,

Lift your standard high. Fear not Sa-tan's armored millions,
Fight the powers of sin; Face the mon-ster, face the de - mon,

God is with you, God is with you, Fear not Satan's armored millions,
God is with you, God is with you, Face the monster, face the demon,

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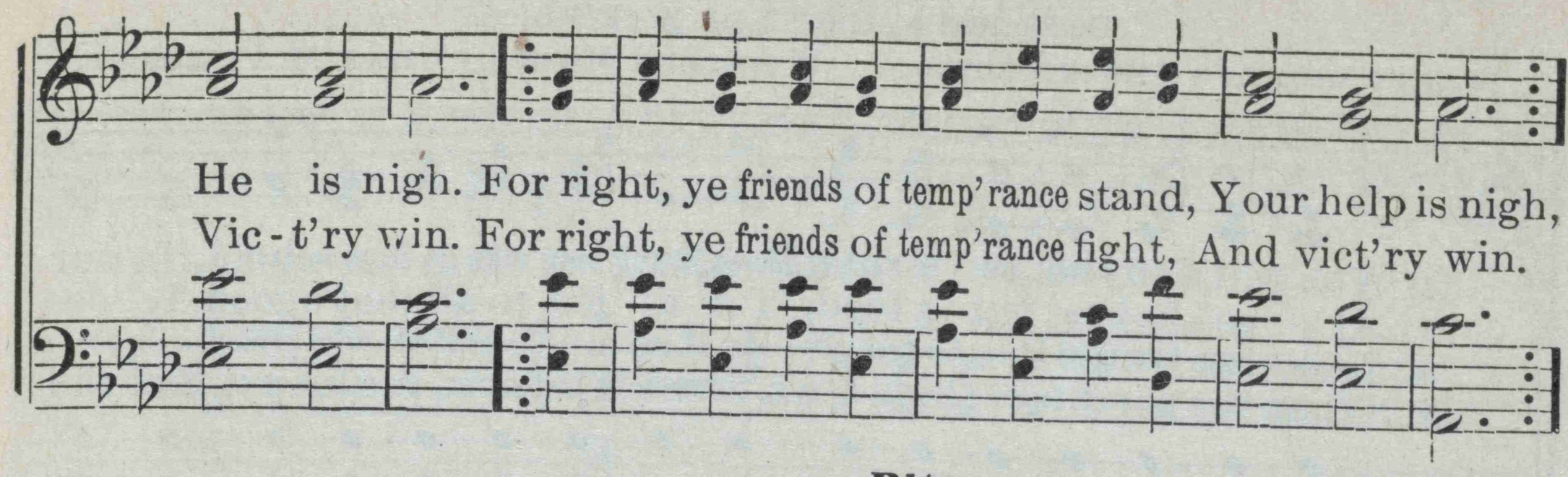
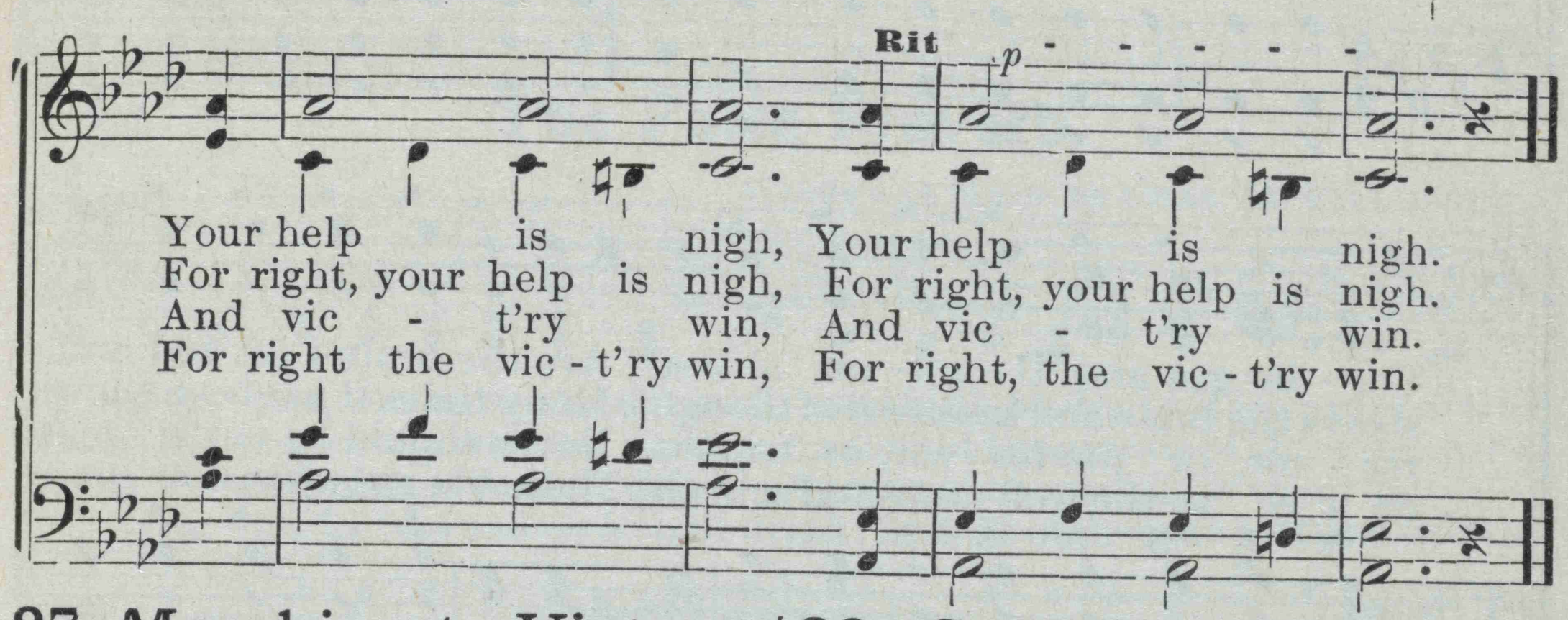
The Victory Win.





27 Marching to Victory.

[Tune.—"Marching Thro Georgia." A♭.]

1 Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another song,
Sing it, as we hope to sing it, with a mighty throng,
When the Prohibition forces shall be millions strong,
While we are marching to victory

Cho.—Hurrah! hurrah! a jolly jubilee,
Hurrah! hurrah! a noble victory,
'T is then we'll sing the chorus from the lakes and gulf and sea,
When we have gained Prohibition.

2 How the mothers and the wives will shout to hear the sound,
How the hearts of children, too, with happiness will bound,
How the blessed news will spread, the whole wide world around,
When we have gained Prohibition.

3 Many homes will then be bright, that now are full of woe,
Business then will be quite brisk, which now is very slow,
Churches will be crowded full, where now few people go,
When we have gained Prohibition.

4 Come, then, all ye loyal men, and join us in the fight,
Come, and join the army that you know is in the right,
Come, and help us win the day that floods the world with light,
When we have gained Prohibition.

28 Sweet By and By.

1 There's a time that is coming along
And by faith we believe it is near,
When from all the great curse of the drink,
Our whole land shall be perfectly clear.

Cho.—Oh, the sweet, by and by,
When saloons we shall see nevermore.

2 We shall sing in that glorious day,
The victorious songs of success,
And our sorrows shall all fly away,
And we'll know naught but true blessedness.

3 To the Almighty Father above,
We will give all the glory and praise,
For the triumph of justice and right,
In that most blessed day of all days.

29 Am I a Soldier.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord.
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

The College Boys.

Dedicated to the "New York Voice."

May be sung as a Solo or Chorus. Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. You will find that as a rule, Those young men who go from school, To our Col - le - ges and U - ni - ver - si-ties, Are the brain-i-est and best,
2. Al - co - hol is not a food, 'T is a foe to all that's good, It de- stroys the brain and hinders correct thought; Many times it has been shown,
3. Those whose business 't is to teach—Just as much as those who preach—School di- rec - tor, or pro-fes - sor, or trustee, Never should be neg-li - gent,
4. When the parents of these boys, Household treasures, priceless joys, Send them on - ly to the well protected schools; Those who good advice now spurn,

By our goodly land possessed, And endowed with ex-tra fine abili-ties.
Li - quor must be let alone, Where the best results of mental work is sought.
Luke-warm or in-dif-fer-ent, But opposed with zeal to such iniquity.
May at last be brought to learn, That it does not pay to be the devil's tools.

CHORUS.

When a col-lege ed - u - ca - tor, Makes himself a vindica-tor, Of sa- loons and inns to tempt the boys to drink; He should quickly be retired, tempt to drink;

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The College Boys.

Or in college parlance "fired," Make him go, in fact, as quick as you can wink.

31 The False Proverb.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. So often you have heard it said, You think no doubt it is a proverb true,
2. So long as any *husband* drinks, As tens of thousands of them daily do,
3. So long as any *fa-thers* drink, As tens of thousands of them daily do,
4. So long as *boys and girls* shall drink, As tens of thousands of them daily do,

That if you let the liquor be, It will not, can not injure you.
Their suff'ring *wives* who touch it not, Will prove the proverb is not true.
The suff'ring *children*, touching not, Will prove the proverb is not true.
The *mothers* with their broken hearts, Will prove the proverb is not true.

CHORUS.

It is not true, it is a lie, That comes direct from Satan's throne, That if you let the li-quor be The li-quor will let you a-lone.

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32 Only a Ballot, Brother.

J. L. ERNEST. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. On - ly a bal - lot, broth - er; Yes, on - ly a bal - lot,
2. On - ly a bal - lot, broth - er; A wea-pon of truth and
3. On - ly a bal - lot, broth - er; For God and your na - tive
4. Speed to the con - flict, broth - er; Oh, mus - ter a conscience

true, . . If cast in the name of Je - sus, A
right; . . The voice of a great con - vic - tion, The
land, . . Will drive from our midst temp-ta - tions Which
brave, . . Give heed to your Lord's command - ments, And

won-der-ful work will do. A pre - cious lit - tle bal-
pa - tri-ot's strength and might. 'T will make rum's stronghold trem-
lure us on ev - 'ry hand. A Pro - hi - bi - tion bal-
hast-en His own to save. Be not a slave to par-

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Only a Ballot, Brother.

lot, A thought, a prayer, a deed, . . The free - man's
ble, Turn dark - ness in - to day, . . And let God's
lot, Cor - rup - tion's might - y foe, . . Then, broth - er,
ty, Serve God, hu - man - i - ty; . . . Pro - test a-

will tri - um - phant, O'er self - ish - ness, lust and greed.
bless - ed sun - shine O'er all the wide world have sway.
take and use it, And let your old par - ty go.
gainst the wine - cup, Stand fast for true lib - er - ty.

CHORUS.

Then slight not the ballot, my brother, Be mindful to vote as you pray;

For God is as just as gracious, Then choose for the right to - day.

33 No One Can Deny It.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

Duet. **Semi-Chorus.**

1. Sa-loons are a blight and a curse to the world, And no one
2. The fight a - gainst li - quor is right against wrong, And no one
3. "To li - cense is sin," so the churches de - clare, And no one
4. The tem-per - ance sen - ti - ment grows ev'ry day, And no one

Duet.

can de - ny it; Down deep to per - di-tion they ought to be hurled,
can de - ny it; Who drinks but a glass, helps the traffic a - long,
can de - ny it; Who votes for the li-cense must in the guilt share,
can de - ny it; Sa - loons shall be banished for-ev - er and aye,

Semi-Chorus. **CHORUS.**

And no one can de - ny it. I know it, you know it, ev'ry one

knows, And what is the use to de - ny it; That liquor breeds

nothing but sorrows and woes, So what is the use to de - ny it.

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34 The Right Side.

FRED. E. RICKS. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. The bat - tle we're wag - ing is one in which There's no such
2. Come on, Chris-tian sol - dier, en - list to - day, Against the
3. The cause needs brave sol-diers to meet the foe, In ev - 'ry

word..... as de - feat; We march boldly on - ward a-
e - - - vils of our land; Put on the whole ar-mor of
sec - - - tion of this land; To wrest from old Sa - tan the

gainst the foe, With ne'er a thought..... of re-treat.
God and fight, No long - er halt..... or i - dly stand.
might-y pow'r, Of his in - trenched and licensed band.

CHORUS.

We are on the right side, We are on the Lord's side, His strong arm stretched forth we see;

Rit. - - - - -

We are on the right side, We are on the Lord's side, He will give the vic-to - ry.

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35 Temperance Life-boat.

Rev. R. O. SMITH. J. B. HERBERT.

1. The whis-key ship is wrecking Up - on the storm - y wave;
2. Oh, why re - main in dan - ger? Thy ship is go - ing down!
3. The whis-key ship is sink - ing Be-neath the storm - y main!

Her voy - a - gers are sink-ing In - to a hope-less grave.
Be-neath thee are the breakers, A - bove, Je - ho-vah's frown!
She's go - ing down in darkness, Nor will she rise a - gain.

But here's the temp'rance life - boat, To wel - come all a - board,
The whis-key ship is wrecking, But safe - ty is at hand;
So get a - board the life - boat, Her flag is now un-furled,

To each de-spair - ing pas - sen - ger She safe - ty will af - ford.
Get on the temp'rance life-boat And pull for Canaan's land.
And proudly waves up - on the breeze, A wel-come to the world.

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Temperance Life-boat.

CHORUS.

Get on the temp'rance life-boat, She'll land you safe a-shore;
Tho'
Get on board, get on board, There's room for millions more, more.
for millions
millions now are safe on board,

36 The Funeral Knell of Rum.

Rev. Robt O. Smith. J. H. F.

1. Toll out the death-knell of liq - uor, Ring in the
2. Toll out the griefs that are clinging Fast to the
3. Toll out the sorrows of childhood, Caused by the

Toll.....toll.....toll.....toll.....toll.....toll.....

temperance reign; Toll out the woes of the drunkard, Ring in their
swift-flying years; Ring in the smiles that are hidden Deep 'neath an
monarch of rum; Toll out want's shadowy spec - ters, Ring in the

.....toll.....Toll.....toll.....toll.....

REFRAIN.

fair hopes a-gain.
o - cean of tears.
blessings of home.

The fu-ner-al knell of rum.

.....toll.....Toll.....toll.....toll.....toll.....

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The Day of Doom.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. When the bish-ops all vote for Pro - hi - bi - tion, When the
2. When the preachers all vote for Pro - hi - bi - tion, When the
3. When the eld - ers all vote for Pro - hi - bi - tion, When the
4. When the dea - cons all vote for Pro - hi - bi - tion, When the
5. When the Christians all vote for Pro - hi - bi - tion, When the
6. When good cit - i - zens vote for Pro - hi - bi - tion, When good

bish - ops all vote for Pro - hi - bi - tion, When the
preach-ers all vote for Pro - hi - bi - tion, When the
eld - ers all vote for Pro - hi - bi - tion, When the
dea - cons all vote for Pro - hi - bi - tion, When the
Chris-tians all vote for Pro - hi - bi - tion, When the
cit - i - zens vote for Pro - hi - bi - tion, When good

FINE.

bish-ops all vote for Pro - hi - bi-tion, The saloon will go.
preachers all vote for Pro - hi - bi-tion, The saloon will go.
eld - ers all vote for Pro - hi - bi-tion, The saloon will go.
dea-cons all vote for Pro - hi - bi-tion, The saloon will go.
Christians all vote for Pro - hi - bi-tion, The saloon will go.
cit - i - zens vote for Pro - hi - bi-tion, The saloon will go.

CHORUS.

D. S.

The saloon will go, (will go,) The saloon will go, (will go,) When the

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38 Brighter Days are Coming.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. Moth-er! pray-ing for your wayward boy, Source of grief, who
2. Wife! so lone-ly, des-o-late, for-lorn, Vig-il keep-ing
3. Chil-dren! rag-ged, cry-ing for your bread, Pray-ing for a
4. Brave re-form-er! battling 'gainst the wrong, Yield not, faint not,

once was pride and joy, Pray on, moth-er, God will hear your cry,
till the break of morn, Pray on, wife, for God will hear your cry,
father worse than dead, Pray on, chil-dren, God will hear your cry,
tho the foe be strong, Fight on, pray on, God will hear your cry,

CHORUS.

Brighter days are com-ing, by and by. Brighter days are com-ing,

coming by and by, All the clouds will vanish from the darkened sky,

Pray on, work on, hope on, God will hear your cry, Brighter days are coming by and by.

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Queer People.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. Some people have strange notions, As you, perhaps may know But just the queerest of the queer, I wish to you to show. The first to claim at-
2. Yet there are other peo - ple, Too true it is a - las! Their names up-on the church book rolls Put them in this same class. They sign saloon pe-
3. But stranger still, far stranger, Are those who lay the stress Up-on a license *high*,—because It les-sens drunken-ness, That *few* sa-loons, but
4. Yet tho these are queer people, And there are many more, We do not feel like laugh - ing, To name their crochets o'er. We feel much more like

ten - tion, Is one who drinks his beer, Yet claims to be a Chris-tian—
ti - tions, Their buildings for it rent, They vote to give the li-cense,—
fi - ner, Will help the work of God—The one who ar-gues that way,
weeping, And pray that things may change, Until pro-fess-ing Christians,

REFRAIN.

Now, say, is he not queer ? Is he not queer? Is he not queer?
Are not such peo-ple quaint? Are they not quaint? Are they not quaint?
Is ver - y, ver - y odd. Is he not odd? Is he not odd?
Will cease to be so strange. God grant the change! God grant the change!

. . . He claims to be a Christian, And yet he drinks his beer.
. . . These sin-endorsing Christians, A com - bi - na-tion quaint.
. . . To say sa-loons made fi-ner Will help the work of God.
. . . Un - til pro-fessing Christians Will cease to be so strange.

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Who is On the Lord's Side?

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

Prelude to each verse.
Vigorously.

Who is on the Lord's side, who? Who is on the Lord's side, are you?

Not too fast.

1. Not if it is your business to sell Li-quor that fits the
2. Not if you drink the pois-on-ous cup, E'en but a small, oc-
3. Not un-less you uphold with your might, All that is good and

drinker for hell. E'en tho the State permission may grant, 'T is a Sa-
ca - sion - al sup. While you yourself may be very strong, You may lead
no - ble and right. Not unless you op-pose all you can, Ev-'ry-thing

Postlude after each verse.
Softly and smoothly.

tan - ic— a vile cov - e-nant. The Lord . is ho - ly,
weaker ones in - to the wrong. The Lord is help - ful
e - vil and hurt-ful to man. The Lord is right - eous,

just and true, And such a - lone His will can do.
to the weak, To be like Him such serv - ice seek.
just and true, Those on His side will such things do.

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41 When We All Vote as We Pray.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Oh, what a glorious time there will be, When we all vote as we pray;
2. Oh, what a glorious time there will be, When we all vote as we pray;
3. Oh, what a glorious time there will be, When we all vote as we pray;
4. Oh, what a glorious time there will be, When we all vote as we pray;

Ev'ry one happy and ev'ry one free, When we all vote as we pray;
No one to join in the revel and spree, When we all vote as we pray;
Never the home of the drunkard we'll see, When we all vote as we pray;
Tables of plenty for you and for me, When we all vote as we pray;

No one to lurk for the innocent soul, No one to lure it a - stray,
No one to stagger along the dark street, Late till the breaking of day,
Never the child in its wants and its woes, Grieving its young life away,
Dimples of joy on sad faces will show, Peace and contentment will stay,

No one to offer the poisonous bowl, When we all vote as we pray.
No one the sad weary watchers to beat, When we all vote as we pray.
Never the wife in her tatters and tears, When we all vote as we pray.
Heav'n will come down to this dark world below, When we all vote as we pray.

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When We All Vote as We Pray.

CHORUS.

When we all vote as we pray, (we pray,) When we all vote as we pray, (we pray,)

Oh, what a glorious time there will be, When we all vote as we pray.

42 O Country Grand.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. *Tune: "Italian Hymn."* F. GIARDINI.

1 O, coun-try grand and free, Our pray'rs as-cend for thee To God a-
2 God of the na - tions great, While here Thy peo - ple wait, Thy ways un-
3 O, righteous God on high, Hear Thou Thy peo - ple's cry, Help we im-

bove; The curse of drink we pray Be put from thee a - way, And come that
fold; O, may we see the light, O, may we do the right, And in thy
plore; O, may Thy chil - dren stand A firm u - ni - ted band, And from rum

bles - sed day Of joy and love.
con-qr'ing might Thy cause uphold.
save the land For- ev - er-more.

4 God of The nations, spare
The people of Thy care,
Deliverance send;
Free Thou the fettered soul,
And from the drunkard's bowl,
As joyous years shall roll,
Thine own defend.

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The Mills.

["The gin-mill can no more run without boys than can the saw-mill without logs."—EXCHANGE.]

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. Ma - ny mills of var - ious kinds thro-out our land a - bound,
2. When a drunk-en crim - i - nal is shut up in the jail,
3. Ve - ry sub - tle snares are set to catch the guile - less youth,

You can hear their clat - ter, clat - ter as their wheels go round,
When a drunk - en sot ex - pires and takes his place in hell,
False de - vi - ces wear - ing oft - en e'en the mask of truth;

Ve - ry di - verse are the products which these mills turn out,
Then an - oth - er boy must be sought out to take the place,
Pa - rent! be a - lert, and ev - er vig - i - lant - ly watch,

For ma - te - ri - al to suit them they search all a - bout.
Oh! my broth-er will you give your boy to such dis - grace?
Or these imps of Sa - tan sure - ly will your boy de - bauch.

CHORUS.

Some are seeking grain for the grist-mill, Some are seeking logs for the saw-mill.

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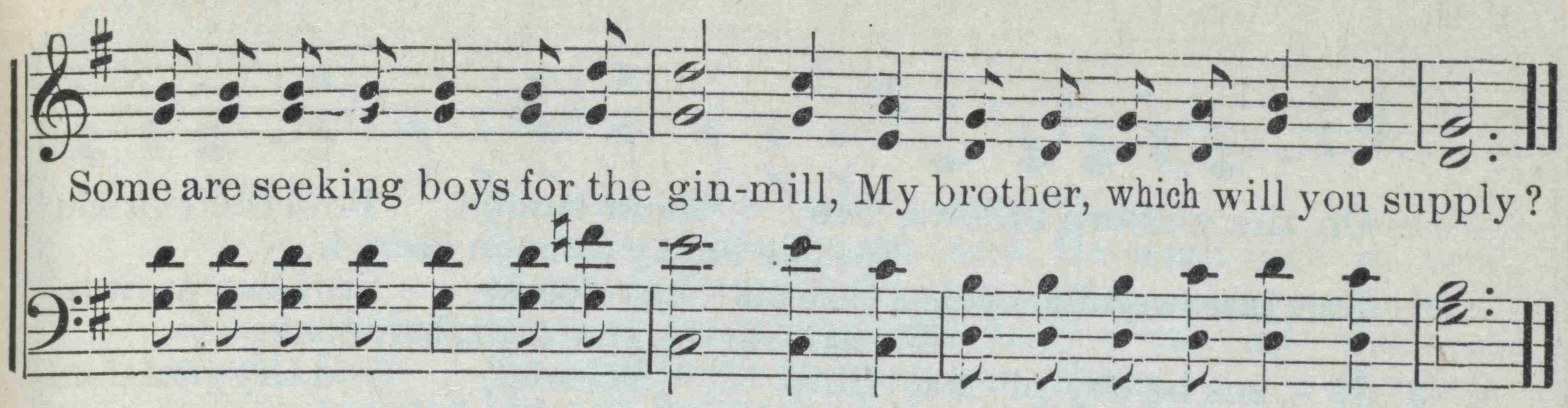
The Mills.



45 Good-by, Old Party.

C. M. FILLMORE. Arr. by C. M. FILLMORE.

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Ship of State.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. On the western billows, See them launch, Bold their lit-tle ves - sel, Stout and stanch; Ship of state,
   See the hardy seamen launch, Little vessel, stout and stanch, Ship of state, oh, ship of state,
2. Years have swept their cycles, Storms have come, Still her prow tri- umphant, Cuts the foam; En - sign bright,
   Storms have come, great storms have come, Cuts the foam, still cuts the foam, Ensign bright, proud ensign bright,
3. Je - sus be thy pi - lot, Ship beloved, God thy great Com- mand-er, Ship be-loved; Then so free,
   Ship beloved, oh, ship beloved, Then so free, so grand and free,

Ship of state, Free - dom hangs on
Ship of state, oh, ship of state, Freedom hangs, yes, freedom hangs on
Stars of light, Col - ors fore - most
Stars of light, thou stars of light, Colors fore-most, col-ors fore-most
O'er the sea, Bear thy mil - lions
O'er the sea, the rolling sea, Bear thy millions, joy-ful mil-lions

thy un-cer-tain fate, Ride thou forth, Colum-bia, Prayers as-
Prayers ascend, yes,
in the cause of right, Pride of val-iant freemen, Still un-
Still unfurled, aye,
to bright des-ti- ny, Ride thou forth, Colum-bia, Calm and
Calm and great, so

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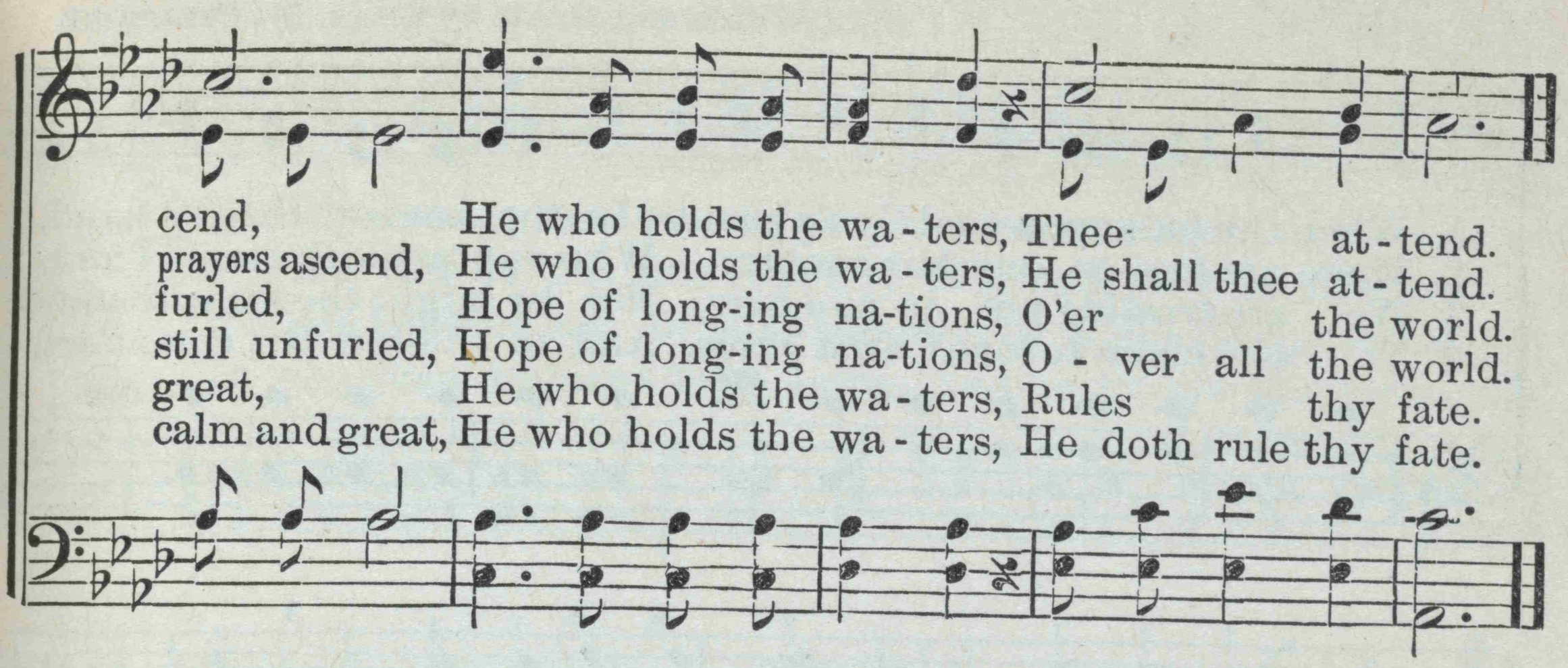
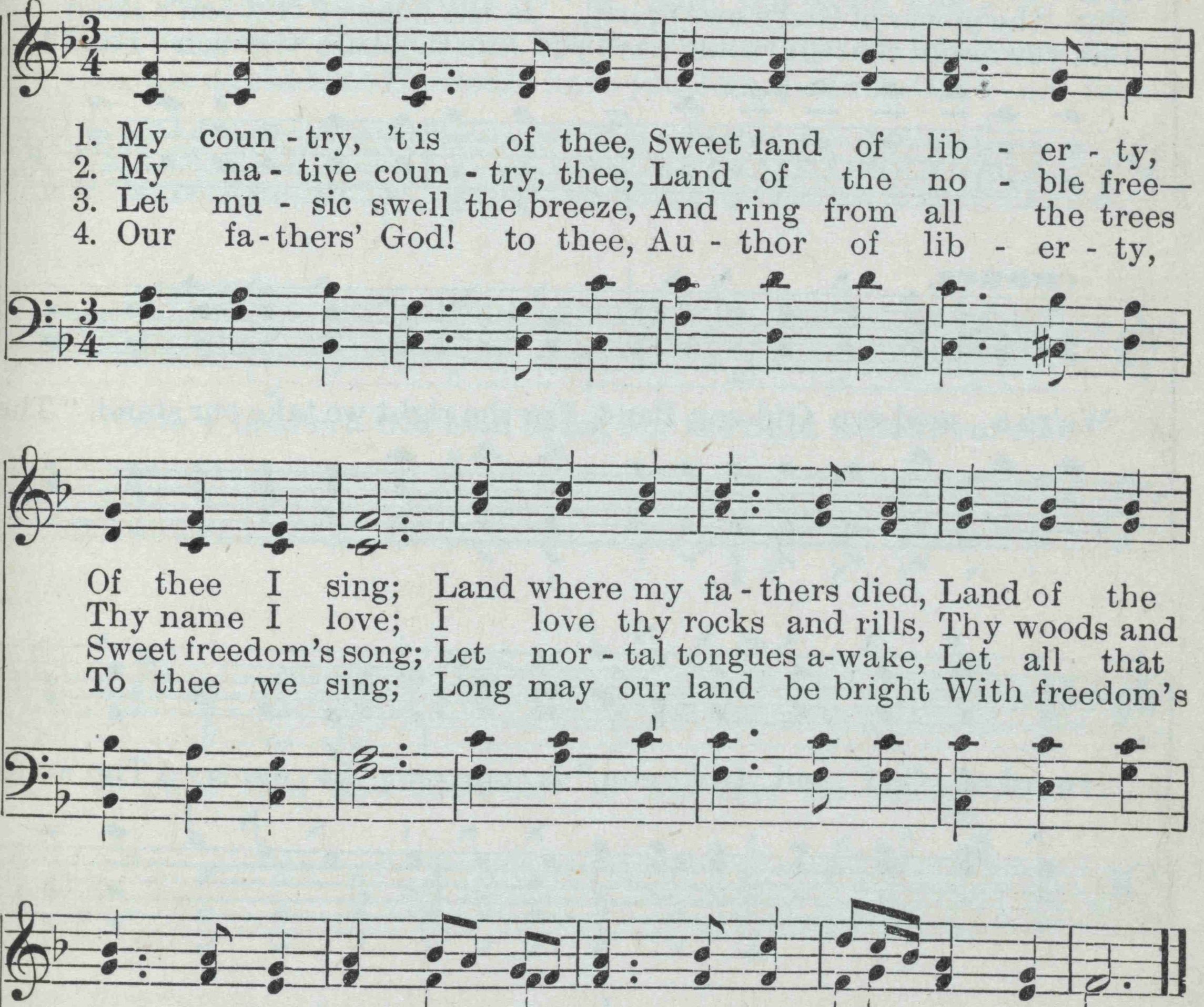
Ship of State.



47 My Country, 'T is of Thee.

S. F. SMITH. HENRY CAREY.



Gideon's Band.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. When the foes oppressed God's people, In the ancient Ho - ly Land,
2. There are foes in our fair country, Who oppress with cru-el hand,
3. We are trusting not in numbers, Nor by might the foe withstand;
4. Ye who claim to love Christ Jesus, And to fol-low His command,

Then the Lord wrought great deliverance, Thro the lit-tle Gid-eon Band.
But our Lord will yet de - liv - er, Thro the lit - tle Gid-eon Band.
But the power of God's own Spirit, Is the hope of Gid-eon's Band.
Can you doubt that He would have you Join the little Gid-eon Band?

CHORUS.

We're a mod-ern Gid-eon Band, For the right we take our stand, "The

sword of God and Gid - eon" is our cry; (is our cry;) Tho we're

ver - y few, We are tried and true, And God will give us vic - to - ry.

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49

Gideon's Band.

MALE VOICES. C. M. F.

1. When the foes oppressed God's people, In the ancient Ho - ly Land,
2. There are foes in our fair country, Who oppress with cruel hand,
3. We are trusting not in num-bers, Nor by might the foe withstand;
4. Ye who claim to love Christ Jesus, And to fol-low His command,

Then the Lord wrought great deliv'rance, Thro' the little Gideon Band.
But our Lord will yet de - liv - er, Thro' the lit-tle Gid-e - on Band.
But the power of God's own Spirit, Is the hope of Gid-e-on's Band.
Can you doubt that He would have you Join the little Gid-e - on Band?

CHORUS.

We're a mod-ern Gid-e-on Band, For the right we take our stand, "The

sword of God and Gid-e-on" is our cry; (is our cry:) Tho' we're

ver - y few, We are tried and true, And God will give us victo-ry.

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50 Will You Then Be True?

PALMER HARTSOUGH. FINLEY LYON.

1. When our country calls for her valiant sons, Oh, will you just then be true?
2. When a sweet voice lures where the soft lights shine, Oh, will you just then be true?
3. In the vo-ter's booth on e - lection day, Oh, will you just then be true?

When the war-cloud breaks o'er her faithful ones, Oh, will you just then be true?
When a fair hand glows with the tempting wine, Oh, will you just then be true?
Will you there mark down what your Lord would say, Oh, will you just then be true?

When the lines advance with a quivering breath, And the old flag stands in view,
In the festive throng when the glad tones sound, To the thrill of joys so new,
With a kingly vote, with a princely rod, Will you heav'n's high bidding do?

When the hot balls hiss o'er the field of death, Oh, will you just then be true?
When the laugh rings out and the cup goes round, Oh, will you just then be true?
In the voter's booth 'neath the eye of God, Oh, will you just then be true?

REFRAIN.

When the lines advance with a quivering breath Will you then be true?
In the festive throng when the glad tones sound, Will you then be true?
With a king - ly vote, with a princely rod, Will you then be true?

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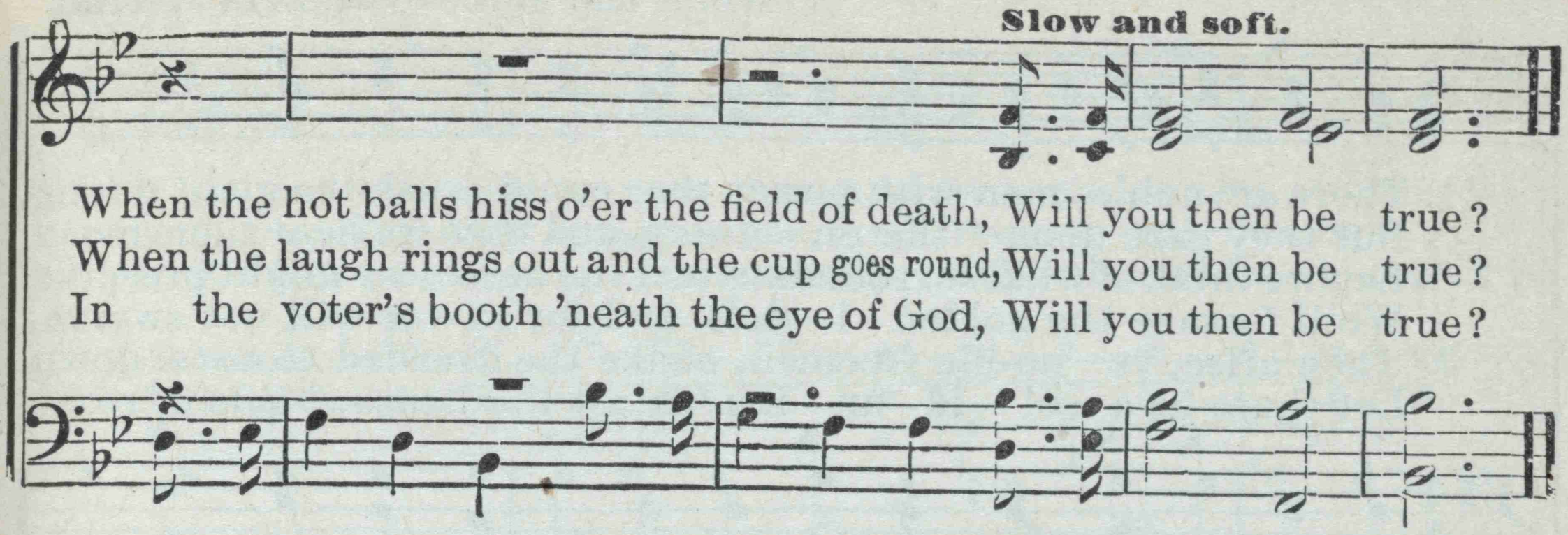
Will You Then Be True?



51 My Faith Looks Up.

1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me, from this day,
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm and changeless be—
A living fire.

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

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

RAY PALMER.

52 Be On Thy Guard.

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

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

GEO. HEATH.

53 Stand Up for Jesus.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross:
Lift high His royal banner:
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus;
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day.
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus—
Stand in His strength alone:
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

G. DUFFIELD.

54 Put Your Prayers in the Ballot Box.

Words and Music by MELVIN J. HILL.

1. There are noble men with power that could crush the giant wrong,
   But they gaze upon the en - e - my, and then we hear them moan,
2. When we think of what surrounds us and the homes we might preserve,
   We'll forsake the golden i - dols, and for sil-ver will not swerve,
3. Then arise, ye no-ble freemen, strike the dreaded monster down,
   Let there be a sol - id un - ion 'gainst the licensed sale of rum,

CHORUS.
2d Tenor, or 1st Bass.

If they'd on-ly vote as clearly as they pray.
"It's too much for us to han-dle in this day." } Put your pray'rs in the
Then our manhood shouts, "Arise, and save the land!"
But for home and native country lend a hand. } Put your pray'rs in the
Let him never raise his fier-y head a - gain;
From the State of Califor - ni - a to Maine. } Put your pray'rs in the

Ballot Box, and then you'll get an answer, Vote as fear-less - ly and

clearly as you pray. Do not wait for pub-lic sen-ti-ment to

2d Bass.

grow a little stronger, Vote for home and native land and win the day.

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55 Election Day.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. E - lec - tion day is com - ing, And freemen ev - 'ry - where, To do a freeman's du - ty Should mind and heart pre-pare, Should now . . . pre - pare . . should now . . pre - pare, . . . The truth to know, the right to do, for E - lection day is com-ing, And freemen should prepare The word to speak, the vote to cast For justice fair.

2. E - lec - tion day is now come, And freemen with de - light, In whelming hosts should ral - ly With bal - lots clean and white; So clean, . . so white, so clean, so white, . In whelming hosts they now should rise for E - lection day is now come, And freemen with delight, To stand for truth should now come forth And vote the right.

3. E - lec - tion day is o - ver, The wick - ed may re - joice, But still in ev - 'ry true heart Is heard a gen - tle voice; Is heard . . a voice, is heard a voice, . . Tho bri - bery wins and wrong prevails for E - lection day is o - ver, And tho the bad rejoice, Yet conscience smiles and God approves The true heart's choice.

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Forward!

P. H. J. H. F.

1. For - ward, for-ward! Forward go, for the
2. For - ward, for-ward! Forward go, for the

Lord is with thee, He is thy life, thy light, thy joy; Forward,
morn is breaking, Swiftly the shadows fly away; Forward,

forward! Forward go, for the Lord is with thee, Mighty thy foes to destroy.
forward! Forward go, for the King in splendor Rises and conquers the day.

Sen - ti-nels of vir - tue, Cit - i-zens of
Sen-tinels of vir - tue, Sen-ti-nels of vir - tue, Cit - i-zens of hon - or,

hon - or, Cham - pi-ons of jus - tice, Strike the
Cit - i-zens of hon - or, Champions of jus - tice, Cham-pi-ons of jus - tice,

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Forward!

demons of darkness low; Vo - ters of the free land,
Strike ye the demons low; Voters of the free land, Voters of the free land,

Guard - ians of the fair land, Sav - iours of the
Guardians of the fair land, Guardians of the fair land, Saviours of the home land,

home land, Rise and forth to the victory go. Forward,
Saviours of the home land forth to the vic - tory go.

forward! Forward, ye brave hearts, Forward, ye true hearts at His

word; Forward, ye heroes, Forward, ye conq'rors for the Lord.

57 The Freemen Come.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. They come, they come, our native land to save! They come, they come, our
2. They come, they come, our native land to save! They come, they come, our

na-tive land to save! The coun-try blest, the home we love, They
na-tive land to save! With light of truth, with pow'r of vote, They

Fine.

come, they come, our land to save. From the curse of drunkenness to
come, they come, our land to save. On our streets the gilded hells of

free us, From the sorrows and the woes of rum, From the dire de-
drinking, In our marts the giant mills of death, In our laws the

struction that a-waits us, Sav-iours of our native land they come.
guilt-y bonds of li-cense, In our courts fraud's bold besotted breath.

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The Freemen Come.

CHORUS.

Free - men, on they come, A con - q'ring ar - my,
On they come, on they come, A conq'ring ar-my, conq'ring ar-my,

Free - men, on they come, And righteousness and peace they bring, And
On they come, on they come,

righteousness and peace they bring. Free - men, on they come, A
On they come, on they come, A

con - q'ring ar - my, Free - men, on they come, And
conq'ring army, conq'ring army, On they come, on they come,

righteousness and peace they bring, And righteousness and peace they bring.

Rall. D. C.

58

Arouse Ye!

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. A-rouse ye! a-rouse ye! oh why in slumber lie? The foe is at
2. A-rouse ye! a-rouse ye! your keeper is the Lord, And He will pre-
3. A-rouse ye! a-rouse ye! what e - vil will be-tide, Ye soldiers who

hand and the con - flict is nigh! Swift gird on your ar - mor and
serve you, for sure is His word. Go forth in His name and in
ral - ly up - on the Lord's side! His truth is your buck-ler, tho'

press in - to the fight, A -loft hold your banner and strike for the right.
triumph loud-ly sing, For strong is the hand of your Lead-er and King.
le - gions may op-pose, Press onward! thro' grace you will conquer your foes.

CHORUS.

A - wake!..... thou that sleep - est and a-
A - wake! a - wake! a - wake! thou that sleep - est, and a-

rise..... from the dead;..... A - wake!.... thou that
rise! a - rise! a - rise! from the dead; A - wake! a - wake! a-

rise! a - rise! a - rise! a rise! A - wake! a - wake! a-

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Arouse Ye!

sleep-est A-rise, and Christ will give thee light, A-wake,

wake! thou that sleepest Awake,

wake! a - wake,

thou that sleepest and a - rise..... from the dead,.....

a - wake thou that sleepest and a - rise, a - rise, a - rise from the dead,

a wake! a - wake! a - rise! a - rise! a - rise! a - rise!

And Christ will give thee light, and Christ will give thee light.

59

Native Land.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. I. PLEYEL.

1. Na-tive Land, our country bright, Land where shines the gospel's light.
2. Na-tive Land, thy shores we love, Plains so fair, and hills a - bove,
3. Na-tive Land, as years shall roll, Yield thee still to His con - trol,

Land where dwells the noble free, Na-tive Land, we sing of thee.
Truth thy rock, and God thy King, Na-tive Land, of thee we sing.
Guid-ed by His high be - hest, Na-tive Land, be great and blest.

Weighed and Wanting.

MALE VOICES. Words and Music by UNCLE IKE.

Ad libitum.

1. Come, all ye cul - lud bred - er - in, An' all ye white ones, too,
2. Bel-shaz-zah was a might - y king, In Bab - y - lon he ruled;
3. Now yo' who drinks yoh whisky straight, Which makes yo' crooked walk;
4. An' yo' who 'gainst de lik - kah curse, So loud - ly talk an' pray;

I sing of King Bel-shaz - zah, Who libbed long yeahs a - go.
Like oth-ahs that I need not name, By lik - kah he got fooled,
An' yo' who takes yoh wine an' beah, Yo'd bet-tah toe de chalk,
Yet vote to give it li - cen - ses, Up - on e - lec - tion day,

My song may not be ber - ry sweet, Nor wel-come, it is true;
An' at a ban-quet wid his lawds, W'en all ob dem got tight;
Or some day God Al-might - y's han' Up - on de wall will 'peah,
Yo'd bet-tah think wat yoh a - bout, An' go to vot - in' right,

But sometimes bit - tah med - i - cine De best - est good will do.
A han' appeahed up - on de wall, An' dese yeah wuds did write:
An' yo' will read de sen-tence dah, Wat make yo' shake wi' feah:
Or God's han' on de wall may come, An' yoh sad sentence write:

[Omit Chorus to first verse.]

CHORUS.

Rit.

Weighed an' wantin', weighed an' wantin', Weighed by de Lawd,
Weighed in de balance by de Lawd,

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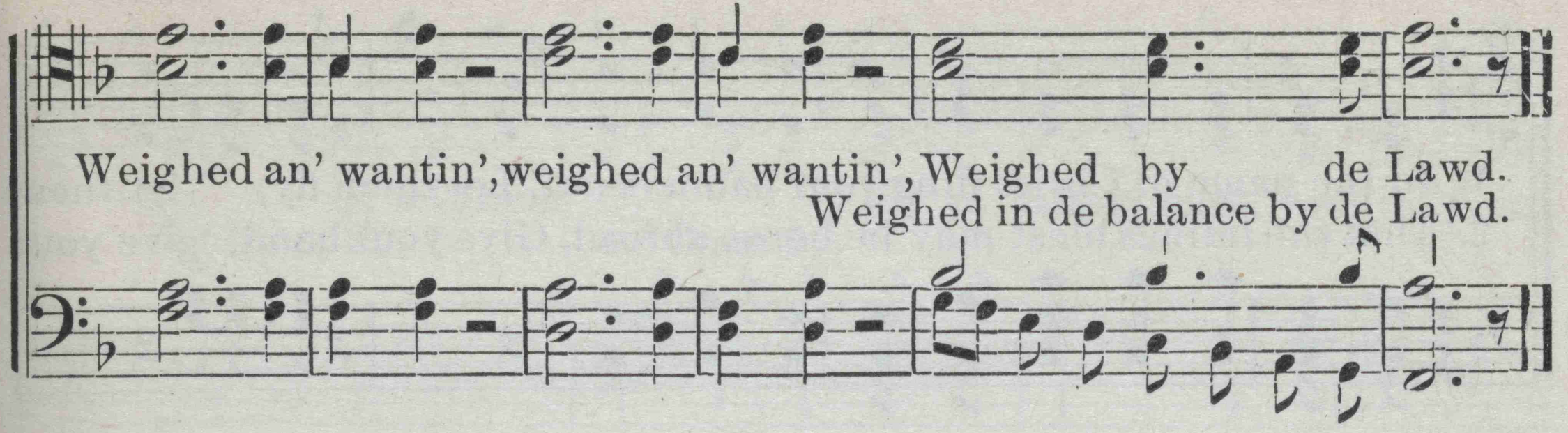
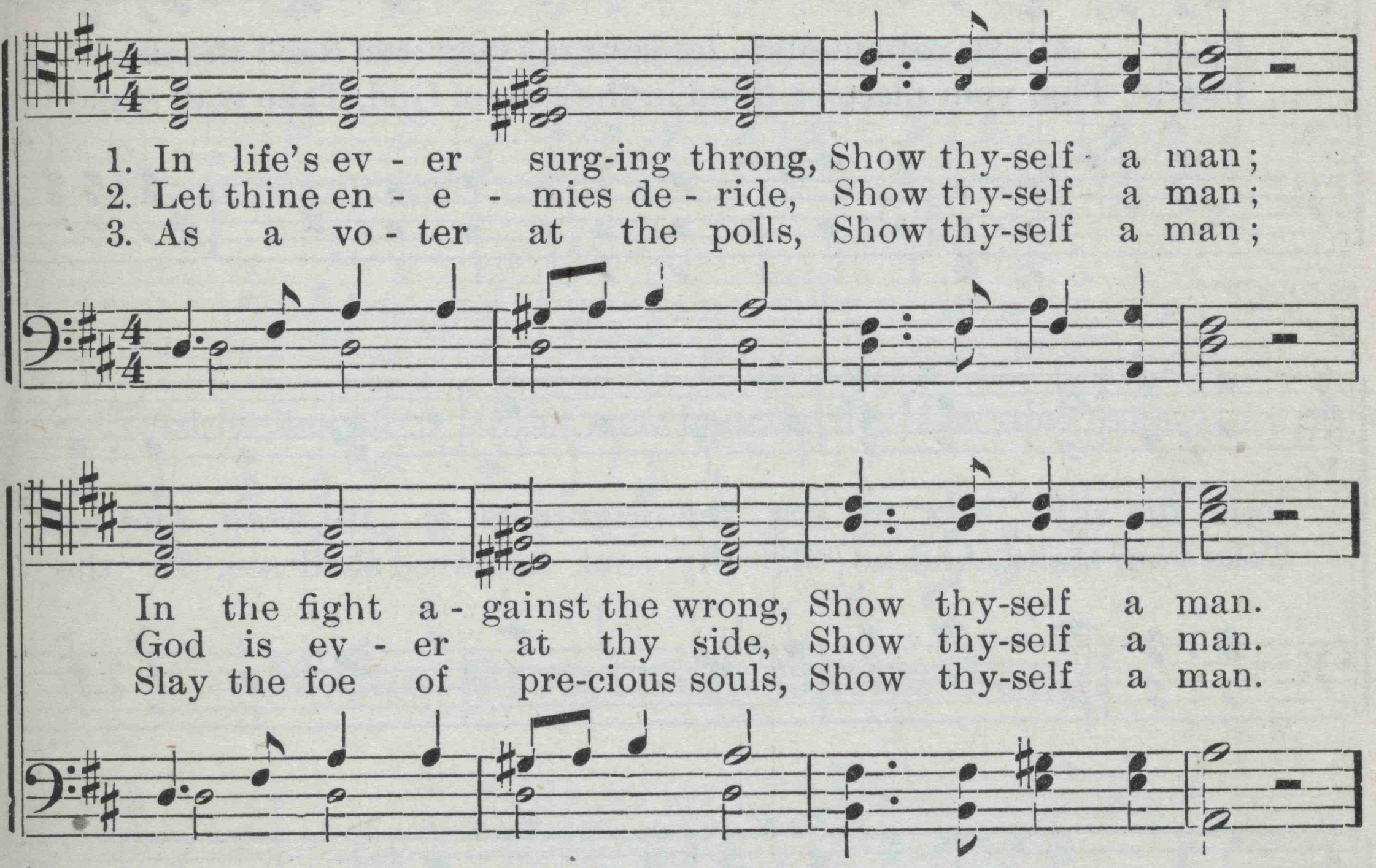
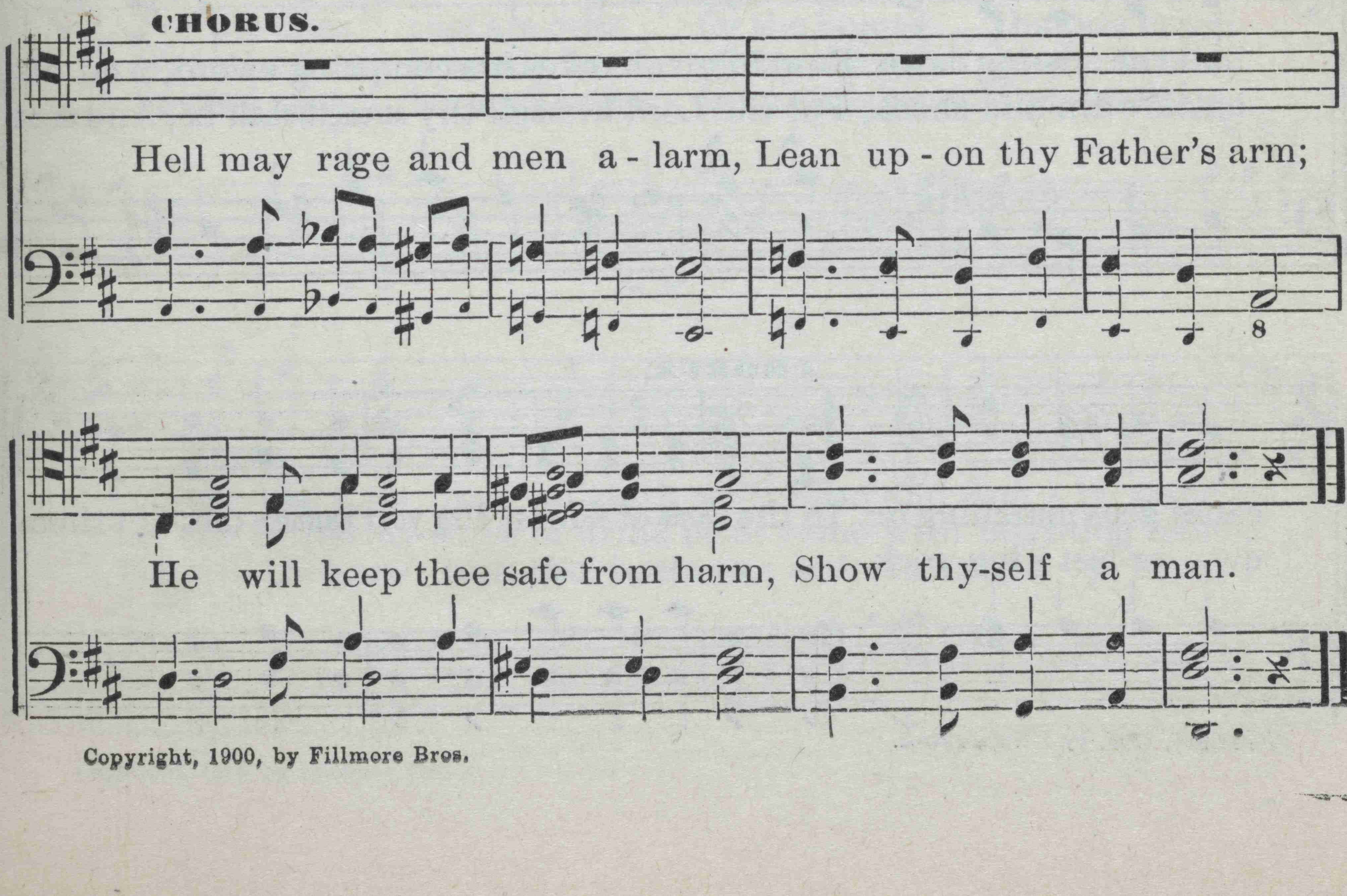
Weighed and Wanting.



61 Show Thyself a Man.

Rev. Robt. O. Smith. **MALE VOICES.** J. H. F.





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62

Fly Your Banners.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. In the name of Christ fling your banners out, Let them fly, let them fly, All ye valiant ones, let your rallying shout Rend the sky,
2. That the tidings blest may be borne abroad, Give your hand, give your hand, That your place be filled in the ranks of God, Take your stand,

Rend the sky; Now we see the brightness of his word, And we
Take your stand, And no ill thy soul unmoved shall see, In the
hail the ris-ing dawn, Now Jehovah takes his conq'ring sword, And his
battle's din and shock, For the Lord himself thy strength shall be, And thine

CHORUS.

cause goes marching on. In the name of Christ fling your banners out, Let them
ev - er-last - ing rock.

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Fly Your Banners.

fly, let them fly, Lift, ye valiant ones, your rallying
let them fly, let them fly,

shout To do or die; In the name of Christ let them fly, In the name of

Christ let them fly, O let your banners fly, Let your banners fly.

63 Home Protection Battle Song.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. For the ones that are dear, for the homes that are bright,
2. Where the fires brightly burn, where the soft prayer is said,
3. Sa-cred spot, bless-ed home, from each harm, from each foe

In the bat - tle line of truth we'll form and firm - ly stand;
Let the withering curse of drink ne'er come with blighting hand;
We will thee pro - tect, tho' hosts as - sail in might - y shock;

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Home Protection Battle Song.

We will watch; we will pray, we will work, we will fight
In the pure paths of peace, let the young steps be led,
Tho' the pow'rs dark a - rise, yet no fear will we know,

Till the vile sa-loon with all its woe is driv-en from the land.
And the vile sa-loon with all its woe be driv-en from the land.
For the Lord Je - ho-vah is our shield, our ev - er - last-ing rock.

DUET.

Ar - mor bright - ly gleaming in the sun, We are marching bold along,

We are hap - py in our song, There's a glo - - - rious vic-t'ry

to be won, And the right shall triumph o'er the wrong.

Home Protection Battle Song.

UNISON CHORUS. Maestoso.

For the ones that are dear, for the homes that are bright,

In the battle line of truth we'll form and firm - ly stand,

We will watch, we will pray, we will work, we will figh

Till the vile sa - loon with all its woe is driv-en from the land.

Hum Bugs.

Humming or instrumental accompaniment. For male voices the second tenor should take the melody, the first tenor singing the alto in high voice.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

Slow. **A tempo.**

1. Some college boys with glue and paste, Fixed up a strange
2. Some men with drugs and chemicals, Have made a strange
3. The pol - i - ti-cians, too, fix up Their platforms ver-

Hum - bug, bug, bug, Hm.....

cre - a - tion, Of bee's head, flies' legs, beetle's wings, The queerest com - bi-
pro-duc - tion, Of hops and slops, and mus - ty malt—A dev - il - ish de-
y fun - ny, With planks on tar - iff, trusts and such, And gold or sil - ver

.....Hm..... .....

na - tion. Then asked their teacher what it was—Said he, with knowing shrug,
coc - tion. When asked to drink this deadly stuff, From out the foam-ing mug,
mon-ey. And then they ask the Christian man, To vote it with the thug,

.... .Hm..... ....

"I'm sure this crea-ture must be - long To the ge - nus Hum bug."
The man of sense will promptly say, "No! it is a Hum bug."
A - las! that ma - ny fail to see That it is a Hum bug.

.....Hm..... .....

CHORUS. Cres.

Oh, yes, it is a hum bug, A

Hum - - bug, bug, bug, bug, bug, bug, bug, bug, bug,

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Hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum,

Hum Bugs.

hum bug, a hum bug, Oh, yes it is a hum bug, A hum hum bug.
bug, bug, bug, bug, bug, bug, bug, bug,
hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum.

65

Bells of Prohibition.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. The bells of pro - hi - bi - tion ring In chimes so sweet and clear;
2. The bells of pro - hi - bi - tion ring, A day when freemen come,
3. The bells of pro - hi - bi - tion ring, A day of sweet re - lease;
4. The bells of pro - hi - bi - tion ring, O'er earth's wide waste of woe;

They tell us of a day of joy, A day that's drawing near;
With hearts so brave and votes so true, To strike the doom of rum;
To all who wear drink's fiery chains, A day of life and peace;
That sure sweet day when right prevails, And heav'n begins below; They ring

REFRAIN.

In chimes so sweet and clear, In chimes so sweet and clear,
. . . . . They ring, ... They ring,

They tell us of a day of joy That's draw - ing near, near.
They tell of day of joy

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For a male voice arrangement of this song see No. 67.

66 He Hab Got Ter Go.

Mrs. Ida M. Budd. MALE VOICES. J. H. F.

1. It 'pears like whiskey done been crowned De em-per-or er king,
2. De church-men votahs gibs him powah, He couldn' lib wid-out,
3. He tink he got it all down fine, He shub-ble out de gol';
4. Oh, yes, he ber-ry much at ease, He car-ry tings so high;

Ob all de ken-try all e-roun' Dat's good fer a-ny-thing.
Dey holds 'im in dar wid bof' han's Den tries ter coax 'im out.
De churches an' de col-le-ges Dey gits deir shar' to hol'.
De Christian's pra'rs doan' bodder him So long as votes ain' shy.

He got so bol' an' sas-sy dat He doan' crouch down no moah,
He tip 'is head an' wink 'is eye, An' gib er grin an' say,
An' so dey mus-n' talk too loud Er-bout de sin an' crime,
But oh! de day am com-in' soon Wen he will sure-ly know,

But ketch-es up de flag ob state An' marches in de foah.
"Wile Christian men done vote fo' me I rad-der 'spect I'll stay."
Ner mus' dey turn deir backs on him, Wen come de vo-tin' time.
Dat times an' pol-er-ticks done change, An' he hab got ter go.

CHORUS.

But he done reckon wid-out 'is hos', An' we will let him know,

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He Hab Got Ter Go.

We Pro - hi - bi-shuns wiel's de fohce An' he hab got ter go.

67

Bells of Prohibition.

P. H. **MALE VOICES.** J. H. F.

1. The bells of pro - hi - bi-tion ring In chimes so sweet and clear;
2. The bells of pro - hi - bi-tion ring, A day when freemen come,
3. The bells of pro - hi - bi-tion ring, A day of sweet re - lease;
4. The bells of pro - hi - bi-tion ring, O'er earth's wide waste of woe;

They tell us of a day of joy, A day that's drawing near;
With hearts so brave and votes so true, To strike the doom of rum;
To all who wear drink's fi - ery chains, A day of life and peace;
That sure sweet day when right prevails, And heav'n begins be - low;

REFRAIN.

They ring, They ring,
In chimes so sweet and clear, In chimes so sweet and clear,
They ring,

They tell us of a day of joy That's drawing near, drawing near.
They tell of day of joy

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68

Vote, Then Pray.

P. H.

FRED. A. FILLMORE

1. In the land we love, home of God's great bless-ing, Let us
2. In the land we love, freemen's high - est du - ty, Let us
3. In the land we love, where the homes are bright-est, Let us
4. In the land we love, all that's good to cher - ish, Let us
5. In the land we love, na - tion great in sto - ry, Let us

vote, then pray; With a bal - lot white, naught but
vote, then pray; That the truth may shine in its
vote, then pray; That the mind be pure and the
vote, then pray; That the curse of rum and of
vote, then pray; That the love of God be her

good ex - press - ing, Let us vote, then pray.
strength and beau - ty, Let us vote, then pray.
heart be light - est, Let us vote, then pray.
wrong may per - ish, Let us vote, then pray.
crown of glo - ry, Let us vote, then pray.

CHORUS.

God bids us vote, broth-er, in His name to - day, He the

deed beholds and the cause He prospers When we vote, then pray.

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69

Vote, Then Pray.

P. H. **MALE VOICES.** FRED. A. FILLMORE.

mf **Cres.**

1. In the land we love, home of God's great bless-ing,
2. In the land we love, freemen's high - est du - ty,
3. In the land we love, where the homes are bright-est,
4. In the land we love, all that's good to cher - ish,
5. In the land we love, na - tion great in sto - ry,

mf

Let us vote, then pray; With a bal - lot white,
Let us vote, then pray; That the truth may shine
Let us vote, then pray; That the mind be pure
Let us vote, then pray; That the curse of rum
Let us vote, then pray; That the love of God

Cres.

naught but good ex - press-ing, Let us vote, then pray.
in its strength and beau - ty, Let us vote, then pray.
and the heart be light - est, Let us vote, then pray.
and of wrong may per - ish, Let us vote, then pray.
be her crown of glo - ry, Let us vote, then pray.

CHORUS. **Cres.** *f*

God bids us vote, brother, in His name to - day, He the

Cres.

deed beholds and the cause He prospers When we vote, then pray.

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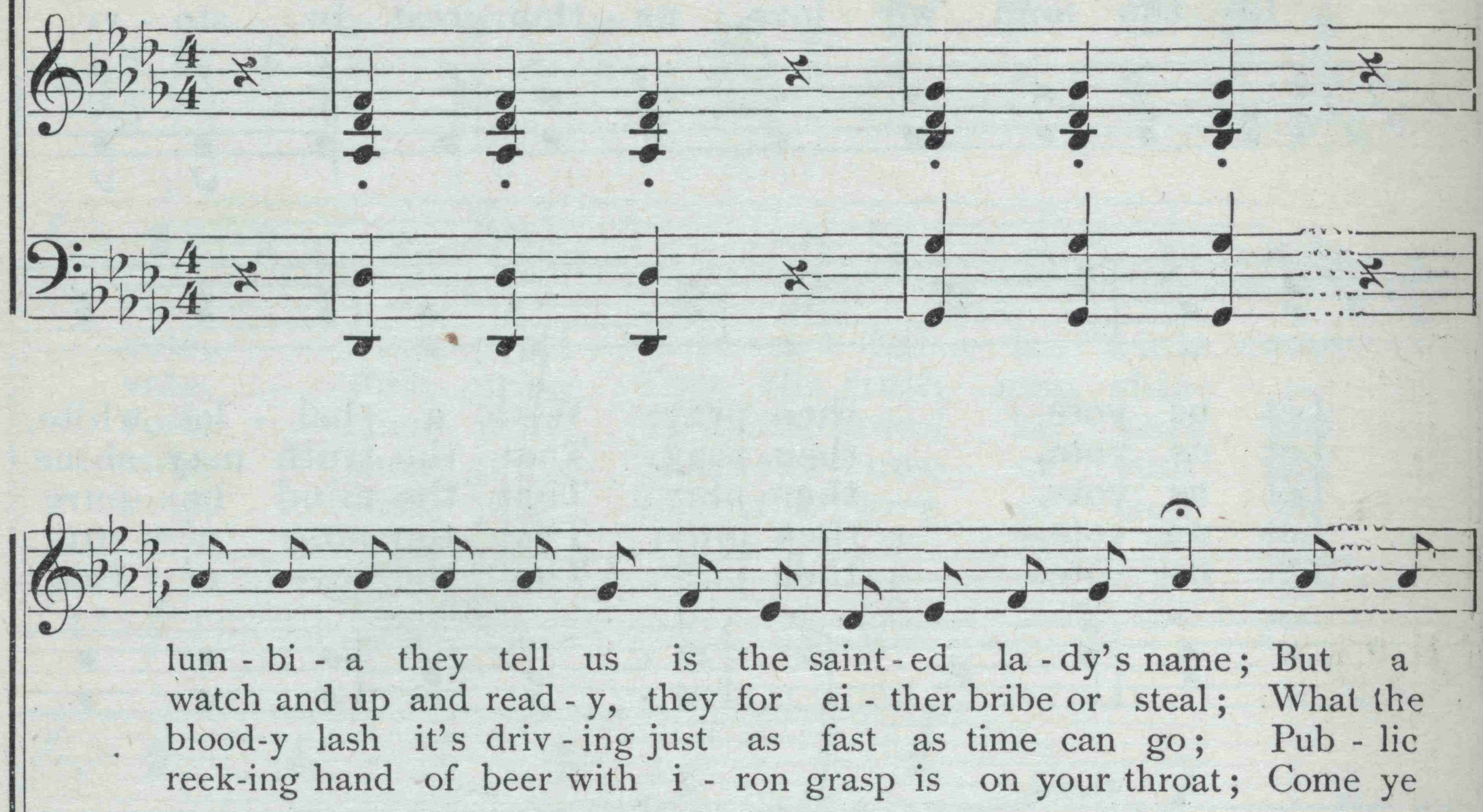
70 Columbia's Appeal.

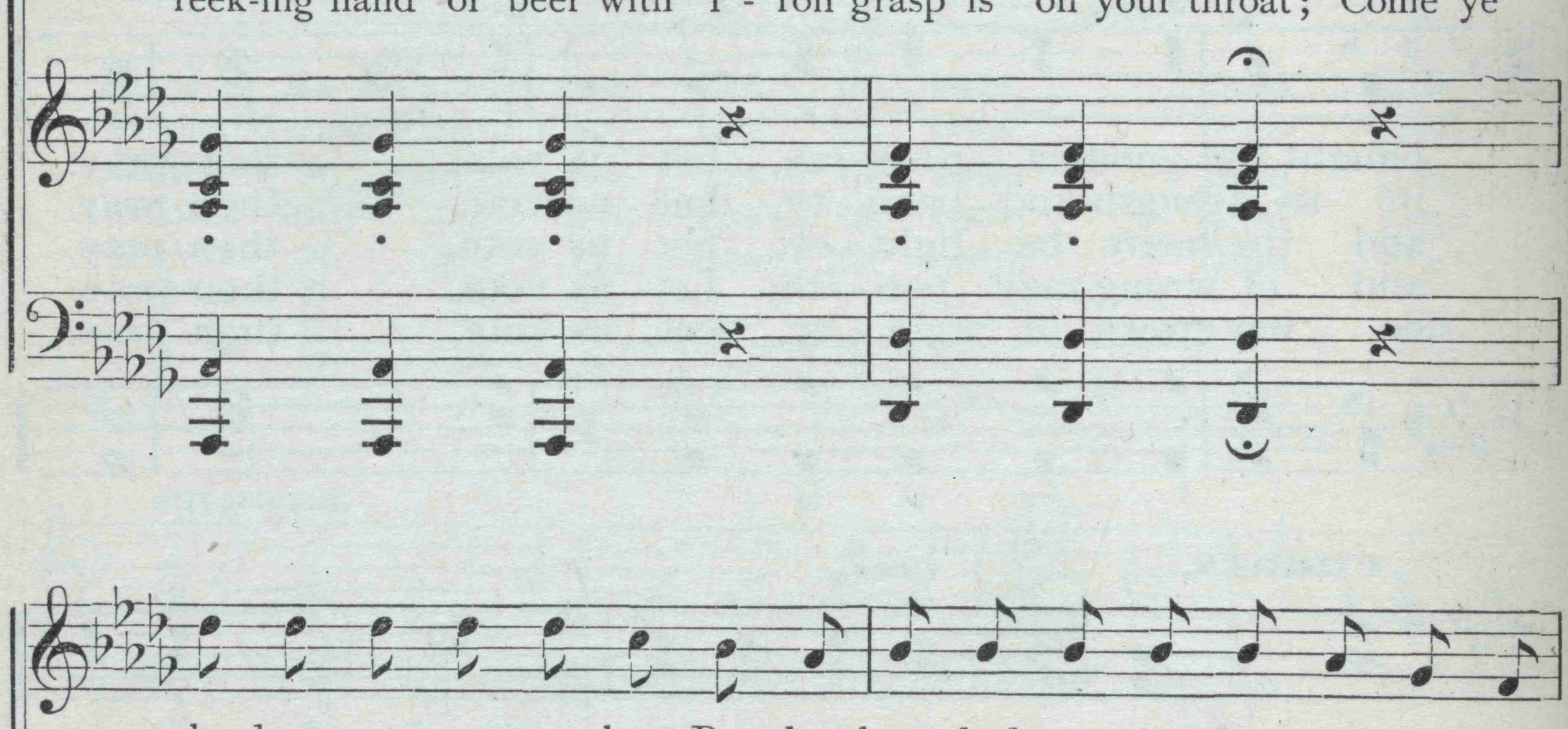
PALMER HARTSOUGH. MEN'S VOICES. J. B. HERBERT.

SOLO.

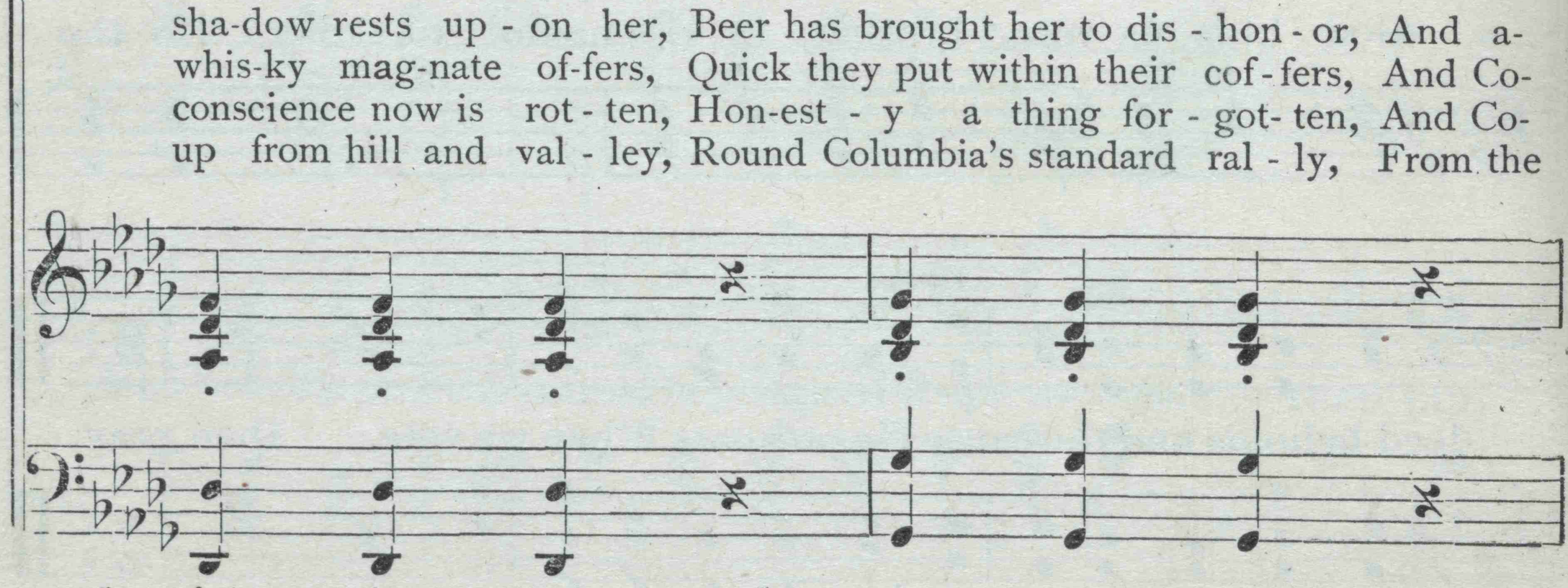
1. There's a ver - y worth-y matron, Of a stalwart race the patron, And Co-
2. Pub-lic men are now so greed-y, That they take the line that's speedy, On the
3. Whisky is the ty - rant e - vil, And our country to the dev - il With a
4. Sons of Lib - er - ty, a-rouse ye, Waken, Church of God, so drowsy, Ere the



lum - bi - a they tell us is the saint - ed la - dy's name; But a
watch and up and read - y, they for ei - ther bribe or steal; What the
blood-y lash it's driv - ing just as fast as time can go; Pub - lic
reek-ing hand of beer with i - ron grasp is on your throat; Come ye



sha-dow rests up - on her, Beer has brought her to dis - hon - or, And a-
whis-ky mag-nate of-fers, Quick they put within their cof - fers, And Co-
conscience now is rot - ten, Hon-est - y a thing for - got- ten, And Co-
up from hill and val - ley, Round Columbia's standard ral - ly, From the



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Columbia's Appeal.

Rit.

round the drink - ing plac - es trails her star - ry flag in shame.
lum - bi - a, with weep - ing, for her peo - ple makes ap - peal.
lum - bi - a in sor - row hangs her head that this is so.
doom of drink come forth and save the na - tion by your vote.

Rit.

CHORUS.

f *p*

Then take your position For straight Prohibition, And the gen-tle-men in

f

Congress will wa-ken from their dream; The time is coming sure - ly When

men for justice pure - ly, Will sit in the Cap-i - tol; then will the Ea - gle

f

Rit.

scream! Will sit in the Cap - i - tol, then will the Ea - gle scream!

71 Brothers Will You Meet Me.

P. H. **MALE VOICES.** J. H. F.

First base prominent in first section.

Say, brothers, will you meet me, Say, brothers, will you meet me,

Say, brothers, will you meet me At the polls on e - lec-tion day?

1. Come to the polls, Come to the polls, There where all is won or is lost;
2. Dan - ger assails, E - vil prevails, Maddening hosts are gathering fast;
3. See as they come, Legions of rum, How they shouting, staggering come;
4. Cit - i-zens true, Cit - i-zens true, Bold-ly face the powers of sin;

Bal-lots of light, Bal-lots of right, Come, good men, whatever the cost.
Bal-lots of light, Bal-lots of right, At the polls we'll fearlessly cast.
Bal-lots of light, Bal-lots of right, At the polls shall strike them all dumb.
Bal-lots of light, Bal-lots of right, At the polls the vict'ry will win.

Pause second time only Small notes second ending.

Brothers, will you meet me, Brothers, will you meet me, Meet me at the polls on election day.

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72 At the Polls.

Rev. Robt. O. Smith. J. H. F

1. Let us fight the na-tion's foe, At the polls, at the polls!
2. Let the li-quor de-mons yell, At the polls, at the polls!
3. On-ward then our way we press To the polls, to the polls!

Let us strike the fa-tal blow, At the polls! Let us
Joined by all the hosts of hell, At the polls! We will
God will all His sol-diers bless, At the polls! Tho' our

raise our ban-ner high, Till its folds shall kiss the sky, We will
sure-ly win the fight! "God is God and right is right," We will
en-e-mies may frown, An-gel bands will hasten down, With suc-
raise our ban-ner high, Till its folds shall kiss the sky, We will

con-quer or we'll die, At the polls.
put them all to flight, At the polls. At the polls, meet the foe, At the
cess our brows to crown, At the polls.
con-quer or we'll die, At the polls.

polls, At the polls, strike the blow, At the polls, (at the polls;) Let us

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73 Strike Him Down.

Rev. R. O. SMITH. J. B. HERBERT.

1. There's a foe that's in the land, Strike him down; There is blood up-
2. What cares he for sighs and groans, Strike him down; How heeds he our
3. Do not fear the tyrant's roar, Strike him down; He's a cow-ard

Strike him down;

on his hand, Strike him down; 'Tis the liq-uor traf-fic bold, Cru-el
tears and moans, Strike him down; Vice is stamped up-on his face, Proud is
to the core, Strike him down; With thy bal-lot deal the blow, Lay the

Strike him down;

is his heart and cold, And he crushes hearts for gold. Strike him down.
he of his disgrace, And he hat-eth Adam's race, Strike him down.
sli-my monster low, At the polls dispatch the foe, Strike him down.

Strike him down.

CHORUS.

Stay, oh, stay the tyrant rum, Oh, stay the tyrant rum, And a brighter day will
Stay, oh, stay, Stay the tyrant rum, And a brighter day will

come, a bright-er day will come, Peace her snow-y wings will
come, a brighter day will come, Peace her snowy wings, her

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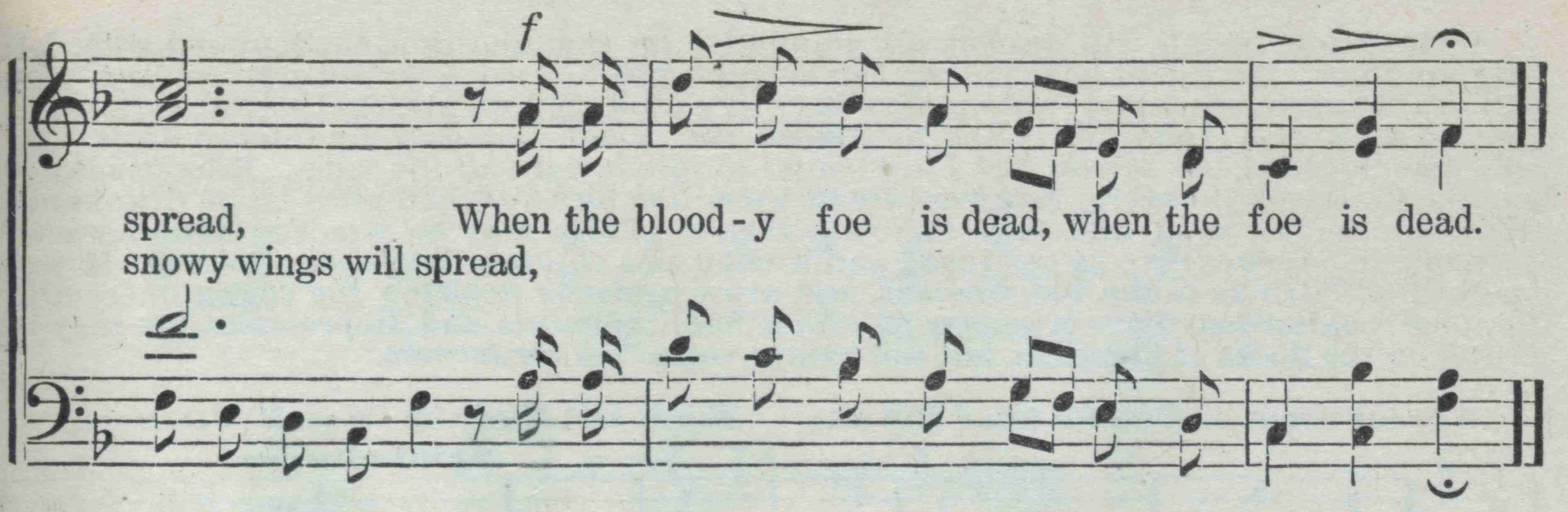
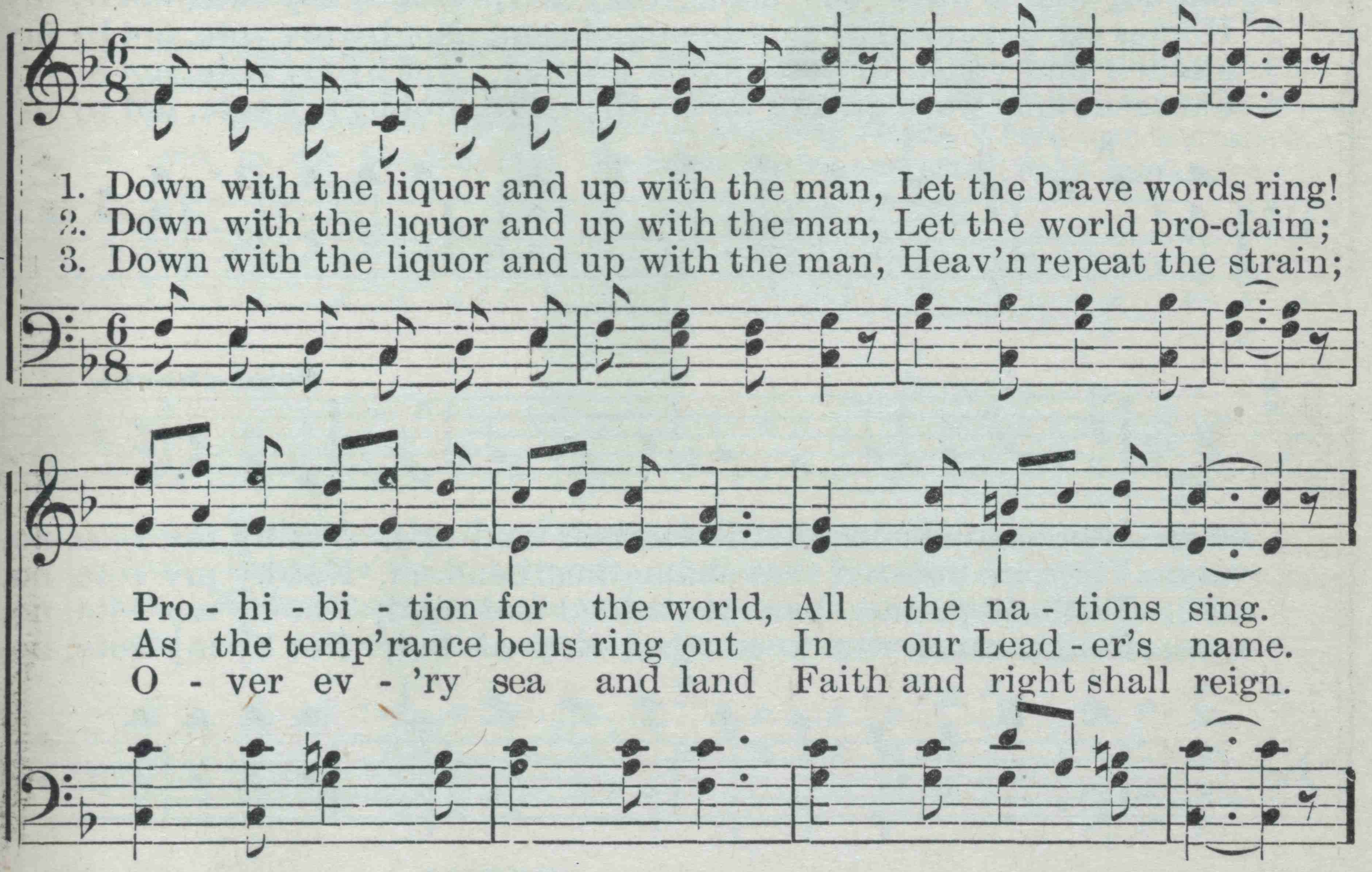
Strike Him Down.



74 Down With the Liquor.

Rev. R. O. SMITH. J. B. HERBERT.



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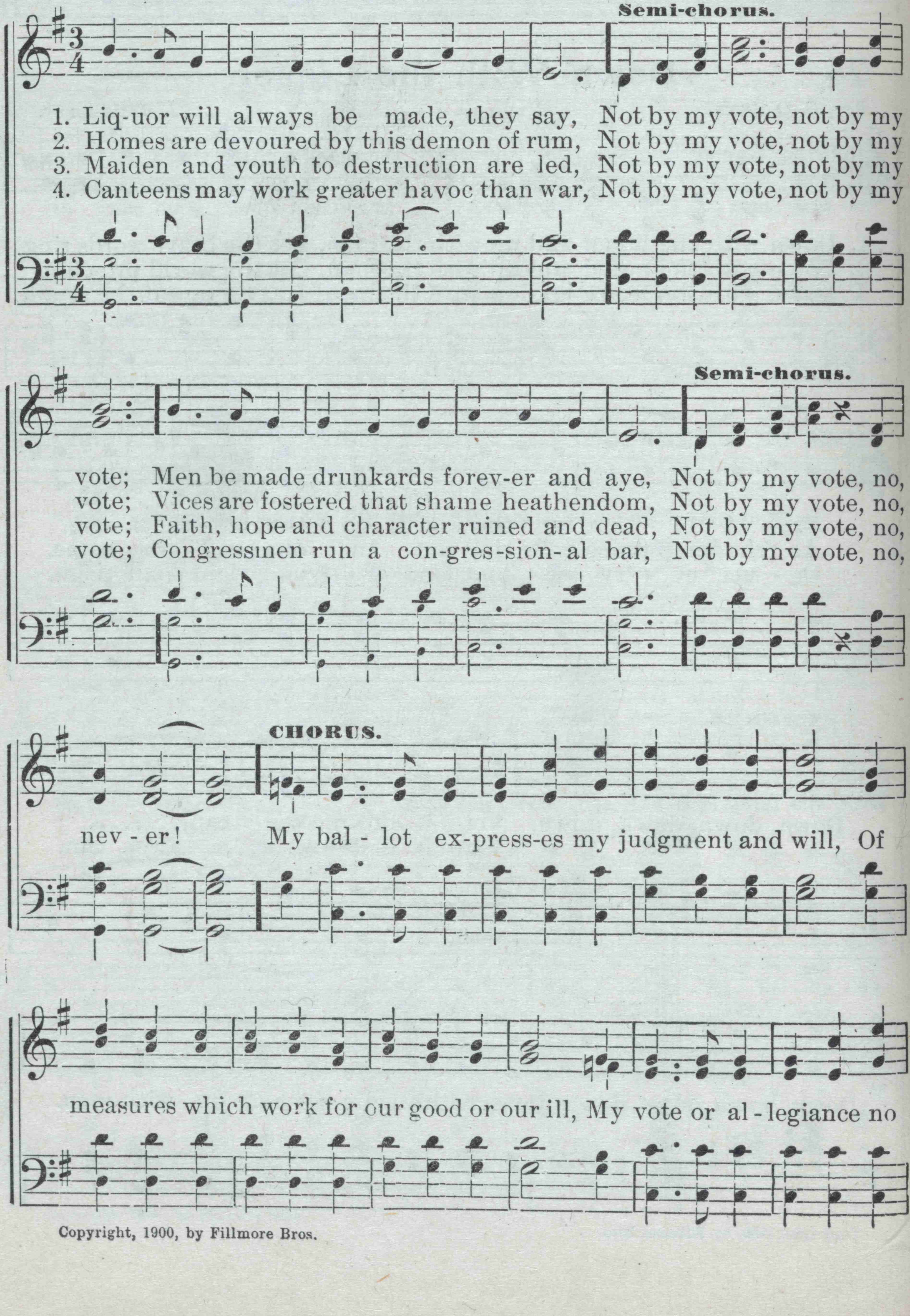
75 Not by My Vote.

"These four words will answer all arguments on this question, 'not by my vote.' If they say to us: 'Men will have it;' we can answer: 'Not by my vote.' If another says, 'men will sell it,' again we reply, 'not by my vote.' If we are told we must be politic, we answer, 'not by my vote.' I am not bound to abolish the saloon but only my interest in it. My vote may not hurt the saloon, but I am bound to vote it right all the same. Saloons may go on, like the brook, forever. Men may die in them like flies and hell grow fat on drunkards. Girls may be betrayed and boys baited hellward. Faith may be wrecked and character dismantled. Homes may be destroyed and women and children beggared. Soldiers' Homes may still sell drinks to the old veterans, and army canteens debauch the young ones. Our National Capitol may have a saloon at either end. Senators and Representatives may be drunk on the floors of Congress, but not by our votes."—*Hale Johnson.*

Solo for tenor, or duet for tenor and alto. Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.



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Not by My Vote.

par - ty can claim, That ad - vo-cates li - cens-ing e - vil and shame.

76

O Lord, How Long.

Rev. T. C. JOHNSON.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. How long, O Lord, how long! The weary years roll round, And still the gi - ant
2. Behold, O Lord, the tears, That flow from sleepless eyes, Where groans and sighs and
3. Be - hold, how des - olate A hundred thousand homes, Where love is crushed by
4. Look on our bleeding land By liquor hordes oppressed; Shall rum's accursed

wrong, With cru-el hand and strong, Inflicts his mortal wound; O Lord, how long,
fears, Drag thro' the weary years, And hope in sorrow dies; O Lord, how long,
hate, While demons guard the gate, And peace the desert roams; O Lord, how long,
band For - ev - er hold command—Our country have no rest? O Lord, how long,

CHORUS.

O Lord, how long! How long, how long, Strike down this gi - ant
How long, O Lord, how long, O Lord,

wrong; The dread saloon Will crush us soon, O Lord, how long, O Lord, how long.

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77 Come Away.

P. H. *Tune: "Speed Away."* I. B. Woodbury. Arr.

1. Come a - way, come a - way, 'tis a gen - tle voice calls,
2. Come a - way, come a - way, there's a de - mon's hot breath,
3. Come a - way, come a - way, 'tis a moth - er's soft voice,

'Mid the gay scenes of pleas-ure its ca-dence now falls, Oh,
And a serpent's sharp sting in the gob - let of death, A
From the bright home above where the blest ones re-joice; The

turn from the tempter that smiles to de - coy, Oh, turn from the
sis - ter will weep and a fa - ther will grieve, O'er sor-rows that
night wears a - way in its sin and its woe, The lights of the

wine-cup that gleams to de-stroy, Oh, heed thou the warning, Oh,
on - ly the grave can re-lieve; Oh, list to their pleading, Oh,
ban-quet burn dim - ly and low; List! an - gels now call thee, Oh,

Ad lib. **Rit.**

make no de - lay, Come a - way, come a - way, come a - way.
turn thee to - day, Come a - way, come a - way, come a - way.
why shouldst thou stay, Come a - way, come a - way, come a - way.

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78

Come Away.

P. H. **MALE VOICES.** I. B. WOODBURY. Arr.

1. Come a - way, come a - way, 'tis a gen - tle voice calls,
2. Come a - way, come a - way, there's a de - mon's hot breath,
3. Come a - way, come a - way, 'tis a moth - er's soft voice,

'Mid the gay scenes of pleas-ure its ca-dence now falls, Oh,
And a ser-pent's sharp sting in the gob - let of death, A
From the bright home a-bove where the blest ones re - joice; The

turn from the tempter that smiles to de - coy, Oh, turn from the
sis - ter will weep and a fa - ther will grieve, O'er sor-rows that
night wears a-way in its sin and its woe, The lights of the

wine-cup that gleams to de-stroy, Oh, heed thou the warning, Oh,
on - ly the grave can re-lieve; Oh, list to their pleading, Oh,
ban-quet burn dim - ly and low; List! an - gels now call thee, Oh,

make no de - lay, Come a - way, come a - way, come a - way.
turn thee to - day, Come a - way, come a - way, come a - way.
why shouldst thou stay, Come a - way, come a - way, come a - way.

Ad lib. Rit.

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79 The Prohibition Chariot.

FRED. E. RICKS. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. O de pro - hi - bi - tion chariot am a com - in', chillun, Don't you
2. O de pro - hi - bi - tion chariot am a roll - in', chillun, Don't you
3. O de pro - hi - bi - tion chariot am a mov - in', chillun, Put your
4. O de pro - hi - bi - tion chariot am a rum-blin', chillun, An' de

hear de wheels a whizzin' an' a hum-min', Don't you see dem big ole
hear de lick - er men how dey's a scol - lin', Kase de wheels of dis ole
shoulder to de wheel an' keep a shov - in', Keep dis wa-gon in de
might-y wall ob Sa - tan am a tum-blin', We is gwine to win dis

hoss - es What am gwine to be de boss - es, When we en-ter in at
wa - gon, Am a gwine to stop der braggin', How dey gwine to rule us
highway, Don't go sneakin' in de by-way, Wid dem parties who am
bat - tle, We is gwine to hab de cat - tle, An' de sheep an' milk an'

CHORUS.

las' de promised lan'.
out de promised lan'. Den git on board, git aboard In de name ob be Lawd
on de deb-il's side.
hon-ey ob dis lan'.

An' don't fo - git to buckle on de swod, Der gwine to be some fightin',

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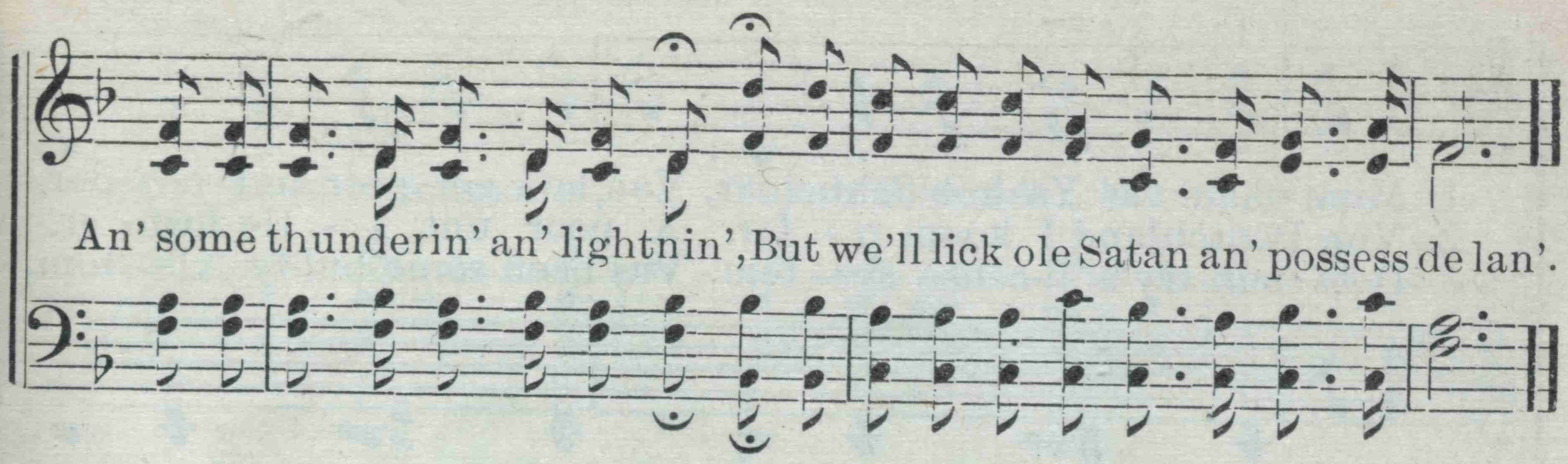
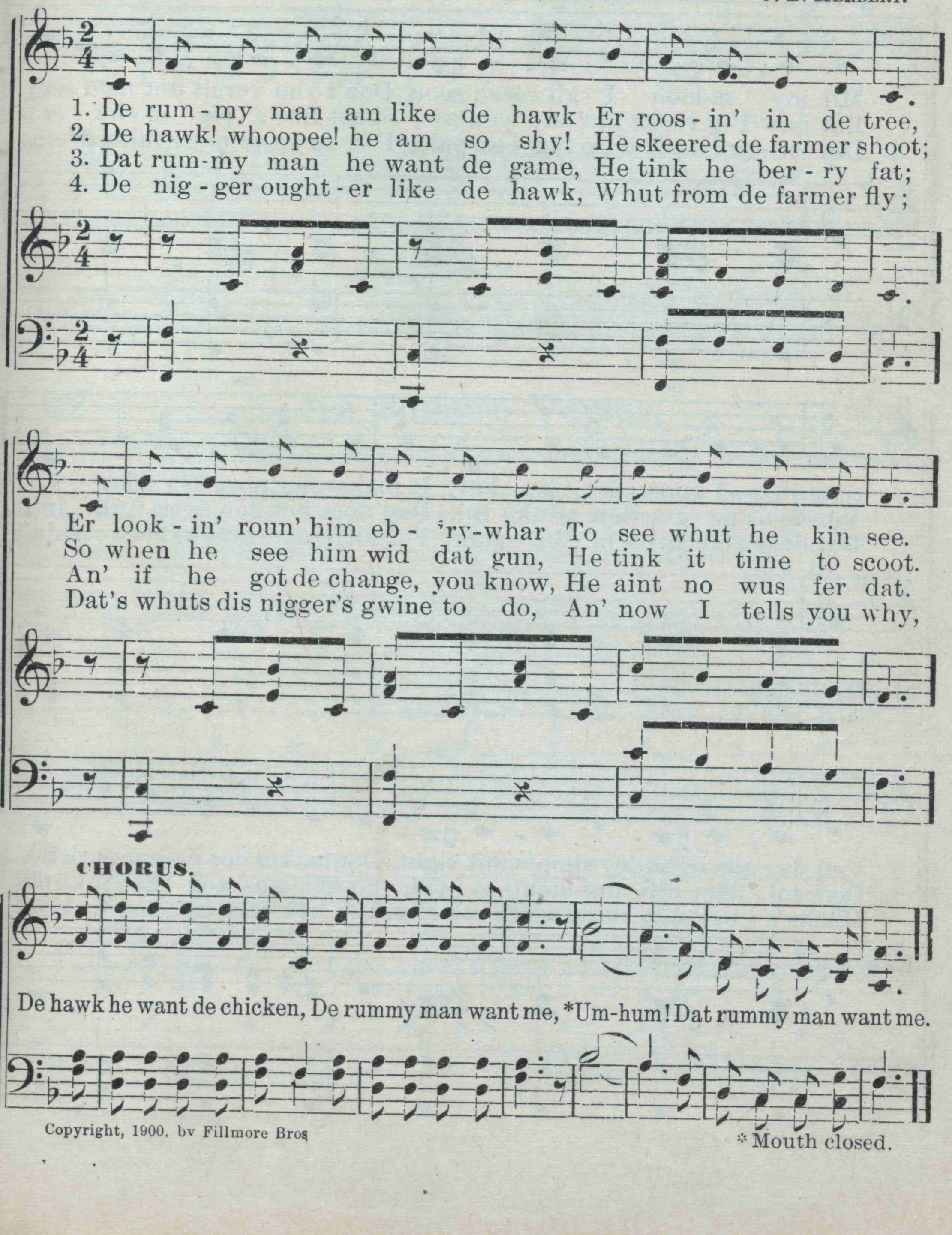
The Prohibition Chariot.



80

De Rummy Man.

Rev. R. O. SMITH. (*Barkeeper.*) J. B. HERBERT.



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* Mouth closed.

Yakob Schneider.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. Mine name vas Ya- kob Schneider, Von la - ger peer unt ci - der,
2. Von Deutchland I koom o - fer, A poor unt i - tle loaf - er,
3. Dot coun-try's li-cense sys - tem, Vas been some bul-ly vis - tom,

Mit my sa-loon I git reech soon, Don't you vergit dot neid - er;
But now I'm reech unt fat, you see, Shust like a pig in clof - er;
Der ex - tra trade dose tax - es paid, Unt so ve've nefer missed 'em;

Sumtimes, I know, dot vis - key, It makes der poys so frisk - y,
Ven fools pe - gin dere trink - in', Dey does not den been tink - in',
But dese yere Bro - hi - bi - tion, Vor vich some granks been vishin',

Ven dey gits tight dey shoots unt vight, Dot makes der peesness risky.
Dere tol - lars fill my mon - ey - till, So qvick as you vas vink-in'.
Machs a - ber nix, zu schmash mit stix, Der lick-er men's condi - tion.

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Yakob Schneider.

CHORUS.

O, Ya-kob Schneider, O, Yakob Schneider, You're getting ver-y fat unt reech, From lager peer unt cider; O, Yakob Schneider, O, Yakob Schneider, You're getting very fat unt reech, From lager peer unt cider.

An Encore Verse.

[NOTE.—If an encore is demanded of a singer, tell the following "FABLE" and sing the accompanying verse.]

FABLE.—A pond where a donkey was accustomed to drink was full of leeches, which worried him considerably. Finally he entered into an agreement with them to let them drink all of his blood that they wanted, provided they gave him back one-tenth. Thereupon all the beasts of the field remarked, "It is truly wisdom worthy of a Jackass."

C. F. MILLARD.

The mer-its of the license plan, Display u-

*E-aw, e-aw, e-aw, e-aw, e-aw, e-aw, e-aw, e-aw, e-aw, e-aw, e-

nique sa-gac-i-ty, We'll coin a word to fit the case, And call it hence "Jackassity."

aw, e-aw, e-aw, e-aw, e-aw, e-aw, e-aw, e-aw, e-aw, e-aw,

* Imitation of a jackass bray. The three voices may sing from the base staff

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83 David and Goliath.

FRED. E. RICKS. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

Solo or Unison.

1. Go - li - ath, the champion of the old Phil - is - tine host,
2. King Saul and his of - fi - cers a coun - cil held, and said,
3. Go - li - ath, the champion of the liq - uor traf - fic host,
4. Then ral - ly, O ar - my of the Lord, a might-y host,

De - fied Is - rael's ar - my with his an - gry threat and boast;
"Sur - ren - der we'd bet - ter for our cause is good as dead;"
De - fies Chris - tian ru - lers now with foul, blas-phe-mous boast;
And si - lence for ev - er - more this gi-ant's threat'ning boast;

King Saul, with his sol - diers, all like cow-ards broke and ran,
There was not a - mong them all a sol - i - ta - ry man
And hun - dreds and thou-sands in base fear and trembling stand,
Come on, Chris-tian vot - ers, now, and brave-ly take your stand,

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David and Goliath.

Be - fore this tow-'ring gi - ant of six cu-bits and a span.
To face this tow-'ring gi - ant of six cu-bits and a span.
Be - fore this tow-'ring gi - ant who spreads terror thro' the land.
And soon this tow-'ring gi - ant shall no long-er rule this land.

CHORUS.

1, 2. But there a - rose a Da-vid, with his sling and shepherd's rod,
3, 4. The Lord has sent a Da-vid, with his sling and shepherd's rod,

He challenged this great gi - ant and blasphem-er of his God,
To challenge this great gi - ant and blasphem-er of our God,

He smote the great Go - li - ath, with a sword cut off his head,
O smite this bold Go - li - ath, with a sword cut off his head,

His ar - my in dis - or - der and con - fu - sion swift - ly fled.
Our bal - lot is the weap-on that will kill the monster dead.

Stand for the Right.

P. H. MALE VOICES. J. B. HERBERT.

Spirited.

1. I'll stand for *the right*, I'll stand for *the right*, When darkest the night,
2. I'll stand for *the right*, I'll stand for *the right*, Tho' standing with few
3. I'll stand for *the right*, I'll stand for *the right*, The morning will break,

Cres.

And hot-test the fight, With all of my might, For truth and right I'll
And nothing in view, Yet faithful and true, For truth and right I'll
The world will a-wake, The nations will shake, And vic - to - ry will

lift my hand. I'll vote for *the right*, I'll vote for *the right*, Tho'
lift my hand. I'll vote for *the right*, I'll vote for *the right*, I'm
crown our side. I'll vote for *the right*, I'll vote for *the right*, On

Cres.

par-ties ap - peal And can-didates squeal, Yet true as the steel, I'll
fettered by none, My choice is my own, Tho' vot-ing a - lone, I'll
land and on sea, So hap - py and free, Our peo - ple shall be, For

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Stand for the Right.

f

CHORUS.
Rather fast.

vote for God and na - tive land.
vote for God and na - tive land. Break ranks, break ranks with the
God is strength and shield and guide.

Cres.

men who will rob, Break ranks, break ranks with the men of the job, Break

Cres.

f

ranks, break ranks with all the jeering mob Who dens of drink promote, Then down, O

down with the par-ties of rum, And down with the boss - es so
of rum,

Cres.

f

dumb, And with the hosts of freemen come And cast your vote.
so dumb, And cast your righteous vote.

85 There Will Dawn a Golden Morrow.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. There will dawn a gold - en mor-row, by and by, Earth will
2. Truth and jus - tice will be strong-er, by and by, (by and by!) Men will
3. Each will learn to serve his neigh-bor, by and by, Kind - ly

wear a - way her sor - row, by and by, We shall
bear with sin no long - er, by and by, (by and by!) Hosts of
words will sweet-en la - bor, by and by, Man to

see the glo - ry bright-en, We shall feel the bur - den light-en, In the
e - vil will be scat-tered, And their i - dols will be shattered, In the
man will be a broth - er, Each in hon - or choose the oth - er, In the

CHORUS.

gold-en morn-ing by and by. By and by, by and by,
By and by! by and by!

Hearts will know a sweeter sto-ry by and by, by and by! By and by,
by and by!

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There Will Dawn a Golden Morrow.

86 A Temperance Prayer

E. E. HEWITT. J. H. F.

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87 The License Hanging on the Wall.

B. M. LAWRENCE. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

Recitative. Not too fast.

1. Would you know what caused the tumult, Filled the city full of strife, Wrecked the qui - et lit - tle home be-side the sea, Made that tender, lov-ing las - sie
2. From that dear old home the daughter Has been driven far a-way, And her noble, brave young brother now is gone, While the broken-hearted mother,
3. When the people see the dan-ger That is lurking thro' the land, And be- hold the legal robbers they have made; Note the cities of the na - tion,

Leave the old hearthstone for life, In despair an out-cast far a - way to flee; Know what made the midnight shadows Cloud the sunshine of her youth, And her
Sad-ly weep-ing, tries to pray, In her sor-row now la - ment-ing all a- lone; Waiting for her drunken husband, He who once was true and kind, Till the
Governed by a law-less band Of dram dealers, who the souls of men de- grade; Will they not ordain a mandate, And declare the drink slave free? While from

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The License Hanging on the Wall.

young heart feel a grief beyond control? 'Twas the awful curse of drinking
cruel Rum Fiend came and caused his fall; Then we lost a loving neighbor.
mothers, wives and daughters comes the call, "Freemen, rouse! for God, for country,

For she could not hide the truth That her father was a victim of the bowl.
Friend and father all combined, When the dealer hung his license on the wall.
Vote for Home, for Liberty, And remove the Rum Fiend's license from the wall."

CHORUS.

There's a name that's never spoken, While a mother's heart is broken, And an-
For last verse.
Father's name will then be spoken, Mother's heart no longer broken, And the

other home is ruined By a loving father's fall; But the Rum Fiend still is
"good time" so long coming Bless the nations one and all; When good people cease from

living, And the people still are giving Him a license that is hanging on the wall.
giving The Rum Fiend a legal living, And his license hangs no longer on the wall.

Roll, Roll.

P. H. MALE VOICES. J. H. F.

1. Heah dem white souls callin', Heah dem white souls callin', Pro - hi - bi - tion,
2. Heah dem white souls singin', Heah dem white souls singin', Pro - hi - bi - tion,
3. Heah dem beer men howlin', Heah dem beer men howlin', Pro - hi - bi - tion,
4. See dem ru - ins ly - in', See dem ru - ins ly - in', Pro - hi - bi - tion,

pro-hi - bition! Heah dem white souls callin', callin', See dem white votes fallin',
pro-hi - bition! Heah dem white souls singin', singin', Heah dem white bells ringin',
pro-hi - bition! Heah dem beer men howlin', howlin', Heah dem thunders growlin',
pro-hi - bition! See dem aw - ful ru - ins ly - in', See dem rich men dy-in',

See dem white votes fall - in', Pro - hi - bi - tion, pro - hi - bi - tion! a
Heah dem white bells ring - in', Pro - hi - bi - tion, pro - hi - bi - tion! a
Heah dem thunders growl - in', Pro - hi - bi - tion, pro - hi - bi - tion! a
See dem rich men dy - in', Pro - hi - bi - tion, pro - hi - bi - tion! a

Heah dem votes fall. Roll, . . . roll, ... Ga-briel's trump-et
Heah dem bells ring. Roll, . . . roll, ... Char - iot ob de
Heah dem men growl. Roll, . . . roll, ... Day ob judgment
Rich men die. Roll, . . . roll, ... Rocks and mountains

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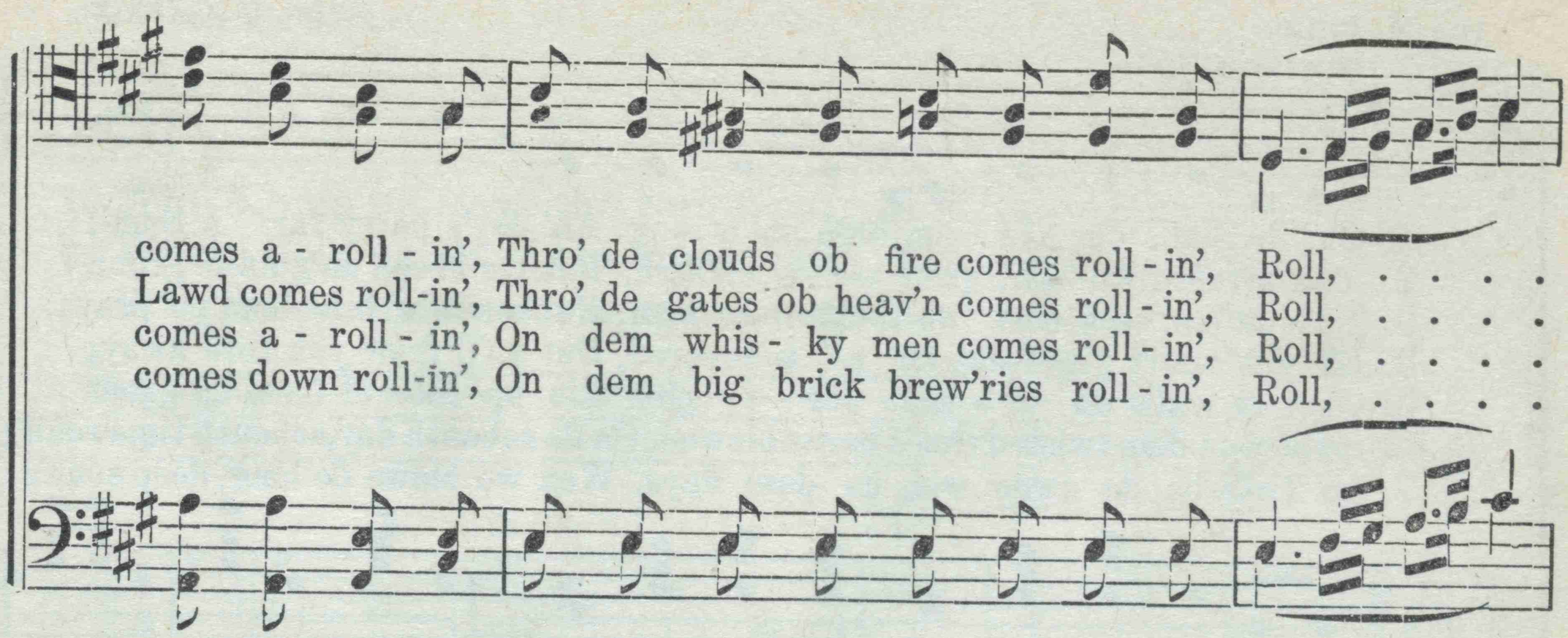
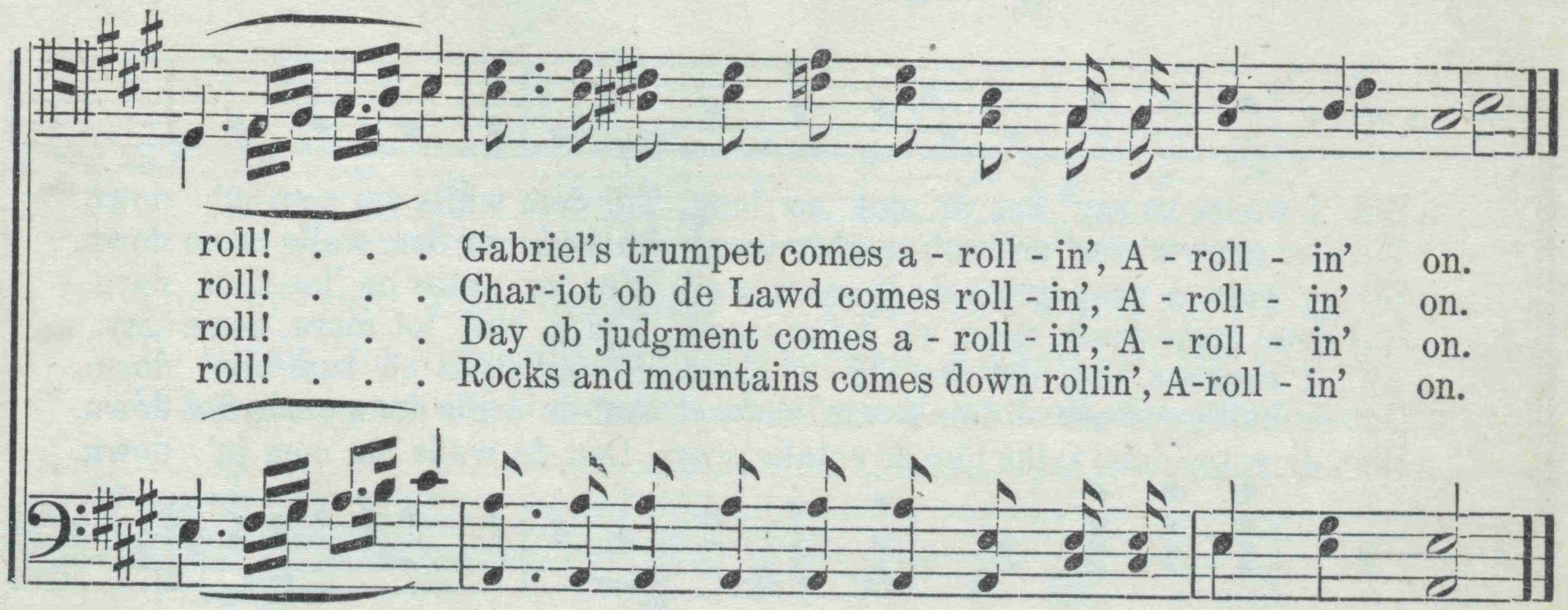
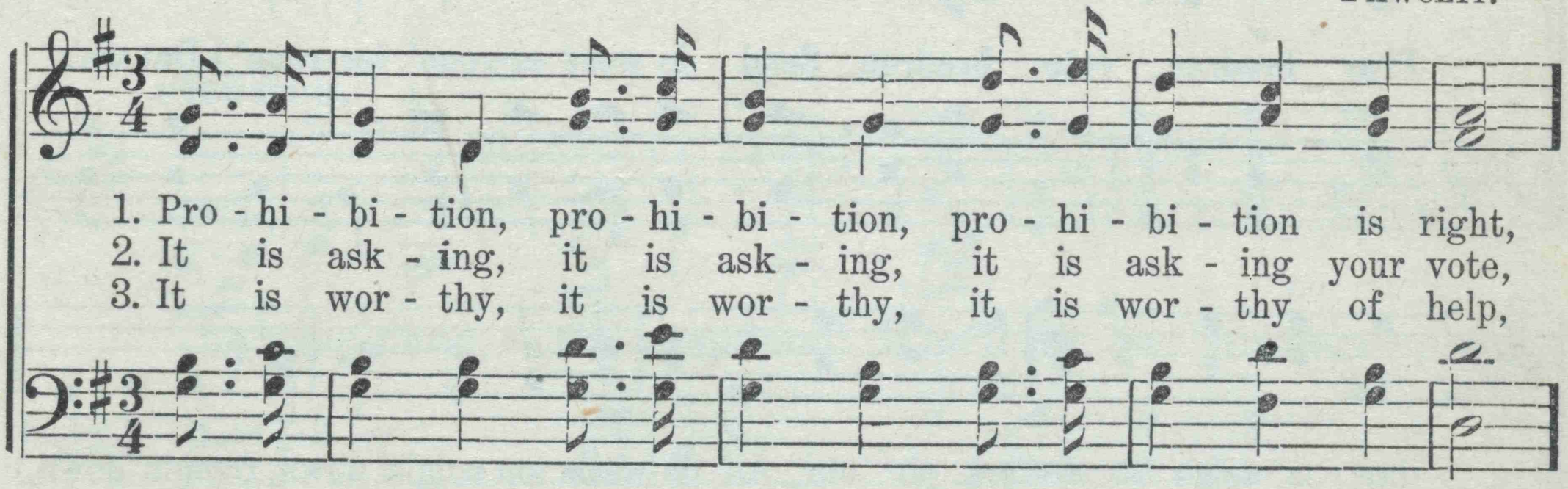
Roll, Roll.

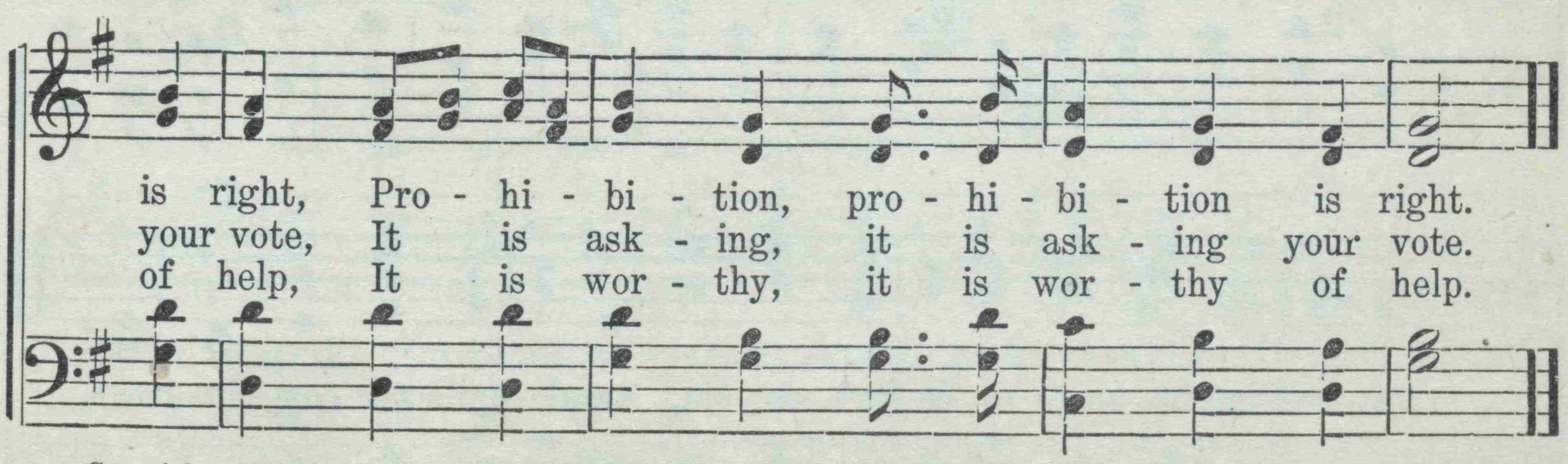




89 Prohibition.

C. M. F. *Tune : "Come to Jesus."* FAWCETT.





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4 Nothing better is known.
5 It is growing each day.
6 It is certain to win.
7 It will triumph some day.

90 De Walls am Comin' Down.

IDA M. BUDD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Unison Solo.

1. Oh, de walls ob sin am high an' strong, An' dey's berry far a-roun';
2. Yo's a-feard we aint quite strong enough, But we keeps on gainin' groun';
3. Yo's de por - est sort ob temp'rance man, Nebber min' how loud yo' prays;
4. Ef yoh heart gits faint an' yo' is skeered, Dat yo'll frow yoh vote away;
5. Once de walls ob ol' - time Jer - i - cho, Riz up sol - id from de groun';
6. But 'twas wen dem twisted ram's horns blowed, On de sebenth day, sebenth time roun';
7. An' 'twill be de same wid us dese days, Wen we blows de long, deep soun';

But I wants to say dat it aint so long, Till dem walls am com-in' down.
We's er growin' fas' an' we's mighty tough, So we know dem walls come down.
Ef yo' puts a prop 'ginst de li-cense wall, Wen yo' votes on 'lec-tion days.
It'll done come back, doan' yo' be afeared, Wid a hull lot more, some day.
An' I reckons, too, dat dey did - n' show A - ny signs ob tum-blin' down.
Dat de hull good use ob deir tootin' showed, An' de walls done come flat down.
Wen de votes done talks like de votahs prays, Den de walls am com in' down.

CHORUS.

Pray bredren, vote bredren, Send de word er-roun', (er-roun',) Dat we's lay - in' seige to de fort ob sin, An' de walls am comin' down, (comin' down,)

Dat we's lay-in' seige to de fort ob sin, An' de walls am com - in' down.

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91 Slay the Rum-fiend.

ROBT. O. SMITH. J. H. F.

BASE SOLO.

1. Who'll help us slay the rum-fiend, The foe of man and God;
2. Who'll help us slay the rum-fiend, Oh, broth-ers, who will come,
3. Who'll help us slay the rum-fiend, And ush - er in the day;

The ty - rant with his greed for gold, And thirst for hu-man blood?
To drag the monarch from his throne, And smash the rule of rum?
When temperance the crown shall wear, And all the world will sway?

CHORUS.

The rum-fiend, the rum-fiend! Who'll lift a freeman's hand?

Who'll strike the bloody ty-rant down, And sweep him from the land?

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92

High-cock-a-low-rum.

Dedicated to Geo. F. Wells, St. Paul, Minn.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. Once there was a queer old woman, Who could cure all ailments hu - man,
2. Now these rem - e - dies spe - cif - ic, With their pow-ers so ter - rif - ic,
3. So the wi - ly pol - i - ti-cians, Have en - act - ed some pro - vis - ions,
4. Come, ye vo - ters pa - tri - ot - ic, 'Gainst this rum-rule so de - spot - ic,

Rit. **A tempo.**

By two pa-tent med - i-cines she made; One she called, "High-cock-a-low-rum,"
By a method strange she did pre-pare; When she stripped a tree's bark upward,
'Gainst the liquor traffic's aw - ful curse; They are called low and high license,
Stand for God and country and your home. Vote an-oth - er proc - la - ma - tion,

One she called, "Low-cock-a-high-rum," And she had a most tremendous trade.
It made "high-cock," but stripped downward, It made "low-cock," so she did declare.
But for upright, downright nonsense, It is hard to tell which one is worse.
For complete e - man - ci - pa-tion From the ty-rant reign of Old King Rum.

CHORUS. **Rit.**

High-cock-a-low-rum, Low-cock-a-high-rum, High-cock, low-cock, rum! rum! rum!
*High license vo - ter, Low license pa-triot, Vo-ter, patriot, come! come! come!

Al - lee sa - mee high or low, Al - lee sa - mee low or high, Al - lee
Let us sound a bet - ter note, Let us cast a right-eous vote In be-

* This Chorus for last verse.

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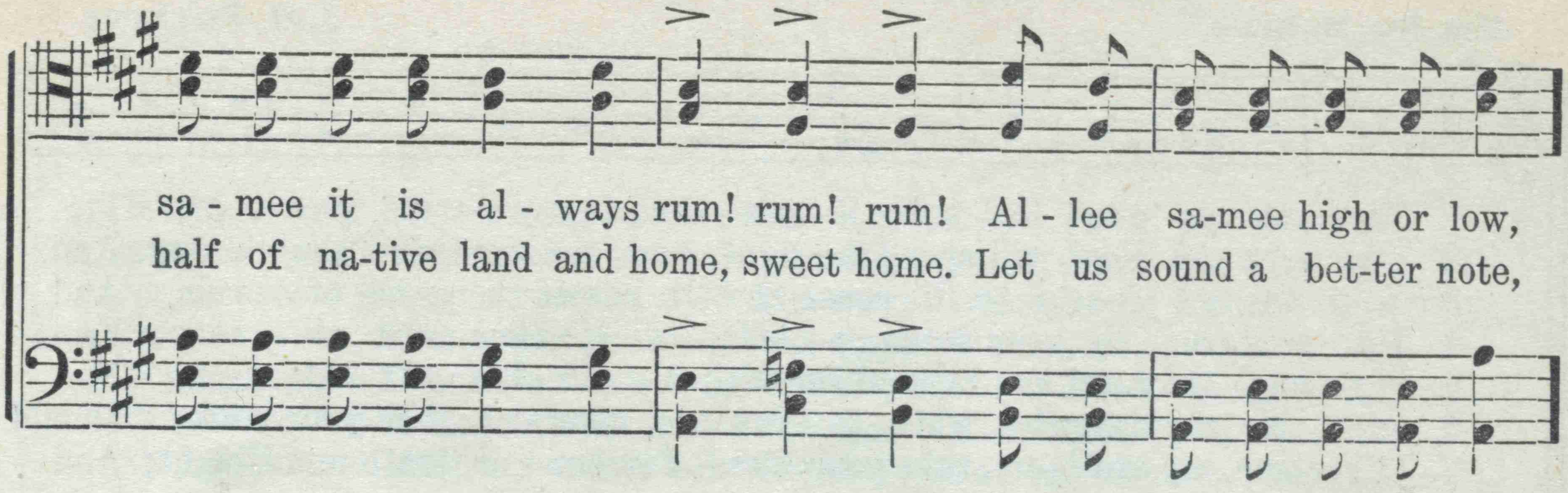
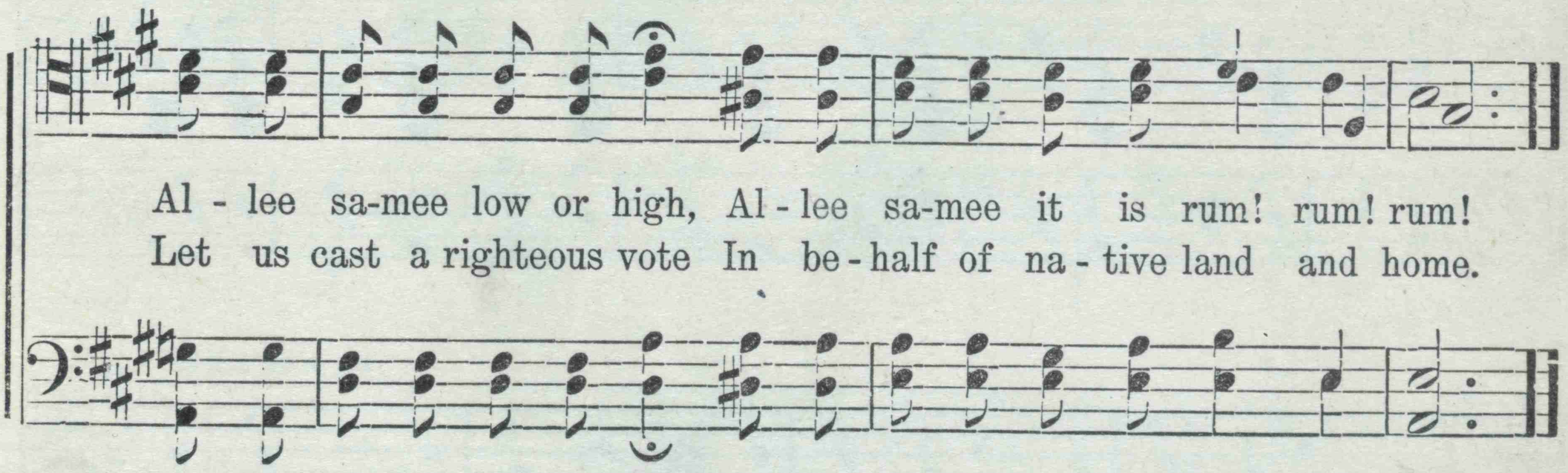
High-cock-a-low-rum.

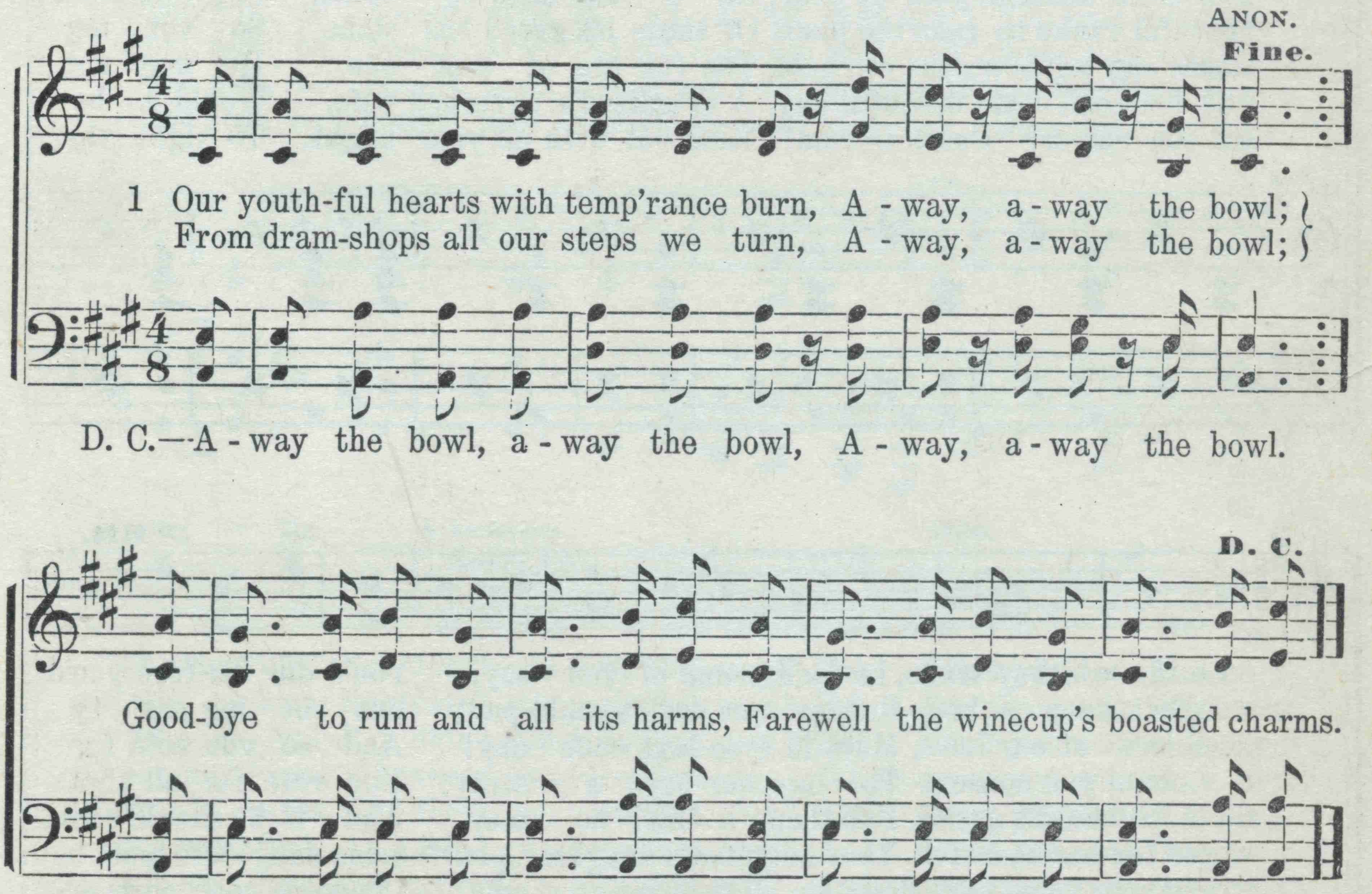




93

Away the Bowl.

ANON.



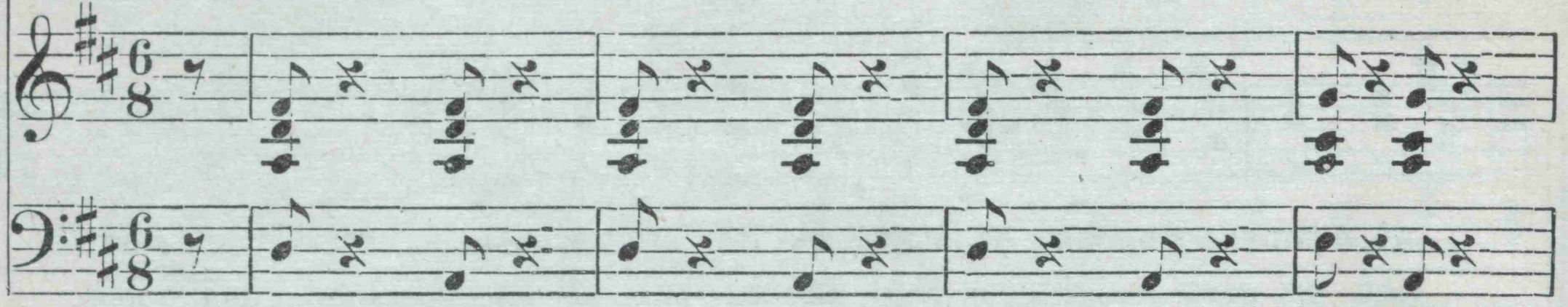
2 See how the staggering drunkard reels,
Away, away the bowl;
Alas! the misery he reveals,
Away, away the bowl;
Good-bye to rum and all its harms,
Farewell the wine-cup's boasted charms.

3 No alcohol we'll buy or sell,
Away, away the bowl;
The tippler's offer we repel,
Away, away the bowl;
United in a temperance band,
We're joined in heart, we're joined in hand.

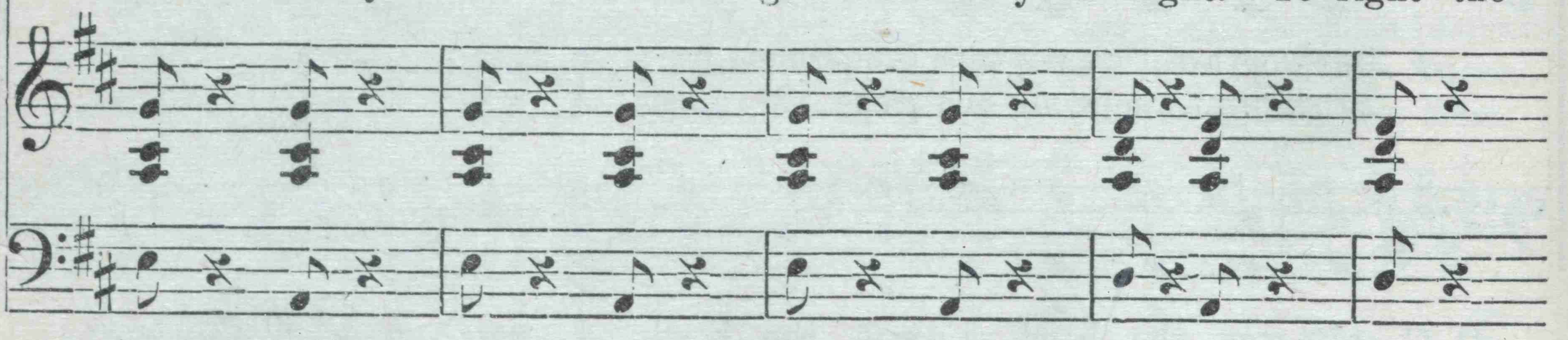
94 Didn't You Vote That Way?

Mrs. Ida M. Budd. J. H. Fillmore.

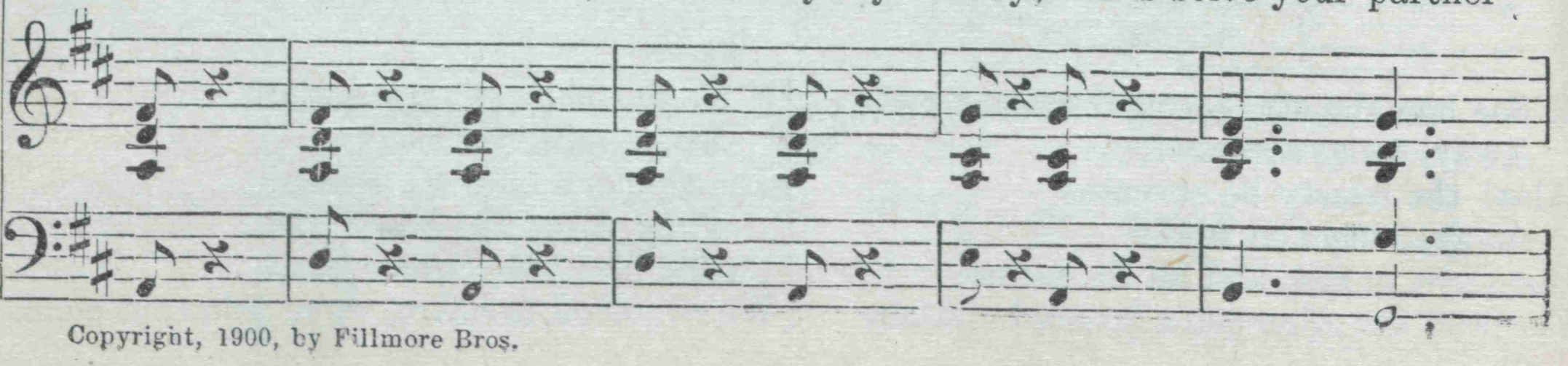
1. Come, all ye good Re - pub - li - cans, And Dem - o-crats, give ear; I'm
2. You hope the Lord will speed the right, And o - ver-throw the wrong; And
3. Your par-ty's pledged to li - cense tho' It knows the curse of rum, And
4. The traf - fic, by your votes up - held, Its vic-tims must ob - tain From
5. Per - haps the Lord has blessed you with A no - ble, gift - ed son, No
6. Or, if the daughter, who to you Is dear - er than your life, Should
7. O! come, my broth-ers, take your stand, For hon - or, truth and right; And



going to sing a lit - tle song, Perhaps you'll like to hear. I know you
yet, my brothers, are you sure On which side you be - long? Of course, you
how more baneful, year by year, Its e - vils have be - come. It grows more
youthful ranks to take the place Of those its greed has slain. So vot - ing
words can tell how dear you hold, The fut- ure of that one. He may not
find her-self, some dreadful day, A drunkard's wretched wife. Would it be
let the war-cry "Death to rum!" Ring out with all your might. To right the



hate the whiskey trade, In-deed, some of you say, You'd die be-fore you'd
wouldn't keep a bar, How-ev - er well 'twould pay; But vot - ing par - ty
heed-less of our laws, More in - so-lent each day; And so you vote for
li - cense you consent To lure our boys a - stray; You vote for all that
fill a drunkard's grave, But then, a - las! he may, And if he should could
worse for her than for Your neighbor's daughter, pray? Some daughters must be
wrong your votes have done, Do all that yet you may; Dis-solve your partner-



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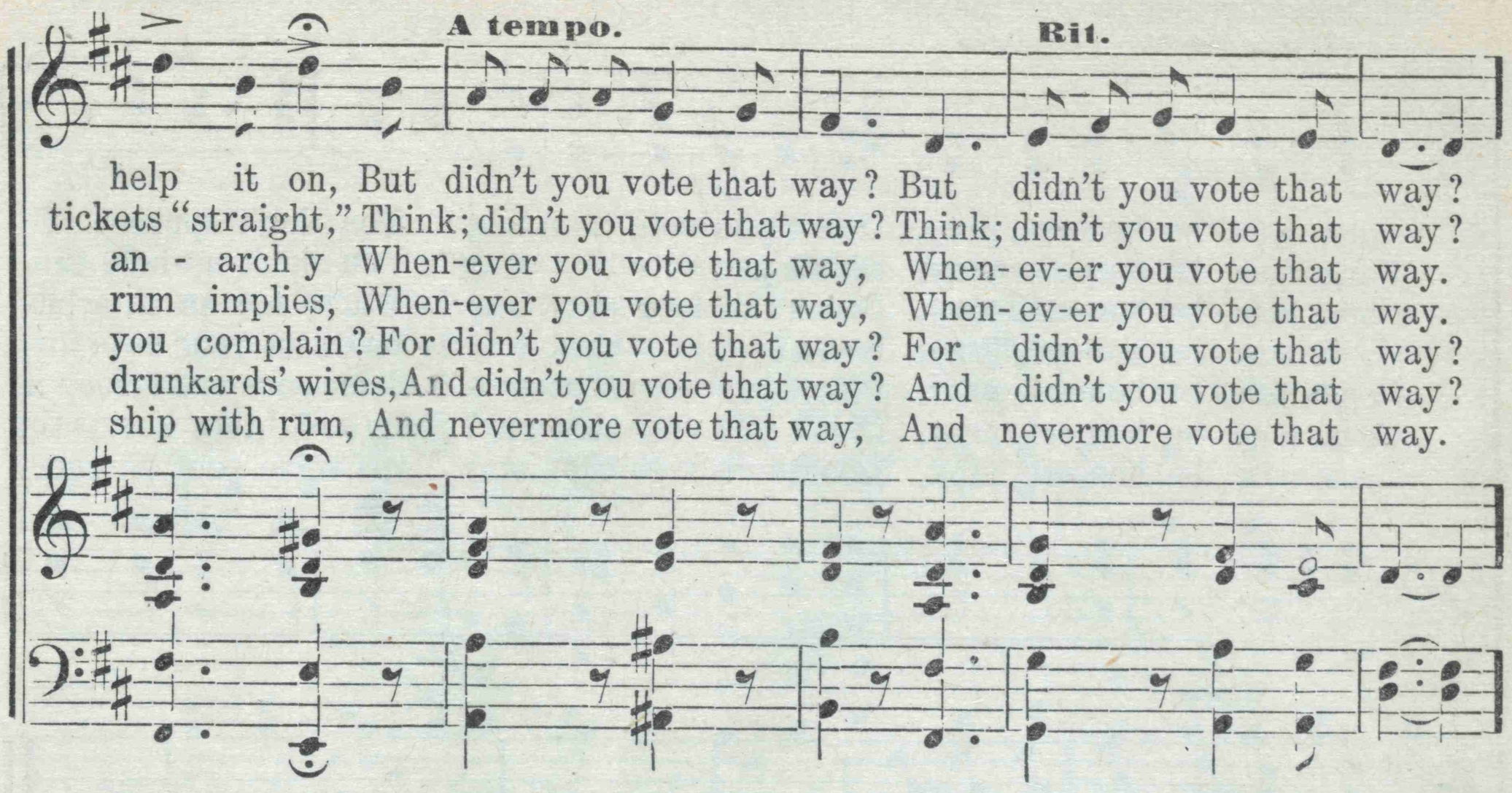
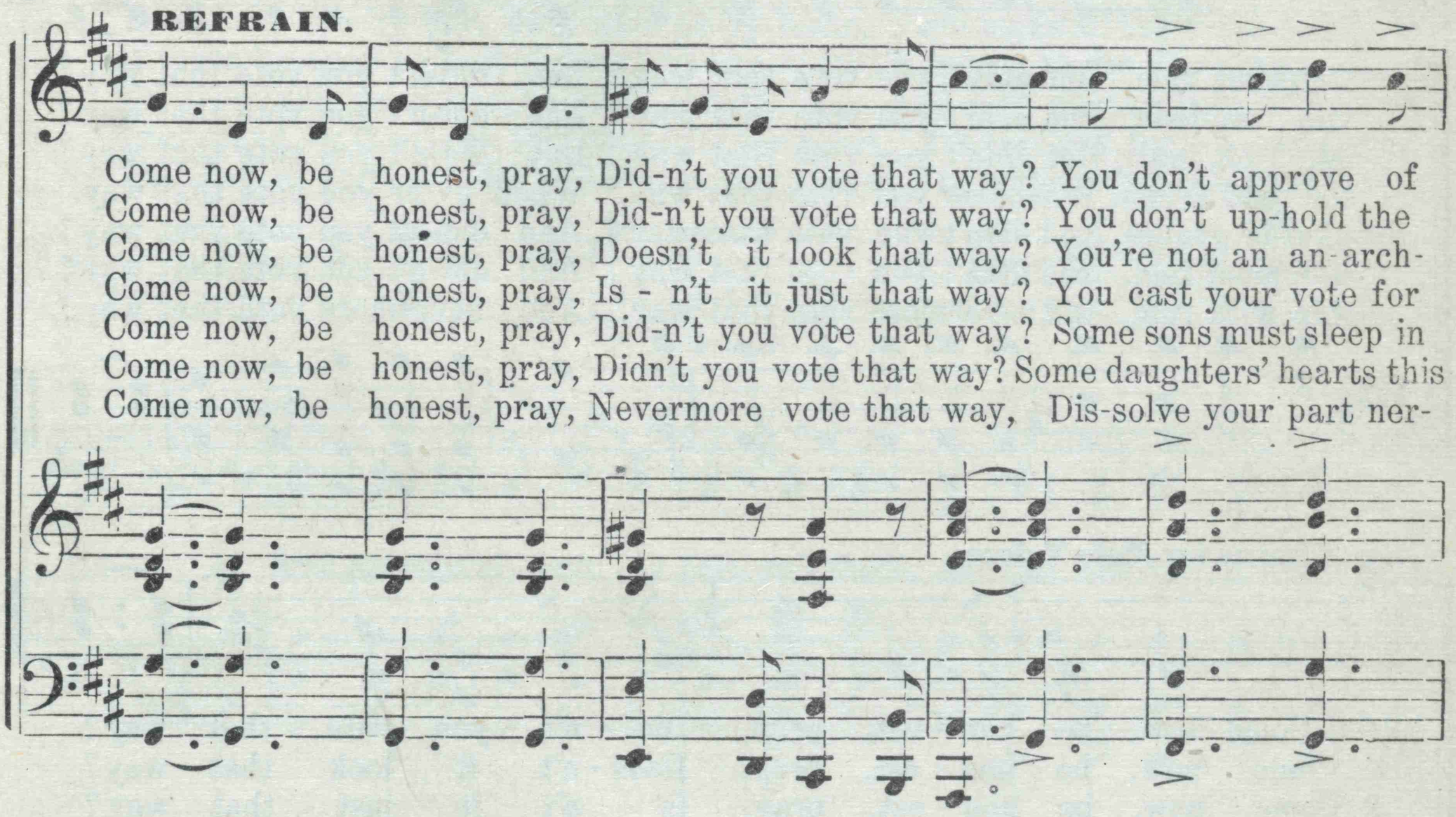
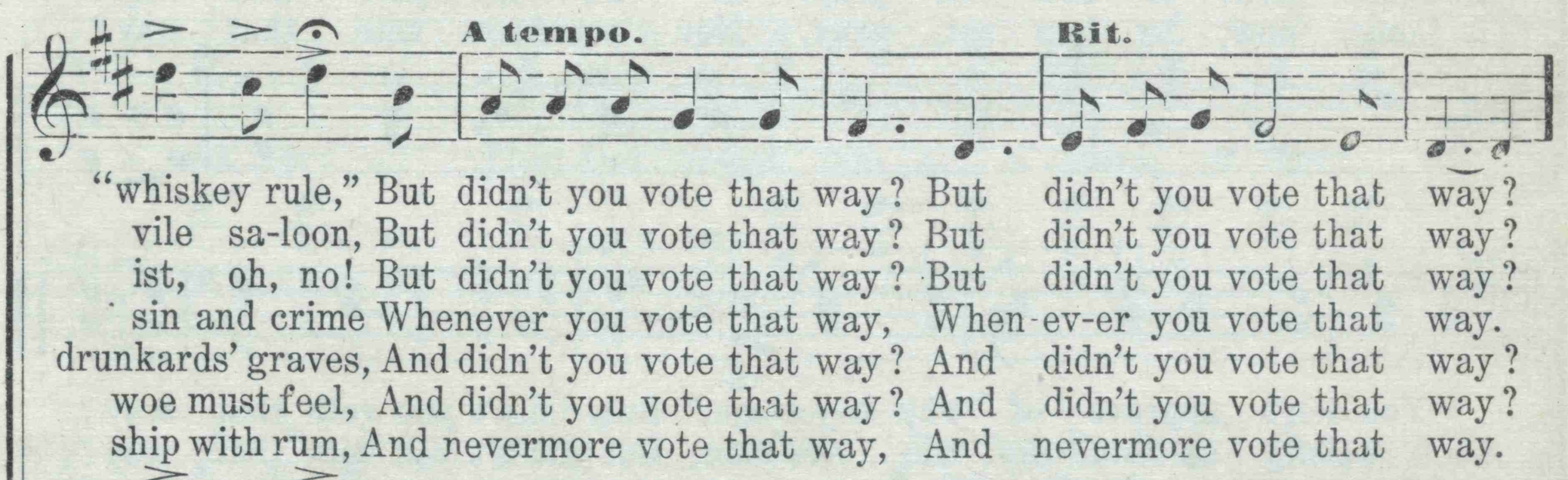
Didn't You Vote That Way?



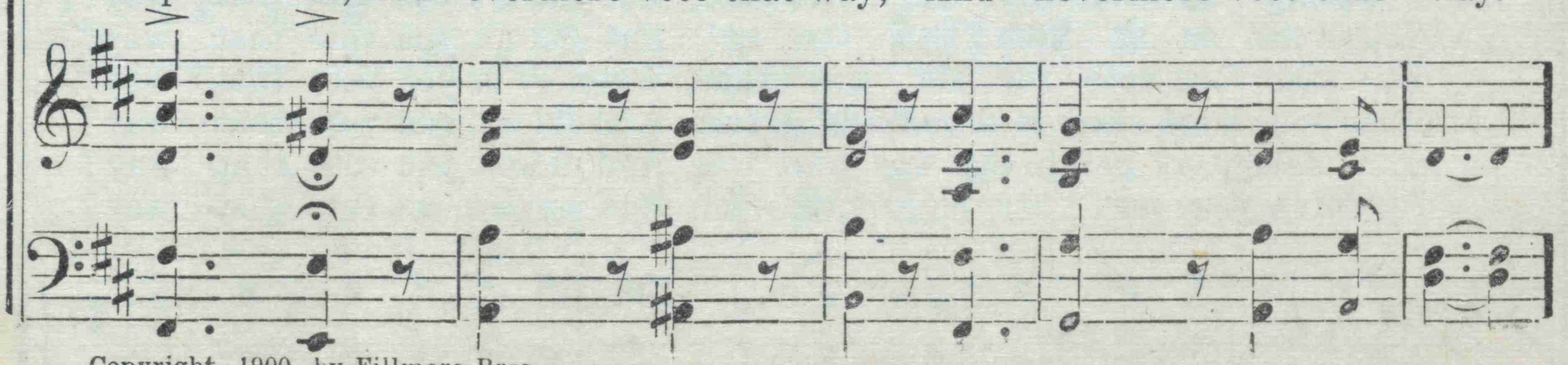
help it on, But didn't you vote that way? But didn't you vote that way?
tickets "straight," Think; didn't you vote that way? Think; didn't you vote that way?
an - arch y When-ever you vote that way, When- ev-er you vote that way.
rum implies, When-ever you vote that way, When- ev-er you vote that way.
you complain? For didn't you vote that way? For didn't you vote that way?
drunkards' wives, And didn't you vote that way? And didn't you vote that way?
ship with rum, And nevermore vote that way, And nevermore vote that way.



Come now, be honest, pray, Did-n't you vote that way? You don't approve of
Come now, be honest, pray, Did-n't you vote that way? You don't up-hold the
Come now, be honest, pray, Doesn't it look that way? You're not an an-arch-
Come now, be honest, pray, Is - n't it just that way? You cast your vote for
Come now, be honest, pray, Did-n't you vote that way? Some sons must sleep in
Come now, be honest, pray, Didn't you vote that way? Some daughters' hearts this
Come now, be honest, pray, Nevermore vote that way, Dis-solve your part ner-



"whiskey rule," But didn't you vote that way? But didn't you vote that way?
vile sa-loon, But didn't you vote that way? But didn't you vote that way?
ist, oh, no! But didn't you vote that way? But didn't you vote that way?
sin and crime Whenever you vote that way, When-ev-er you vote that way.
drunkards' graves, And didn't you vote that way? And didn't you vote that way?
woe must feel, And didn't you vote that way? And didn't you vote that way?
ship with rum, And nevermore vote that way, And nevermore vote that way.



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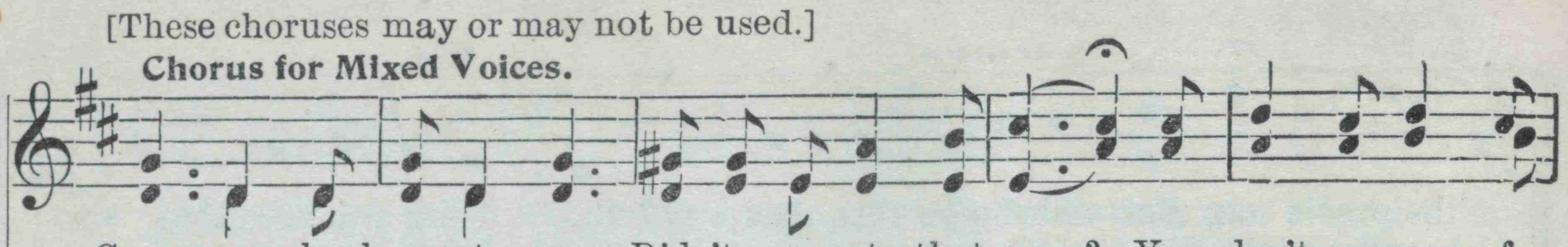
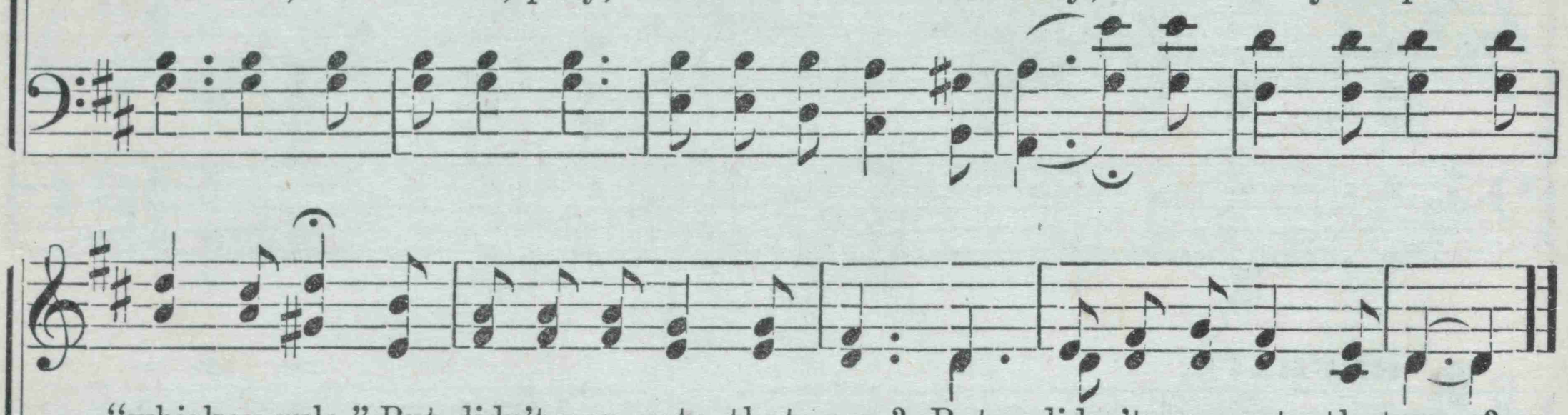
Didn't You Vote That Way?

[These choruses may or may not be used.]

Chorus for Mixed Voices.

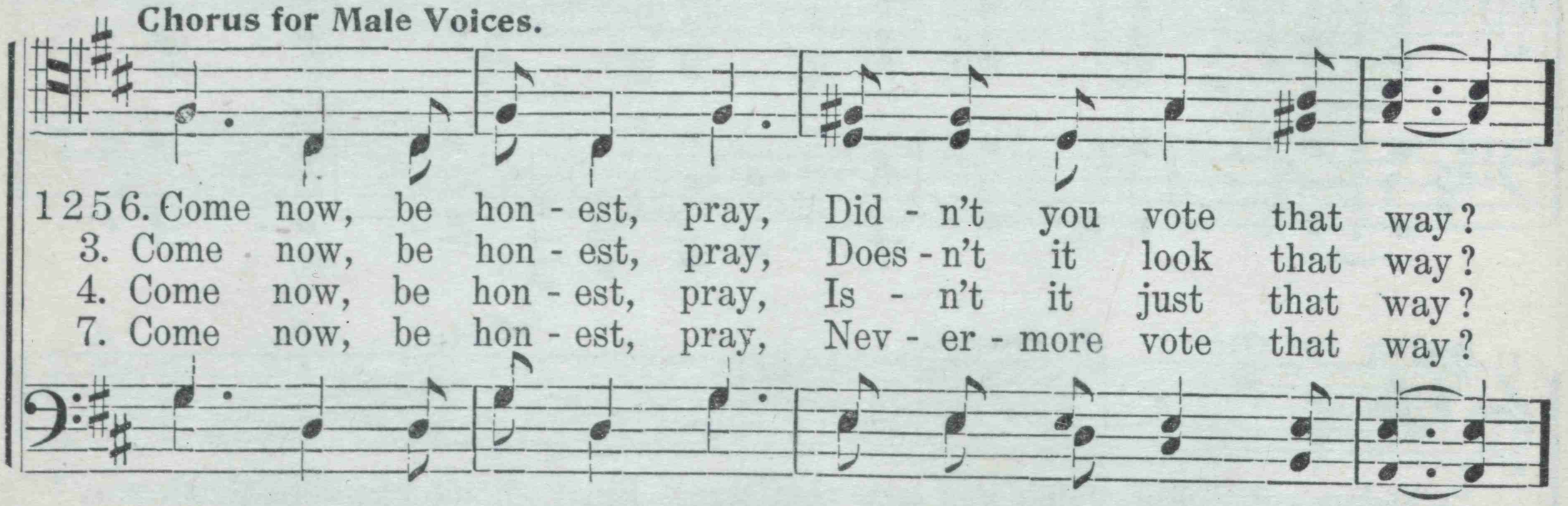


Come now, be hon-est, pray, Didn't you vote that way? You don't approve of
Come now, be hon-est, pray, Didn't you vote that way? You don't up-hold the
Come now, be hon-est, pray, Doesn't it look that way? You're not an an-arch-
Come now, be hon-est, pray, Is - n't it just that way? You cast your vote for
Come now, be hon-est, pray, Didn't you vote that way? Some sons must sleep in
Come now, be hon-est, pray, Didn't you vote that way? Some daughters' hearts this
Come now, be hon-est, pray, Nevermore vote that way; Dis-solve your partner-



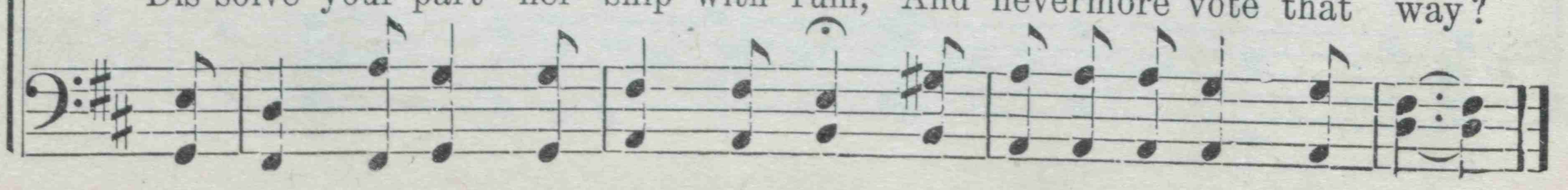
"whiskey rule," But didn't you vote that way? But did-n't you vote that way?
vile sa-loon, But didn't you vote that way? But did-n't you vote that way?
ist, oh, no! But didn't you vote that way? But did-n't you vote that way?
sin and crime, Whenever you vote that way, When- ev-er you vote that way.
drunkards' graves, And didn't you vote that way? And did-n't you vote that way?
woe must feel, And didn't you vote that way? And did-n't you vote that way?
ship with rum, And nevermore vote that way, And nevermore vote that way?

Chorus for Male Voices.



1 2 5 6. Come now, be hon - est, pray, Did - n't you vote that way?
3. Come now, be hon - est, pray, Does - n't it look that way?
4. Come now, be hon - est, pray, Is - n't it just that way?
7. Come now, be hon - est, pray, Nev - er - more vote that way?

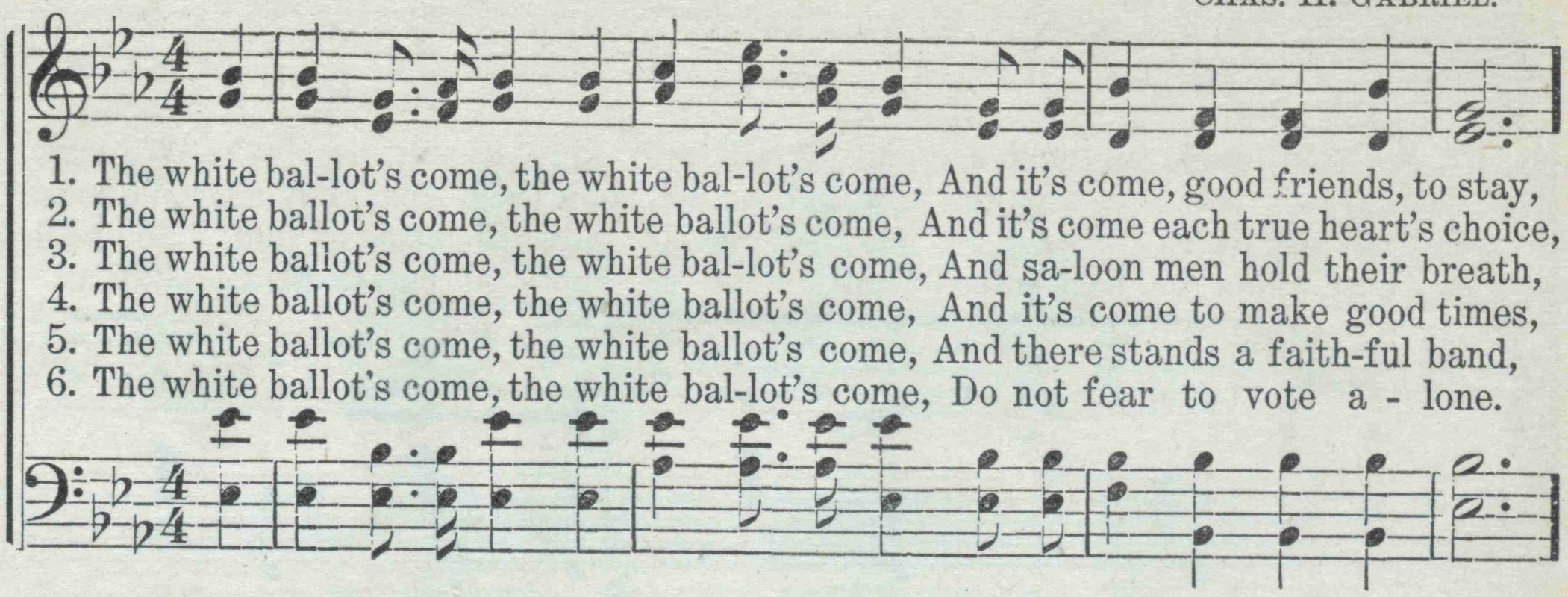
You don't approve of "whis-key rings," But did n't you vote that way?
You don't up-hold the vile sa - loon, But did-n't you vote that way?
You're not an an - arch - ist, O, no! But did n't you vote that way?
You cast your vote for sin and crime, When-ev-er you vote that way?
Some sons must sleep in drunkards' graves, And did-n't you vote that way?
Some daughters' hearts this woe must feel, And did-n't you vote that way?
Dis-solve your part - ner - ship with rum, And nevermore vote that way?



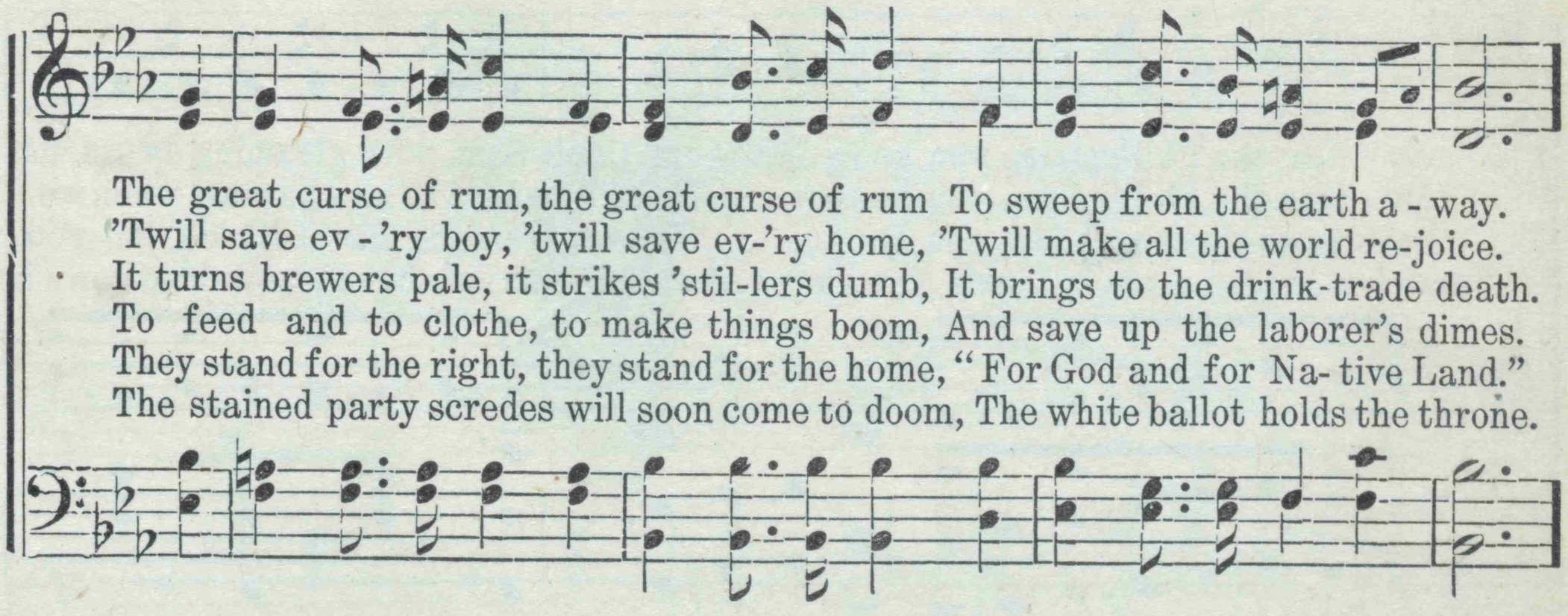
95 The White Ballot.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. The white bal-lot's come, the white bal-lot's come, And it's come, good friends, to stay,
2. The white ballot's come, the white ballot's come, And it's come each true heart's choice,
3. The white ballot's come, the white bal-lot's come, And sa-loon men hold their breath,
4. The white ballot's come, the white ballot's come, And it's come to make good times,
5. The white ballot's come, the white ballot's come, And there stands a faith-ful band,
6. The white ballot's come, the white bal-lot's come, Do not fear to vote a - lone.

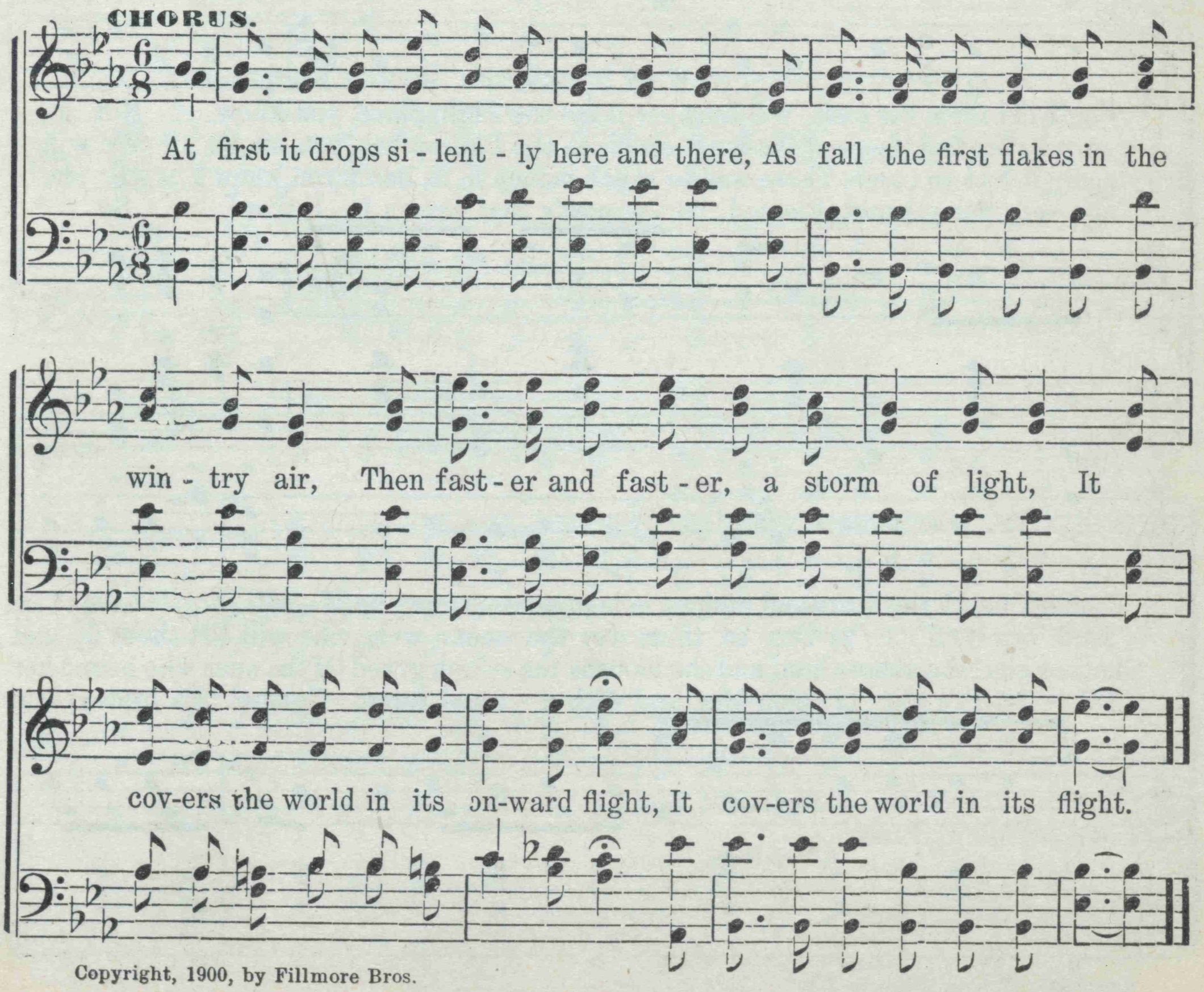


The great curse of rum, the great curse of rum To sweep from the earth a - way.
'Twill save ev - 'ry boy, 'twill save ev-'ry home, 'Twill make all the world re-joice.
It turns brewers pale, it strikes 'stil-lers dumb, It brings to the drink-trade death.
To feed and to clothe, to make things boom, And save up the laborer's dimes.
They stand for the right, they stand for the home, "For God and for Na- tive Land."
The stained party scredes will soon come to doom, The white ballot holds the throne.



CHORUS.

At first it drops si - lent - ly here and there, As fall the first flakes in the win - try air, Then fast - er and fast - er, a storm of light, It cov-ers the world in its on-ward flight, It cov-ers the world in its flight.



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96 Civilize the Philippines.

IDA M. BUDD. J. B. HERBERT.

Allegretto.

1. We've a task on hand demand-ing all our dip - lo-mat - ic pow'rs, We must
2. They are sem - i - sav-age now, but we will show them what they need, We must
3. But our civil - i - za-tion's married; she is now the bride of rum; So he'll
4. Those whom God hath joined together let no mor - tal put a-part, But all

civ - ilize the Philippines, you know; Since our Uncle Sam, with gleaming sword, has
civ - ilize the Philippines, you know; There'll be sure to be a harvest when we
have to go along with her, you know; 'Twas a dreadful mis-al-liance, but you
matches are not made in heav'n, you know; And this marriage bond was welded down in

captured them for ours, We must civ-il-ize the Philippines, you know. Not a
once have sown the seed, We must civ-il-ize the Philippines, you know. We will
see it had to come, There was so much money in it, don't you know? O, she
she - ol's ver-y heart, Blessed be the pow'r that severs it, I trow. So

country 'neath the Stars and Stripes in heathendom must lie, We will shortly have them
send our civil - i - za-tion to them o'er the ocean wide, She will lift them up and
loathes him! she abhors him! and she mourns the selfish greed Of the ones who bound her
ral - ly, Pro - hi - bi - tion-ists, and with u - nited force, Compel this bridegroom

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Civilize the Philippines.

civ - il-ized or know the reason why; Oh, with mis-sion-a - ry fer-vor is our
teach them, to our boundless joy and pride, And the blessings of enlightenment shall
to him; but she's bound to him indeed, And she finds he won't be left behind, not
to a - gree to writings of divorce; And then, with conscience clear and free, in

nation's heart a-glow, We must civ - il-ize the Philippines, you know.
round about them flow, As we civ - il-ize the Philippines, you know.
e'en to let her go Out to civ - il-ize the Philippines, you know.
all good faith we'll go Forth to civ - il-ize the Philippines, you know.

Chorus for Mixed Voices. (For chorus for Male Voices, turn a leaf.)

Come on! come on! come on! come on! The Philippines are ours, Come on! come on! come

on! come on! We'll show the other pow'rs, The glory of our Stars and Stripes, and

so abroad we'll go, To civ - il - ize the Phil-ippines, you know,
the Philippines, you know.

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97

The Happy Irishman.

Words and Music by C. F. MILLARD.

1. M' name it is Pat-rick O' - Boyle, Oi come from the Im - er - al Oile, If you wish to measure The soize of m' pleasure, Jes' take fer a yard-sctick, m' schmoile;
2. There's Bridget, th' darlint, m' woife, Th' j'y an' th' proide of m' loife, Of b'ys we have 'liven, Of girls on-ly siven, Schmall fam- i - lies niv - er have stroife;
3. Oi once was a dhrunkard, och hoon! Oi loafed in Moike Murphy's sa-loon, Oi thot it was fun-ny, T' blow in m' mon-ey, An' act like a sil - ly gos - soon.

The rais - on yer wantin' t' know, Of whoy Oi sh'd always schmoile so; Jes' lind me at-tin-tion, An' Oi will now mintion—The sa-cret is ais - y t' show.
Of aiv'nin's we shout an' we sing, We make the ould shanty jes' ring Wid mu - sic an' laft-er, From rafter t' raft - er, Till Oi am as proud as a king.
But now you can bet yer last groat, Or wa - ger yer ould bil - ly - goat, Fer sthraight Prohibition, Saloon ab - o - li-tion, This Oir-ish-man always will vote.

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The Happy Irishman.

CHORUS.

Faith an' be ja - bers, Kind friends an' dear na - burs, Pray how can I help but be schmoil-ing an' glad; An Oir - ish tee - to - ter, A sthraight Pro-hib vo - ter, E-nough to make o - ny one hap-py, be - da!.

Ad lib.

Male Chorus. Civilize the Philippines. (See No. 96.)

Come on! come on! come on! come on! The Philippines are ours! Come on! come on! come on! come on! We'll show the oth-er pow'rs, The glory of our Stars and Stripes, and so a-broad we'll go, To civ - il - ize the Philippines, you know,

Second tenor sing small notes.

the Philippines, you know.

99 The Prohibition Band-Wagon.

Dedicated to Mrs. Carrie L. Grout.

Words and Music by W. EUGENE KNOX, of the "Meneley Trio."

1. O, friends of pro - hi - bi-tion, I've a proph-e - cy to make, I think you all will sanction what I say; We are going to ride to Washing-
2. We ask you friends of temp'rance here who do not vote our way, To join us while your help is need- ed most; For when we real - ly get our
3. O, the time is quick-ly coming when the driv-er takes his seat, And cracks the whip of justice as we start; O, 'twill be the crack of doom and

ton, the Cap - i - tol to take, When we get our big band-wagon some sweet day.
big band-wagon, don't you know, You may not be counted with the temp'rance host.
death to old King Al - co - hol, When we drive to Washington our temp'rance cart.

CHORUS.

O, it won't be long, is the bur-den of our song, Till we get our wagon started on the way; (on the way;) And our friends who vote for gin, Will all

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The Prohibition Band-Wagon.

100 When Prohibition Wins.

Rev. T. C. JOHNSON. J. H. F.

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101 De Whisky got to Go.

Rev. R. O. SMITH. J. B. HERBERT

Allegretto. **Rather slow.**

1. I tell yo' what, my
2. I know de bat-tle
3. So come on, bredren,

f *p*

bredren, all, De whis - ky got to go! Fur all ob we pro-bi - tionists Am
it am long, An' am - mer-nition's scace, But we's gwine make dat licker man A-
take yo' stan' Up - on de side ob right! De temp'rance sun is gwine to shine A-

gwine to down it sho! Dat nast - y lick - er deb - il, he, Wat step aroun' so
shamed to show his face, Fur we is on de winnin' side, Yes sah! we am fur
way de darkes' night; An' sho' as de big rooster in De gloom-y midnight

big, We'll make de groun' so hot fur him, He's gwine to dance a jig.
sho'! An' wen we march-es to de poll De whis - ky got to go.
crow, To temp' de hon - es' nigger's heart, De whis - ky boun' to go.

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De Whisky got to Go.

Chorus for Mixed Voices.

f

Cres.

It's got to go, ... It's got to go, ... Dem lick-er
It's got to go, it's got to go, It's got to go, it's got to go,

Play the base in octaves.

ff

1

2

men may rip an' tare, But de whisky got to go, Dat's so, whisky got to go.

Chorus for Male Voices.

1st and 2d Tenor.

f

Cres.

It's got to go, ... It's got to go, ... Dem lick-er

1st Base.

It's got to go, it's got to go, It's got to go, it's got to go, Dem lick-er

2d Base.

It's got to go, . . . It's got to go, ...

ff

1

2

men may rip an' tare, But de whisky got to go, Dat's so! whisky got to go.

men may rip an' tare, But de whisky got to go, whisky got to go.

102 War! War! War!

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

Melody in first base, the other voices subdued.

1. See ye not the des - o - la - tion Of the rum-shop in our land?
2. Hear ye not the moth-ers weep - ing O - ver sons by li - quor slain?
3. List-en to the chil-dren cry - ing, Hear ye not the plain-tive moan?
4. See ye not the dead - ly per - il, Of our coun-try fair and bright?

With such sights of woe, ev'rywhere we go, Shall we still un-cer - tain stand?
Let those mothers' tears banish all your fears, Fight to help them like true men.
Will ye nev - er heed such distressing need, Have your hearts been turned to stone?
With her laws de-fied, crime on ev - 'ry side, On to war for truth and right.

CHORUS.

On to war! war! war! war! war! For complete ex - ter - min - a - tion Of this arch-foe of the na - tion, We will shout a-loud our bat - tle - cry. Yes, 'tis war! war! war! war! war! 'Tis the off-spring of the dev - il, And its

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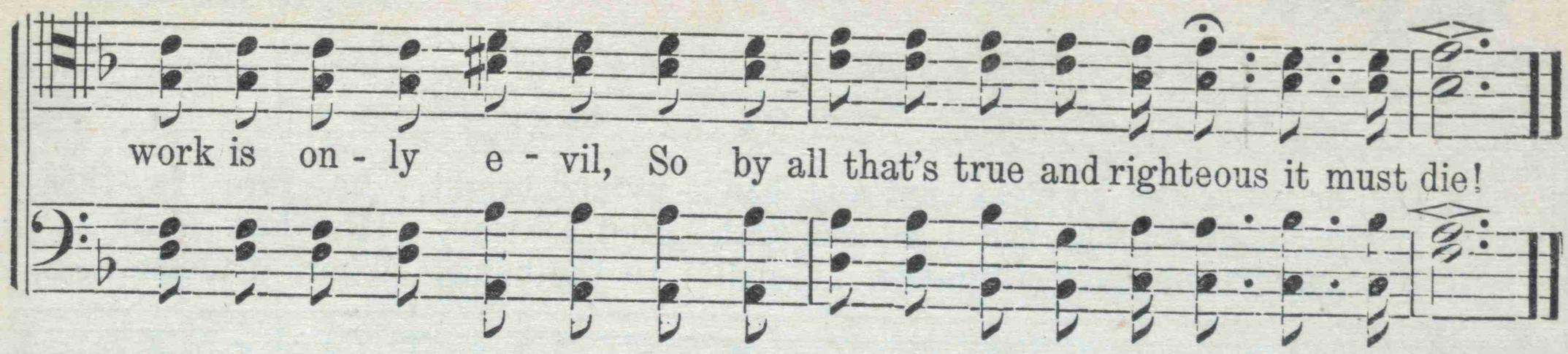
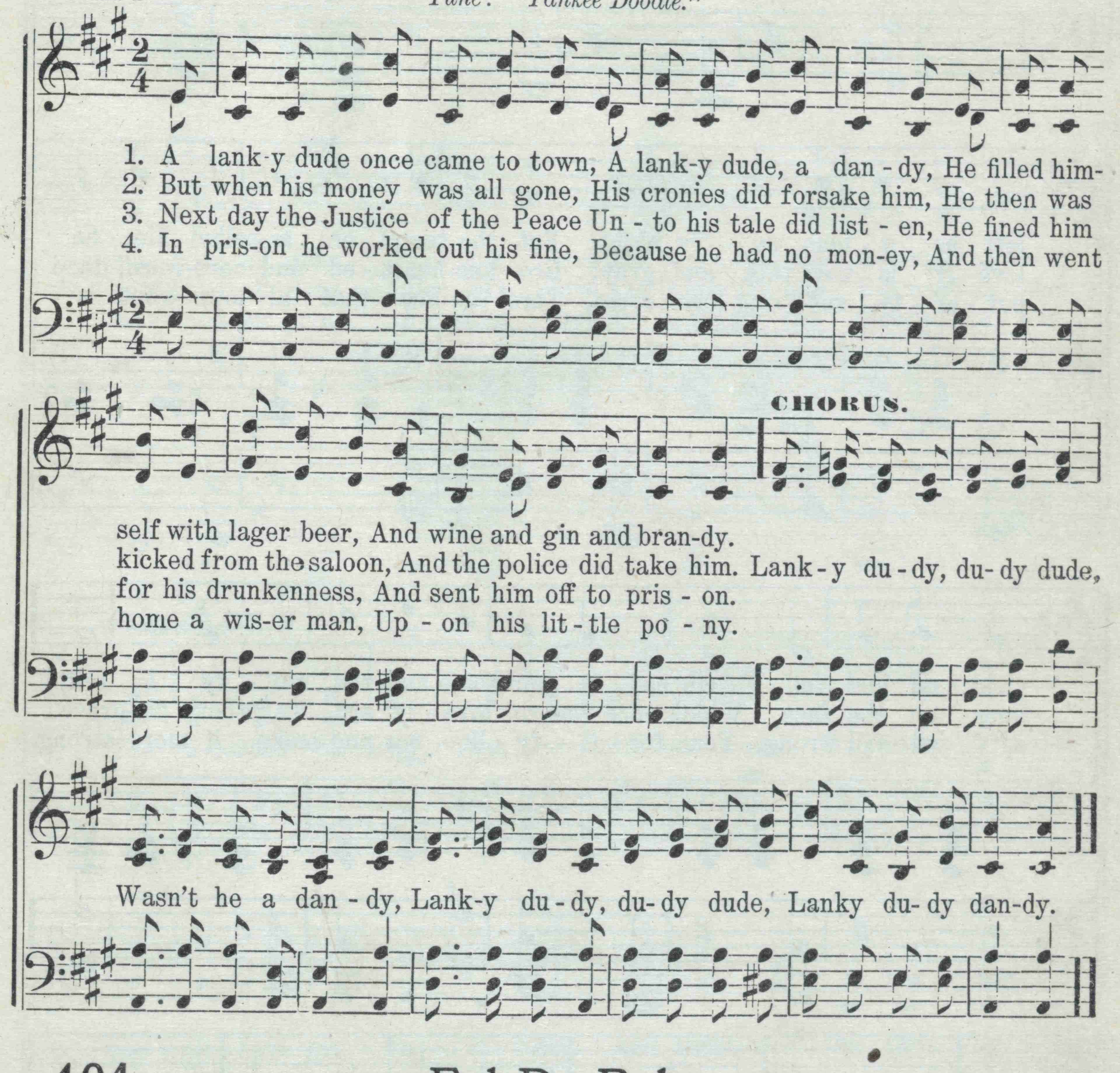
War! War! War!



103 A Lanky Dude.

C. M. F

Tune: "Yankee Doodle."



104 Fol-De-Rol.

C M F.

Tune: "Yankee Doodle."

1 There was a farmer had a cow,
He fed her on rich clover,
She gave a bucket full of milk,
And then she kicked it over.

CHO.—Fol-de-rol, de-rol, de-rol,
Fol-de-rol, de-rolly,
Fol-de-rol, de-rol, de-rol,
What a piece of folly.

2 There was a woman had a hen,
The breed called Cochin China,
Although she never laid nor set,
The woman called her "Fine," ah!

3 There was a father had a son,
"Be sober," he would tell him,
Then vote to license the saloon,
That they might liquor sell him.

4 There was a parson in the town,
For temperance he exhorted,
But when election day came round,
With brewers he consorted.

105 The Licensed Saloon.

FRED. E. RICKS. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. O, our home was so pleas - ant and hap - py and bright, Be - fore fa - ther
2. Darling moth-er has fad - ed and with - ered a - way, Her hair once so
3. Now, my friends, your atten-tion I call to the home, Where drunken-ness,

left us a - lone ev - 'ry night; But the tempt - er as-sailed him, he
love - ly is now thin and gray; Bro - ken-heart - ed and care-worn, deep
pov - er - ty, suf-f'ring have come; Thro' the law that al - lows what is

yield - ed and fell, And sad is our home and the sto - ry I tell,
lines on the face, Which once was so love - ly ere fa - ther's dis-grace.
e - vil and wrong, You for - ti - fy liq - uor and make it more strong.

How brightness was turned in - to dark-ness and gloom, How love and af-
We toil on each day, dar - ling moth-er and I, The chil-dren with
You vote year by year for the li - cense of rum, You pray loud and

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The Licensed Saloon.

fec - tion to curs - ings gave room; For fa - ther's a drunk-ard, his
cloth - ing and food to sup - ply, For fa - ther's a drunk-ard, his
oft for "The king - dom to come," While thousands of drunk-ards with

man-hood all gone, He left love and home for the li-censed sa - loon.
man-hood all gone, He left love and home for the li-censed sa - loon.
man-hood all gone, For-sake love and home for the li-censed sa - loon.

CHORUS.

The li-censed sa - loon has ru - ined our home, Be - cause Chris-tian

peo - ple have giv - en it room, And sanctioned the fac - t'ry where

drunkards are made, Where schemes for the blighting of homes are all laid.

106 Ol' Rummy Gwine To Fail.

ROBT. O. SMITH. J. B. HERBERT.

1. Look out dar, man! git off dat fence! Dat am de chicken's place;
2. We's gwine to vote fur temp'rance now, As sho' as yo' is bawn,
3. Dar aint no use er talk - in' bout Dat sumthin - a - ry law;

De roos - ter he aint got no sense, Don't know what's er dis - grace;
Dem lick - er - ites come out dis time, De leas' en' ob de horn.
Wat good dat do de nig - ger wen Dar's nuf - fin in his craw.

But yo' know bet - ter den dat, yo' do, To roos' up dar so high,
I know dey's sho - ly had dar day, Dar trade am gwine to fail;
De whis - ky bloat he hate our vote, So do de sel - ler, hon-ey,

So vote de temp'rance tick - et An' you'll eat de temp'rance pie.
Fur sho' as we de bal - lot hab, We'll vote a - gin de sale.
Fur don't yo' see, he's bait - in' we, So he kin git our money.

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Ol' Rummy Gwine To Fail.

f **CHORUS.**

O, yas! O, yas! we'll vote agin dat sale, O, yas! O, yas! Ol' Rummy gwine to fail;
Ol' Rummy!

O, yas! O, yas! we'll vote agin dat sale, O, yas! O, yas! Ol' Rummy gwine to fail.

107 'T is a Lie.

FRED. E. RICKS. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. 'Tis a lie, 'tis a lie, 'tis a li-censed sa-loon, That is changing in - to
2. 'Tis a lie, 'tis a lie, 'tis a li - bellous claim, That the Pro hi - bi - tion
3. 'Tis a lie, 'tis a lie, 'tis a lie, just a lie, When they say that pro-hi-

curs - es ev - 'ry bless-ed-ness and boon; 'Tis a lie, 'tis a lie, 'tis a
Par - ty is im - prac - ti - cal in aim; 'Tis a lie, 'tis a lie, 'tis a
bi - tion does not make a cit - y "dry;" 'Tis a lie, 'tis a lie, just a

licensed saloon, That will wreck our homes and nation if we do not kill it soon.
li bel and shame, And an honest, decent people will not thus the work defame.
l - i - e, lie, And they could not tell a bigger one, nor blacker, if they'd try.

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108 I'd Rather Be.

With apologies to C. M. **MALE VOICES.** J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I'd rath-er be blind, stone blind, I'd rath- er be blind, Or out of my
2. I'd rath- er be lame, lame, lame, I'd rath- er be lame, Or un-known to
3. I'd rath- er be dumb, dumb, dumb, I'd rath-er be dumb, E - ter - nal - ly
4. Just call me a fool, a fool, Just call me a fool, An ob - sti - nate
5. I'd rath-er be dead, dead, dead, I'd rath- er be dead, E - lec - tro-cu-

mind, my mind, Or out of my mind. I'd rath- er be blind, ...
fame, fame, fame, And unknown to fame. I'd rath- er be lame, ...
mum, mum, mum, E - ter-nal - ly mum. I'd rath-er be dumb, ...
mule, mule, mule, An ob - sti-nate mule. Just call me a fool, ...
ted, ted, ted, E - lec - tro - cu- ted. I'd rath- er be dead, ...

Or out of my mind, ... Than of the kind, With rum com-
Or un-known to fame, ... Than have to claim I gave my
E - ter - nal - ly mum, ... Than pray like some "Thy King-dom
An ob - sti - nate mule, ... I'm in no pool, Of whis - ky
E - lec - tro - cu - ted, ... Than have it said, "He went a-

bined, And dined and wined. I'd rath-er, I'd rath- er be blind, (be blind), Or
name, And vote for shame. I'd rath-er, I'd rath- er be lame, (be lame), With-
come," Then vote for rum. I'd rath-er, I'd rath- er be dumb, (dumb, dumb), E-
rule, A pli - ant tool. O, yes, you may call me a fool, (fool, fool), An
head, Where rum-mies led." I'd rath-er, I'd rath-er be dead, (dead, dead), E-

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I'd Rather Be.

in an a - sy - lum confined, (confined,) Than of the kind with rum combined, And
out an - y ti - tle to fame, (fame, fame,) Than have to claim, I gave my name, And
ter-nal, e-ter-nal-ly mum, (mum, mum), Than pray like some, "Thy Kingdom come," Then
ob-sti-nate, ob-sti-nate mule, (mule,mule), I'm in no pool, a pli - ant tool Of
lec-tro- cu, 'lec - tro- cu - ted, (ted, ted), Than have it said, he went a - head, He

dined, and dined and wined. Than of the kind, with rum combined, And dined and wined.
vote, and vote for shame. Than have to claim, I gave my name And vote for shame.
vote, then vote for rum, Then vote for rum, then vote for rum, Then vote for rum.
whis - ky, whis - ky rule. Of whis - ky rule, I'm in no pool Of whis - ky rule.
went where rummies led, Than have it said, he went a-head Where rum-mies led.

109 I'll Be There To Vote.

ANON.

1. { We've tried to stop this curse of rum, We've tried both pray'rs and tears;
   { We ask for home pro-tec-tion laws, They an-swer us with sneers.
2. { We've tried high license, but it failed To stop the curse of rum;
   { We ask for Pro-hi - bi - tion now, Pro - tec- tion to our home.
3. { To those who compromise with rum We now must say good-bye;
   { To *stop* the traf-fic, *not to tax*, We'll fight un - til we die.

CHORUS.

I'll be there, I'll be there, When the time comes to vote, I'll be there.
I'll be there, I'll be there,

110 Whar Water-Millions Grow.

Rev. R. O Smith. J. B. Herbert.

1. I 'mem-ber when I could-n't pass Jes' one ol' rum-my by, Whut sa- tan say, "go
2. Den I goes home wid nuf- fin 'tall In all de house to eat; Dat rum-my man done
3. So now I'se done wid whisky, sah! An' whisky's done wid me, As sho' as de big

git a drink, You knows you's pow'ful dry." An' I a tri - flin' vag - a - bon', Would
spent my change To buy him bread and meat. At night I haste to go to bed As
chick-en roos' De high- es' in de tree, I'se gwin to stan' fur temp'rance, sho'! An'

do jis like he say; De rum-my bos git my las' cent 'Fo' I kin get er- way.
hun- gry as kin be, An' O dat sin - ner rum-my man Don't ker a cent fur me!
drink that A-dam's Ale; So count me fur a - nod - er one To vote a - gin de sale.

CHORUS. Cres.

But dar's one thing I'se larn't, I'd hab you fur to know, Dat Pro-hi-bi-tion am de patch

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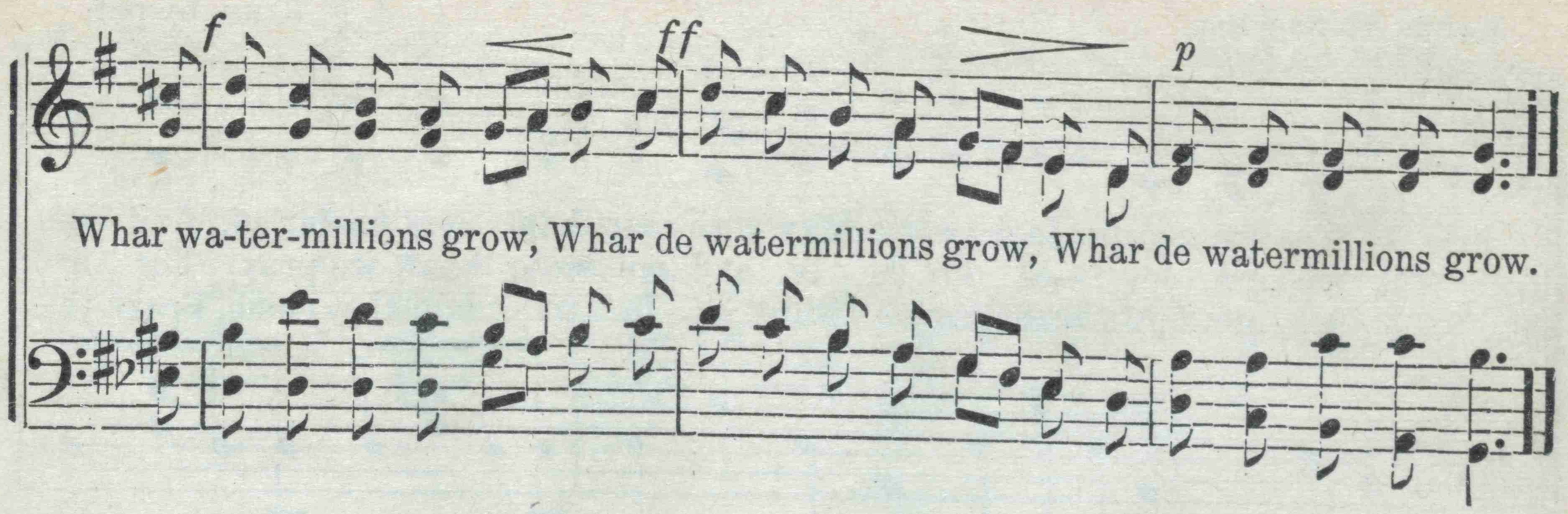
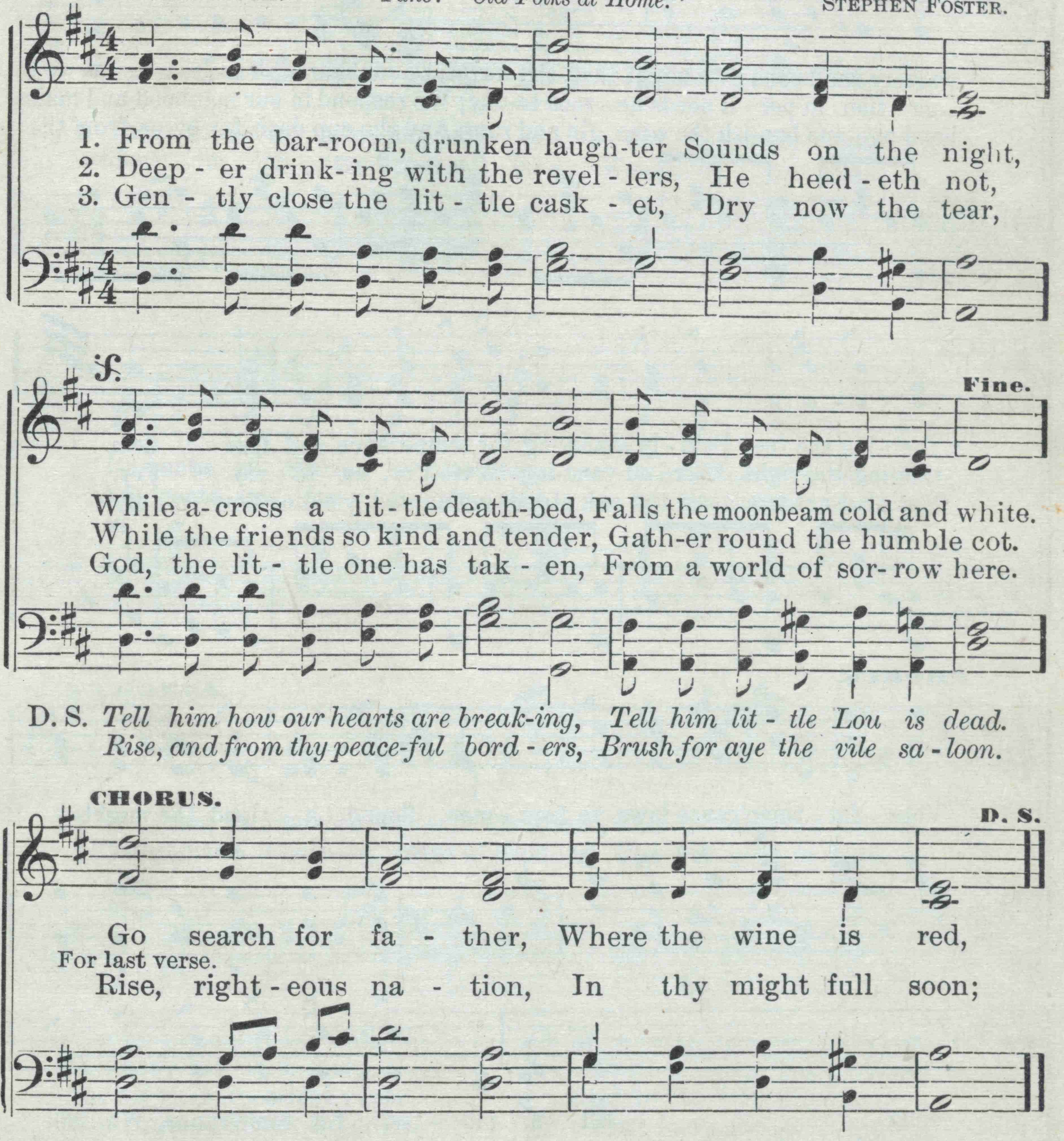
Whar Water-Millions Grow.



111 Tell Him Little Lou is Dead.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. *Tune: "Old Folks at Home."* STEPHEN FOSTER.



f. **Fine.**

CHORUS. **D. S.**

Go search for fa - ther, Where the wine is red,
For last verse.
Rise, right - eous na - tion, In thy might full soon;

4 Bear her forth among the daisies,
Purer than they;
Angels take her to her Saviour,
In the home of endless day.

5 O how many homes are darkened
Each day by drink;
Of the sorrows all about us,
O how little do we think.

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On to Victory.

LAURA E. NEWELL. J. F. KING, by per.

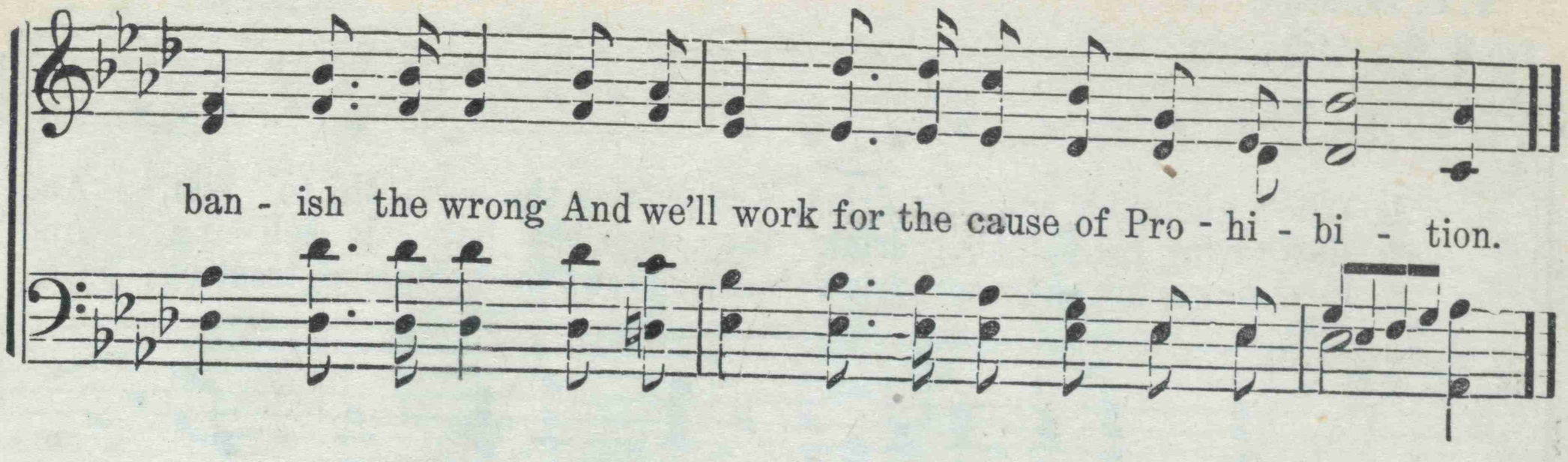
Solo or Duet.

1. We are march - ing to vic - t'ry with our ban - ners un-furled, And our war-cry shall echo with might thro' the world; O, our hearts all are fearless as we're fac - ing the foe, Bold - ly stand-ing for temperance and free - dom.
2. We are loy - al to du - ty, and we vote as we pray, For a na - tion in per - il needs he - roes to-day; We respond in our manhood and main- tain-ing the right, We're ad-vanc-ing to vic-t'ry, on to vic - t'ry.
3. See our hosts press-ing on - ward, as in tri - umph they come, Break the bond-age and ban-ish the wine, gin and rum; And the cup dash for-ev-er from the lips that are true As the oak stands undaunted, yielding nev - er.

CHORUS.

Vote for temp'rance laws, ye free - men, Sound a - loud the might- y song, All u - nit - ed for temp'rance, We will the might - y song,

On to Victory.



113 The Burning River.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. JOHN B. MATTHIAS.

2 To every peaceful hamlet,
To every lovely home,
From off this dreadful river
The fumes of hell do come;
The fairest and the bravest
Its evil powers entice,
And from its depths of ruin
They quaff the cup of vice.

3 This broadly swelling river
Will all engulf some day,
And in its dire perdition
Our land dissolve away.
Stand forth, ye noble patriots,
O, boldly lift on high
The rod of prohibition
And smite this "Red Sea" dry.

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114 Woe! Woe! Woe!

T. C. JOHNSON. J. H. F.

1. Who's giving his neighbor drink, And putting the bot - tle to him, And
2. He's giving his neighbor drink Who o-ver the bar is sell - ing; And
3. He's giving his neighbor drink Who follows the custom of treating; Oft

causing him thus to sink Where demons in rage pur-sue him? Who's
he who pockets the "chink," And lives in his blood-bought dwelling. The
woman, 'tis sadder to think, Thus errs in the home-circle greeting. But

toll-ing the boys a - way, Their thoughtless consent se-cur - ing; And
men who are getting the rent, And those who gave the per - mis - sion; And
woe to one and to all, Who in such manner of-fend - ing, Are

leading them far a - stray, By the wine-cup's subtle al - lur - ing?
voters who gave their consent, Are guilt-y by conscious de - ci - sion.
caus-ing a neighbor to fall. And sink to a ru - in un - end - ing.

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Woe! Woe! Woe!

CHORUS.

Woe! woe! woe! O, where shall the sin - ner go, Who
giv - eth his neighbor drink, And hurl-eth him o - ver the brink!
Down, down, down the a - byss of woe, Down the a - byss of woe?

115 The Legalized Saloon.

C. M. F. ANON.

1. O, the sin and des - o - la-tion, O, the vice and deg - ra - da-tion,
2. O, the woes, do-mes - tic, civ - il, O, the mul - ti-tude of e - vil,
3. O, the dis-cords and dis-sen-sions, O, the quar - rels and con-tentions,

CHO.–*I will vote for pro - hi - bi-tion, I will vote for pro - hi - bi-tion,*

Ad lib.

O, the want and de - pri - va-tion, From the le-gal, le - gal - ized sa-loon.
O, the mis - chief of the dev - il, From the le-gal, le - gal - ized sa-loon.
O, the ru - in - ous in - ven-tions, From the le-gal, le - gal - ized sa-loon.

I will vote for pro - hi - bi-tion, I will vote it, vote it, till it wins.

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116 I Know that the Devil Tells Lies.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. In the regions far o - ver the sea, To de-lude the poor heathen Chinee,
2. In the land of the free and the brave, Where the light of the gospel we have,
3. He can make his statistics look right, So that whisky he proves with delight
4. He can pose as an an-gel of light, In the pul-pit he's sol-emn as night,

It is told, and they think it must be, That out of their babies' bright eyes
Even here dwells the supple-tongued knave, So art-ful and se-cret and wise,
Is a blessing instead of a blight, The dram-shop a gen-u - ine prize;
In the ed - i-tor's chair he's all right, And bus - y is he in each guise,

All the preachers and teachers make pills That they give for the cure of all ills, And the
And he says that a glass of fine wine For the stomach is good when we dine, And com-
And he says the world's markets are made When we have a right brisk liquor trade, And the
So the news in the papers we find All "doctored" and "fixed" to his mind, And the

Slow. Ad lib.

natives with hatred it fills, it fills, This is one of the devil's black lies. Yes, yes,
manded in scripture divine, divine, This is one of the devil's black lies. Yes, yes,
temperance men then get afraid, afraid, This is one of the devil's black lies. Yes, yes,
people all voting so blind, so blind, The way of the devil's black lies. Yes, yes,

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I Know that the Devil Tells Lies.

CHORUS.

Times are booming, and all is serene, they say, Well approved is our army canteen, they say,

Best of all, our great license machine, they say, And hurrah! the fat rum-seller cries;

So I just let them have their own say, And I plod a-long in my own way,

Ad lib. *Rit.*

But a turn things will take some good day, some day, For I know that the dev-il tells lies.

5. In his platform he puts temperance planks
Just to lure on the temperance cranks,
And they're not worth a dude's vote of thanks,
Those planks, though so mighty in size,
For the songs that the old parties sing,
Always have the same tipsy old ring,
For among the rum bosses he's king, he's king,
So they swallow the devil's black lies.

6. But a few to their senses have come,
They have left the old parties of rum,
And the groggy procession so dumb,
To walk in the truth of the skies,
And though oft the stump-speaker has said:
Prohibition forever is dead,
Yet we know the soft spot in his head, his head,
And we heed not the devil's black lies.

101 De Whisky got to Go.

Rev. R. O. SMITH. J. B. HERBERT

Allegretto. **Rather slow.**

1. I tell yo' what, my
2. I know de bat-tle
3. So come on, bredren,

f *p*

bredren, all, De whis - ky got to go! Fur all ob we pro-bi - tionists Am
it am long, An' am - mer-nition's scace, But we's gwine make dat licker man A-
take yo' stan' Up - on de side ob right! De temp'rance sun is gwine to shine A-

gwine to down it sho! Dat nast - y lick - er deb - il, he, Wat step aroun' so
shamed to show his face, Fur we is on de winnin' side, Yes sah! we am fur
way de darkes' night; An' sho' as de big rooster in De gloom-y midnight

big, We'll make de groun' so hot fur him, He's gwine to dance a jig.
sho'! An' wen we march-es to de poll De whis - ky got to go.
crow, To temp' de hon - es' nigger's heart, De whis - ky boun' to go.

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Then and Now.

Tune: "Old Kentucky Home."

PALMER HARTSOUGH. STEPHEN FOSTER.

1. They sing sweet songs on the little village green, At ev'ning when labor is done;
But soon there comes to this love-ly lit-tle spot The drink-man with whisky and beer,

No fear of want and no tho't of ill or wrong, For there's plenty there for everyone;
The song dies out and the drunken brawl begins, And there's pain and grief where once was cheer.

CHORUS.

Cast your vote, my broth-er, O, cast your vote to-day, That saloons must go

With their pov-er-ty and woe, Cast your vote, my brother, now while you may.

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2 The drink-man hangs on the wall of his saloon
A writing most precious and rare,
And safe is he with this license o'er his head,
For it bears Columbia's seal so fair;
He leads young men in the paths of sin and shame,
And mothers and maidens must weep,
He breaks great hearts and he wrecks the brightest homes,
Yet serenely on his way will keep.

3 The drink-man rules, for in caucus he is king,
His bidding his tipplers all do,
And good men vote with the party and the ring,
So the drink-man's schemes are carried thro';
The time comes fast when beneath the tyrant Rum
The nation must bow as a slave,
Stand, patriots, then for the cause of truth and right,
And your colors fly, ye freemen brave.

118 Rustle, Boys, Rustle.

JOHN W. MATTHEWS. MALE VOICES. J. B. HERBERT.

1. O, it's one side or the oth - er in the trou - ble of the world, And a
2. Take your hands out of your pock-et, there is work for them to do, Pol - ish
3. Both the right and wrong invite you, and the lines are fill - ing fast, See the

La, la, la, la,

fellow can't stay long upon the fence. My be-lov-ed half-way neighbor, just get
up your rusty musket for the fight, For the whis-ky ring is mov-ing, it will
banners floating o'er the gathered ranks, March beneath the one that waves for God and

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

off the pal - ings now, Just come up in front and hear a lit - tle sense.
get a - head of you, If you don't wake up and hus - tle for the right.
home and na - tive land, Come and join the glo-rious ar - my of the "cranks."

la, la, la, la, la,

f **CHORUS.**

O, wake up! wake up! shake up! Rub your sleep - y eyes! Old

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Rustle, Boys, Rustle.

Bar - ley - corn is up and on his mus - cle, (his mus-cle,) And the

m **Cres.**

prop - er way to meet him, and to beat him, and de - feat him,

Is to rus - tle, (rus - tle,) rus - tle, rus - tle, rus - tle, boys, rus - tle.

119 Because It's Right.

C. M. F. *Tune: "I Do Believe."*

1. I'll drink no whis - ky, beer or wine, I'll drink no whis - ky, beer or wine,
2. I'll drink cold wa - ter ev - 'ry time, I'll drink cold wa - ter ev - 'ry time,
3. I will not tempt a fel - low- man, I will not tempt a fel - low-man,
4. I'll lift my fal - len broth-er up, I'll lift my fal - len broth-er up,
5. I'll vote to drive sa-loons a - way, I'll vote to drive sa-loons a - way,

I'll drink no whis - ky, beer or wine, Be - cause it's right.
I'll drink cold wa - ter ev - 'ry time, Be - cause it's right.
I will not tempt a fel - low - man, Be - cause it's right.
I'll lift my fal - len broth - er up, Be - cause it's right.
I'll vote to drive sa - loons a - way, Be - cause it's right.

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120 I's Gwine to Vote Agin' Ye.

T. C. JOHNSON. MALE VOICES. J. H. F.

1. Come, now, Mis - ter Li - quor, I's a gwine to vote a - gin ye, For you done been a mock-er all de time, Dars noth-in' but de mischief and de be - ry deb - il in ye, Sence Mar- sa No-ah's vine be- gin to climb.
2. For de Lawd save No - ah from de flood o' might-y wa - ters But yo' led him right back in - to sin, And yo' fotch a might-y curse on de sons and de daughters Ob all de col - o'd peo- ple and deir kin.
3. And Lot done 'scape from de brim - stone and fire. Dat fell on the cit - ies ob de plain. But yo' done got him drunk, and yo' roll him in de mire And yo' blighted all his chil - uns wid a stain.
4. An' de Lawd bro't his peo - ple to de good land o' Ca - naan, And we tried to raise him up from de fall; But yo' done come a - long and yo' spiled all de train-in', For you made a set o' drunkards of dem all.
5. And now when de Lawd done sot free de Nig-gahs, For to gib 'em all a chance to be men. Yo' done sot yer trap wid de- ceiv - in' bait and triggahs, For to kotch 'em and en-slave 'em all a - gain.

CHORUS.

So I's gwine to vote a - gin ye, Yis, I's gwine to vote a - gin ye; Let de

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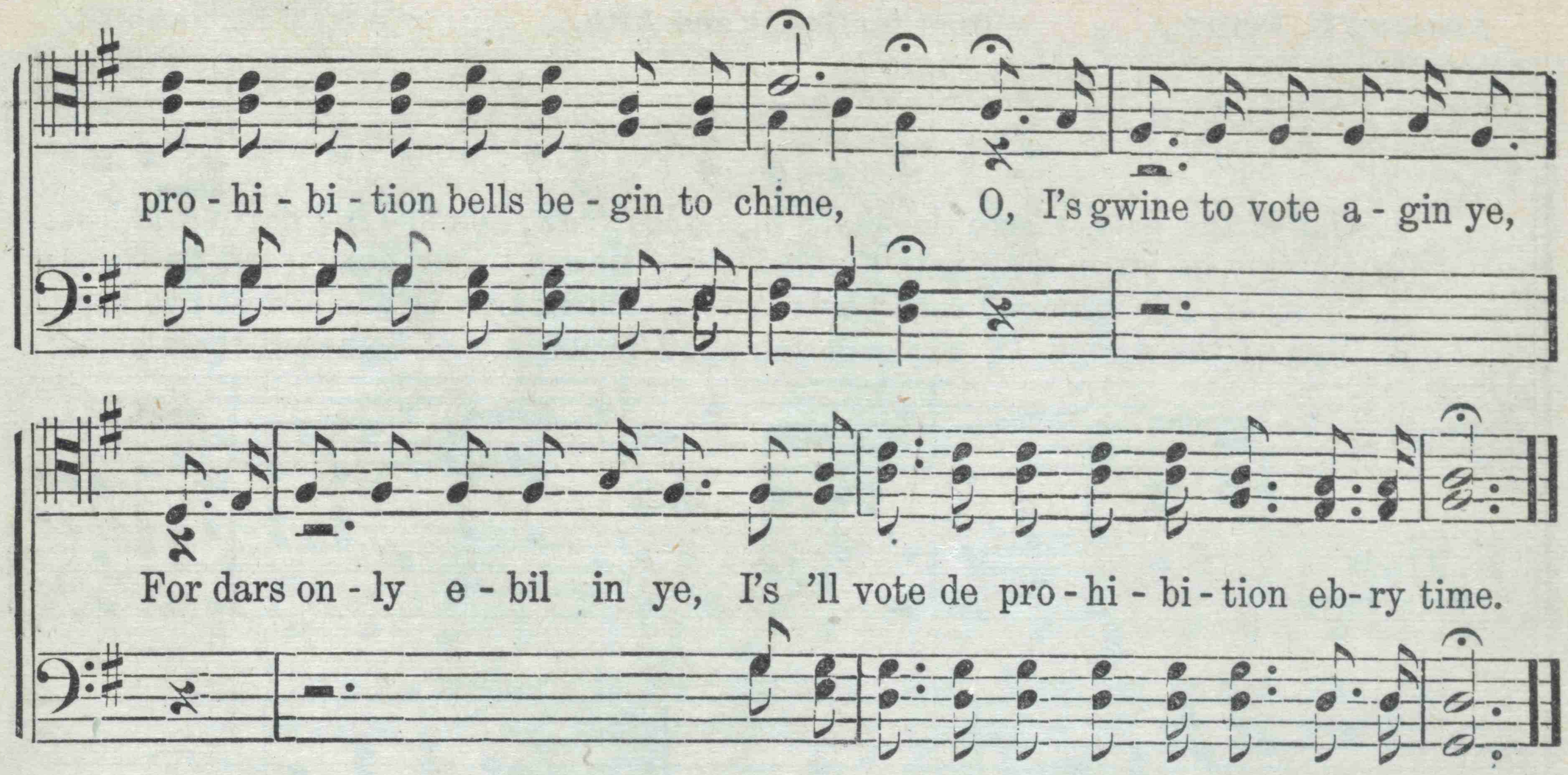
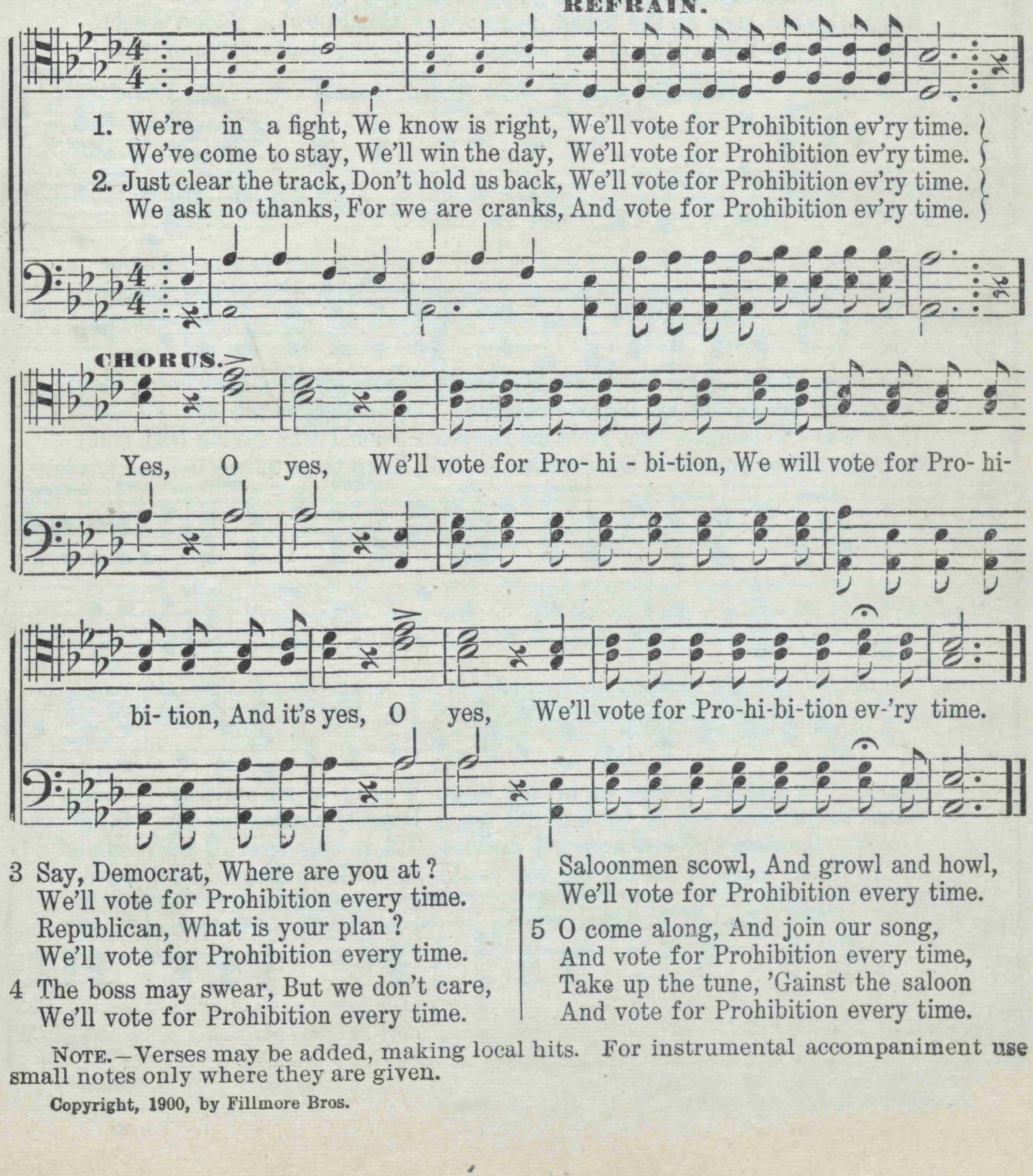
I's Gwine to Vote Agin' Ye.



121 We'll Vote for Prohibition.

C. M. F. J. H. F.

REFRAIN.



3 Say, Democrat, Where are you at?
We'll vote for Prohibition every time.
Republican, What is your plan?
We'll vote for Prohibition every time.

4 The boss may swear, But we don't care,
We'll vote for Prohibition every time.
Saloonmen scowl, And growl and howl,
We'll vote for Prohibition every time.

5 O come along, And join our song,
And vote for Prohibition every time,
Take up the tune, 'Gainst the saloon
And vote for Prohibition every time.

NOTE.—Verses may be added, making local hits. For instrumental accompaniment use small notes only where they are given.

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122 The Nation's Boys.

ADALINE H. BEERY. **Duet for Tenor and Alto.** CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Out in the wild, where the sharp brambles grow, Somebody's darling is lost;
2. Quickly he rises, with new kindled hope, Round to the home-road he turns;
3. "Father, I've wronged you; I own it with shame; Low as the lowest I've been;
4. Men of the nation, O, why will you spoil Thousands of homes of their pride;

Somewhere below, in the whirlpool of sin, Hon - or and vir-tue are tossed.
While, as each landmark familiar appears, Deeply the one question burns:
But with each step on the broad, beaten way, Comradeship gilded the sin.
How can you license the cru-el saloon, Scattering death far and wide!

Under the droop of his brown tangled curls, Shame marks a once noble face;
"How will my father his ingrate receive? Can he forgive me at all?
Wine was the tempter that gave me the start, Soon I was raving with rum;
Save the bright boys from the clutches of hell, Keep them unspotted and brave;

Faint-ly a longing creeps up in his soul, Wea-ry of sin's gid-dy chase.
Back to his threshold in tat-ters I'll go, Humbly confessing my fall."
Quickly the dregs of dis - hon-or I drained, Till to this wreck I have come."
Help in the work of up-lift-ing the world, In-to God's kingdom to save.

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The Nation's Boys.

CHORUS.

1 and 2. Bring him back home, my pen-i - tent boy! Back to the warm home-nest;
3. Bring the best robe! wel-come my boy! Here with my par - don crowned;
4. Strike the black flag! save all the boys! Give them their hopes of youth;

Tell him his fa-ther is lov - ing him still, Wait-ing to give him rest.
Let there be joy in the household a - gain, O - ver my boy that's found.
Give us a na - tion of he-roes, in - deed, Dar-ing to stand for truth.

123 You Can If You Will.

ROBT. O. SMITH. J. H. F.

1. Would you save the drunkard's home? You can if you will; Would you stop the
2. Would you lit - tle children bless? You can if you will; Would you ban - ish
3. Broth-ers, join us in the fight, You can if you will; He - roes put the

curse of rum? You can if you will. Would you strew the earth with flow'rs, Making
their distress? You can if you will. Would you qui - et their a-larm, Would you
foe to flight, You can if you will. Pray, O, pray, "Thy kingdom come," To the

glad this world of ours, As it smiles 'neath radiant show'rs? You can if you will.
save them from all harm, As you break the serpent's charm? You can if you will.
pal - ace and the slum, Toll! yes, toll the knell of rum, You can if you will.

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124 Do You Love Your Country?

P. H. J. H. F.

DUET.

1. O, Freemen, do you love your coun - try? To you she turns for aid;
2. O, Pa-triot, do you love your coun - try? She looks for help to thee;
3. O, Christian, do you love your coun - try? She looks to thee in hope;

Look, Freemen, where her homes are fairest, Her mightest foes in - vade.
Look, Patriot, 'neath the na-tion's license What des - o - la - tions be.
Look, Christian, how with strength unequal, The right with wrong doth cope.

Rum, rum, the dreadful ty - rant, Rum would the land en-slave,
Rum, rum, the dreadful ty - rant, Rum would the land en-slave,
Rum, rum, the dreadful ty - rant, Rum would the land en-slave,

Rise, Freemen, if you love your coun - try, She calls the true and brave.
Rise, Pa-triot, if you love your coun - try, She calls the true and brave.
Rise, Christian, if you love your coun - try, She calls the true and brave.

CHORUS.

For pro-hi - bi - tion your col-ors fly, For pro-hi - bi - tion to do or die,

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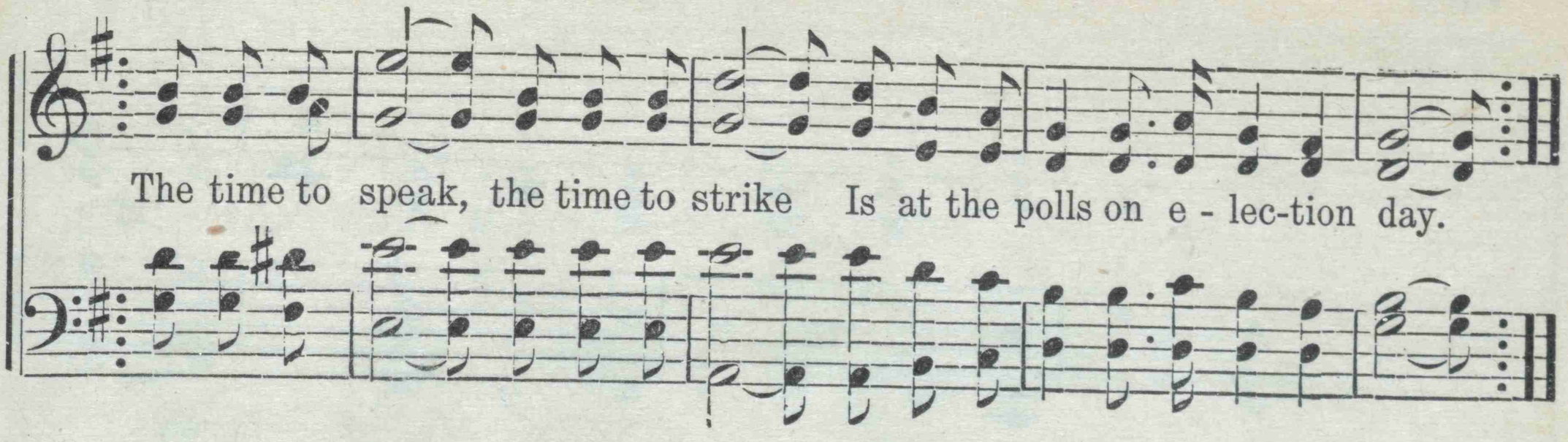
Do You Love Your Country?



125 Home, Sweet Home.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE. H. R. BISHOP.

CHORUS.

Saved by a Song.

J. H. F.

1st

1. A drunk-ard was stagg'ring a - long on the street, One day in the sum-mer, thro' dust and thro' heat; As he walked ver-y slow - ly, and reeled to and fro, Just then from the church came a voice soft and low :—
2. He stopped and he listened to the words of the song, His tho'ts wandered back to the days that were gone, In mem - 'ry he sees his old moth-er once more, And hears once a-gain that sweet strain thro' the door :—
3. I, I am the wand'rer, I'll be so no more, That old song has touched me as naught else be - fore; I'll fly to my Sav-iour, for mer - cy I'll pray, Oh! glo - ry, He saves me, henceforth will I say :—

(*For ending of 3d verse go to lower score next page.*)

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NOTE.—The name of the author of the words of this song has been misplaced. If she will kindly report to the publishers, proper credit will be given.

Saved by a Song.

pp

1. "Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee,
2. "Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down,

pp

2d *f*

FINE.

E'en tho' it be a cross That rais - eth me."
Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone."
D. S. *Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.*"

Interlude.

Go to 1st D. S.

f **Refrain for 3d verse.**

Go to 2d D. S.

3. "Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,

f

127 But He Votes With ——.

FRED. E. RICKS. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. I know a good old preach - er, he's a staunch Re - pub - li - can,
2. I know a good old dea - con, and a life - long Dem - o - crat,
3. I know an In - de - pend - ent man, who says the thing to do
4. There is an - oth - er man I know, a Chris-tian man, and brave,

Semi-staccato.

He ar - gues that his par - ty is the on - ly one that can
Who ur - ges all to sign the pledge, and ma - ny things like that;
Is just to vote for good, clean men, and let your par - ty go;
Third par - ty Pro - hi - bi - tion - ist, whose mis - sion is to save

Do a - ny - thing, or ev - er has, done aught for tem - per - ance,
His pray'rs to God are fer - vent for the o - ver-throw of rum,
Yet 'tis well known that good (?) clean (?) men at bid of par - ty boss,
This coun - try from the blood - y clutch of hands that now mis - rule,

He makes the facts and fig - ures pile up high in its de - fense.
Yet with - out fear, and conscience clear, he bal - lots with the bum.
Will join in dir - ty tricks and schemes, to save from par - ty loss.
He goes a - bout it in a way that shows he's not a fool.

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But He Votes With ——.

CHORUS.

But he votes with Jim - my Doo - lan, Pad - dy Ry - an, Ted - dy Flynn,
4th v. He won't vote with Jim - my Doo - lan, Pad - dy Ry - an, Ted - dy Flynn,

All sa - loon - ists, and his bal - lot counts and helps these men to win;
These sa-loon - ists, but his bal - lot counts a-gainst these men of sin;

With brew - 'ry and dis - till - 'ry men, his vote is just the same,
The brew - 'ry and dis - till - 'ry men his vote can nev - er claim,

And means per - pet - ual hell on earth and ev - er - last - ing shame.
To keep per - pet - ual hell on earth and ev - er - last - ing shame.

128 What are the Wild Waves Saying?

CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. Round.

What are the wild waves say - ing? What are the wild waves say - ing? Do

2.

you not know? Do you not know? Brother, the tide is ris - ing!

3.

4.

Higher and high'r it's ris - ing! Sa-loons must go! Sa-loons must go!

129 I Draws De Line Right Dar.

T. C. JOHNSON. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I'se a 'Pub-li - can niggah, yes, I is, An' I votes dat ticket eb - 'ry time;
2. I'se a 'Pub-li - can niggah, yes, I is, Fo' I votes deir ticket high or low—
3. I'se a 'Pub-li - can niggah, yes, I is, But I 'spec's I won't be so no mo'—

But de Mastah, he say, I am his, An' my 'legiance in de heb'n - ly clime.
An' a man's re-li-gion—what it 'tis, Aint a bother'n 'me,—dis niggah don't know;
If de pahty's in de whisky "biz," Dey's a-gwine to lose dis niggah's vote, sho'.

So I votes fo' de man, ef he's all right, An' takes no lik-er at de bar;
An' he may be a man ob com-mon stuff, Or shine out bright, jis lak a star;
So I stan's fo' de tar - iff, an' de gold, An' all de 'spansion, wide an' far;

But ef fo' de whis-ky side he'll fight, Den I draws de line right dar. Yah! yah!
Ef he's fo' de whis-ky, dat's enough, Den I draws de line right dar. Yah! yah!
But, sah, when de brewers dey up-hold, Den I draws de line right dar. Yah! yah!

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I Draws De Line Right Dar.

CHORUS. Lively.

I draws de line right dar, Yes, I draws de line right dar, I right dar, right dar,

votes fo' no pahty, an' I votes fo' no man, Who gives deir support to de

bar, I puts dem all right un-der de ban, For I draws de line right dar.

130 Good-Bye, Rummies.

C. M. F. MALE VOICES. ANON.

p **Sostenuto.**

1. Good-bye, rummies! Good-bye, rummies! Good-bye, rummies! I'll drink with you no
2. Good-bye, rummies! Good-bye, rummies! Good-bye, rummies! I'll work with you no
3. Good-bye, rummies! Good-bye, rummies! Good-bye, rummies! I'll vote with you no

f **REFRAIN. Allegro.** 1 2 **Repeat pp**

more. more. { Hap-py is my lit-tle home, little home, little home, Since (*omit* . . . . .) I quit drinking rum.

131 I'll Be There.

A. A. HOPKINS. J. H. F.

1. When E - lec - tion Day comes a - round a - gain, And the free- man casts his bal - lot clean and white, I will stand and serve with my fel - low-men, And will reg - is - ter my conscience for the right.
2. I will vote for God, and for home, and truth, I will vote a - gainst the en - e - my of all; I will heed the cry of the tempt-ed youth, And my bal - lot shall be an - swer to their call.
3. Nev - er - more will I by my vote up - hold An - y curse that makes my fel - low-man to sin; Vir - tue nev - er shall for a price be sold, That my par - ty at the bal - lot-box may win.
4. Will you stand with me, O my neigh - bor, then, For the boy whose ten - der moth - er is your wife? Will you cast your vote with the loy - al men, Who de - fend the na-tion's hon - or and its life?

REFRAIN.

I'll be there, (I'll be there,) yes, I'll be there, I'll be there, When the freeman casts his ballot clean and white, (clean and white,) I'll be there, (I'll be there,)
I'll be there, (I'll be there,) yes, I'll be there, I'll be there, Where the manhood of the na - tion must u-nite, (must u-nite,) I'll be there, (I'll be there,)
I'll be there, (I'll be there,) yes, I'll be there, I'll be there, But no li-quor-sel-ler's bal-lot shall be mine, (shall be mine,) I'll be there, (I'll be there,)
I'll be there, (I'll be there,) yes, I'll be there, I'll be there, With the bal lot of a fa-ther, clean and white, (clean and white,) I'll be there, (I'll be there,)

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I'll Be There.

I'll be there, I'll be there, And I'll reg - is-ter my conscience for the right.
I'll be there, I'll be there, And my bal - lot shall be giv - en for the right.
I'll be there, I'll be there, Where the so-ber Christian manhood stands in line.
I'll be there, I'll be there, And I'll reg - is-ter my man-hood for the right.

132 Come All Good Friends.

Tune: "There's Music in the Air."

PALMER HARTSOUGH. MALE VOICES. DR. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Come, all good friends and true, Come and join the hap - py throng ;
2. Come, all good friends and true, Come and help the glo-rious cause ;
3. Come, all good friends and true, Come and break the pow'r of rum,
4. Come, all good friends and true, Come and hail the ris - ing dawn ;

Here glad-ness waits for you, Come and swell the joy - ful song.
Your col - ors bright in view, Come and vote for righteous laws.
Its dread-ful work un - do ; Come and vote to save the home.
A bright age o - pens new, Come, for God is march-ing on.

CHORUS.

We're a par - ty bold and free, Truth and right our guide shall be ;

Repeat pp.

Pro - hi - bi - tion is our cry, And there's vic-t'ry in the sky.

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133 It is Not Thrown Away.

MRS. IDA M. BUDD. J. H. F.

SOLO.

1. There's a set of pol - i - ti-cians who are working night and day, And they have their own ambitions; what they are I need not say; But their chief in-
2. One, per-haps, his man approaches in a con - fi-den - tial way, And the sub - ject mild-ly broaches of how best a vote will pay; Then his ar - gu-
3. Hap - ly then comes by an-oth-er, with his speech all learned by rote, Of the first a wor-thy brother and he sounds the self-same note; With his soph - is-
4. So just keep your head-piece level and to such ad-vis - ers say, You're no part - ner with the dev-il and you'll not ac-cept his pay; Then, no mat - ter

tim - i - dation, And their pet as-sev - er - a - tion Is that, vot - ing pro - hi-
ments array-ing, He will clinch them all by saying, "You will nev - er be so
tries he'll ply you, (If he dared he'd try to buy you,) And he taunts you with your
who repels you, Put your vote where conscience tells you, And ere long you will dis-

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It is Not Thrown Away.

CHORUS.

bi - tion, you will throw your vote a - way.
sil - ly as to throw your vote a - way." But you nev - er need believe them,
fol - ly if you throw a-way your vote.
cov-er that it was not thrown a-way.

for, no mat-ter what they say, Not a vote for right and justice ev - er

yet was thrown away; Truth is stronger still than error, Wrong from right shall flee in

ter-ror, And our cause shall sure-ly triumph: Hast-en on the glorious day.

134 The Same Old Way.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. B. HERBERT.

1. It was three thousand years a - go King Sol - o - mon did say, "Look not up - on the rud - dy wine for at the last it stings."
2. The temp' rance hosts have battled ver - y hard and ver - y long, And yet in all our cit - ies do the tower - ing gin - mills stand;
3. Still will this growing power of sin ward off the keen-est darts, Still will it cap-ture and debauch the na - tion's brav - est sons,
4. A mighty change is com - ing, we shall see it by and by, The cry of Pro - hi - bi - tion sounds a - long the bat - tle line,

And right a - long the temp' rance folks have preached it till this day, Yet on
The grog-shops grow in number, so there's something must be wrong Here 'mid
And will the winds be heav - y with the sighs of bro - ken hearts, While the
Still temp' rance men are trusting God and keep - ing pow-der dry, And o'er

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The Same Old Way.

ev - 'ry hand this song a thoughtless peo -ple sings.
all the light and learn-ing of this favored land.
na - tion's sin of li-cense spikes the temp'rance guns.
all the field the stars of vic - t'ry soon shall shine.

CHORUS.

The world goes on the
For last verse. The temp'rance men are

same old-fashioned way, The dozy deacons dream, while the brewers bag their game, The
trusting in the Lord, Of powder they've enough, and they've learned to keep it dry; "Sa-

gang gets votes while the preachers preach and pray, And saloons go on forever
loons must go," now is ev'rywhere the word, And the vic - to - ry is cer-tain

just the same, just the same, And saloons go on for - ev-er, just the same.
by and by, by and by, And the vic-to - ry is certain, by and by.

135 Rallying Song for Y. P. C. T. U.

DR. T. J. MERRYMAN. T. H. IRELAND.

1 There's a migh-ty host as-sem-bling Neath the ban-ner of the right, 'Tis a val-iant ar - my gath'ring In a righteous cause to fight; 'Tis the youth of this great na-tion, Gath'ring for the bat - tle fray, Bring-ing faith and hope and courage—It will sure - ly win the day. Come, young men,

2. We have seen the fear-ful rav-age Of this fiend-ish monster, Rum, Seiz-ing here and there our loved ones, 'Till it threatens ev-'ry home; How he drags his victims downward, He enslaves them in his chains, Sap-ping out their ver - y man-hood, Till a to - tal wreck remains.

3. O, the sin and pain and sorrow Which this dreadful monster brings! O, the buried hopes and prospects, Where he spreads his vampire wings! O, the bro-ken hearts of loved ones, O, the wrecked and ruined homes! O, the grief, and cries of anguish, For re - lief that never comes.

4. We have heard these dreadful groanings, And they stir our every heart, We will join this migh-ty ar - my, Each one pledged to do his part; May the God who rules our na-tion, Help, in-spire and guide our way, 'Till the li-quor trade is banished, And our cause has gained the day.

CHORUS.

lend to us a helping hand, And we'll drive the liquor traffic, From our well-beloved land. and come, ye maidens,

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Fall in Line.

R. O. SMITH. J. H. F.

Unison.

1. We have en-list-ed as vol-un-teers, Fall in line, soldiers, fall in line!
2. Marching to-geth-er a-gainst the foe, Fall in line, soldiers, fall in line!
3. What do we care for their taunts and boasts? Fall in line, soldiers, fall in line!
4. Strong holds of rum we must now assail, Fall in line, soldiers, fall in line!

Danger or harm has for us no fears, Fall in line, soldiers, fall in line!
Rum's mighty hosts we will overthrow, Fall in line, soldiers, fall in line!
We're on the side of the Lord of Hosts, Fall in line, soldiers, fall in line!
God is our strength, and we shall prevail, Fall in line, soldiers, fall in line!

CHORUS. Harmony.

Never mind, tho' foes should scoff and sneer, Nev - er mind, for God is ev - er near;

Nev - er fal - ter, nev-er, nev-er fear! Fall in line, soldiers, fall in line!

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137 Reinforcements.

A Song of Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow.

LILLIAN M. HEATH, in "The New Voice." J. H. F.

1. 'Twas a hush be-fore the bat - tle like the still - ness of the deep, As the hosts of might-y warfare rest-ed arms in seeming sleep, While in chains of helpless
2. O'er the hill-sides they are coming, with their banners white and gold, Thro' the cit - y and the wildwood, swelling numbers yet untold; From the valley, plain and
3. Yes, the time of wak-ing com-eth and the hour is close at hand When King Al - co - hol, de-feat-ed, shall be driv-en from the land. See! the mist is swift-ly
4. Comes a day of glad fru - it-ion, when the soldiers, tried and true, Min - gle joy - ous rec-og - ni-tion with the praise to heaven due, And the crown of youth's en-

bondage lay our proud Columbia, prone In the thralldom of a ty-rant who has
mountain, strong recruits we still may see, Eager for the Captain's order "Charge! and
ris-ing 'neath the glo - ry of the sun, Soon the conflict will be over—soon the
deavor, with the crown of silver-gray, Shall be treasured 'mid the radiance of that

never pity shown. Hark! thro' the distance Floats a martial song, Hail, reinforcements!
set Columbia free." Hark! o'er our campfires Sounds the martial song, Hail, reinforcements!
vict'ry will be won. Hark! thro' fierce battle Rings the martial song, Hail, reinforcements!
longed-for festal day. Hark! thro' our home-land Swells the victor's song, Hail, Prohibition!

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Reinforcements.

CHORUS.

Right fac-es wrong.
Right fac-es wrong. Then a - wake, . . ye loy - al-heart - ed, To your
Right fac-es wrong.
Right conquers wrong. A-wake, then awake, ye loyal-hearted, then awake,

Captain still be true, There is glorious work to do, Then a - wake, . . ye loy - al-
A- wake, then awake, ye loy - al-

heart - ed, Rise and follow when he leads the way; Then a-wake, . . ye
hearted, then awake,
A - wake, then awake, ye

loy-al-heart - ed, To your Captain still be true, There is glorious work to do;
loy-al-heated, then awake,

Then re-joice, . . rejoice Columbia, Trust in God, the Right shall win the day.
Re-joice, then rejoice, rejoice Columbia,

138 Lift Up the Flag.

A. A. HOPKINS. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Lift the ban - ner of the true, Let us bear it, though a few, Where the bat - tle ra - ges fierce for right ! God and Home and Na-tive Land—'Tis for these that we should stand, ‖:And in God's:‖ own might.
2. Will you help the Cause of Truth, Stur-dy men and will -ing youth? Will you smite the na-tion's curse to - day ? Shall we hear your cheer-y shout O - ver halt - ing fear or doubt ‖:On the King's:‖ high-way ?
3. He's a trait- or to his race Who would backward turn his face In our fight a-gainst the hosts of Sin ; He be-trays his fel - low-man Who by a - ny sor- did plan ‖:Makes the Wrong:‖ to win.
4. Down with license for the wrong, By our vote and with our song ; Up with Man-hood that is true and brave ! Be for - got- ten sel - fish greed And be done the loy - al deed ‖:That our land:‖ shall save.

CHORUS.

Lift up the flag, ... The glor-ious flag, ... O bear a - long, For the flag, the glorious flag, The glorious flag, O bear a-long, (bear along,) Manhood of the State, And to make her glory great, We will smite (we will smite) the wrong.

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139 Flag of the Free.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

D.C. Flag of the free, Flag of the free, Flag of the star-ry light and

of the hues of fair - est morn - ing, Flag of the free,

Fine.

Flag of the free, Flag of the foe-man's dread, the free-man's pride.

Alto.

1. Stand-ard re-vered, and en-sign of our glorious country, Col-ors be-loved that
2. Stand thou a bea - con to the long be-night-ed nations, Stand thou a bul-wark

Tenor.

guard our na - tive land, Mil - lions of true hearts to thee turn in
and de - fend - er strong, Stand thou for free - dom in a world of

Rit. **D.C.**

fond de - vo - tion, Millions of brave hearts for thine honor stand, Bright banner,
dark op - pres-sion, Stand thou for jus- tice in a world of wrong, Bright banner,

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140 Hail to America.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

Hail! hail! A - mer - i - ca, hail! Ech-o our greeting o'er mountain and vale;

Fine. SOLO.

Hail! hail! A-mer - i - ca, hail! Hail! hail! hail! Found by Co-lum-bus so

dauntless and brave, Land of the Pur - i-tans, sturdy and grave, Land which the

world its true pa - tri-ots gave, Land of all lands most fa-vored and blest.

Soprano Obligato.

Refuge of all the opprest of the earth, Loft-y in station or low-ly in birth,

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Hail to America.

Giv-ing due honor to merit and worth, Land of all lands the dearest and best.

Hail! hail! A - mer - i - ca, hail! Ech - o our greeting o'er mountain and vale;

DUET. Ad lib.

Hail! hail! A-mer - i - ca, hail! Hail! hail! hail! { Foes have assailed thee with Perils encompassed thy

ven - o - mous wrath, Trai - tors have plot - ted de-struc-tion and death, }
way all a - bout, Dan-gers have threatened with - in and with-out. }

Valor has crowned thee with great victory, Freedom and justice are thy panoply,

D. C. al Fine.

Nation triumphant, all honor to thee! Nation triumphant, all honor to thee!

141 Forward the Call.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. Na-tion great and na-tion glo-ri - ous, Na-tion blest and na- tion prosperous,
2. Forward thus the might-y ar - my, Forward thus the conq'ring ar - my,

Ev - er, ev - er forward, Moving, moving forward, Nation great and nation glorious,
Ev - er, ever marching, Forward, forward marching, Forward thus the glorious army,

Na-tion blest and na - tion prosperous, Ev - er, ev - er for-ward in the
Forward thus the peaceful ar - my, For-ward in the bless - ed cause of

light of God; Peace with fair - est ban - ner o'er us, Leads the way of
truth and right. Ev - en step a band of broth-ers, All the line ad-

du - ty, Points the path of beau - ty, Truth and right our conq'ring cho - rus,
vanc-ing, Good to all en-hanc-ing, Help a - like we give to oth - ers,

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Forward the Call.

Lib - er - ty our watchword all a-broad. A na - tion great and na-tion
Striv-ing all to find and spread the light. As for-ward thus the might-y

glo-ri-ous, Na-tion blest and na-tion prosperous, Ev - er, ev - er for - ward,
ar - my, Forward thus the conq'ring ar - my, Ev - er, ev - er march - ing,

Mov - ing, mov - ing for - ward, Na - tion great and na - tion glo - ri-ous,
For - ward, for - ward march-ing, For - ward thus the glo - ri - ous ar-my,

Na-tion blest and na-tion pros-per-ous, Ev - er, ev - er for-ward in the
Forward thus the con-q'ring ar - my, For-ward in the bless - ed cause of

light of God.
truth and right. Forward the con-q'ring call, Forward the conq'ring call, Forward the

call, for - ward the call, For-ward the con - q'ring call. con - q'ring call.

Small notes for instrument only.

142 The Marseilles.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. ROUGET DE LISLE.

1. Columbia's Sons, the world is call - ing, In chains of drink the nations be,
2. Columbia's Sons, the coils are tight'ning, And we at ease un-mind-ful still;
3. Columbia's Sons, the an- gels o'er thee Would lead thee on with beck'ning hand;

While tears of dark despair are fall-ing, With hope they look, fair land, to thee,
The nation's blood the monster bright'ning, The nation's heart numb with his chill,
And in His might thy God before thee, Would sweep the demons from the land,

With hope they look, fair land, to thee; And shall we still in slum-ber ly - ing,
The nation's heart numb with his chill; And we be-fore this king of e - vils,
Would sweep the demons from the land; Then fear not Satan's op - po - si - tion,

The growing pow'r of rum dis - dain, Till, help-less in its dreadful chain, E'en
Re-fuse, in fear or base dis - like, The pro - hi - bition blow to strike, And
But in the name of Je - sus go, And for your loved ones strike the blow, That

CHORUS.

we ourselves its slaves be dy-ing?
end the hellish work of dev - ils. A - rise, a-rise, ye brave, . .
wins the fight for Prohi-bi - tion. arise, ye brave.

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The Marseilles.

The world, the world to save, ... O, break, O,
the world to save, rise to break,
break Rum's mighty pow'r, The world, . . . the world to save.
rise to break, the world to save,

143 Vote Right.

C. M. F. *Tune: "Work for the Night."* LOWELL MASON.

1. Vote for straight prohi - bi - tion, Vote, brother, as you pray; Vote for straight
2. Vote for straight prohi - bi - tion, Vote with a true in - tent; Vote for straight
3. Vote for straight prohi - bi - tion, Vote with a conscience clear; Vote for straight

pro-hi - bi - tion, Don't throw your vote away. Vote for straight prohi-bi - tion,
pro-hi - bi - tion, Vote for good government. Vote for straight prohi-bi - tion,
pro-hi - bi - tion, Vote with a heart sin-cere. Vote for straight prohi bi - tion,

Vote for the cause of right; Vote for straight prohibition, Vote the clean ballot, white.
Vote to saloons de-stroy; Vote for straight prohibition, Vote to protect your boy.
Vote for this righteous plan; Vote for straight prohibition, Vote, brother, like a man.

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144 The Marseilles.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. MALE VOICES. ROUGET DE LISLE.

1. Columbia's Sons, the world is call - ing, In chains of drink the nations be,
2. Columbia's Sons, the coils are tightening, And we at ease un - mind-ful still,
3. Columbia's Sons, the an-gels o'er thee, Would lead thee on with beck'ning hand,

While tears of dark de-spair are fall-ing, With hope they look, fair land, to thee;
The nation's blood the monster bright'ning, The nation's heart numb with his chill;
And in His might thy God be - fore thee, Would sweep the demons from the land;

With hope they look, fair land, to thee, And shall we still in slum-ber ly - ing,
The nation's heart numb with his chill, And we be-fore this king of e - vils,
Would sweep the demons from the land. Then fear not Sa-tan's op - po - si - tion,

The growing pow'r of rum dis-dain Till, help-less in its dreadful chain, E'en
Re-fuse in fear, or base dis - like, The pro - hib-i-tion blow to strike, And
But in the name of Je - sus go, And for your loved ones strike the blow That

we, ourselves, its slaves be dying?
end the hellish work of dev - ils.
wins the fight for Pro-hib-i-tion.

CHORUS.

A - rise, a-rise, ye brave, ...
a-rise ye brave,

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The Marseilles.

The world, the world to save, ... O break, ... O
the world to save. rise to break, O
break, Rum's mighty pow'r, The world, . . . the world to save.
break, rise to break, the world to save,

145 Stand Up for Prohibition.

C. M. F. *Tune: "Stand Up for Jesus."* G. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up for pro-hib - i - tion, Ye patriots of the land; All ye who love your
2. Stand up for pro-hib - i - tion, Ye soldiers of the Lord, Put on the gos - pel
3. Stand up for pro-hib - i - tion, The trumpet call o-bey, Forth to the might-y

coun-try, Against saloons should stand. Be bold against this traffic, Your country's
ar-mor, And wield the spirit's sword, "From vict'ry un - to vic - 'try, His ar - my
con - flict, In this His glorious day; Ye that are men now serve Him, Against un-

great-est foe; Let word and deed and bal - lot Proclaim," saloons must go."
shall he lead," Un - til the foe is vanquished "And Christ is Lord indeed."
numbered foes; Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose."

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146 It Am Come to Stay.

ROBT. O. SMITH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Jis gib me stric' re-tention, friends, I's gwine to proph-e - sy; Each
2. Dey ain't no use er talk - in' fur De right can nev - er die, It's
3. O lick-er coons, you might as leabe Jis tuck yo' tails an' run; We'll

word am worf a dol - lar bill, Dis nig-ger neb - er lie; De great Pro-
like de cat, got seb - en lives, De truf out-lib de lie; An' sho' as
chuck yo' hides wid bal -lots from De big Pro - bi - tion gun; We's boun' to

bi - tion ar - my dat Am in de worl' to - day, Is sho - ly gwine to
two an' two am free, We's gwine to win de day, Fur we Pro - bi - tion
keep er fight-in', yas, An' vot - in' like we pray, Fur de Pro - bi - tion

whup de fight, Fur it am come to stay.
sol - dier boys Am here, an' here to stay.
ar - my sho' Am here, an' here to stay.

[The soloist may rest during the first four measures of the chorus.]

CHORUS.

Yas, it am come to

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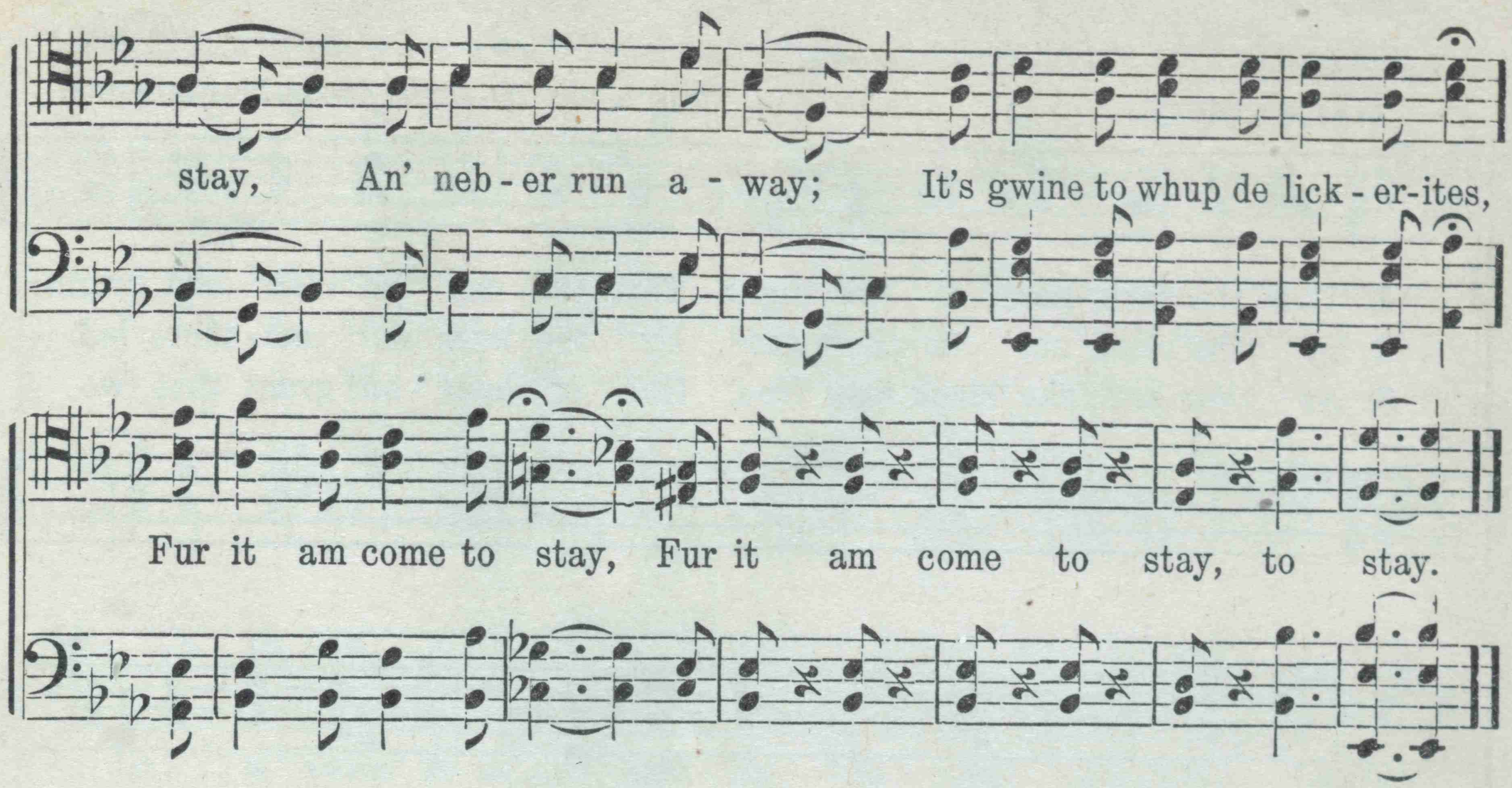
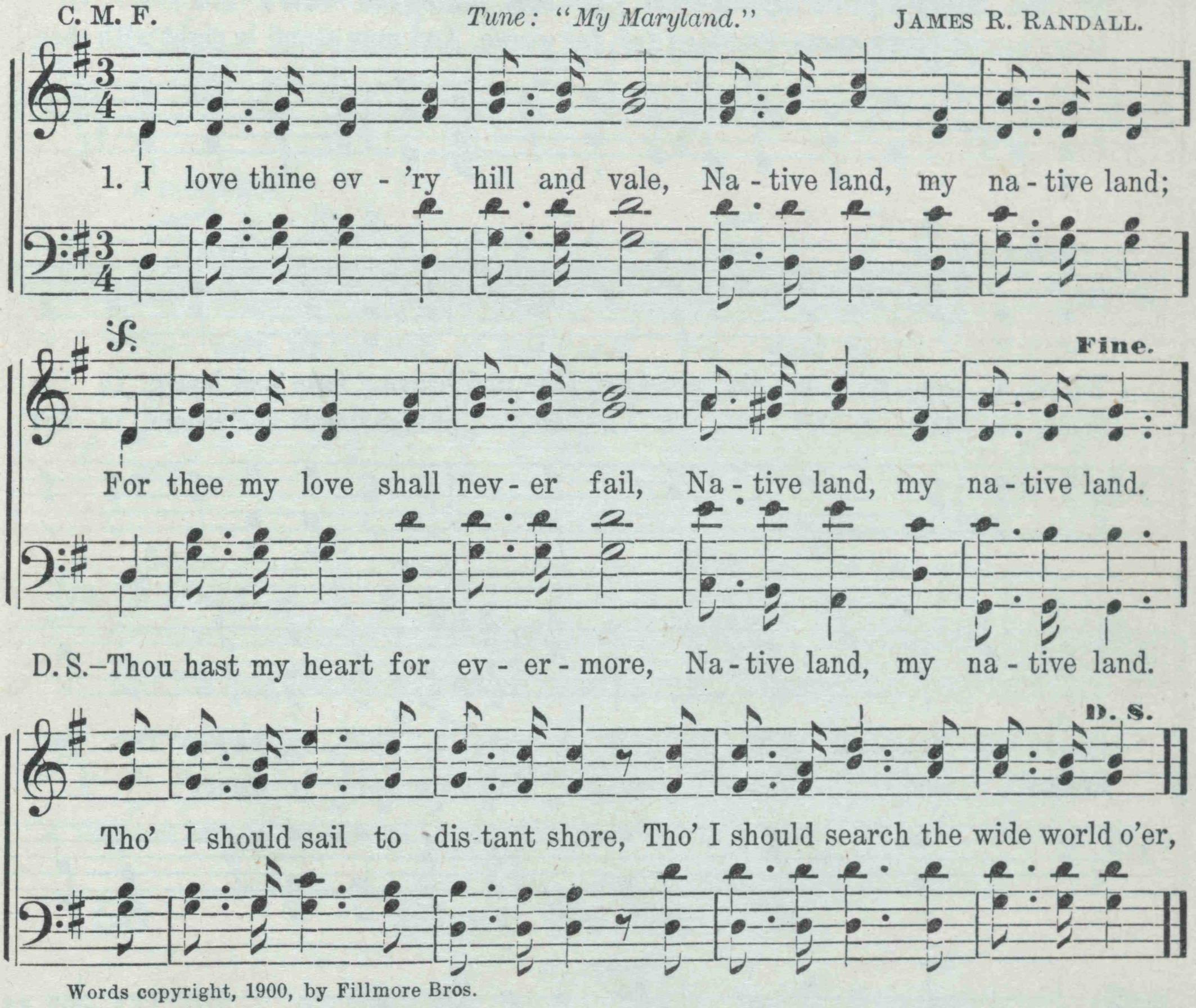
It Am Come to Stay.



147 My Native Land.

C. M. F. *Tune: "My Maryland."* JAMES R. RANDALL.



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2 Tho' sons may sometime trait'rous prove,
Native land, my native land;
I pledge thee faithful, loyal love,
Native land, my native land.
When foes assail without, within,
I will not shrink from battle din,
But fight to death thy cause to win,
Native land, my native land.

3 And when thy borders are at peace,
Native land, my native land;
My guarding care shall never cease,
Native land, my native land.
But jealous still of thy true weal,
A faithful patriot's pride I'll feel,
Be prompt thine ills and wounds to heal,
Native land, my native land.

148. A Patriotic Phalanx.

Dedicated to "The Patriot Phalanx," the successful prohibition paper of Indianapolis, Ind.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

MALE VOICES.

1. Thro' the dark-ness of the night, Thro' the day so fair and bright,
2. By the blood our fa-thers shed, By the lives our mo-thers led,
3. As they set the black man free, God of heav-en! grant that we

Thro' the winter's snow, Thro' the summer's glow, We have heard our country's call.
By the might-y price Of their sac-ri-fice, We have sworn fi-del-i-ty.
May destroy rum's curse, Bondage far, far worse, And may stand in right with thee.

CHORUS.

We're a pa-tri-ot-ic pha-lanx true and brave, true and brave, In the
We're a pa-tri-ot-ic phalanx true and brave, In the

breeze our ban-ner fair we bold-ly wave; bold-ly wave; "The sa-
breeze our ban-ner fair we bold-ly wave;

loon must die;" this our bat-tle-cry, And we fight, our land from rum to save.

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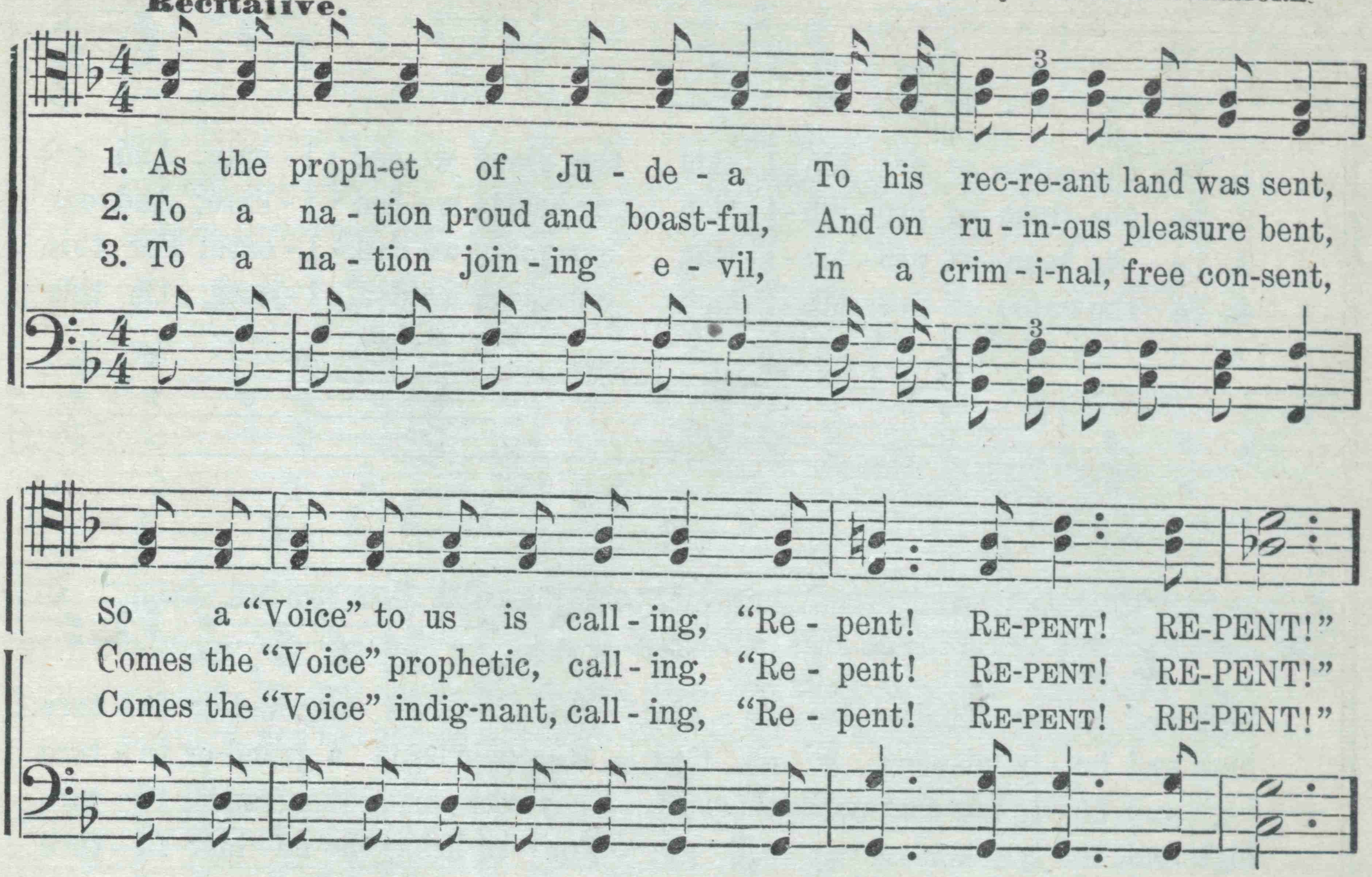
149 Prepare Ye the Way of the Lord.

Dedicated to that plucky, peerless paper, "The New Voice," Chicago.

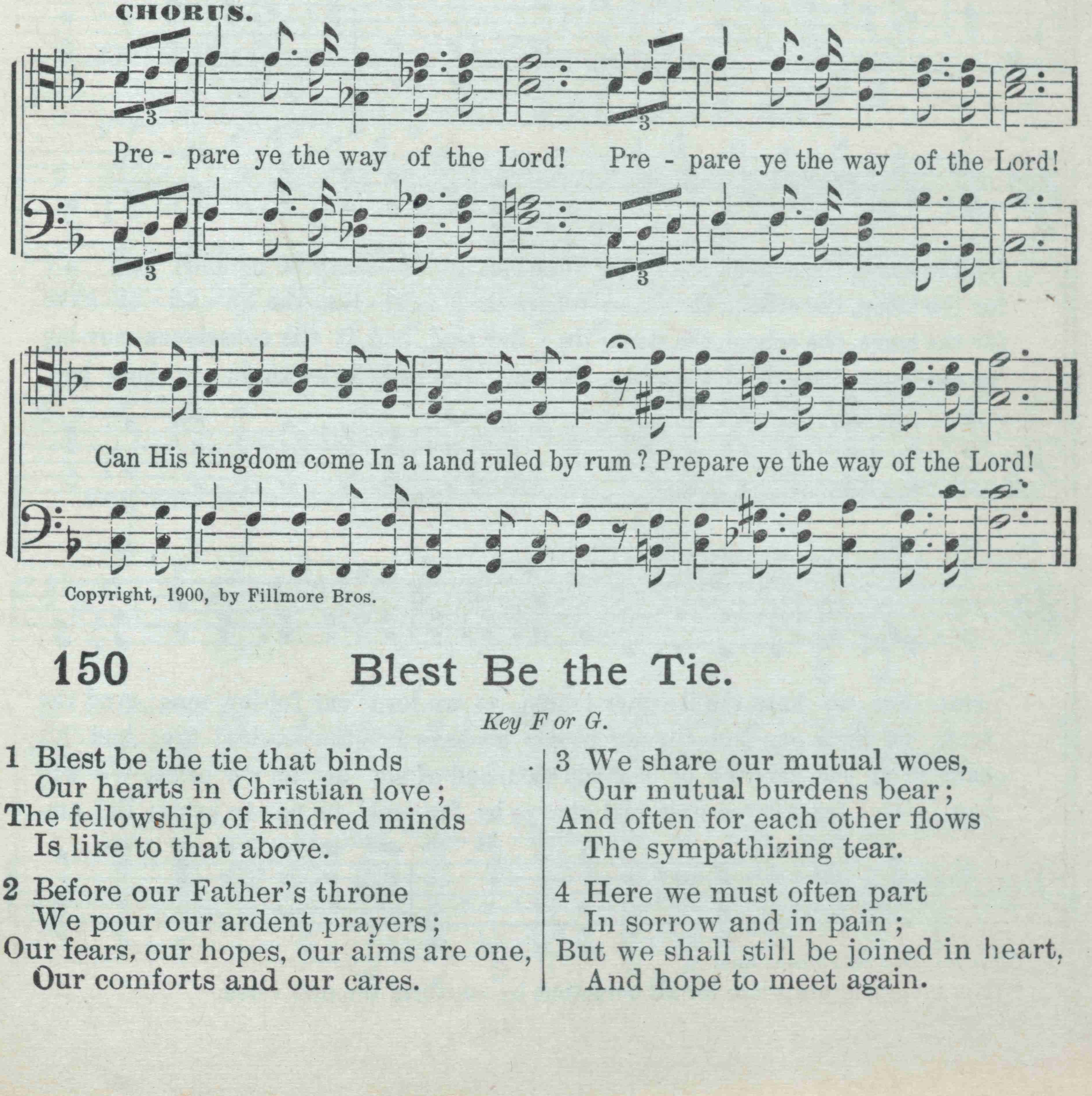
MALE VOICES.

Recitative.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.



CHORUS.



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150 Blest Be the Tie.

Key F or G.

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

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

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

4 Here we must often part
In sorrow and in pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

151 Our Dedication.

Words and Music by A. A. HOPKINS.

*1. To the cause of pro - hib - i - tion this place we ded - i - cate; And a
2. To the right of pro - hib - i - tion our hearts we ded - i - cate; And our
3. To the boon of pro - hib - i - tion our votes we ded - i - cate; For this
4. To the cause of pro - hib - i - tion ourselves we ded - i - cate; On this

high and ho - ly mis-sion we be - gin; We de-mand a grand-er fu - ture
high and ho - ly mis-sion is of God; He would build a grand-er fu - ture
high and ho - ly mis-sion needs them all; They must bring the grander fu - ture
high and ho - ly mis-sion we will go; For to bring the no - bler fu - ture

for the home, the school, the state, Than can an - y-where be build-ed on a
for the home, the school, the state, Where the Pu - ri - tan, the Pa - tri - ot have
for the home, the school, the state, Un - der God, and at His conscience-mov-ing
to the home, the school, the state, Is our loy - al Christian du - ty here be-

sin; For we hate the li - quor traffic, as we love our fel-low-man; And the
trod. Of their pur-pose for our people we have felt the sa-cred fire, And it
call. From the ser-vice of cor-rup-tion, and of sin at an - y price, We will
low. Be for-got-ten gain and glo-ry; be for - sak -en par-ty pride; Bid am-

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*This song is appropriate for all occasions by omitting the first verse.

Our Dedication.

foe of God and country we de - fy, (we de - fy,) As we band ourselves to-
hot - ly glows with-in us as we cry, (as we cry,) While the woe and sin a-
lift our bal-lots heav'nward and high; (heav'nward high,) Nev - er-more shall they be
bi-tion, greed and lust, for-ev - er fly; (ev - er fly,) And for God, and home, and

gether on the on-ly righteous plan, With our watchword—"The saloon must die!"
bout us all hu-man - i - ty in-spire To the cho-rus—"The saloon must die!"
sul-lied by per - pet - u - at - ing vice, But shall herald—"The saloon must die!"
country, and the heroes who have died, Shout the watchword—"The saloon must die!"

CHORUS.

Sound the slo-gan, let it ring; "In the name of Christ as King, The sa-
loon must die, must die." (must die,) "In the name of Christ as King!" Let our
loy - al voic - es sing, "The sa - loon, the sa - loon shall die, (shall die)."

152 Temperance Battle Hymn.

MRS. MERRILL E. GATES.

1. From the hills and from the val - leys, Rings a glad triumphant song;
2. He who died in pain and sor - row, That His peo - ple might be free;
3. He will bid the powers of e - vil Crumble to their fi - nal fall;
4. Oh, the grow-ing, widening won-der Of the gos - pel of His grace!

'T is the hymn of hu - man progress In its strife divine with wrong;
He who, conquering death, and rising, Cap-tive led cap - tiv - i - ty,—
He will raise the bruised and broken, And set free each prisoned thrall;
In His world - en - cir - cling service, Ev - 'ry work - er finds a place.

'T is the gold - en, heav-enly an-them, Which earth's faithful ones prolong,
He our glo - rious, liv - ing Leader, Calls us on to vic - to - ry—
Who is he that may not con-quer Since his Lord has conquered all?
For we on - ly turn dark na-tures Toward the brightness of His face;

CHORUS.

"Our Christ is strong to save!"
"For Christ is strong to save!"
"And Christ is strong to save!"
"And Christ is strong to save!"

Glo - ry, glory, hal-le - lu - jah,

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

Temperance Battle Hymn.

5 Onward sweeps the gathering army,
Luminous in living light,
Forward stream the hallowed banners,
Floating far their snowy white,
Upward swells the mighty war-cry
Still, "For God and Home and Right!
Our Christ is strong to save!"

153 The Whisky Shops Must Go.

Tune: "Temperance Battle Hymn."

1 O, comrades in this conflict of the
right against the wrong,
To the battle of the ballots come
with shouting and with song;
And this shall be our slogan as the
legions march along—
"The whisky shops must go."

CHORUS.

Rally! Rally! O, ye freemen!
Rally! Rally! O, ye freemen!
The whisky shops must go.

2 Jehovah's wrath is kindled, and His
arm is lifted high,
For from out the dust of ages He
has heard the martyr's cry;
The cup of wrath is brimming, and
His vengeance draweth nigh—
"The whisky shops must go."

3 From the silence and the shadows,
where our mothers weep and pray,
With their patient hands uplifted
'gainst the woe they cannot slay,
We have heard a voice entreating
us to sweep the curse away—
"The whisky shops must go."

4 Hear the children cry for pity from
the cruel heart of greed;
See them trampled into silence by
the monster while they plead!
Be quick, my patriot brothers, to
the rescue let us speed—
"The whisky shops must go."

5 We are coming, we are coming for
the light has dawned at last,
Hark! the battle-cry is ringing, and
our lines are length'ning fast,
For God, and Home, and Native
Land, our ballots shall be cast—
"The whisky shops must go."

154 All Hail the Power.

Tune: "Coronation." Key G.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Let ev'ry kindred ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 O, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

EDWARD PERRONET.

155 A Charge to Keep.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And, O, Thy servant, Lord prepare,
A strict account to give!

156 I'm Not Ashamed.

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend His cause;
Maintain the honor of His word,
The glory of His cross.

2 Firm as His throne His promise
stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless
name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint for me a place.

157 Doxology.

Tune: "Old Hundred."—Key G.

Praise God, from whom all blessings
flow,
Praise Him, who saves from sin and
woe!
Praise Him, who leads the temperance
host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

158 On the Streets at Midnight.

* * *

CAREW.

1. I stood on the streets at midnight, Where the crowds surge to and fro;
2. I look on a drunken Fa-ther, Who goes reel-ing to his home,
3. I see a heart-bro-ken moth-er, With her white face wet with tears,

Tossed high on life's storm-swept o-cean, As the bil-lows come and go.
Where suf-fer-ing wife and chil-dren, Sad-ly wait for him to come.
She seeks for the boy she cherished, So proud-ly in by-gone years.

There many soul-freighted ves-sels, On the wa-ters deep and swift;
Their plead-ing is una-vail-ing, As they sink the waves be-low,
Her hopes, once so bright, are withered, By the rum-pow'r's curse and blight;

Are wreck'd, and o'er city pavements, To the gulfs of death they drift.
For men in their boast-ed pow'r, Cast their votes to make it so.
For fast her loved boy is drifting, To the coast of end-less night.

CHORUS.

Oh, ma-ny a soul has per-ished, As the life-tides ebb and flow;
For ma-ny a bark is shattered, On the reefs of sin and woe.

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159

As Goes America.

Dedicated to Josiah Strong, D. D.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. As goes A-mer-i-ca, so goes the world, Here where the fight for truth is rag - ing,
2. As goes A-mer-i-ca, so goes the world, Here freedom makes her last en- deav - or,
3. As goes A-mer-i-ca, so goes the world, Here lift we Christ, the light be- stow - ing,
4. As goes A-mer-i-ca, so goes the world, Foremost and highest is her sta - tion,

As goes A - mer - i - ca, so goes the world, Here where the hosts are now en - gag- ing.
As goes A - mer - i - ca, so goes the world, Fails she, and all is lost for - ev - er.
As goes A - mer - i - ca, so goes the world, Here serve we God in right-ful do - ing.
As goes A - mer - i - ca, so goes the world, Lead-er and guide to ev - 'ry na - tion.

CHORUS.

Win thou the vic - to - ry great-est and best; Lead on so grand and free, Stand thou for righteousness, people so blest, Win thou the vic - to - ry great-est and best; Lead on so grand and free,

Rall.

Na-tion of des - ti - ny, As goes A-mer - i - ca, so goes the world.

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160

In the Name of God.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. In the name of God we're marching 'gainst the pow'rs of sin and wrong,
2. In the name of God we're marching 'gainst the e - vil of the land,

Marching on, marching on, And the greatness of his
Marching on, marching on, Tho' the cohorts of the
triumphs is our glory and our song, Marching on,..... marching on.
wicked to oppose undaunted stand, Marching on,

Unison.

He hath chased the hosts of darkness, he hath cheered the haunts of woe, As he
High aloft we'll bear the standard of our Captain and our King, And with
leads his loyal legions from on high. He hath slain the proud op-
might we'll wield the weapons of his word, And the foe shall fall be-

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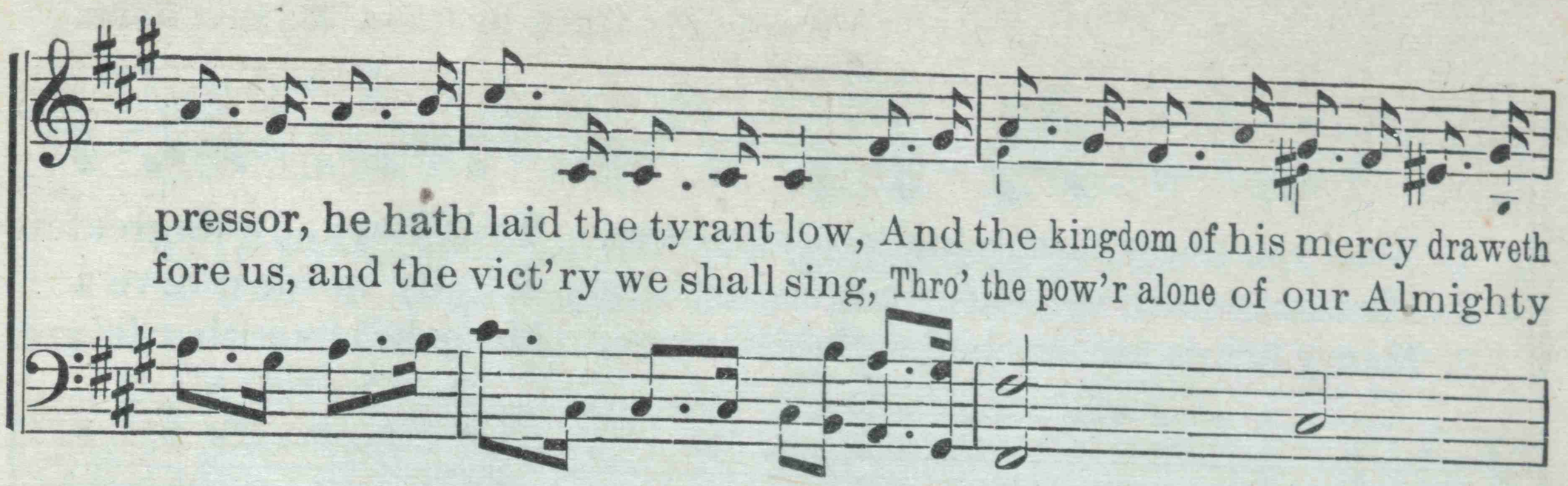
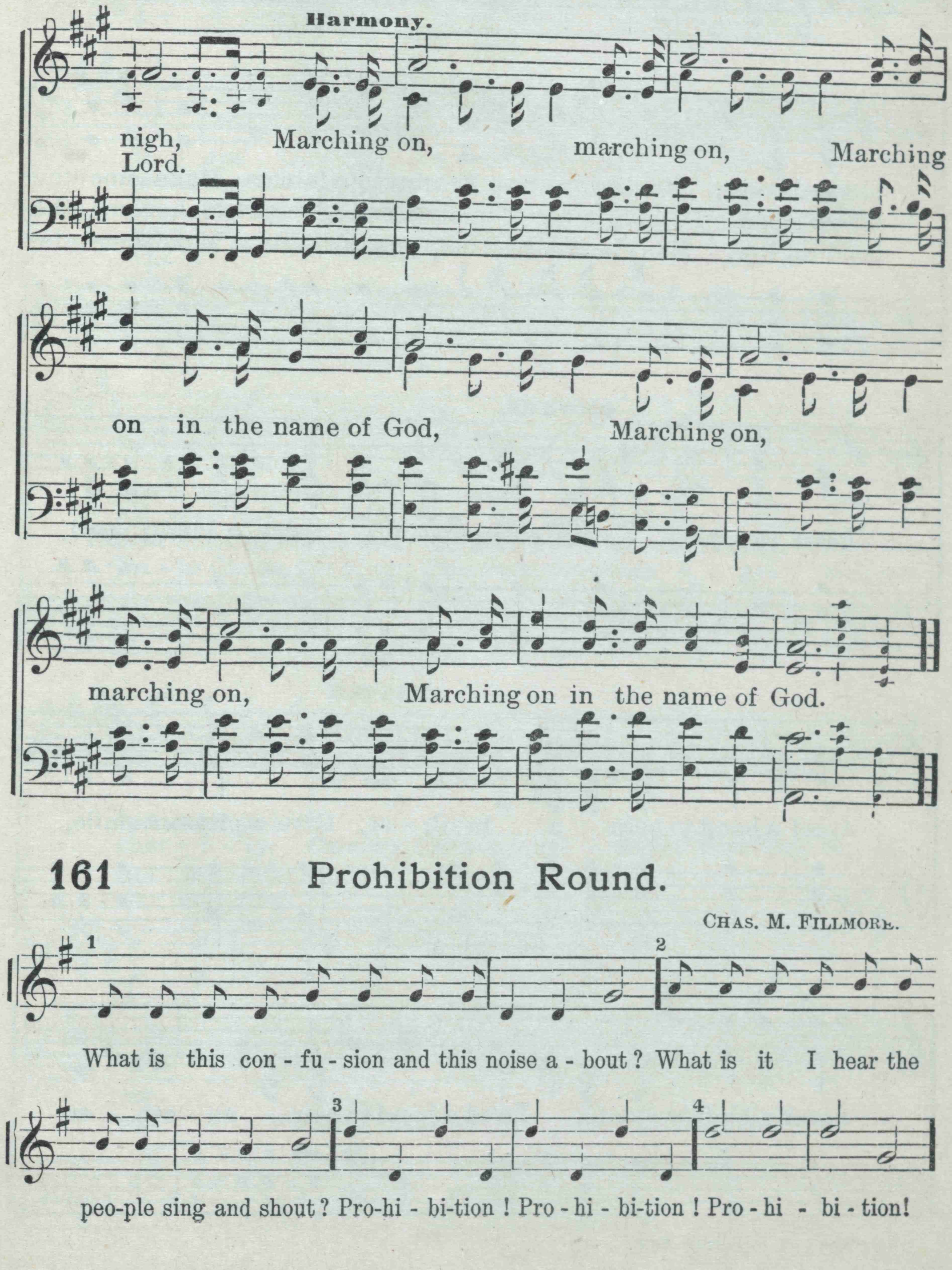
In the Name of God.





161 Prohibition Round.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

162 Make Some Other Heart Rejoice.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. Would you know earth's highest happiness, Would you know its greatest
2. Pleasant smiles will cheer a drooping heart, Kindly words relieve a
3. Man-y hearts are crushed with bitter woe, Many hearts with grief are

bless-ed - ness, Would you know its truest joyfulness, Make some other
bit-ter smart, Helping hands to weakness strength impart, Make some other
bend-ing low, Many hearts need help you can bestow, Make some other

CHORUS.

heart re - joice. Give a pleasant smile, Speak a kindly word,

Lend a hand to help a broth - er, Give a pleasant smile,

Speak a kind-ly word, Lend a hand to help an - oth - er.

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163 Onward Christian Soldiers.

S. B. GOULD. A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be-fore; Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter,
2. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus Con-stant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev - er
4. Onward, then, ye people! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voic - es In the triumph-song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or

Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, his ban - ners go!
All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that can not fail.
Un - to Christ, the King; This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

REFRAIN.

Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus go - ing on be - fore.

164 Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEO. A. MINOR. By per.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide,
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go, then, even weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustained our

and the dewy eves; Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
winter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
spirit often grieves; When our weeping 's over, he will bid us welcome,

CHORUS.

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

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

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

165 Rescue the Perishing.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pi - ty from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one,
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is waiting, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent child to re - ceive, Plead with them ear - nest - ly,
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie bur - ied that grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart,
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the Lord will pro - vide: Back to the nar - row way

Lift up the fall - en, Tell them of Je - sus the might-y to save.
Plead with them gently, He will for-give if they on - ly be-lieve.
Wakened by kindness, Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
Pa - tiently win them; Tell the poor wand'rer a Saviour has died.

CHORUS.

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

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166

Labor On.

C. R. BLACKALL. W. H. DOANE.

1. In the har - vest field there is work to do, For the
2. Crowd the gar - ner well with the sheaves all bright, Let the
3. In the glean-er's path may be rich re - ward, Tho' the
4. Lo! the Har - vest Home in the realms a - bove Shall be

grain is ripe, and the reap-ers few, And the Mas-ter's voice
song be glad, and the heart be light, Fill the precious hours,
time seems long, and the la - bor hard; For the Mas-ter's joy,
gained by each who has toiled and strove; When the Master's voice,

bids the work-ers true Heed the call that He gives to - day.
ere the shades of night Take the place of the gold - en day.
with His chosen shared, Drives the gloom from the darkest day.
in His words of love, Calls a - way to e - ter - nal day.

REFRAIN.

La - bor on, la - bor on, Keep the
La - bor on, la - bor on,
bright re - ward in view, For the Mas - ter has said, He will

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Labor On.

167 Harvest Time.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS. C. S. CABLE.

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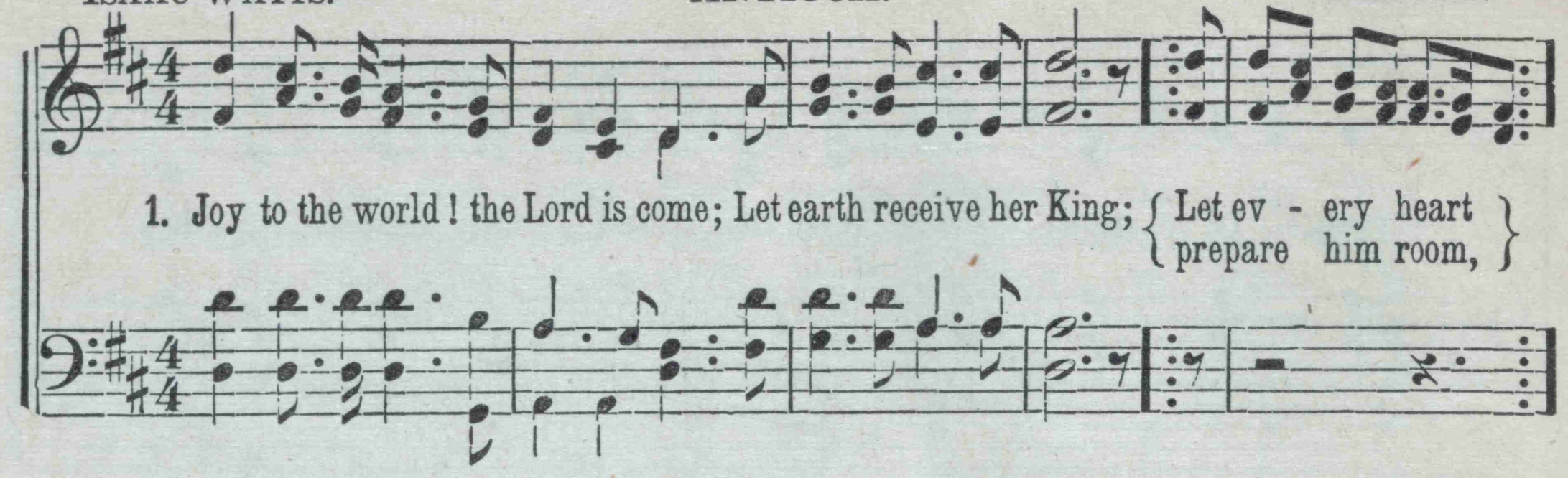
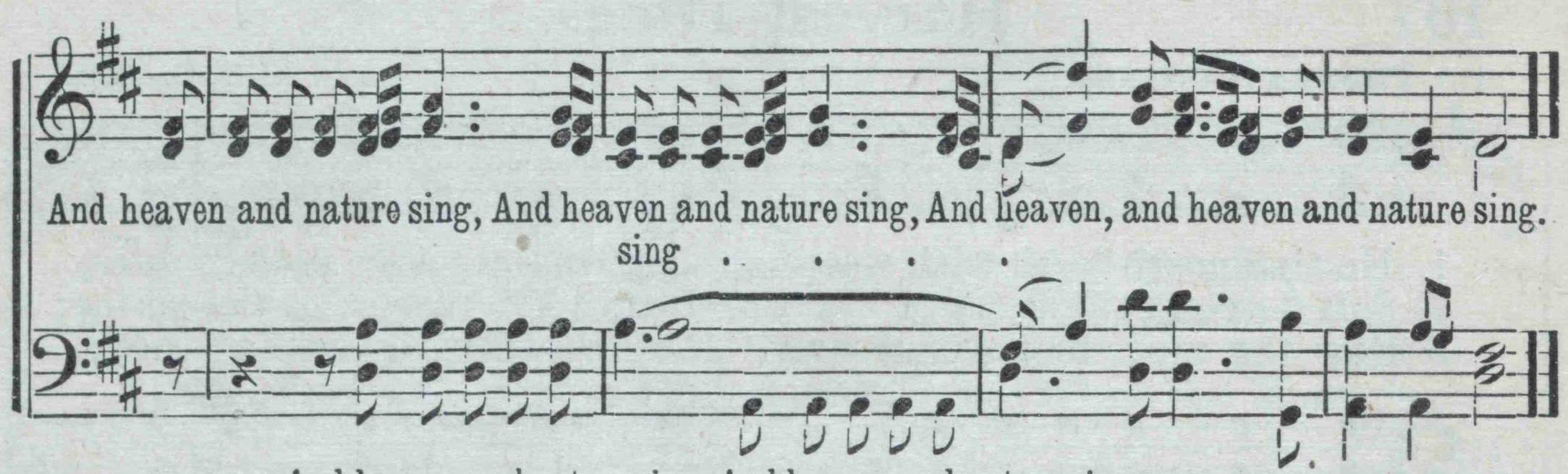
168 Joy to the World!

ISAAC WATTS. ANTIOCH. HANDEL.





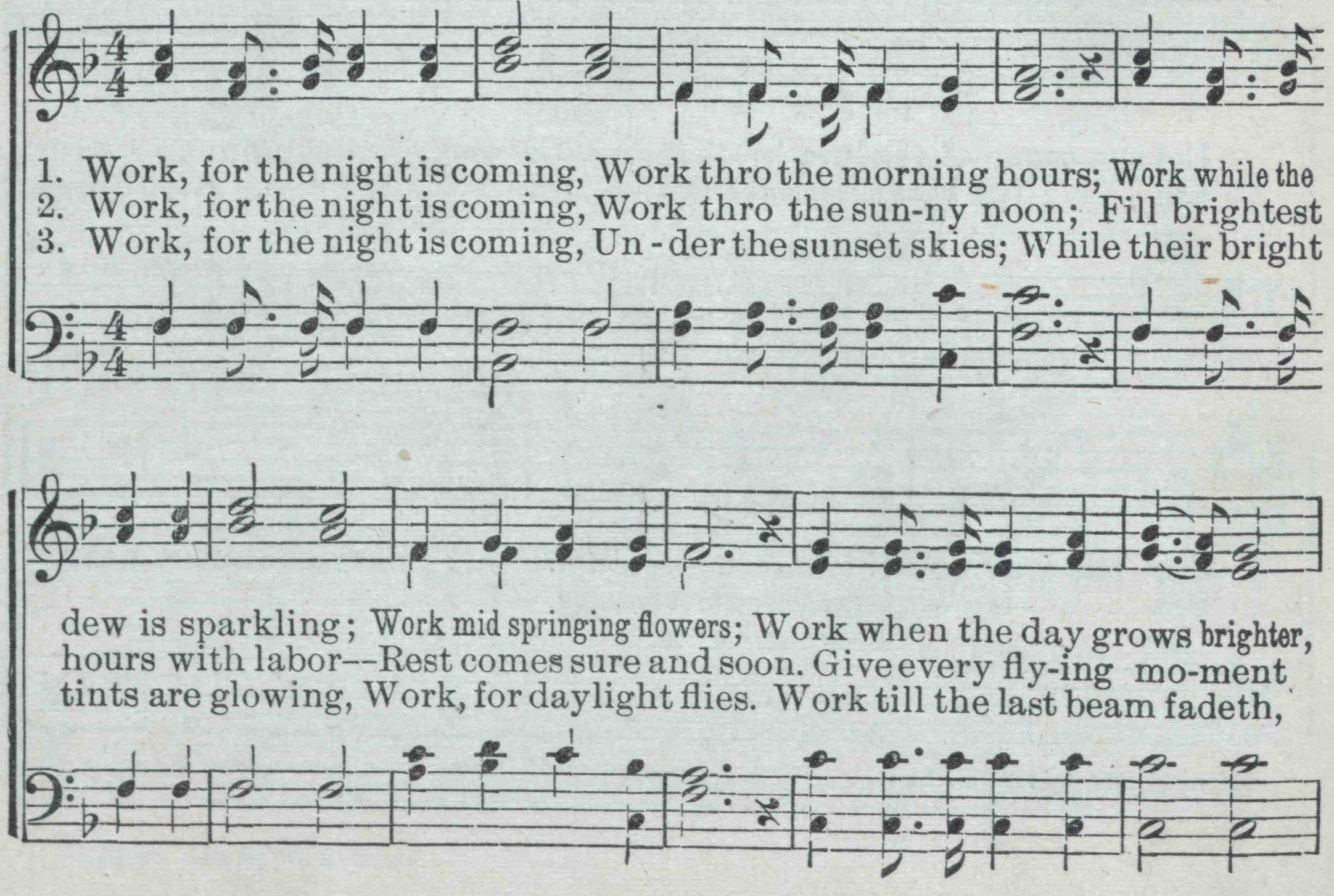
2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

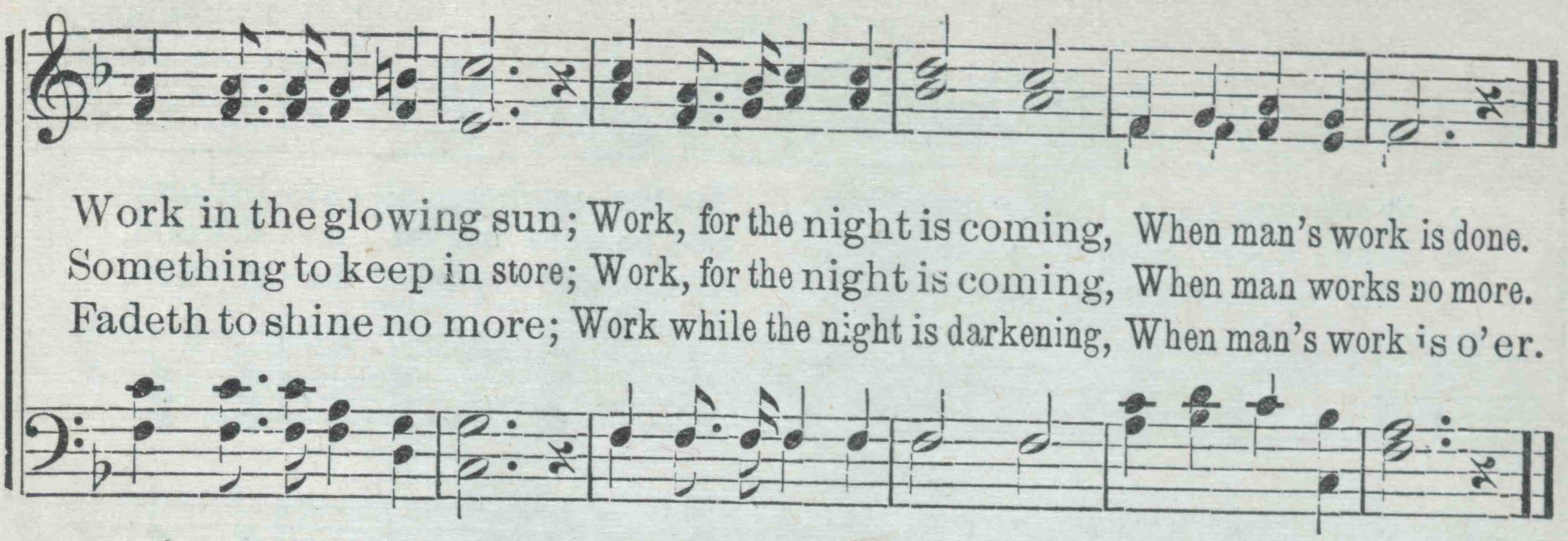
4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

169 Work, for the Night is Coming.

SIDNEY DYER. WORK SONG. LOWELL MASON.



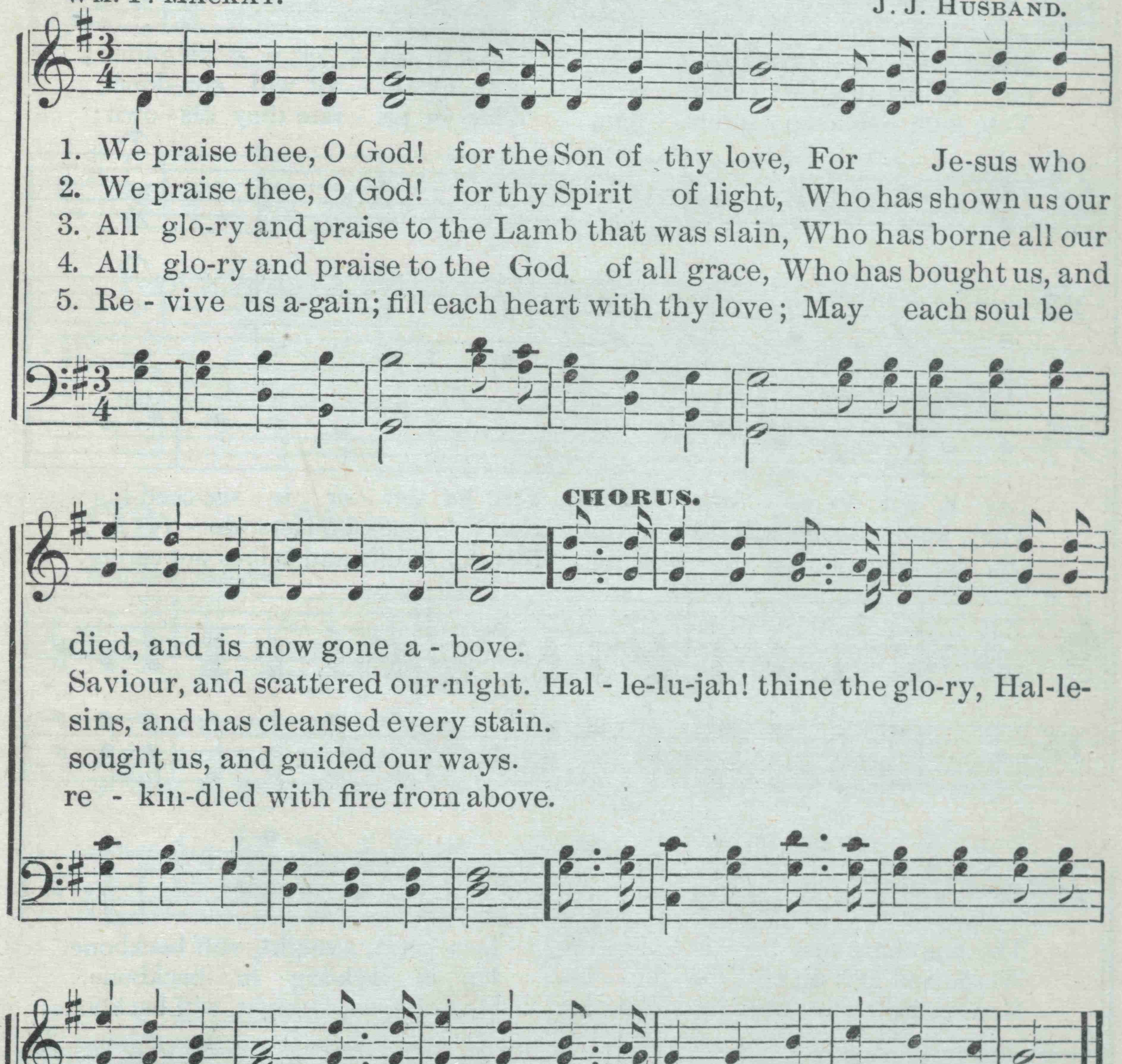
Work for the Night is Coming.



Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.
Fadeth to shine no more; Work while the night is darkening, When man's work is o'er.

170 We Praise Thee, O God.

WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.



1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Je-sus who
2. We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo-ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo-ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
5. Re - vive us a-gain; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be

died, and is now gone a - bove.
Saviour, and scattered our night. Hal - le-lu-jah! thine the glo-ry, Hal-le-
sins, and has cleansed every stain.
sought us, and guided our ways.
re - kin-dled with fire from above.

lu-jah! A-men. Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glory, Re-vive us a-gain.

Backbone.

Dedicated to "Backbone," the hustling State Prohibition paper of Minnesota. (St. Paul.)

1st or 2d Tenor. **MEN'S VOICES.** J. H. FILLMORE.

1. When you see a fel-low twist-ing, To the tempter al-ways list'ning,
2. When a wi - ly pol - i - ti - cian, Just to hold his fat po - si - tion,
3. Ma - ny vo - ters of this na - tion, At the par - ty-boss' dic - ta - tion,

Nev - er a - ny wrong resist - ing, Un - to ev - 'ry e - vil prone;
Or to bet - ter his con-di - tion, A - ny e - vil will con-done;
Vote their public ap - pro-ba - tion, What in pri - vate they dis - own;

1st or 2d Bass.

Lay it not to lack of breed-ing, That he nev - er is suc-ceed-ing;
Tho', no doubt, he will de - ny it, And in face of facts de - fy it,
Oh, for men of man - ly bear-ing, Men for taunts and bribes not caring,

The one thing that he is need-ing, Is a good, straight, stiff backbone.
Words and acts do not be - lie it— He is lack-ing in backbone.
Men in righteous pro - jects dar - ing, Men of good, straight, stiff backbone.

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Backbone.

CHORUS.

f

Stand erect! be firm and steady (firm and steady), Throw your moral shoulders back!

For it is backbone, bone, For it is backbone, bone, Good, straight, stiff backbone,

For it is backbone, bone, For it is backbone, bone That men most sadly lack.

172 Sing a Song of Prohibition.

Words arranged. **Words and Music by CHAS. M. F.**

1. Sing a song of Pro-hi - bi - tion, Sing it mer-ri - ly, sing it mer-ri - ly,
2. Sing a song of Pro-hi - bi - tion, Sing it earnest-ly, sing it earnest-ly,
3. Sing a song of Pro-hi - bi - tion, Sing it hearti - ly, sing it heart-i - ly,

Sing a song of Pro - hi - bi - tion, And vote it ev - 'ry time.

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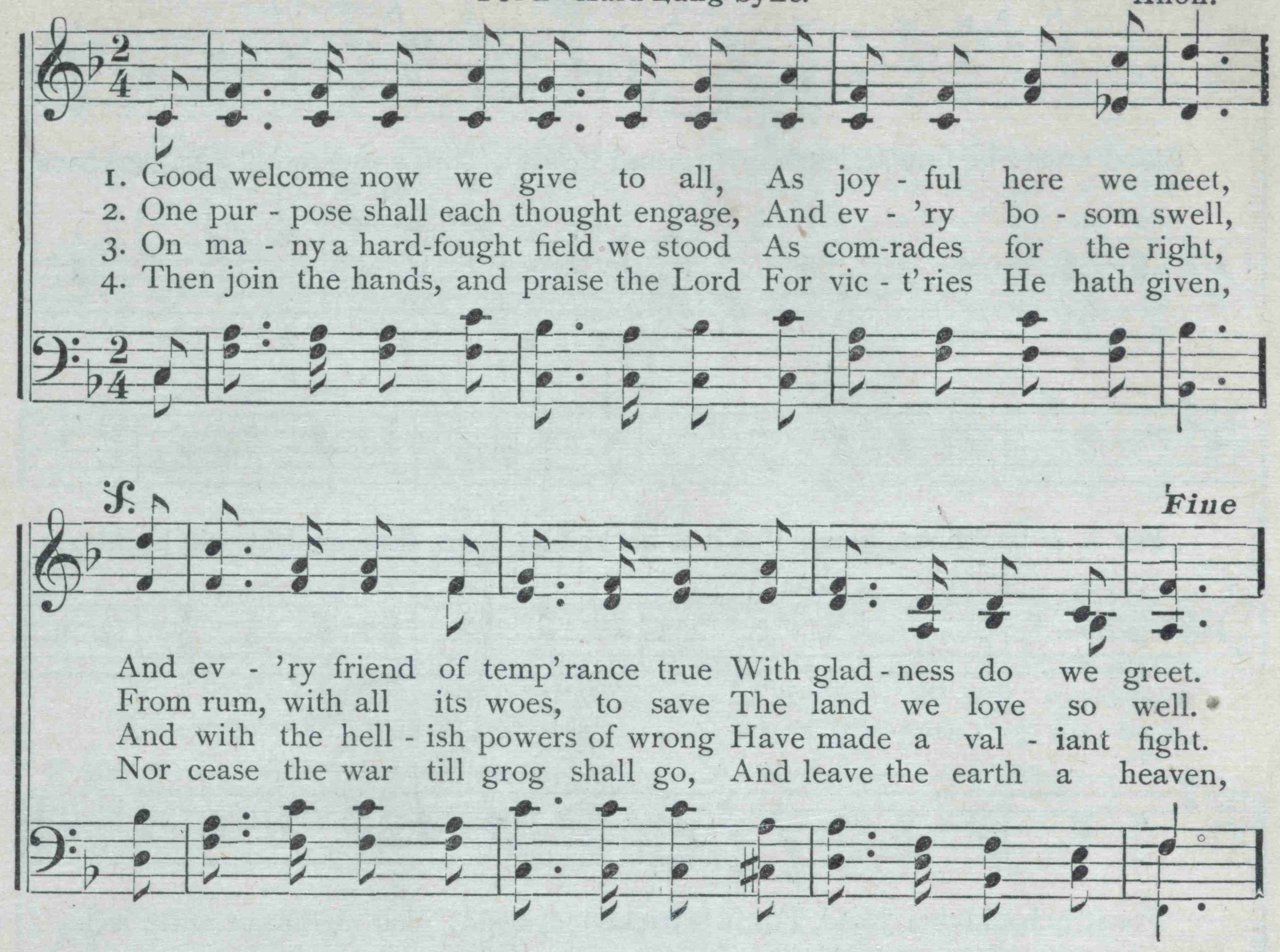
173 Good Welcome. Opening.

P. H. TUNE—Auld Lang Syne. Anon.



* Repeat the closing lines of each stanza in the D. S.

174 The Closing Hour. Closing.

TUNE—Auld Lang Syne.

1 The closing hour has come at last,
And severs this glad throng;
But ere we go let heart and voice
Join in a parting song,
Join in a parting song, dear friends,
Join in a parting song,
But ere we go let heart and voice
Join in a parting song.

2 We go to meet our ancient foe,
United let us stand;
King Alcohol must be dethroned
In our beloved land,
In our beloved land, dear friends,
In our beloved land,
King Alcohol must be dethroned
In our beloved land.

3 Then bravely forward let us go,
And falter not nor fail;
The Lord of all is over us
And will at last prevail,
And will at last prevail, dear friends,
And will at last prevail,
The Lord of all is over us,
And will at last prevail.

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175 God Ruleth All.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. Welsh Air.

1. Through the night of sin and sor - row God rul - eth all;
2. Through the night of pain so drear - y God rul - eth all;
3. Through the night of prayer and wait - ing God rul - eth all;
4. Through the night for Him we're stand-ing, God rul - eth all;

He will bring the glad to - mor - row, God rul - eth all;
Through the day of toil so wea - ry God rul - eth all;
Through the hours of wrong be - lat - ing God rul - eth all;
Hear Him in the gloom com-mand-ing, God rul - eth all;

Cursed by drink the world's condi-tion, Yet the dawn of Pro - hi - bi - tion
He the One, who, nev-er sleeping, Sees the help-less or-phan weeping,
Faith with eye undimmed di - vin - ing, Sees e'en now the sil - ver lin - ing,
Black-est arts of Rum's de-vis - ing Hin-der not the day that's ris - ing,

Soon will come the glad fru - i - tion, God rul - eth all.
For the Rum-fiend wrath is keep-ing, God rul - eth all.
Star of Temp'rance clear - er shin - ing, God rul - eth all.
Comes His glo - ry all sur - pris - ing, God rul - eth all.

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176 Bibles and Beer.

Solo and Chorus, or Duet and Chorus.

A good effect will be obtained by an alto taking the lower voice and a baritone (or man's voice) taking the upper voice. Where no alto notes are given, that voice rests. The chorus is suitable for either mixed or men's voices.

MRS. IDA M. BUDD. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Over the sea in their ignorant blindness, Dwell the poor heathen 'mid darkness and
2. Bibles to teach them the way of salvation, Lifting them up from the mire and the
3. Oh, the disgrace of it, oh, the sad pity! Pray, Christian voters, has this your con-

night. We in the home-land with brotherly kindness, Reach out with longing to
clay; Beer to ef-fect their demoral - i - za - tion, Sinking them deeper and
sent? Then tell me why, in town, village and city, You are not working this

send them the light. So o'er the o - cean our good ships are speeding,
deeper each day. What must they think of us, giv - ing them double,
shame to pre-vent. Why do you work, vote and shout with the parties,

Gladly to bear them the tidings of cheer; But side by side with the word of God—
Hope from above and despair from beneath? Filling the beckoning hands that en-
Pledged as you know to this legalized sin? Think of a Christian land sending to

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Bibles and Beer.

CHORUS.
The instrument plays small notes.

think of it! Travels its foe—our Amer-i-can beer.
treat us with Bread of life mingled with water of death. Bibles and beer! what a
heathen lands Beer to be sold, with a Bible thrown in!

strange combination! Who ev-er heard of the like in cre-a-tion? Mustn't the

heathen consid-er us queer, Sending them cargoes of Bibles and beer?

177

Up, Away!

H. S. T.

J. B. HERBERT.

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 breaking.
3. Drink is raging, raging, raging, Bat-tled hosts are now en-gag-ing.
4. Men are falling, fall-ing, fall-ing, Hear the Mas-ter call-ing, call-ing.

CHORUS. Allegro.

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

178 Your Ballot Must Talk.

Words and Music by K. L. VAN HORN.

Solo or Unison.

1. You can drink cold wa - ter till the well runs dry, You can talk for temp'rance with your breath; You can lec - ture drunkards till your grand - sons die, But the traf - fic you must vote to death.
2. You may talk of li - cense as a cure for rum, You may try to reg-u - late the sale; Bet - ter mend a boil - er with your chew - ing gum, Or throw salt up - on a black-bird's tail.
3. For the li - quor traf - fic does not mind your talk, Nor of all your blowing make a note, While they know that to the bal - lot box you walk, And a li - cense tick - et blind - ly vote.
4. Now I like to lis - ten to a bril - liant speech, Full of truth, and log-ic, and of facts; But I hate a hyp-o-crite who one way will preach, And the ver - y op - po - site way acts.

CHORUS.

For your voice can't do it, nor your keen - edged wit, Nor your

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Your Ballot Must Talk.

limp-backed par - ty—no! no! not a lit - tle bit; If you want the

traf - fic to close up its shop and quit, Make your ballot talk that way.

179 Dear Native Land.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. MEN'S VOICES. JOHANNA KINKEL.

1. Dear Na - tive Land, we love thee, With skies so bright a - bove thee;
2. Dear Na - tive Land, a - ris - ing With darts of hell's de - vis - ing,
3. Dear Na - tive Land, contending, We stand the right de - fend - ing,
4. Dear Na - tive Land, for-ev - er From thee Rum's power shall sever,

To thee the heart's e - mo - tion, To thee the life's de - vo - tion
From out the wine-cup sparkling Thy foes come dire and dark-ling,
And God whose power is o'er us Thy foes will smite be - fore us,
And all its woe and sad-ness Shall change to joy and glad-ness,

REFRAIN.

We give, we give, dear native land, To thee we give, dear native land.
They come, they come, dear native land, With death they come, dear native land.
Thy foes, thy foes, dear native land, Thy God will smite, dear native land.
Thy joy, thy joy, dear native land, Thy joy shall come, dear native land.

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180 Columbia from Rum Shall be Free.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. Melody by NETTIE B. CHRISTIAN. Arr. by J. H. F.

Solo or Unison.

1. O coun - try that's dearest, our own na - tive land, Tho' thrives the great traf - fic of sin, ... We'll strike from thy bor - ders the de-mon's red hand, We'll fight thy de - stroy-ers with - in. . . . .
2. The vile stuff that rag - es with fren-zy and foam, From thy blest do- min-ions be hurled! . . . . O child-hood's dear cra - dle, O manhood's bright home, O coun-try, thou hope of the world! . . . .
3. O land where the stars and the stripes proudly wave, Where stand the fair tem-ples of God, ... From dens of the poi - son that flows to de - prave, For - ev - er be sa - cred thy sod. . . . . .

CHORUS.

O coun-try be - lov - ed, for - ev - er to thee So true and so

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Columbia from Rum Shall be Free.

loy - al thy chil - dren shall be, The vow has been spoken, Drink's

pow'r shall be bro-ken, Co - lum - bia, Co - lum - bia from Rum shall be

free; Co - lum - bia, Co - lum - bia from Rum shall be free.

181 Vote It Straight.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. At e - lec - tion time the par - ties Each pre-tend to something great,
2. At e - lec-tion time they'll tell you Our good cause will have to wait;
3. At e - lec-tion time they'll tell us We and ours have met our fate,

But the thing is Pro - hi - bi - tion, Walk right up and vote it straight.
There's no stop to Pro - hi - bi - tion, Walk right up and vote it straight.
But 'tis com-ing—Pro - hi - bi - tion, Walk right up and vote it straight.

182 Columbia, Our Country Dear.

TUNE—The Watch on the Rhine.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. CARL WILHELM.

1. Co - lum - bi - a, our coun - try dear, She sees her dir - est
2. Thine en - e - mies, O coun - try great, Sit calm - ly in thy
3. Co - lum - bi - a, thou land of light, Thou home of just - ice

foes ap-pear, The de - mon Rum u - surp - ing all, And shall she
halls of State, They bide their time at Rum's be - hest To drive the
and of right, The curse of Rum we'll yet re - move, For faith - ful

CHORUS.

to us vain - ly call?
dag - ger to thy breast. For thee we rise, O coun - try grand, For
to thy God we'll prove.

thee we stand, a val - iant band; We fight for God and home and
na - tive land, We fight for God and home and na - tive land.

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183 More Than Conqueror Is He.

TUNE—Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. P. KNIGHT.

mf

1. Where roll the waves of pow'r and pride, My vote I cast up-on the tide;
2. Go then, my bal-lot, pure and grand, For God and home and native land,

My ballot white, perchance alone On seas by par - ty passions blown;
Still bright, tho' whelmed beneath the wrong, Still true, tho' vic - t'ry tar - ry long.

And tho' beneath the blood-red wave This one lone leaflet finds a grave,
I know that from Thy throne of light Thou, God, dost guide and speed the right,

Yet more than conqueror is he Who fights and votes, O Lord, for Thee;
And more than conqueror is he Who fights and votes, O Lord, for Thee;

Yet more than conqueror is he Who fights and votes, O Lord, for Thee.
And more than conqueror is he Who fights and votes, O Lord, for Thee.

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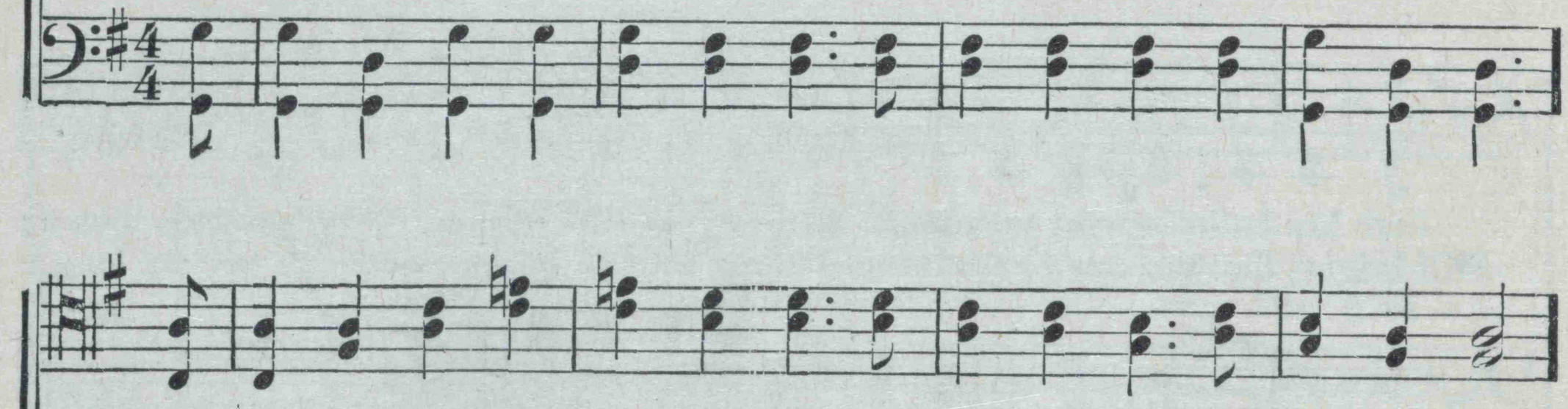
Stick To It.

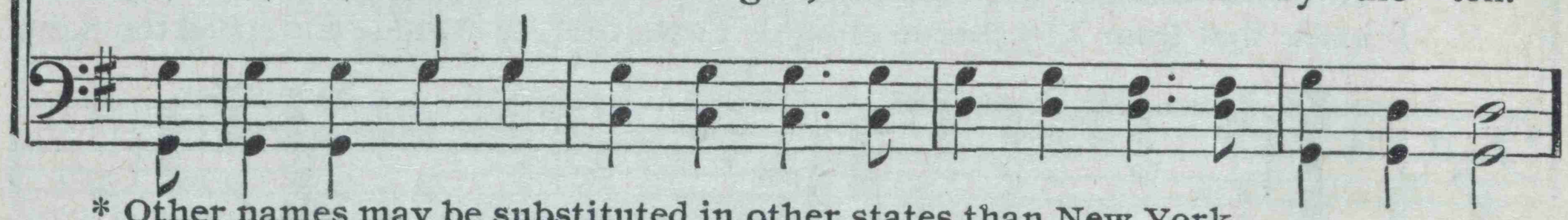
MEN'S VOICES.

Melody in 2d Tenor. Words and Music by ARTHUR DUFTY.

1. 𝄾 Some folks say we'll lose the day, 𝄾 And will throw our votes a - way;
2. The old Rum-fiend has got to go, We won't give him the slightest show;
3. To rid the land of this sad plight We now will work with all our might,
4. So work and sing, and talk and pray, Keep at it now both night and day;
5. With Stewart and Woolley in the lead No force of e - vil will we heed;
6. And now we're going to see the fun, 𝄾 For we've got them on the run,

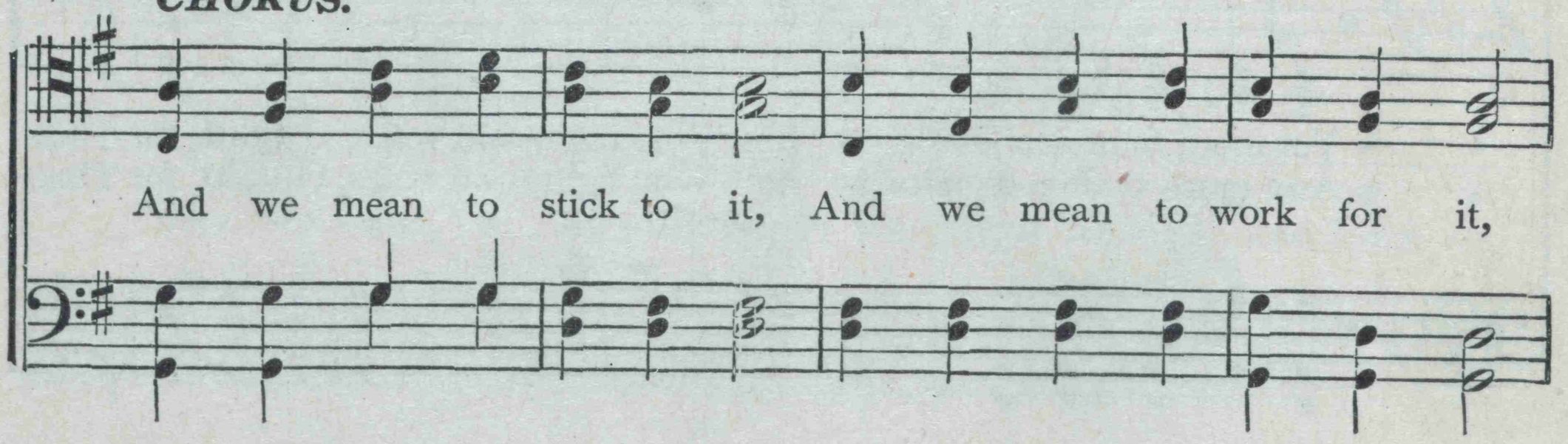


𝄾 Let them laugh or let them bray, Our cause is here, and here to stay.
We'll rise and crush him with a blow, We've got the power, don't you know?
And in - tro - duce a reign of light, Of peace and joy, of hope and right.
𝄾 For we're here, and here to stay, Till Pro - hi - bi - tion wins the day.
With Dur-kee* and with Doc-tor Mead* We're going now at "Au-to" speed.
𝄾 With our Pro - hi - bi - tion gun, Loaded with bal-lots by the ton.

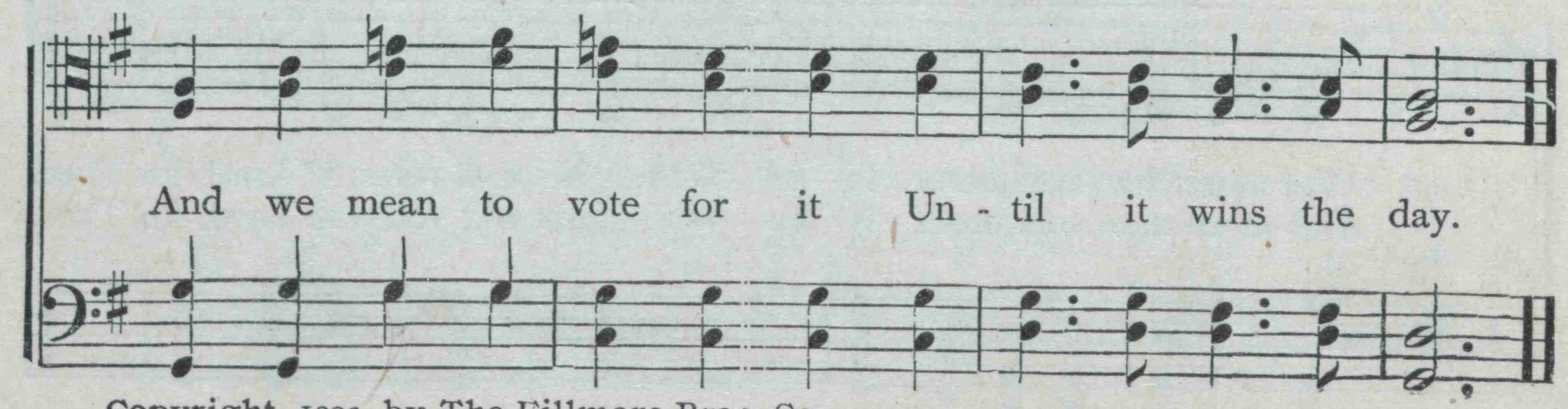


* Other names may be substituted in other states than New York.

CHORUS.



And we mean to stick to it, And we mean to work for it,



And we mean to vote for it Un - til it wins the day.

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The Hatchet.

MEN'S VOICES.

Words and Music by ARTHUR DUFTY.

Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding.

1. The Rum-fiend is in the land, Spreading death on ev - 'ry hand.
2. There's going to be a great rout, And sa-loons have got to get out.
3. Then let us be up and doin', And stop this shame and ruin.
4. So help the sa-loon to fight, And smash it left and right.
5. When e - lec-tion day comes 'round, Don't shirk, but stand your ground.

CHORUS. Accel.

But we've found the way to match it, We've found the way to match it,

Slower. ***May repeat.***

We've found the way to match it With the Pro - hi - bi - tion Hatchet.

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186 The Pulpit and the Pew.

A. A. HOPKINS. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. From the Pulpit and the Pew, Where the Christian peoples meet, Comes a call to me and you that we must heed: "Lo! they perish in their sin, Whom the
2. From the Pulpit and the Pew, Manhood's feet have wandered far, And the cry to me and you is loud and clear: "Lo! they walk the ways of sin, Whom the
3. From the Pulpit and the Pew, Comes the sor-row-ing complaint, And it means for me and you a warning cry: "Lo! the living Church of Christ Has by
4. To the Pulpit and the Pew, Comes the les-son of it all— In the hearts of good and true it must be heard: "That the Cross of Christ may win, Ye must

D.C. *Let the steeples loud proclaim To the peo-ples in His name, In the name of Christ who suffered cruel shame—By His death upon the cross; Let us*

Fine.

Saviour died to win, For the Church of Christ has failed them in their need.
Crucified should win, And the Cross is vain-ly lift-ed for them here!
mammon been enticed, Till it makes the way of sin-ners broad and high.
close the ways of sin, And must walk the nar-row path-way of His Word.

save the world from loss, Rise and smite the Liquor Traf-fic in His name.

And the Devil's Doors are open, When the Gates of God are shut, And the
For the Gates of God are narrow, And the Devil's Doors are wide, And the
The Gates of God it clos-es To the mul-ti-tude who go Through the
The Gates of God must o-pen, And the Devil's Doors be shut, By the

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The Pulpit and the Pew.

arms of hell their victims fast enfold, Drag them in and hurl them down, In each
latter swing wide open all the while; For the Christian voter's key Turns the
Devil's Doors that open free and wide; They have lost respect and care For the
hands of Christian patriots at the polls; For the sake of Him who died Must your

D.C. for Chorus.

Licensed-Liquor town, Where the souls of men weigh light-er far than gold."
bolt that sets them free, Where the feet that ea - sy fal - ter they be-guile."
Godly Place of Prayer, And for them the crim-son Cross is nul - li - fied."
greed be cru - ci-fied, Ye must prove that gold is light - er far than souls."

187 Come Now With Me.

P. H.

S. S. MYERS.

1. Come now with me, Hap - py and free, Come, where true
   Come now with me, Hap - py and free, Where
2. Wine left be - hind, Here will we find Joys that will
   Wine left be-hind, Here will we find Joys
3. Drinks that a - buse, We will not use. But will for-
   Drinks that a - buse, We will not use. For-

pleasures and friends ever be, Come where true pleasures and friends ever be.
cheer and enliv-en the mind, Joys that will cheer and en-liv - en the mind.
ev - er and ev - er re - fuse, But will for - ev - er and ev - er re - fuse.

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188 Think of What Mother Has Said.

LUELLA D. STILLMAN. J. H. F.

1. You are go - ing to leave the old home, my boy, You are wait-ing to kiss us good-bye; But remember there's no one in all this great world, Who will love you like fa - ther and I:.... Two paths are now o - pen be - fore you, my boy, 'Tis for you to choose which one you'll tread, But if ev - er you're
2. You are standing just now where the roads branch out, And o'er which one, my boy, will you go? There is one leads a-bove to the bless-ed be-yond, But the oth - er to re - gions of woe... The one at the right hand looks rugged and steep, And the one at the left, broad and fair,... Tho' with pleasures and
3. You are go - ing to leave the old home, my boy, You are wait-ing to kiss us good-bye; Who will read for us now the old chapters so sweet, When the still hour of eve-ning draws nigh? But I'll be content if you'll shun the broad road, And in years to come when I am dead,... You can look back o'er

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Think of What Mother Has Said.

tempted to take the wrong road, Just think of what mother has said.
blossoms 'tis strewn all a - long, Its per-fume is dead-ly— be-ware!
life with no cause for re - gret, If you heed what your mother has said.

CHORUS.

Just think of what mother has said, my boy, Just think of what mother has said;

When out on the sea you are drifting from me, O think of what mother has said.

Rit.

189 O Gentle Saviour.

T. R. BIRKS. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. O gen - tle Sav - iour, from Thy throne on high
2. Go where we go, a - bide where we a - bide,
3. O lead us dai - ly with Thine eye of love,

Look down in love, and hear our hum - ble cry.
In life, in death, our com - fort, strength and guide.
And bring us safe - ly to our home a - bove.

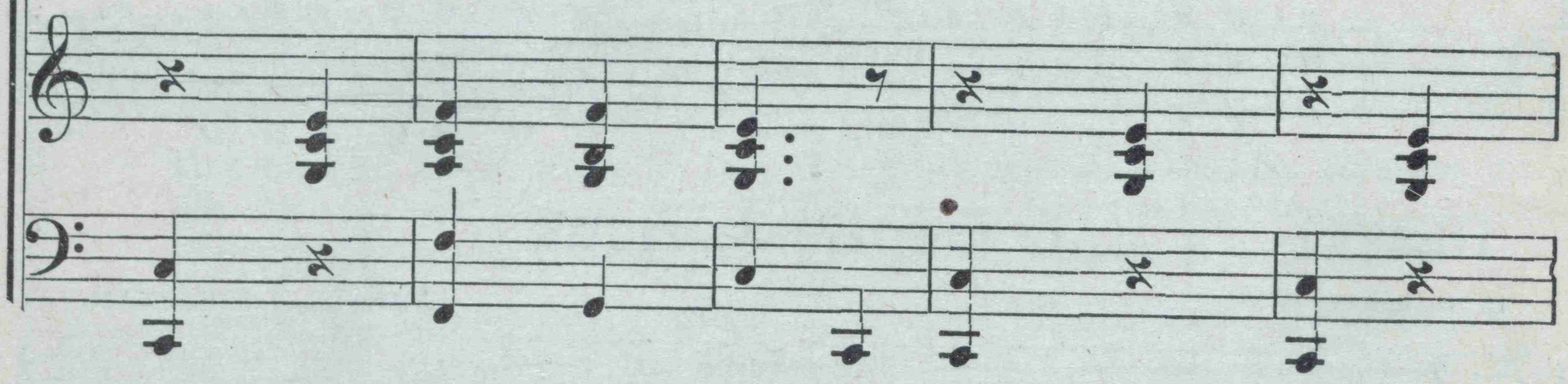
190 When You've Turned Twenty-One.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. TUNE—Wait for the Wagon.

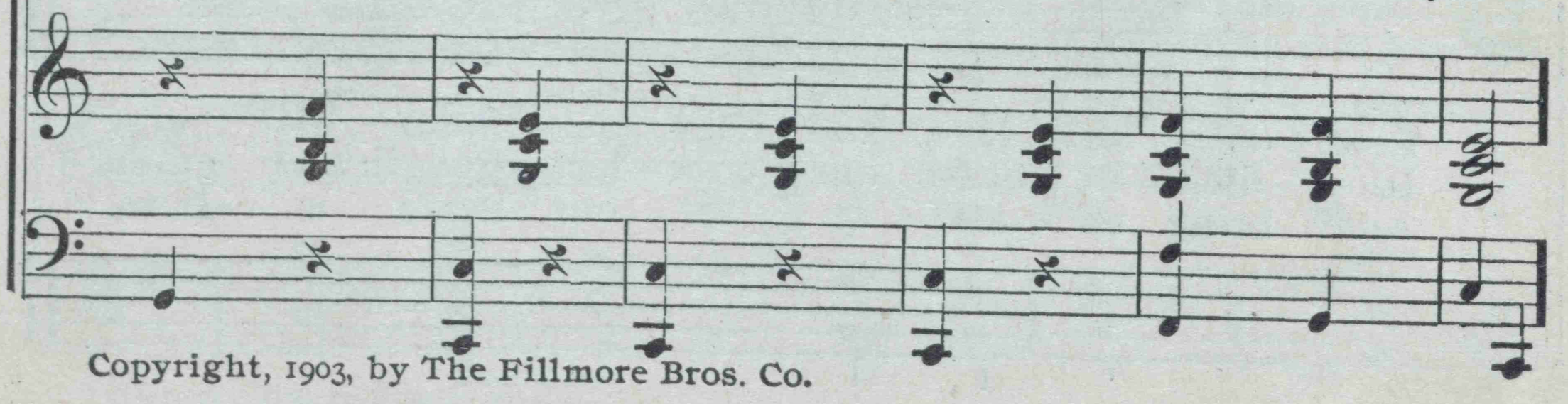
Solo or Unison. **Arranged.**

1. E - lection day is coming, And ev - 'ry one will shout; The candidates are
2. The largest and the worst vote Is in the de'ils employ; Cast right, my boy, your
3. The brewer and the boozer Will ev - er bland-ly say: My boy, your vote's a
4. But, boys, there's a hereafter, And it is com - ing fast, And bet-ter is the
5. Where then will be the boozers Who've had so much to say? Who then will be the

drumming To get the peo-ple out. And men who love their tippling, Just
first vote, And give the angels joy. The road that's broad, my brother, Is
los - er, Un-less it goes our way; You'll always be a win-ner, If
laughter Of him who laughs at last; There's going to be a bright day, And
los - ers, With votes all thrown away? The whis-ky - ring pro - mo - ters Will



as they've always done, Will try to catch the stripling Who's just turned twenty-one.
just the way to shun; Think still of home and mother When you've turned twenty-one.
with us you've begun, And so they get the sin-ner Who's just turned twenty-one.
ev'ry mother's son Will go and vote the right way When he's turned twenty-one.
find their race is run, Before the keen-eyed voters Who've just turned twenty-one.



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When You've Turned Twenty-one.

CHORUS. *May repeat.*

Vote Pro - hi - bi - tion, . . . Vote Pro - hi - bi-tion,
Vote Pro - hi - bi-tion, When you've . . . . . turned twenty-one.

191 Bright Days Have Vanished.

P. H. TUNE—Annie Laurie.

1. 'Twas on a May - day morn - ing, The bells so blith - ly rang,
2. They passed the tempting wine - cup To crown our nup - tial joys,
3. Out in the si - lent church-yard, Where all my dar - lings sleep,

And I, a bride so hap - py, While all the maid - ens sang,
I saw him drain with trembling, The chal - ice that de-stroys,
Thro' all the years so lone-ly, My heart lies bu - ried deep,

While all the maid - ens sang The song that soon was o'er,
The chal - ice that de - stroys, And hap - pi - ness is o'er,
My heart lies bu - ried deep, And all, a - las! is o'er,

For the bright days that are van-ished Will come a - gain no more.

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192 What Does It Mean?

Duet and chorus for men's voices, or Alto and Tenor duet and chorus for mixed voices. The small notes are for the instrument only. The chorus need not be sung after every stanza.

HENRY OSTROM. STANLEY GREENWOOD.

1. What does it mean to a ten - der lad, His fa - ther drunk and his moth-er sad, Lit-tle to render the young-ster glad, Ev'rything seeming to
2. What does it mean for a daughter sweet, Her fa - ther stag'ring a-long the street, Scorned and rejected by all she may meet, Tim-id - ly say-ing thro'
3. What does it mean for a woman's heart To be the tar-get of ev - 'ry dart, Waiting each footstep with nerv-ous start, Sharp word and fiery that
4. What does it mean, only stop and think, When wife or mother falls victim to drink, Dazed and de-filed at grim ruin's brink, Can a soul miss hell and
5. What does it mean for our Uncle Sam To trade in fire just as if it were balm, Pet the saloon, and feign himself calm, When asked, "Who's its keeper?" must

go to the bad? You don't know as I do, Or you would not act as you do.
ev'ry heart-beat, You don't know as I do, Or you would not talk as you do.
sting and smart? You don't know as I do, Or you would not vote as you do.
low - er sink? You don't know as I do, Or you would not vote as you do.
answer, "I am," You don't see as I do, Or you would not vote as you do.

CHORUS. Faster.

What does it mean? what does it mean? Brewer, dis - till - er, sa - loon and can-

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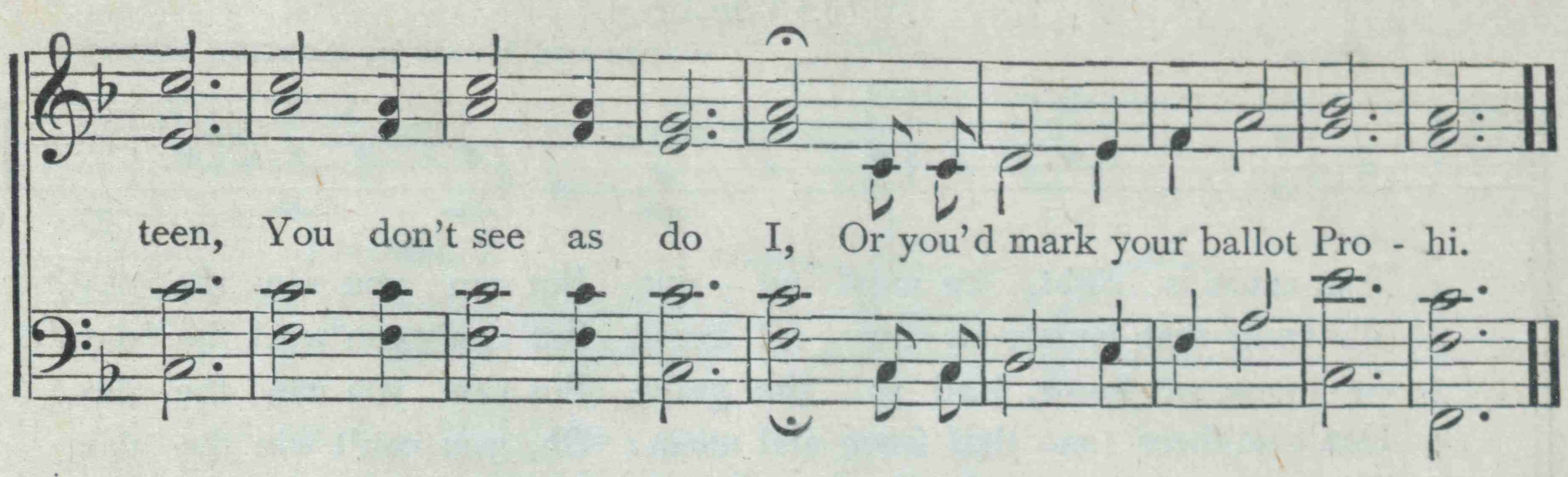
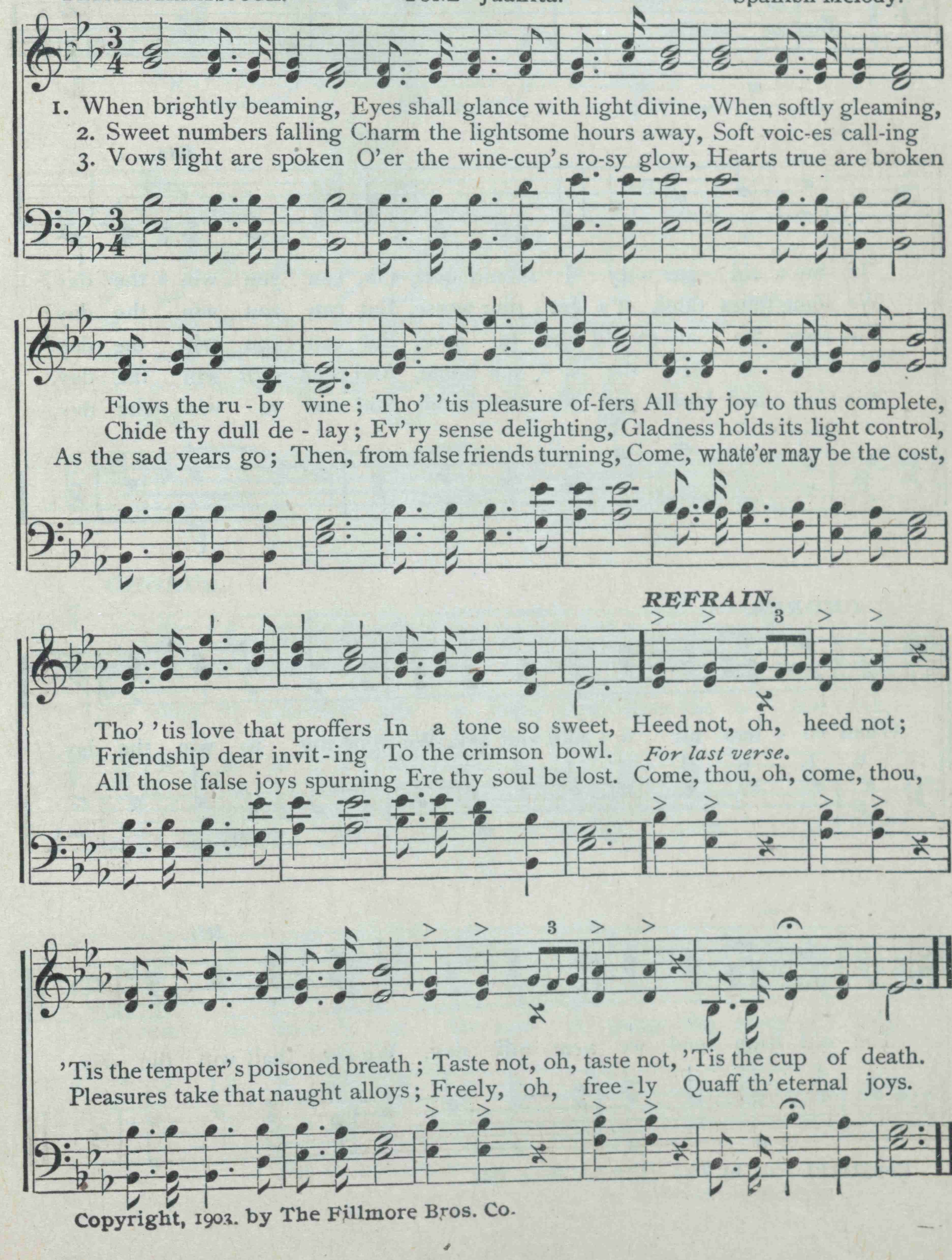
What Does It Mean?



193 Taste Not.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. TUNE—Juanita. Spanish Melody.



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They Say.

MEN'S VOICES.

Solo.

Words and Music by ARTHUR DUFTY.

1. Your cause is right, we must ad - mit, But can you win the day?
2. We know that Rum's an aw - ful curse, But can you win the day?
3. Sa - loons, we know, lead to the grave, But can you win the day?
4. Don't sit there on that fence and moan: Oh, you can't win the day,
5. Then come right out and take your stand, And *help* to win the day,

Rit. . . . . . .

If my old par - ty I should quit, Oh, can you win the day?
We some-times think it's get - ting worse, But can you win the day?
The boys we all should like to save, But can you win the day?
But help to drive the is - sue home, And then we'll win the day.
For God and Home and Na - tive Land, And *vote* to win the day.

CHORUS.

When vo - ters all u - nite and say, We're go-ing to win the day,

Rit. . . . . . .

The old Rum-fiend we *now* will slay, We *then* shall win the day.

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195

Stand Straight.

MEN'S VOICES.

Words and Music by ARTHUR DUFTY.

Solo in 2d Tenor.* Other voices humming.

Andante.

Hm . . . . . hm . . . . . hm . . . . . .

1. This ques-tion will be put to you Up - on e - lec - tion day,
2. Don't heed your neighbor's smile or frown, Don't heed his laugh or sneer,
3. Then lay a - side ex - ped - ien - cy, All sha - dy schemes and deals,

Hm . . . . . hm . . . . . hm . . . . . .

Hm . . . . . hm . . . . . hm . . . . . .

Sa - loon or no sa - loon, friend true, Which will your bal - lot say?
But vote the whis - ky out of town, And keep your con-science clear.
And come out straight for de - cen - cy, As du - ty's voice re - veals.

Hm . . . . . hm . . . . . hm . . . . . .

CHORUS.

Then stand up square-ly like a man, Don't from the is - sue run,

But come out brave-ly in the van A - gainst the hosts of Rum.

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* A low voice may take the solo running down to the tonic at the ending.

196 Brothers of the Royal Blood.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. **MEN'S VOICES.** Arr. by HERBERT.

Tenor Solo.

1. Oh, the can - di-dates are out, They are smil - ing all a - bout, And some very smooth and funny things they speak; With a countenance divine, They will
2. Hear the li - quor parties prate Of their state-man-ship so great, As tho' wisdom in their ranks a-lone a - bides; We will lead the nation's way With a
3. Ship of State so great and grand, We will place a stead-y hand On thy helm amidst the darkness and the fog; We've the men so good and true, Men to
4. We've the men to help the cause, We've the men to make the laws, Men who stoop not to the of-fice seeker's tricks; All ye no - ble men and good, Brothers

prom - ise you so fine, While the of - fice and the sal - a - ry they seek.
clear-er head than they, And will clean the whis - ky business up be - sides.
make a trust - y crew, Val-iant men who will not bow the knee to Grog.
of the Royal Blood, Stand with us a-midst the war of pol - i - tics.

CHORUS.

We will shout Pro - hi - bi-tion, We will vote Pro-hi - bi-tion, Till we drive from off the earth the curse of Rum; All ye friends of truth and right, Come and

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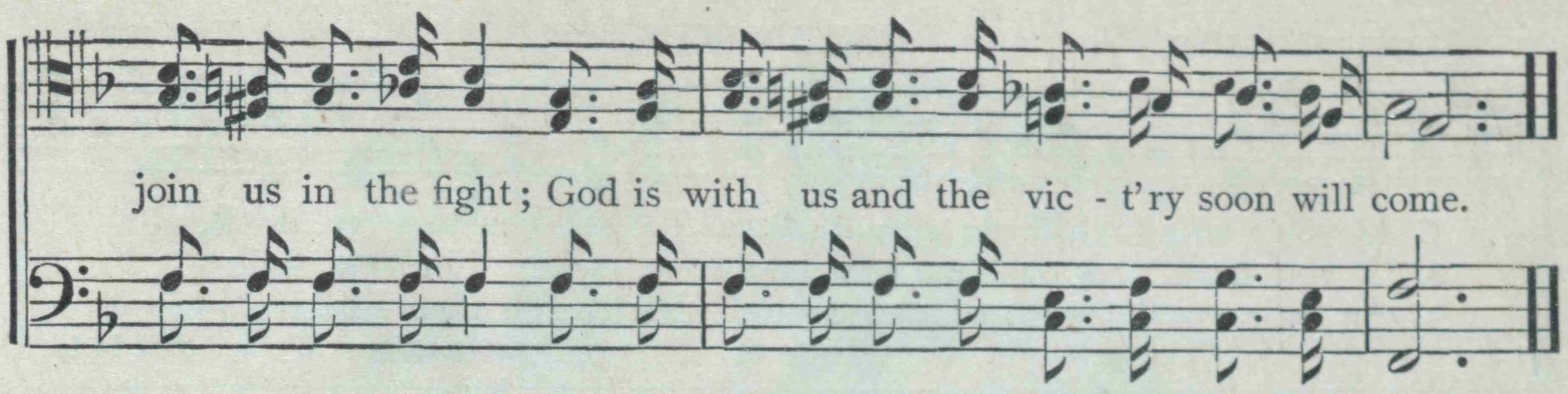
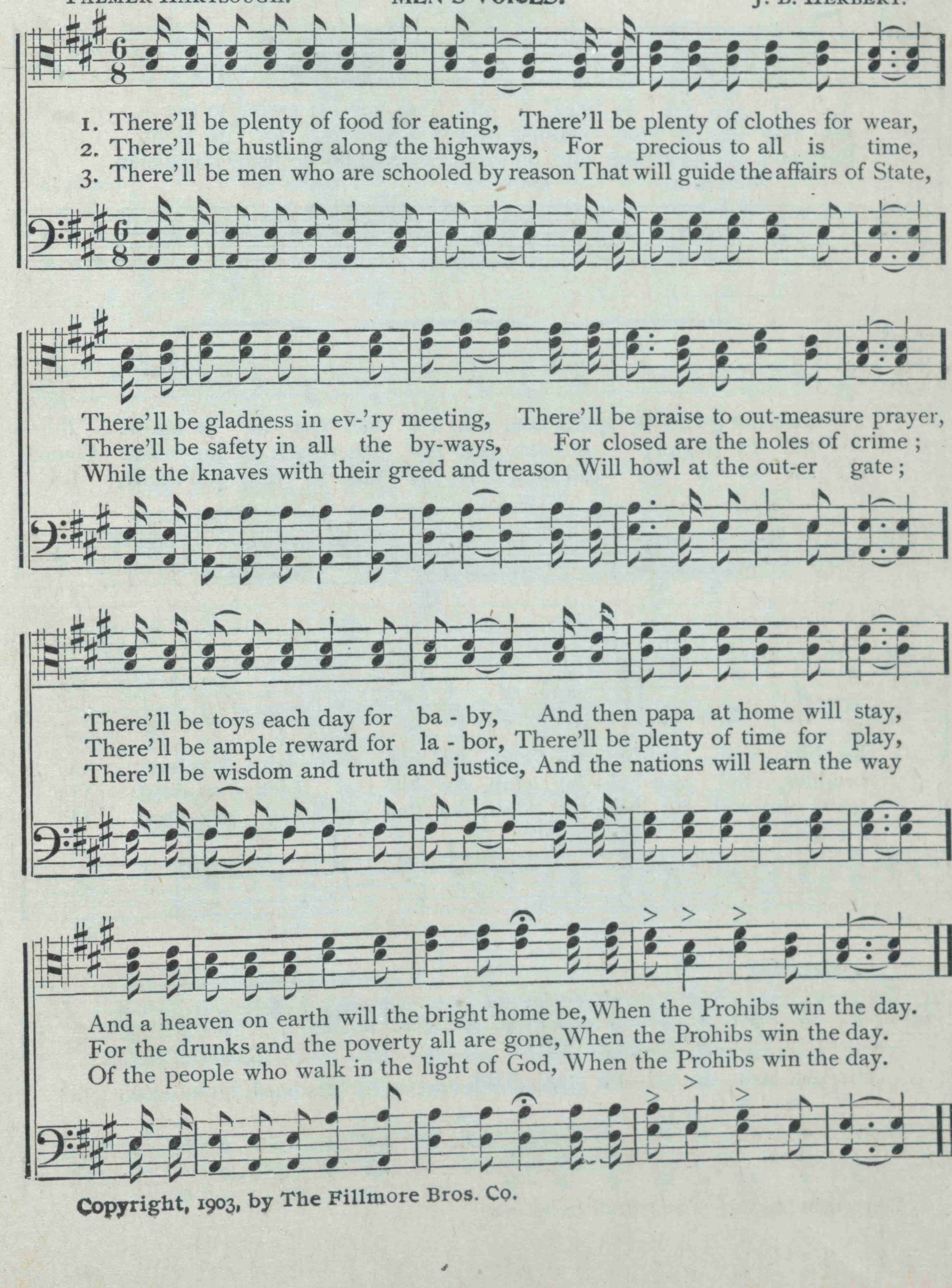
Brothers of the Royal Blood.



197 When the Prohibs Win the Day.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. MEN'S VOICES. J. B. HERBERT.



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198 Hit Him Wid de Ballot Club.

ROBERT O. SMITH. MEN'S VOICES. J. B. HERBERT.

1. Ef you wants ter kill de deb - il Rum, I'll tell you how to do it,
2. O you musn' tink dat Rum's too strong To tackle in a fight;
3. An' hit's true dat whisky prance aroun' Jes like he own dis lan',

Tra la la tra la la tra la la tra la la

An' ef you tek de 'vice I gib, You neb-ber gwine to rue it.
Jes tink ob lit - tle Da-vid, how He stan' up fer de right,
But he's a cow - ard all de same, Skeered ob de temp'rance man.

Tra la la tra la la tra la la tra la la

De tawk not gwine to 'spach him, sah, I'd hab you fer to know, But
An' kill dat might-y gi - ant, yas, An' den whack off his head. Come,
No use to ar - gy wid him, boys, He use to dat, you know, Jes

Hm . . . . . .

hit him wid de bal - lot club, An' you will lay him low. O
brudder, lif' your bal - lot club, An' kill ol' Lick - er dead. O
mawl him wid dat bal - lot club, An' den you'll kill him sho! O

Hit him. hit him,

CHORUS.

Hit him wid de bal - lot club, childering! Hit him hard, hit haint no sin!

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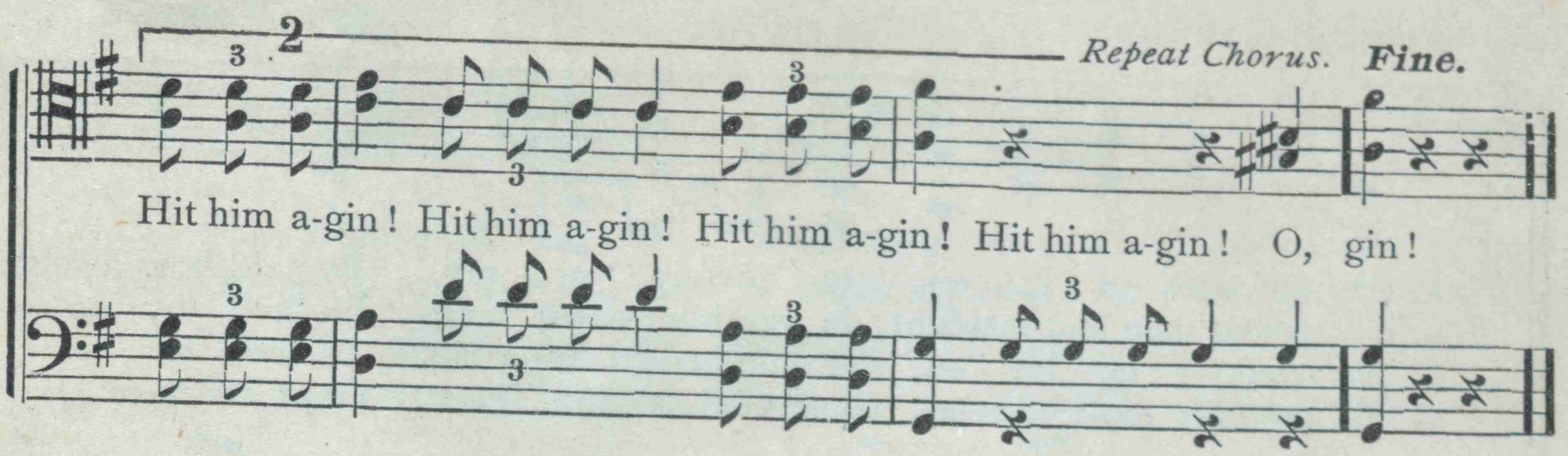
Hit Him Wid de Ballot Club.



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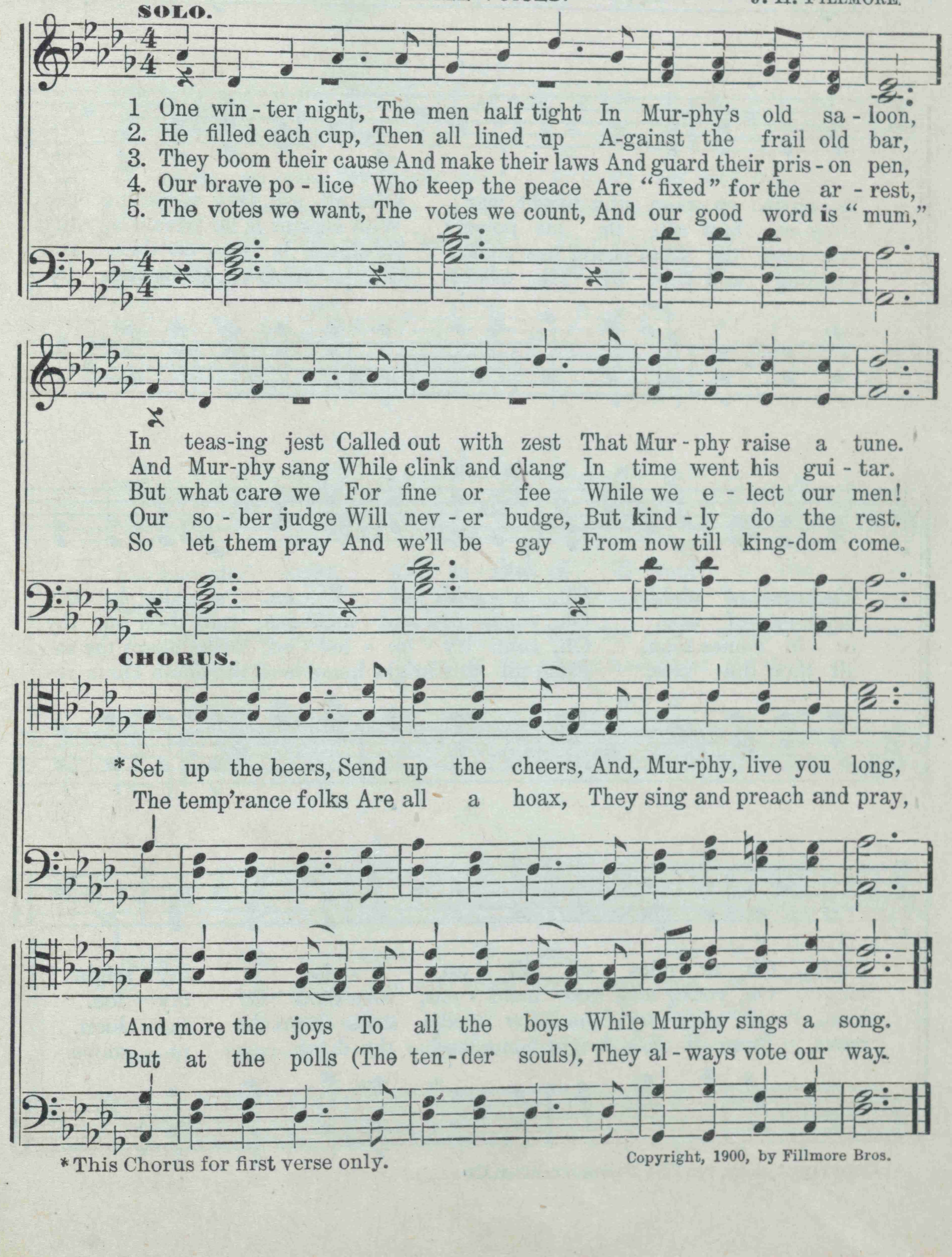
Murphy's Song.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. MALE VOICES. J. H. FILLMORE.



* This Chorus for first verse only.

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200 Arise In Thy Might.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. THOS. KOSCHAT.

1. Oh, ar - mies of Zi - on, in love-ly ar - ray, Be-hold how drink's
2. Oh, young men and maidens in youth's golden hour, Be-hold thy de-
3. Oh, coun-try be - lov - ed, our childhood's sweet home, To thee in its
4. Oh, peo - ple most bless-ed, whose God is the Lord, Oh, Church of His

le - gions op - pose thy bright way; O'er all are they spreading the
stroy -er, how sub - tle his power; With charms is he wreathing thy
vile - ness the Rum power has come; Its clutch is up - on thee, and
planting and kept by His word; Oh, pa - triot, oh, Chris-tian, by

blackness of night, Oh, ar - mies of Zi - on, a - rise in thy
death-cup of woe, Oh, young men and maid-ens, turn thou on thy
ru - in comes soon, Oh, coun - try be - lov - ed, strike down the sa-
all thou dost love, From all this bright home-land the drink curse re-

might, Oh, ar - mies of Zi - on, a - rise in thy might.
foe, Oh, young men and maid - ens, turn thou on thy foe.
loon, Oh, coun - try be - lov - ed, strike down the sa - loon.
move, From all this bright home-land the drink curse re - move.

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201 Arise In Thy Might.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. MEN'S VOICES. THOS. KOSCHAT.

1. Oh, ar - mies of Zi - on, in love - ly ar - ray, Be-hold how drink's le - gions op - pose thy bright way; O'er all are they spreading the blackness of night,
2. Oh, young men and maidens in youth's golden hour, Be-hold thy de- stroy-er, how sub - tle his power; With charms is he wreathing thy death-cup of woe,
3. Oh, coun-try be - lov - ed, our childhood's sweet home, To thee in its vile-ness the Rum power has come; Its clutch is up - on thee, and ru - in comes soon,
4. Oh, peo - ple most bless-ed, whose God is the Lord, Oh, Church of His plant-ing and kept by His word; Oh, pa - triot, oh, Christian, by all thou dost love,

Oh, ar - mies of Zi - on, a - rise in thy might,
Oh, young men and maidens, turn thou on thy foe,
Oh, country be - lov - ed, strike down the sa- loon,
From all this bright homeland the drink curse re- move.

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202 On To Victory.

Unison or Solo.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. We are a band of val - iant sol-diers, Enlisted in a war for right;
2. We are a band of val - iant sol-diers, We have a Captain tried and true;
3. We are a band of val - iant sol-diers, Oh, come and help us win the day;

And tho' the foe be strong and craf - ty, We will not yield, nor cease to fight.
However hard may be the conflict, We know He'll lead us safely thro'.
Why stand ye idle, list - less, wait-ing, Come, join us in the bit-ter fray.

Tho' mighty hosts encamp against us, Our hearts courageous still will be, . . .
He never yet has been de-feat-ed, The Conqueror of conq'rors, He; . . .
The battle wag - es fierce and fiercer, But very soon we shall be free; . . .

Slower ad lib.

In God our trust, succeed we must—We are marching, marching on to glorious victor
We can not fail, we must prevail—We are marching, marching on to glorious victor
Then come to-day, make no delay, We are marching, marching on to glorious victor

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On To Victory.

CHORUS.

On! on! Ev-er on we go, Marching 'neath the banner of the brave and free,

We're marching on, on, Strong to meet the foe, Marching on, on, on to vic-to-ry.

203 The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name,
Give us this day our | dai - ly | bread,
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil,

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in | earth as it | is in | heaven.
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory for- | ever. A- | men.

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