THE

FOR ALL

Acemperance Occasions.

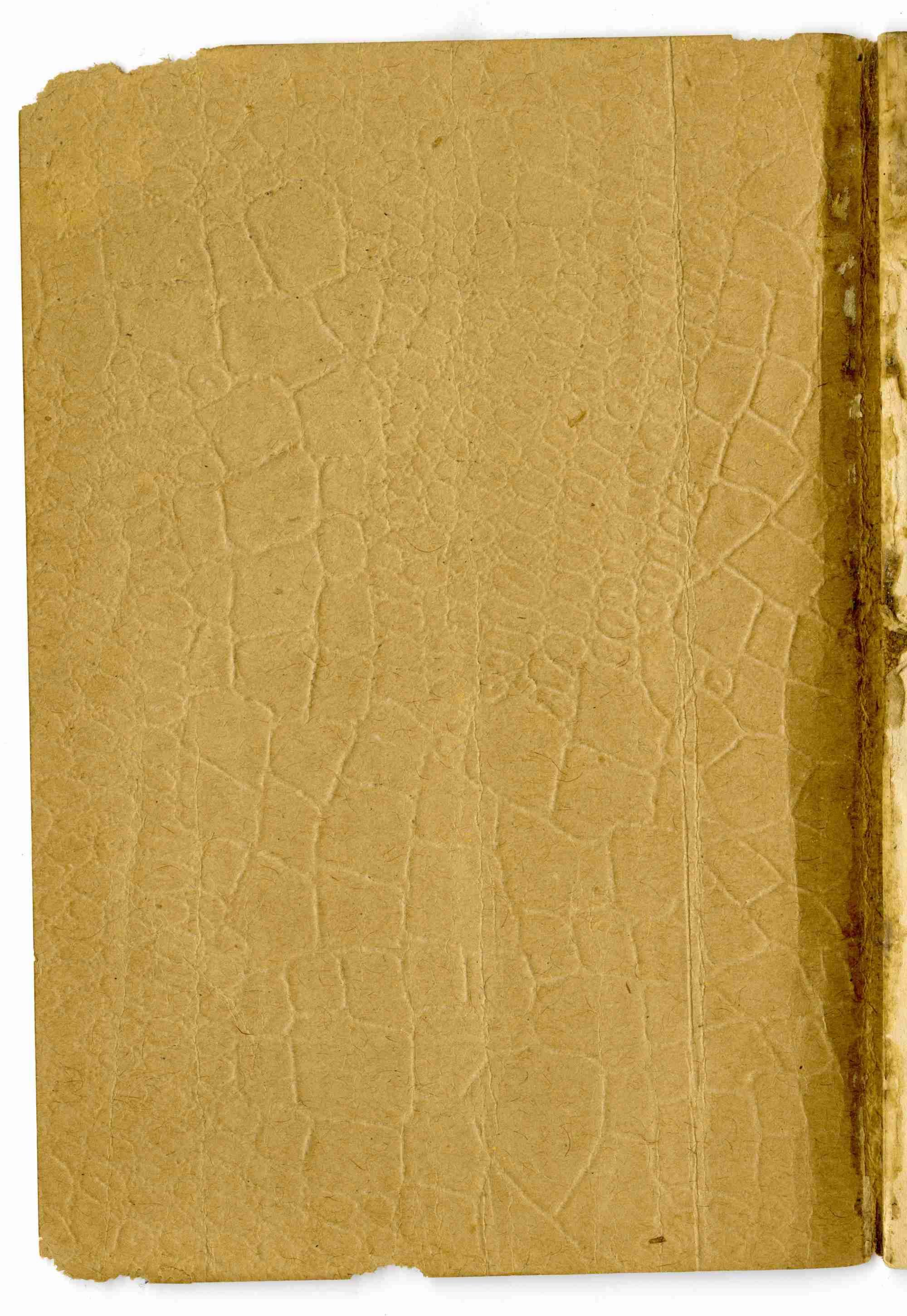
BY

ER. A. GLENN. 22.

THE RUEBUSH-KIEFFER CO.,

Music Publishers.

Dayton, Rockingham County, Va.



THE

Temperance Harp.

NOR



BY



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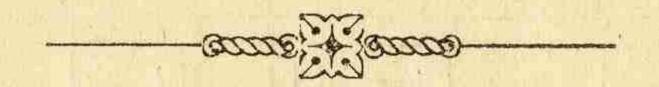
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*TEMPERANCE*FARP.*



No. 1. INTEMPERANCE, LIKE A RAGING FLOOD.









No. 3. Woes of the Wine-Cup.

Tune, Sweet By and By.

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

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

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

Chorus-It will come, etc.

To the Fountain of unfailing love
We will pray that the time soon may come,
When the truth, as revealed from above,
Stops the sale and the making of rum.

Chorus—It will come, etc.





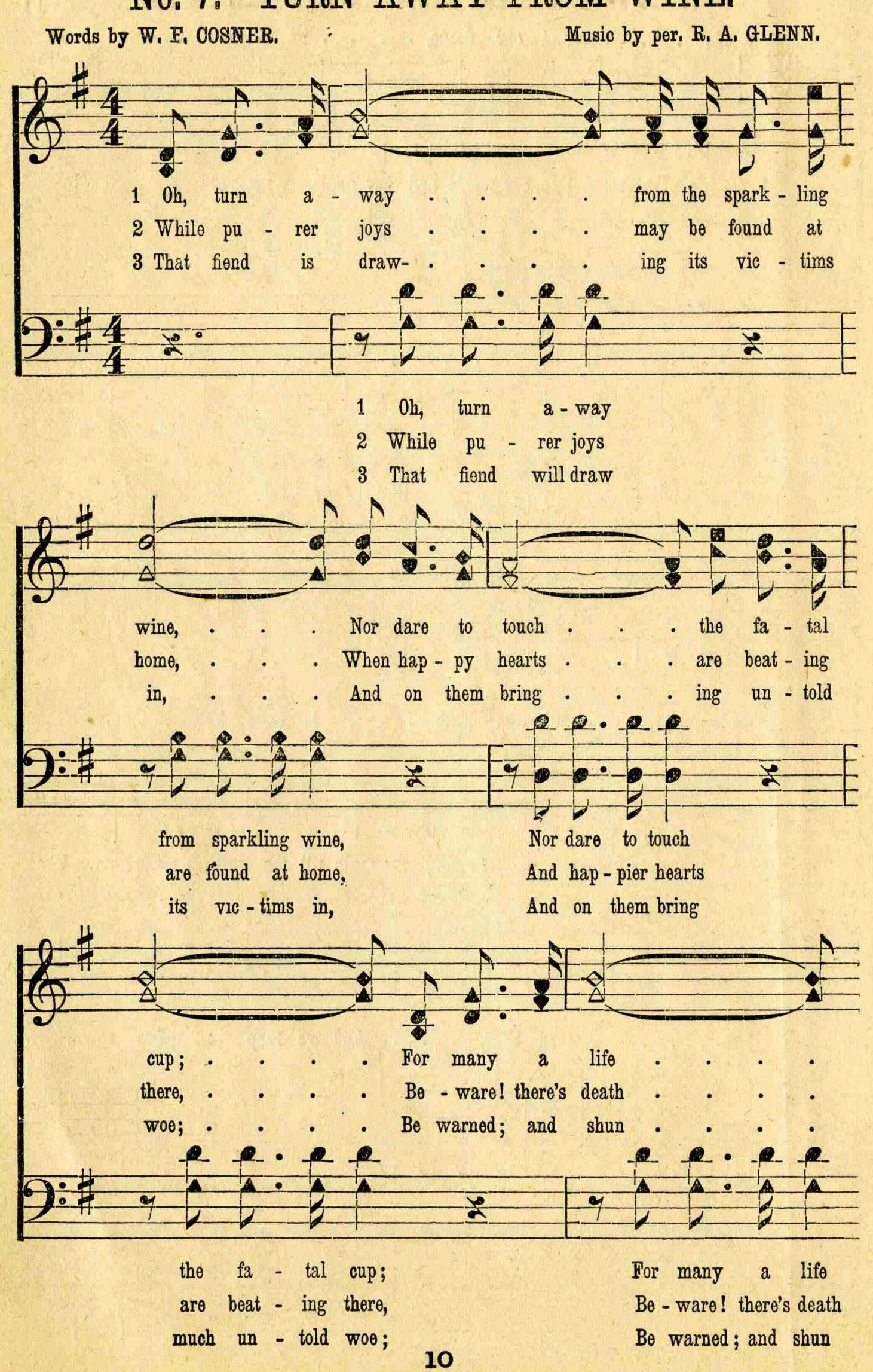








No. 7. TURN AWAY FROM WINE.



TURN AWAY FROM WINE. Continued.











No. 8. COME JOIN OUR BAND.

BY R. A. GLENN.

Tune, Only an Armor Bearer.

- I Who will be first to come and join in our band?

 Jesus, our Captain, will lead the van;

 Dare, then, to do the right and fall in line,

 Marching forward boldly, and the pledge to sign.
 - Cho.—Who'll be the next to come and join to-night?

 Come, with your armor on, battle for right;

 Never say halt till the vict'ry's won;

 Jesus our Captain, he will lead us on.
- Who'll be the next to come and take up their stand? Wait not for any one, but come while you can; Come, then, and be a man, and join our host, Marching on to vict'ry, each one at his post.
- Haste! for the Captain's calling; make no delay;
 Join in the conflict; help us win the day;
 Then shall the shout of triumph loudly ring,
 Glory and honor to our Lord and King.



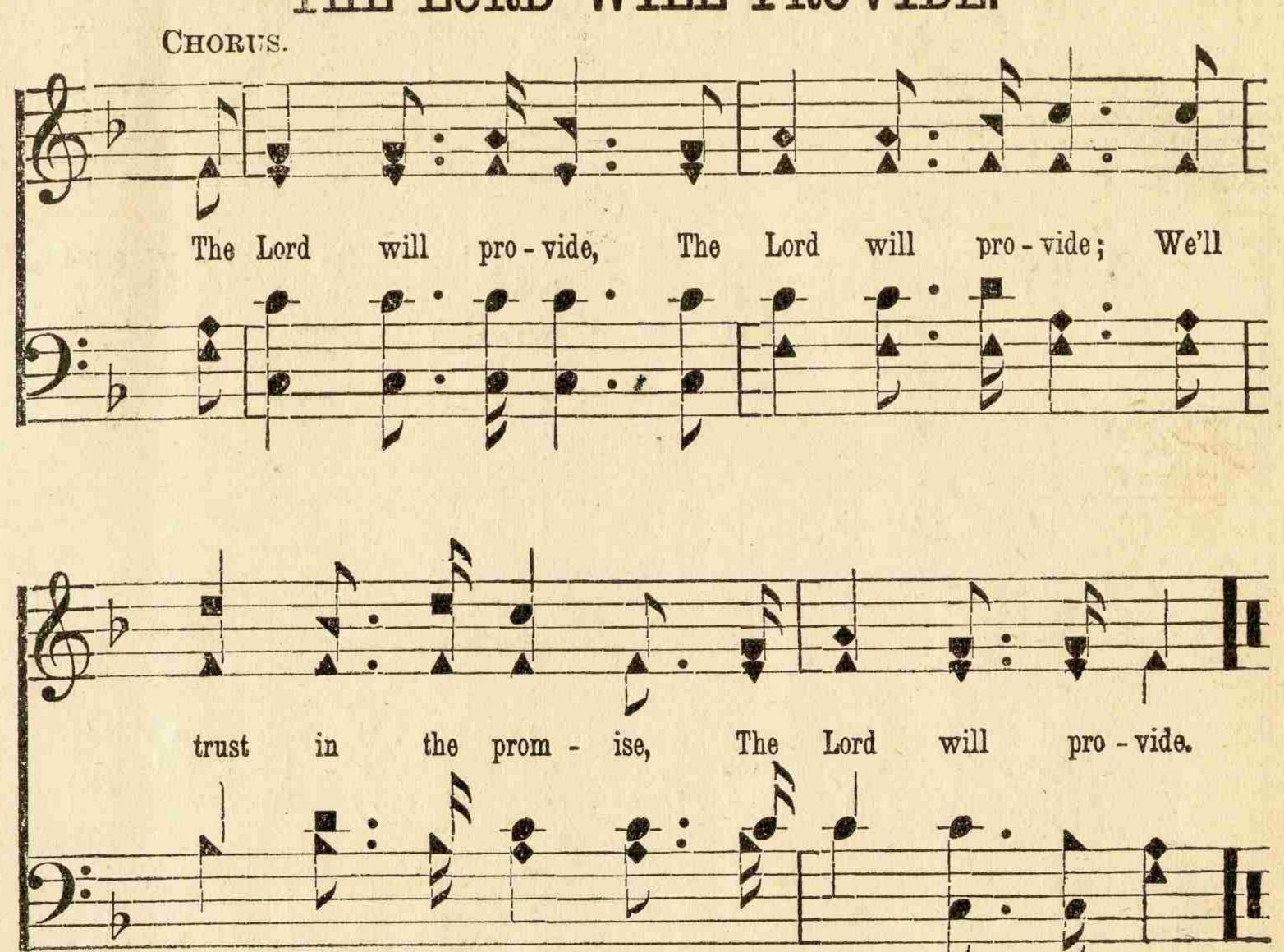


GO MARCHING ON.





THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.



No. 12. The Maddening Bowl.

Tune, Arlington.

- Oh, do not touch the maddening bowl!

 'T will lead thee far astray;

 'T will quench the gladness of thy soul,

 And steal thy hopes away.
- What numbers in the graveyard lie,
 Who might be living still,
 Had they been timely warned to fly
 This fiery fount of ill;
- Now while their wretched offspring weep,
 Their souls in darkness dwell;
 For justice must in anger sweep
 The drunkard down to hell.





No. 14. Don the Badge of Blue.

BY R. A. GLENN.

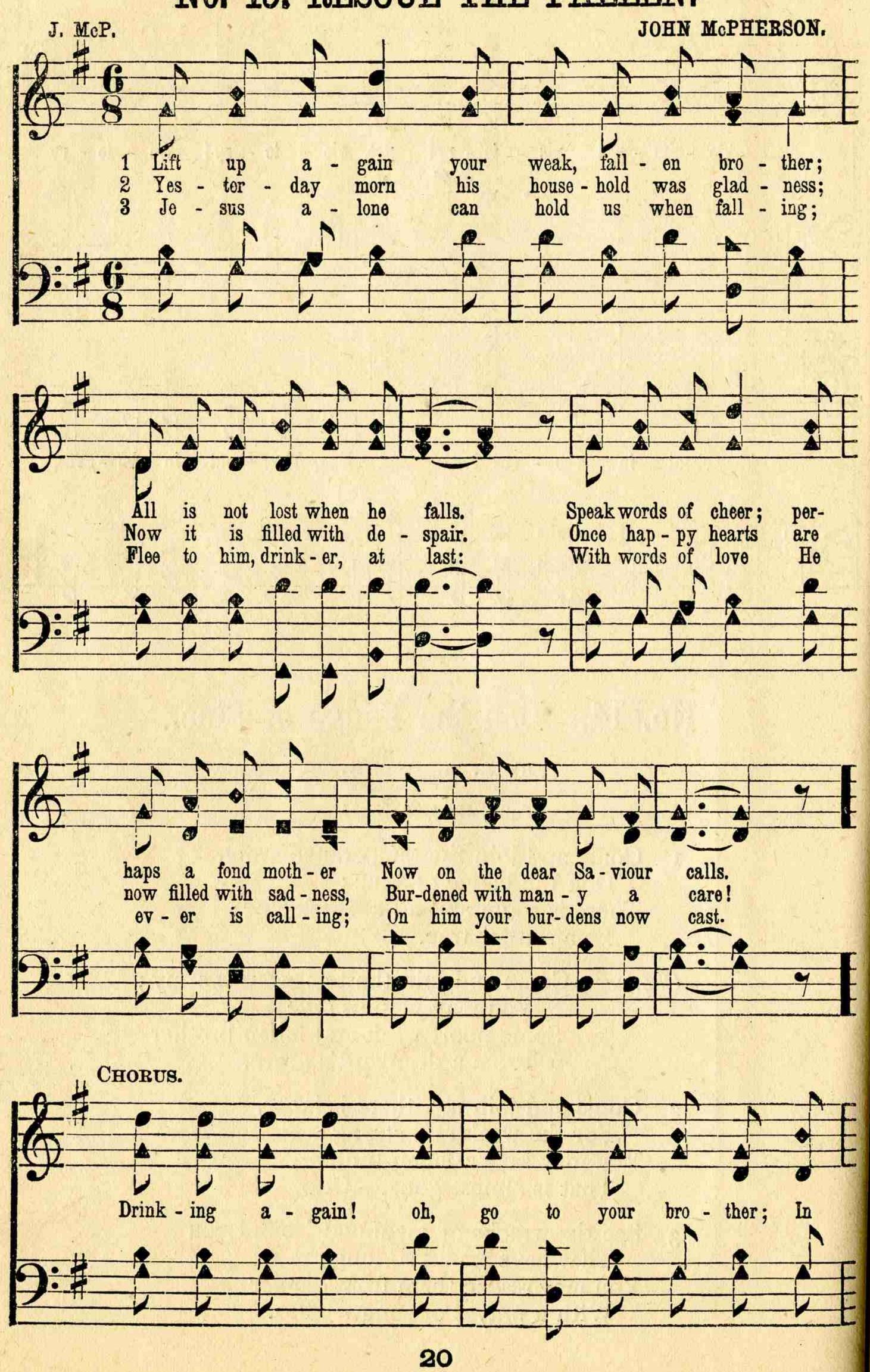
Tune, Hold The Fort.

Come and join the temperance army,
Don the badge of blue;
There is room and all are welcome:
Be a soldier true.

Chorus.—Come and join the temperance army;
You may help us save
Some poor, weak and fallen brother
From a drunkard's grave.

- Come and join us: there is labor,
 For the weak and strong;
 You may save a fallen brother,
 That is almost gone.—Cho.
- 3 See the wrecks of manhood 'round you
 That have drank so long;
 You may rescue them from danger
 With a prayer or song.—Cho.

No. 15. RESCUE THE FALLEN.





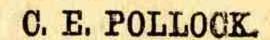
No. 16. While the Days are going by.

ARRANGED BY R. A. G.

Tune, What a Friend we have in Jesus,

- There are lonely hearts to cherish,
 While the days are going by;
 There are weary souls who perish
 While the days are going by.
 If a smile we can renew,
 As our journey we pursue,
 Oh, the good we might be doing
 While the days are going by.
- While the days are going by;
 Let your face be like the morning
 While the days are going by.
 Oh, the world is full of sighs,
 Full of sad and weeping eyes;
 Help to raise your fallen brother,
 While the days are going by.
- 3 All the loving links that bind us
 While the days are going by;
 One by one we leave behind us
 While the days are going by.
 But the seed of good we're sowing,
 Both in shade and shine will grow,
 And will keep our hearts all glowing,
 While the days are going by.

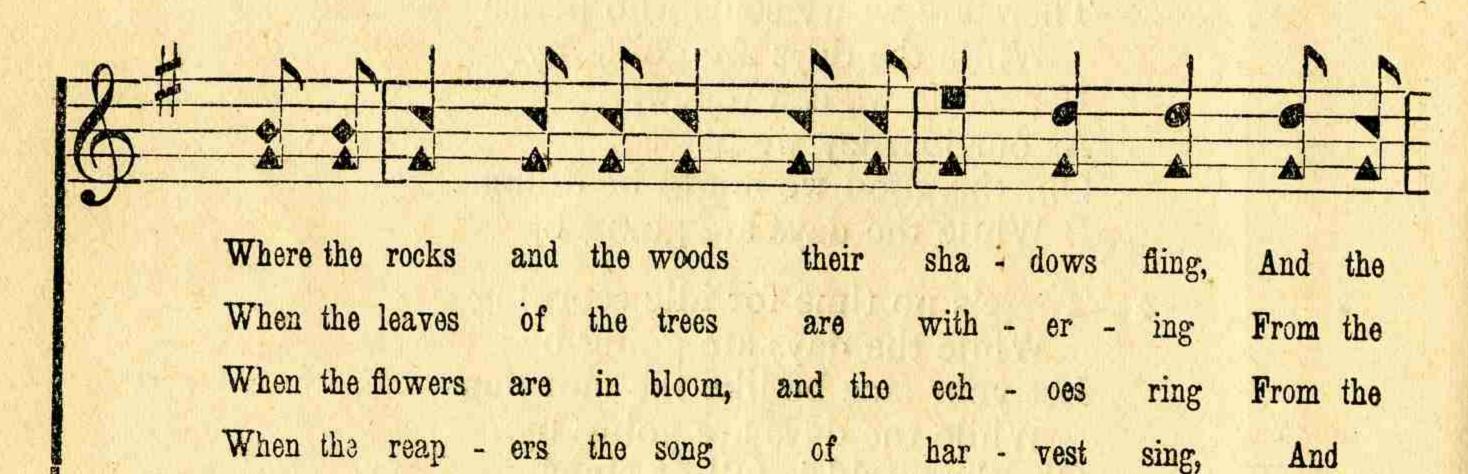
No. 17. CRYSTAL SPRING.

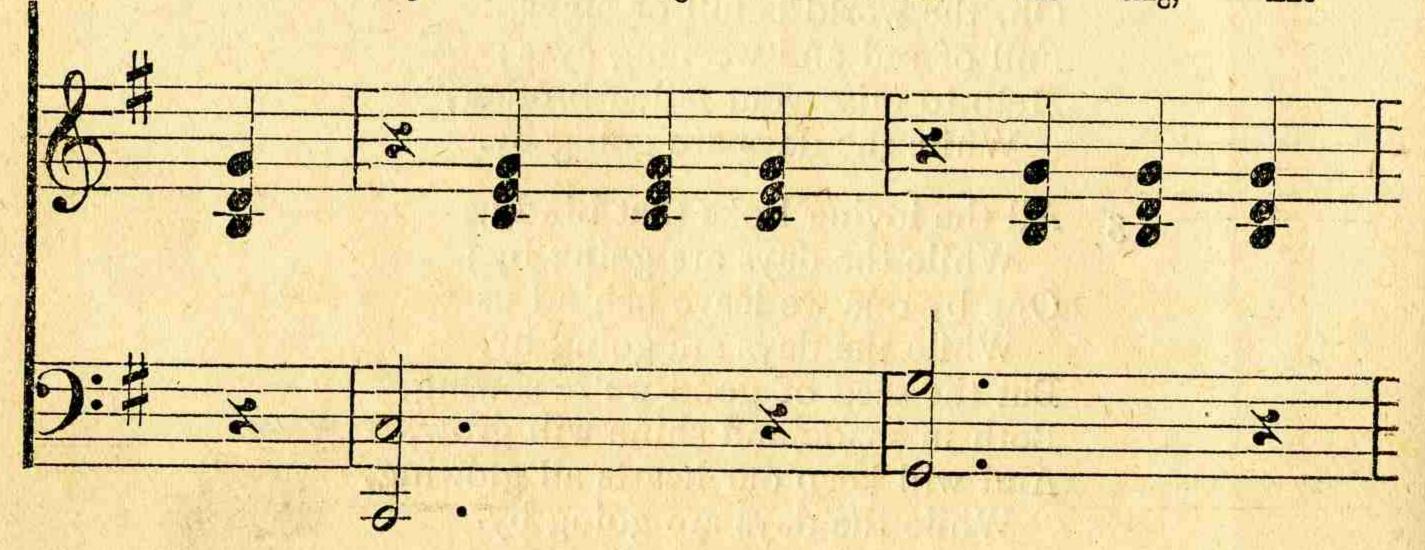




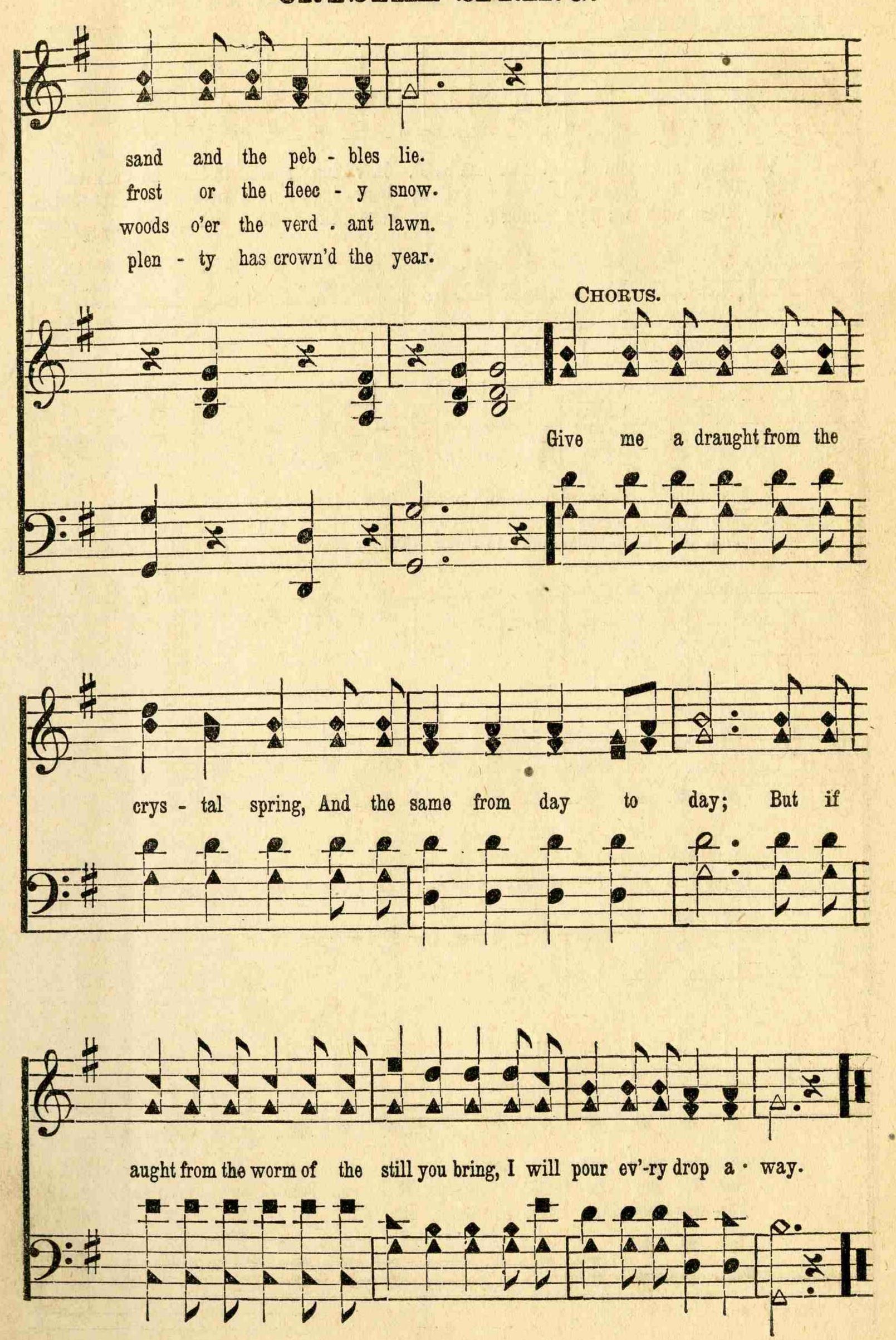
- a draught from the crys-tal spring When the burning sun is high;
- Give me a draught from the crys-tal spring When the cooling breez es blow;
- Give me a draught from the crys-tal spring When the win-try winds are gone;
- 4 Give me a draught from the sparkling spring When the ripening fruits ap pear;







CRYSTAL SPRING.







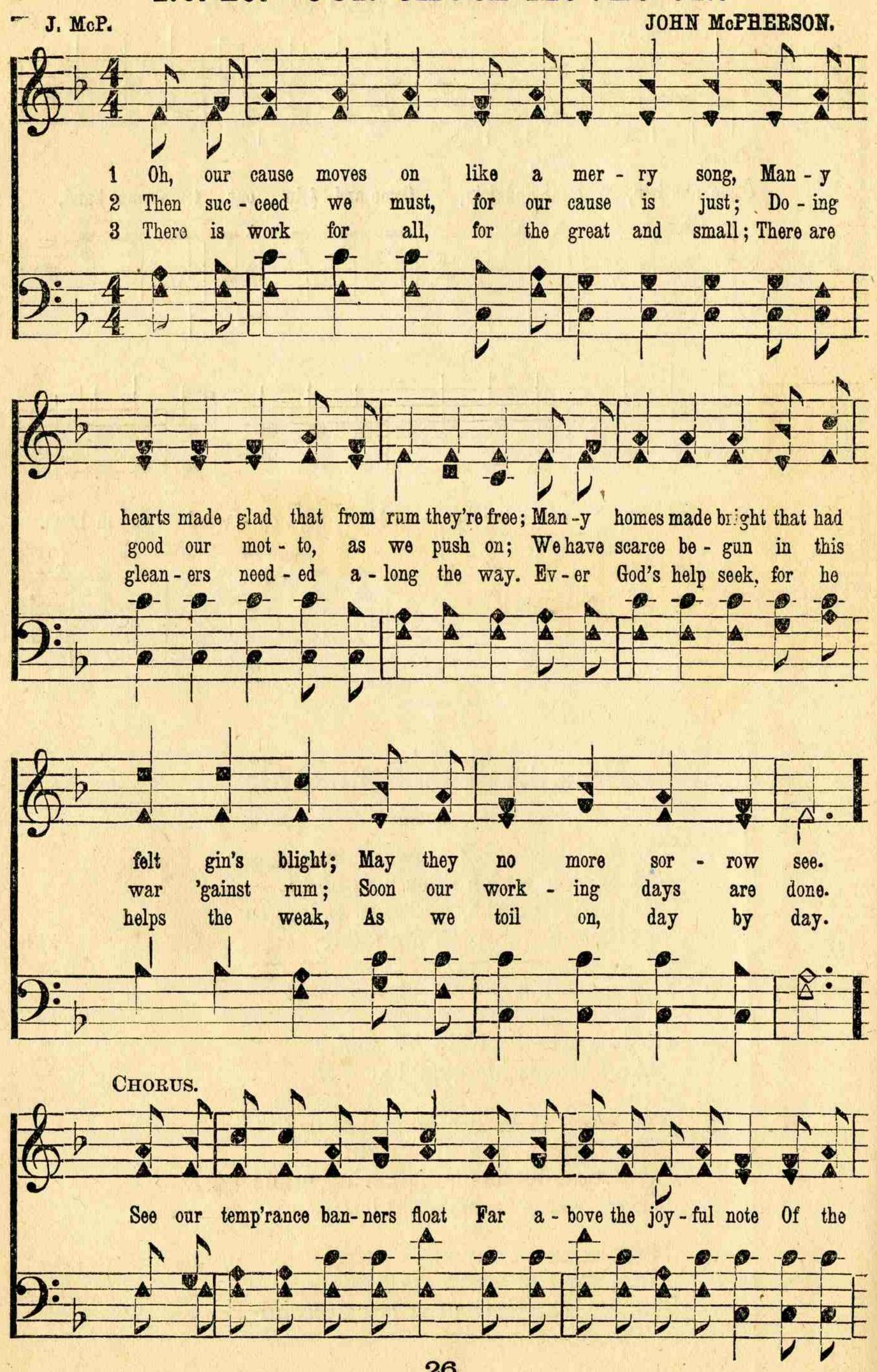


No. 19. The Drunkard.

Tune, Ortonville.

- The drunkard wastes away his strength
 For that which does no good;
 He madly drinks, and sees at length
 His children pine for food.
- The sparkling poison of the bowl Makes all the man decay;
 Creates a hell within his soul,
 And clouds his troubled way.
- And when at length he comes to die,
 He shrieks in wild affright;
 For snaky fiends are gathering nigh:
 Hell opens to his sight!
- Then let us to our ways attend,
 For God in wrath decrees,
 That drunkards shall at last descend
 To endless agonies.

No. 20. OUR CAUSE MOVES ON.



OUR CAUSE MOVES ON.



No. 21. Mourn for the Lost.

Tune, Boylston.

- Mourn for the thousands slain,
 The youthful and the strong:
 Mourn for the wine-cup's fatal reign,
 And the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the tarnished gem,—
 For reason's light divine
 Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
 Where God hath bid it shine.
- Mourn for the ruined soul,—
 Eternal life and light
 Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
 And turned to hopeless night.
- Mourn for the lost; but call,
 Call to the strong, the free:
 Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall
 And to the refuge flee.
- Mourn for the lost; but pray,
 Pray to our God above,
 To break the fell destroyer's sway,
 And show his saving love.







No. 23. Stand up for Temperance.

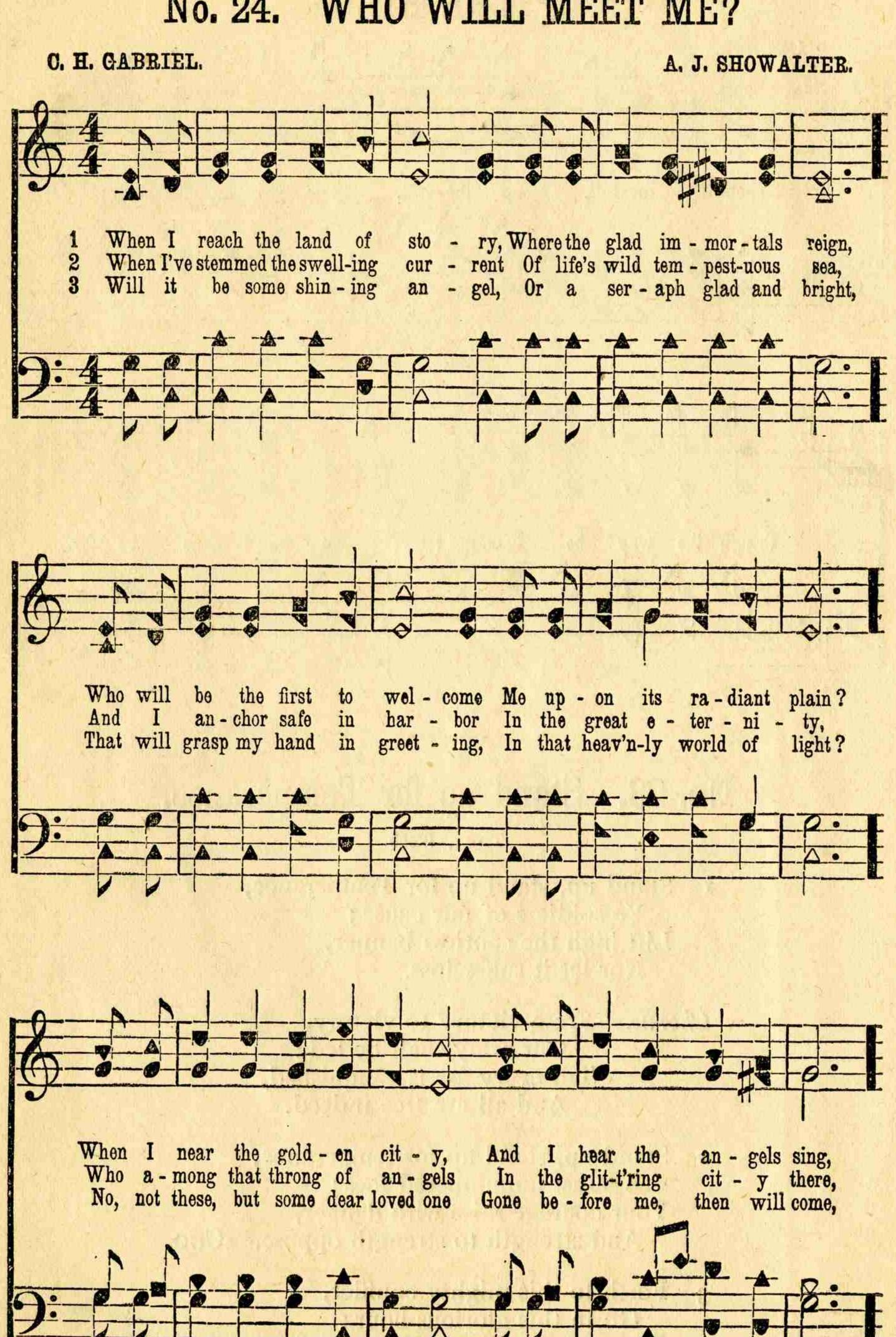
Tune, Webb.

Ye soldiers of our cause;
Lift high the spotless banner,
Nor let it suffer loss.

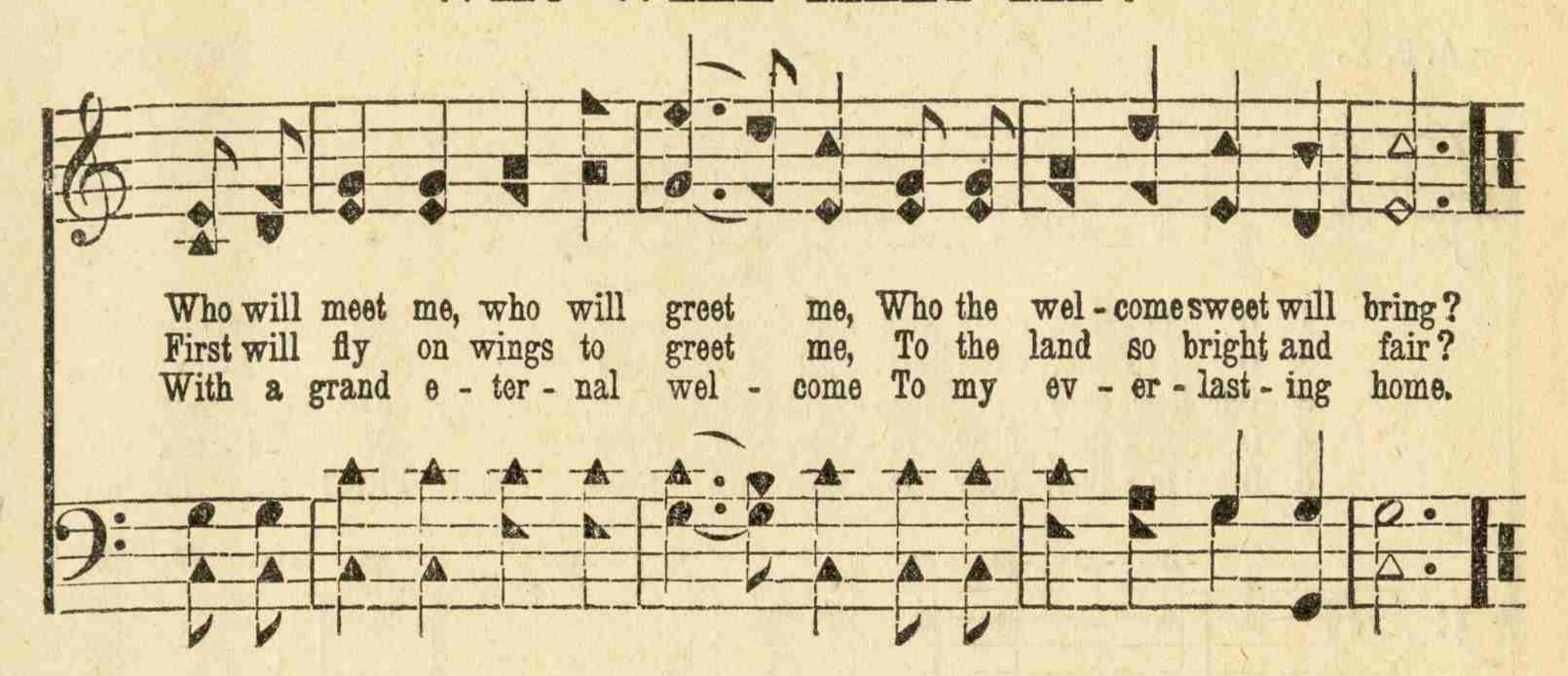
Chorus.—From victory to victory,
Our army shall be led;
Till every foe is vanquished,
And all are free indeed.

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

No. 24. WHO WILL MEET ME?



WHO WILL MEET ME?



No. 25. We Praise Thee.

Tune, Hebron.

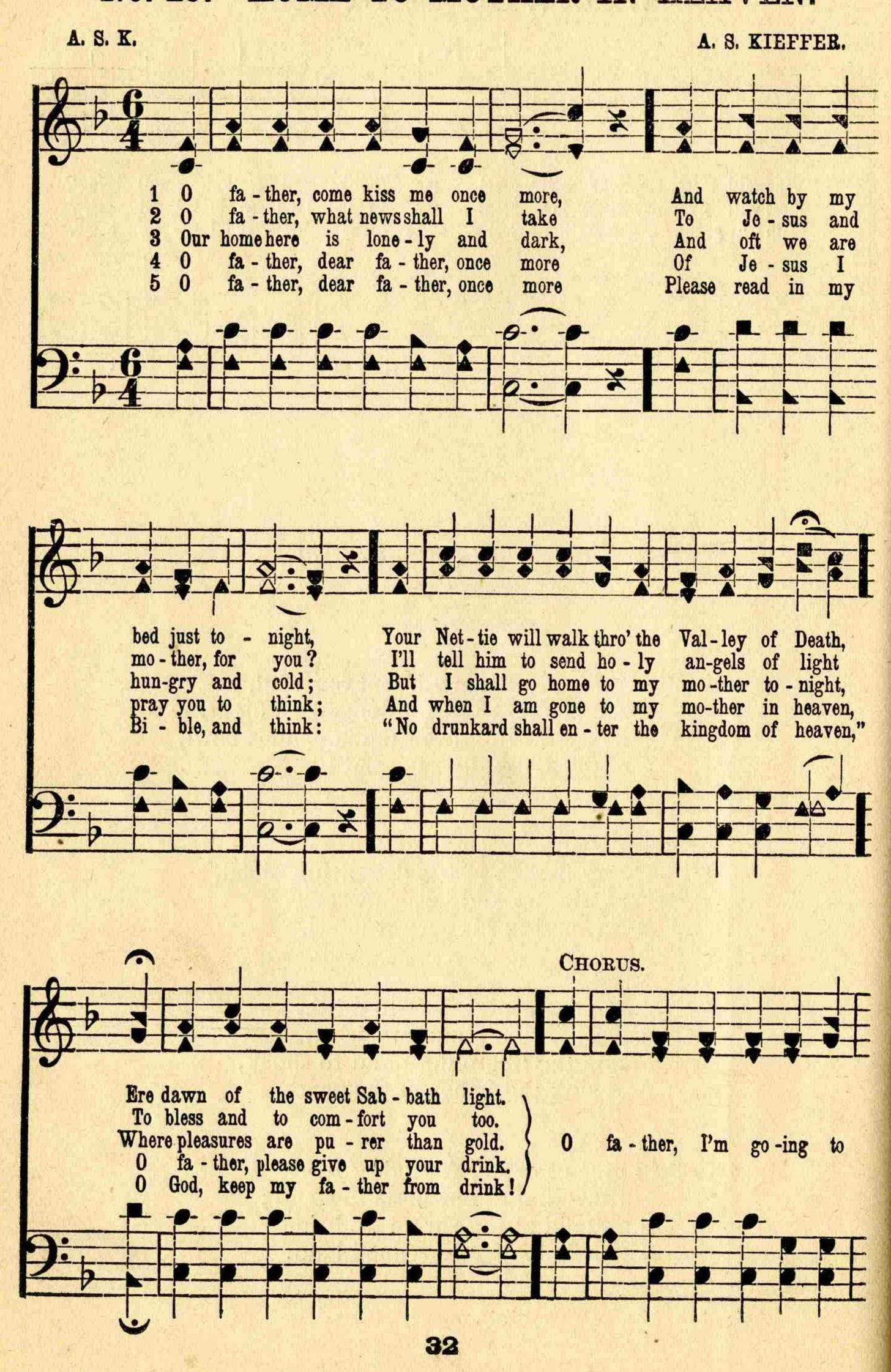
- We praise thee, Lord, if but one soul,
 While the past year prolonged its flight,
 Turned shudd'ring from the pois'nous bowl,
 To health, and liberty, and light.
- We praise thee, if one clouded home,
 Where broken hearts despairing pined,
 Beheld the sire and husband come
 Erect, and in his perfect mind.
- No more a weeping wife to mock,

 Till all her hopes in anguish end,—

 No more the trembling mind to shock,

 And sink the father in the fiend.
- Still give us grace, Almighty King,
 Unwavering at our posts to stand;
 Till grateful at thy shrine we bring
 The tribute of a ransomed land.

No. 25. HOME TO MOTHER IN HEAVEN.



HOME TO MOTHER IN HEAVEN.















No. 31. ON WITH THE WORK.





No. 33. THE FOUNTAIN.



THE FOUNTAIN.

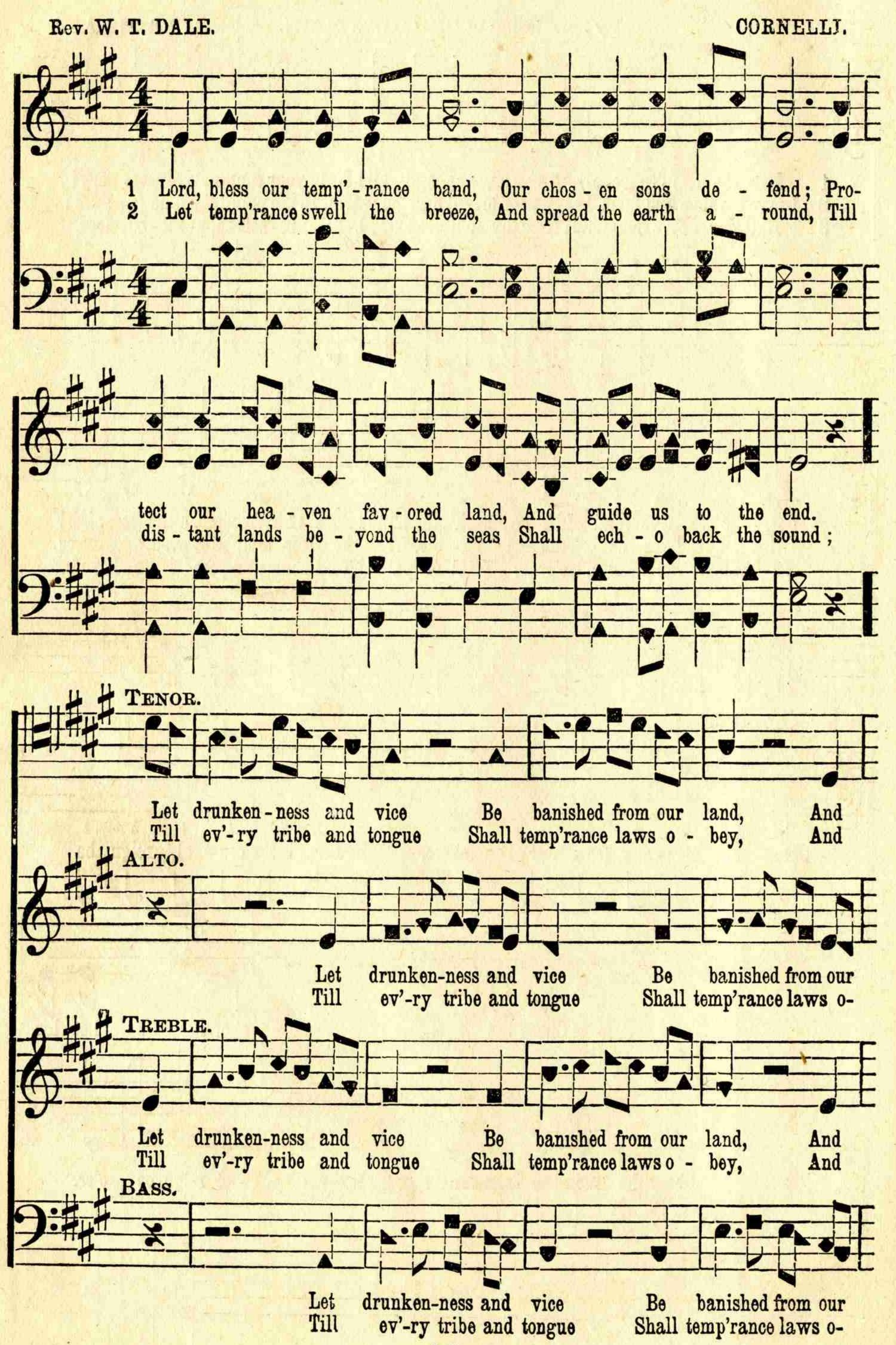




No. 35. THE TEMPERANCE CALL.



No. 36. LORD BLESS OUR TEMPERANCE BAND.



44

LORD BLESS OUR TEMPERANCE BAND.



land, And holy songs of tri - umph rise From our u - ni-ted band. bey, And all man-kind with cheer - ful songs Ro - gard the glorious day.

No. 37. Ho! my Comrades.

Tune, Hold the Fort.

Ho! my comrades, see the signal Jesus waves on high;
Satan's battlements are reeling;
Hear our captain's cry.

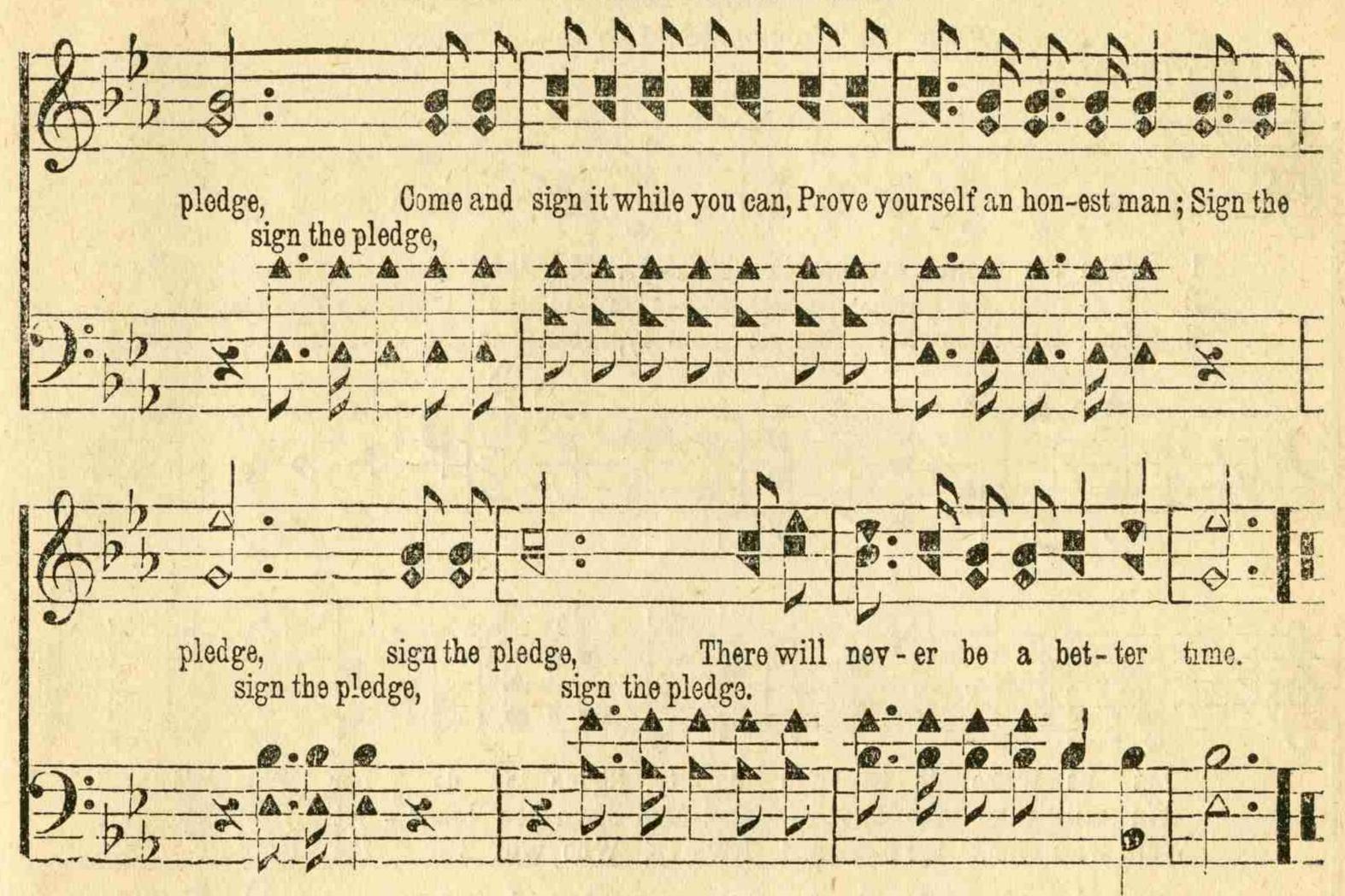
Chorus.—Storm the forts until you take them,
I will lead the van;
Storm the forts of all intemperance,
Drive it from our land.

- See, the lofty walls are falling,
 Held by Satan's power;
 Sin enshrouds the world in darkness;
 Now's the storming hour.—Сно.
- Fierce and long the siege has lasted,
 But the end is near;
 Onward leads our great commander,
 Cheer, my comrades, cheer.—Сно.

No. 38. SIGN THE PLEDGE.







No. 39. Murphy Rallying Song.

BY J. C. IRVIN.

Tune, Pull for the Shore.

Hark, how the bells are ringing, steady they call,
People are congregating in church and hall;
'T is there they nightly gather, when day is o'er,
And are urged by Christian workers to drink no more.

Chorus.—Come, sign the pledge, neighbor, sign it to-day,
Wait not for any one, but come right away!
Shake off the tyrant's chain, and prove yourself a man,
Throw away the tempting bowl, be free while you can.

- Why do the people gather here in such throngs?
 Why are they so in earnest? Why sing these songs?
 There is a foe among us, King Alcohol,
 Dragging down to fearful ruin both great and small.—Сно.
- Wives' hearts are rudely broken, children want bread,
 Husbands are turned to demons, sad tears are shed;
 Many who once were happy, lovely, and pure,
 Thro' strong drink are so depraved that none can endure.—Cho.
- Come, sign the Murphy pledge, "with malice toward none," With hearts full of "charity," the good work is done; Touch not nor taste the cup, for death lurketh there; Though the taste is sweet at first, the end is despair.—Сно.

No. 40. DO HIS WILL.



No. 41. TEMPERANCE BANNER.



No. 42. OH, HAVE YOU FOUND MY BOY?



OH, HAVE YOU FOUND MY BOY?



No. 43. God's Truth is Marching on.

Tune, John Brown.

The word from heaven is spoken, and will never pass away,
That truth and right shall spread, and win a universal sway;
And now are pouring o'er the world the glories of the day;
God's truth is marching on.

Chorus.—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
God's truth is marching on.

- 2 From sin and Satan, Christ shall have the empire of the world;
 Through darkest dens, o'er ranks of hell, his lightnings shall be hurled;
 Behold from far, and waving wide, his banner is unfurled:
 His truth is marching on.—Сно.
- The wretched earth has mourned so long the reign of vice and crime,. That hearts will dance and eyes will shine, when comes the better time; 'Tis coming! coming on apace! in all its golden prime:

 God's truth is marching on.—Сно.
- 4 The fiend is doomed, thy will be done, by woman pledged and sworn, The forts are stormed by prayer and praise; and on the wind is borne Exulting shouts of joyful hosts, as through the gates of morn God's truth is marching on.—Сно.
- Arise with heaven! and bless the world; let all respond below; With heart, and hand, and voice arise, to foil and crush the foe; For God hath cursed the curse of drink, and he will lay it low; His truth is marching on.—Сно.

No. 44. TEMPERANCE CHORUS.



No. 45. NEVER CEASE STRIVING.



No. 46. UNION OF EFFORT.





No. 48. HO! MY REAPERS.







No. 49. If We Knew.

Tune, What a Friend we have in Jesus.

- Through the crowded noisy way,
 That some pearl of wondrous whiteness
 Close beside our pathway lay,
 We would pause when we now hasten,
 We would often look around,
 Lest our careless feet should trample
 Some rare jewel in the ground.
- 2 If we knew when friends around us
 Closely press to say good bye,
 Which among the lips that kiss us,
 First should 'neath the daises lie,
 We would clasp our arms around them,
 Looking on them through our tears,
 Tender words of love eternal
 We would whisper in their ears.
- 3 If we knew what lives were darkened
 By some thoughtless words of ours,
 Which had ever lain among them
 Like the frost among the flowers;
 Oh, with what sincere repentings,
 With what anguish of regret,
 While our eyes were overflowing,
 We would cry—forget—forget.
- 4 If we knew, alas! and do we
 Ever care or seek to know,
 Whether bitter herbs or roses,
 In our neighbor's gardens grow?
 God forgive us, lest hereafter,
 Our hearts break to hear him say,
 Careless child, I never knew you,
 From my presence flee away.

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No. 50. BEWARE OF THE WINE.





No. 52. BRAVELY MARCHING ON.



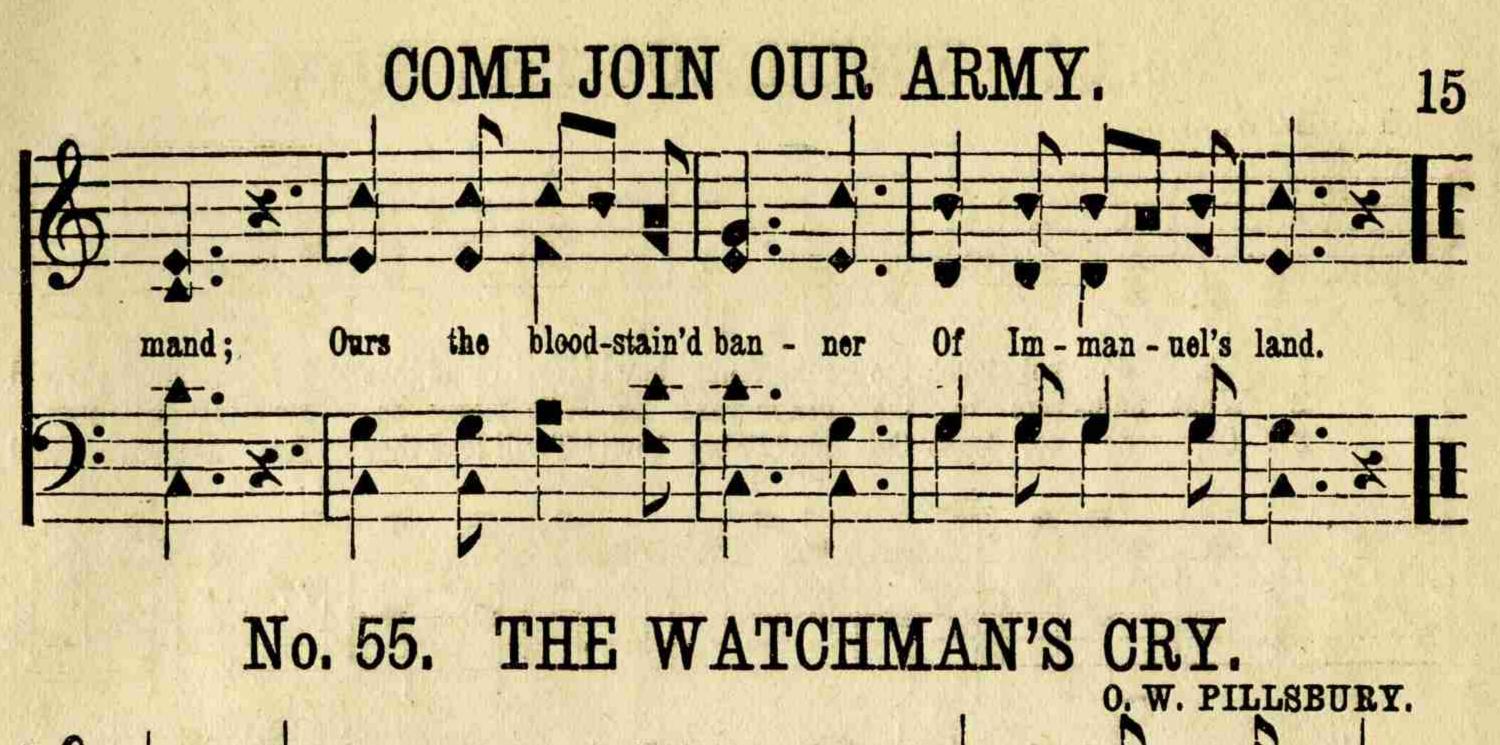
BRAVELY MARCHING ON.

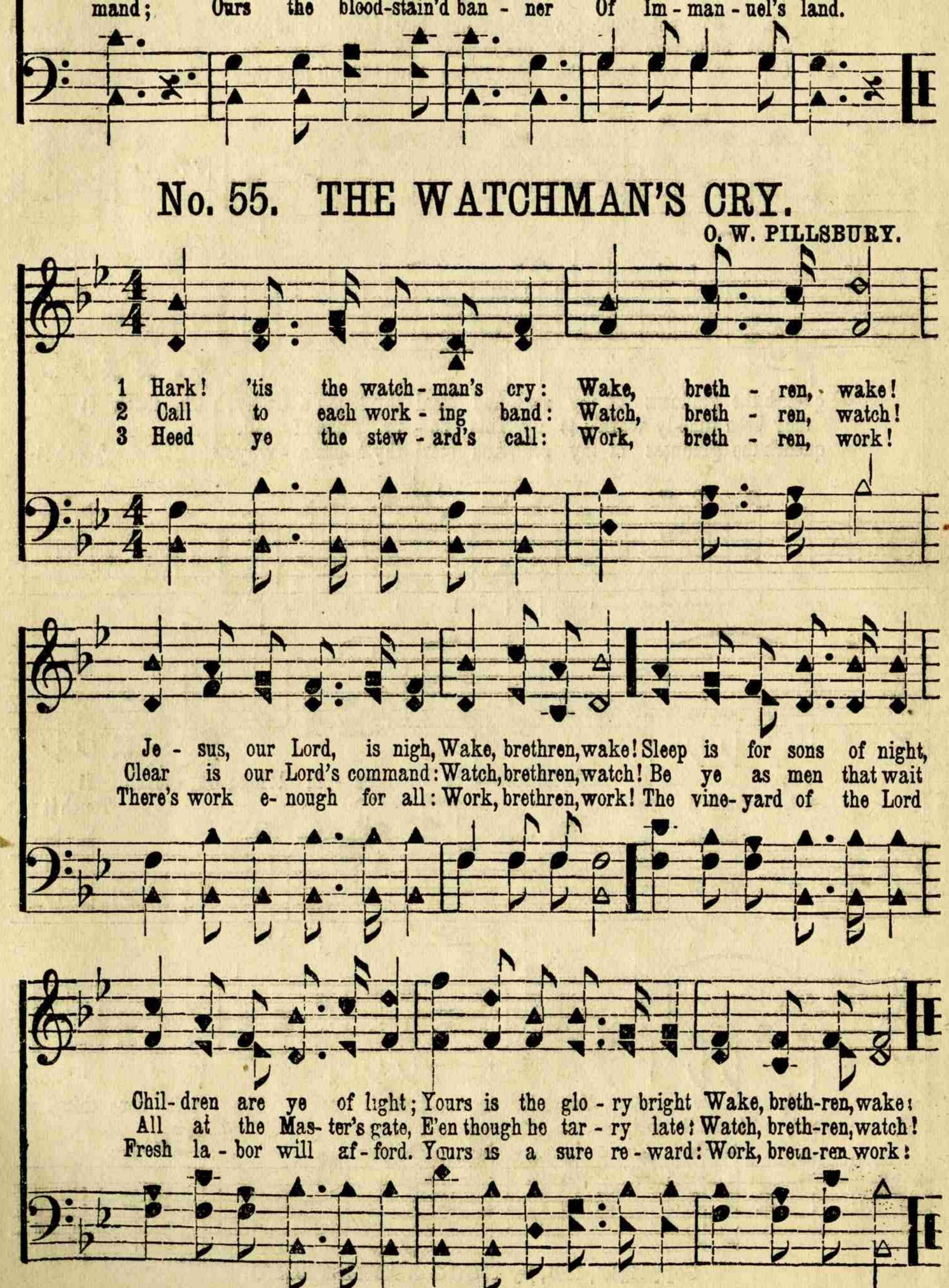


No. 53. FAR FROM HOME.





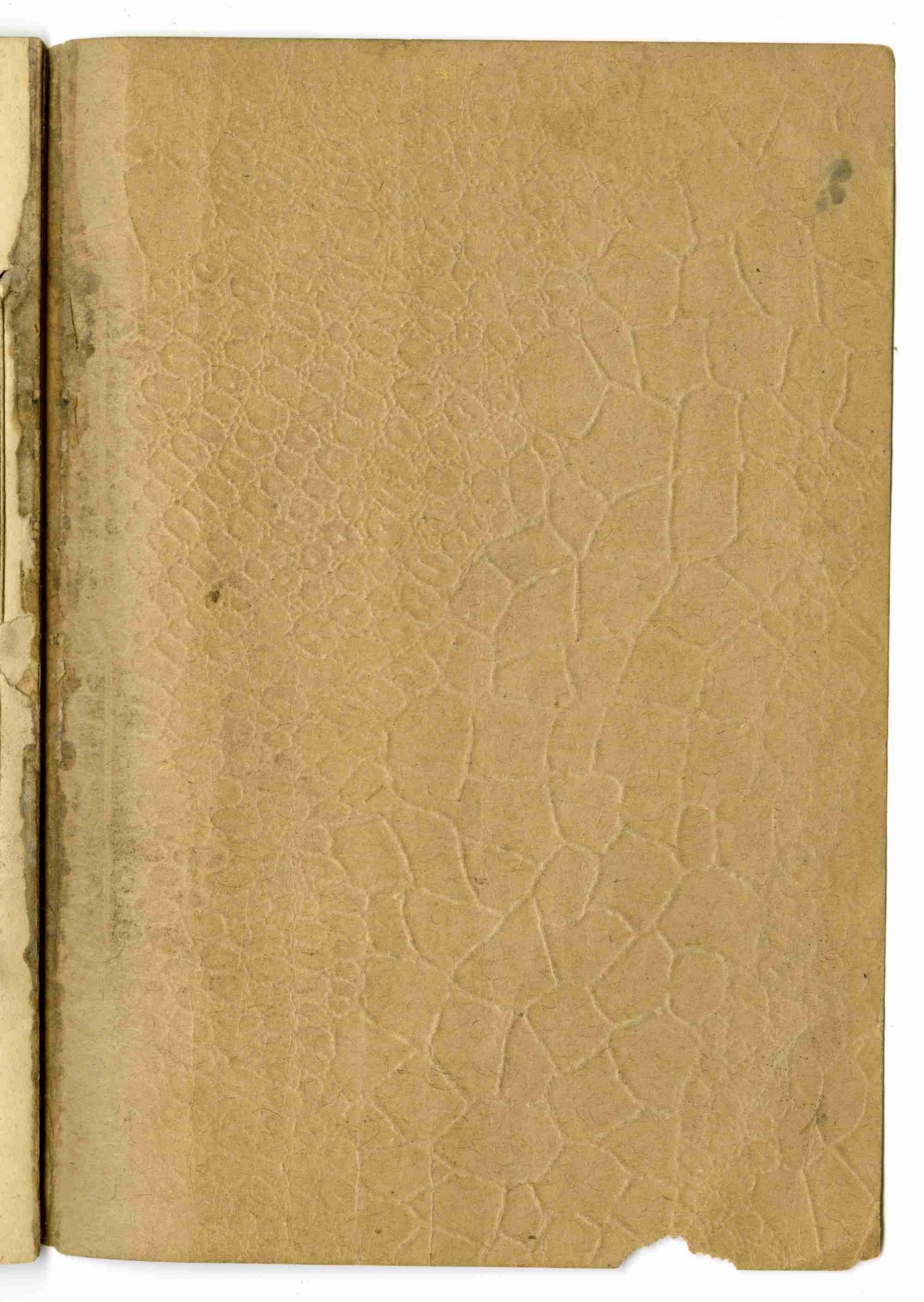






No. 54. TOUCH NOT THE BOWL.





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