The Temperance Songster

ANNA A. GORDON

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The Temperance Songster

A COLLECTION OF SONGS

Compiled primarily for use in Medal Contests. Suitable for W. C. T. U. Choirs, General Temperance Meetings, Prohibition Rallies, etc.

By

ANNA A. GORDON,

Author of

"The White Ribbon Hymnal," "Songs for the Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union," "The Senior L. T. L. Song Book," and "Marching Songs for the Loyal Temperance Legion," Nos. 1, 2, and 3.

PRICES:

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1904
Temp A

PREFACE

This book contains a large number of new temperance and patriotic songs for chorus choirs and soloists. Some popular standard songs are also included in the collection. While compiled, first of all, for use in medal contest work, and furnishing music for all contests, from the Junior to the Silver-Gray, it is hoped that the book will also be found helpful for general temperance meetings, where new music is always in demand. The compiler is grateful to the publishers and to many friends for valuable aid, and for gratuitous contributions.

The Temperance Songster.

1 Invocation.

ANNA A. GORDON. WAGNER.

Voices in Unison.



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The Christian Race.

CHERUBINI.

1. Start-ing in the race of life, Ea-ger for the glorious strife We
2. Ev-'ry weight we lay a-side, Hate and sel-fish-ness and pride, And
3. Look-ing un-to Je-sus still, We are saved from ev-'ry ill By
4. This one thing then will we do, Keep-ing still the prize in view On

read-y stand; Round our course bright angels Throng with glad e-
shame's foul brand; Sin that clings a-round us, Seek-ing to con-
His right hand; He our faith's Be-gin-ner, Help of ev-'ry
heav'n's bright strand; Things behind for-get-ting, Leaving vain re-

van-gels, And spir-its of de-part-ed saints, a hap-py band.
found us, We cast a-way with joy-ful hearts at Christ's com-mand.
sin-ner, Will be our Strength until be-fore the throne we stand.
gret-ting, We press a-long to gain the crown from God's own hand.

REFRAIN.

We'll run and not grow wea-ry, But, ev-er bright and cheer-y, We'll
on-ward press un-til we reach the heav'n-ly land. A-men.

3 A Mighty Fortress Is Our God.

M. L. "Ein' Feste Burg."—MARTIN LUTHER.

1. A might-y Fortress is our God, A Bulwark nev-er fail - ing;
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be los - ing;
3. And tho' this world, with devils filled, Should threaten to un-do us,
4. That word a-bove all earthly pow'rs, No thanks to them, a-bid - eth;

Our Help-er He, a - mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre - vail - ing.
Were not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choos - ing.
We will not fear for God hath willed His truth to triumph through us.
The Spir-it and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sid - eth.

For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is He; Lord Sab-a - oth His
The Prince of darkness grim,—We tremble not for him; His rage we can en-
Let goods and kindred go, This mor-tal life al - so; The bod - y they may

great, And, armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
dure, For lo! his doom is sure,—One little word shall fell him.
kill; God's truth a-bid-eth still, His kingdom is for - ev - er. A - men.

The Flower of Liberty.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. "Die Wacht am Rhein." CARL WILHELM.

Maestoso.

1. What flow'r is this that greets the morn, Its hues from heav'n so
2. In sav - age Na - ture's far a - bode, Its ten - der seed our
3. Be - hold its stream-ing rays u - nite, One mingling flood of
4. The blades of he - roes fence it round, Where'er it springs is
5. Thy sa - cred leaves, fair Free-dom's flow'r, Shall ev - er float on

fresh - ly born? With burn - ing star and flam - ing band It
fa - thers sowed; The storm-winds rocked its swell - ing bud, Its
braid - ed light,—The red that fires the south - ern rose, With
ho - ly ground; From tow'r and dome its glo - ries spread; It
dome and tow'r, To all their heav'n-ly col - ors true, In

mf

kin - dles all the sun - set land: O tell us what its
op - 'ning leaves were streaked with blood, Till lo! earth's ty - rants
spot - less white from north-ern snows, And, span - gled o'er its
waves where lonely sen - tries tread; It makes the land as
black'ning frost or crim - son dew,— And God love us as

f

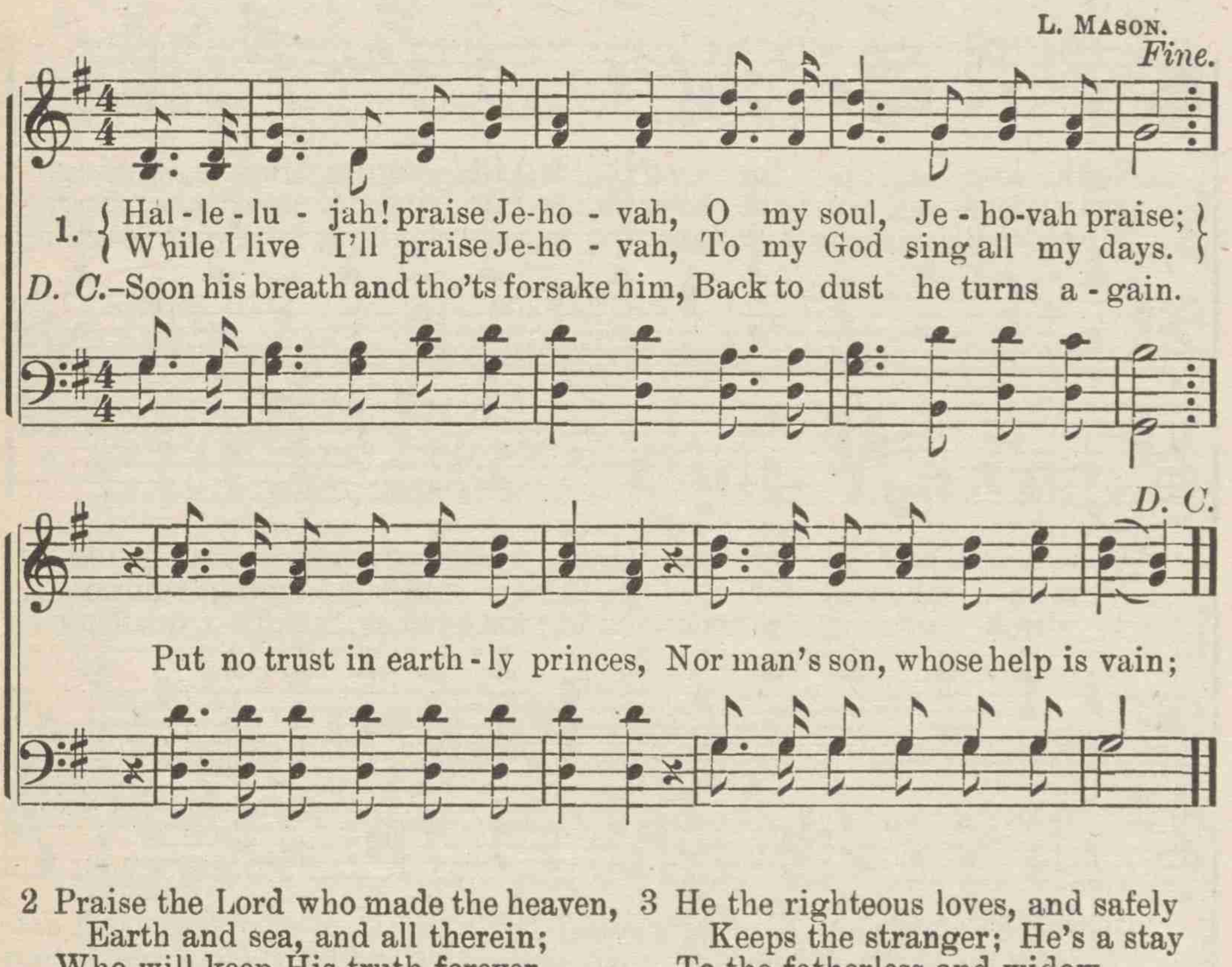
name may be,— Is this the Flow'r of Lib - er - ty?
shook to see The full - blown Flow'r of Lib - er - ty!
az - ure, see The sis - ter Stars of Lib - er - ty!
o - cean free, And plants an em - pire on the sea!
we love thee, Thrice ho - ly Flow'r of Lib - er - ty!

The Flower of Liberty.



5 The Crusade Psalm.

L. Mason.



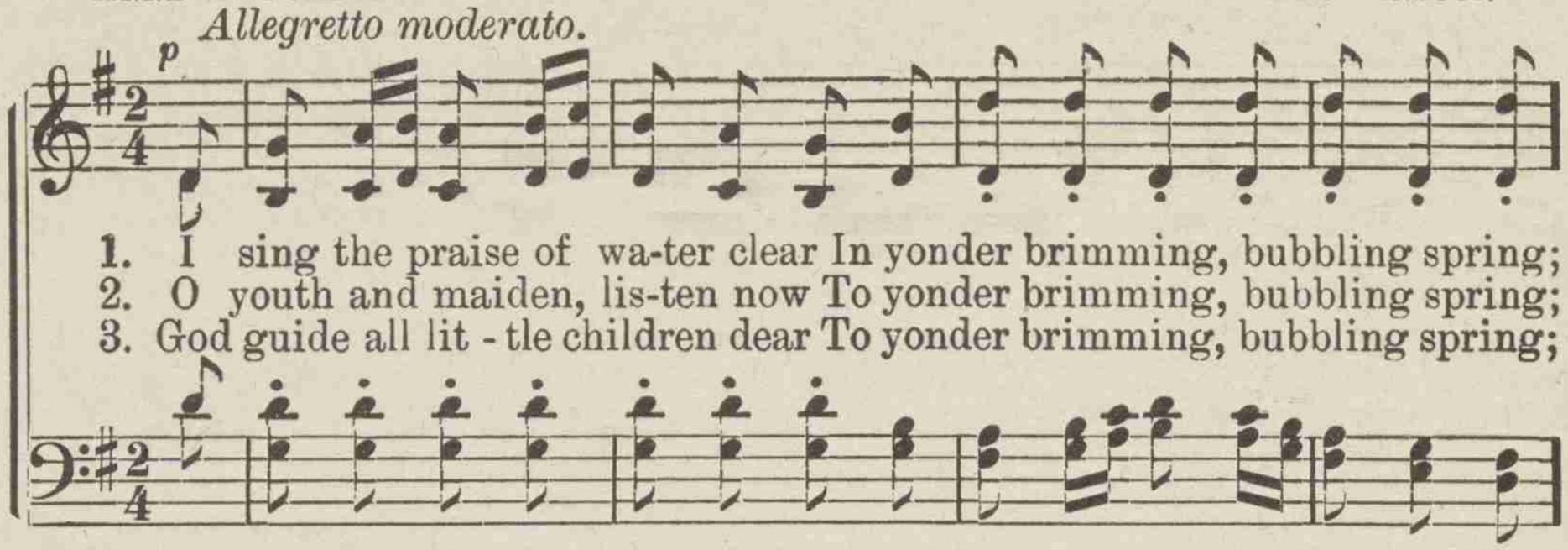
2 Praise the Lord who made the heaven,
Earth and sea, and all therein;
Who will keep His truth forever,
Rights of all oppressed maintain.
He gives food to those that hunger,
To the blind restoreth sight;
He gives freedom to the prisoner,
Makes the bowed to stand upright.

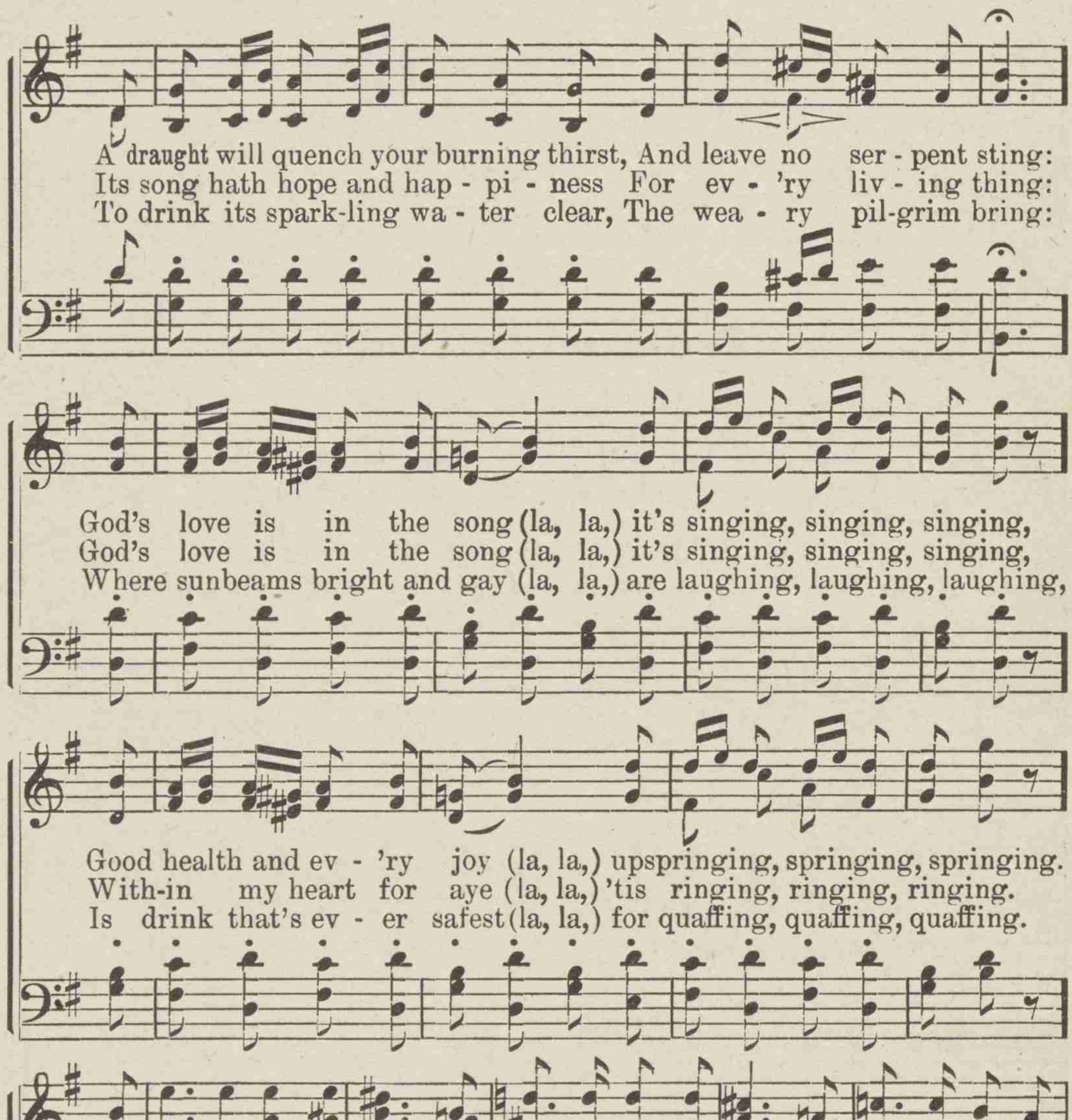
3 He the righteous loves, and safely
Keeps the stranger; He's a stay
To the fatherless and widow,
But subverts the sinner's way.
Evermore Jehovah reigneth,
Through all ages He is King,
Even He, thy God, O Zion,
To Jehovah praises sing.

The Bubbling Spring.

ANNA A. GORDON. CIRO PINSUTI.

Allegretto moderato.





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The Bubbling Spring.



7 God Speed the Right.

W. E. Hickson. Music from the German.



Duet.



Prohibition's Comin'.

Words by L. F. Cole, by per. J. B. Herbert.

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

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

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

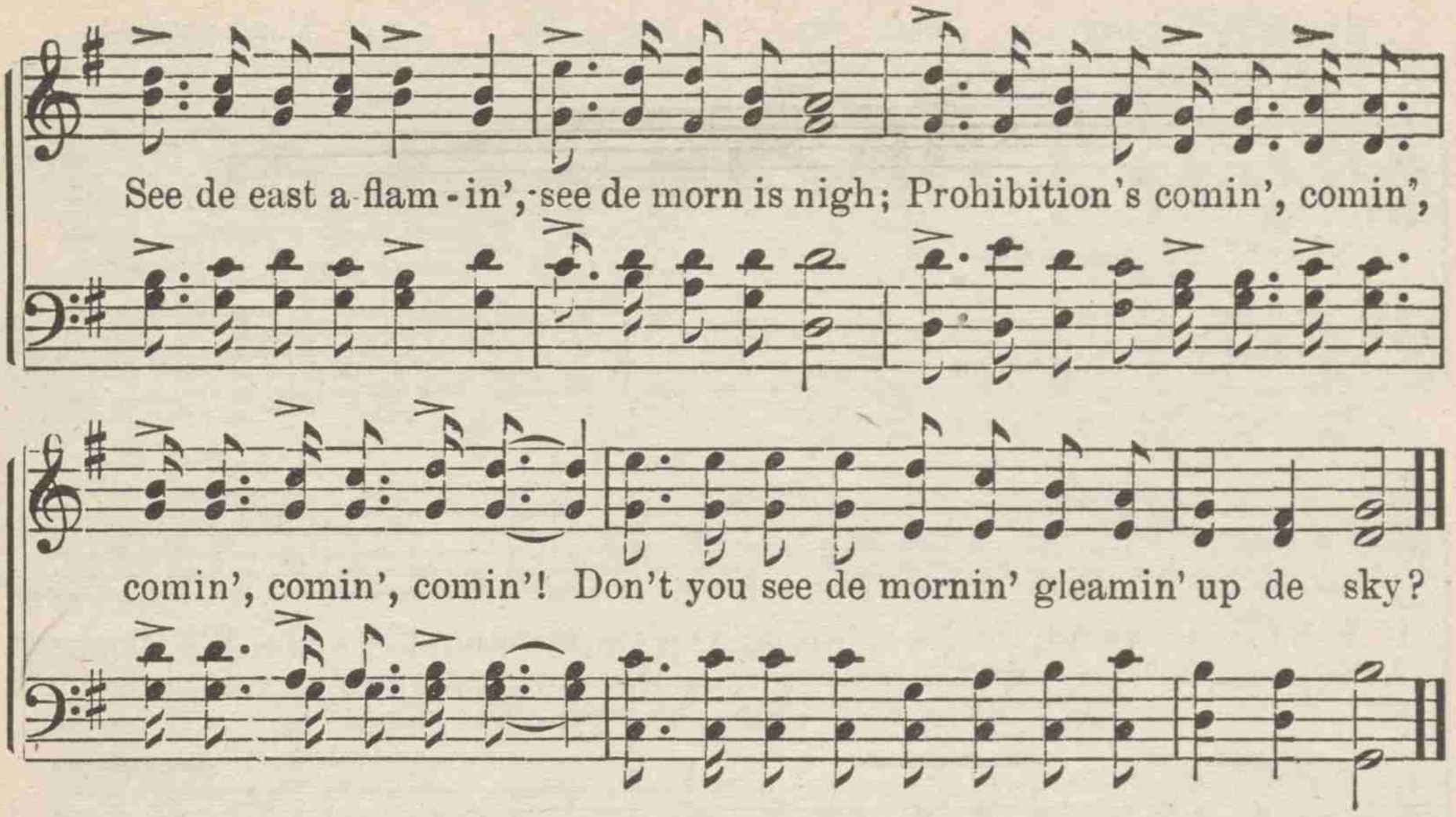
All de birds am sing - in' in de branch - es high.
Look an' see de sun - shine chase a - way yo' fears.
Soon de might - y na - tion will break forth in song.
How de dev - il trem - bles, how his king - dom reels.

Chorus.

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

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Prohibition's Comin'.



9 Safe Home in Port.

Tr. by J. M. Neale. A. S. Sullivan.



The Mother's Prayer.

MARIETTA HOLLEY. J. B. HERBERT.

f Moderato.

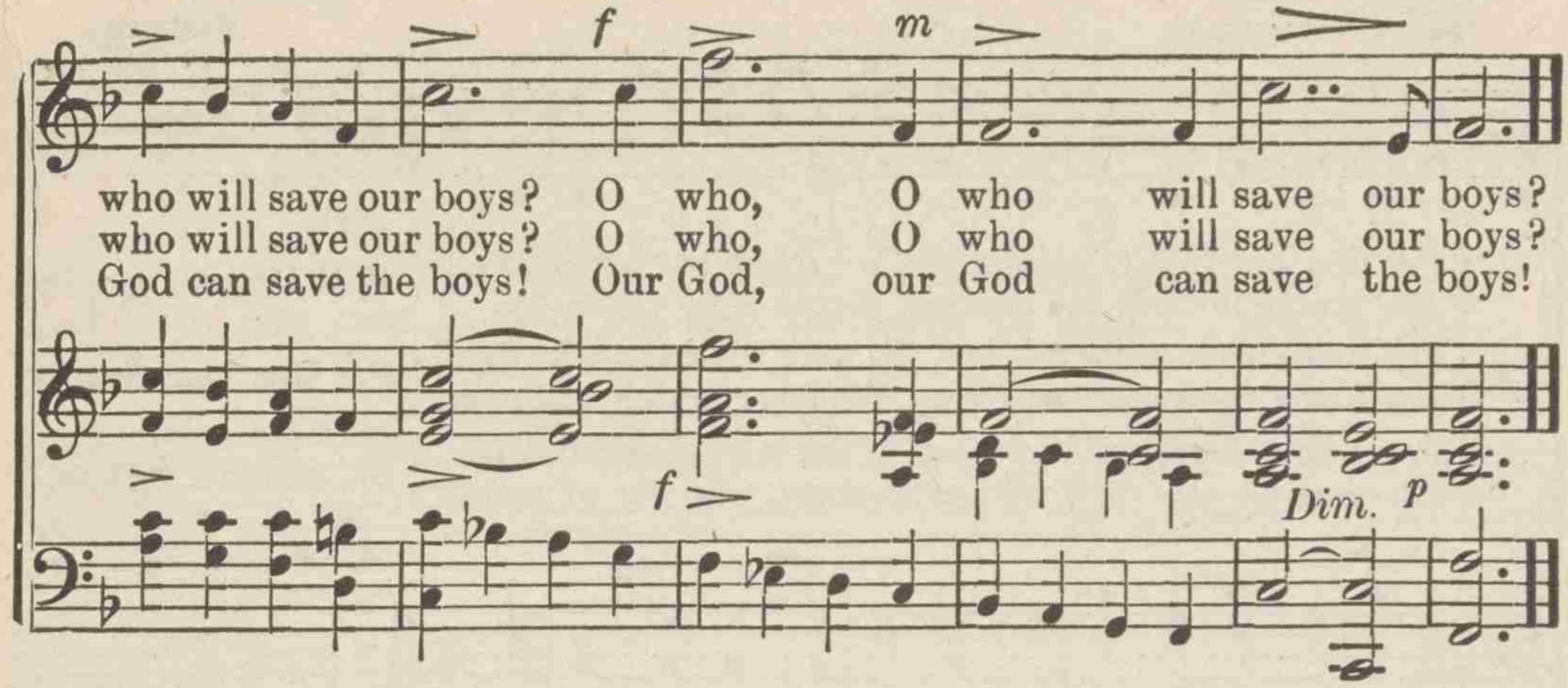
1. The foe is great, the foe is strong, Our empty hands are weak; We who have
2. So great, so cun - ning is this foe, Linked sins in ambush gay, Temptation's
3. A light dawns in the eastern skies, The prophets saw a - far; It led of

toiled and suffered long, Our fears we cannot speak. Our faith-ful la-bors
ro - sy mist they throw, And lure their hearts away. These mighty pow'rs of
old the Ma-gi wise, Who earnest sought the Star. We kneel, and hail its

night and day Our haughty foe destroys; We kneel amid the gloom and pray, O
banded wrong Satan's own art employs; The foe is great, the foe is strong, Oh,
dawn-ing ray, The light takes shape and voice; Toil on and trust that Star to-day, Our

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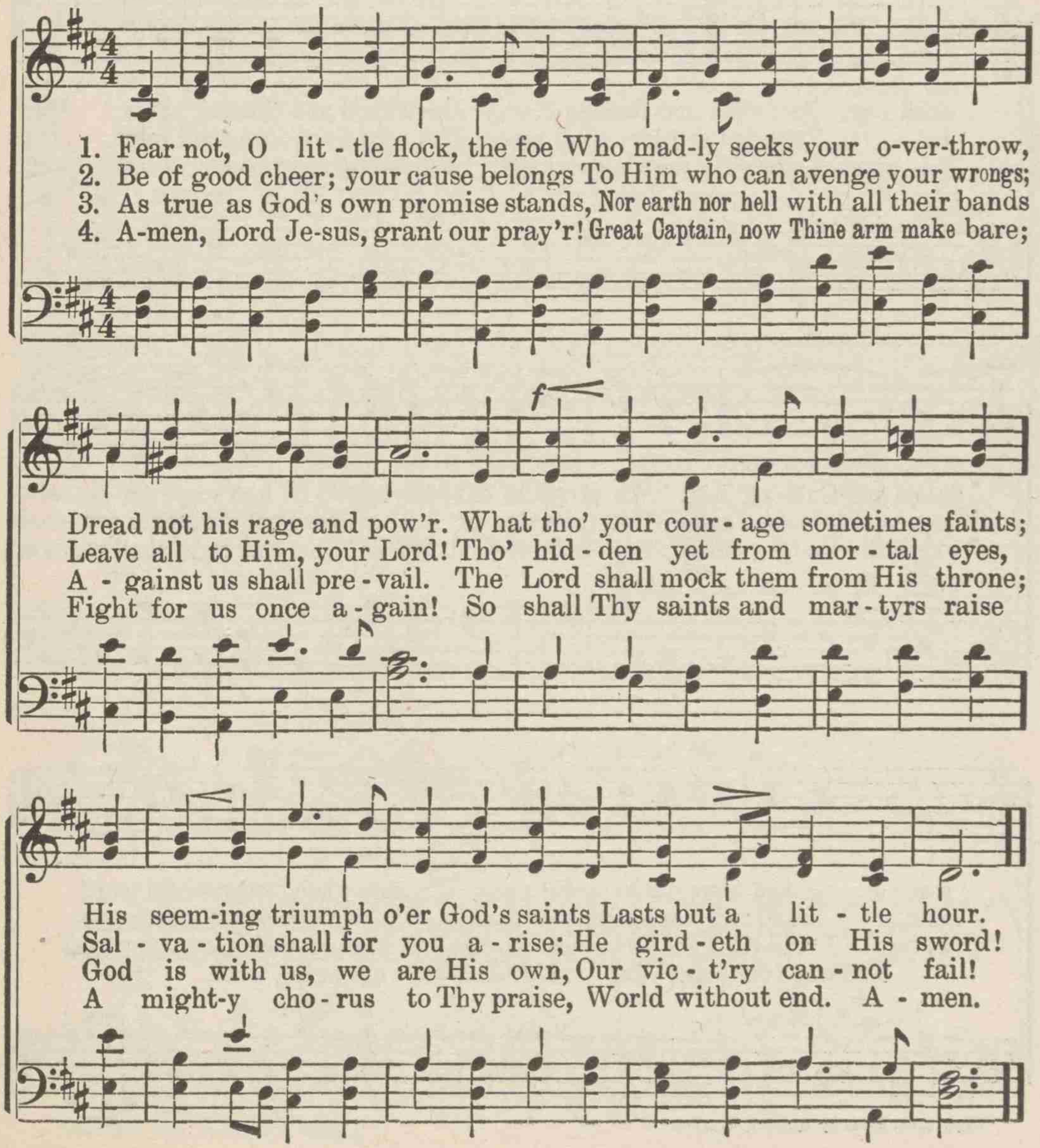
The Mother's Prayer.



11 Fear Not, O Little Flock.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.
Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH.

WILLIAM HAYES.



12 God, Home, and Native Land.

MRS. C. BLACKALL. FERRARI.



1. For God, our Great Commander, We sound our battle-cry,
And strong in faith and courage, March on to vic-to - ry.
With Him our sure De-

2. For Home we hear the mandate, "Go work while shines the day,"
For Home, the nation's treasure, We labor, watch, and pray.
For Home our forc-es

3. For Native Land we'll bat-tle Till Satan's rule shall cease;
Hu - man - i - ty in bond-age Demands our war of peace.
Lo! dawns a day of



Star, ...



fend - er, Our Shield and Guiding Star, Our Shield and Guiding Star, Our
ral - ly, Till joy and love shall reign, Till joy and love shall reign, Till
tri - umph, And wakes the vic-tor song, And wakes the vic - tor song, And

.....



Shield and Guid-ing Star, We strive to lift the low - ly, And wage our peaceful
joy and love shall reign; This campaign of all a - ges Shall righteous conquests
wakes the vic - tor song; For God is God for-ev - er, And right shall vanquish



war, And wage our peaceful war, And wage our peaceful war.
gain, Shall righteous conquests gain, Shall righteous conquests gain.
wrong, And right shall vanquish wrong, And right shall vanquish wrong.
And wage our peace - ful war, And wage our peace - ful war.

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13 God of Battles, Be Our Leader.

DAVID DEVOIR "Bryn Calfaria."

1. God of Bat-tles, be our Lead - er, While Thy ban-ner we up - raise;
2. Armed with weapons wrought in glo - ry, Sin's stronghold we dare as - sail;
3. Sin - ner, now to God sur - ren - der, Sent by Him, we come to thee;

Tho' by fierc-est foes sur-round-ed, Press we on to spread Thy praise.
Hark! the pris'ner's fet-ters fall - ing, Light o'er darkness doth pre-vail.
Lo! thy sins are laid on Je - sus, Bow the heart and bend the knee.

REFRAIN.

Christ shall con - quer, Christ shall con - quer, Christ shall con - quer,
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
Je - sus calls thee, Je - sus calls thee, Je - sus calls thee,
Christ shall conquer, Christ shall conquer, Christ shall conquer,

Thro' the world our King shall reign, Thro' the world our King shall reign.
Christ doth set the cap - tive free, Christ doth set the cap-tive free.
Come and take thy par - don now, Come and take thy par-don now.

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14 The Star-Spangled Banner.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so
2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the
3. Oh, thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand Be-

proud - ly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad
foe's haugh - ty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is
tween their loved home and foul war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with

stripes and bright stars, thro' the per-il - ous night, O'er the ram-parts we
that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly
vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-res-cued land Praise the Pow'r that hath

watched were so gal-lant-ly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
blows, half con-ceals, half dis-clos - es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
made and preserved us a na-tion! Then con-quer we must, when our

burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flect-ed, now shines on the stream.
cause it is just, And this be our mot - to, "In God is our trust!"

The Star-Spangled Banner.



15 The White Ribbon Star-Spangled Banner.

1 Fling it out to the breeze; let it tell to the world,
That the faith which has raised it will never surrender.
Let it tell that the love which our banner unfurled,
Is the guard of the home, and the nation's defender.
Let it gleam as a star, for the shipwrecked afar,
Like a beacon that warns of the treacherous bar;
Let the banner of freedom and purity wave
Like a signal of hope 'midst the perils we brave.

2 Hold that banner aloft, let our colors be seen
From Siberian snowfields to African valleys;
Lift it up for the truth; let the rays of its sheen
Drive the shadows of night from the byways and alleys.
Let it tell to the lost that we count not the cost,
That our bridges are burned and our Rubicon crossed;
That the banner of mother-love ever shall wave
Till the paths are made straight for the sin-burdened slave.

3 Let it fly at the front; it is washed in our tears,
And the smoke of the battle increases its whiteness;
Though our hearts may be pierced by the enemy's spears,
Yet the flow from our wounds shall but add to its brightness.
And this ensign of light, it shall float o'er the fight,
Till our wrongs are avenged by the triumph of right;
And in radiant victory at last it shall wave
O'er the ramparts we've stormed, o'er King Alcohol's grave.

4 Swing it out from the staff, let it shadow the ground
Where the fathers of liberty sleep 'neath the mosses;
Run it up o'er the homes where the mothers are found,
Who through watches of anguish are counting their losses
In the tear-moistened sod that our martyrs have trod,
We are planting it deep for our Land and our God,
And this banner of world-circling love e'er shall wave
In the name of our Christ who is mighty to save.

Kate Lunden Sunderlin

16 A Plea for Little Children.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. ARR. HEINE.

1. We plead for lit - tle chil-dren, The in - no-cent and
2. We plead for lit - tle chil-dren De-nied their right of
3. By all their bit - ter bur-den, By all their rights we

sad, Who know the fearful shadow, But not the sun-shine
joy; The burden and the sor - row Their fee-ble strength em-
plead, Rebuke the fell de-stroy - er, The drink that spoils in-

REFRAIN.

glad.
ploy.
deed. } Have pit - y on the children With rum-cursed lives of

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A Plea for Little Children.

pain; Let not their tear - ful pleadings Ap - peal to hearts in

vain. Have pit - y on the chil - dren With rum-cursed lives of

Rit. *p*

pain; Let not their tear - ful pleadings Ap-

Rit.

Rit.

peal to hearts in vain, Ap-peal to hearts in vain.

p *Rit.*

17 In the Name of Christ as King.

C. M. F. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. What a stream of crime and woe From the curst sa - loon doth flow,
2. Far too long this blighting curse Has been wax - ing 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!
On - ly laughing at its vic-tims' cry.
And we soon shall gain the victo - ry.

To the breeze this banner fling:
There must be a reck - on-ing—
While we bat - tle let us sing:

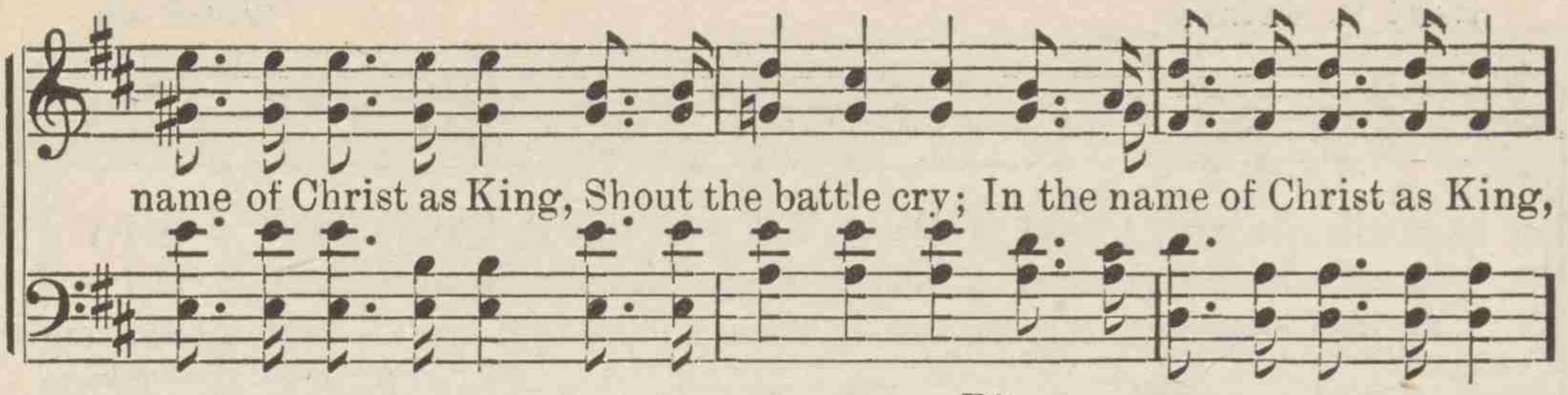
"In the name of Christ as King, The Liq-uor Traf-fic must die."

CHORUS.

In the name of Christ as King, Lift the stand-ard high; In the

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In the Name of Christ as King.



18 The Crisis.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN.



19

The Better Plan.

MARY H. MATHER. Scotch Air.



1. If a bod-y meet a bod-y Who won't sign the pledge, Shall a bod-y
2. If a bod-y meet a bod-y Who at temp'rance jeers, Shall a bod-y
3. Well, the time is com-ing sure-ly When a bod-y'll see That a temp'rance

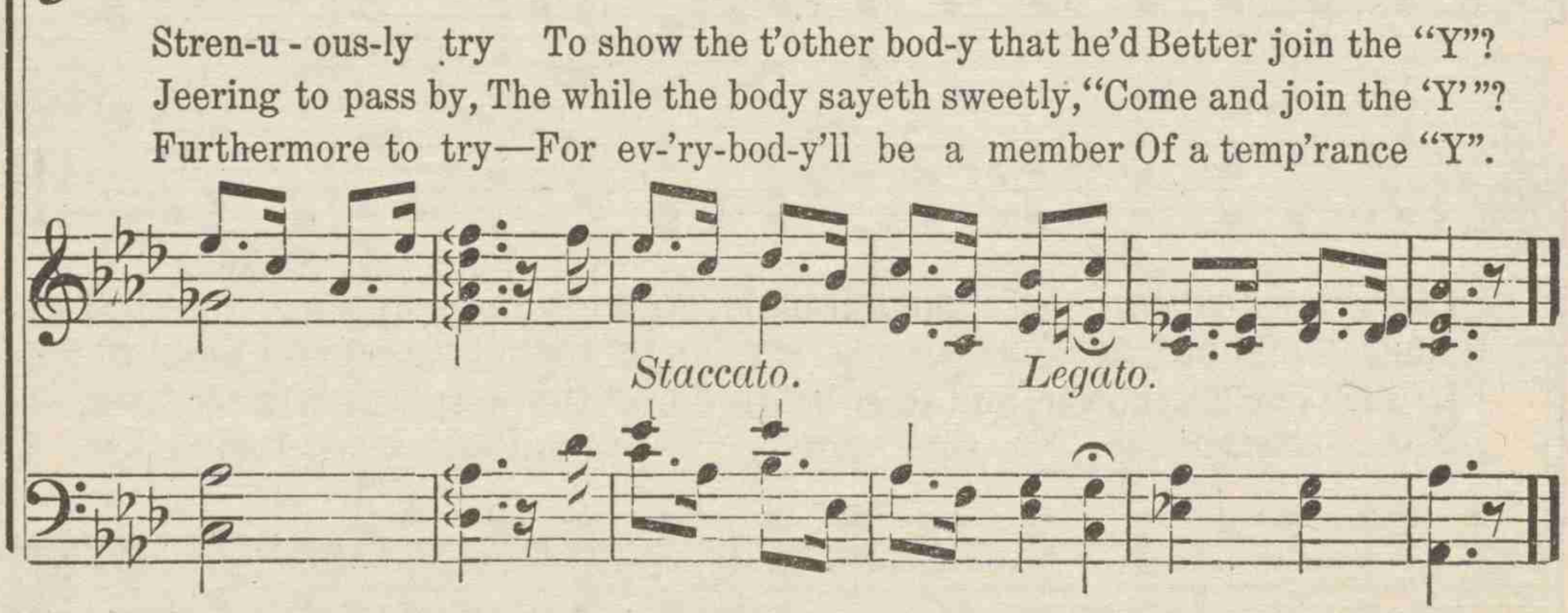




wound a bod-y With contempt's cold edge? Should not that same bod-y rath-er
box a bod-y On a bod-y's ears? Would it not be bet-ter rath-er
pledge is something Made to set one free; And there'll be no need for workers



Stren-u-ous-ly try To show the t'other bod-y that he'd Better join the "Y"?
Jeering to pass by, The while the body sayeth sweetly, "Come and join the 'Y'"?
Furthermore to try—For ev-'ry-bod-y'll be a member Of a temp'rance "Y".



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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,*

Fine. CHORUS.

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!

D. S.

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

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21 Contest Welcome Song.

ANNA A. GORDON. Adapted.

1. Wel - come, one and all! Wel-come on this hap - py night!
2. Come, friends, ev - 'ry one, In this stir - ring work u - nite;

D. C.—Wel-come, one and all! Wel - come on this hap - py night!
D. C.—Sing, sing, shout and sing! When Old Glo - ry's folds are free,

Fine.

Heav'nly bless-ings on us fall As we con - test for the Right.
An - swer to the ear - nest call Of the words we speak to - night.

Heav'nly bless-ings on us fall As we con - test for the Right.
Pro - hi - bi - tion bells will ring, Shout we all in vic - to - ry.

Ho - ly is the trust we keep, Bringing joy to those who weep;
Words of hope for hearts oppressed, Life and love for sin - dis-tressed;

High our aim and blest our cause, Death to liq - uor li-cense laws:
Come and help us fight our foe While we sing, "Saloons must go,"

Rit. *D. C.*

Seek - ing ev - er - more to show How to deal the dead - ly blow.
Come and help us fight our foe While we sing, "Sa-loons must go."

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22 The Lord Is My Shepherd.

T. Koschat. Arr.

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know; I
2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With
4. Let good-ness and mer - cy, my boun-ti - ful God, Still

feed in green pas-tures, safe-fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my
Thou art my Guar-dian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-
blessings un - meas-ured my cup run-neth o'er; With perfume and
fol - low my steps till I meet Thee a - bove. I seek by the

soul where the still wa-ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re-
fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my
oil Thou a - noint-est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of Thy
path which my fore - fa-thers trod, Thro' the land of their so - journ, Thy

deems when oppressed, Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.
Com - fort - er near, No harm can be - fall, with my Com-fort - er near.
prov - i-dence more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov -i-dence more?
king - dom of love, Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

Rit.

23 Gleams the Promised Land.

DAVID DEVOIR. HADLEY WATKINS

Tempo di Marcia.

1. Joy - ous-ly we march on, Hail - ing the glad day, When the curse of a - ges Shall be rolled a - way:
2. Linked in ho-ly pur-pose, Guard our Sabbath well; Break from that sweet Rest - day Drink's un-ho - ly spell;
3. Might-y forts of e - vil, Ev - 'ry li-censed den, Shattered by our ar - my, Ne'er shall rise a - gain;

See! the morning break - eth, Bright with vic-to - ry;
May no State e'er lin - ger, Shielding vice, dis- grace!
Comes the white-robed an - gel, Pro - hi - bi - tion, see!

ff

Liquordom is trembling, God's world shall be free.
Let our star-ry ban - ner Lead the human race!
Lo! the God of bat-tles Brings the vic-to - ry!

REFRAIN. *f*

Vic - to - ry is com - ing! Pass the word a - long; Vic-to - ry is com - ing! Ring it out in song;

Cres. *ff*

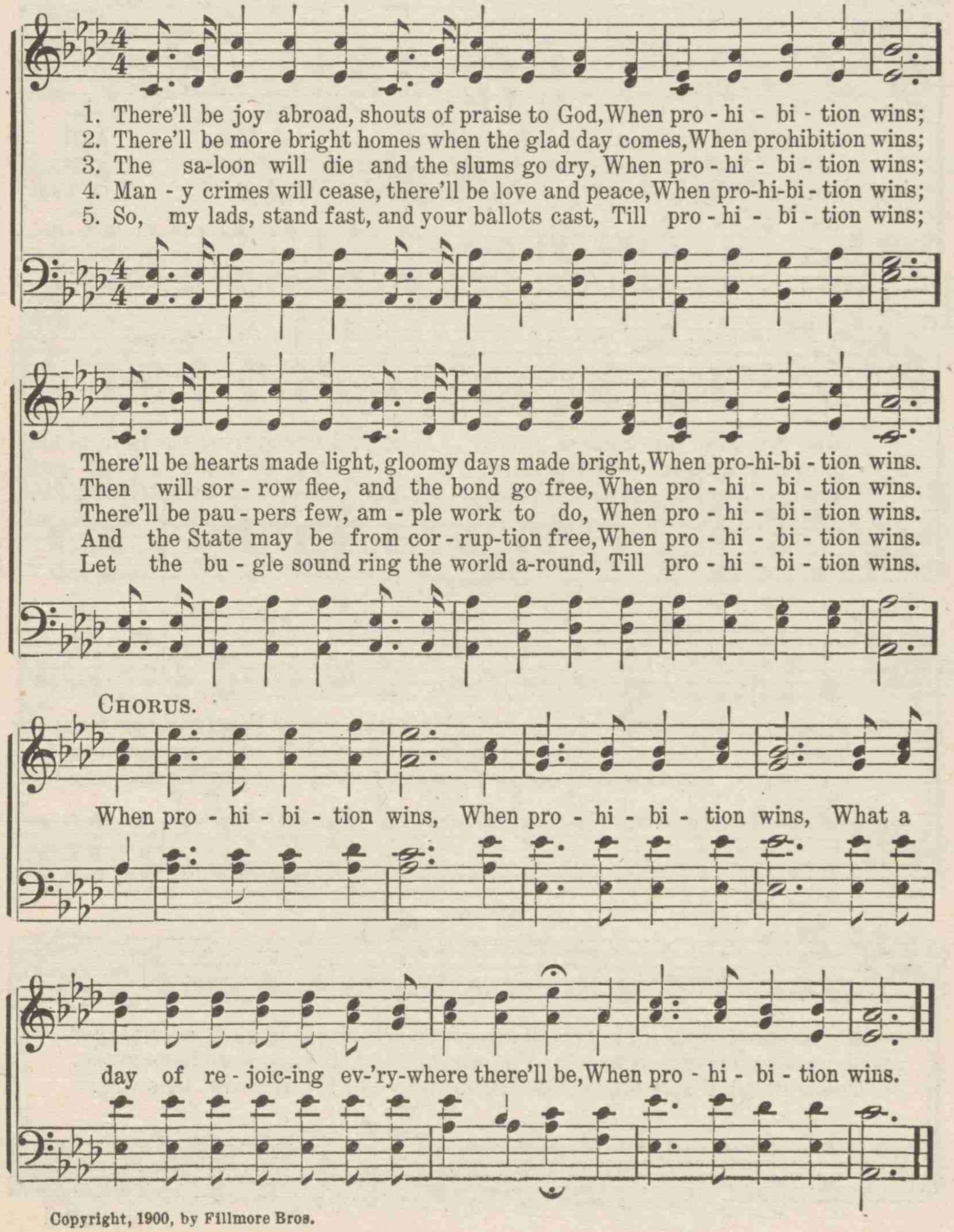
For-tress-es are fall-ing, in song;

Gleams the Promised Land.



24 When Prohibition Wins.

REV. T. C. JOHNSON. J. H. FILLMORE.



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25 The Home Guard.

KATE LUNDEN SUNDERLIN. Tune—"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."

1. Who will stand for the homes of our nation, The homes that were built by the brave? Who will save them from Rum's des-o - la - tion, And dig for the ty - rant a grave? Who will sweep from the folds of Old Glo-ry The clouds which are dark'ning its stars? Who will blot from our world-honored sto - ry The word which its pag - es now mars?
2. We are com-ing, the sci-ons of he-roes, To prove that they died not in vain; And we chal-lenge the sin-hard-ened Ne - ros Who play o'er the graves of the slain. tection Which shel-ter their in-fa - mous trade! We are com-ing to show by our ac - tion The strength of the vows we have made.
3. We're the Home Guard that never surrenders, The Le-gions of hon - or and truth; We're Co-lum - bi - a's Loy - al De - fend-ers Who have pledged her our unspotted youth. fore us, For Home, whose protectors we are, For the glo - ri - ous Coun-try that bore us, We've en-list - ed for life in this war.

The Home Guard.

CHORUS.

Who will stand for the red, white, and blue,— Our
We will stand for the red, white, and blue,— Our
We'll un - furl the red, white, and blue,— Our

star - span - gled red, white, and blue? Who will sweep from the
star - span - gled red, white, and blue; We will sweep from the
star - span - gled red, white, and blue— And we'll sweep from the

folds of Old Glo - ry The clouds which now hang o'er its blue?
folds of Old Glo - ry The clouds which now hang o'er its blue.
folds of Old Glo - ry The clouds which now hang o'er its blue.

26 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 no- ble, 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.

27 The Bubble at the Brim.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Oh, see it gai - ly smil- ing, And light-ly danc-ing up;.... How win - some and be - guil - ing It peeps a - cross the cup! Be-
2. How ten-der - ly it flush - es, How mod-est - ly it flies! It apes a maiden's blush - es When dreams of love a - rise; It
3. Perhaps 'tis beauty's fin - ger That fills the ros - y glass; How sweet it is to lin - ger, How hard it is to pass! 'Tis

ware or 'twill en-chant you, As it beck-ons from the rim:— "Come,
gai - ly sings and glis-tens Like the shin-ing ser - a - phim, But
late to curse the rev - el When the lights are burning dim, You are

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The Bubble at the Brim.

kiss me, darling, can't you?'' Laughs the bubble at the brim; "Come,
woe to him who lis - tens To the bub-ble at the brim; But
bar - tered to the dev - il By the bub-ble at the brim; You are

Ad lib.

kiss me, dar-ling, can't you?" Laughs the bubble at the brim.
woe to him who lis - tens To the bub - ble at the brim.
bar - tered to the dev - il By the bub - ble at the brim.

Colla voce.

28 Crusade Hymn.

Tune—"St. Thomas."

GERHARDT. J. WESLEY tr. TANSUR.

1. Give to the winds thy fears; Hope, and be un - dis - mayed;
2. Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms, He gen - tly clears the way;
3. Far, far a - bove thy thought His coun - sel shall ap - pear,

God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head.
Wait thou His time; the dark - est night Shall end in bright-est day.
When ful - ly He the work hath wrought That caused thy needless fear.

29

Fight the Wrong.

MRS. HAYCRAFT.

Air—"Bonnie Dundee."

With spirit.

1. We are read-y to fight in the cause of the right, To help on the tri-umph of love and of light; And shoul-der to shoul-der we
2. The for - ces a-gainst us are might-y and strong, The work may be hard, and the strug-gle be long; But the world shall be free, and the
3. But, oh, in our band there is room thro' the land For hundreds, yes, hundreds as sol - diers to stand; Oh, won't you u - nite in the
4. Tho' fee - ble we are, yet our Help is not far, And forc - es of darkness our road shall not bar; God bless - es the hearts for their

joy - ful - ly go To strive with the wrong, and to conquer the foe!
dawning we'll see Of beau-ty and blessing and gladness to be.
glo - ri - ous fight? Our foe-man is E - vil, our watchword is Right!
brethren who care: Then forward, right forward, in faith and in prayer!

Fight the Wrong.

CHORUS.

So do not de - lay, but join us to - day, And march, march ye

on in the Tem-per-ance way! We're young, it is true, yet how

much we can do— So shout for the right, and for vic - to - ry too!

30 Home Protection Hymn.

MARY A. LATHBURY. LABRIOLA, arr.

1. O trust ye in the Lord for- ev - er! Strong is His arm, and wide His love;
2. Be strong, O men, who bear in bat - tle For us the ban - ner and the shield;
3. Lift up your eyes, O wom-en, weep-ing Be-side your dead! The dawning day
4. Room for the right! Make room before us For truth and right-eous-ness to stand;

He keep-eth truth, He fail-eth nev - er, Tho' earth, and sea, and heav'n remove.
For strong to con - quer, as to suf - fer, Is He who leads you in the field.
Has rent the seal of death for-ev - er, And an- gels roll the stone a - way.
And plant the ho - ly ban-ner o'er us: "For God, and Home, and Na-tive Land."

CHORUS.

Sing to the Lord! He goes be - fore us; His strength is

ours, His truth shall stand Till East and West shall join the cho - rus,

First three verses. *Last verse.*

"For God, and Home, and Na - tive Land." Home, and Na - tive Land."

Hallelujah Chorus.

HANDEL.

Allegro maestoso.

Hal - le-lu-jah! Hal - le-lu-jah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hal-le - lu-jah!

Hal - le-lu-jah! Hal - le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hallelujah! Hal-le - lu-jah!

For the Lord God Om-nip-o-tent reign-eth! Halle - lujah! Hallelujah! Halle-

lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! For the Lord God Om-nip-o-tent reign-eth! Hal-le-

lu - jah! Hal-le-lu - jah! Hal-le-lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! The

p

Hallelujah Chorus.



Hallelujah Chorus.

er, for-ev-er and ev-er, Hal-le-lu-jah! Halle-
ev-er, King of kings,..... and Lord of lords!.....

for-ev - er and ev-er, Hal-le-lu-jah! Halle-

lu-jah! and He shall reign for-ev - er, for-ev - er and ev - er, King of
.....

lu-jah!

kings, and Lord of lords! King of kings, and Lord of lords! and He shall
and He shall reign for-

reign for - ev - er and ev - er, King of kings, and Lord of
ev - er and ev - er and ev - er, for-ev-er and ev-er, for-ev-er and

Adagio. ff

lords!
ev-er, Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hal-le - lu - jah!

32 The Temperance Lighthouse.

MARY H. MATHER. Arranged.

1. Each life is a boat on an o - cean, Each life is a
2. But out of the darkness that threat-ens Each ves - sel that
3. Be saved, we be - seech, by this gleam-ing, By rays that shine

boat on a sea,..... Where surge-cov-ered rocks ev - er
sails o'er the sea,..... A light-house of temp'rance is
o - ver the sea,..... And bear on your pen - nons the

on a sea,
o'er the sea,
o'er the sea,

men - ace,.... And no one from dan-ger is free.....
stand - ing,.... A guide for the sail - or to be.....
watch - word,... "For God, and the home of the free."....

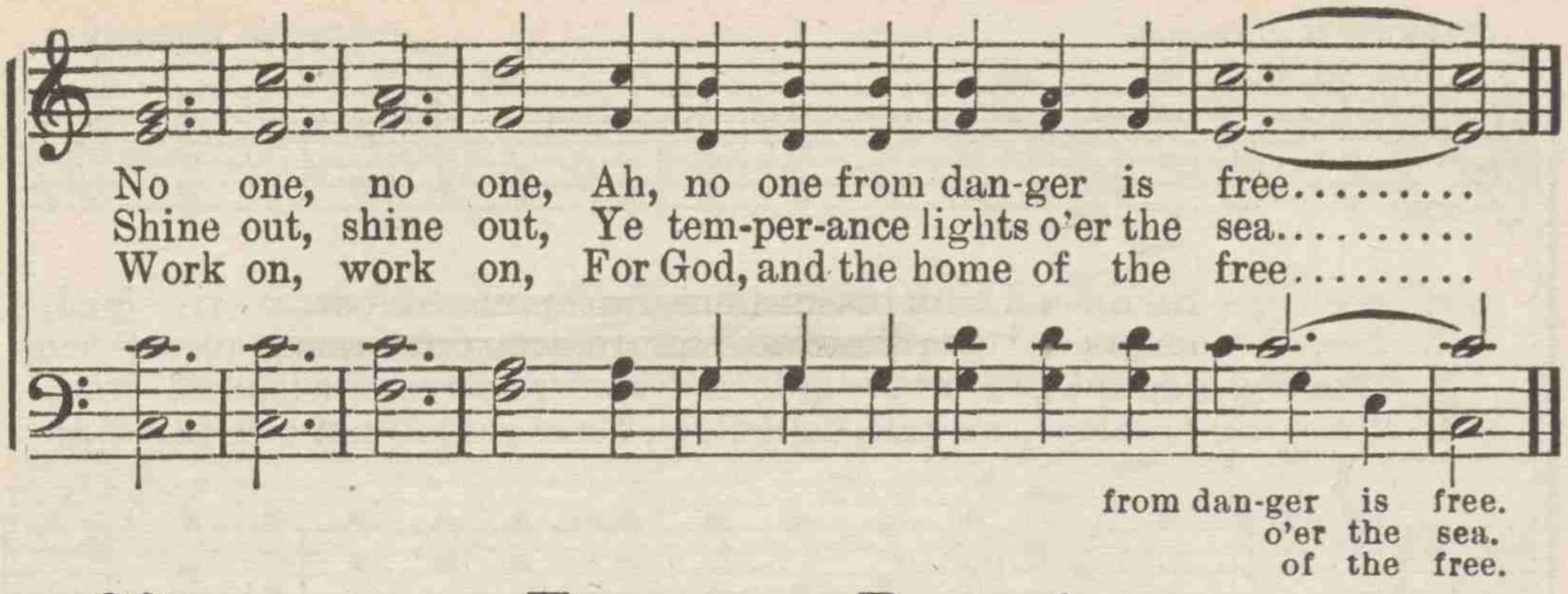
from dan - ger is free.
the sail - or to be.
of the free."

CHORUS.

No one, no one, Ah, no one from dan-ger is free, is free;
Shine out, shine out, Ye tem-per-ance lights o'er the sea, the sea;
Work on, work on, For God, and the home of the free, the free;

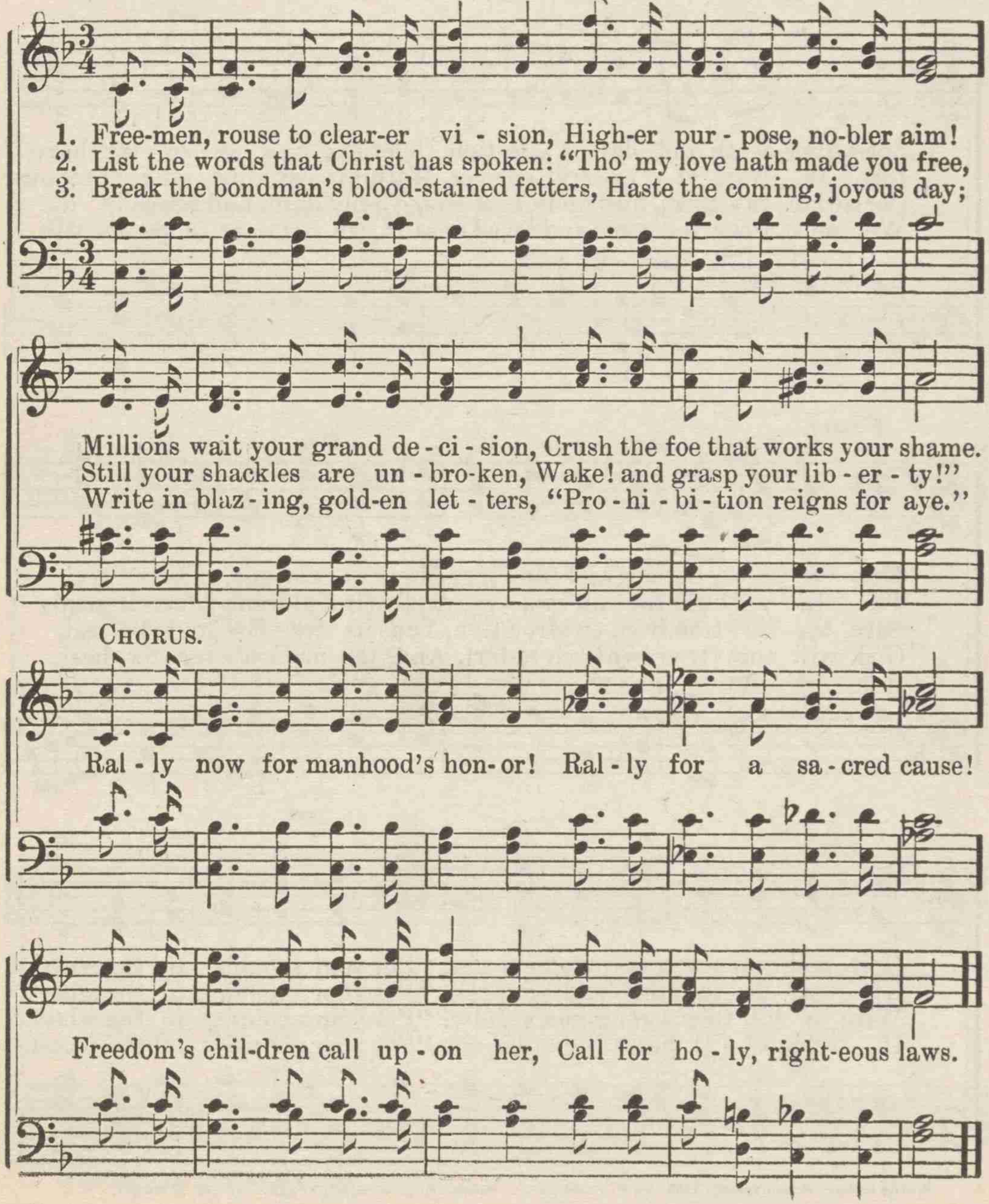
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The Temperance Lighthouse.



33 Freemen, Rouse!

MABEL CRONISE. HELEN L. BEACH.



34 Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel.

MRS. J. E. SHELDON.
Arr. by P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. See the Rum-fiend with his millions, Sweeping o'er our na - tive land,
2. See, he clam-ors at your threshold, Hunting down your precious sons,
3. "Fold-ed hands will nev - er aid us" To re-move this load of woe;
4. Weep-ing mothers, sis-ters, daughters, Tears prevail not o'er this sin;

Spreading death and des - o - la-tion, Grief and woe on ev - 'ry hand.
Lies in wait at ev - 'ry cor-ner, With his wi - ly ser-pent tongue,
Chris-tian fa - thers, husbands, brothers, No-bly dare and brave-ly do.
We must work for home and loved ones If we ev - er hope to win.

Faster.

Men of worth, be up and do - ing, Men of cour-age, men of zeal,
To in - vei - gle the un - wa - ry, And your children's hearts to steal;
Save the na - tion from de-struc-tion, You its des - ti - ny must seal,
God will sure - ly crown each ef-fort, And the na-tion's sor-row heal,

Cres.

Help dethrone the ty-rant mon-ster, "Put your shoulder to the wheel."
Up and do - ing, men and brothers, "Put your shoulder to the wheel."
With a will then strong and stead-y, "Put your shoulder to the wheel."
If each loy - al heart and brave one "Put your shoulder to the wheel."

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35 The Fairy in the Well.

CORNEY SIMMONDS. SCHUMANN.

1. I know a lit - tle fair - y Who lurks with-in the well;
2. I love this lit - tle fair - y, Her charms are ev - er new;
3. Ah, pret - ty lit - tle fair - y, Thou shalt be ev - er mine;

She is so pure, she is so true, So sweet her mag - ic spell:
I know she'll ne'er de-ceive my heart, She is so pure and true:
A sweet - er, dear - er, friend thou art Than rich and rud - dy wine:

She sings a - down the hill - side, And glides a - long the plain;
She bring-eth peace and plen - ty, And giv - eth health a - gain:
Then hail! blest lit - tle fair - y, For - ev - er dear to me,

She is the dear - est gem on earth, Bright Wa-ter is her name.
This sweetest, dear - est gift of heav'n, Bright Wa-ter is her name.
Oh, may the day be far a - way That part-eth me and thee.

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36 We March to Victory.

G. MOULTRIE. J. BARNBY.

We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be -

fore us, With His lov - ing eye look - ing down from the sky,

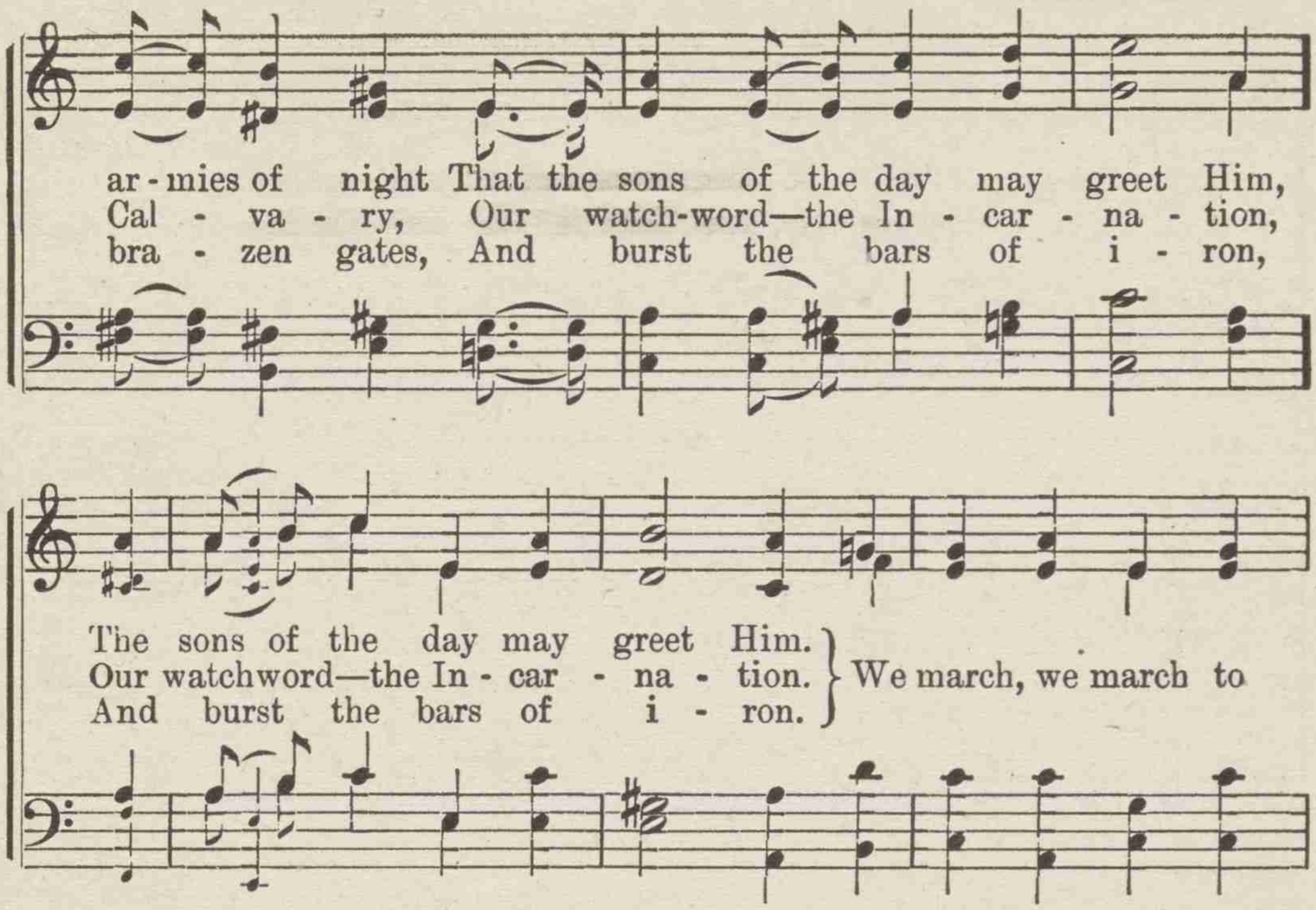
And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us.

His arm

1. We come in the might of the Lord of light, With
2. Our sword is the Spir - it of God on high, Our
3. And the choir of.... an - gels with song a - waits Our

ar - mor bright to meet Him; And we put to... flight the
hel - met His sal - va - tion; Our ban - ner the cross of
march to the gold - en Zi - on; For our Cap - tain has bro - ken the

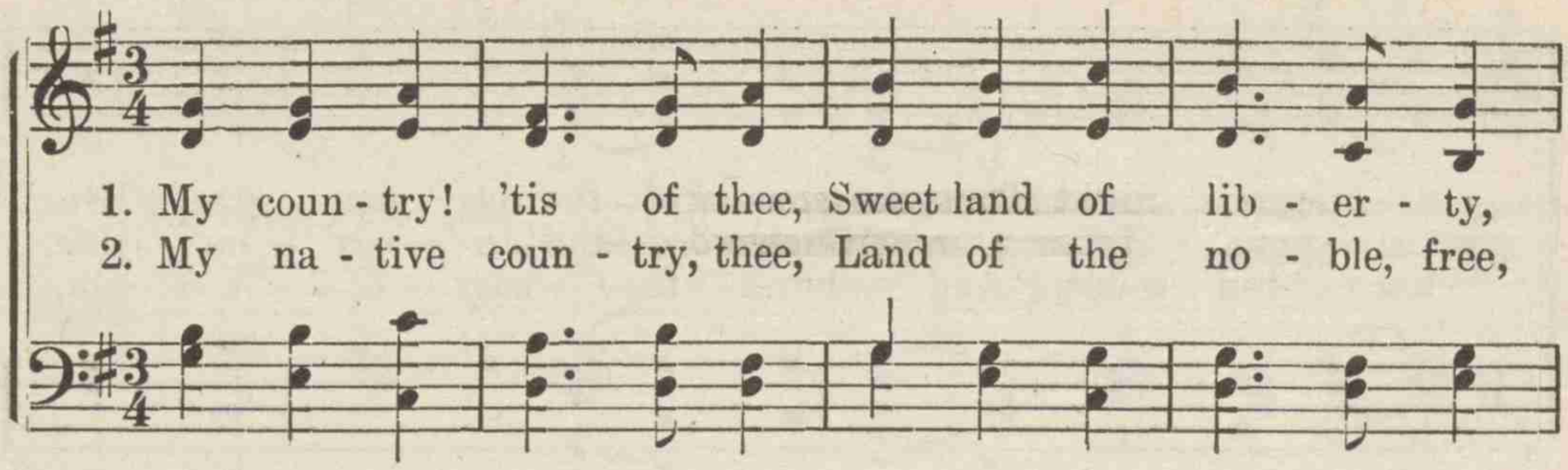
We March to Victory.

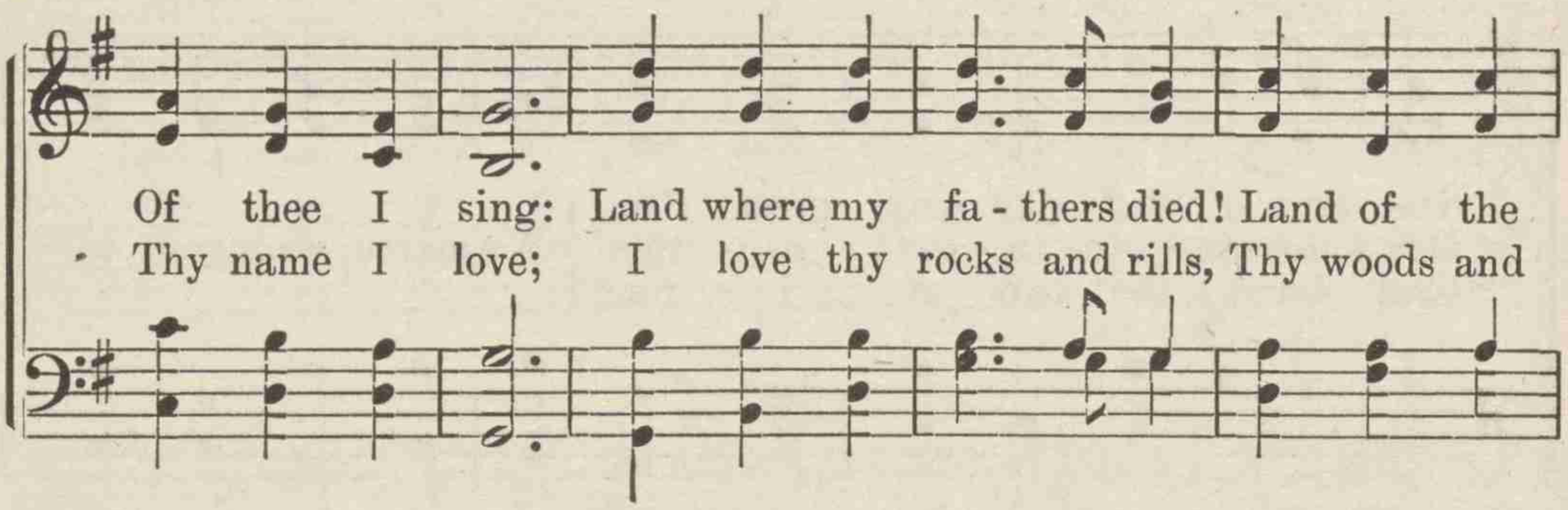




37 America.

DR. S. F. SMITH.







3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

38 Our Native Land.

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might!

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On Him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State.

JOHN S. DWIGHT.

39 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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40 A Brighter Day Will Soon Be Here.

THOMAS JARRATT. W. H. BONNER.

Vigorously.

1. A brighter day will soon be here, Hur - rah! hur - rah! Al-
2. O lis - ten to the joy - ful song, Hur - rah! hur - rah! Let
3. What happy homes and firesides bright, Hur - rah! hur - rah! Will
4. Then onward march, and nev - er tire, Hur - rah! hur - rah! Let

Hurrah!

read-y man-y signs appear, Hur-rah! hur-rah! The boys and girls thro'-
ev-'ry one the notes prolong, Hur-rah! hur-rah! Till rocks and hills send
glisten in the glorious light, Hur-rah! hur-rah! For peace and love a-
courage ev'ry heart inspire, Hur-rah! hur-rah! When lit - tle ones the

Hurrah!

REFRAIN.

out the land Are joining in a temp'rance band;
back the strain, In ech - oes o'er the verdant plain.
gain will reign, And all the land will smile again;
danger shun, The noble work will soon be done;

} And the day will come When Co-

lum - bia shall be free! Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur-rah!.....

Hurrah! hurrah!

41 The Temperance Tug-of-War.

E. A. EDITH ALDIS.

1. One lit - tle Temp'rance boy, on - ly one! Stand - ing for
2. Two lit - tle Temp'rance boys, on - ly two! But they will
3. Three lit - tle Temp'rance boys, on - ly three! Are on the
4. Four lit - tle Temp'rance boys, on - ly four! But they will
5. Five lit - tle Temp'rance boys, true and tried, Seek to win

CHORUS.

Truth and Right, all a - lone. But come a-long, come a-long,
show you what they can do. So come a-long, come a-long,
win-ning side— you shall see. So come a-long, come a-long,
ver - y soon win some more. So come a-long, come a-long,
all the world to their side. So come a-long, come a-long,

come a-long, come! And let us see who is the stron - ger!

A tempo.

Directions.—Stretch a handkerchief across the center of the platform. Select five little boys with good voices, and place four of them on one side of the handkerchief, and one facing them on the other. This boy sings the first verse, assisted in the chorus by the remainder of the choir, who should sing the chorus throughout. He then tries with his right hand to pull one of the four boys across the handkerchief to his side, and finally succeeds. The two boys sing the second verse, and then the newcomer pulls a third over, and so on, till the five are ranged on one side; after which they challenge the whole audience in the fifth verse. The accompaniment to the chorus may be played as an introductory symphony, and also while the tug-of-war is going on, when it may also be hummed by the girls and whistled by the boys of the choir.

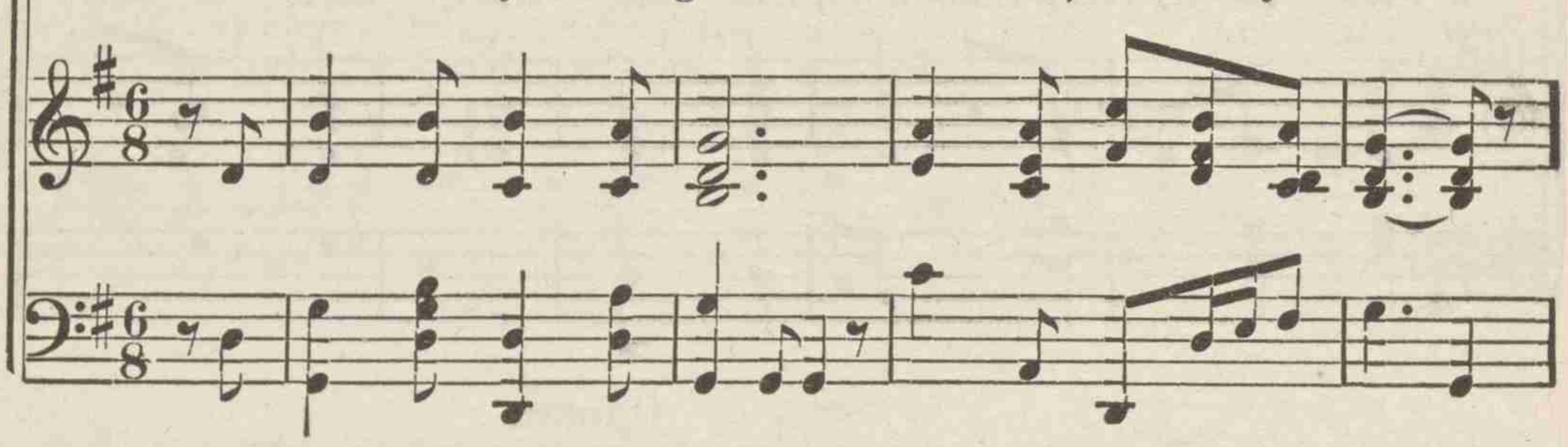
42 The World, the Man, and the Children.

O. C.

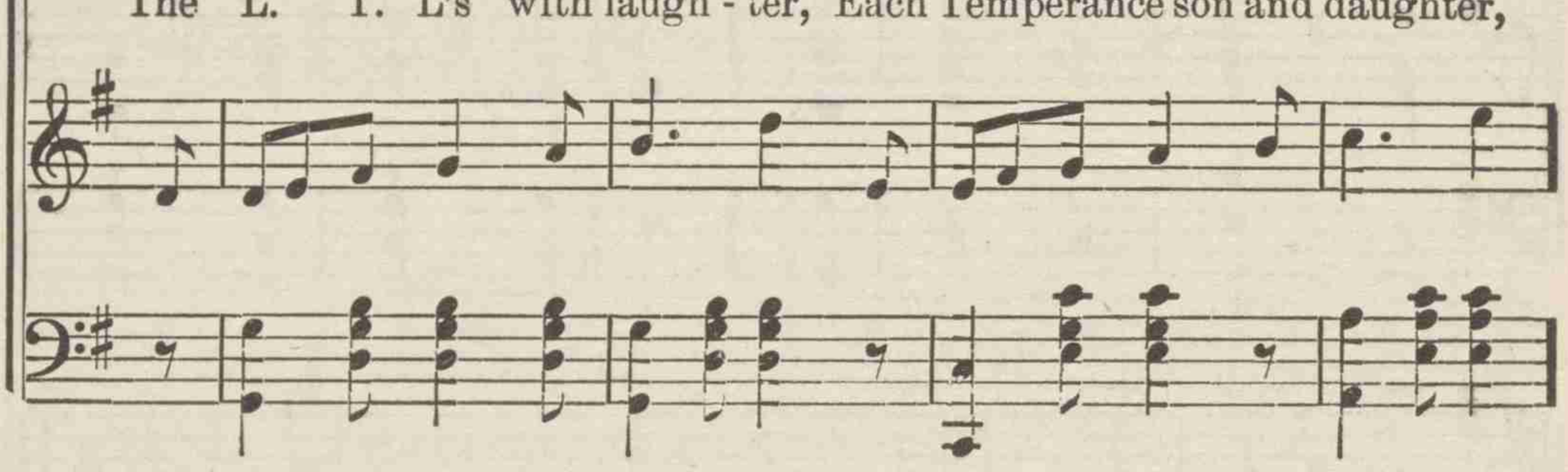
MRS. ORMISTON CHANT.



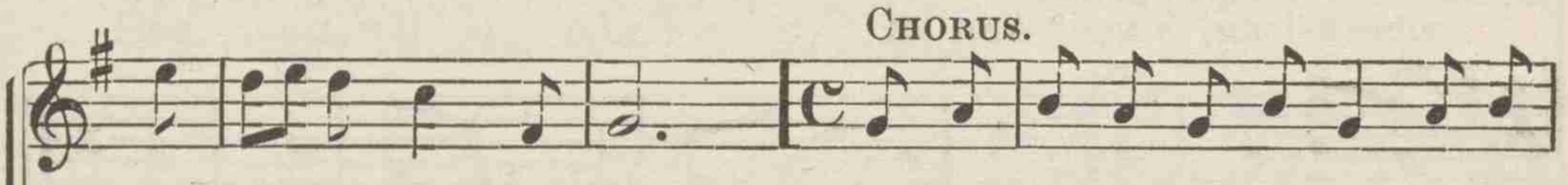
1. The World called to the Man: "Broth - er, lend us your head;
2. The World called to the Man: "Broth - er, lend us your hands;
3. The World then cried a - gain: "Broth - er, lend us your legs;
4. The World cried yet a - gain: "Chil - dren, what can you do?



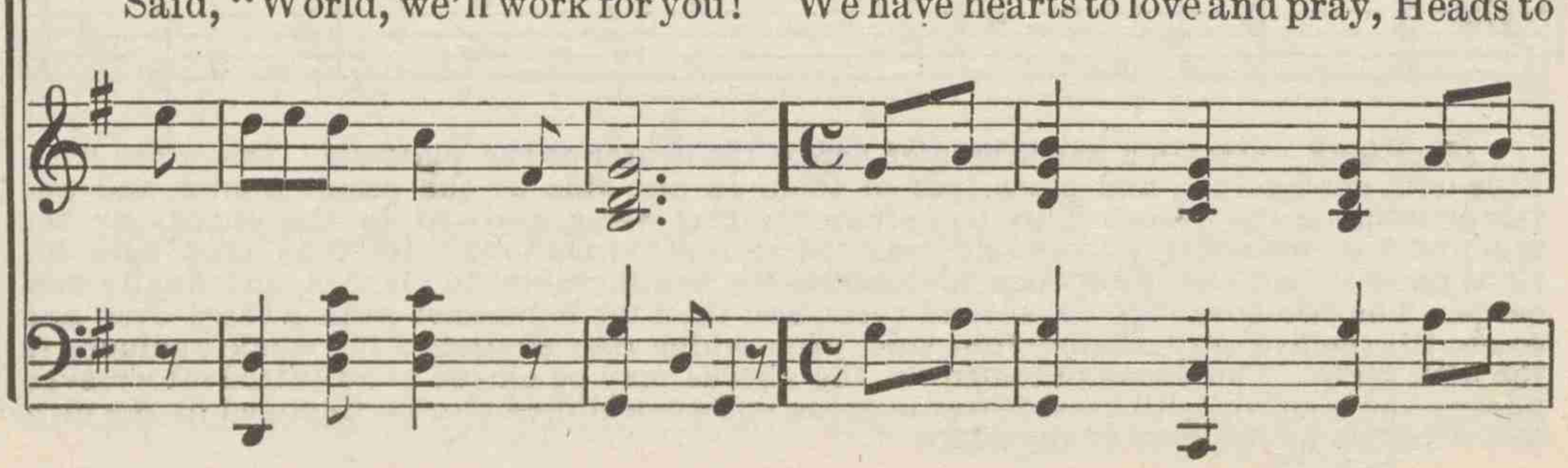
We want to do some think - ing!" But he had just been drink - ing,
We want to do some work - ing, With folks that know no shirk - ing,
We've mes-sag-es to car - ry: Look sharp, and do not tar - ry—
The L. T. L's with laugh - ter, Each Temperance son and daughter,



CHORUS.



And this is what he said: "No! I can-not lend my head, For 'tis
In this and oth - er lands." But he said, "O how they shake, So my
The world your serv-ice begs!" But he said, "O my poor legs, They are
Said, "World, we'll work for you! We have hearts to love and pray, Heads to



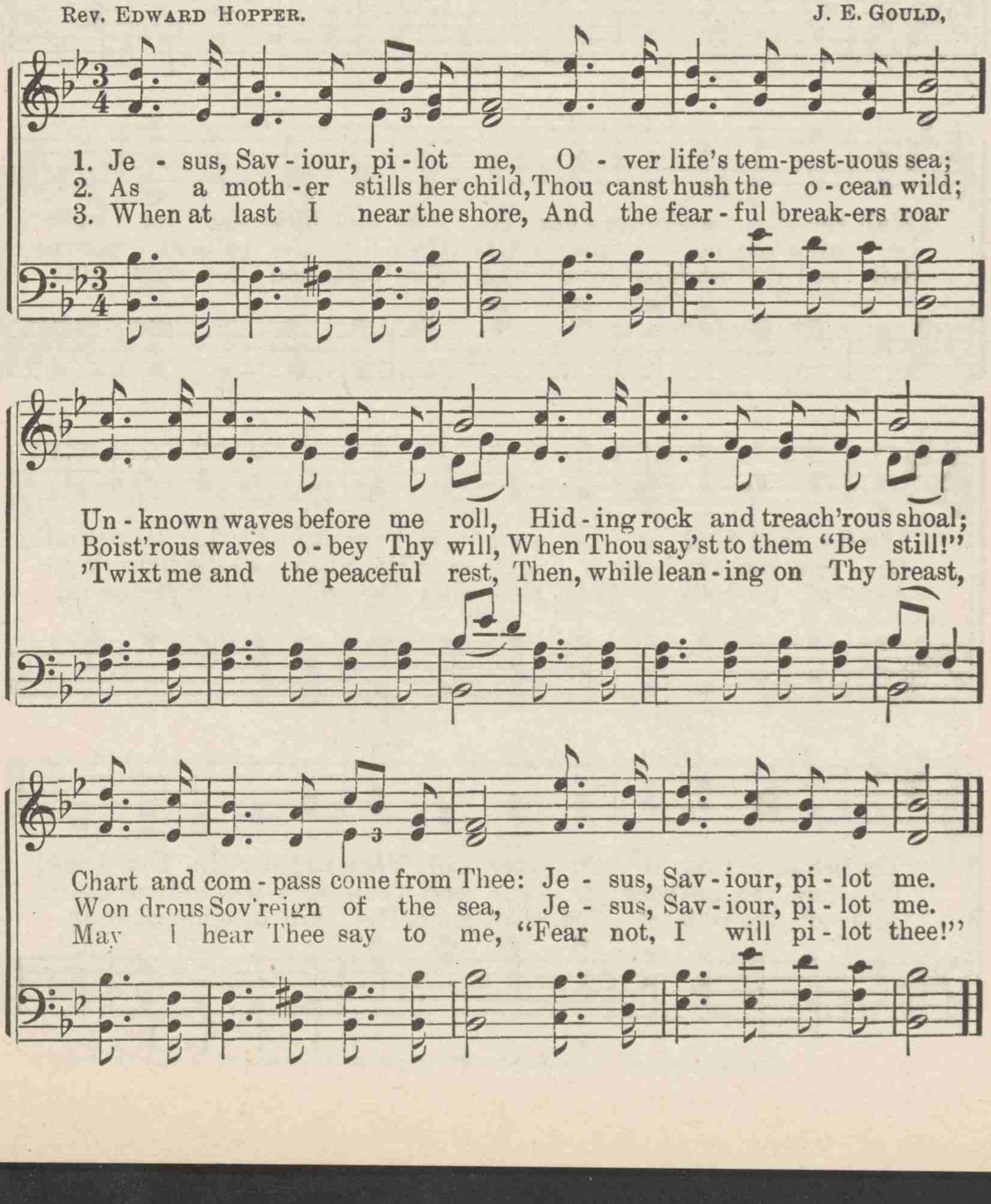
The World, the Man, and the Children.

Rall.



43 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Rev. Edward Hopper. J. E. Gould,



44 The Temperance Ship.

Adapted from JOHN G. WHITTIER. BISCARDI.

1. Take cour-age, temp'rance work - ers, You shall not suf - fer wreck,
2. Sail on! sail on! deep-freight - ed With blessings and with hopes;
3. Cour - age! your work is ho - ly, God's er-rands nev - er fail!

While up to God the people's pray'rs Are ris - ing from your deck.
The good of old, with shadowy hands Are pull-ing at your ropes.
Sweep on thro' storm and dark - ness, The thun-der and the hail!

Wait cheer'ly, temp'rance work - ers, For day- light and for land;
Be - hind you, ho - ly mar - tyrs Up - lift the palm and crown;
Sail on! the morning com - eth, The port you yet shall win;

The breath of God is in your sail, Your rud - der in His hand!
Be - fore you, un - born a - ges send Their ben - e - dic-tions down;
And all the bells of God shall ring The ship of temp'rance in;

The breath of God is in your sail, Your rud - der in His hand!
Be - fore you, un - born a - ges send Their ben - e - dic-tions down.
And all the bells of God shall ring The ship of temp'rance in.

45 The Flag of Stars.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

With energy.

1. The stars that float up - on the blue, The ho - ly white, the crim - son hue, Are splen - dors lent us by the night, Are glo-ries of the morning light.
2. We bear the flag be - fore our band, For God, and Home, and Na - tive Land; For we are chil - dren of the King, And ev - er as we march we sing.

Our col - ors gath-ered from the sky,
Our arms are truth and right-eous-ness,
Our hands shall ev - er hold on high;
To peace-ful vic - to-ries, thro'
Our hope the land we love to bless;
Be - neath the ho - ly white, the
ho - ly wars,
We fol-low, fol - low still the flag of stars.
crim-son bars,
We fol-low, fol - low still the flag of stars.

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46

Some Glad Day.

K. L. STEVENSON. STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

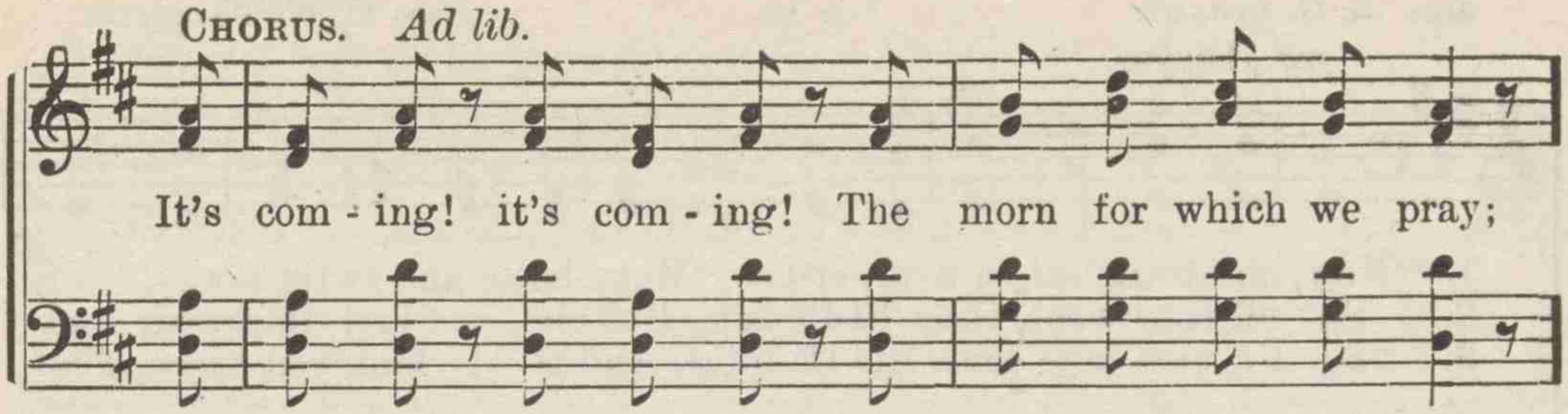
Poco adagio.

1. All round the world The rib - bon white is twined;
2. All round the world Where sounds the note of woe,
3. All round the world Ho - san - nas yet shall ring;

All round the world The glorious light has shined; All round the world Our
There in God's strength, Our ribbon white shall go; Em- blem of peace, Of
All lands and climes The Saviour's praise shall sing; No jarring note Shall
cause has right of way; We'll raise the anthem swell of vict'ry Some glad day.
purity's bright ray; 'Twill bind our sin-stained earth to heaven, Some glad day.
mar that rapturous lay; 'Twill rise from all the sin-saved nations, Some glad day.

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Some Glad Day.



47 A Temperance War-Cry.

Tune—"Some Glad Day."

1 Come, come and sing! descendents of the free;
Wave high o'erhead the flag of liberty;
Proud see it waving now from sea to sea;
Cheer, all you sons and daughters true, of liberty!

Chorus:

We're coming! we're coming!
A happy contest band;
We'll help to drive strong drink away
From all the land.

2 We'll keep our minds, like crystals, pure and bright;
Our bodies strong by doing what is right;
We'll let all forms of alcohol alone;
Pure water makes good sinew, and the best of bone.

3 Now then three cheers for Temperance we sing!
And to her help our brightest talent bring;
Let all unite to set the whole world free
From all that's wrong, and Alcohol's dread tyranny.

Eva Munson Smith.

Caught.

MRS. E. G. STUART. MRS. C. W. PRIESTLEY.

mf Allegro.

1. "Now, children," said a moth-er-fish, "Make haste and swim a-way, For
2. So off they went, these lit-tle fish; But one, a - las! returned, And
3. "So I'll just take some lit - tle bites, And if I find, you know, That

Dim.

yon - der dain - ty mor-sel hides A cru - el hook, they say; And
all his moth-er's good ad - vice And lov - ing coun-sel spurned; Said
she is right, of course, I will Im - me-diate-ly let go." So

p

if you lin - ger lon - ger here, Per-haps you'll tempt-ed be To
he, "I don't be - lieve that tale Of fish - er - men and hooks;
he be-gan, this naugh-ty fish, To swim to left and right; And

Cres.

taste the bait the fish - er - man Has set so cun - ning - ly."
Mother is o - ver - anxious, and The worm is what it looks.
ev - 'ry time he passed the bait He took a lit - tle bite.

pp *Ritenuto.*

4. Till sud - den - ly he felt a prick, A pang of pain, and lo! The

Caught.

pp *Ritenuto.* *ff*

bait had ta - ken hold of him, And would not let him go! And

mf

thro' the cool, dim depths drawn up, He passed far out of sight; And

f *A tempo.* *ff*

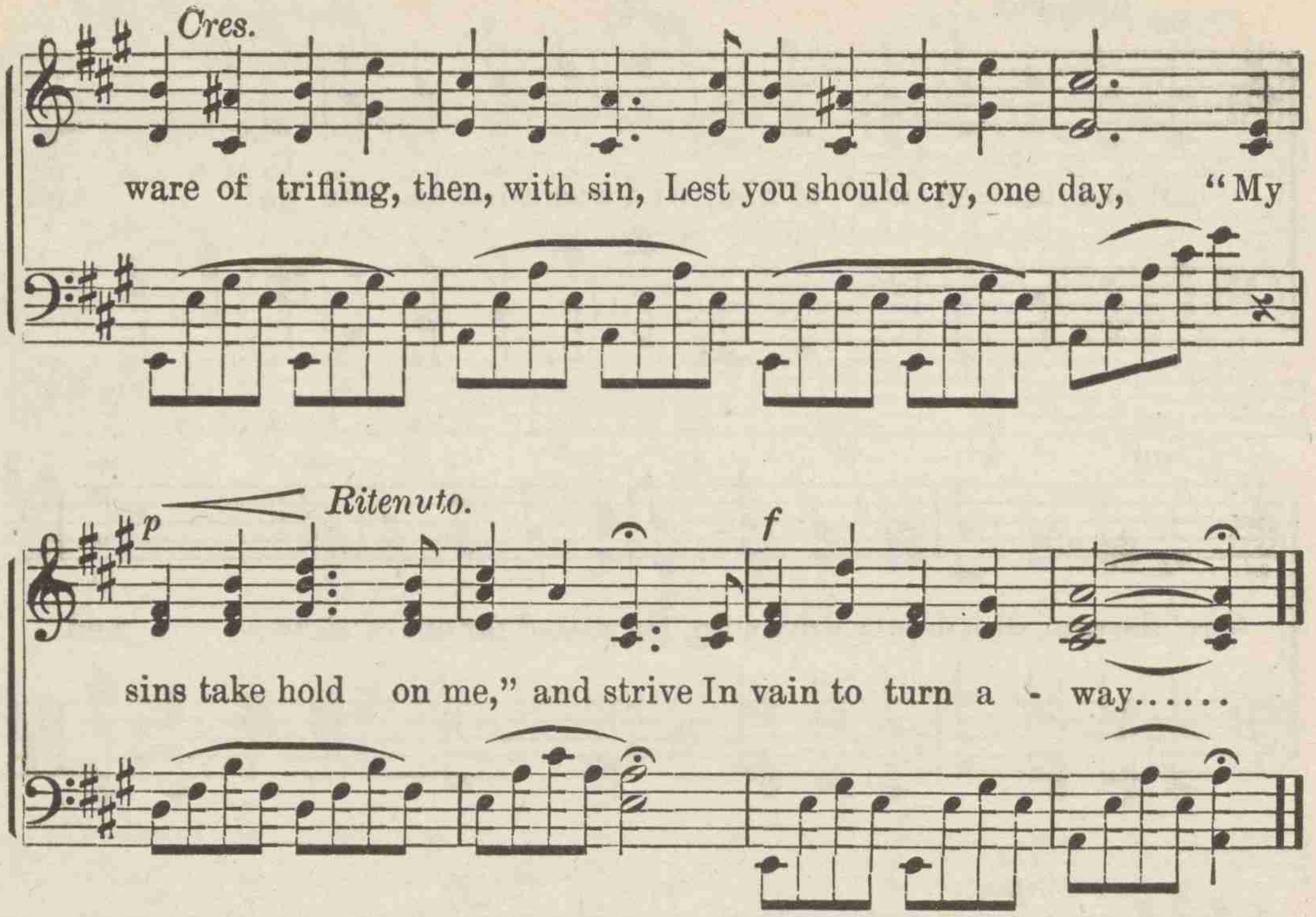
this is what the oys - ters said, "It real - ly served him right."

5. And thus it is with fool-ish folk, Dear children, who believe That

Dim.

when they choose they may with ease Some sinful hab - it leave. Be -

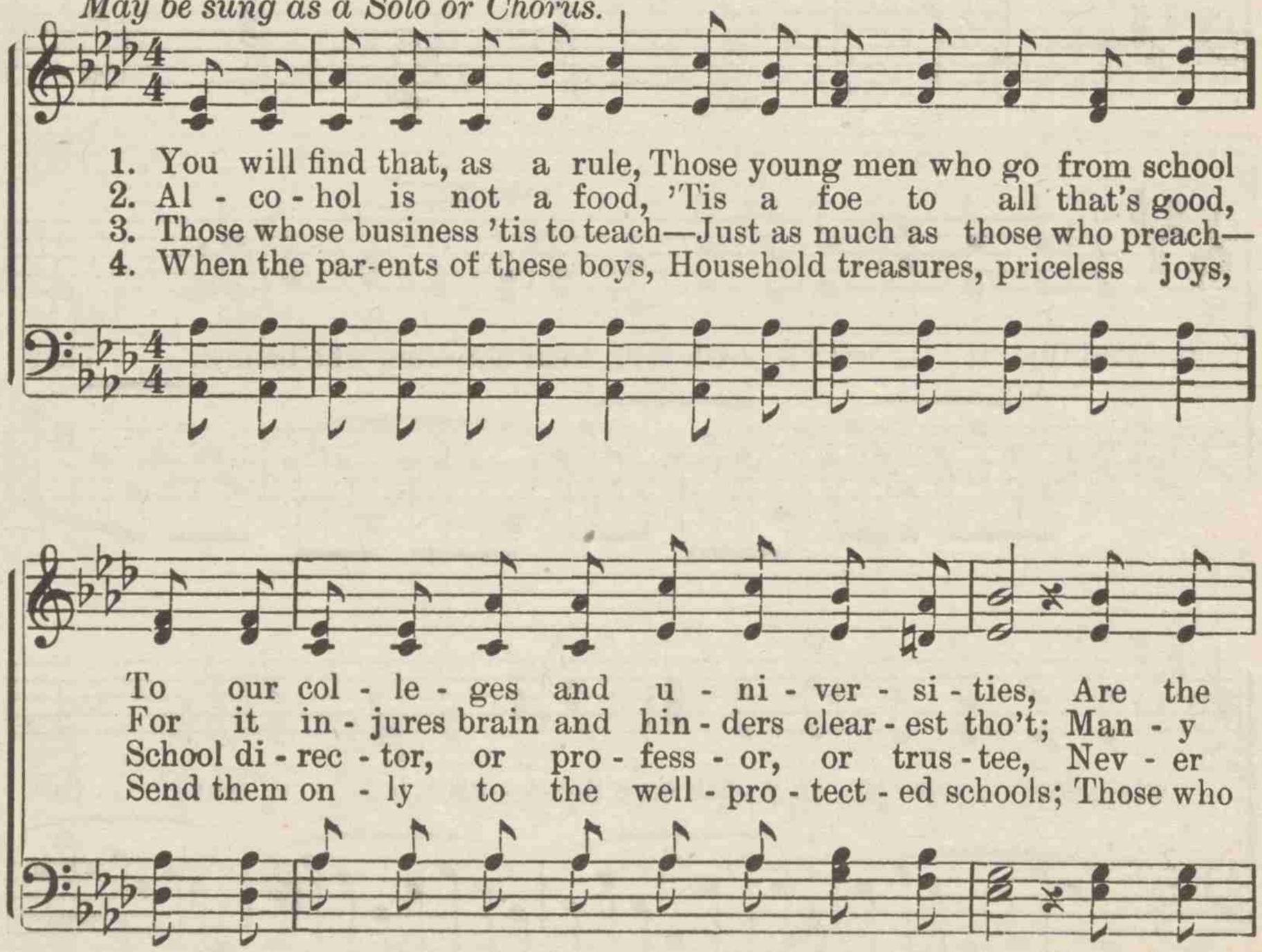
Caught.



49 The College Boys.

C. M. F. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

May be sung as a Solo or Chorus.



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The College Boys.

brain - i - est and best By our good-ly land possessed, And en-
times it has been shown Liq - uor must be let a - lone, Where the
should be neg - li - gent, Luke-warm, or in - dif - fer - ent, But op-
good ad - vice now spurn, May at last be brought to learn That it

CHORUS.

dowed with ex - tra fine a - bil - i - ties.
best re - sult of mental work is sought.
posed with zeal to such in - iq - ui - ty.
does not pay to be the dev-il's tools.

When a college ed-u - ca-tor

Makes him-self a vin - di - ca - tor Of sa-loons and inns to

tempt the boys to drink, He should quickly be re - tired, Or in
tempt to drink,

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

50 We'll Lift the World to the Light.

ANNA A. GORDON. From the Welsh. Arr. by C. T. K.

1. Come join in our home-lov-ing White Ribbon song, Tee - to - tal - ers all, who are glad we be - long. All na - tions shall hear the good news that we bring, The ti-dings of joy that we sing....
2. Come join in our mu - sic - al mer - ry - go - round, We stand by our col - ors, wher - ev - er we're found; The pain and the grief that in sad hearts a - bound, Shall van-ish be - fore this glad sound.
3. The North and the South join the East and the West, And fol - low the Lord in His bless - ed be - hest: Go work in my vine-yard till each heart is blest, Till nations their sin have con - fessed.

CHORUS.

Sing, sing, sing, sing, Ev - 'ry - one mer - ri - ly sing; The Rib-bon White our emblem bright, We'll help lift the world to the light.

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51 A Place In the Ranks for Me.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. F.

1. List! the trumpet of God is sound-ing, Is sound-ing from sea to sea;
2. See, the ar-my of God ad-van-ces, In strength of his ho-ly might;
3. List! the trumpet of God is sound-ing, Is sound-ing for vic-to-ry;

On the field where the brave are falling There's a place in the ranks for me.
See the flash of the mov-ing lan-ces, And the glit-ter of hel-mets bright.
I must go, for the brave are fall-ing, And the Cap-tain has need of me.

CHORUS.

place in the ranks for me.
There's a place in the ranks for me! (for me!) A place in the ranks for me! (for me!) On the field where the brave are falling, There's a place in the ranks for me.

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52 We Are Coming, Dear Leader.

To Frances E. Willard, in Memoriam.

KATE LUNDEN SUNDERLIN.

1. From mountains that glisten in man-tles of snow, From valleys where palms and mag-no - li - as grow, From plains and from cit - ies, from
2. We're daughters of he - roes, and sons of the brave, And proudly their star - stud-ded ban - ner we wave; No van - dal shall tread on their
3. No poi - son shall kin-dle its flame in our veins, No liq-uor-clouds dark - en our heav'n-lighted brains; We'll crush the old ser - pent that
4. Tho' emp - ty thy place, and tho' vanished thy hand, Thy voice is still heard by thy God-guid-ed band, And on to the res - cue of

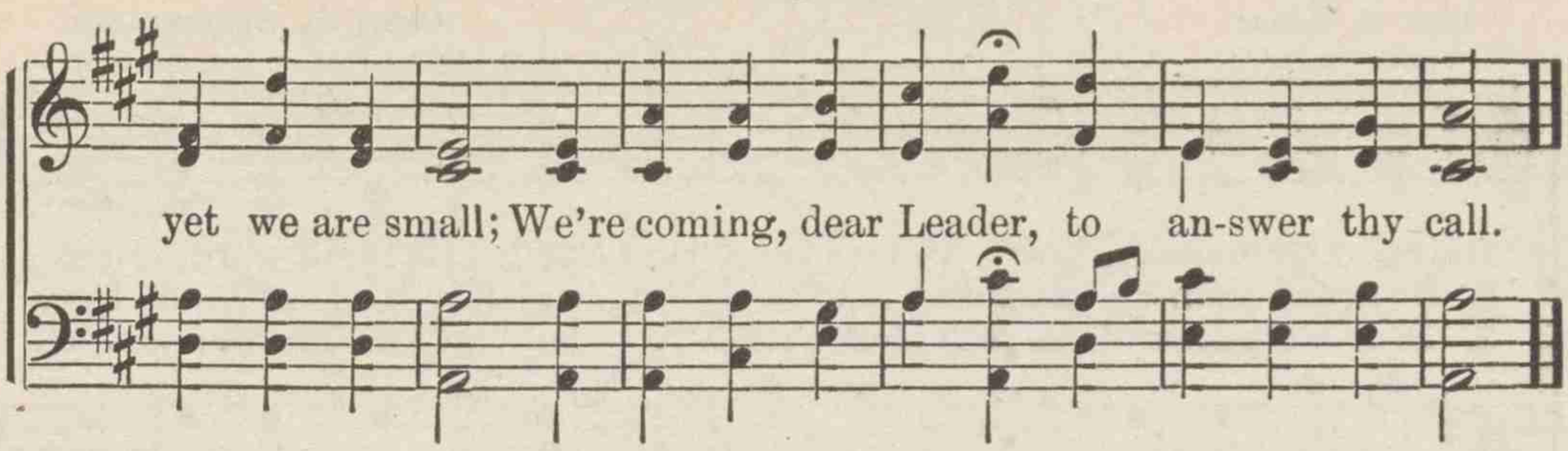
cab - in and hall, We're com-ing, dear Leader, to an- swer thy call.
time-honored graves, No ty-rant shall claim us his dis-honored slaves.
hides in the cup; King Al - co - hol, trem-ble, for we shall grow up.
brothers that fall, We has-ten, dear Leader, thus answ'ring thy call.

CHORUS.

To God, and to Home, and our own Na-tive Land, We pledge all our pow-ers, our heart and our hand; And ours is the fu - ture, tho'

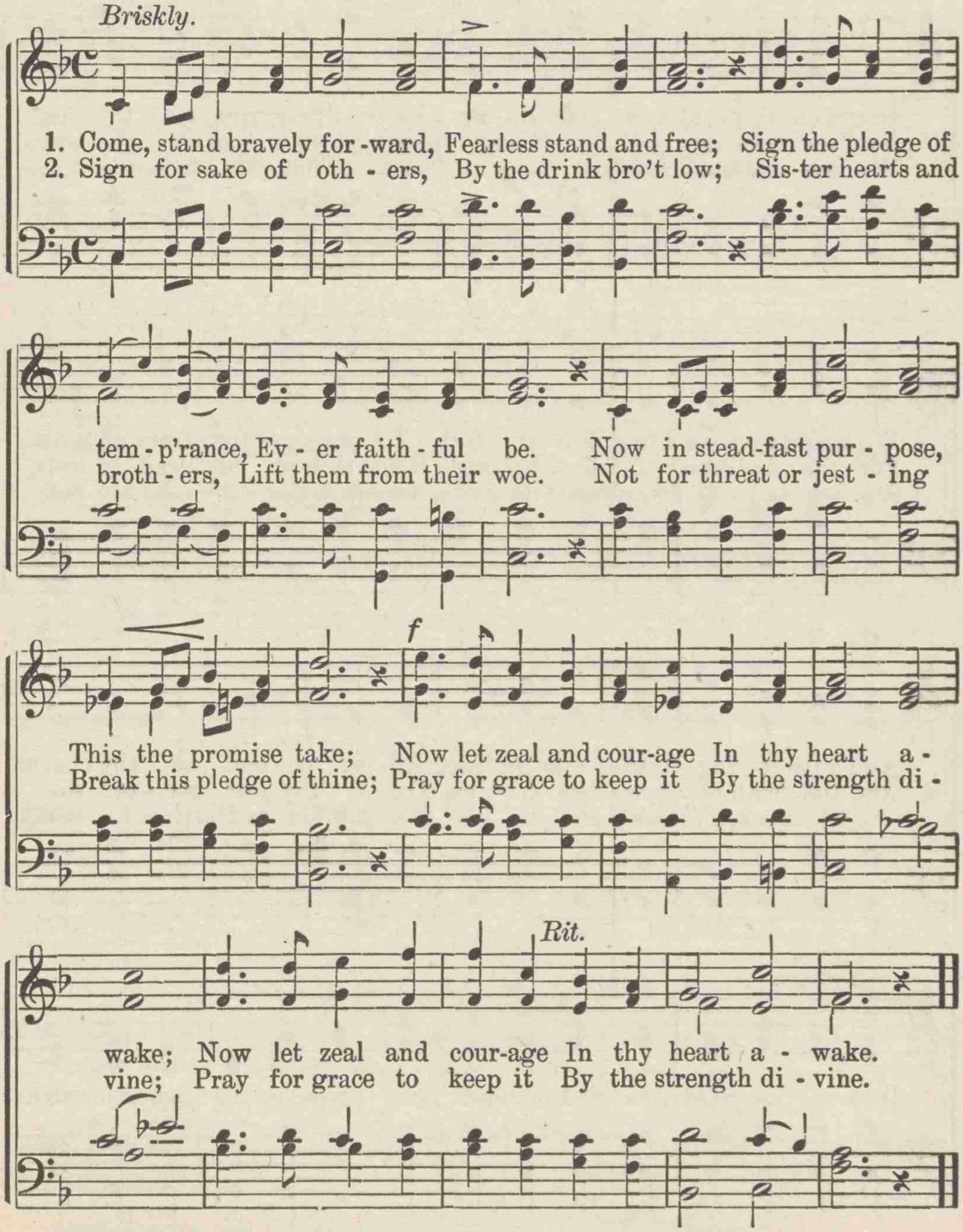
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We Are Coming, Dear Leader.



53 Sign the Pledge.

M. S. HAYCRAFT. CHARLES NIXON.



54 Our Country.

LOU E. RALL. CHAS. L. STRICKLAND.

1. Our dear country, how we love thee! How our hearts thrill warm to see
2. O broad country, must we say it? Not the fair land of the free,
3. Dear old country! we will pledge thee To be loy - al, brave, and true;

Stars and stripes of our Old Glo - ry Ev-'ry-where from sea to sea!
Not the ref - uge of the stranger Seeking homes from o'er the sea;
We are mar-shall-ing our forc - es Neath the red, the white, the blue.

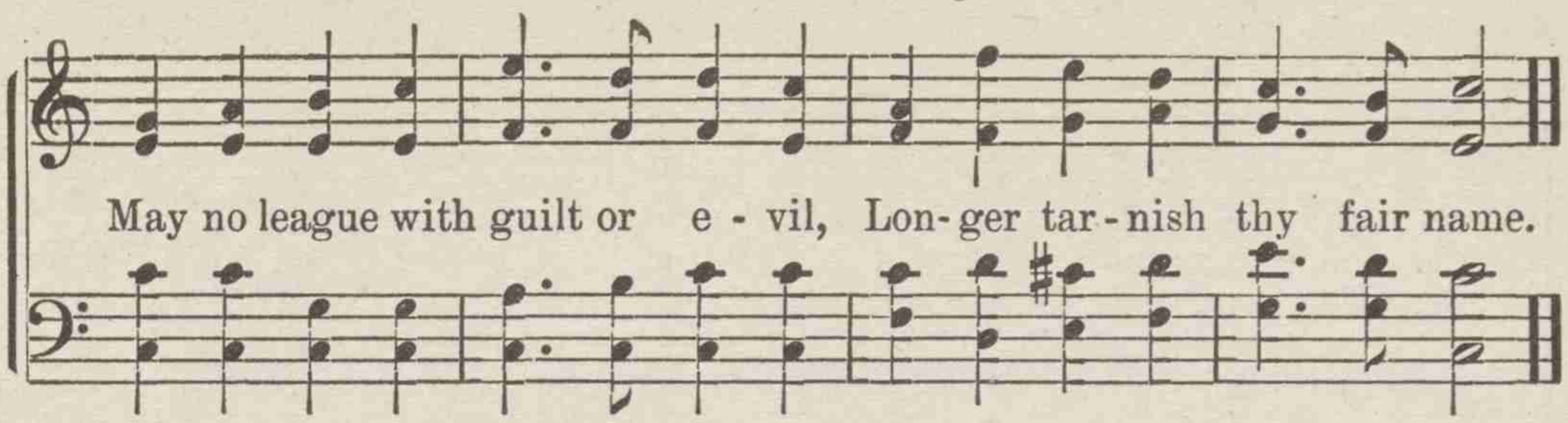
We would give our life's best ef - fort To pre-serve thee from all harm,
For the de - mon of Intemp'rance Holds thee in his dead - ly toils,
See our Loy - al Temp'rance Le-gions, Young A-mer - i - cans are out;

And with lov-ing hearts we serve thee, All so po - tent is thy charm.
And the death of help - less vic-tims Dai - ly thy fair rec - ord soils.
We will work, and vote, and la - bor, Put-ting sin and crime to rout.

CHORUS.

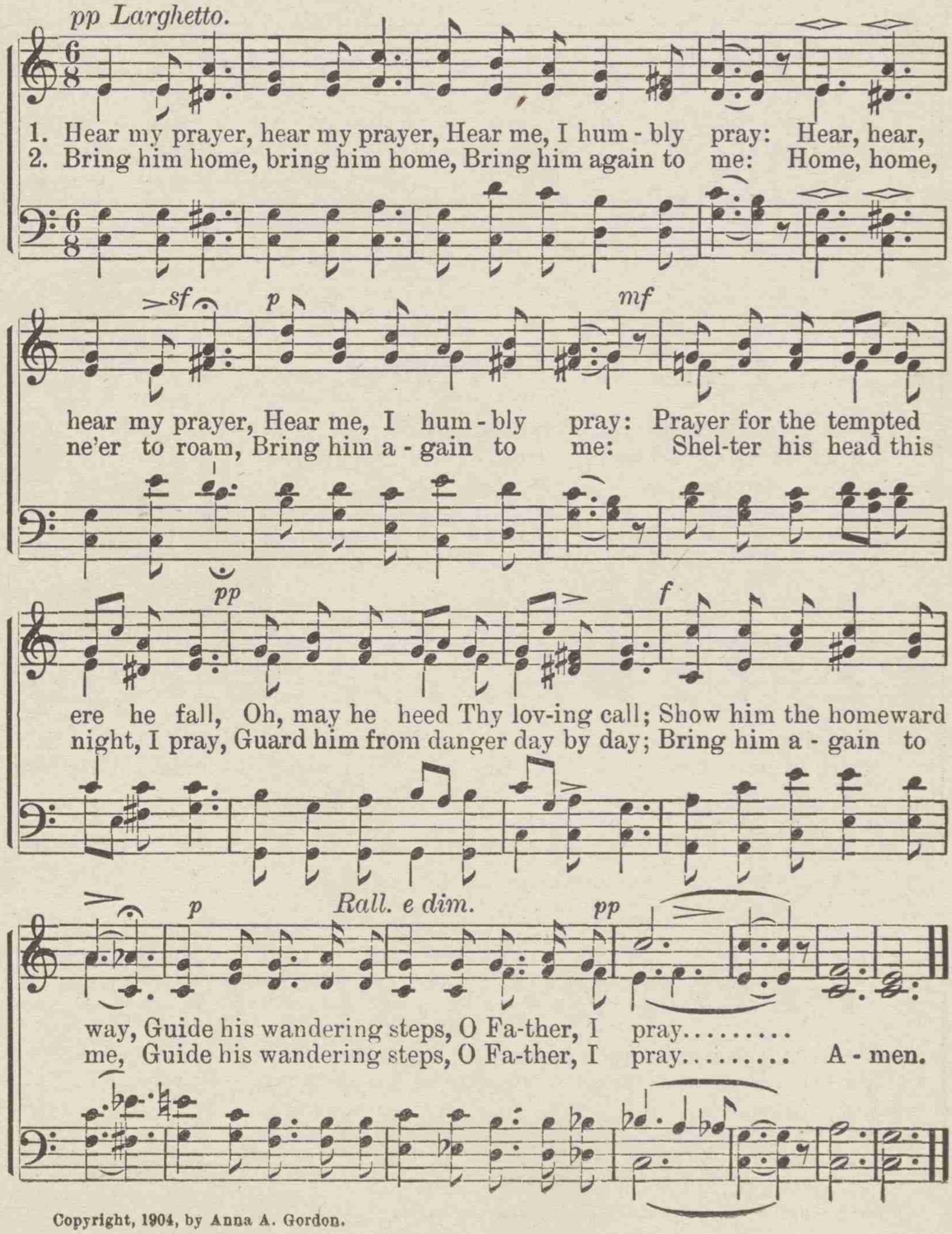
Dear old un - ion! live and pros-per; Long pre-serve thy honored name;

Our Country.



55 Bring Him Home.

ANNA A. GORDON. J. BARNBY.



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56 Triumphal Song.

RALPH E. HORN. BERTHA F. JOHN.

mf Con spirito.

1. Rid - ing on came the King of the low - ly, To the cit - y of Da - vid so fair; His dis - ci - ples are shout-ing, "Ho-san - na!" As the palm branches wave in air: The peo-ple are ask - ing in won - der, "Who cometh?" The mul-ti-tude sing, "This is Je - sus, the Naz-a - rene teach-er, This is Je - sus, the Prophet King!"

2. Rid - ing on comes the King in His glo - ry, But the peo - ple still ask, "Who is this?" Let us give Him our full - est al - le - giance, Nor be - tray with a trait - or's kiss. Our lives tell the worth of our mes - sage, Tho' lips tell the mes-sage we bring; Love for Je - sus, the Naz-a - rene teach-er, Love for Je - sus, the Prophet King.

From "The Junior Star," by permission of Mary Grace Canfield.

Triumphal Song.

CHORUS.

ff

Shout, Ho-san-na! Greet the King! Lo, peace in heaven, glory in the high-est!

Let the whole earth resound with Hosannas; Glory be to the Prophet King!

57 No High License.

MARY MATHER. Air adapted.

1. Pro-hi-bi-tion is the substance, And High Li-cense is the shade;
2. Safe and sure is Pro-hi-bi-tion, But High Li-cense is a snare;

CHO.–"*No High License, No High License,*" *Is the watchword of our war;*

D. C. for Chorus.

Limping al-ways in its ef-forts, How-so-e'er it be es-sayed.
Give us al-ways Pro-hi-bi-tion, Pro-hi-bi-tion—ev-'ry-where.

Give us al-ways Pro-hi-bi-tion, Pro-hi-bi-tion—ev-er-more.

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58 Battle Song.

MARY T. LATHRAP. LUCY RIDER MEYER.

Alto or Bass Solo.

1. There's a shad - ow on the home, man - y hearts are sad to -
2. There's a wrong in all the land, and the beau - ti - ful are
3. There's an e - vil in the land, and the king - dom of our

day,— It hush - es e'en the laugh-ter of the chil - dren at their
slain; A - mid her graves the na - tion counts her rev - e - nue of
Lord Is hin - dered in its com - ing; then a - rise with one ac-

play; At its com - ing want and sor - row a - cross the threshold
shame; While the price of blood is ta - ken in leg - is - la - tive
cord! And put a - way the wine - cup that threat - ens love and

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Battle Song.

creep, And a-mid their broken i - dols the mourning mothers weep.
halls, A smit-ten manhood crouches in the gloom of pris - on walls.
home, For the judgment surely com-eth, and God is on the throne.

CHORUS.

1–2. We are com - ing to the res - cue, we are com - ing in our youth!
3. We are com - ing to the res - cue, we are com - ing in our youth!

The homes we build to - mor - row shall be guard-ed by the truth;
The homes we build to - mor - row shall be guard-ed by the truth;

We are coming, coming to the bat - tle of pu - ri - ty and right;
We are coming, coming to the bat - tle for coun - try, God, and right;

And for a win - some to - ken, we wear the rib-bon white.
And for a win - some to - ken, we wear the rib-bon white.

59 Marching to Victory.

F. E. C. FANNIE E. COOKE.

Voices in Unison.

1. A band of youthful sol-diers, To bat-tle for the right,
2. Come join our no-ble ar-my, And fight a-gainst the foe;

We'll bravely don our ar-mor, And on-ward to the fight.
In God's own time we'll tri-umph, And lay the mon-arch low.

Fling out our roy-al ban-ner, Let "Forward" be our cry,
King Al-co-hol we'll van-quish, For in the coming day,

While shouts of Pro-hi-bi-tion Resound from earth to sky.
When we are men and wom-en, We'll vote then as we pray.

CHORUS.

Forward! Hear the battle-cry! We will dare to do or die;

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Marching to Victory.



60 Looking Upward.

ANON. PERCY S. FOSTER.



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61 When the Troops Come Marching Home.

WILLIAM C. BANCROFT. AGNES C. WOOLSTON.

1. When the troops come marching home again, The bit - ter war-fare done,
2. When *our* troops come marching home again, How glad the earth will be!
3. When *our* troops come marching home again From this long bloodless war,

And when in joy the great campaign Shall end in vic - t'ry won,
Sweet peace will smile on hill and plain, And ev - 'ry home be free;
Our rib - bon white with pride we'll twine A - round our coun-try's star;

The shouts of triumph that we raise, Shall shake the nation's dome;
Each troubled heart will grow as light As o - cean's crest-ed foam;
And ev-'ry-where our flag may float From stee- ple, staff, or dome;

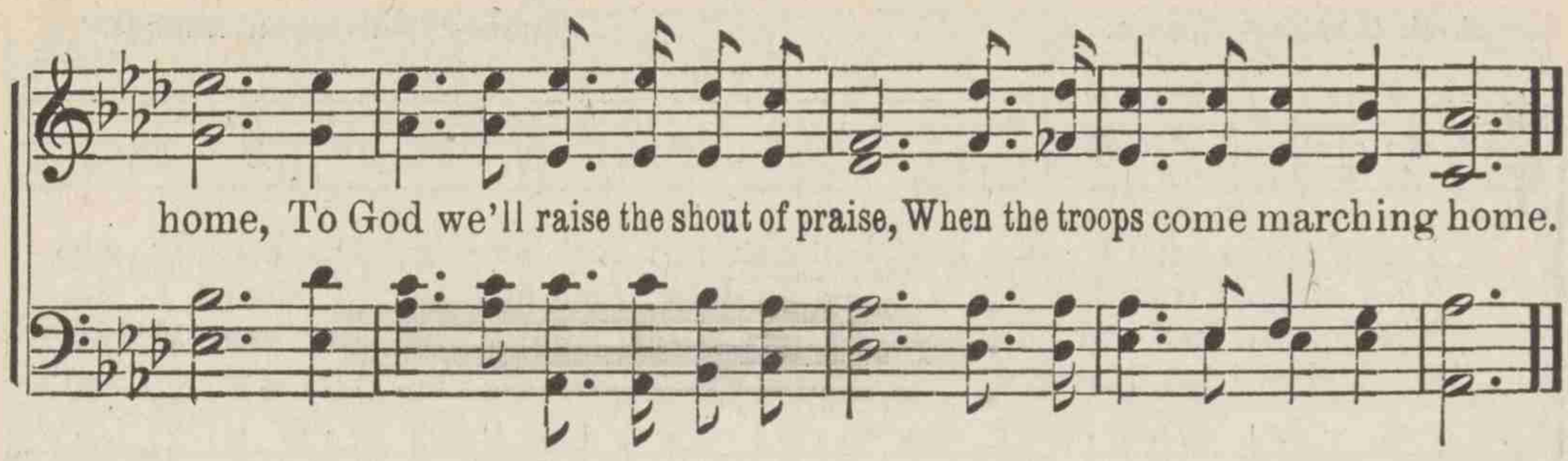
We'll all sing happy hymns of praise, When the troops come marching home.
The world will bless our ribbon white, When *our* troops come marching home.
The cheers will ring from ev'ry throat, When *our* troops come marching home.

CHORUS.

Marching home, marching home, When our troops come marching
Marching home, marching home,

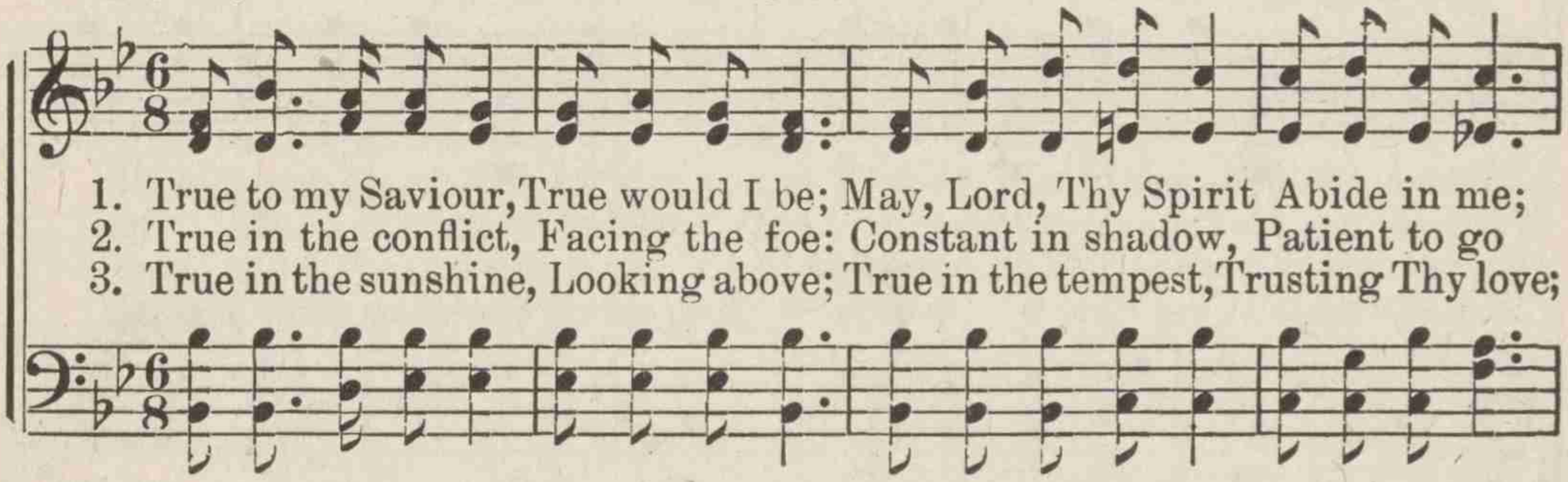
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When the Troops Come Marching Home.



62 Help Me Be True.

A. C. W. Rev. 2: 10. Mrs. C. H. Woolston.



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63 My Mother's White Ribbon.

S. R. GRAHAM CLARK. Tune—"Old Oaken Bucket."

1. She's gone, and I miss her, shall miss her for - ev - er, The moth-er who loved me, who taught me to pray;
2. I strayed from her side, I tried hard to for - get her; I sinned, I be - trayed all the trust of her heart;
3. All ru - ined and soiled, that white ribbon yet drew me Back gen - tly to moth - er who loved me so well;
4. I closed her dear eyes—I the washed and for - giv - en, With tears to her shroud did I pin the white bow;

The moth - er who wore on her breast a white rib - bon, The moth-er whose teachings have saved me to - day.
Yet the sight or the thought of a lit - tle white rib - bon Had al - ways the pow - er home-longings to start.
It paint - ed the past with a beau - ty al - lur - ing; I fol-lowed its lead, I was un - der its spell.
As in life, so in death she should wear the white rib - bon; She will wear a white rib-bon in heav - en, I know.

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My Mother's White Ribbon.

I dream of her love in the qui - et night-watches, I wake with a
Life wast-ed and ru-ined, I vowed I would end it; I sought a lone
She lay on a sick-bed, they said she was dy-ing, Yet bright grew her
Not for temp'rance a - lone, but for God stands that rib-bon, For man - hood re -

yearn-ing no tongue can re-peat; And think of the rib-bon, the lit - tle white
riv - er—a wom-an passed by; The wind caught her mantle—I saw a white
face as I knelt by her side And whispered my story—she murmured thanks-
deemed, earth made safe for his soul; O moth-er, I fol - low, I know where it

REFRAIN.

rib - bon, As pure as the heart which beneath it did beat.
rib - bon—I thought of my moth-er—I dared not thus die.
giv - ing, And then to my coat the white rib-bon she tied.
leadeth, Christ, heaven, and thee, these the goal, blessed goal.

} The rib - bon, the

rib-bon, the lit-tle white ribbon, The modest white ribbon she wore on her breast.

64 White Ribbon Rally Song.

FANNIE B. DAMON. Tune—"Battle Hymn of the Republic."

1. From the home-land to the far-land, from the cap - tive to the throng,
2. While the homes of earth are darkened, and the strong men fall as prey,
3. See! our banner waves,—the whit-est that has ev - er swept the blue;

Where-so - ev - er we are need - ed to up - lift a soul from wrong,
While the wom - en toil in an-guish, and the lit - tle chil-dren stray,
And it goes be - fore a will - ing host to serv - ice kind and true;

'Tis our coun - try and our kin-dred, all to - geth - er we be - long,
There's a Voice—who has not heard it, call-ing to us night and day?
Our lead - ers all are loy - al,—oh, here's the place for you,—

Fine. CHORUS.

Reach out the help - ing hand. Wind the rib-bon round the na-tions,

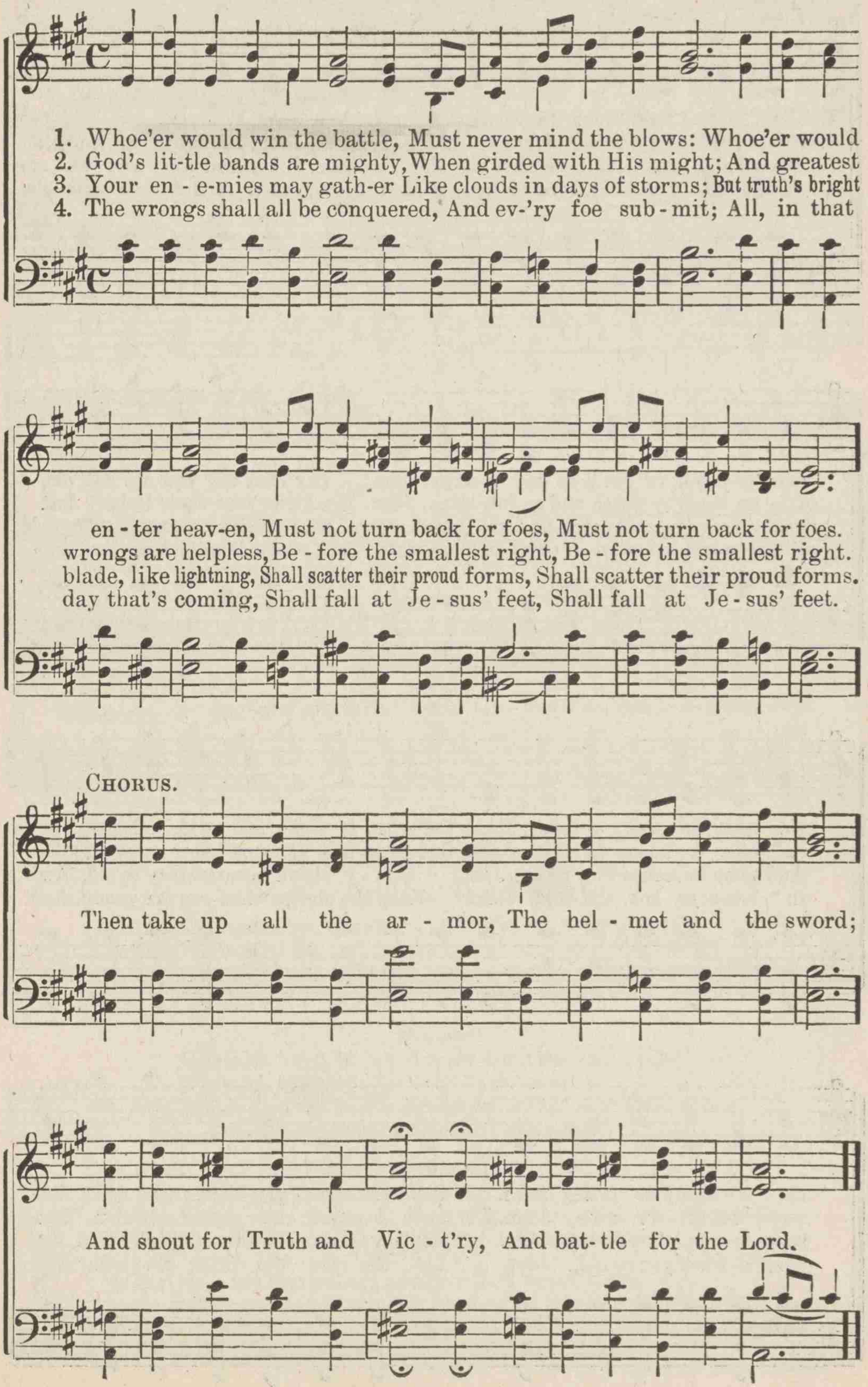
D. S.—*The na-tions of our God.*

D. S.

Wind the ribbon round the na-tions, Wind the rib-bon round the na - tions,

65 Whoe'er Would Win the Battle.

SCHUMANN.

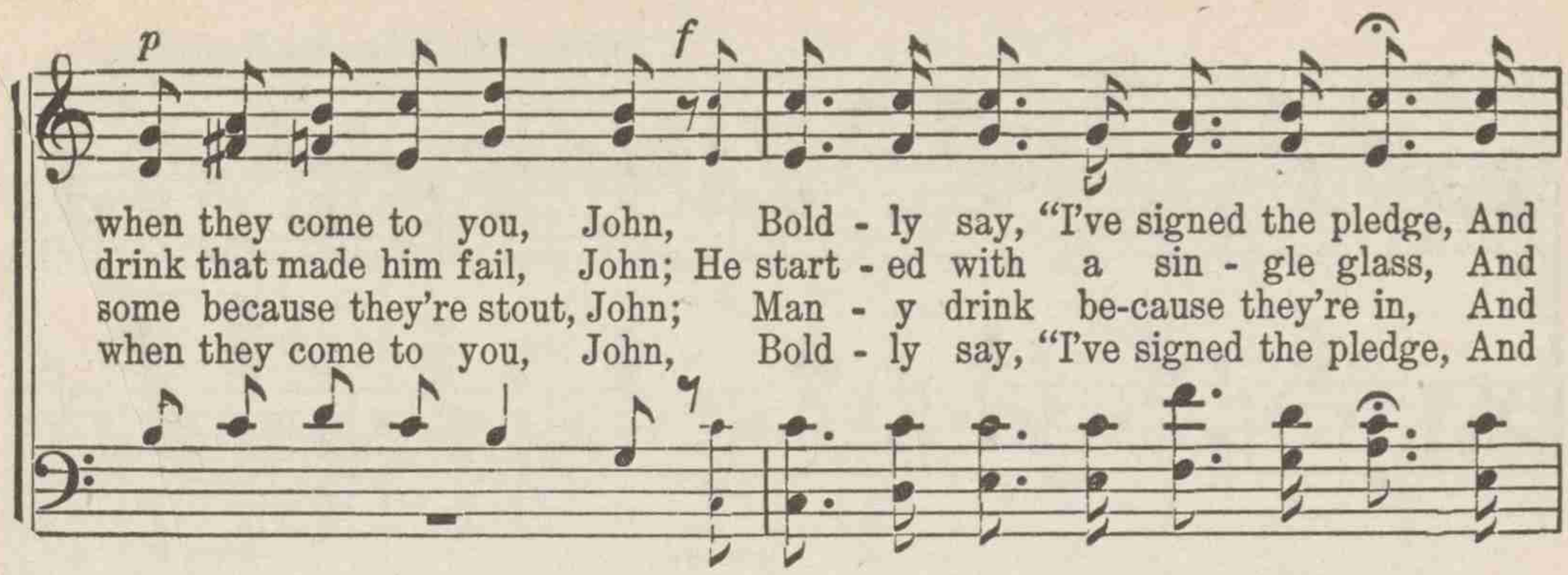


66 "Nay," John, "Nay," John.

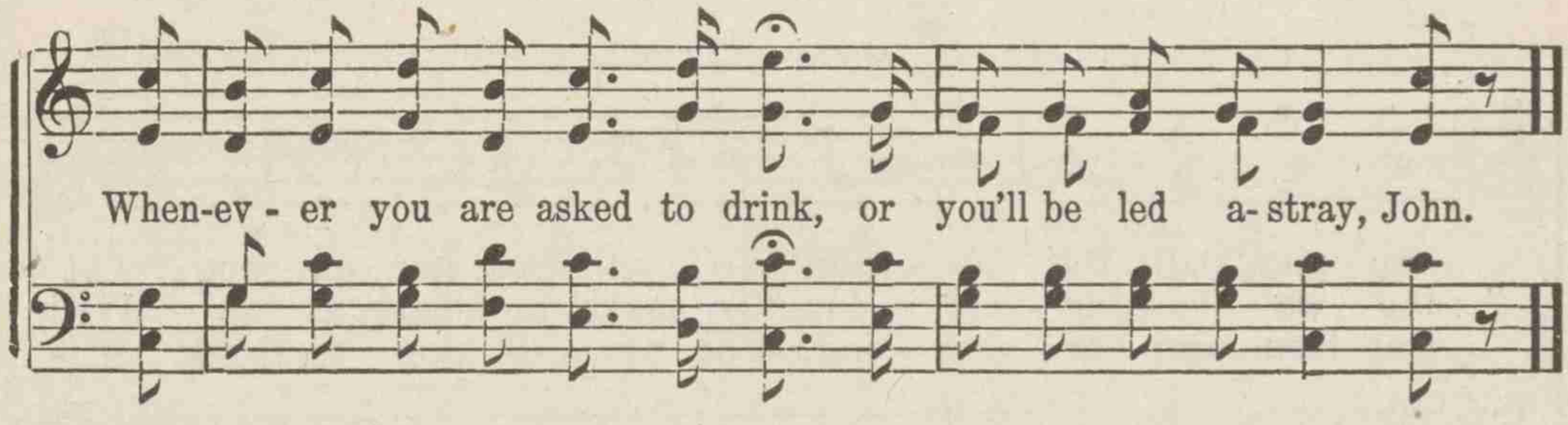
JOHNSON BARKER. J. FAWCETT.



"Nay," John, "Nay," John.







67 Contest Song.

Air—"Marching Through Georgia."

1 Raise your voices, children, let's sing another song;
Sing about the contest work, and sing it loud and long;
Tell it to the boys and girls, the young folks brave and strong,
How we are speaking for temperance.

CHORUS:
Hurrah! hurrah! we'll raise the standard high;
Hurrah! hurrah! 'tis ours to do or die;
We're the coming people and we'll sound the battle-cry,
Marching from contest to conquest.

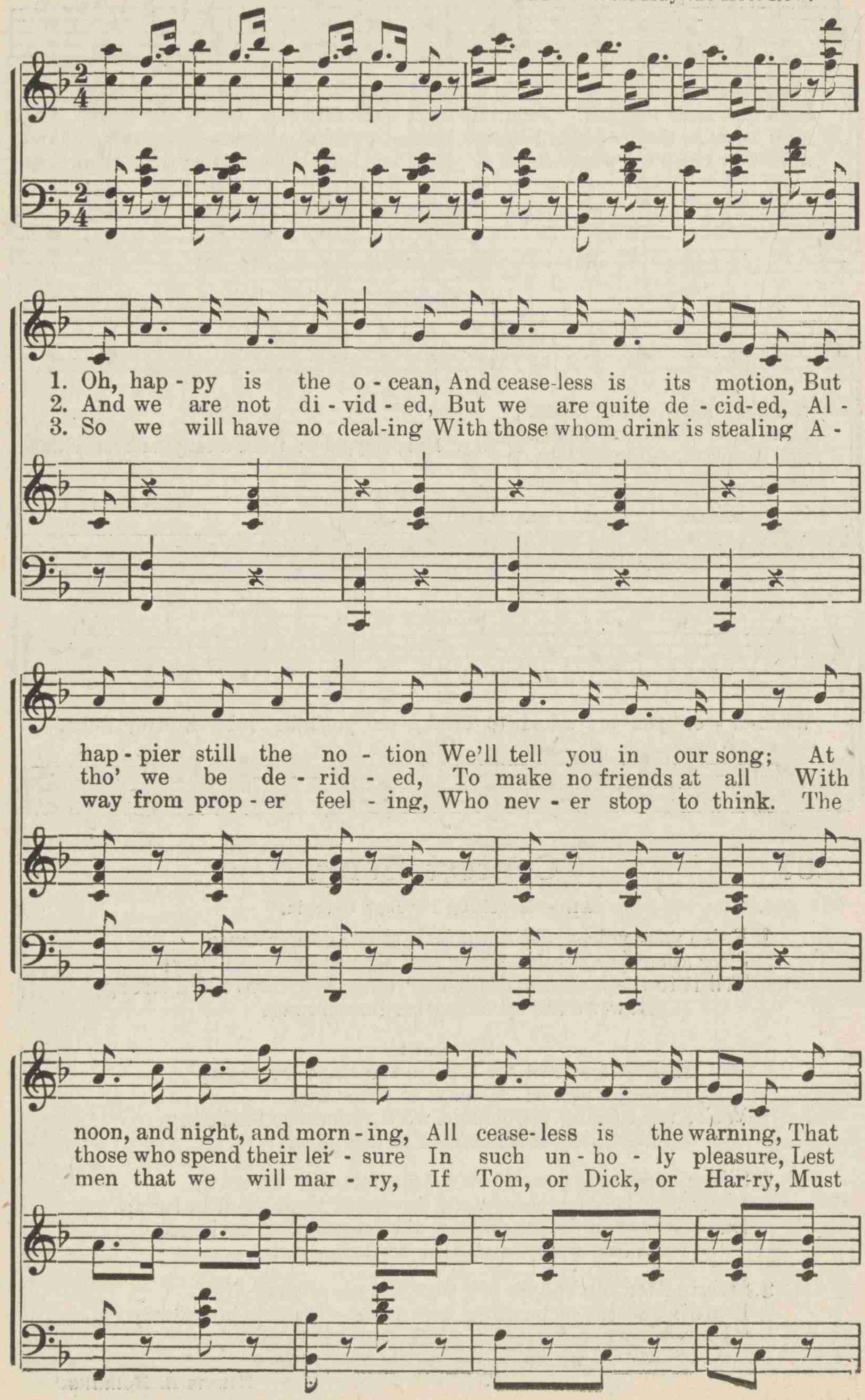
2 Silver, gold, and jewels are the medals that we earn;
Many thousand earnest hearts have won them each in turn;
But better than the medals are the lessons that we learn,
While we are speaking for temperance.

3 Striving for the honors is a joy that never tires;
Learning words of burning hope from wisdom's holy fires;
"Preferring one another," is the spirit it inspires,
While we are speaking for temperance.

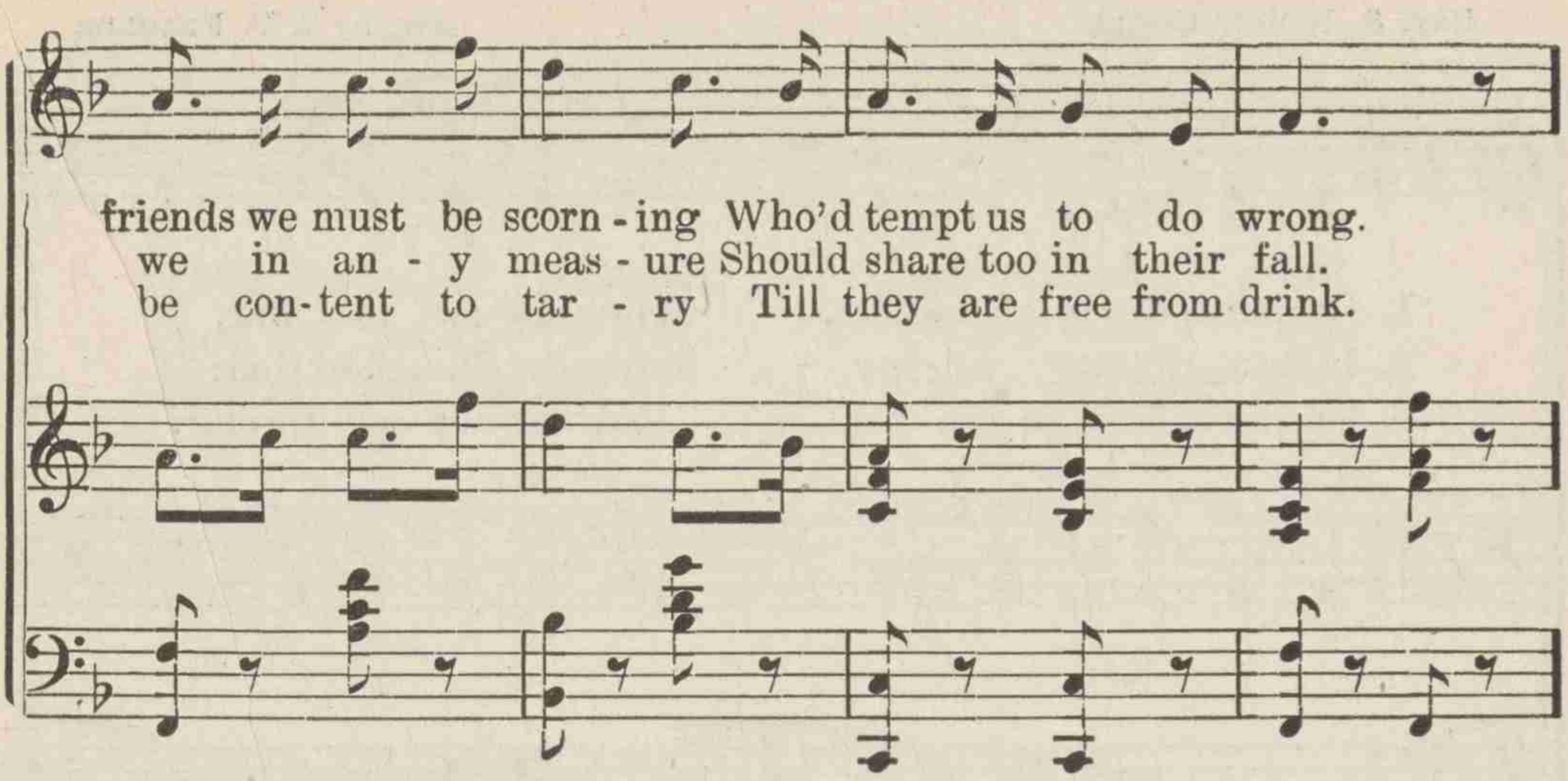
MINNIE B. HORNING.

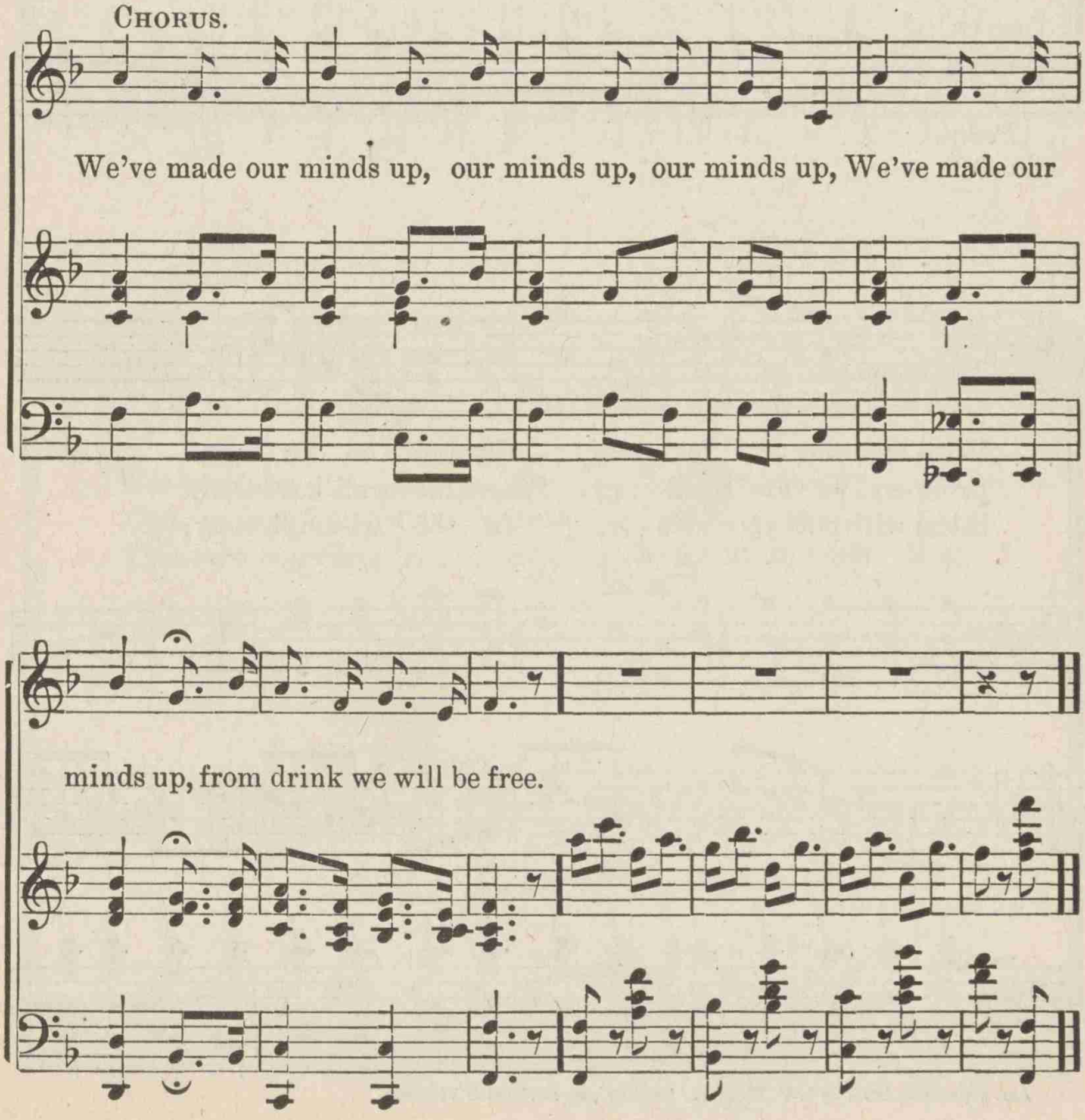
Oh, Happy Is the Ocean.

Tune—"Weel May the Keel Row."



Oh, Happy Is the Ocean.





69 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

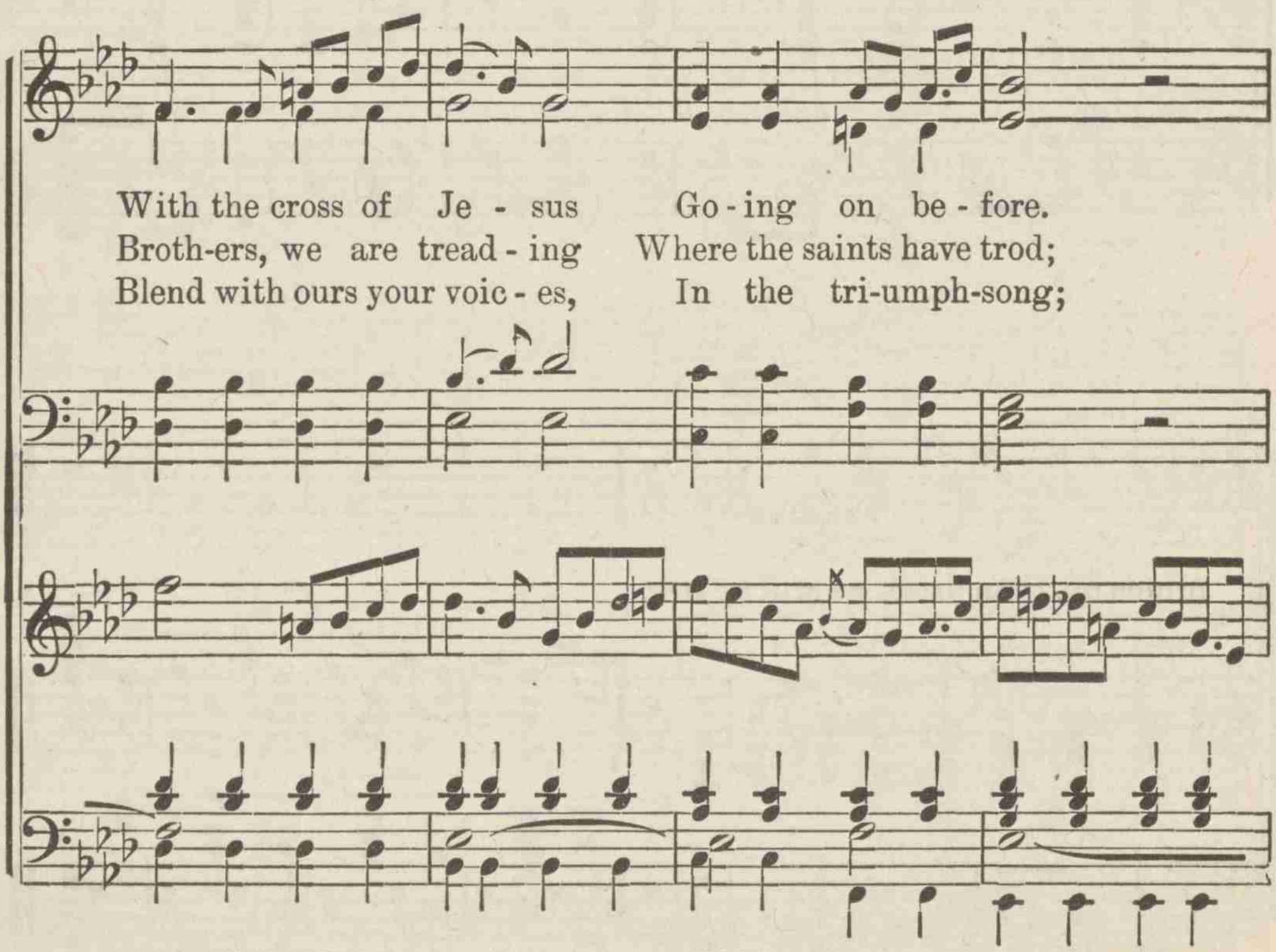
REV. S. BARING-GOULD. Arr. by I. V. FLAGLER



1. On-ward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war,
2. Like a might-y ar - my, Moves the Church of God;
3. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng;



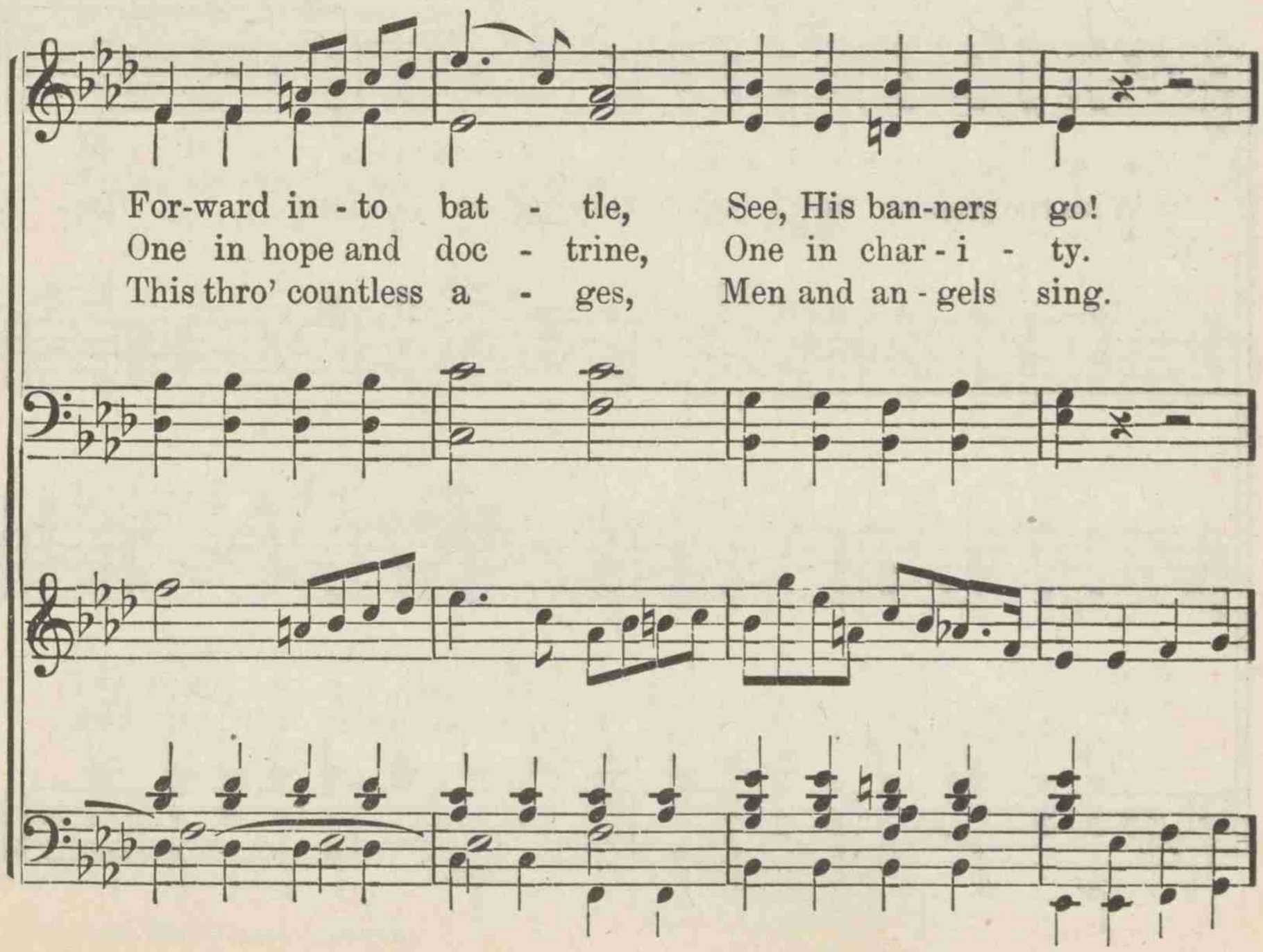
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.
Broth-ers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod;
Blend with ours your voic - es, In the tri-umph-song;



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Onward, Christian Soldiers.





Onward, Christian Soldiers.

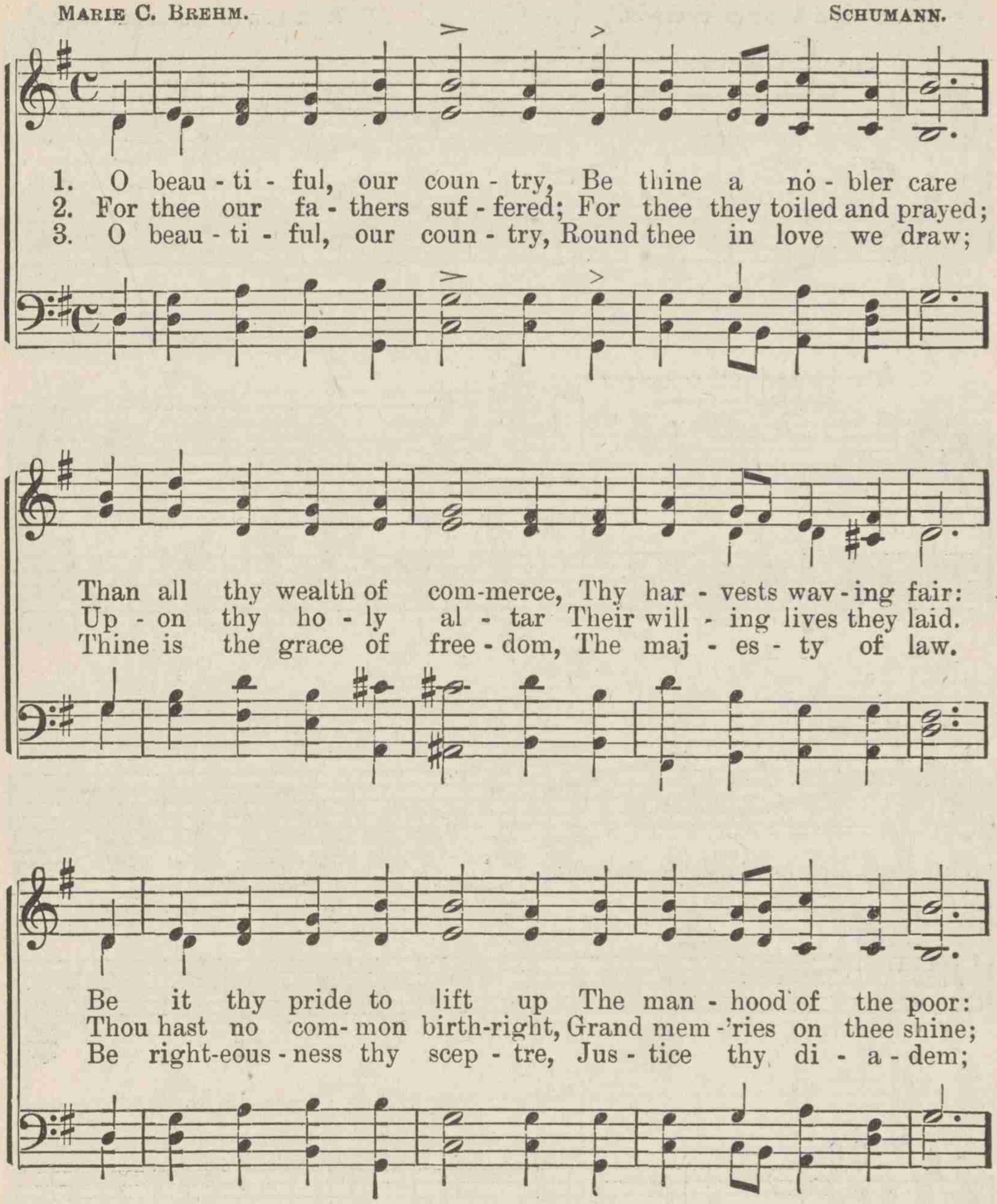
CHORUS.

Onward, Chris-tian sol - diers, Marching as to war,

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. fore.

70 O Beautiful, Our Country.

MARIE C. BREHM. SCHUMANN.



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71 Truth's Glorious Victory.

KATHERINE LENT STEVENSON. MAX von WEINZIERL. Arr.



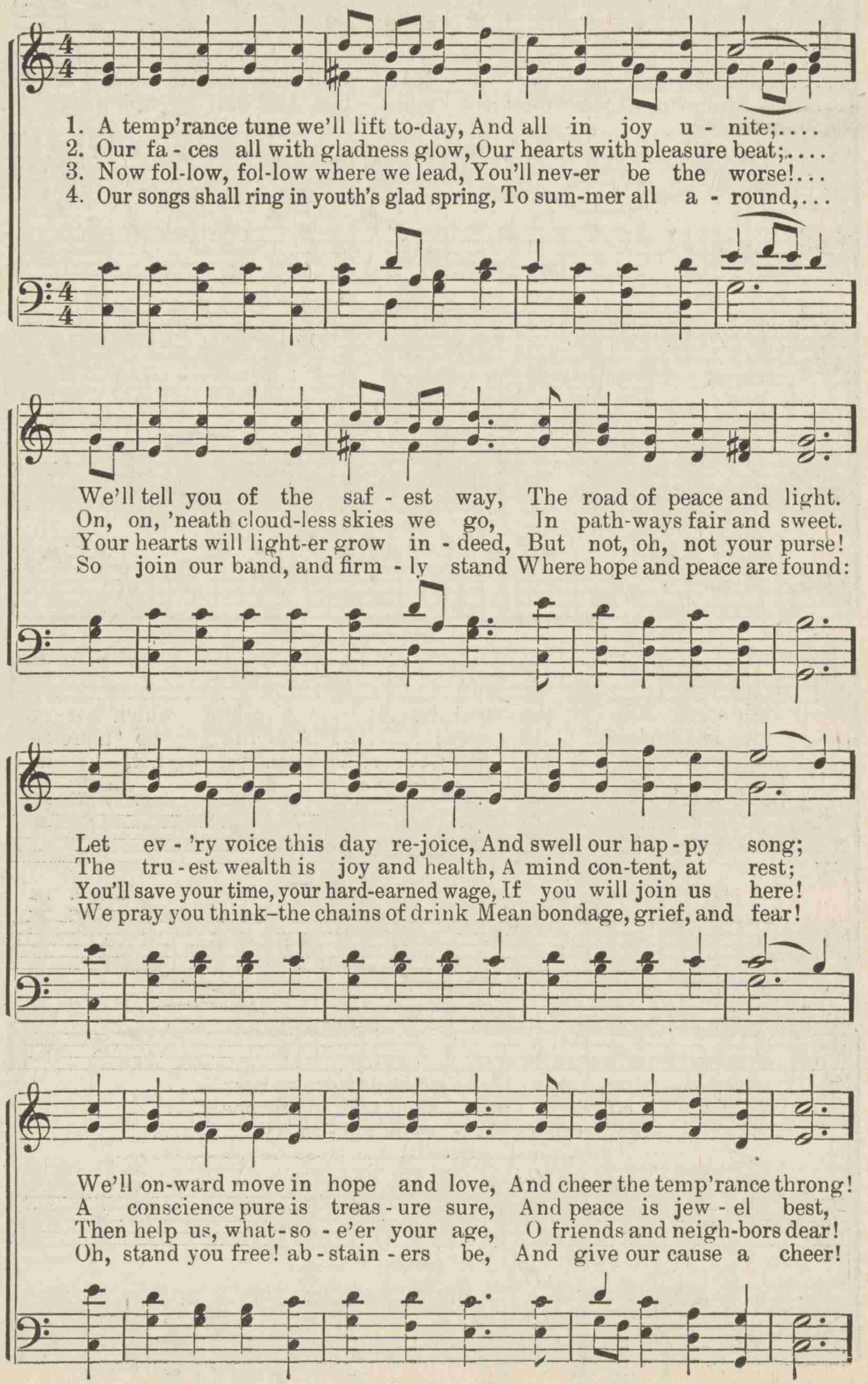


Truth's Glorious Victory.

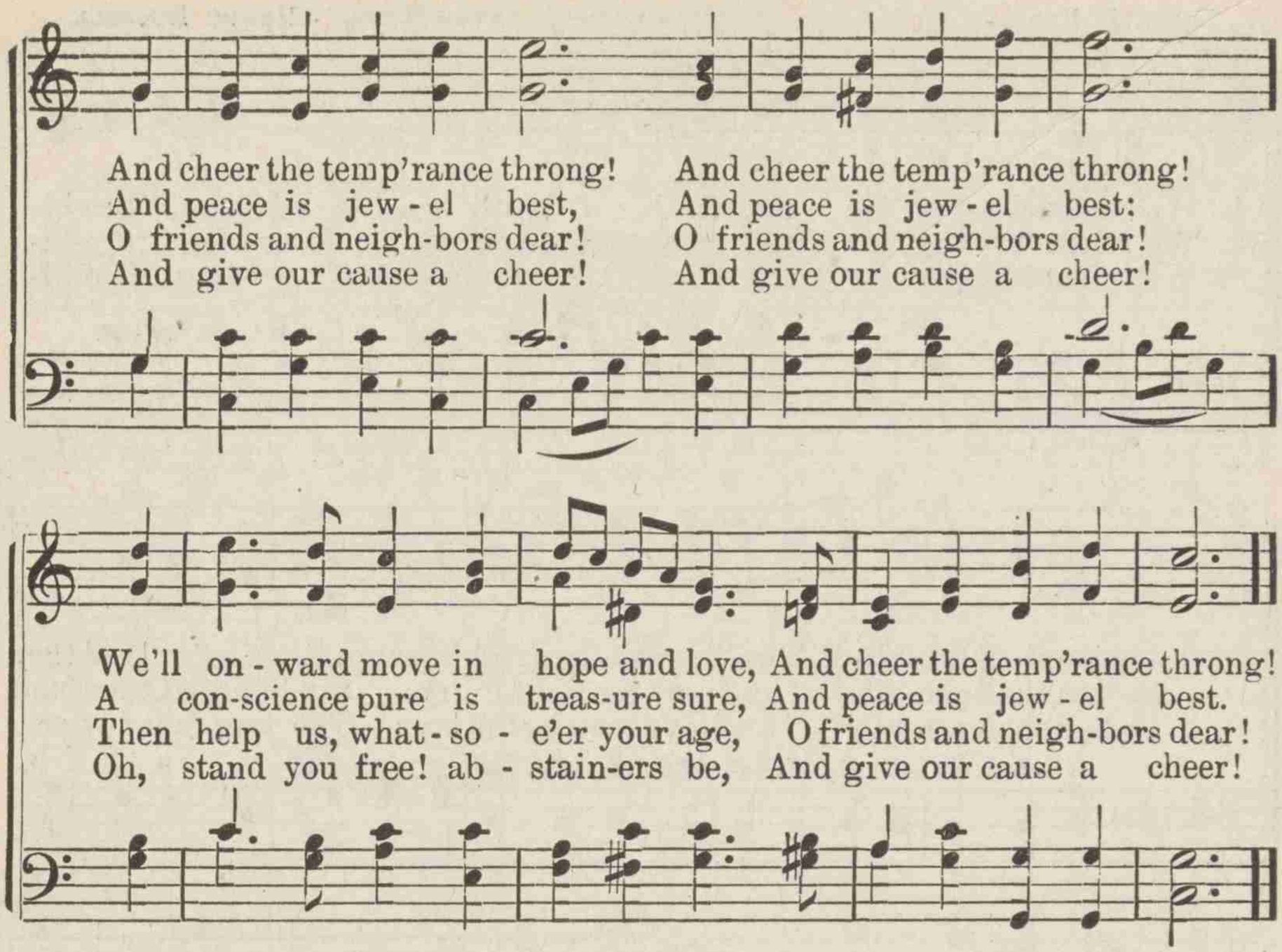


72 A Temperance Plea.

Mrs. M. S. Haycraft.

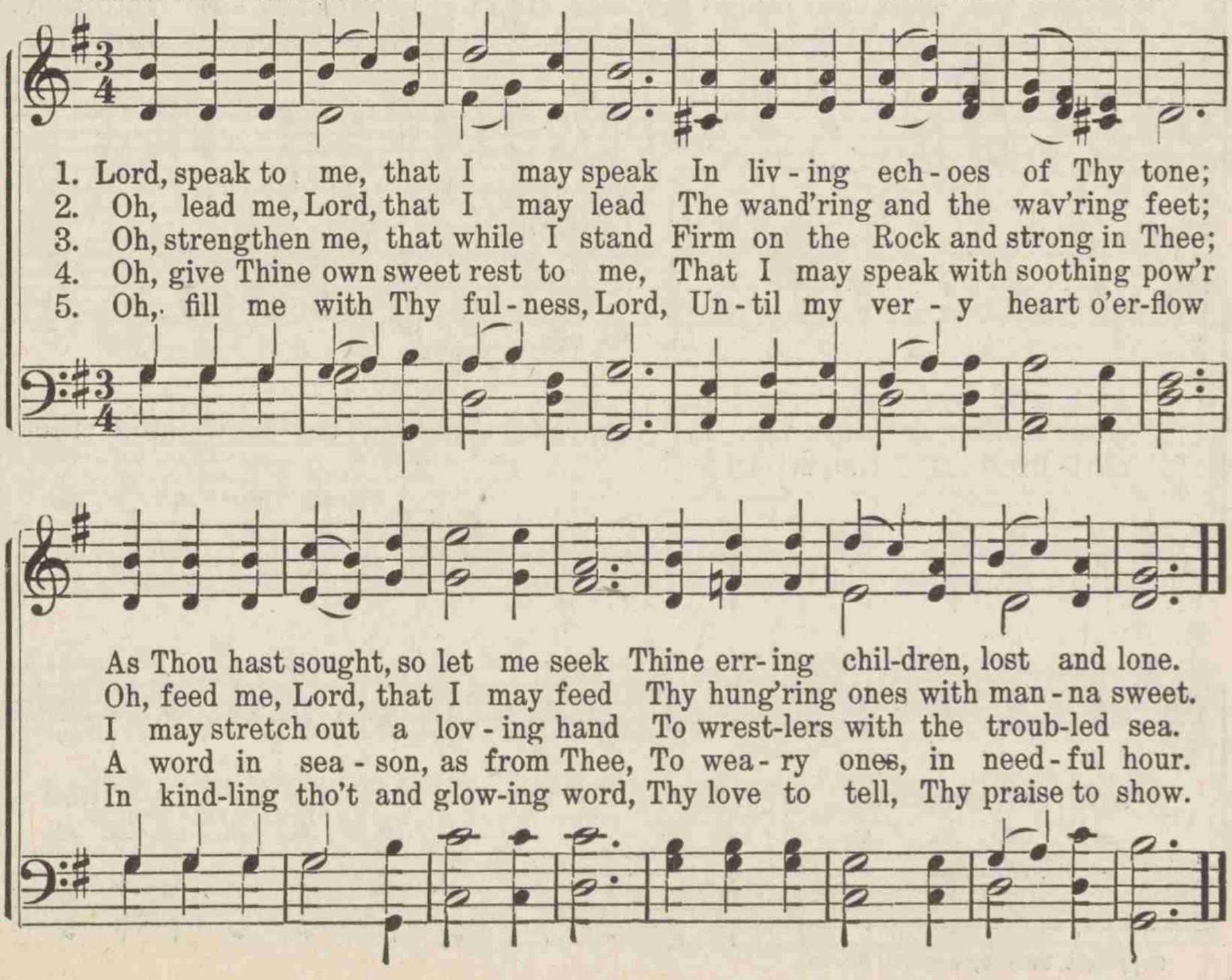


A Temperance Plea.



73 Lord, Speak to Me.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. JOSEPH E SWEETSER.



Contest Song.

EMMA E. PAGE. "A Life On the Ocean Wave." HENRY RUSSELL.

1. We're con-test-ing for the truth, if truth be lift - ed up, "Pro-hi-
2. We're con-test-ing for the truth, and truth shall make us free, "Pro-hi-
3. We're con-test-ing for the truth, the truth with-out a flaw, "Pro-hi-

bi-tion shall pro-hib-it," we'll break the drinking cup; From ev'ry land they
bi-tion shall pro-hib-it," and ours the vic-to - ry; Six hundred thousand
bi-tion shall pro-hib-it," and love shall be the law; The love that nev-er

come, their ban - ners gleam and wave, Pro - tec - tion to the home, the
strong, we wage our peace - ful war; God's er - rands nev - er fail, they
fails toward an - y liv - ing thing, Makes men and wom-en fair, fair

CHORUS.

girl and boy to save.
come from near and far.
chil - dren of the King.

Con-test - ing for the truth, and the

truth shall make us free; "Pro - hi - bi - tion shall pro - hib - it," and

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Contest Song.

ours the vic-t'ry shall be. The truth, the truth, the truth shall make us

Rit.

free; And ours, and ours the vic - to - ry shall be.

75 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. M. M. Wells.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith-ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side,
2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend,

Fine.

Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land:
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in darkness drear:

D. S.–Whisp'ring softly, "Wanderer, come! Fol-low me, I'll guide thee home."
D. S.–Whis - per soft-ly, "Wanderer, come! Fol-low me, I'll guide thee home."

D. S.

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice,
When the storms are rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,

76 To Show My Love.

MARTHA FOOTE CROW. J. H. FILLMORE.

Andante. With feeling.

1. What can I do to show Thee, Lord, My love the best?
2. Something that strains my will-ing pow'rs To the last breath;

Give me some task to put my love To per-fect test! My love to
Ah! could I e-ven face for Thee The gate of death! For Thee the

per-fect test!..... Let me do something for Thee, Lord,
gate of death!... Un-less I give my all to Thee,

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To Show My Love.

That's hard to do;..... Place me where Thou dost need a heart
The last, last part,.... 'Tis on - ly then I sat - is - fy

Aceel. Cres.

Lov - ing and true, Lov-ing and true, Lov-ing and true;
My crav - ing heart, My crav-ing heart, My crav-ing heart;

Accel. Cres.

Rit.

Place me where Thou dost need a heart Lov - ing and true.
'Tis on - ly then I sat - is - fy My crav - ing heart.

Rit.

77

The White Ribbon.

ANTO NETE A. HAWLEY. CORA V. CURTIUS.

Tempo di Valse.

mf

1. I seek it, the white, white rib - bon, In par - lor and
2. It breathes of hope to the hope - less, It speaks of a
3. To all who have brave - ly.... tak - en The vows of our

p

street, and cars;..... I watch for its flash - ing
pur - pose high,..... For God, and home, and
world - wide band,..... To car - ry love's bless - ed

mes - sage, As those who watch for the stars;..... For
coun - try, To live, to do, and die..... Its
gos - pel.... To sis-ters in ev - er - y land..... This

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The White Ribbon.

tho' it be frayed and din - gy,.... And worn on a shab - by
pu - ri - ty is a prom-ise.... Of the time we long to
ti - ny knot of rib - bon, Sweet sign of an in - ward

mf

dress,..... It lends to its faith - ful wear - er.....
see,..... When stain - less as its beau - ty.....
grace,..... Means all that God and wom - an.....

..... A charm you may nev - er guess..... So
..... Our star - ry flag shall be..... So
..... Can do for the hu - man race;..... Then

f

The White Ribbon.



78 Keep Praying, Toiling On.

J. T. LATTA. IRA B. WILSON.

1. A - long life's rug - ged, thorn-y way, Keep praying, toil - ing on;
2. All fears and fal - ter-ings dis-card, Keep praying, toil - ing on;
3. If griefs seem more than you can bear, Keep praying, toil - ing on;

A - head there is a bright-er day, Keep pray-ing, toil-ing on. The
A - head there is a bright reward, Keep pray-ing, toil-ing on. Hold
For pray'r will light-en ev - 'ry care, Keep pray-ing, toil-ing on. The

tri - als we have had are past; And those to come can't al-ways last, For
firm and stead-fast to the end; To God sin-cere pet - i - tion send; Up-
Sav-iour has sweet sym-pa-thy For struggling mortals such as we, And

time flows cease-less - ly and fast; Keep pray - ing, toil - ing on.
on His might for pow'r de - pend; Keep pray - ing, toil - ing on.
He would hap - py have us be; Keep pray - ing, toil - ing on.

Fine.

D. S.–*head there is a bright - er day, Keep pray - ing, toil - ing on.*

CHORUS. D. S.

Keep pray - ing, toil - ing, Pray-ing, toil-ing on; A -
Keep praying, toiling, praying, toiling,

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Our Secret.

MRS. HAYCRAFT. Air:—"Annie Laurie."

SEMI-CHORUS, OR SOLO.

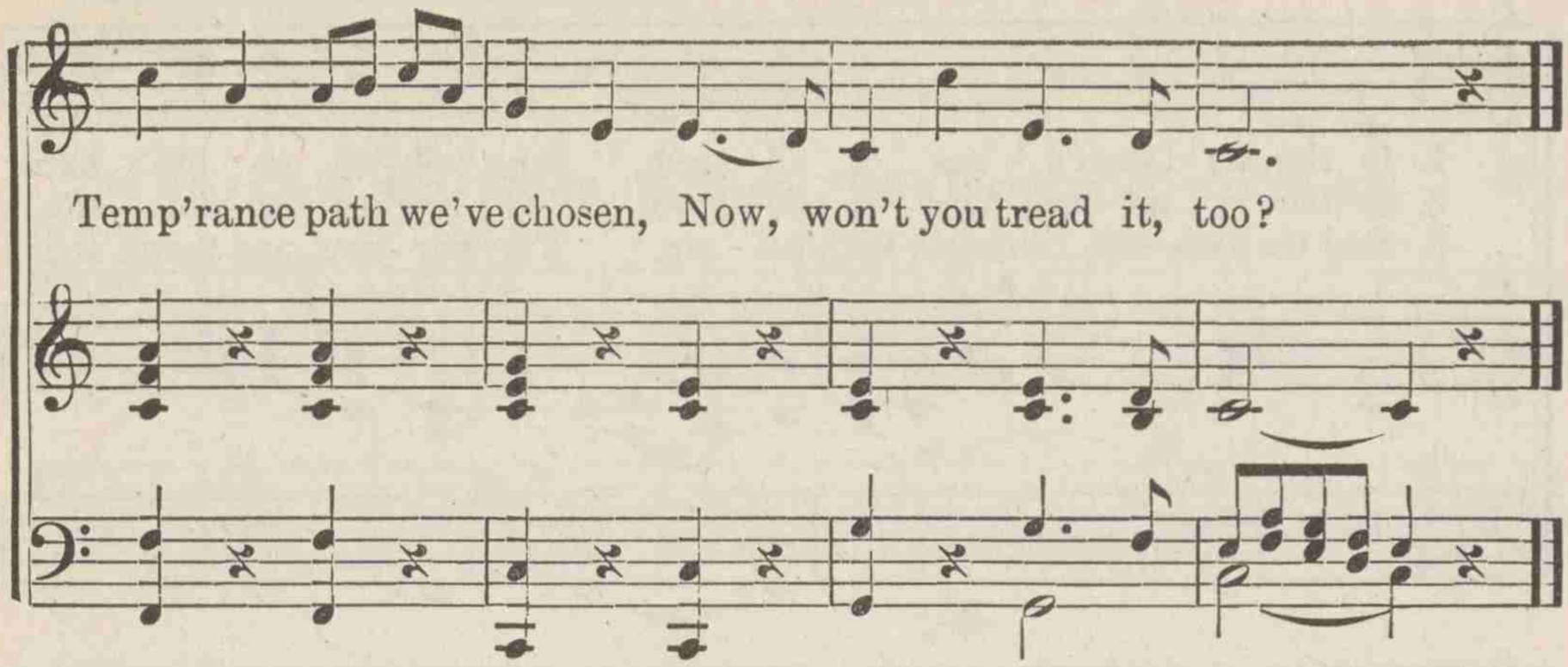
1. Tell me, O tell the se - cret That makes your hearts so light, That
2. Tell me, O tell the se - cret That bring-eth mer - ry cheer, And

gives you health and glad-ness, And keeps your fa - ces bright.
stings not like a ser - pent, With sad re-morse and fear.

CHORUS. *Briskly.*

O yes, the news is true, And good a - like for you; The

Our Secret.



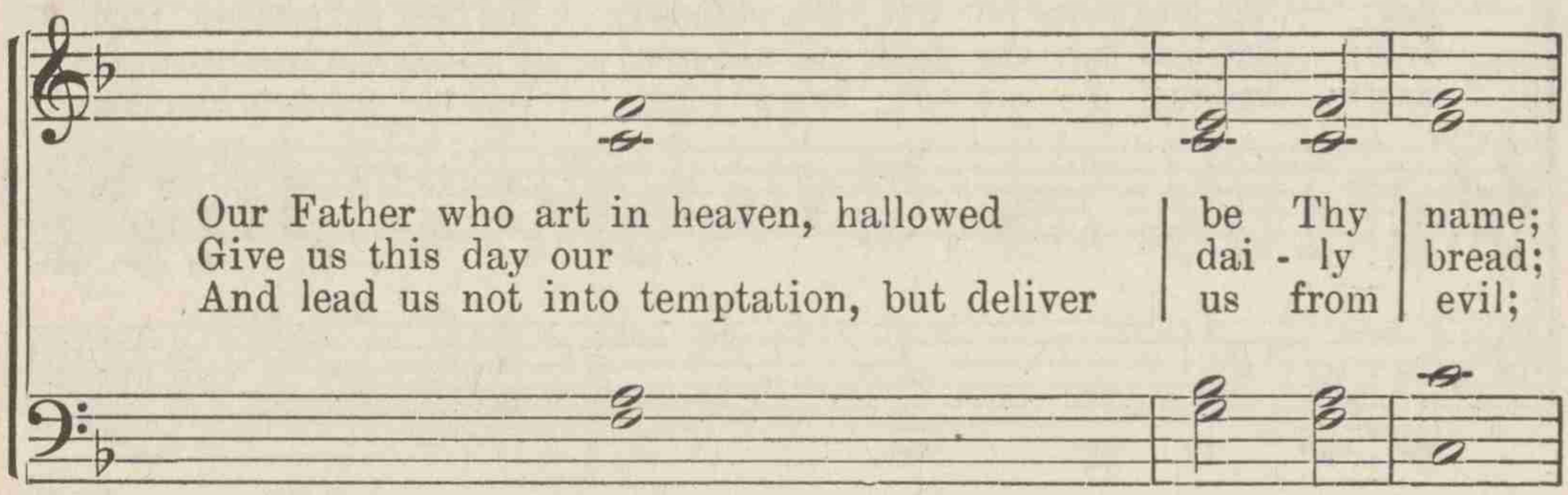
3 Tell me, O tell the secret
That fills your lives with song,
And maketh music echo,
Where'er you pass along.

4 Tell me, O tell the secret
That's best for barn and store,
And bringeth joy and plenty,
And comfort to your door.

5 Tell me, O tell the secret
That makes you long to aid
The wandering and the helpless,
The lives that sink in shade.

6 Tell me, O tell the secret,
Can I likewise combine,
And walk in ways of gladness,
Whereon the sunbeams shine?

80 The Lord's Prayer.



81 Mother's Voice.

Words and music by D. C. TREMAINE.

1. In the dis - tance I see a pil - grim, Slow toil - ing up life's hard way,
2. In the in - no - cent days of child-hood, When bow-ing at moth - er's knee,
3. See! his path-way is strewn with bri - ars, 'Tis nar - row and rough and steep,

De-ject - ed and foot-sore and wea-ry, He's wandered for ma-ny a day;
He promised her teach-ings to fol - low, From e - vil to e'er be free;
The great rocks are tow'ring a-bove him, A chasm yawns dark be-neath;

'Tis long since he left the pathway, His dear old moth-er trod,
But leav-ing the path so nar-row, He took the way so broad,
And see! e - ven now he's slid-ing, Will no one save him there?

For-got - ten his mother's teachings, For-sak - en his moth-er's God.
He's far from the fold of safe-ty, He's far from his moth-er's God.
Yes, hark! there's a soft sweet ech-o, His mother's voice pleads in prayer:—

Rit. D. C.

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Mother's Voice.

May be sung as an echo.

4. I pray Thee, dear Lord, in heav - en, Watch Thou o'er his wayward feet, O

seek him where-ev-er he wan-ders, And lead to the path-way straight; Pro-

tect him from ev - 'ry e - vil, For - give, O God, his sin, Re-

Slower.

deem him for Thy kingdom, Thro' Je-sus Christ, Thy Son.— A - men, A - men.

82 God's Will Shall Yet Be Done.

ANNA A. GORDON. From "Soldier's Serenade."

1. With heart and voice we sing (we sing), We make the ech- oes ring (they ring),
2. God help us work and pray (and pray), A - long the shin-ing way (the way),
3. For all who are oppressed (oppressed), By sin and shame distressed (distressed),

O na - tive land, re - joice, re-joice, Our youthful love we bring;
That leads our coun - try in - to peace, And brings the gladsome day;
We'll work and pray by night and day, Till all our land is blessed;

We ded - i - cate to thee (to thee), Our serv-ice glad and free (and free),
When Christians shall u - nite (u-nite), Tri-um-phant for the right (the right),
"No li - cense" is our cry (our cry), The liq - uor curse must die (must die),

O na - tive land, re - joice, re - joice, For all that is to
O na - tive land, re - joice, re - joice, Be - hold the morn - ing
O na - tive land, re - joice, re - joice, The vic - to - ry is

be— Re - joice, God's king-dom yet shall come (shall come), God's
light— Re - joice, God's king-dom yet shall come (shall come), God's
nigh— Re - joice, God's king-dom yet shall come (shall come), God's

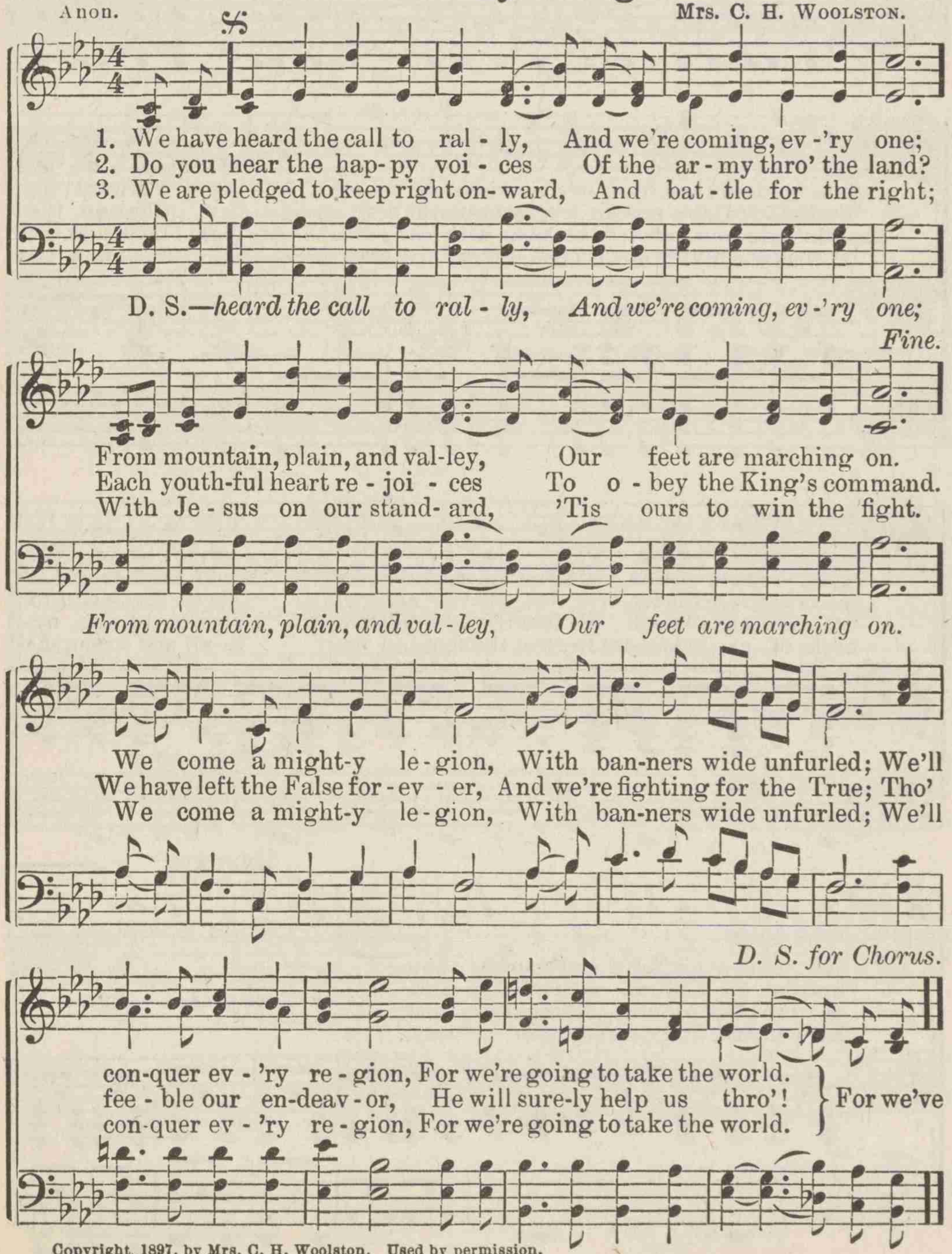
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God's Will Shall Yet Be Done.



83 The Rally Song.

Anon. Mrs. C. H. Woolston.



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Marching Song.

Voices in Unison.

BATTISTA.

1. The bat-tle trumpet sounds! soldiers of Christ, on to the fray, No
2. Our en - e-mies press on, cunning and fierce, barring our way, The
3. See! see, they waver now! wrong cannot win, warring with right; Our
4. The bat - tle is the Lord's; long tho' it be, He must prevail; Though

time for doubt and fear; Je-sus commands, we must o - bey. Forward! He
world and Satan's pow'rs, leagued with the flesh, eager to slay. Close up the
Captain's glorious name strikes them with fear, turns them to flight! Look how their
crushed and beaten down, goodness and truth nev-er can fail. Hark how the

cries, ye hosts of God, march on to meet the foe, Strike for the right, let
ranks and face the foe, fear not his vis - age grim; Je-sus, the Conqu'ror,
cra - ven ranks re-coil be - fore His flash-ing sword; Vic - to - ry sits up-
hosts of an - gels shout to greet the com-ing day! E - vil and wrong shall

REFRAIN.

ev - 'ry one his faith and courage show.....
leads us on, and we are strong in Him.....
on the helm of our Almight-y Lord.....
have an end, and darkness flee a - way.....
} Then sing a - loud,.....

Marching Song.



85

Only a Glass.

MARY T. LATHROP. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. On - ly a glass of sparkling wine!
2. On - ly an i - dle and e - vil word,
3. On - ly a tri - fle, be gay as we go,

Is that all? Is that all? Tempting a moment with ru - by shine,
Is that all? Is that all? On - ly a dark-some tho't thus stirred,
Is that all? Is that all? On - ly a few wild oats to sow,

Is that all? Is that all? I've seen a soul, in a passion of pain,
Is that all? Is that all? I've seen the wreck of an hon-ored name,
Is that all? Is that all? I've seen the reap-ing in loss and tears,

Cry out at wine that with i - ron chain Held it in thrall,
The sun-less gloom of a path of shame Aft - er the fall,
The har-vest growing of sor-row-ful years, And this is all,

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Only a Glass.



86 Christ for the World We Sing.

S. WALCOTT. F. GIARDINI.



87

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

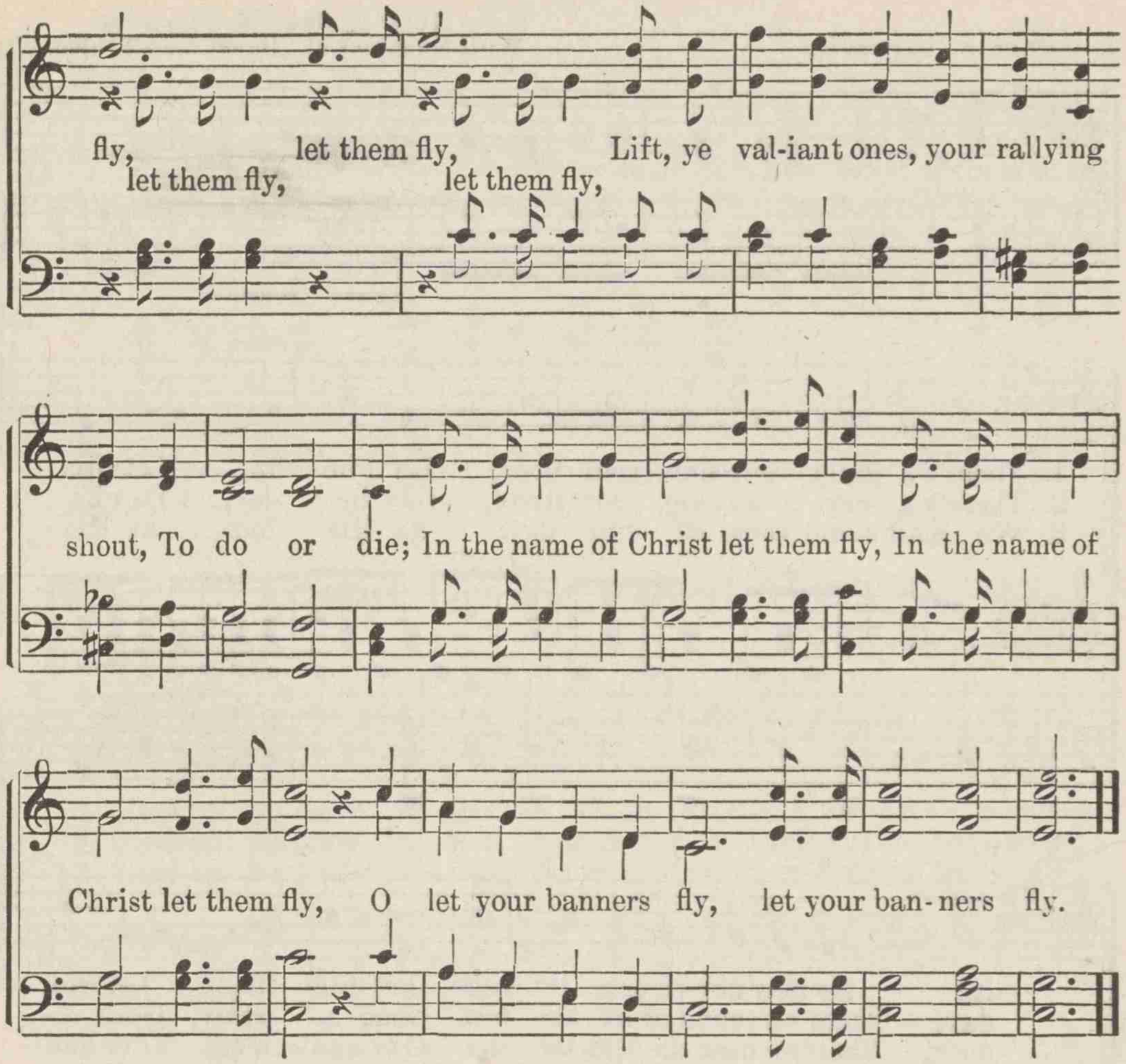
hail the ris-ing dawn, Now Jehovah takes his conq'ring sword, And his
battle's din and shock, For the Lord himself thy strength shall be, And thine

CHORUS.

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

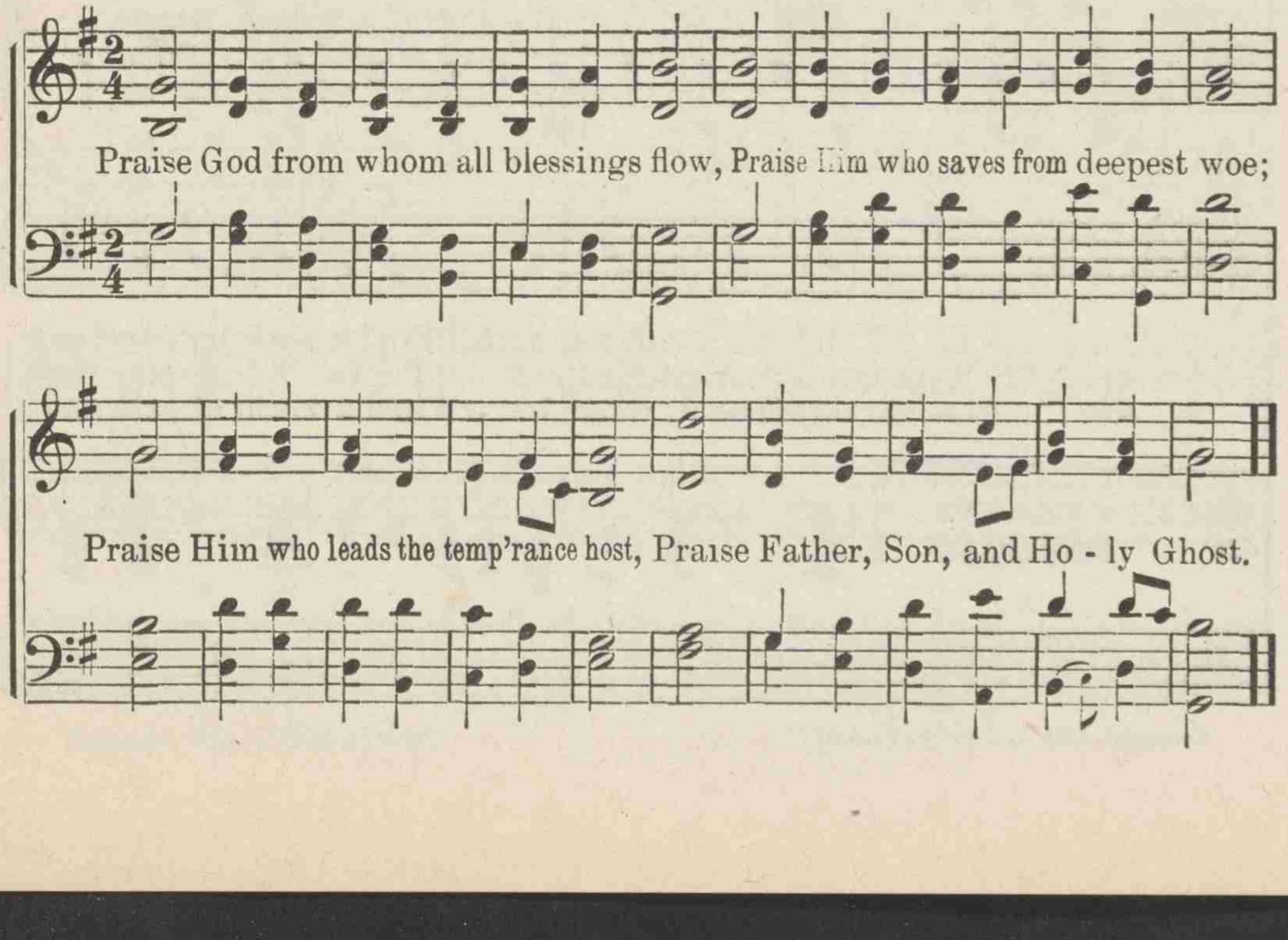
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Fly Your Banners.



88 Temperance Doxology.

S. M. I. Henry. Guillaume Franck.



89 The Child at the Door.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

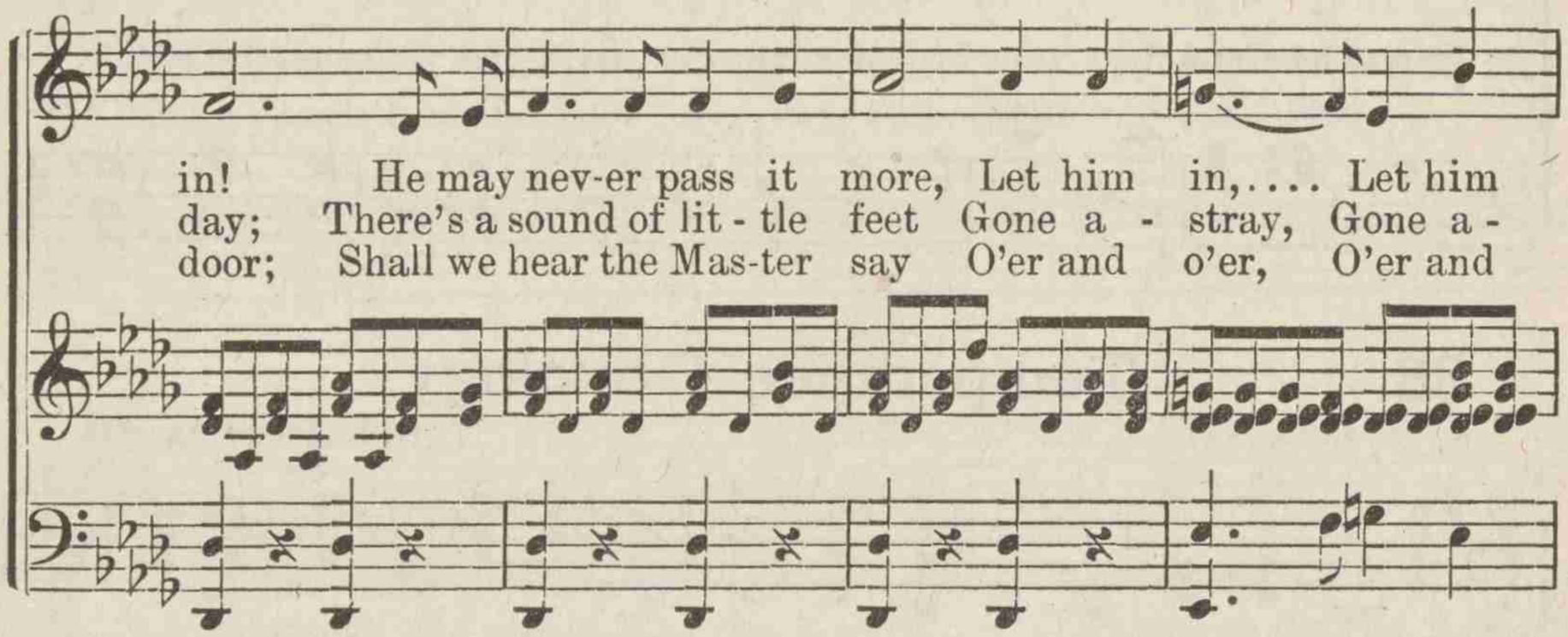
Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.
With Memories of "Home, Sweet Home."



1. There's a child out-side your door, Let him in,.... Let him
2. There's a cry a-long your street, Day by day,... Day by
3. We shall stand some sol-emn day At His door,... At His



in! He may nev-er pass it more, Let him in,.... Let him
day; There's a sound of lit-tle feet Gone a-stray, Gone a-
door; Shall we hear the Mas-ter say O'er and o'er, O'er and

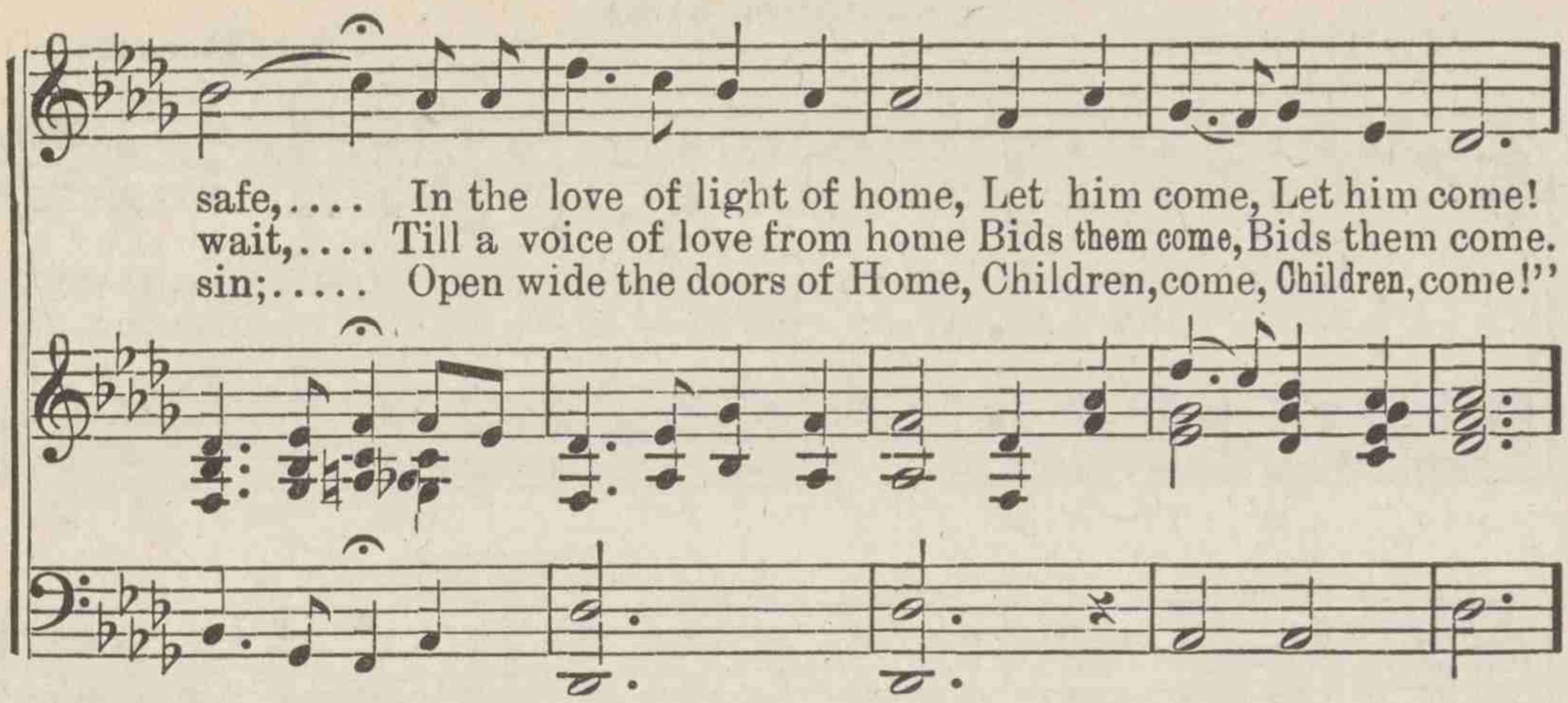


in! Let a lit-tle wand'ring waif Find a shel-ter sweet and
stray; O-pen wide your guarded gate For the lit-tle ones that
o'er, "Let the chil-dren all come in From a world of pain and



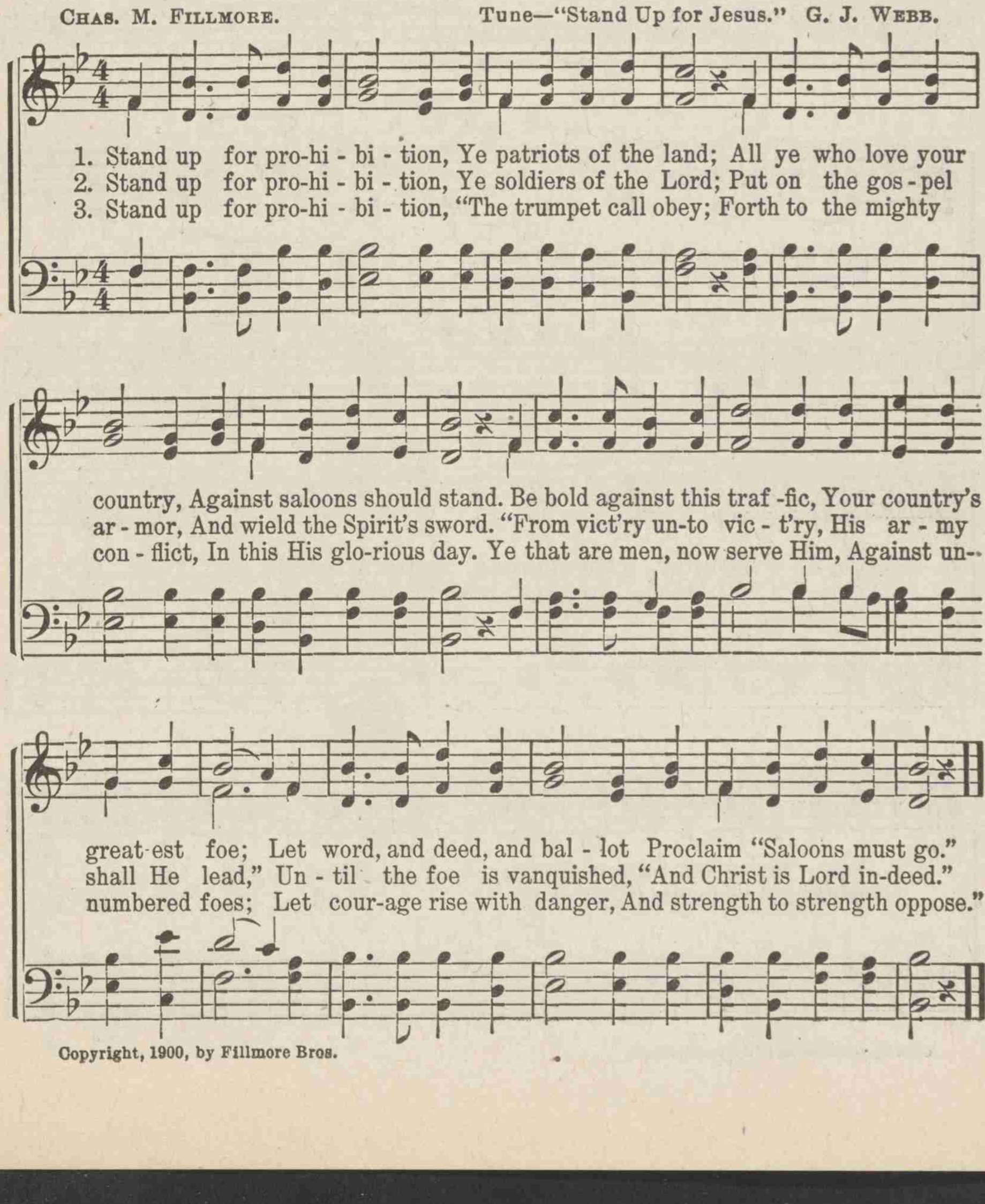
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The Child at the Door.



90 Stand Up for Prohibition.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE. Tune—"Stand Up for Jesus." G. J. WEBB.



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91 To Thee, O Country.

NATIONAL HYMN.

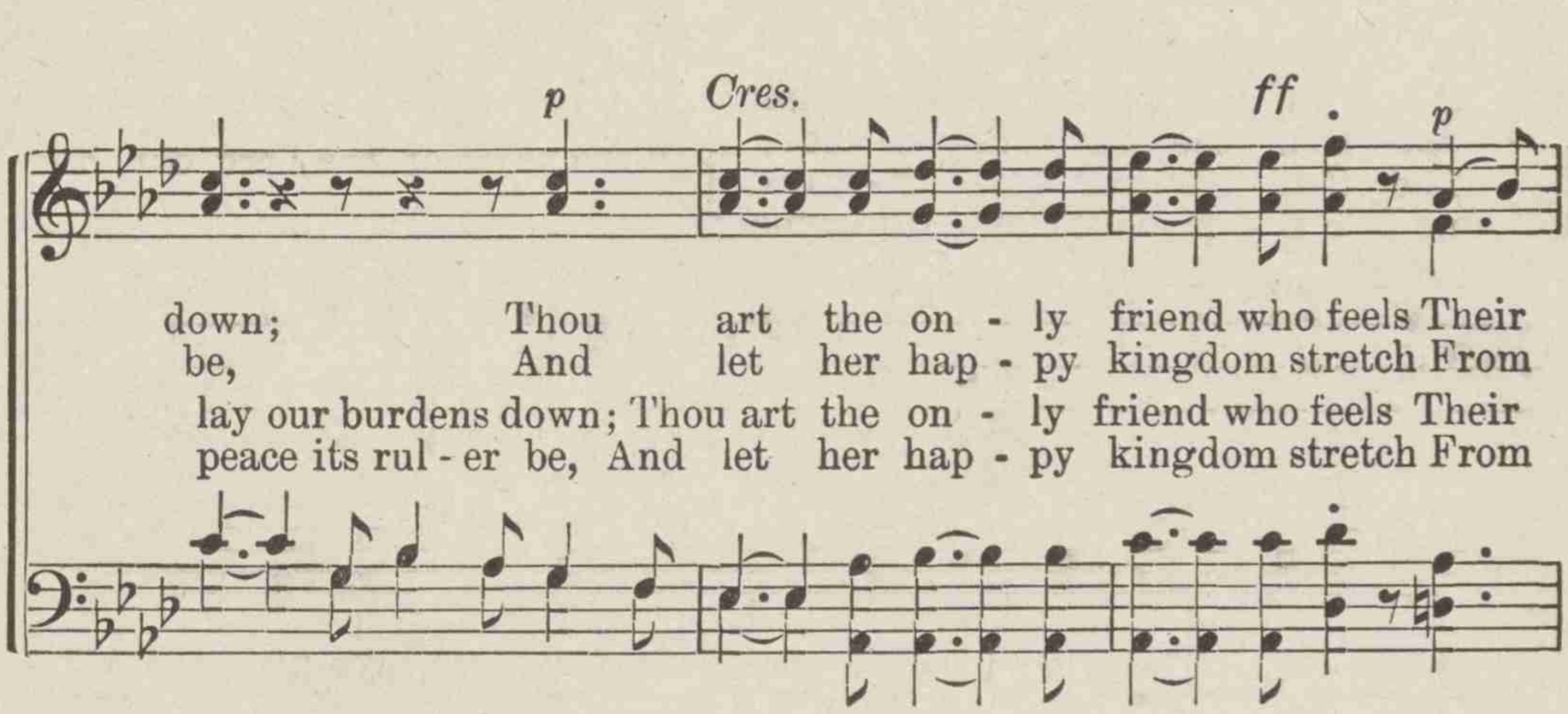
ANNA P. EICHBERG. JULIUS EICHBERG.



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To Thee, O Country.







92

In His Name.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. IRA B. WILSON.

1. In the name of the Lord we will con - quer, We lift up His ban - ner of light. "Go for-ward" is ev - er our watch-word, Be strong in the pow'r of His might.
2. In the midst of the strife and the dark - ness, His ban - ner a - bove us is Love; His prom - ise, "I will not for - sake thee," Rings out from the heav - ens a - bove.
3. In His name may the low-est and weak - est Be vic - tors o'er all that as - sails; The soul that will trust the Re - deem - er, Will find that His mer - cy a - vails.
4. Al - le - lu - ia to Je - sus the Sav - iour, We join in ex - ult - ant ac - claim. To Him be the praise and the glo - ry, "There's no oth - er name" but His name.

CHORUS.

In the name of the Lord our Re - deem - er, The glo - rious, all - con - quer - ing name, We lift the vic - to - ri - ous ban - ner, And hail Him for - ev - er the same.

Ad lib.

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93 Saloons Must Go.

FRANCES E. WILLARD. ANNA A. GORDON.

March time.

1. List to the tread of man - y feet, From home and playground, farm and street,
2. *For God* they lift their flag of white, His name is on their banners bright;
3. *For Home's* sweet sake they move in line, With mother love their faces shine;
4. *For Native Land* their drums they beat, Quick time they keep with marching feet;
5. Thy kingdom come, O Saviour great, In hearts and homes, in church and State;

They talk like tongues, their words we know: "Saloons, sa-loons must go!"
His law of pu - ri - ty doth show, "Saloons, sa-loons must go!"
Their loy - al hearts will have it so, "Saloons, sa-loons must go!"
A - mer - i - ca, for thee they know, "Saloons, sa-loons must go!"
But ere it comes, full well we know, "Saloons, sa-loons must go!"

CHORUS.

Sa-loons must go, saloons must go; Of home, sweet home the
Saloons must go, must go,

dead - liest foe; With pray'r and work the world we'll show, Saloons must go!

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Loyal Soldiers.

Dedicated to the Christian Endeavor Union of the District of Columbia.

JOHN D. MORGAN. PERCY S. FOSTER.

March time.

1. True in heart and loy - al we are ev - er, To our Lord and Master,
2. Ev - er on from strength to strength progressing, Ev-'ry pow'r impressing,
3. Marching on-ward, ev - er onward, upward, Marching ev-er for-ward,

in each day's en-deav - or; True in tho't, in deed, in word and purpose,
we would, by His blessing, Give ourselves in lov-ing-heart-ed serv-ice
marching ev-er heav'nward, Bearing high the cross-emblazoned ban-ner

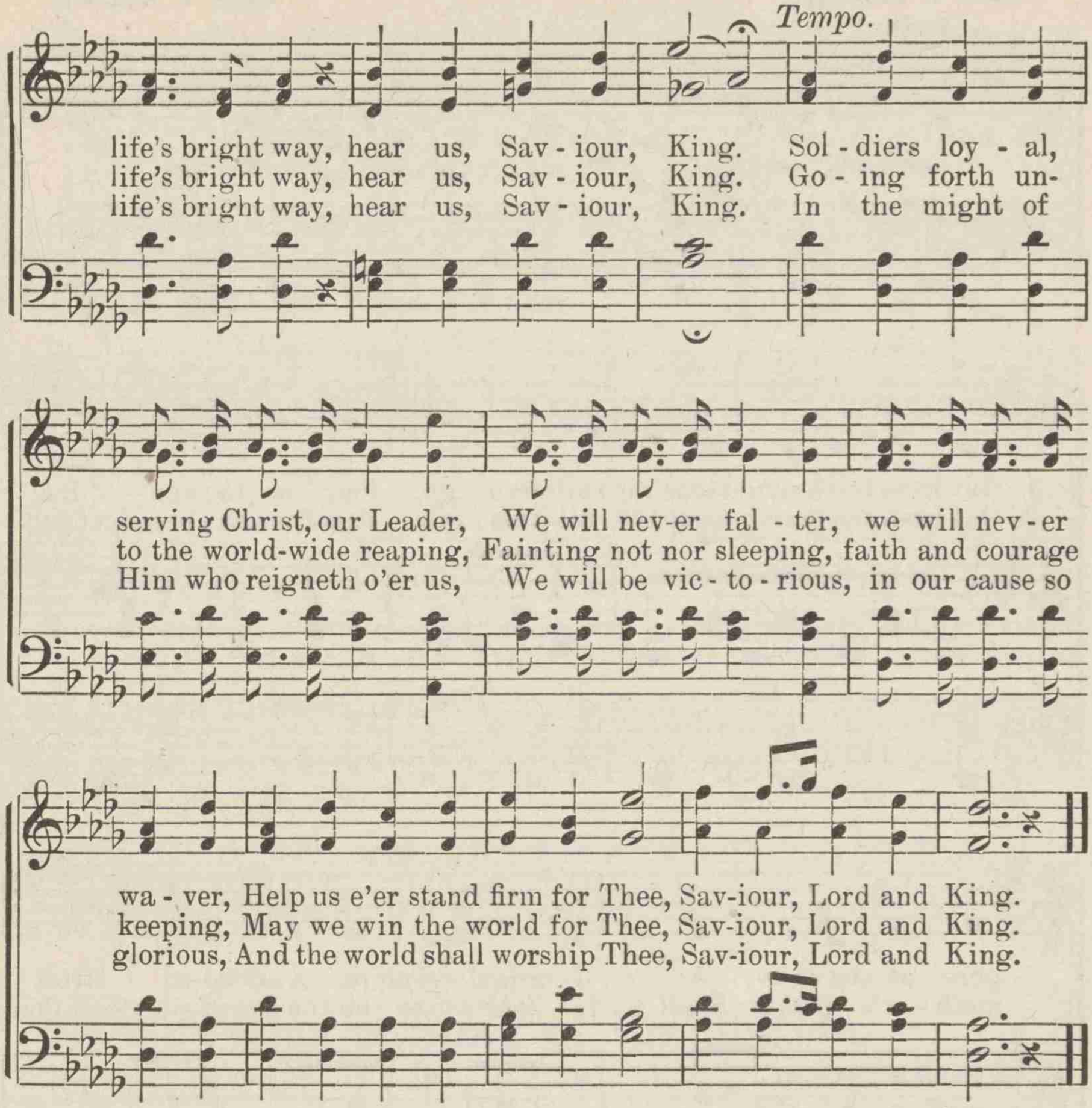
p Prayerfully.

to our Lord and King. Help us, Je - sus, day by day,
to our Lord and King. Help us, Je - sus, day by day,
of our Lord and King. Help us, Je - sus, day by day,

to be true to Thee, to live all for Thee; Guide our steps in
to be true to Thee, to live all for Thee; Guide our steps in
to be true to Thee, to live all for Thee; Guide our steps in

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Loyal Soldiers.



95 Stand Up for Jesus.

Tune—"Webb."

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,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR.

96

Will It Pay?

MARY T. LATHROP. CHAS. T. KIMBALL.

Andante.

1. Out from the hearth-stone the chil-dren go, Fair as the sun - shine,
2. Out from the hearth-stone the chil-dren fair Pass from the breath of a

pure as the snow: A li - censed wrong on a crowd-ed street
moth - er's prayer: Shall a fa - ther's vote on the crowd-ed street Con-

Waits for the com-ing of the guileless feet. Child of the rich, and
sent to the snare for the thoughtless feet? Ah! fathers, your fin - est

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Will It Pay?

child of the poor, Pass to their wreck thro' the dram-shop's door; Oh,
gold grows dim, Black with the rust of such name less sin! Oh,

say, will they ever come back as they go, Fair as the sunshine, Pure as the snow?
say, will *your* dearest come back as they go, Fair as the sunshine, Pure as the snow?

97 Sing a Song of Prohibition.

C. M. F. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

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 ear-nest-ly, sing it ear-nest-ly;
3. Sing a song of Pro-hi-bi-tion, Sing it heart-i-ly, sing it heart-i-ly·

Sing a song of Pro-hi-bi-tion, And vote it ev-'ry time.

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What Can Children Do?

SOLO OR CHORUS IN UNISON.

ALICE CAREY ATWOOD. CHARLES S. BURNHAM.

Brightly.

1. What can lit - tle chil - dren do In this world of ours?
2. Not a sunbeam's half so bright As a smil - ing face,
3. Sing, then, as the birds may sing, Hearts as full of glee;

mf

Rit.

Winds are bus - y mes - sen-gers, Raindrops feed the flow'rs;
And two will-ing lit - tle feet With the winds may race;
Seek for sweets in ev - 'ry life, Like the hon-ey - bee;....

Rit.

Tempo. *Cres.*

Light and warmth the sunbeams bring, Birds their songs out - pour;
Kind - ly words like rain-drops fall On a thirst - y heart;
Make the place God giv - eth you Bright with love's own light,

mf *Tempo.* *Cres.*

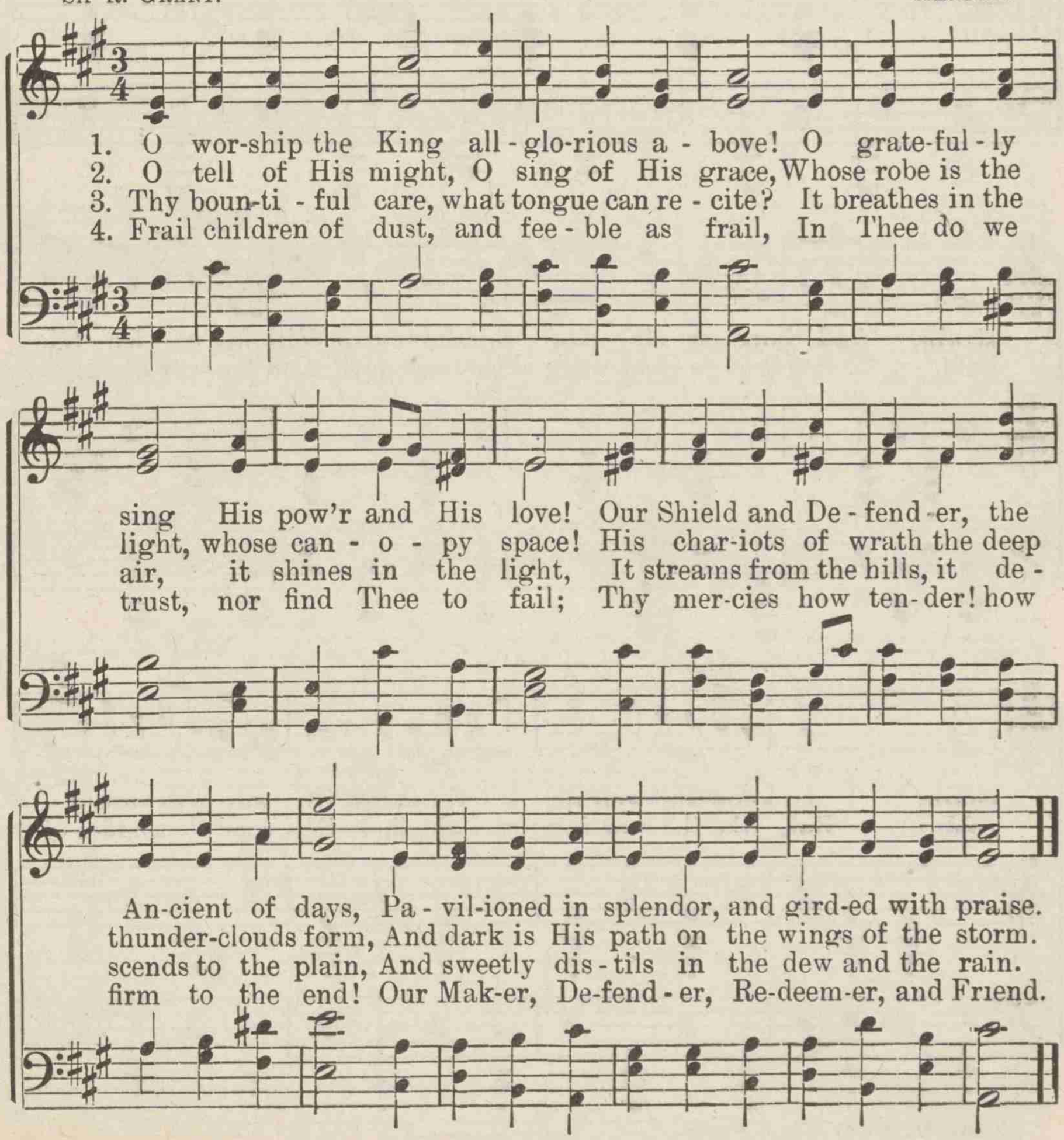
From "The Junior Star" by permission of Mary Grace Canfield.

What Can Children Do?



99 O Worship the King.

Sir R. GRANT. HANDEL.



100 Our Miriam's Song of Triumph.

Affectionately dedicated to "Our Miriam," Mrs. Renowden-Bailey, California W. C. T. U.

NELLIE BLESSING-EYSTER. EDWARD L. HIME.

8va

1. I.... love to sing, I.... love to sing, When joy im - pels each
2. I.... love to sing, I.... love to sing Of cour - age strong and

p

Rall.

strain, And hope en - cir - cles this fair earth With her e - lec - tric
bold, That scorns de - feat when skies seem dark, And fer - vor has grown

A tempo.

chain. I know full well the o - ver-throw Of sin will sure-ly
cold; But, like the soar-ing ea - gle, finds Be - yond the shades of

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Our Miriam's Song of Triumph.

Rall.

come, And sweet con-tent and gen-tle peace A-bide where once was
night, Its ey - rie, shel-tered safe from harm Within the realms of

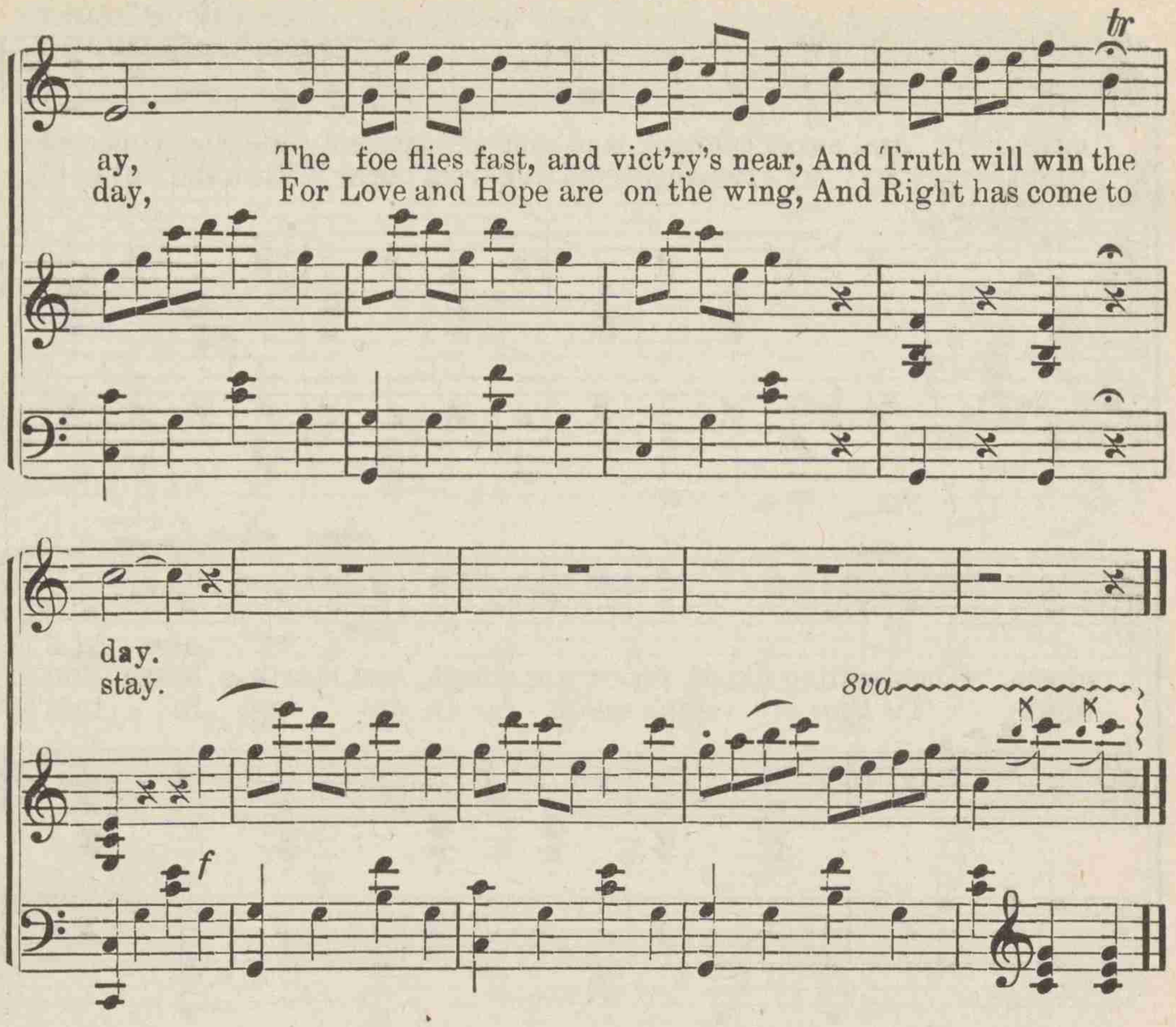
gloom. Then, willing hands, renew your strength, And hearts so brave and
light. 'Tis thus my vi-sion sees a - far In - to the fu - ture's

true, Aid me to greet with joy - ous song The W. C. T.
blue, And greets with a tri - um-phant song The W. C. T.

U. And thus I sing, and bold-ly sing, This cheerful roun-del-
U. And so I'll sing, and so I'll sing, Thro'out the live-long

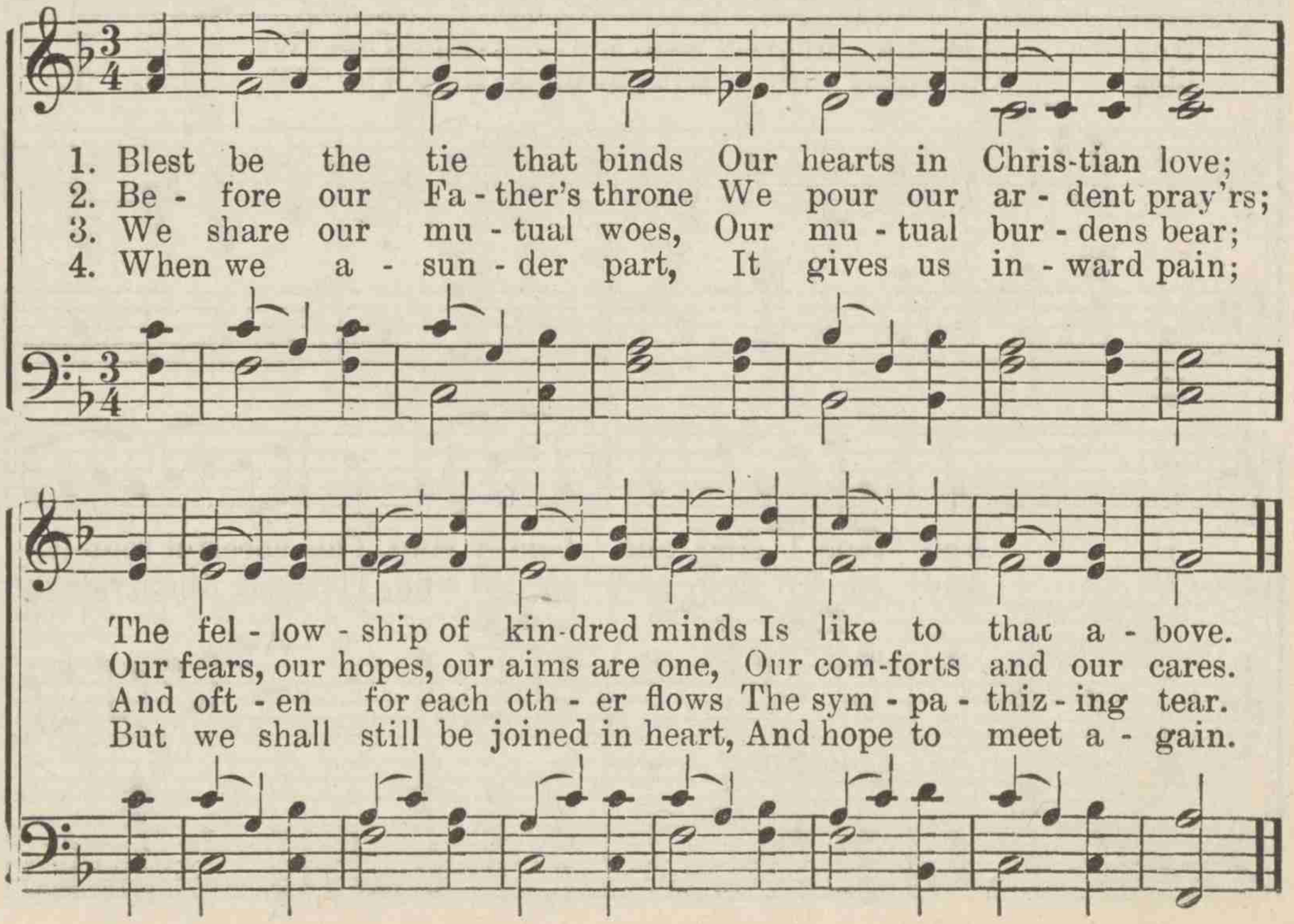
Colla voce.

Our Miriam's Song of Triumph.



101 Blest Be the Tie.

FAWCETT. NAEGELI.



102 Temperance Shall Be King.

J. CUTHBERT GOULDING. Tune—"Dutch National Anthem." G. W. WILMS.

1. Fountains of bubbling wine may flow; They shall not flow for me; No dev - o - tee of drink, I vow, Shall I, a true man be. With health se-
2. The joys of freedom all should know; But men can ne'er be free, If slaves to drink they mad-ly grow; Nor feel the rapturous glee Of life's full
3. O let us hand in hand all go, Like brethren all a - gree, To strike 'gainst drink a deadly blow, And make the monster flee. A band of
4. Come, then, brave heart and dauntless brow, Come, and ere long we'll see, A kingdom won from vi - ces low, A peo-ple wise and free. And hymning

rene, and heart full gay, Of Ab-sti-nence I'll sing, And hail th' approach of
pulse, nor on their way Ne'er joy-ous-ly out - sing; And hail th' approach of
work-ers in ar - ray, To great and lowly sing, And speed the ad - vent
forth our roun-del - ay, The priceless tidings bring, We see the dawning

that blest day When Temp'rance shall be King, When Temp'rance shall be King.
that grand day When Temp'rance shall be King, When Temp'rance shall be King.
of that day When Temp'rance shall be King, When Temp'rance shall be King.
of the day When Temp'rance shall be King, When Temp'rance shall be King.

103 Pure as the Streamlet.

E. E. HEWITT. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Thank God for the fountains, the life - giv - ing rills That spring, pure as crys-tal, a - mong the green hills; They bring to the val - leys re-
2. Thank God for the vine-yards that smile in the sun, For autumn's full gar-ners, when har-vest is done; O turn not to poi - son God's
3. Our Fa-ther knows well what His children should drink, And gives us much more than we ask or can think; A - way, then, a - way, with the
4. In paths true and ho - ly, Lord, may we be led, Throughout the wide world may Thy kingdom be spread; All e - vil en - tice-ments our

freshment and wealth, They rip - ple with glad-ness, they sparkle with health.
beau - ti - ful fruit, De - file not His boun - ty with sin's bit - ter root.
sin - curs - ed bowl! A - way with the li - quor that poi-sons the soul.
hearts would dis-own, A - thirst for the riv - er that flows from the throne.

CHORUS.

Mur - mur-ing rills, Hear their sweet music among the green hills;
Murmuring rills, murmuring rills,
Keep, bless-ed Saviour, our souls Pure as the stream as it rolls.
Keep, blessed Saviour, our lips and our souls

Fine.

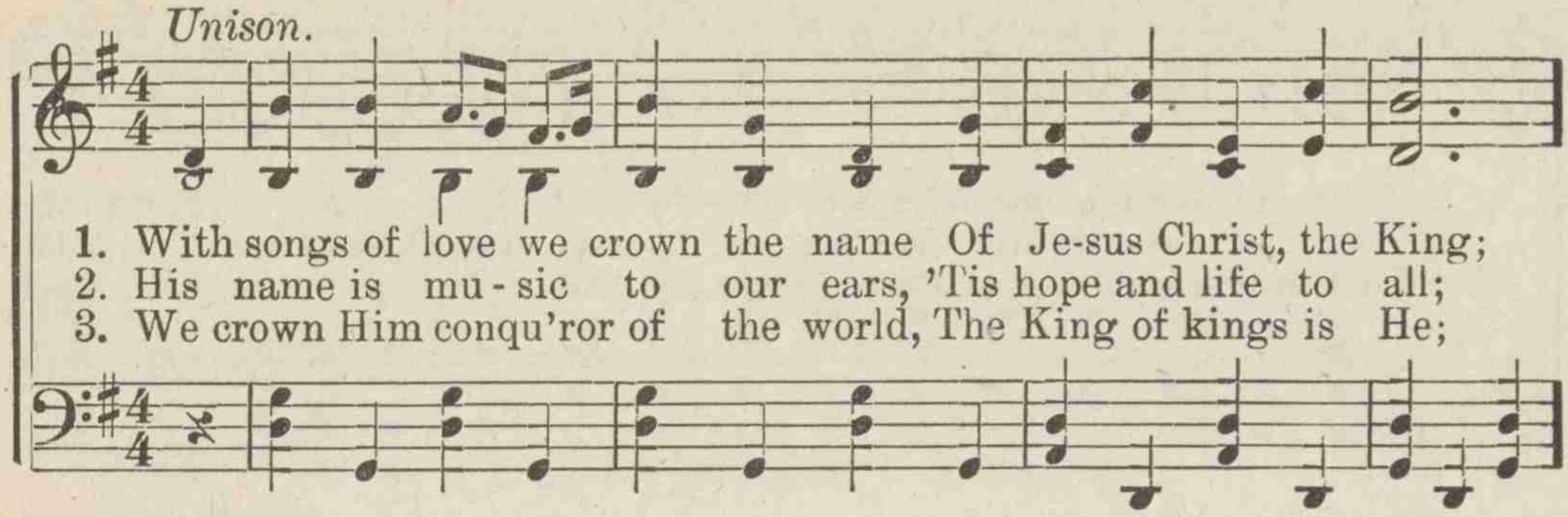
D. C.

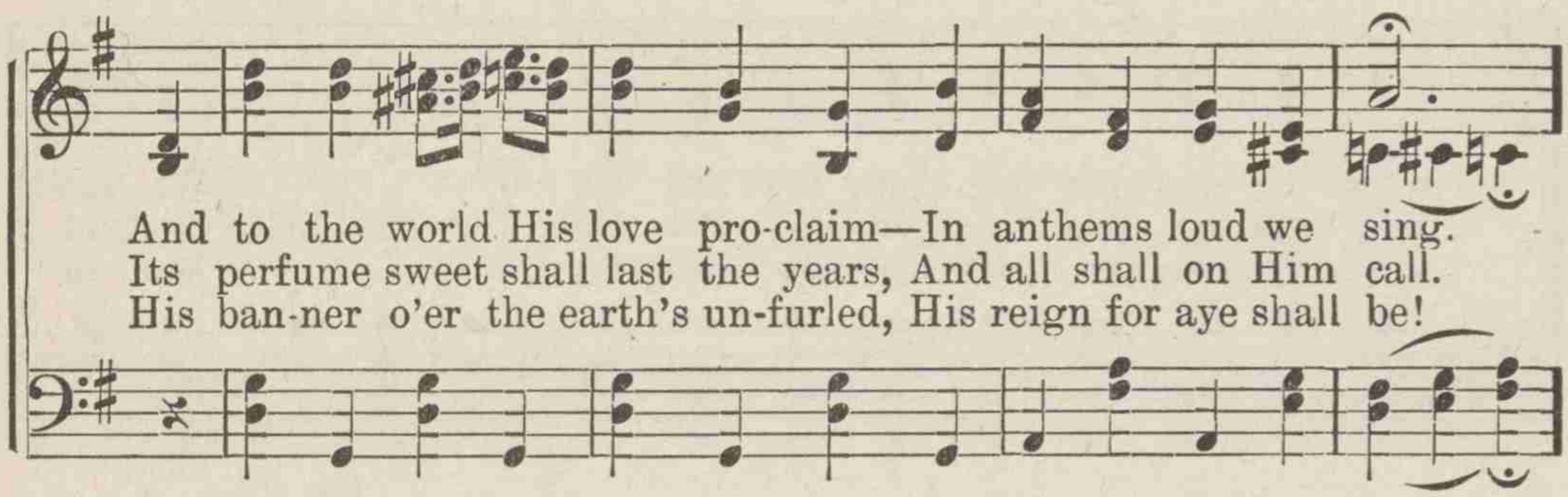
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104 Crown Him King of Kings.

W. B. J. CLOSING SONG. W. B. JUDEFIND.

Unison.





CHORUS. *Congregation join School in singing Chorus. All standing.*



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105 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.



106 A Temperance Prayer

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



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107 Hail! Home of Liberty!

A PATRIOTIC CHORUS.

A. BEIRLY. Arr. by A. BEIRLY.

m Spirited.

Hail! hail! Na-tion free, Home of lib - er - ty, Blest land, the

Play sixteen measures for a Prelude.

dear - est, Co - lum - bia, the fair - est! Long shall freedom reign,

O'er thy grand domain! Na-tion of splen-dor, All glo - ry to thee!

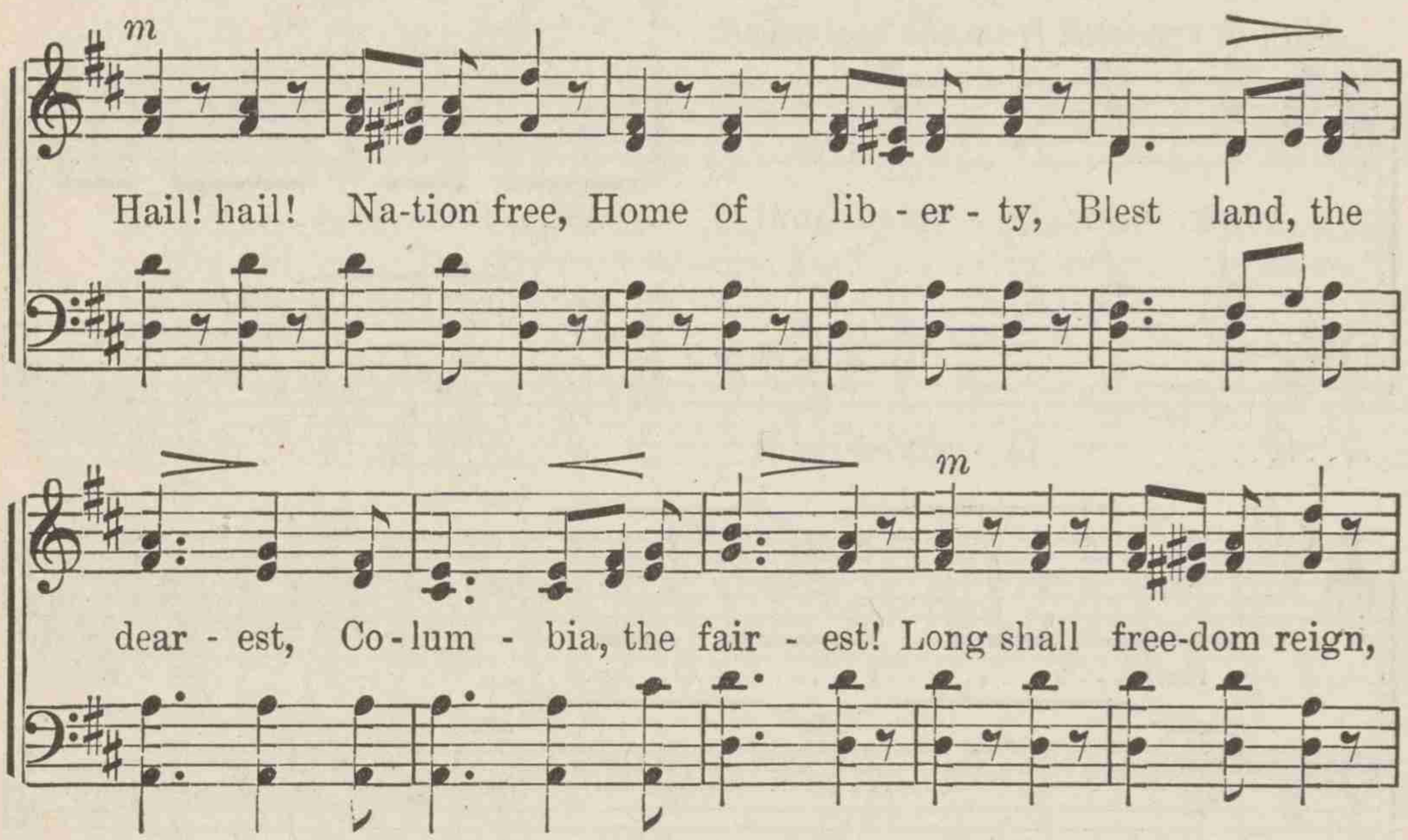
Pow'r and might Foes, be-ware!

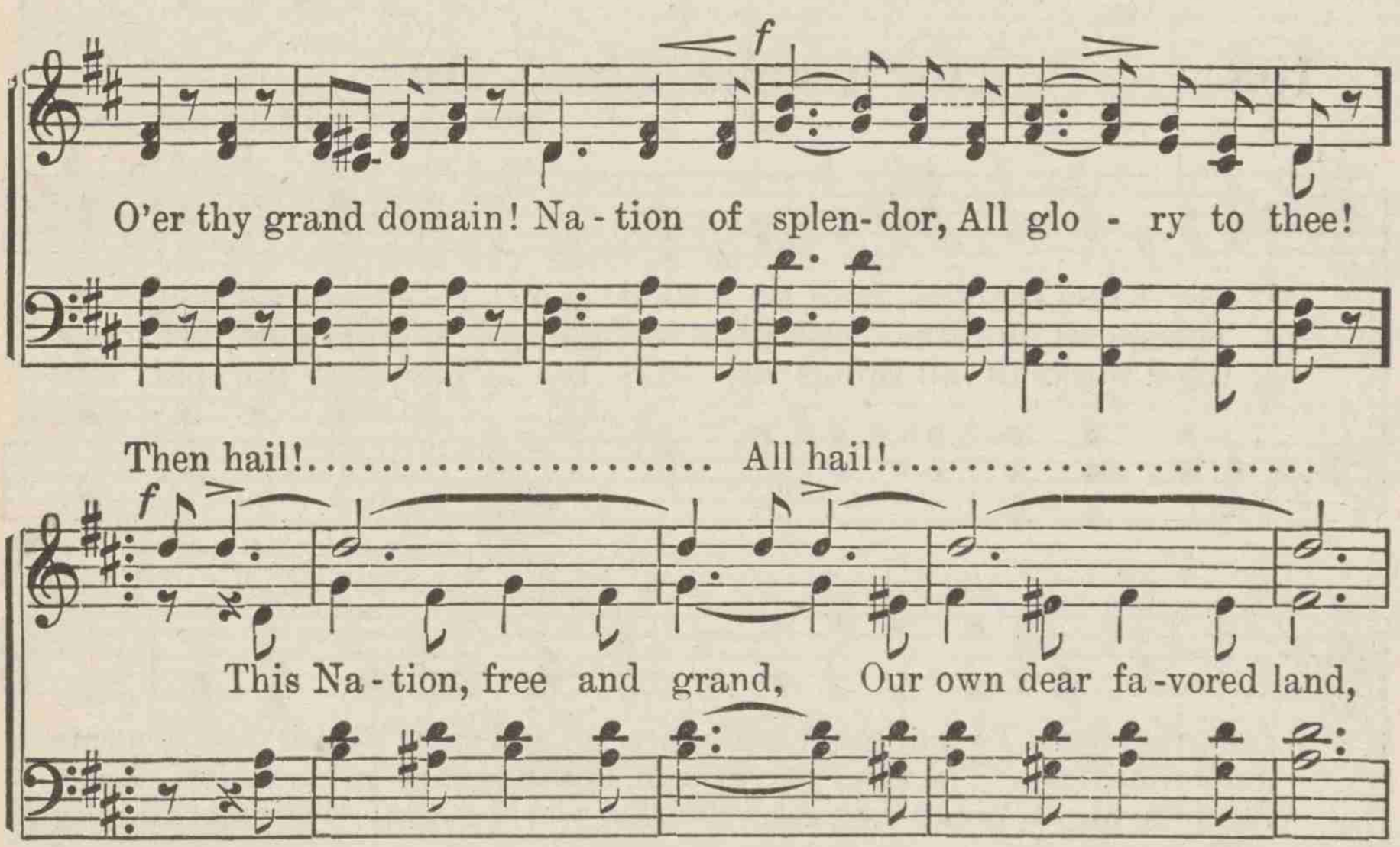
Pow'r and might at - tend her sons of val - or; Foes, be - ware! Our

coun-try we'll de-fend! O'er this land of peace and free-dom, Long her

Hail! Home of Liberty!

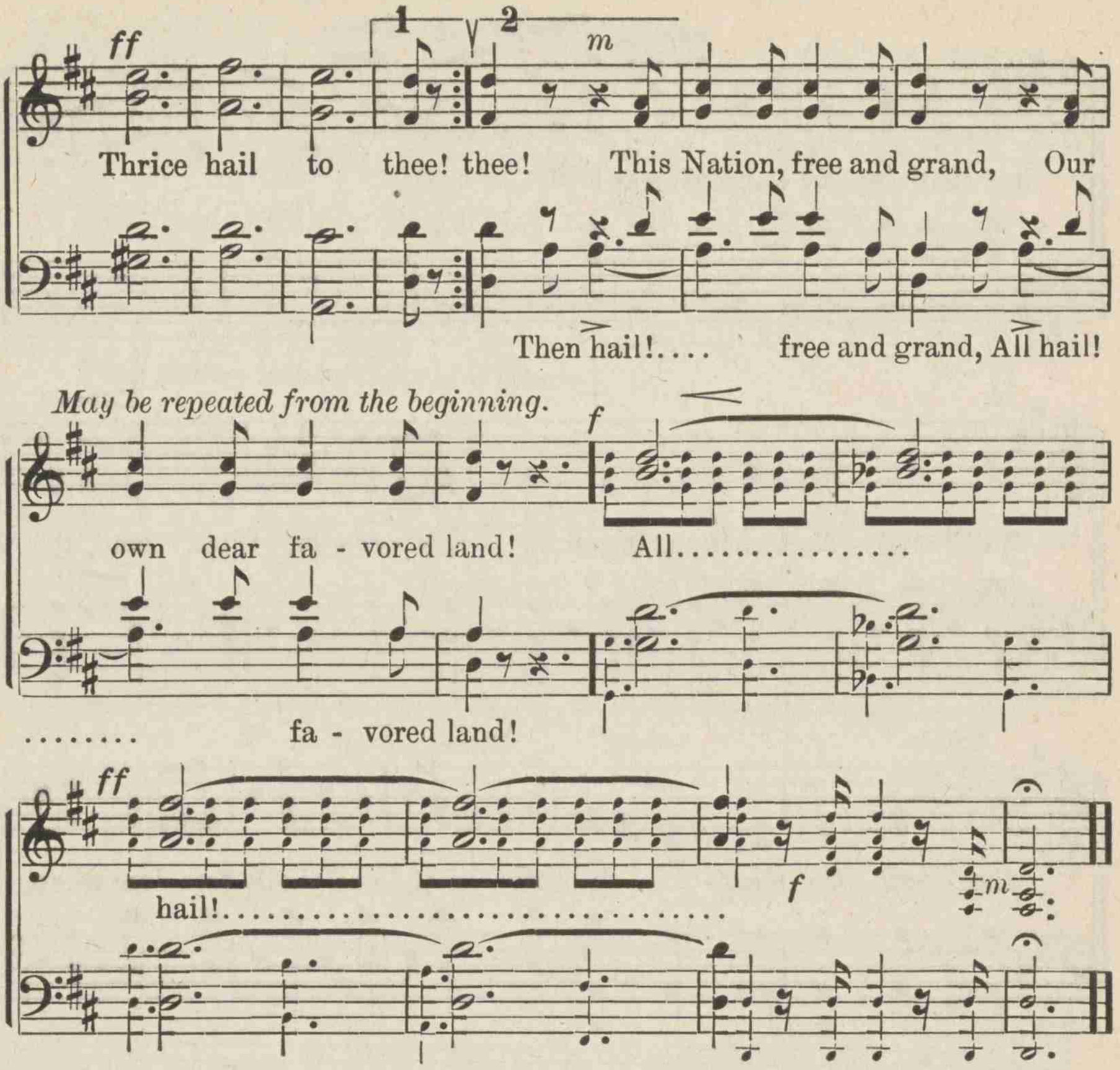






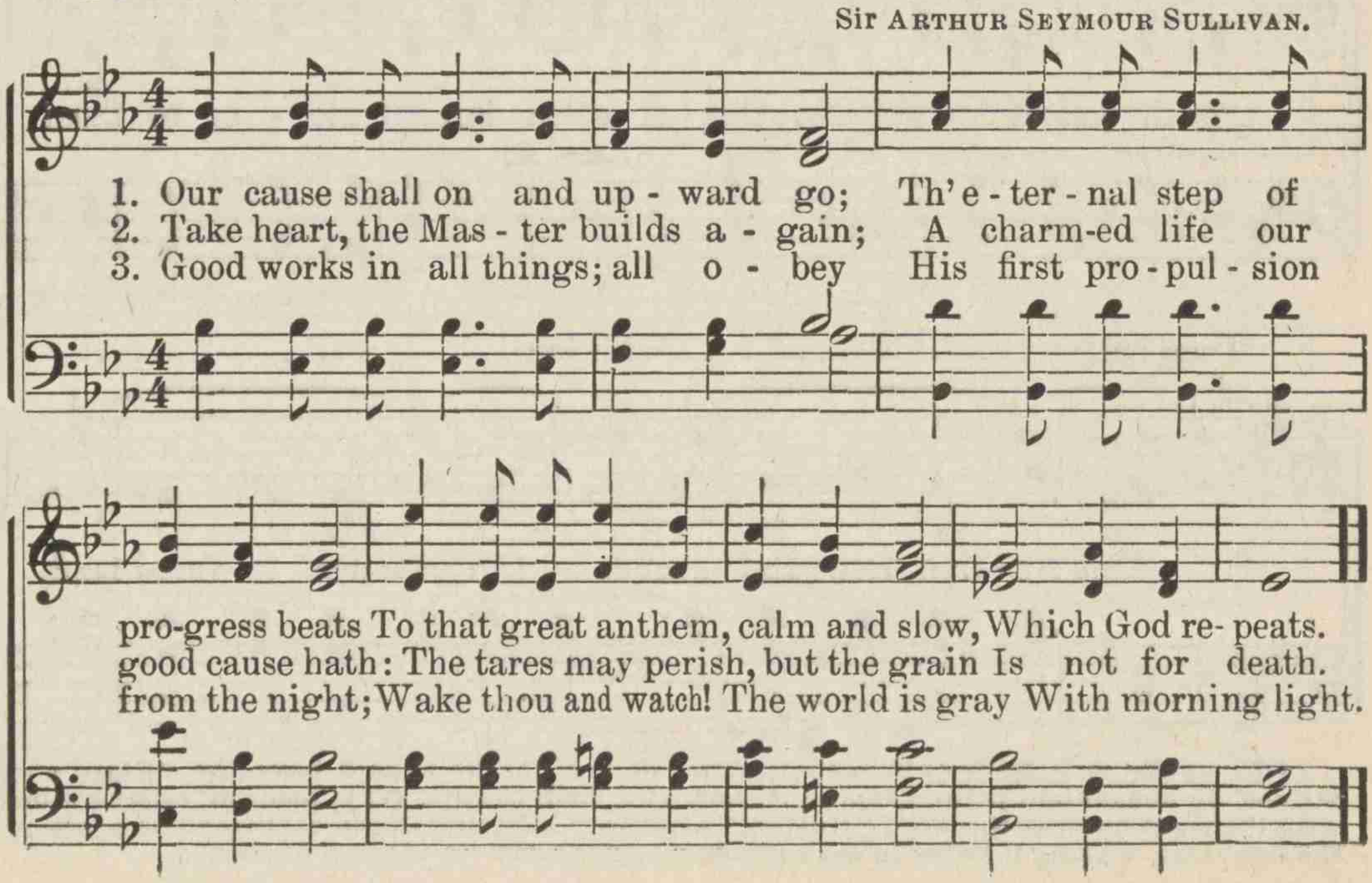
*In public entertainments each member of the chorus should have the "Stars and Stripes" in convenient form, keeping it concealed until the star (*) is reached, raising same with the right hand at the word "Hurrah," afterward lowering it and raising same again at the next star, waving it twice in each measure—right, left—to the end of chorus.

Hail! Home of Liberty!



108 Our Cause Shall On.

Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.



109 On, Toilers, On.

Mrs. C. H. W. Mrs. C. H. Woolston.

1. On, toil-ers, on-ward, Ne'er looking downward, Re-joic-ing, ev-er keep thy
2. Go forth, O toil-ers, Glad service giv-ing, In low-ly pla-ces giv-en
3. Then, onward, toilers, In shade or gladness, With steady pur-pose ev-er

yes, yes,

eye a-bove; For God is o'er us, He goes be-fore us, His ban-ner
o'er to sin; Till, free from sor-row, Shall fair to-mor-row, Re-joice with
strong and true; The har-vest glo-rious, In strife vic-to-rious, The la-b'rer

Chorus.

o-ver us is love.
sheaves all garnered in.
crowned when toil is thro'.
} Ring, bells, ring, your chorus loud and strong, we'll ring it;

Ring, bells, ring, for Right against the wrong; Then ring for God–Home–Land–Our

watchword and our song, Our ribbon white shall stand for right, And win the day.
Or.—With God in sight we'll work for right, And win the day.

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110 Tell Mother I'll Be There.

C. M. F. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

Violin obligato.

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 al-ways kind and good, So
3. When I be-came a prod - i - gal, and left the old roof-tree, She
4. One day a mes-sage came to me; it bade me quick-ly come, If

I would grieve my mother with my fol - ly and neglect; And now that she has
patient, gen-tle, lov - ing, when I acted rough and rude; My childhood griefs and
al-most broke her loving heart in mourning aft - er me; And day and night she
I would see my moth-er ere the Sav-iour took her home; I promised her, be-

gone to heav'n, I miss her tender care, O an-gels, tell my mother I'll be there.
tri - als she would gladly with me share, O an-gels, tell my mother I'll be there.
prayed to God to keep me in His care, O an-gels, tell my mother I'll be there.
fore she died, for heaven to pre-pare, O an-gels, tell my mother I'll be there.

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Tell Mother I'll Be There.

CHORUS.

Tell moth-er I'll be there in an-swer to her prayer; This

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

joys with her to share, Yes, tell my dar- ling moth-er I'll be there.

111

Work and Play.

L. P. B.

L. P. BRADFORD.

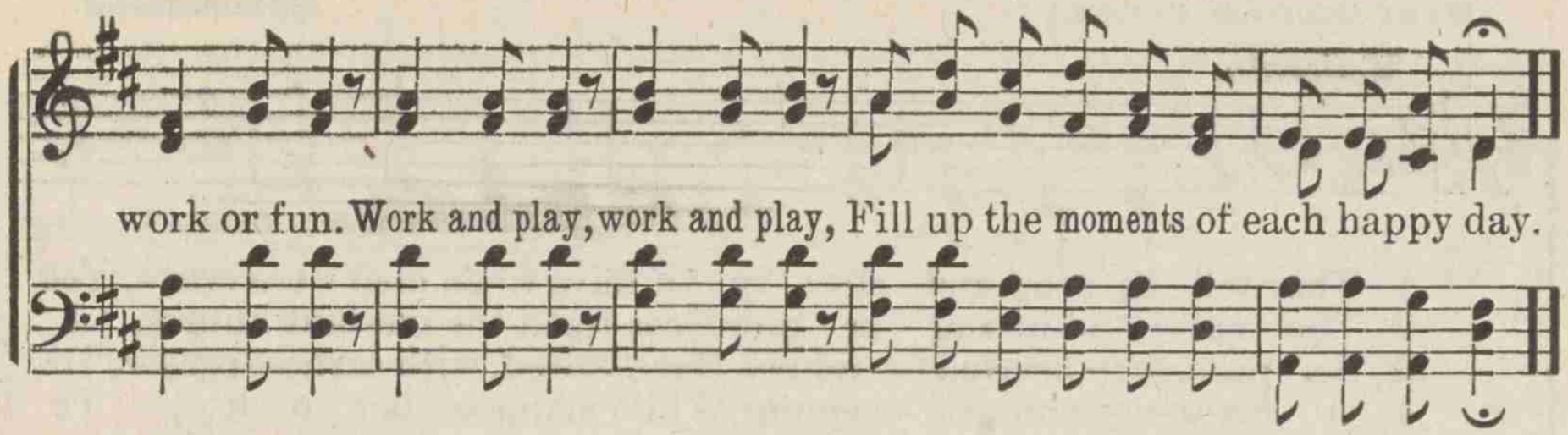
1. The mountain is high, with its top in the sky, And we climb up the side ver - y slow - ly; Men and wom - en are tall, lit - tle chil-dren are small, And they grow to be great ver - y slow - ly.
2. The brook sings a song as it rip-ples a - long, "Pure wa - ter's the bless-ing I'm giv - ing;" We will take what is best, and, that more may be blest, Let us, too, be as free in our giv - ing.

CHORUS.

Work and play, work and play, Fill up the mo-ments of each hap - py day;
Lit - tle by lit - tle all things are done That are worth the do - ing of

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Work and Play.



112 Hark! the Temperance Bells.

A. A. G. ANNA A. GORDON.



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113 The New Crusade.

MYRA GOODWIN PLANTZ. MENDELSSOHN.

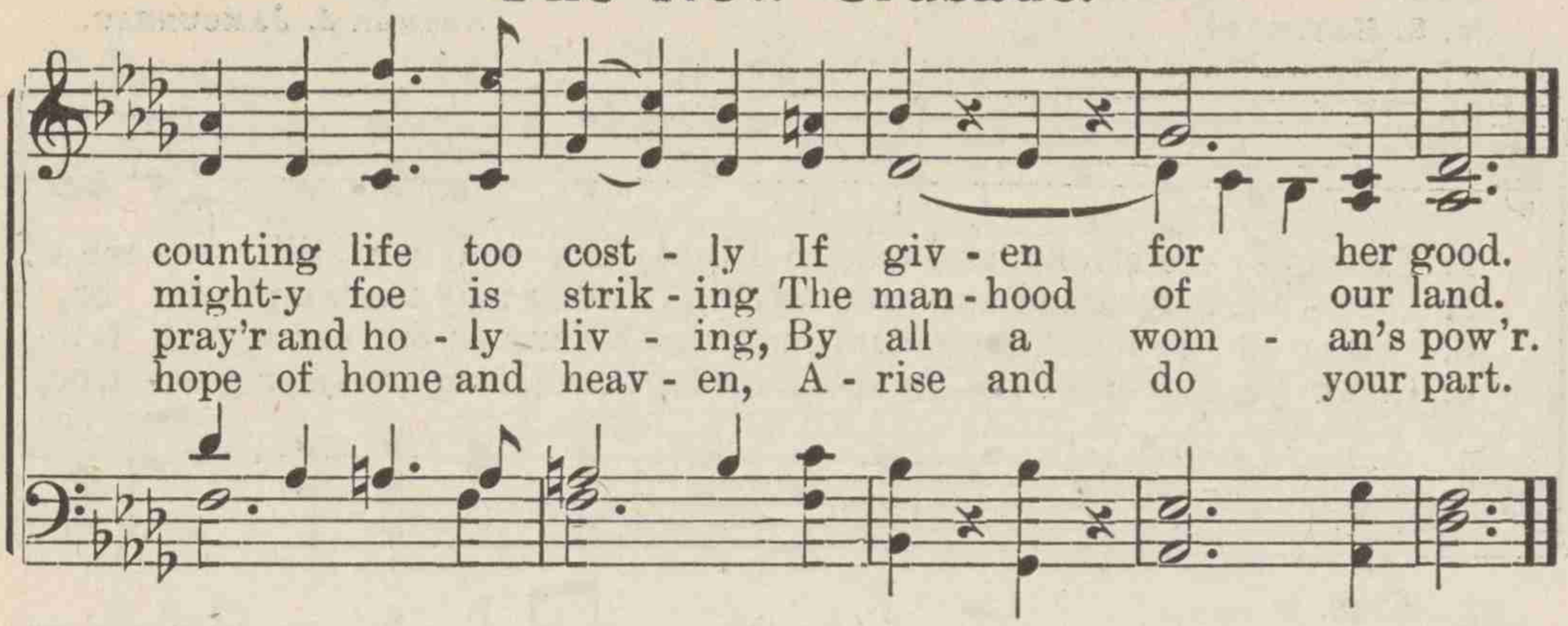
Moderato.

1. They tell in song and sto - ry Of days when men were brave, Yet pure at heart as lil - ies, Their first de-sire to save The
2. Tho' not in shin-ing ar - mor Goes forth the gal-lant knight, A new cru-sade is ris - ing To bat - tle for the right; For
3. So, pure, true-hearted maid-ens Have vowed, with earnest pray'r, To win their tempted broth - ers From ev - 'ry sin - ful snare, By
4. O maid-ens who are sleep-ing While manhood lies so low, Ye thus are sure - ly help - ing This tide of sin and woe. By

pu - ri - ty and beau - ty Of ho - ly maid-en - hood, Nor
like a de - mon rag - ing With dead-ly lift - ed hand, A
woman's gift of lov - ing, By beauty's priceless dower, By
all sweet hopes that clus - ter With-in a maiden's heart, By

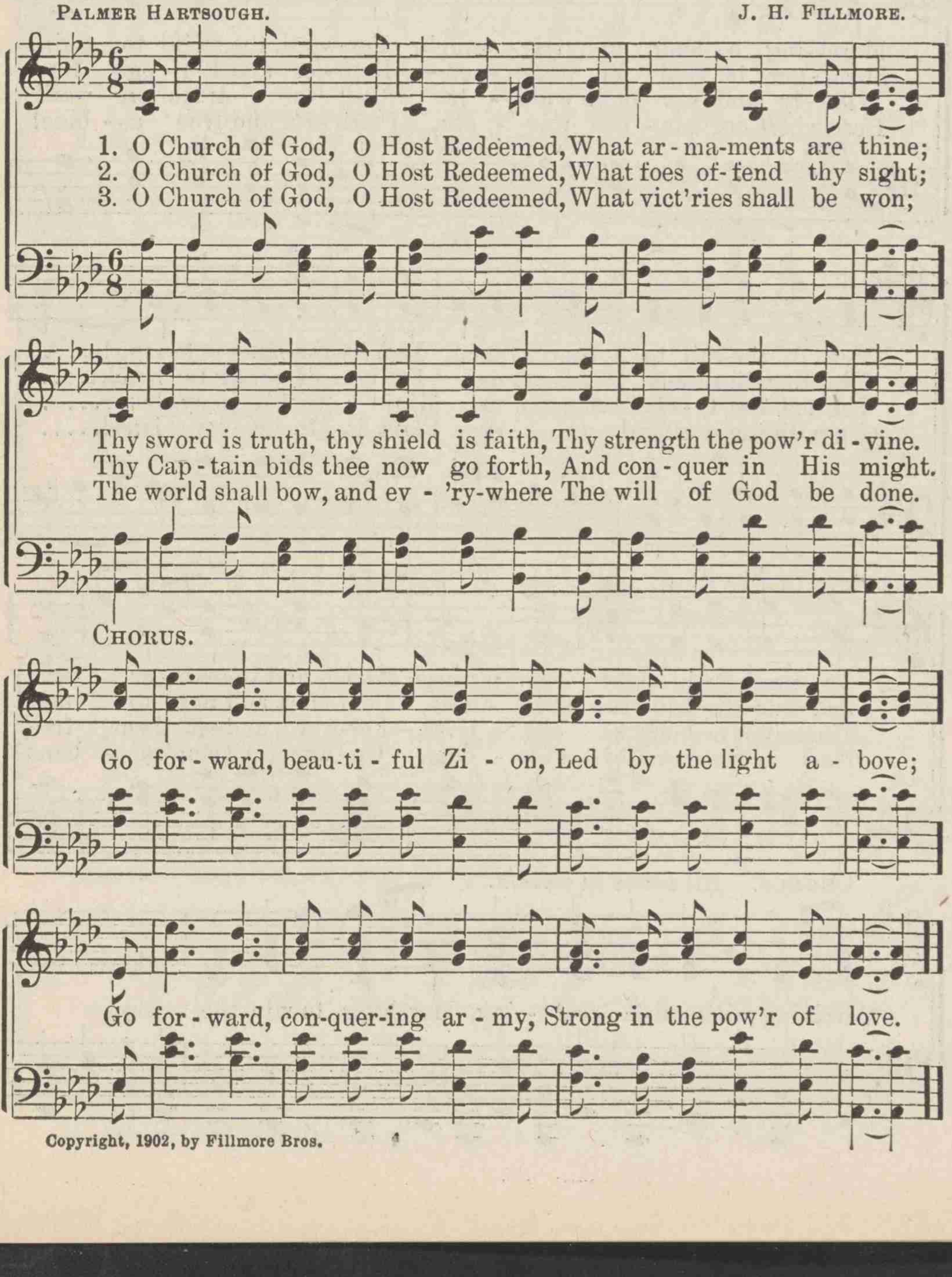
count-ing life too cost - ly If giv - en for her good; Nor
might-y foe is strik - ing The man-hood of our land; A
pray'r and ho - ly liv - ing, By all a woman's pow'r; By
hope of home and heav - en, A - rise and do your part; By

The New Crusade.



114 Go Forward.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.



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115 Marching to Win the Day.

M. S. HAYCRAFT. ARTHUR J. JAMOUNEAU.

In marching time.

1. Strong, ev - er strong, and true to Right, Oh, may we still re - main;
2. E - vil may round our path-way lie, Strong may the tempt - er be;
3. O let no heart grow faint and weak! Nev - er our cause can fail:
4. Cheer ye, O cheer the Temp'rance flag! And, what-so - e'er be - tide,

Cres.

March-ing a - long to tri - umph, For-ward, the strife to gain;
Stron - ger is God in heav - en— Help - er and Ref - uge He.
Wide - ly and yet more wide - ly Shall the truth pre - vail!
Here, where our ban - ner wav - eth, Faith - ful and true a - bide!

Cres.

Ech - o the call to cour - age, Yea, let the notes out - ring!.....
Yea, He will sure-ly aid us, Fet-ters of wrong to break:....
Let not the ty - rant daunt us, Might-y tho' he may be;.....
Up with the standard ev - er— Plant it in ev - 'ry land!.....

ff

On - ward, ye hosts of Tem - p'rance, March, and to-geth - er sing!
Aid us a-mid the shad - ows, Com - fort and hope to take!
Thousands he holds as cap - tives,—For-ward, and set them free!
Now in the name of Free - dom, On - ward, O Temp'rance band!

CHORUS. *All voices in unison.*

March-ing with music peal - ing, Marching to win the day,

Marching to Win the Day.

Cres.

All in the light, with ban-ners bright, To con-quer we'll march a-way!

116 Brighter Days Are Coming.

C. M. F. 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,
fa - ther 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,

D. S.—*Pray on, work on, God will hear your cry,*

Fine. CHORUS.

Bright-er days are com-ing by and by. Bright-er days are com-ing,

Brighter days are com-ing by and by.

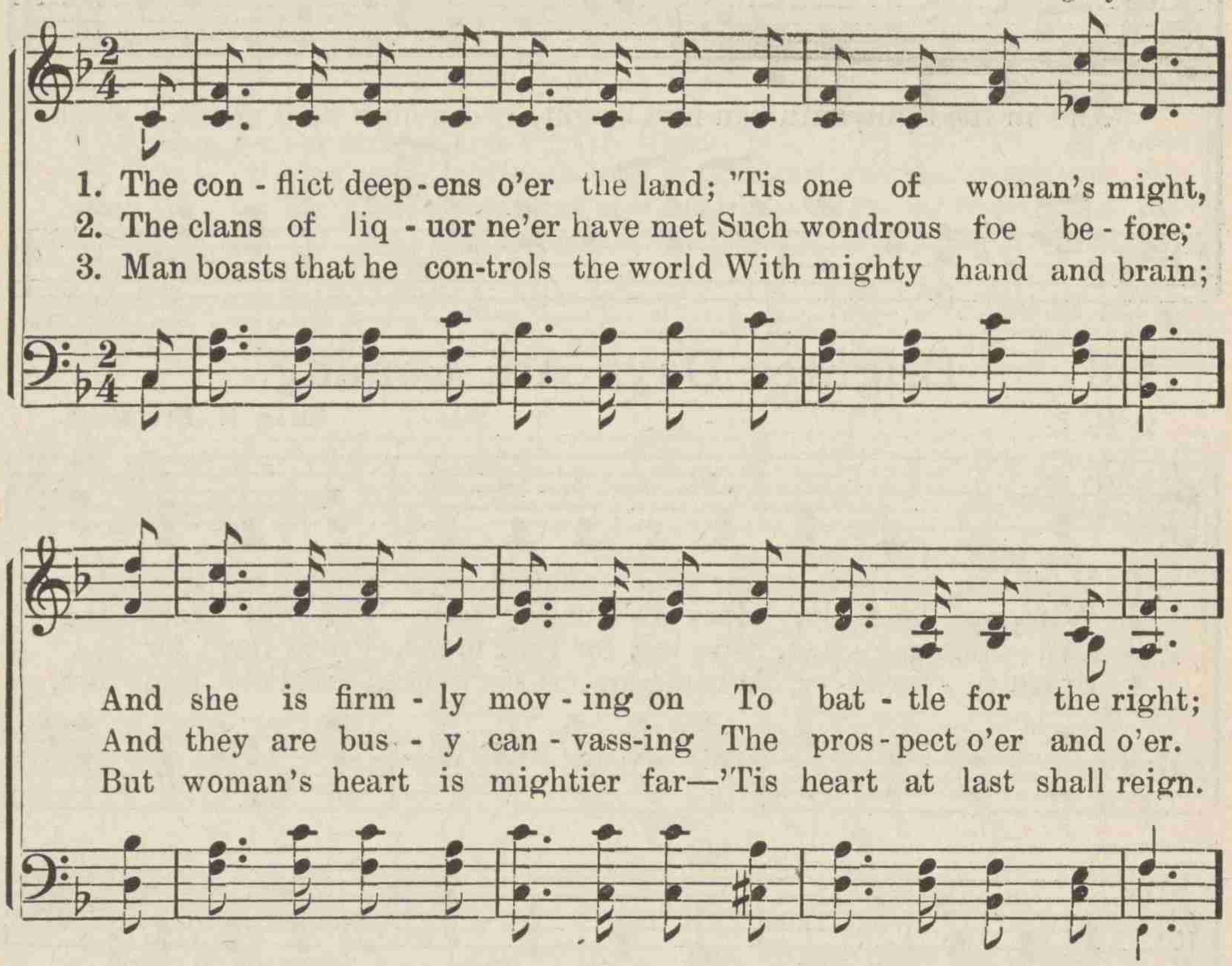
D. S.

com-ing by and by, All the clouds will vanish from the darkened sky;

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117 Woman's Cause Shall Win.

Dr. HORACE B. DURANT. Tune—"Auld Lang Syne."

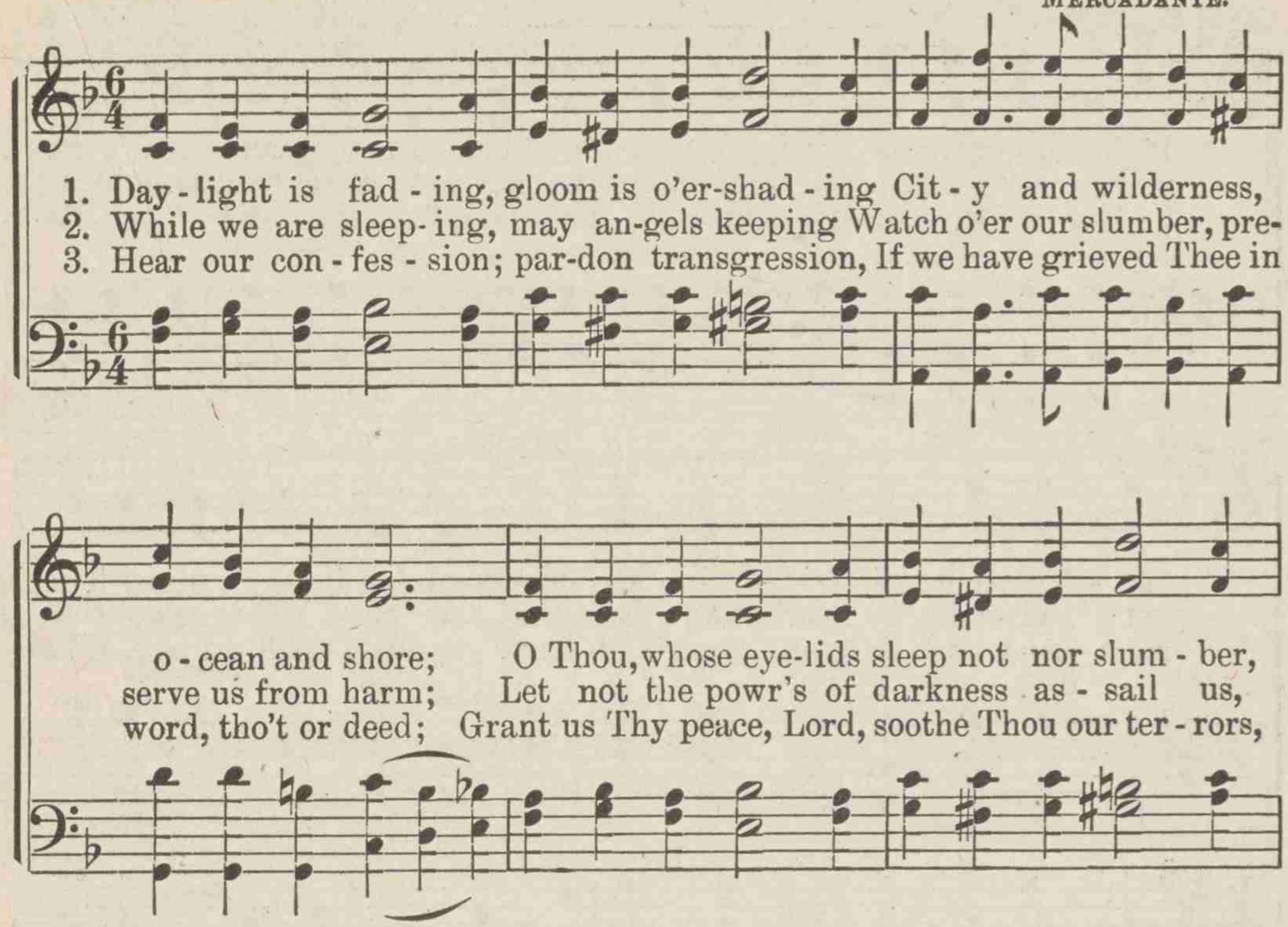


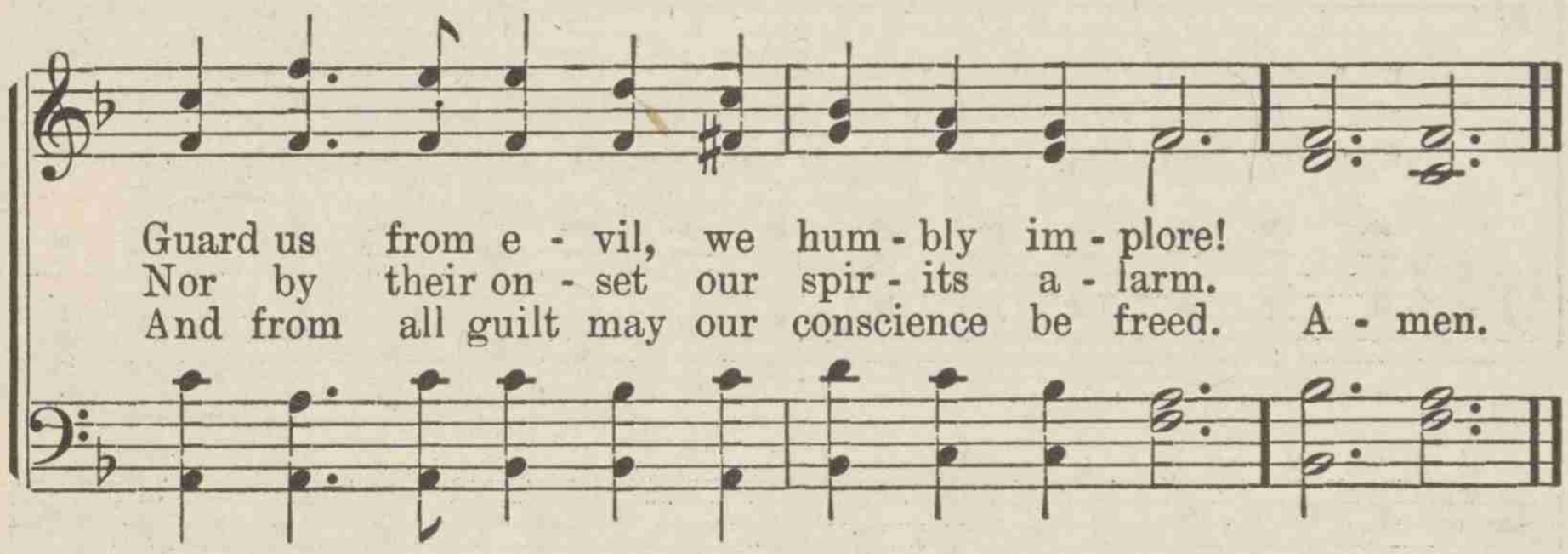
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118 Daylight Is Fading.

EVENING HYMN.

MERCADANTE.





119 The Closing Hour.

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.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

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120 Never Give Up the Right Way.

G. F. R. G. F. Root.

1. Nev-er give up the right way, 'Twill brighten by and by; In ev-'ry time of tri-al The bless-ed Lord is nigh; Tho'
2. Nev-er give up the right way, Tho' nar-row, steep, and straight, For at the end is shin-ing The gold-en cit-y's gate; And
3. Nev-er give up the right way, Tho' tempted oft and long, Re-mem-ber who is near thee, With hand so kind and strong; What-

e-vil coun-sels dark-en, And e-vil pas-sions try,.....
so, if sor-rows dark-en, And self-ish pleas-ures fly,. ....
e-ver, then, may dark-en, What-ev-er fade and die,.....

Refrain.

Never give up the right way, 'Twill brighten by and by. Never give up,

never give up, Never give up the right way, 'Twill brighten by and by.

121 The Legion Band.

(The first and second halves of verses 1, 2, 3, and 4 may be sung responsively, the entire chorus joining in verse 5, the last line of which may be emphasized by clapping the hands.)

HELEN G. RICE. Tune—"Robin Adair."



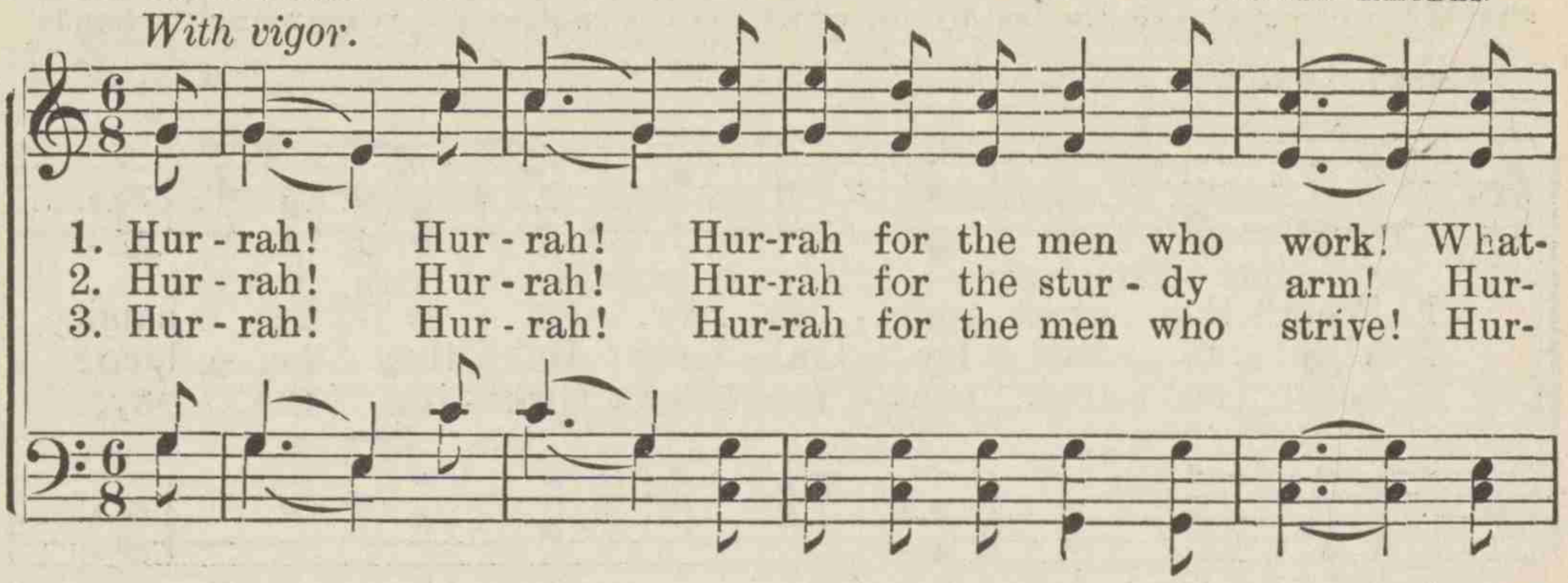
4 Strong is the foe they fight,
Fierce is the fray;
How shall they banish night,
Bring the new day?
Pledged every heart and hand
All evil to withstand,
For Home and Native Land
They work and pray.

5 Come, join this Legion Band,
Help fight the foe.
For Home and Native Land
Enlist, and so
Hasten the tyrant's fall,
Shout loudly, one and all,
Tremble, King Alcohol!
Saloons must go.

122 Hurrah for the Men Who Work!

J. RICHARDSON. ALFRED RHODES.

With vigor.





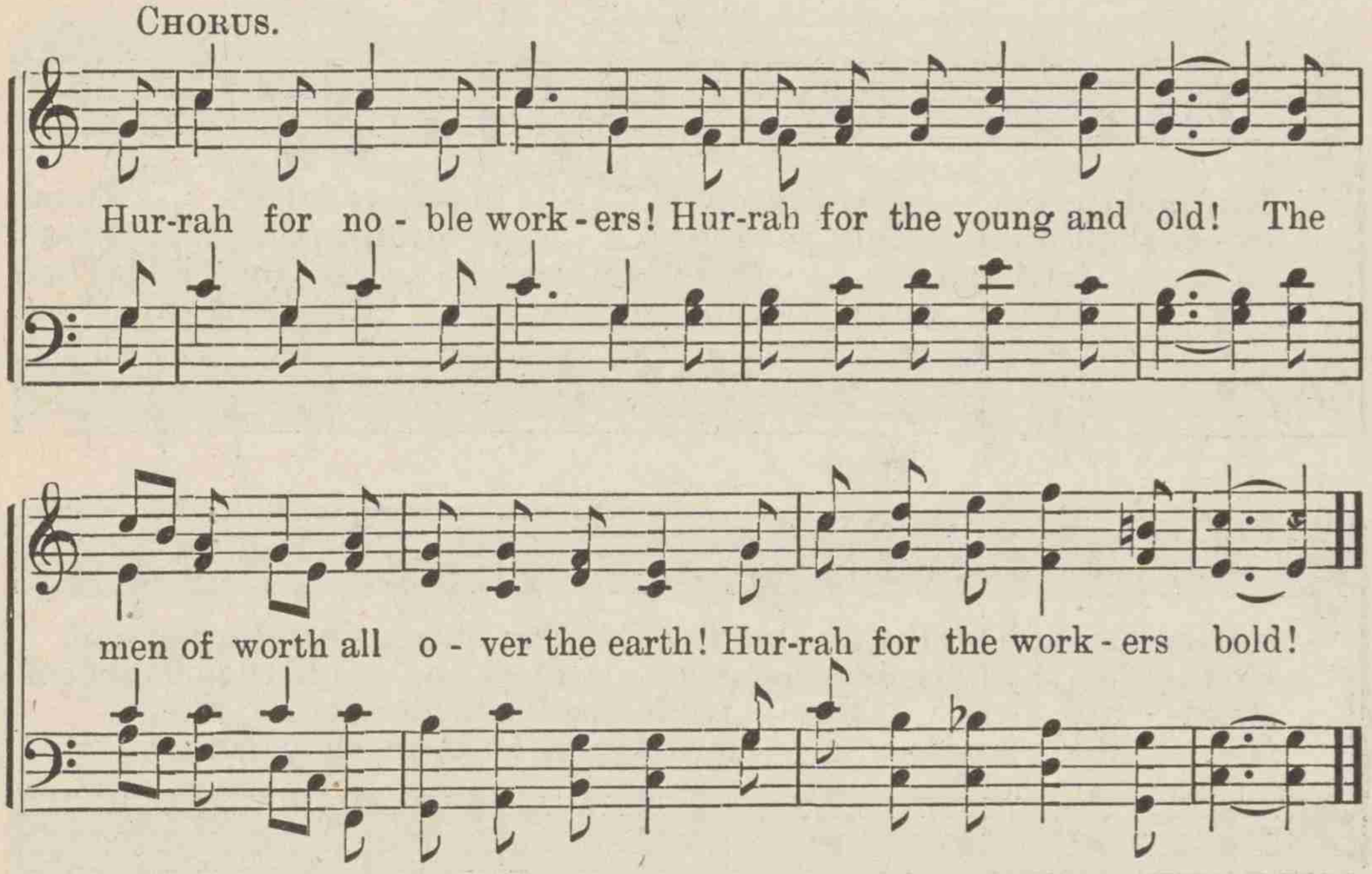




Hurrah for the Men Who Work!



CHORUS.



123 A Y. W. C. T. U. Marching Song.

Tune—"The Battle Hymn of the Republic," No. 64.

1 Mine eyes have seen the glory of a banner white unfurled,
And it bears a God-sent message to all nations of the world;
It will float till liquor's legions from their stronghold shall be hurled;
Our cause is marching on.

* CHORUS.—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Our cause is marching on.

2 A million rain-drops glisten in the bow that spans the skies;
A million bands must help us if our banner still shall rise;
If your hands are weak or weary let your hearts be with the "Y's."
And join them—marching on.

3 Oh, the false notes in life's harmony; the discords and the tears!
Could we make the notes ring truer with the swiftly passing years,
Our work would find an echo in the music of the spheres,
For Truth is marching on.

* The last line of the chorus should correspond to the last line of each stanza.

BERTHA C. THORNE

124 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 land and sea, Proudly wave colors bright, Thou
O'er the free 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;
free dom 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.

125 Be Not Afraid.

Words and music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. When sail - ing o'er the sea of life, The bil - lows rage in an-gry strife;
2. When stand-ing in de-fense of right, And hard and bit-ter grows the fight;
3. When pass-ing un-der-neath the rod, When chastened by the hand of God;

Thy bark by furious tempest tossed, Seems al - most certain to be lost,
Tho' foes of truth be great and strong, And for-tune seems to fa - vor wrong,
When heav - y is thy weight of care, Thy tri - al more than thou canst bear,

Be not a - fraid, be not dis - mayed, For
Be not a - fraid, be not dis-mayed,

Christ, thy Lord, will be thine aid; Be not a - fraid,
Christ, for Christ, thy Lord, will be thine aid, Be not a-fraid,

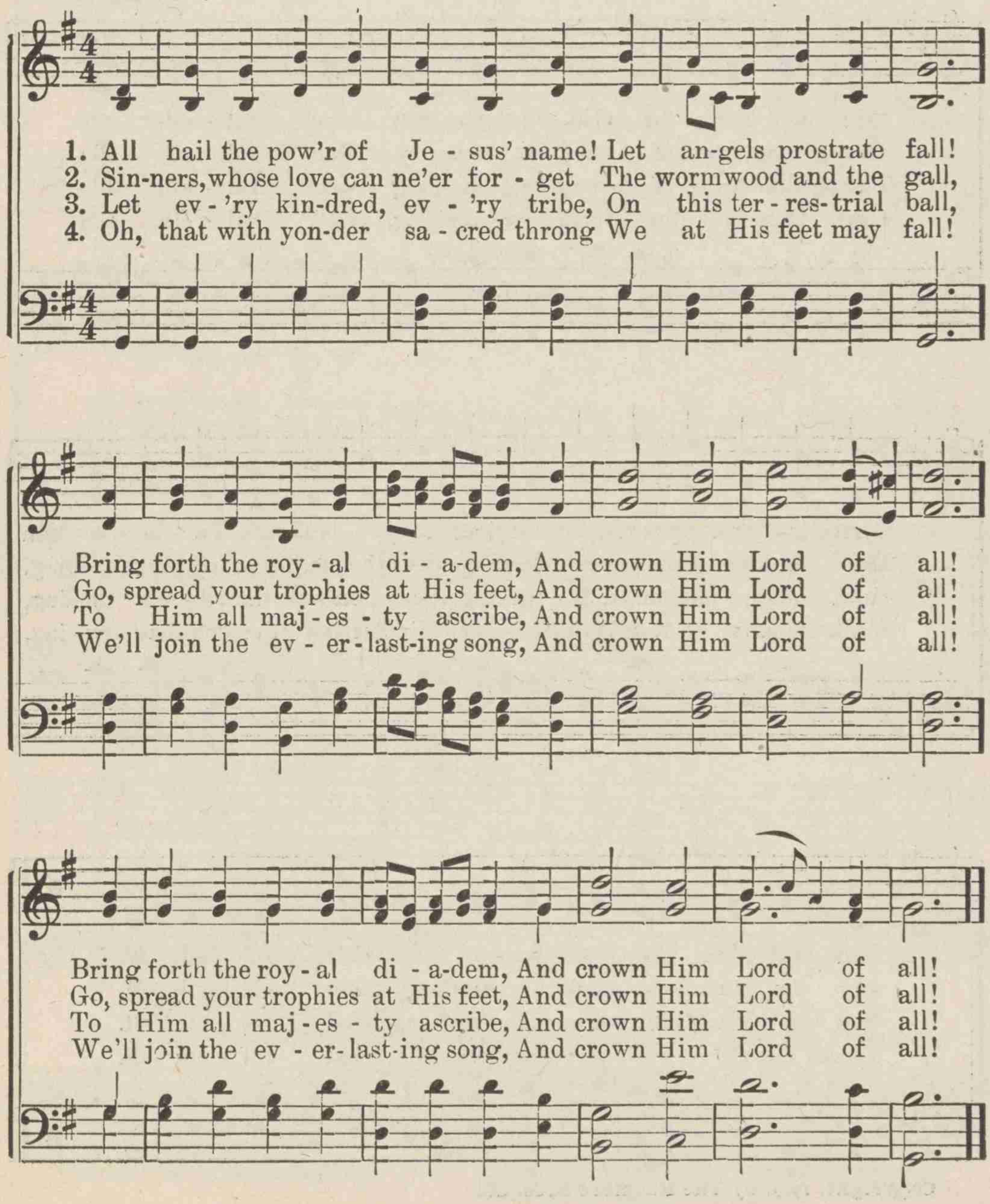
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Be Not Afraid.



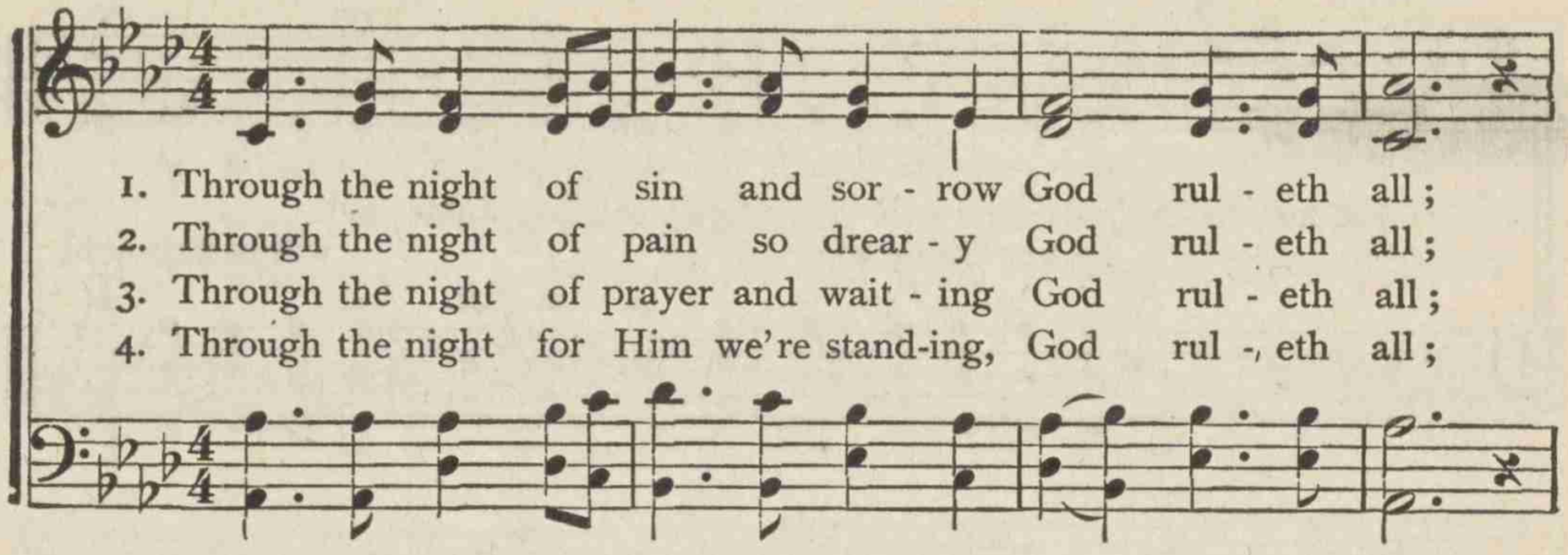
126 All Hail the Power.

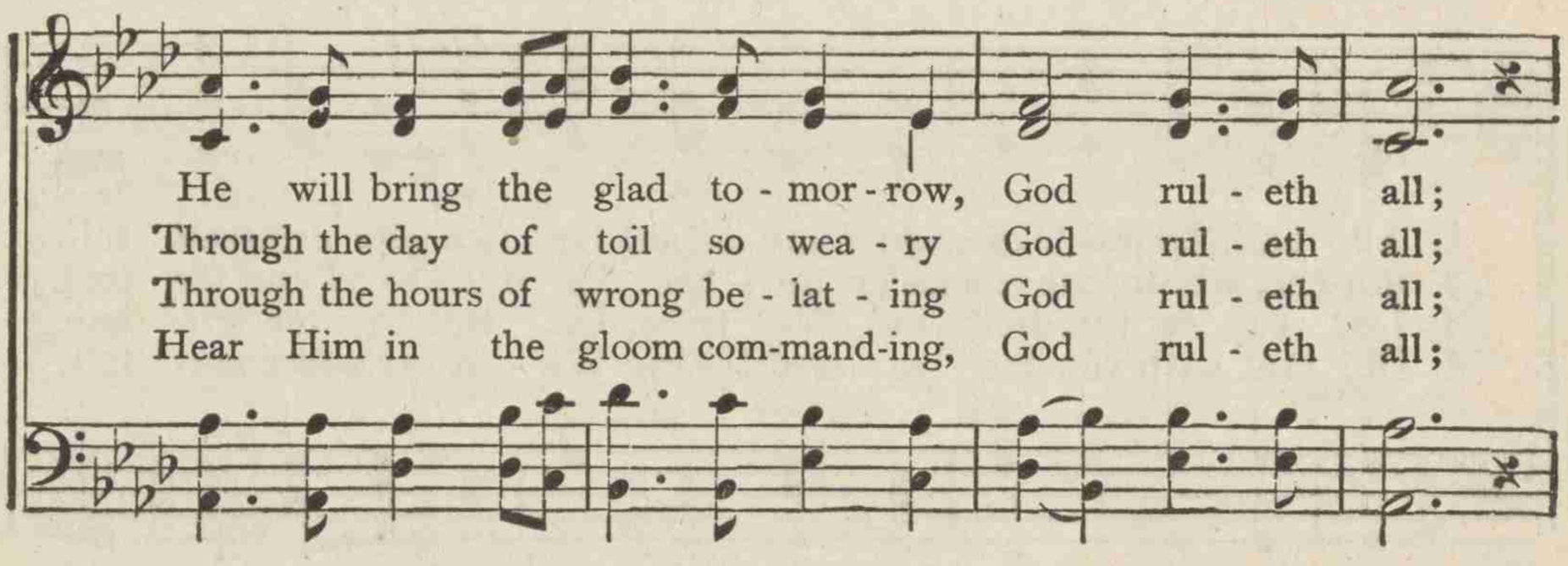
E. PERRONET. O. HOLDEN.

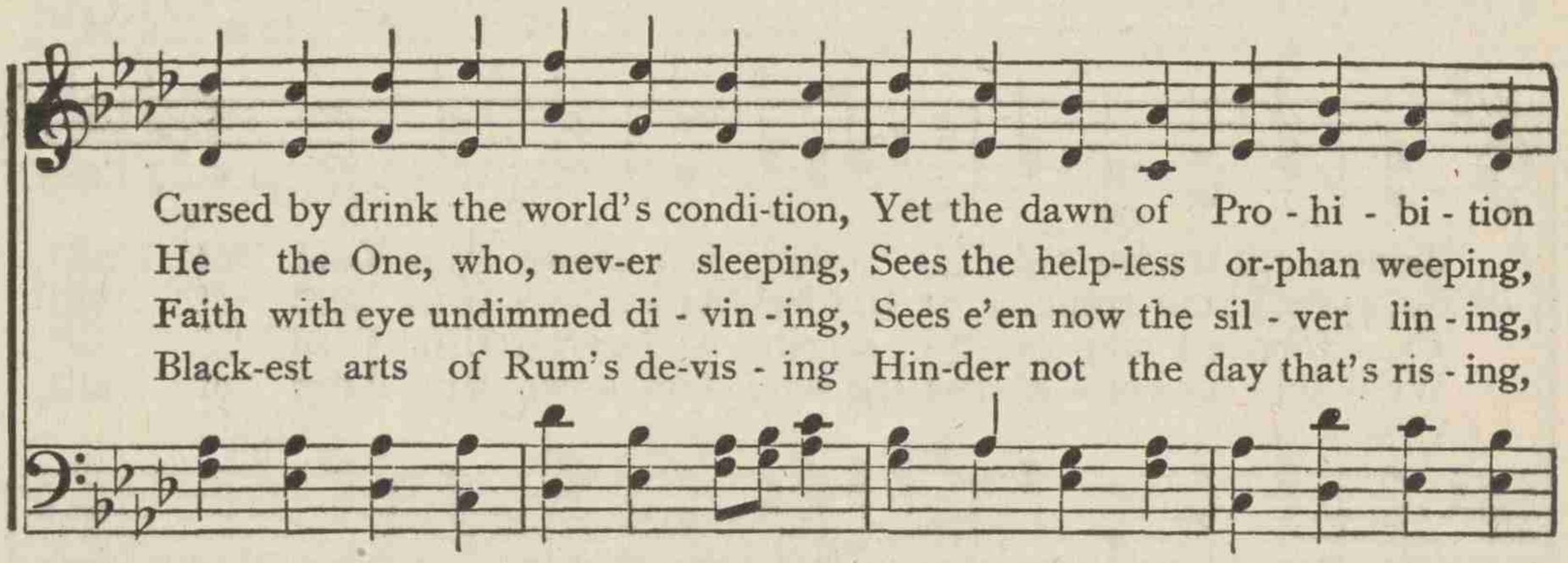


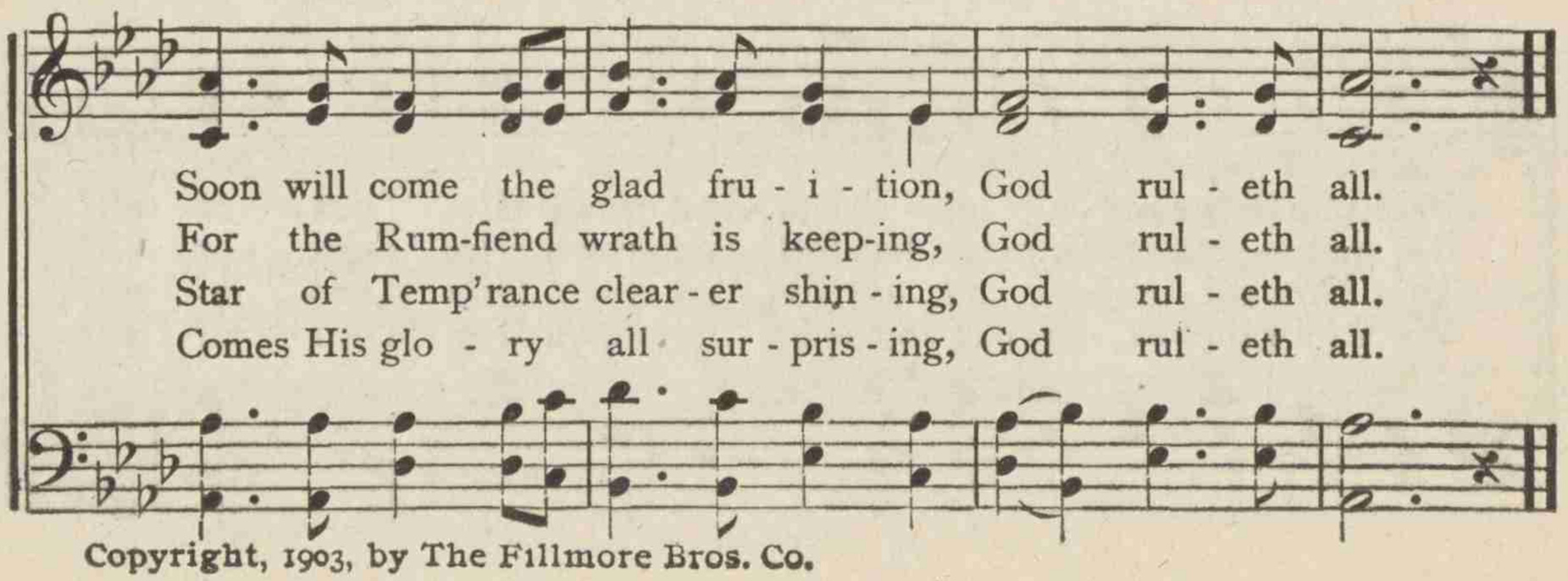
127 God Ruleth All.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. Welsh Air.









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128 Out for Prohibition.

FANNIE B. DAMON. Tune: "Dixey." DAN D. EMMETT.

1. Quit your ease, for - get your sor - row, Give to - day and
Waste no more of wheat and bar - ley, Down with com - pro -

2. Trait - ors' mon - ey take no lon - ger, Li - cense makes the
Don't you know from the be - gin - ning There's one way to

save to - mor-row, Come out (come out), come out (come out), come
mise and par - ley, Come out (come out), come out (come out), come
e - vil stronger, Come out (come out), come out (come out), come
deal with sinning? Come out (come out), come out (come out), come

CHORUS.

out for Pro - hi - bi-tion!
out for Pro - hi - bi-tion! } We're out for Pro - hi - bi - tion! Hur-rah! Hur-
out for Pro - hi - bi-tion!
out for Pro - hi - bi-tion! } We're out for Pro - hi - bi - tion! Hur-rah! Hur-

rah! We're out for Pro - hi - bi-tion! Yes, we're out for Pro - hi - bi - tion!

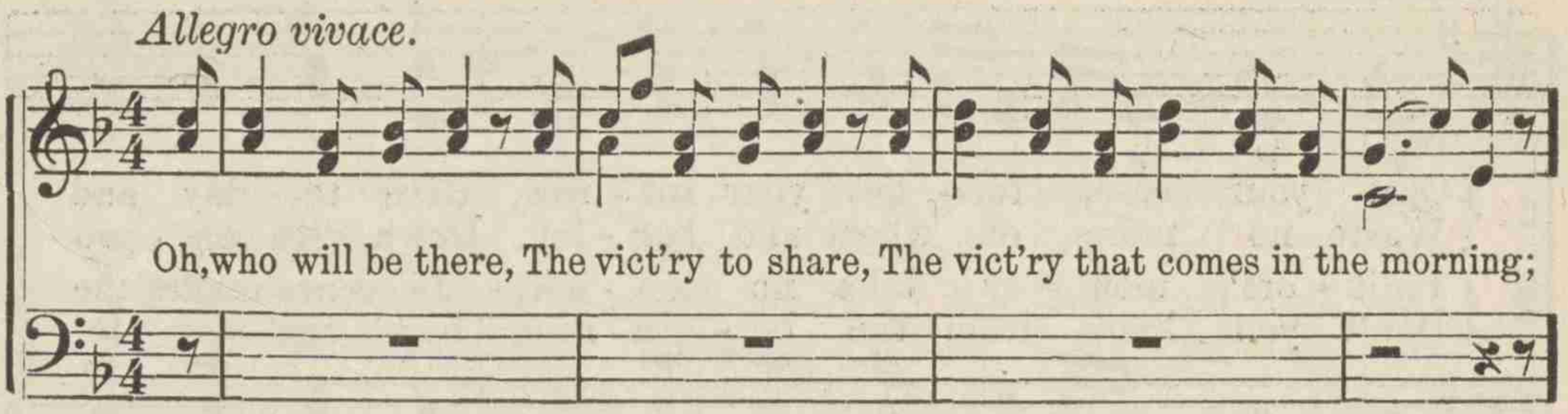
Hur - rah (Hurrah)! Hurrah (Hurrah)! We're out for Pro - hi - bi - tion!

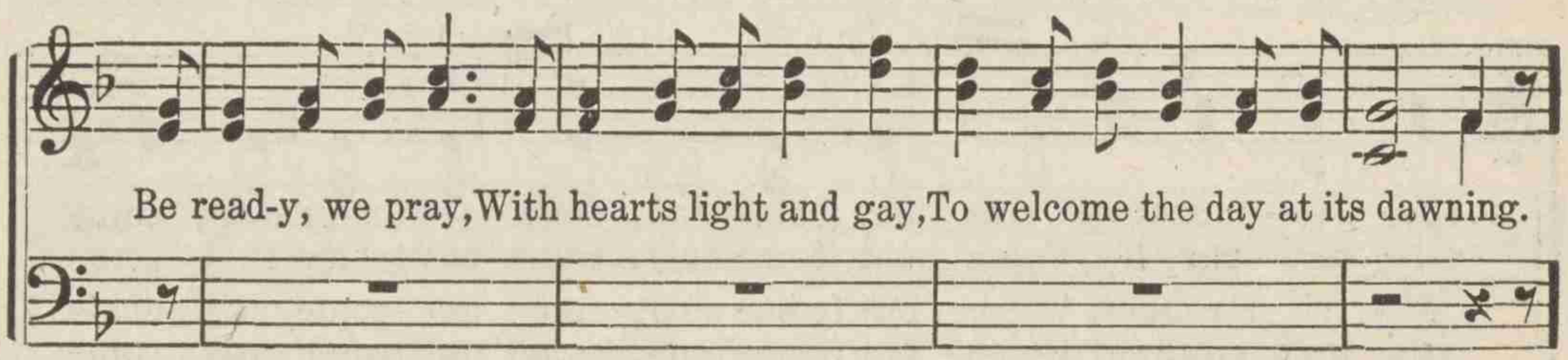
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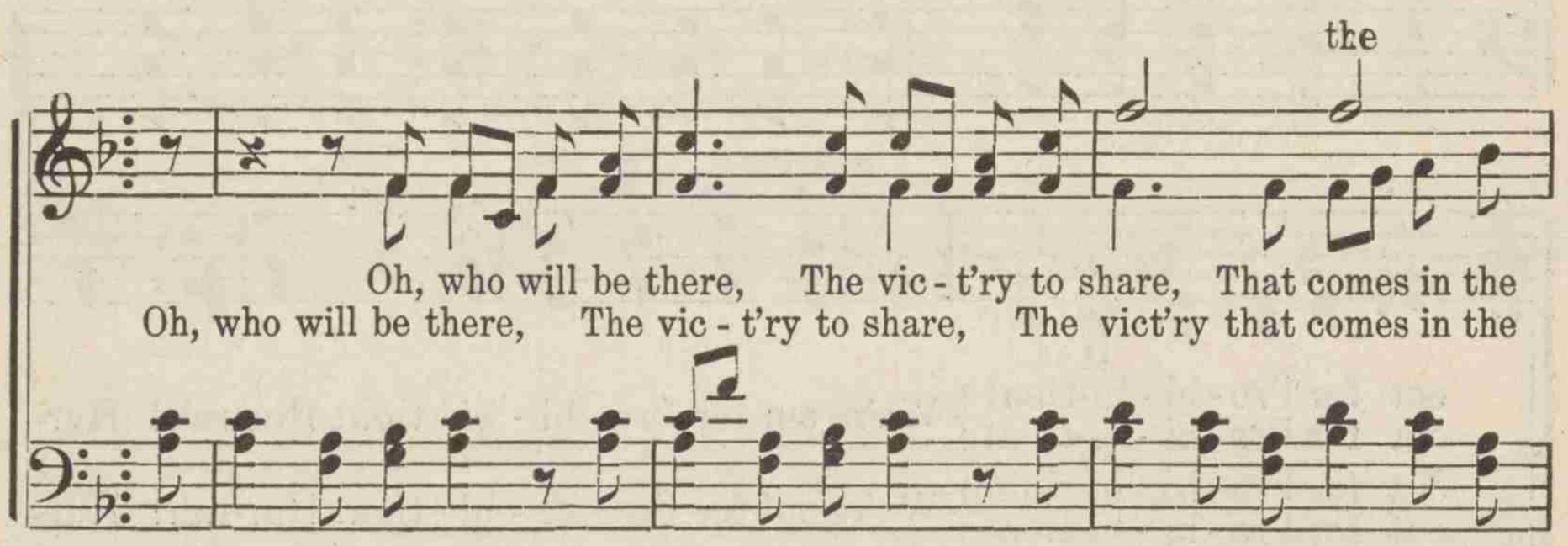
129 Oh, Who Will Be There?

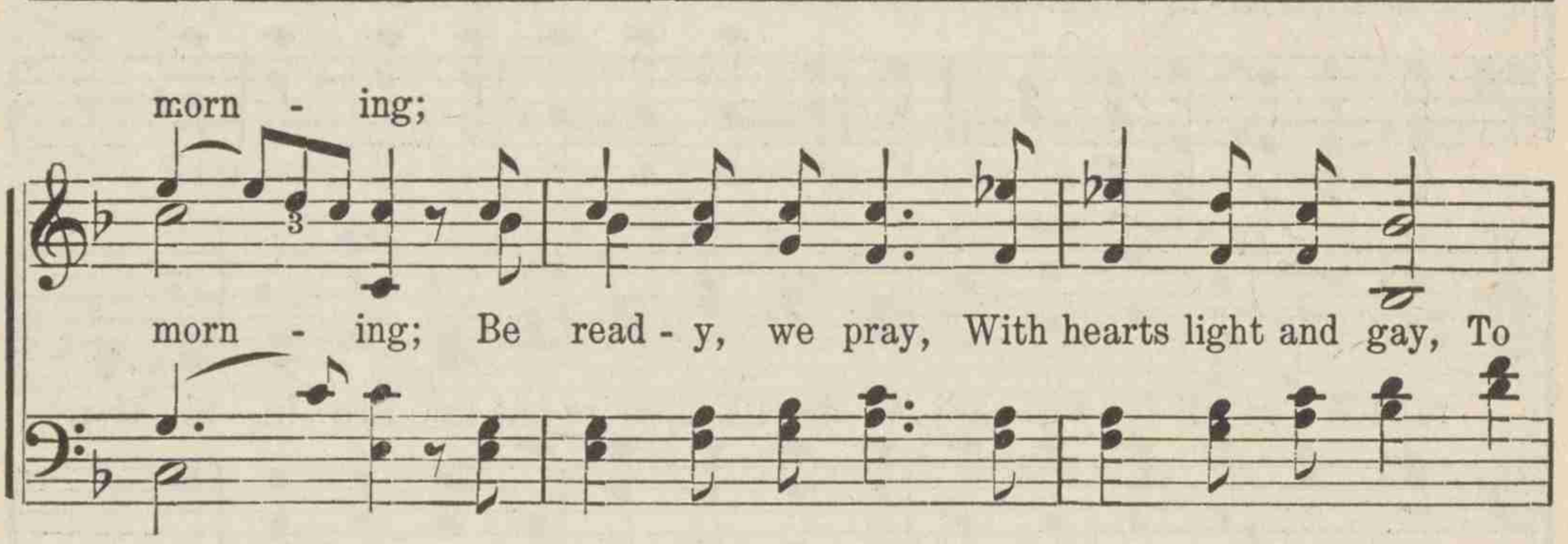
ANNA A. GORDON. MENDELSSOHN.

Allegro vivace.











Copyright, 1904, by Anna A. Gordon.

Oh, Who Will Be There?

Oh, who will be there, The vic - t'ry to share, The
Oh, who will be there, The vic - t'ry to

vic - t'ry that comes in the morn - ing; Be read - y, we pray, With
share, the morn - ing;

That comes in the morn - ing;

hearts light and gay, To wel - come the day at its dawn - ing, To
To wel - come its dawn - ing,

welcome the day at its dawn - ing; its dawn - ing, its dawn - ing,
To welcome its dawn - ing, its dawn - ing, its dawn - ing,

To welcome the day at its dawn - ing.

To welcome the day at its dawn - ing.

The day at its dawn - ing.

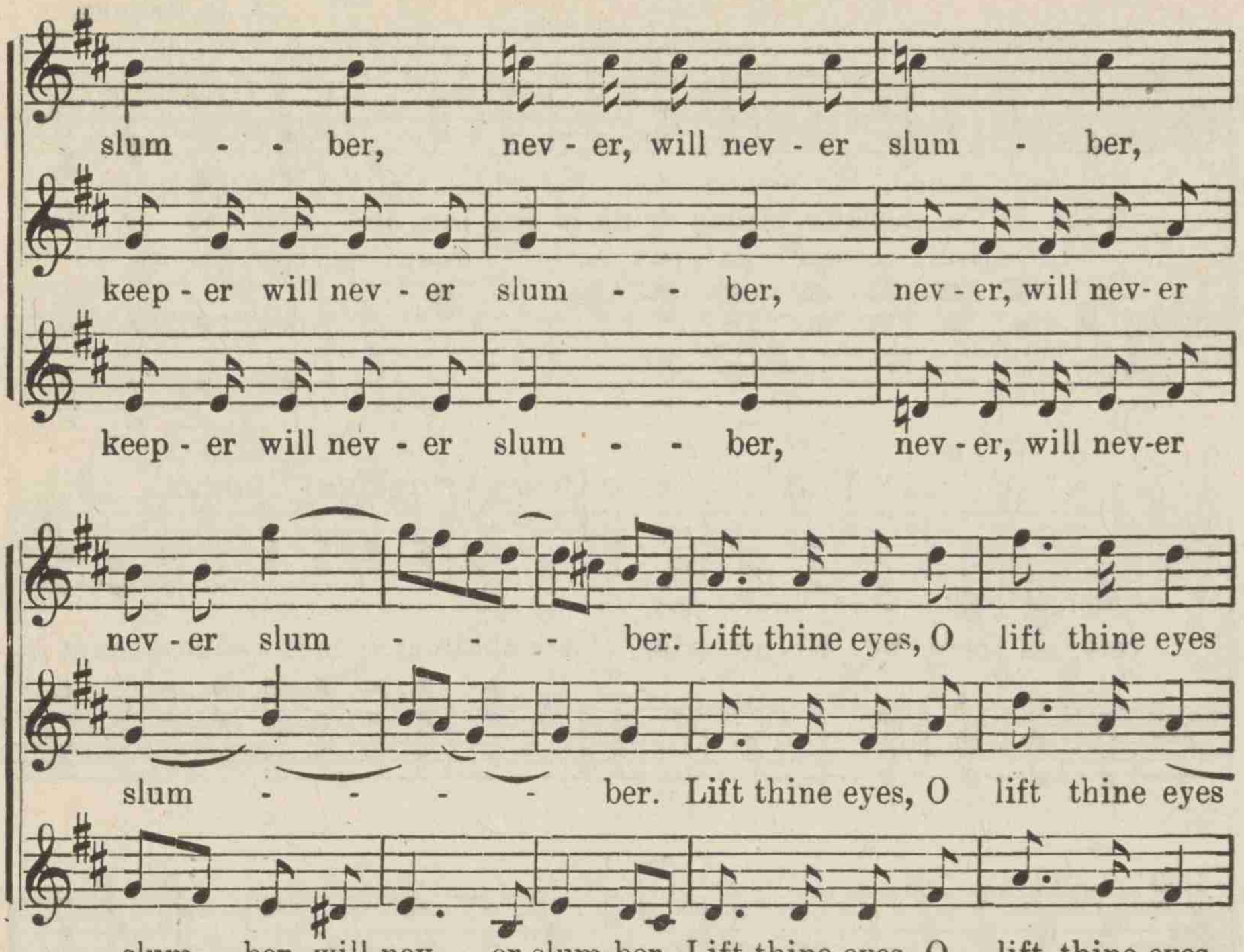
Lift Thine Eyes.

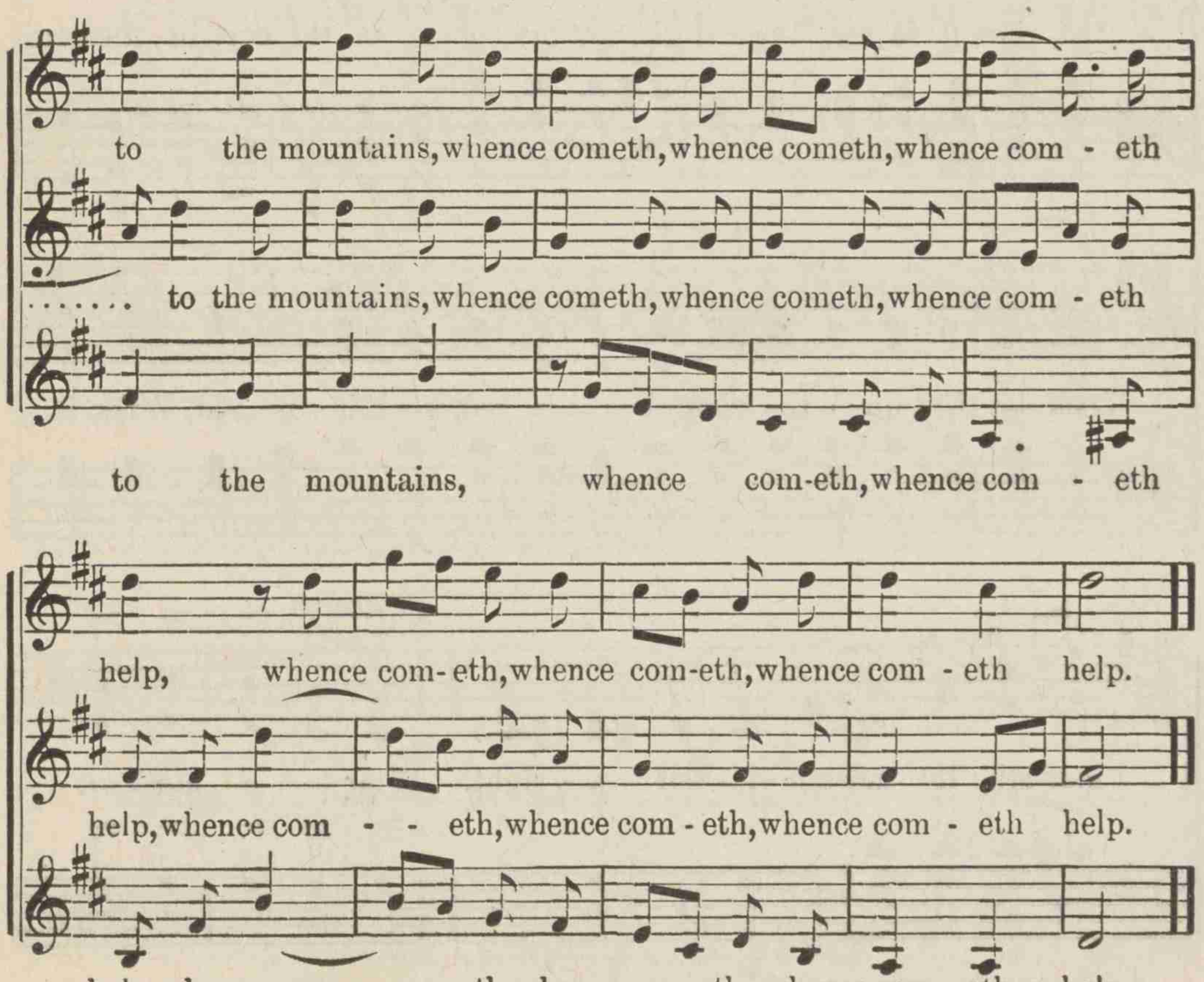
TRIO FOR LADIES' VOICES.

MENDELSSOHN.



Lift Thine Eyes.





Wine Is a Mocker.

J. B. HERRBET.

f CHORUS.

m

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

QUARTET OR SEMI-CHORUS.

ceiv - ed there - by is not wise. Look not thou upon the wine when it is

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

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

f CHORUS.

mov-eth, it moveth it - self a - right. Wine is a mock-er,

By permission of The Fillmore Bros. Co.

Wine Is a Mocker.

m

strong drink is rag-ing, and who - so is de-ceiv- ed there-by is not wise.

SEMI-CHORUS.

For at the last, It bit-eth like a ser-pent, and stingeth like an

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

Dim. e Rit. *f* *A tempo.*

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

m

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

I Will Arise.

R. Cecil.

I will a - rise, I will a - rise, and go to my Fa - ther,

And will say un - to Him, Fa - ther, Fa - ther, I have sin-ned, have

sin - ned, I have sin - ned a-gainst heav'n and be - fore Thee,

And am no more worthy to be call - ed Thy son. I will a - rise,

mf *ppp*

I will a - rise, and go to my Fa - ther, my Fa - ther.

GENERAL INDEX.

	No.
A band of youthful soldiers	59
A Brighter Day Will Soon Be Here	40
All Hail the Power	126
All 'round the world	46
Along life's rugged	78
America	37
A Mighty Fortress Is Our God	3
A Place in the Ranks for Me	51
A Plea for Little Children	16
A Temperance Plea	72
A Temperance Prayer	106
A Temperance Tune	72
A Temperance War Cry	47
A Y. W. C. T. U. Marching Song	123
Battle Song	58
Beautiful Flag of Liberty	124
Be Not Afraid	125
Blest be the Tie	101
Brighter Days are Coming	116
Bring Him Home	55
Caught	48
Christ for the World We Sing	86
Come join in our home-loving	50
Come, come and sing	47
Come, stand bravely forward	53
Contest Song	67, 74
Contest Welcome Song	21
Crown Him King of Kings	104
Crusade Hymn	28
Daylight is Fading	118
De Walls am Comin' Down	39
Each life is a boat	32
Evening Hymn	118
Father, in thy mercy save us	106
Fear Not, O Little Flock	11
Fight the Wrong	29
Fling it out to the breeze	15
Fly Your Banners	87
For God, our Great Commander	12
Fountains of bubbling wine	102
Freemen, Rouse!	33
From ev'ry land and nation	71
From mountains that glisten	52
From the homeland to the far land	64
Give to the winds thy fears	8
Gleams the Promised Land	23
God Bless our native land	28
God, Home and Native Land	32
God of Battles, be our Leader	13
God Ruleth All	117
God's Will Shall Yet Be Done	22
Go Forward	84
God Speed the Right	117
Hail, Home of Liberty	107
Hallelujah Chorus	31
Hallelujah, praise Jehovah	5
Hark! the Temperance Bells	112
Hear my prayer	55
Help me be true	62
Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide	75
Home Protection Hymn	30
Hurrah for the Men Who Work	122

	No.
If a body meet a body	19
I know a little fairy	35
I love to sing when joy impels	100
In a distance I see	81
In His Name	92
In the name of Christ fling	87
In the Name of Christ as King	17
Invocation	1
I seek it the white	77
I sing the praise of water clear	6
I Will Arise	132
Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me	43
Joyously we march on	23
Keep Praying, Toiling On	78
Lift Thine Eyes	130
List! the trumpet of God	51
List to the tread of many	93
Looking upward	60
Lord, Speak to Me	73
Loyal Soldiers	94
Marching Song	84
Marching to Victory	59
Mother's Voice	81
My Country, 'tis of thee	37
My Mother's White Ribbon	63
Native Land	26
Nay, John, Nay	66
Never Give up the Right Way	120
No High License	57
Now, Children, said a mother	48
Now to heaven our pray'rs	7
O Beautiful, Our Country	70
O Church of God, O host	114
O God we pray thee bless	1
O Worship the King	99
Oh, de walls ob sin	39
Oh, Happy Is the Ocean	68
Oh, say can you see	14
Oh, see it gayly smiling	27
Oh! Toilers, On	109
Oh! Sound the Jubilee	20
Oh! trust ye in the Lord	30
Oh, Who Will Be There	129
Once to every man	18
One little Temperance Boy	41
Only a Glass	85
Onward, Christian Soldiers	69
Our Cause Shall On	108
Our Country	54
Our dear Country	54
Our Father, Who Art	80
Our Miriam's Song of Triumph	100
Our Native Land	38
Our Secret	79
Out for Prohibition	128
Out from the hearthstone	96
Praise God from whom	88
Prohibition's Comin'	8
Prohibition is the substance	57
Pure as the Streanlet	103
Put your Shoulder to the Wheel	34

GENERAL INDEX—Continued.

	No.
Raise your voices, children	67
Riding on came the King	56
Safe home in Port	9
Saloons Must Go	93
See the Rum fiend	34
She is gone, and I miss her	63
Sign the Pledge	53
Sing a Song of Prohibition	97
Some Glad Day	46
Stand Up for Jesus	95
Stand up for Prohibition	90
Starting in the race of Life	2
Take courage, temperance worker	44
Tell me, O tell the secret	79
Tell Mother, I'll Be There	110
Temperance Doxology	88
Temperance shall be King	102
Thank God for the fountains	103
The battle trumpet sounds	84
The better plan	19
The Bubble at the Brim	27
The Bubbling Spring	6
The Child at the Door	89
The Christian Race	2
The Closing Hour	119
The College Boys	49
The Crisis	18
The Crusade Psalm	5
The Fairy in the Well	35
The Flag of Stars	45
The Flower of Liberty	4
The foe is great	10
The Legion Band	121
The Home Guard	25
The Lord is My Shepherd	22
The Lord's Prayer	80
The Mother's Prayer	10
The Mountain is high	111
The Rally Song	83
The New Crusade	113
The Star Spangled Banner	14
The Stars that float upon the blue	45
The Temperance Light-house	32
The Temperance Ship	44
The Temperance Tug of War	41
The White Ribbon	77
The White Ribbon Star-Spangled Banner	15
The World Called to the Man	42
The World, The Man, The Children	42
There'll be joy abroad	24
There Will Dawn a Golden Morrow	105
There's a child outside your door	89
There's a rod above the Ocean	20
There's a shadow on the home	58
They tell in song and story	113
Thro' the night of sin and	127
To thee, O country	91
To Show My Love	76
To Win the Day	115
True in heart and loyal	94
True to my Saviour	62
Truth's Glorious Victory	71
Triumphal Song	56
We Are Coming, Dear Leader	52
We are ready to fight	29
We have heard the call	83
Welcome, one and all	21
We'll Lift the World to the Light	50
We March to Victory	36
We march, we march	36
We plead for little children	16
We're contesting for the truth	74
What a stream of crime and woe	17
Wnat Can Children Do	98
What can I do to show thee	76
What flower is this that greets	4
When I was but a little child	110
When prohibition Wins	24
When the Troops Come Marching Home	61
When sailing o'er the sea of Life	125
White Ribbon Rallying Song	64
Who'er Would Win the Battle	65
Who will stand for the homes	25
Will it Pay	96
With heart and voice	82
With songs of love we crown	104
Wine is a Mocker	131
Woman's Cause Shall Win	117
Work and Play	111
You will find that as a rule	49
Y. W. C. T. U. Marching Song	123