Songs of Might

To Cheer the Fight Against the Blight Of Liquordom

By CHARLES M. and J. H. FILLMORE

PRICES: Single copy, 25 cents; per dozen, by express, not prepaid, $2.40; per 100, by express, not prepaid, $20.00

Fillmore Music House

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SONGS OF MIGHT

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Fillmore Music House

528 Elm Street, Cincinnati, Ohio 41-43 Bible House, New York

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PREFACE.

THE greatest curse of the ages has been the beverage liquor traffic. It has wrecked millions of homes. It has been the ruin of many nations. We must destroy it, or it will destroy us. Never was the conflict against this curse more bitter than it is to-day. The enemy evidently realizes that the fight to a finish is on. The end is near at hand. Never was the army of sobriety so hopeful of victory as it is right now.

Nothing else has helped more to cheer the temperance forces in times of discouragement, nothing has been more inspiring in the heat of battle, than bright, vigorous, rousing songs.

The authors and publishers of "SONGS OF MIGHT" take pride in the fact that they have been in the vanguard of this work. It is not empty boasting to say that we have written and published more temperance and prohibition music than all other writers and publishers in the country combined.

The cordial support of our publications in the past has encouraged us to put forth "Songs of Might" to meet the growing demand for something fresh and up-to-date.

We believe there is not a poor selection in the collection and many that are destined to become universally popular.
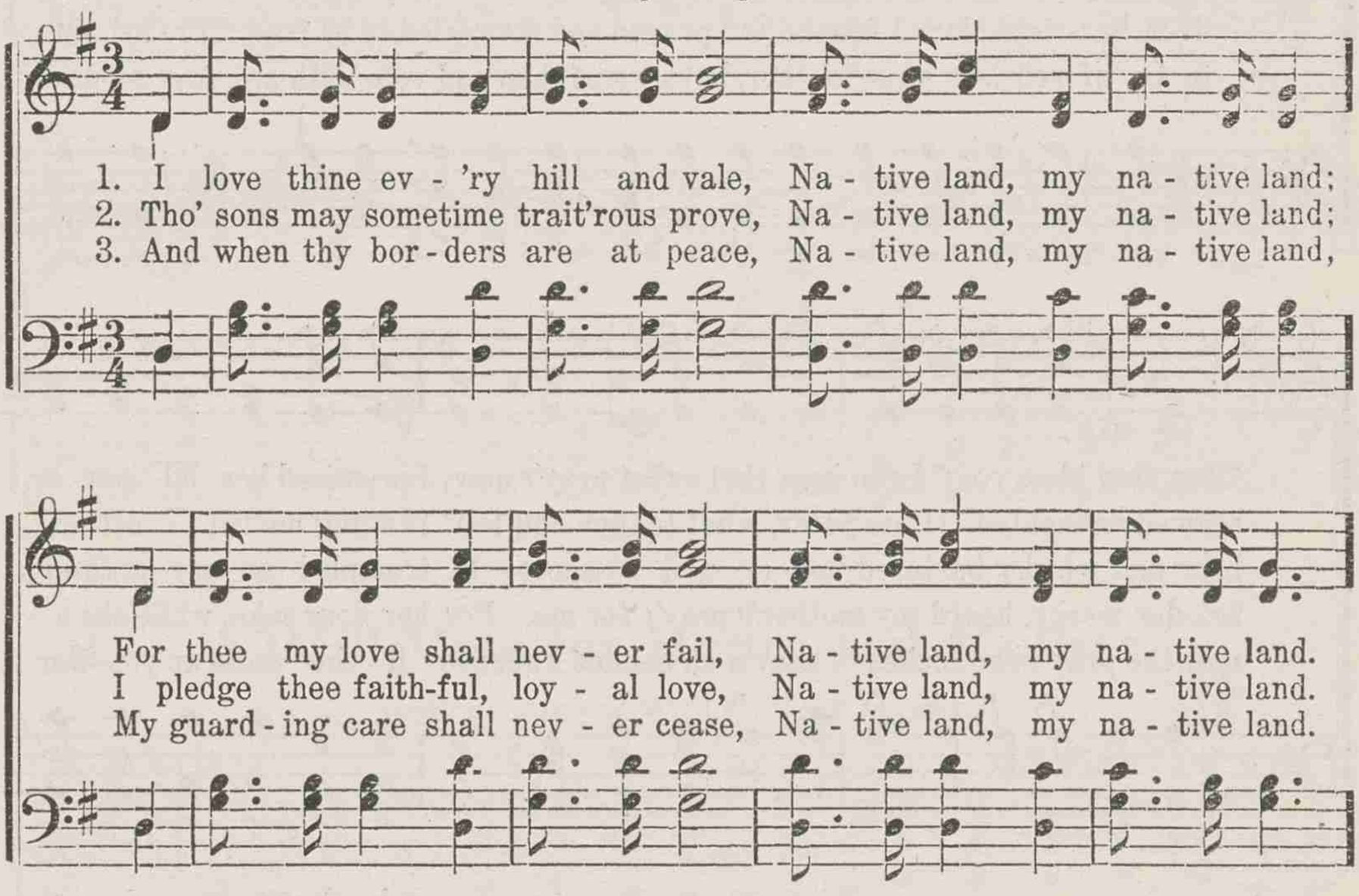
Rejoicing that we have had the privilege of being in this fight for years, believing that we have helped somewhat in creating the present sentiment against licensing the beverage liquor traffic, and sincerely hoping that "Songs of Might" will help to end the fight, we are, your servants,

FILLMORE BROTHERS.

SONGS OF MIGHT.

1 My Native Land.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE. *Tune: "My Maryland."* JAMES R. RANDALL.



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Tell Mother I'll Vote Dry.

May be used as Solo and Chorus.

J. E. RAMSEY. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. The day I left the dear old home, my mother kissed my brow And whispered,
2. A strang-er far a-way from home, an eas-y prey I fell, The bar-room
3. I played with hell's temptations till my life was almost wrecked, For wine and
4. A bar-room slave I fought and prayed and struggled to be free, Till God, in
5. O if you love your mother, boys, come then and vote with me, And an-swer

"Son, God bless you;" I can hear that sweet pray'r now; I promised her I'd nev- er
seemed enchanted, O its pow'r, what tongue can tell? It stung me till I oft- en
beer and whisky bartered hon- or and re-spect—I trampled on my moth-er's
ten-der mercy, heard my mother's pray'r for me, For her dear sake, while she a -
now the pray'r she makes to heav'n on bended knee; Or if she waits up yon- der

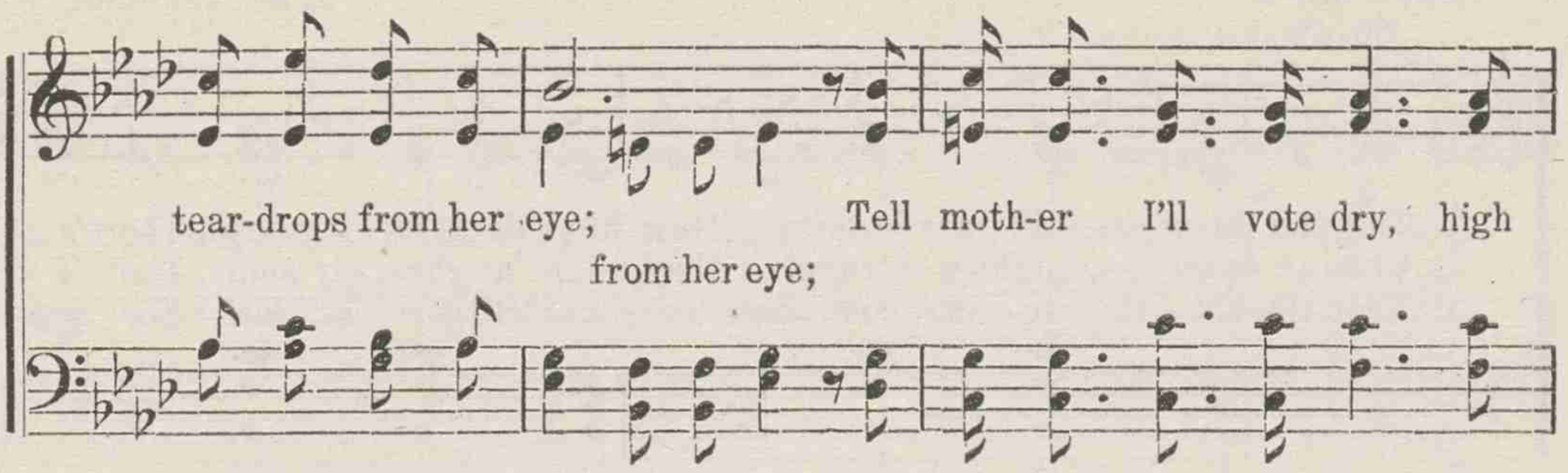
drink, as then we said good-bye, O tell my darling mother I'll vote dry.
pray'd that God would let me die, O tell my pre-cious mother I'll vote dry.
pray'rs, but heav'n has heard her cry, O tell my pre-cious mother I'll vote dry.
waits the answer from on high, O tell my darling mother I'll vote dry.
send the message to the sky— O boys, let's tell our mothers we'll vote dry.
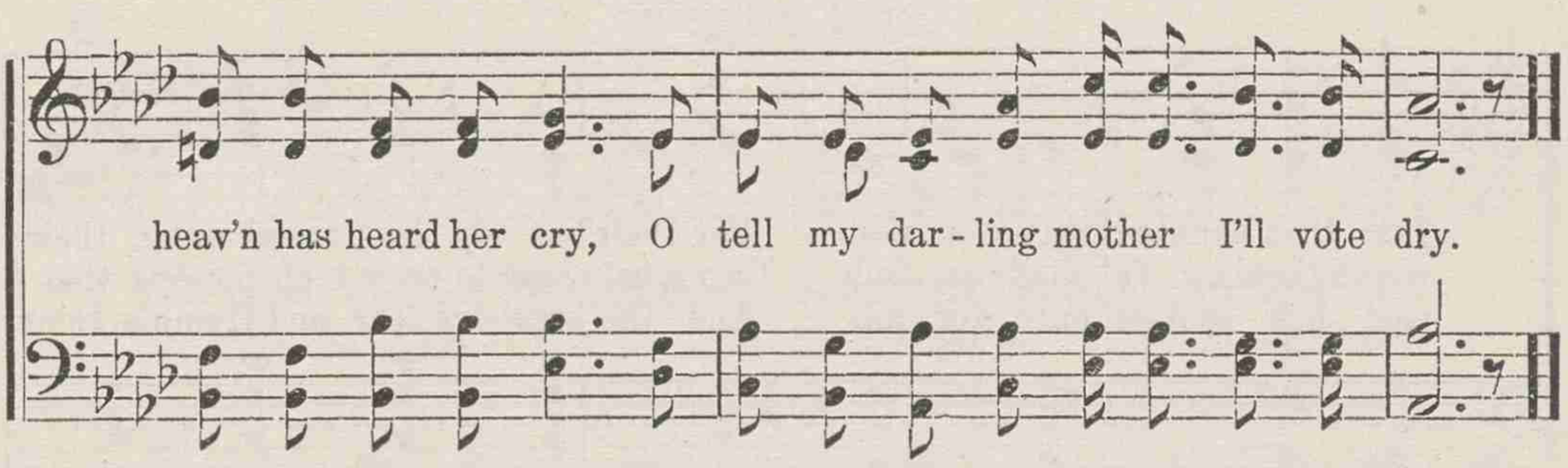
CHORUS.

Tell mother I'll vote dry, tell mother I'll vote dry, Then wipe the anx-ious

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Tell Mother I'll Vote Dry.
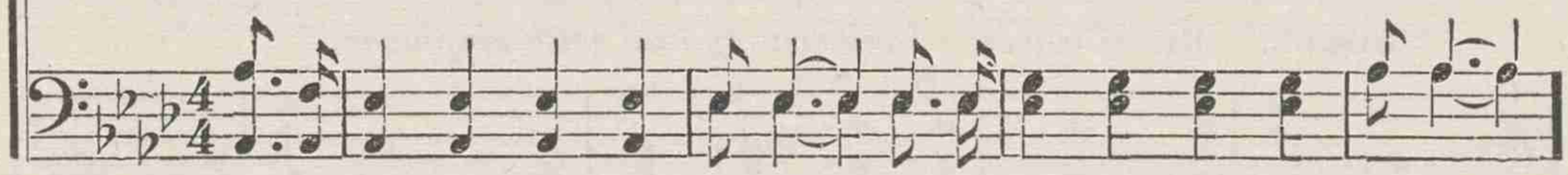




3 I Will Vote for Home and Mother.

Dedicated to the W. C. T. U. of Alabama.

J. E. RAMSEY. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

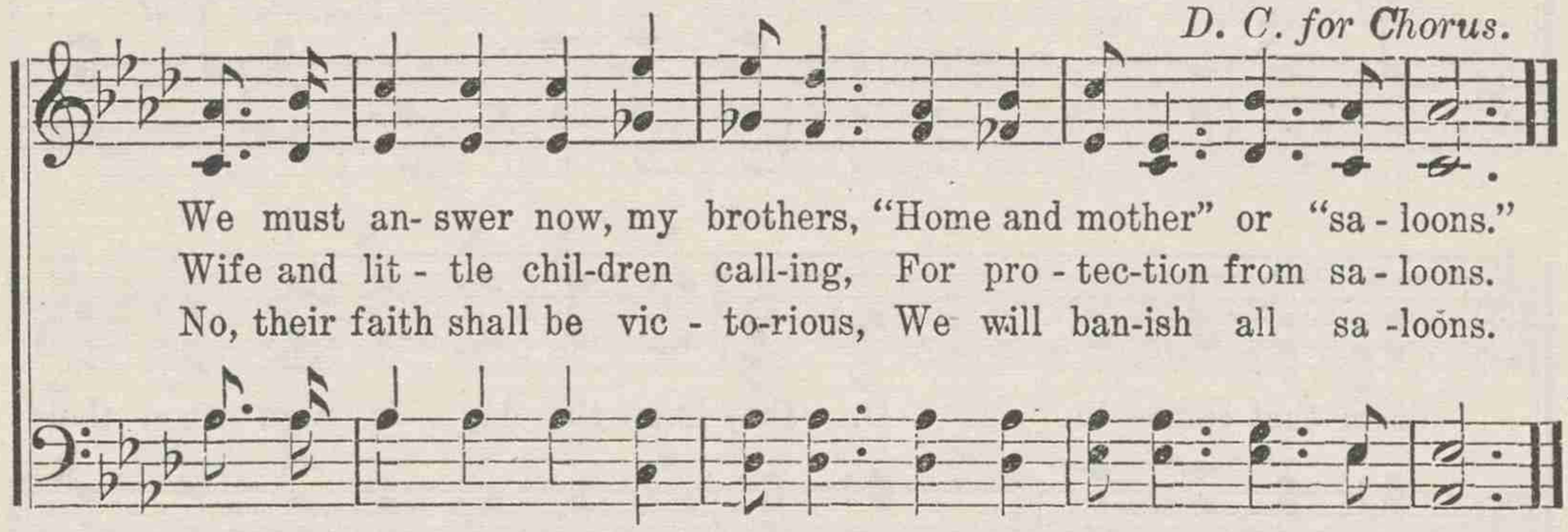


1. Hear our dear old grayhaired mothers, Praying for "our homes and oth-ers,'
2. See our brothers reel - ing, fall-ing, Sis- ters flee from crimes ap-pall-ing,
3. Shall the mother - love that bore us, Vain-ly now for help im - plore us?



CHO.— *I will vote for home and mother, Vote for sis-ter, wife and brother,*

D. C. for Chorus.



We must an- swer now, my brothers, "Home and mother" or "sa - loons."
Wife and lit - tle chil-dren call-ing, For pro - tec-tion from sa - loons.
No, their faith shall be vic - to-rious, We will ban-ish all sa -loons.

Vote for my boy and some oth-er,—Vote to save them from sa-loons.

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4 They Have Read the Writing.

JAMES ROWE. J. H. FILLMORE.

SOLO.

1. Tho' the brew-ers still are brewing their life - de- stroy- ing dope, There's a
2. By a ceaseless, might-y struggle, they feign a ghost - ly smile, Tho' a -
3. Keep the bat - tle rag - ing, comrades; our cause will win at last, For our

fear that haunts them as a pall, For their ban - dy legs are shaking, their
round them aw - ful shad-ows fall; They must cease to brew their poisons that
God has spok-en once for all, And the brew-ers fear and tremble, their

hearts are los - ing hope, They have read the writ - ing on the wall!
weak - en and de - file, They have read the writ - ing on the wall!
strength is fail - ing fast, They have read the writ - ing on the wall!

CHORUS. *Mixed voices. Deliberately and with emphasis.*

They have read the writ- ing on the wall! Hence they know the

doom that comes to all! O, they know the day is nigh when their

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They Have Read the Writing.

Dim. Slow and solemn.

vats will all be dry, They have read the writ-ing on the wall!

5 Fight On.

JAMES ROWE. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. God speeds the day for which we sigh, Fight on, (fight on;) fight on;
2. Stretch more and more the bat - tle - lines, Fight on, (fight on;) fight on;
3. Re - moved the curse of drink shall be, Fight on, (fight on;) fight on;

'Twill dawn in beau - ty, by and by; Fight on, (fight on,) fight on.
His strength and ours the Lord combines; Fight on, (fight on,) fight on.
A temp'rance coun - try we shall see, Fight on, (fight on,) fight on.

CHORUS.

With cour-age brave, and true, and strong, Beat back the taunt- ing hordes of wrong; The vic - t'ry will be ours ere long; Fight on, fight on.

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The Wrecking of the Boy.

Words re-written. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. It was not on the field of bat- tle, It was not in a storm at
2. From the hopes of a no - ble fu - ture, To a ruined and dis-honored
3. How much longer, O fa-thers, brothers, Will you vote for this curse to re-

sea,..... But a fate that was worse than ei - ther,.... Stole a -
name;.... From the life of a fair, young manhood,... To a
main?.... How much lon - ger must weep - ing moth-ers,.... Shed their

way my dear boy from me..... 'Twas the curse of the fi - ery
death of dis-grace and shame;.... It is on - ly the same old
heart-breaking tears in vain?.... Up! a - rise in the strength of

dram-cup,... That the rea - son and con - science drown,.. For he
sto - ry,.... That the moth-ers must so oft - en tell;.... While their
man-hood,... Put- ting all vain ex - cus - es a - side; ... Cast your

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The Wrecking of the Boy.

drank of the treacherous poison And thus my dar - ling boy went down.....
hearts beat a dirge like the tones Of a slow, sad - toll - ing fu - neral bell.....
votes to pro-hib-it the traf-fic in boys; And vote it na - tion - wide.....

CHORUS.

Then a - rouse! ye fa-thers, broth-ers,..... Heed the cry of
all a-rouse!

Softly and slower.

wives and moth - ers,..... For home, sweet home,
all a-rouse, sweet home, sweet home,

The last six measures may be repeated.

A tempo. *ff*

Rouse! rouse! to arms, Strike down,..... the de-mon rum.
to arms, Strike down to death

7 I'se Done Got Religion.

A. S. WATKINS. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

SOLO. *Recitative. Ad libitum.*

1. O we've had a great re - vi - val up at ou - ah meet- ing house. An' de
2. O I nev- ah stole no chick-ens and I nev - er shoot no craps, An' I
3. O I nev-ah cussed and swo- ah, and I nev- ah beat my wife, An' I
4. O my feet am on de rock, and I'se learned de new, new song, For I

pow- ah it has sho been comin' down, An' it gath-ered in de lambs and de
nev- ah drunk no wine or beer at all, An' I nev - ah loafed a-round in no
nev- ah tole no lies that I re - call; An' I al - ways have wuked hard, an' I
lis-tened an' I heard de bless-ed call, So I won't go back to Sa-tan, and I'll

Phar - i - sees, too—An it got de wust old sin - nah in de town.
li - quah sellah's shop—But I'd vote de whis-key tick - et ev - 'ry fall.
tried to pay my debts—But I'd vote de whis-key tick - et ev - 'ry fall.
nev - ah leave my Lord—Nev-ah vote dat whis-key tick - et in de fall.
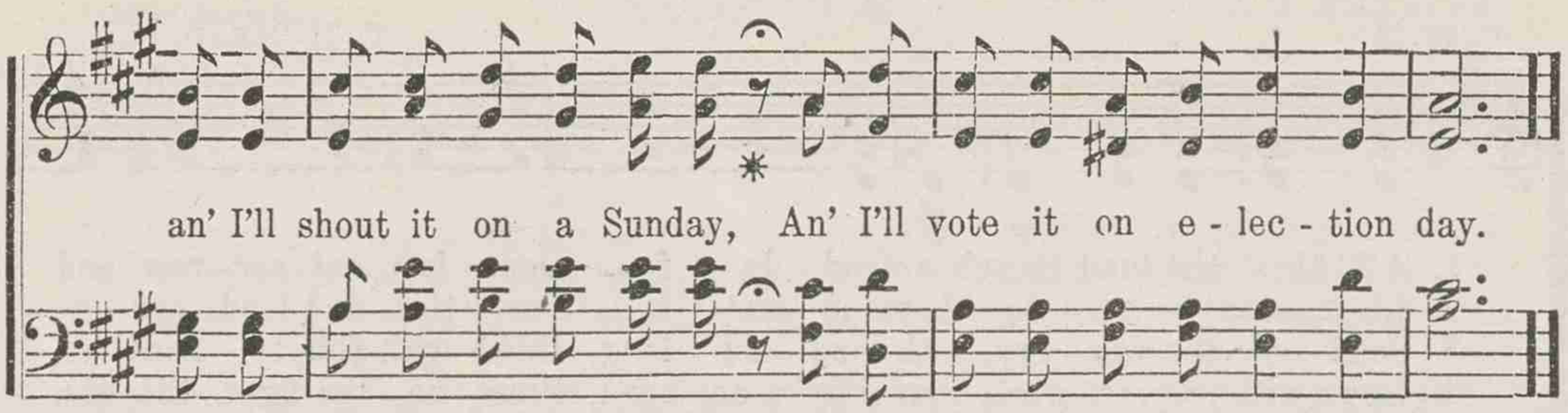
CHORUS. *Faster.*

O I'se done got re - lig - ion, an' I don't care who knows it, An' I'se

hap - py 'nough for heaven right a - way;..... So I'll wuk it all de week,

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I'se Done Got Religion.
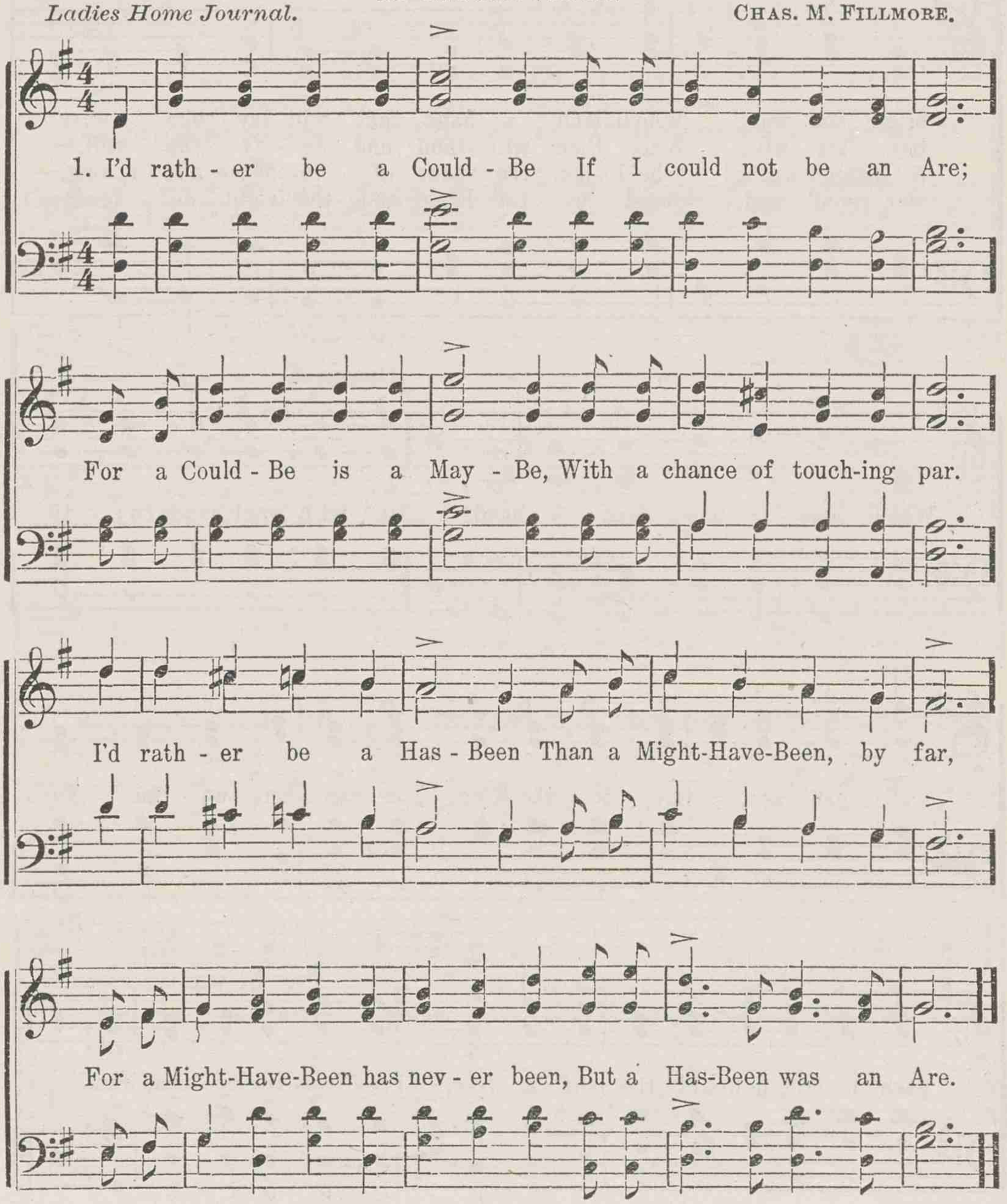


✱ At the pause shout "Hallelujah!" or "Glory!" etc., etc.

The Has-Been.

AN ENCORE VERSE.

Ladies Home Journal. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.



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9 Up With Your Hands.

C. H. M. C. H. MEAD, D. D.

1. All thro' the land there's a dead - ly foe, Deal - ing out sor - row and crime and woe;
2. Li - censed is he to de-stroy and kill, Par - ties and lead - ers o- bey his will;
3. Send out the war - cry, both loud and long, Down with this ty - rant of li - censed wrong!
4. Down with your vote while your pray'rs as - cend, Press on the fight till the war shall end;

Who'll lend a hand that will lay him low,— Who, then, will stand and de - fy him still,— Who'll join the ranks of the brave and strong,— Stand by the King and the right de - fend!—

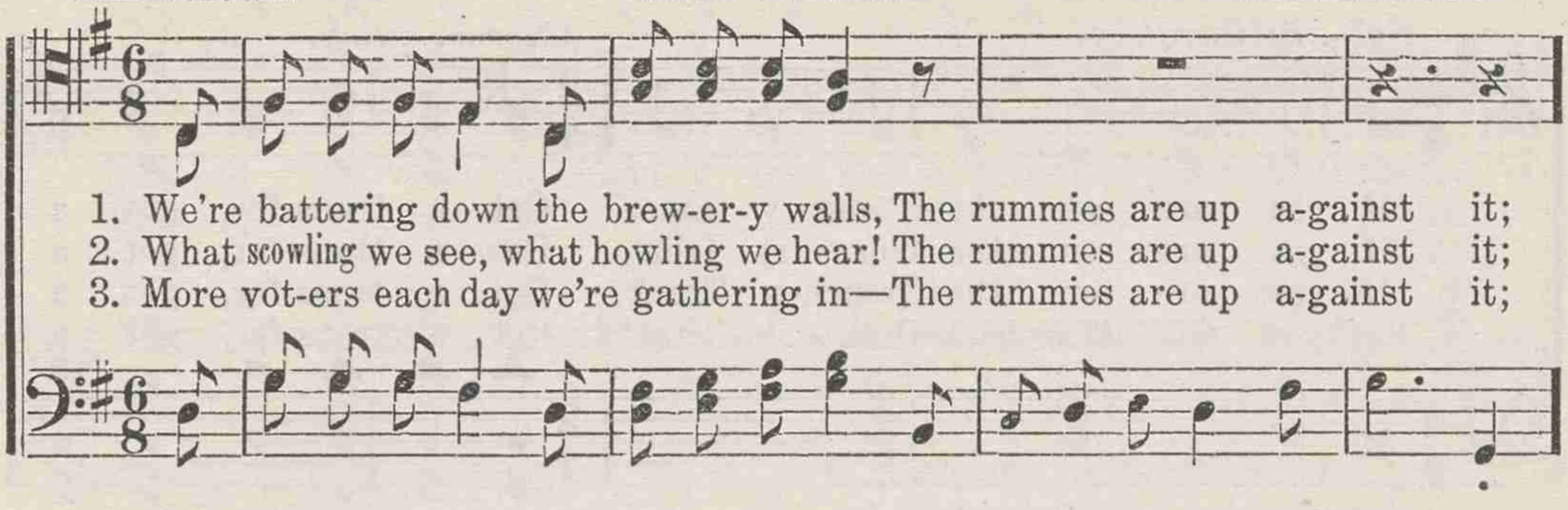
CHORUS.

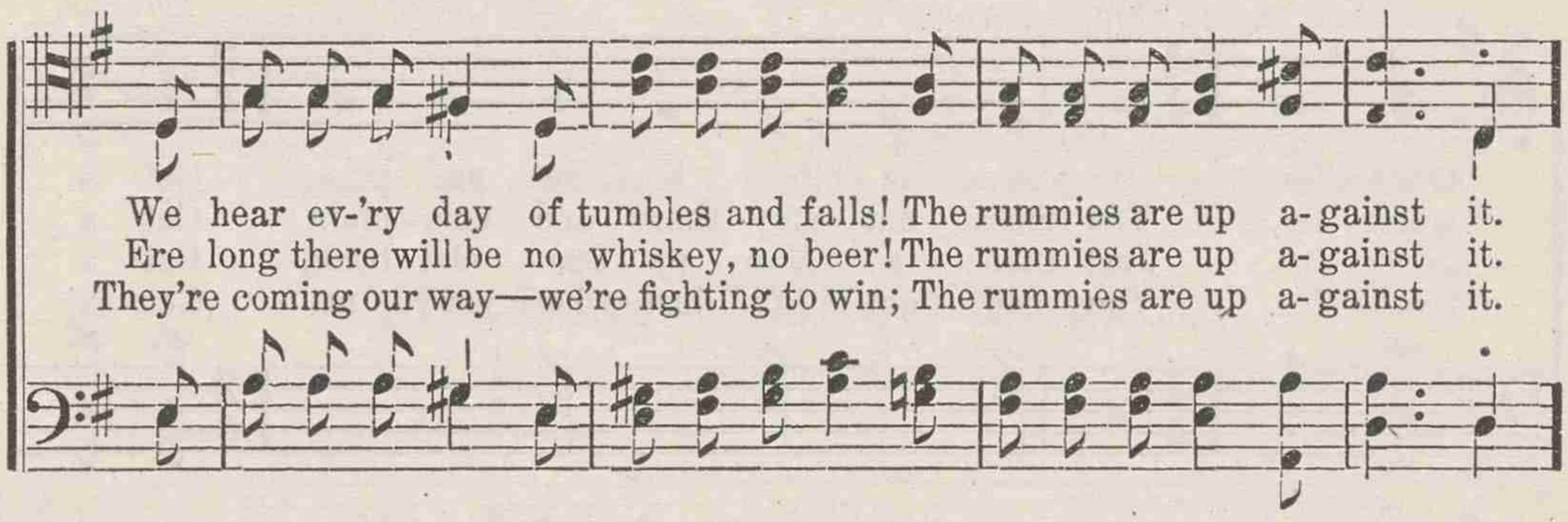
Who'll lend a hand, lend a hand? Up with your hands un - til all can see; Say to the King, You can count on me To push on the fight till the land is free,— Free from the ty - rant rum.

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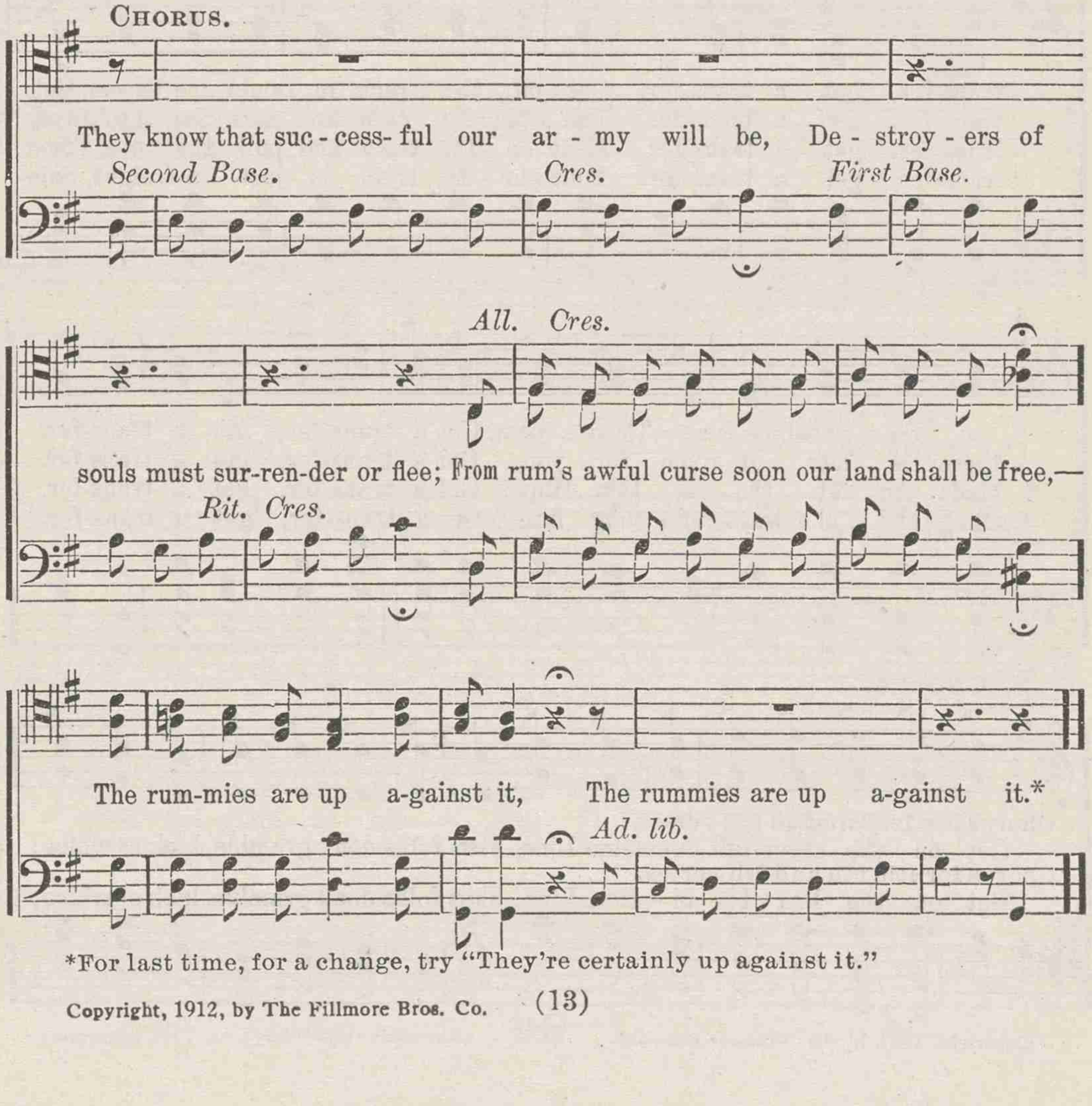
10 The Rummies Are Up Against It.

JAMES ROWE. MALE VOICES. J. H. FILLMORE.





CHORUS.



*For last time, for a change, try "They're certainly up against it."

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11 Get a Transfer.

Words written and arr. by C. M. F. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

Solo, deliberately. *Chorus, quick.*

1. If you are on the Gloom - y Line, Get a trans-fer, get a
2. If you are on the Wor - ry Train, Get a trans-fer, get a
3. If you are on the Grouch-y Track, Get a trans-fer, get a
4. Say! you old Moss-back Dem - o - crat! Get a trans-fer, get a

Solo. *Chorus.*

trans - fer. If you're in - clined to fret and pine, Get a
trans - fer. You must not stay there and com - plain, Get a
trans - fer. Just take a Hap - py Spe - cial back, Get a
trans - fer. You can not tell just where you're at; Get a

trans-fer, get a trans-fer. Get off the track of Doubt and Gloom, Get
trans-fer, get a trans-fer. The Cheer-ful cars are pass - ing thro', And
trans-fer, get a trans-fer. Jump on the train and pull the rope That
trans-fer, get a trans-fer. Your par - ty train is just a freight, Side-
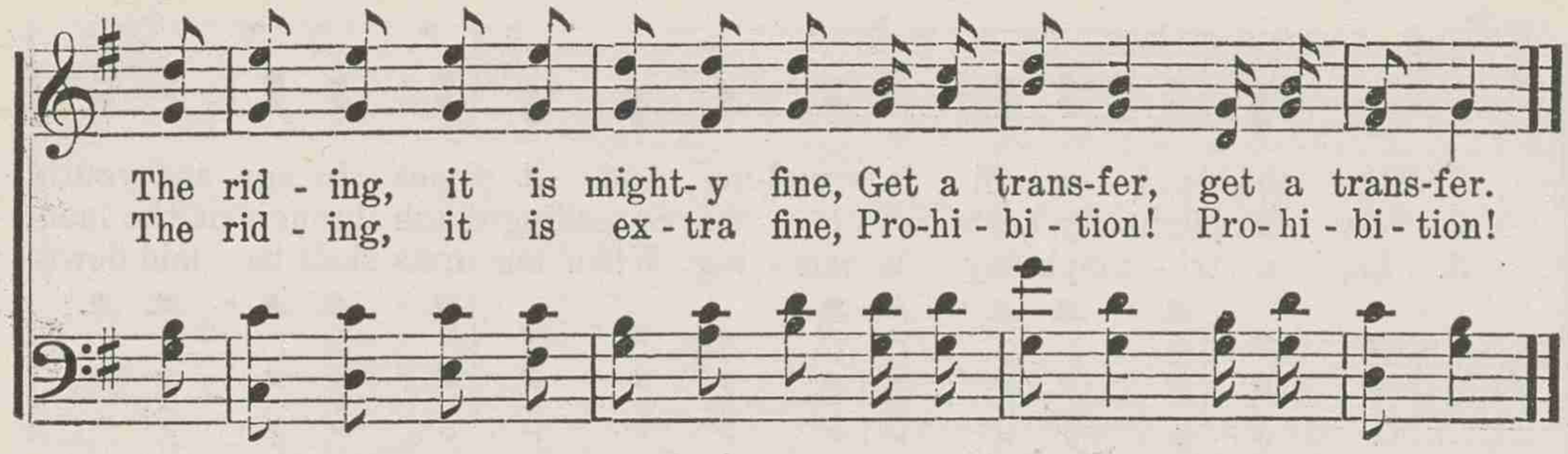
on the Sunshine Line—There's room, Get a trans-fer, get a trans-fer.
there is lots of room for you, Get a trans-fer, get a trans-fer.
lands you at the sta - tion, Hope, Get a trans-fer, get a trans-fer.
tracked and al - ways run - ning late, Get a trans-fer, get a trans-fer.

CHORUS.

Chorus for 1st, 2nd and 3rd verses.
Get on the cheer-ful Sun-shine Line, Where folks don't grumble, kick or whine;
Chorus for 4th, 5th and 6th verses.
Get on the Pro - hi - bi - tion Line, Where folks don't grumble, kick or whine;

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Get a Transfer.
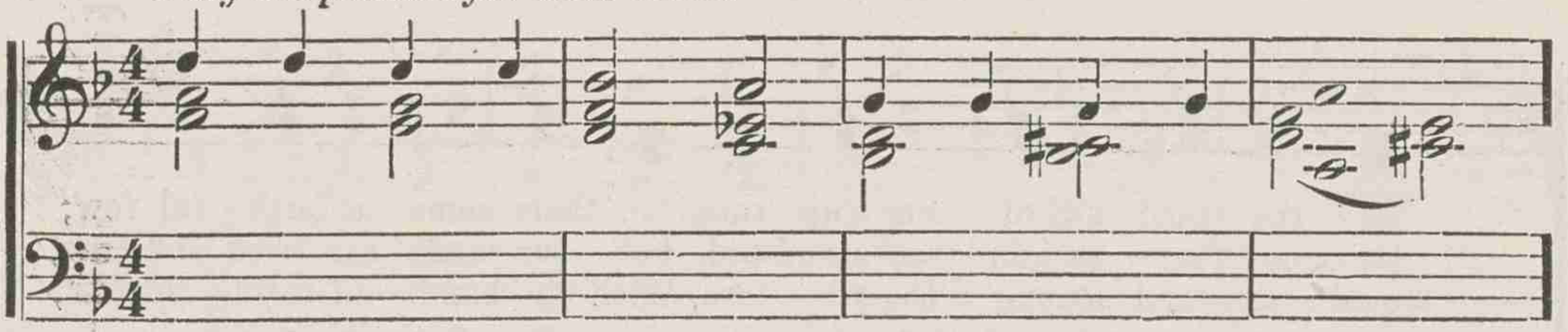


5 You G. O. P. Republican,
Get a transfer, get a transfer.
A goody-goody Party man,
Get a transfer, get a transfer.
You carry such a load of rum,
Your party train is on the bum,
Get a transfer, get a transfer.

6 You visionary Socialist,
Get a transfer, get a transfer.
Your road is just a turn and twist,
Get a transfer, get a transfer.
You're headed for an open switch,
That soon will land you in the ditch,
Get a transfer, get a transfer.

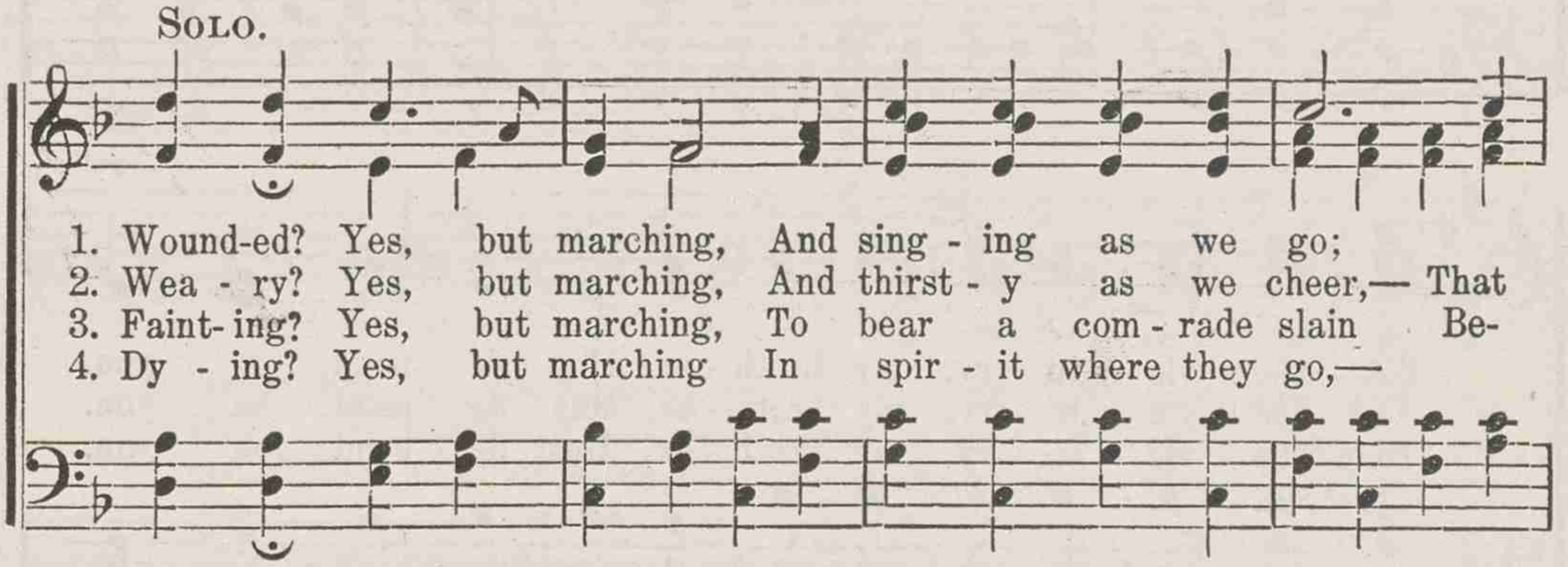
12 The Song of Life's Brigade.
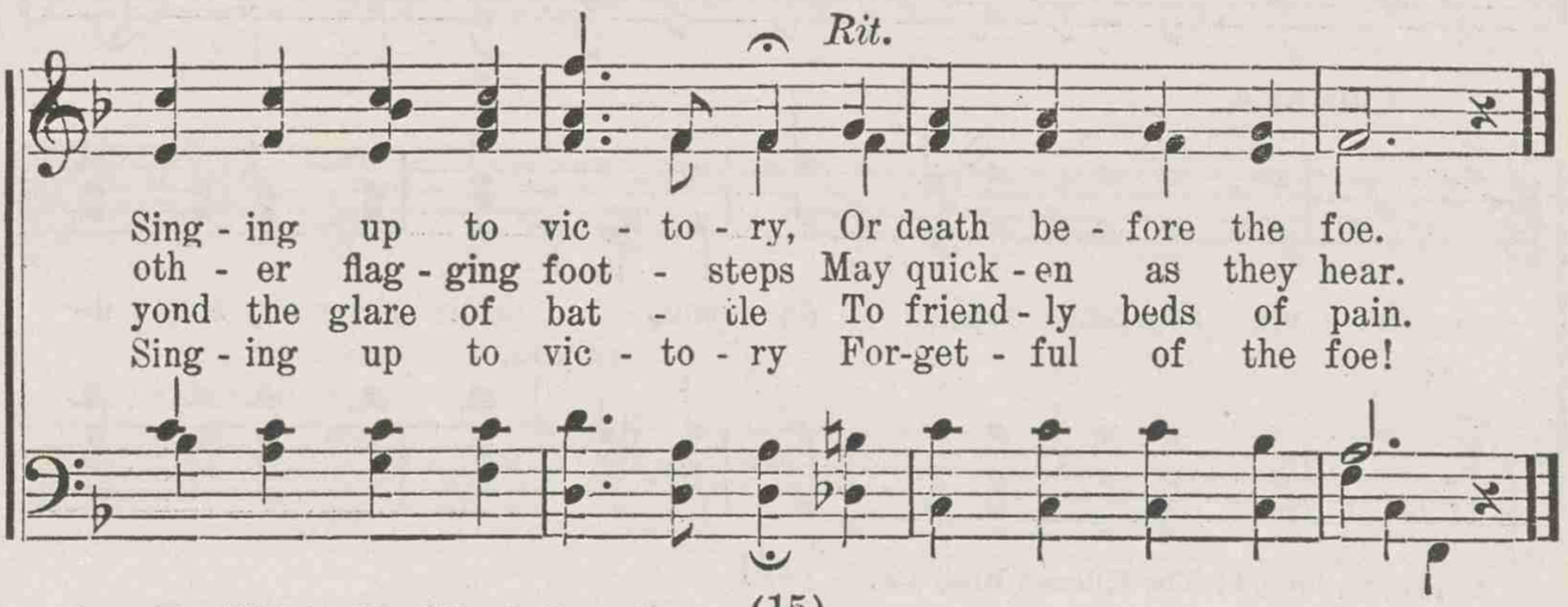
M. G. D. BIANCHI, in S. S. Times. ENCORE SONG. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

Play the prelude for each verse.



SOLO.





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13 The Victory May Depend On You.

GEORGE O. WEBSTER. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Thro' the land a call is sound-ing, And it comes to age and youth;
2. See the might - y hosts of e - vil Spreading death throughout the land,
3. Lo, a tri - umph day is com - ing, When our arms shall be laid down;

'Tis a sum - mons to the con-flict, In the cause of right and truth;
Who is there will an - swer quick- ly, And the hosts of sin withstand!
Then each faith - ful, loy - al sol - dier Shall re - ceive a vic- tor's crown;

To the stand - ard of our Cap - tain, Lo, there come a faith - ful few;
Do not fear to join our stand-ard, For our ranks are tried and true,
Would you stand among the vic - tors, With the band of faith - ful few;
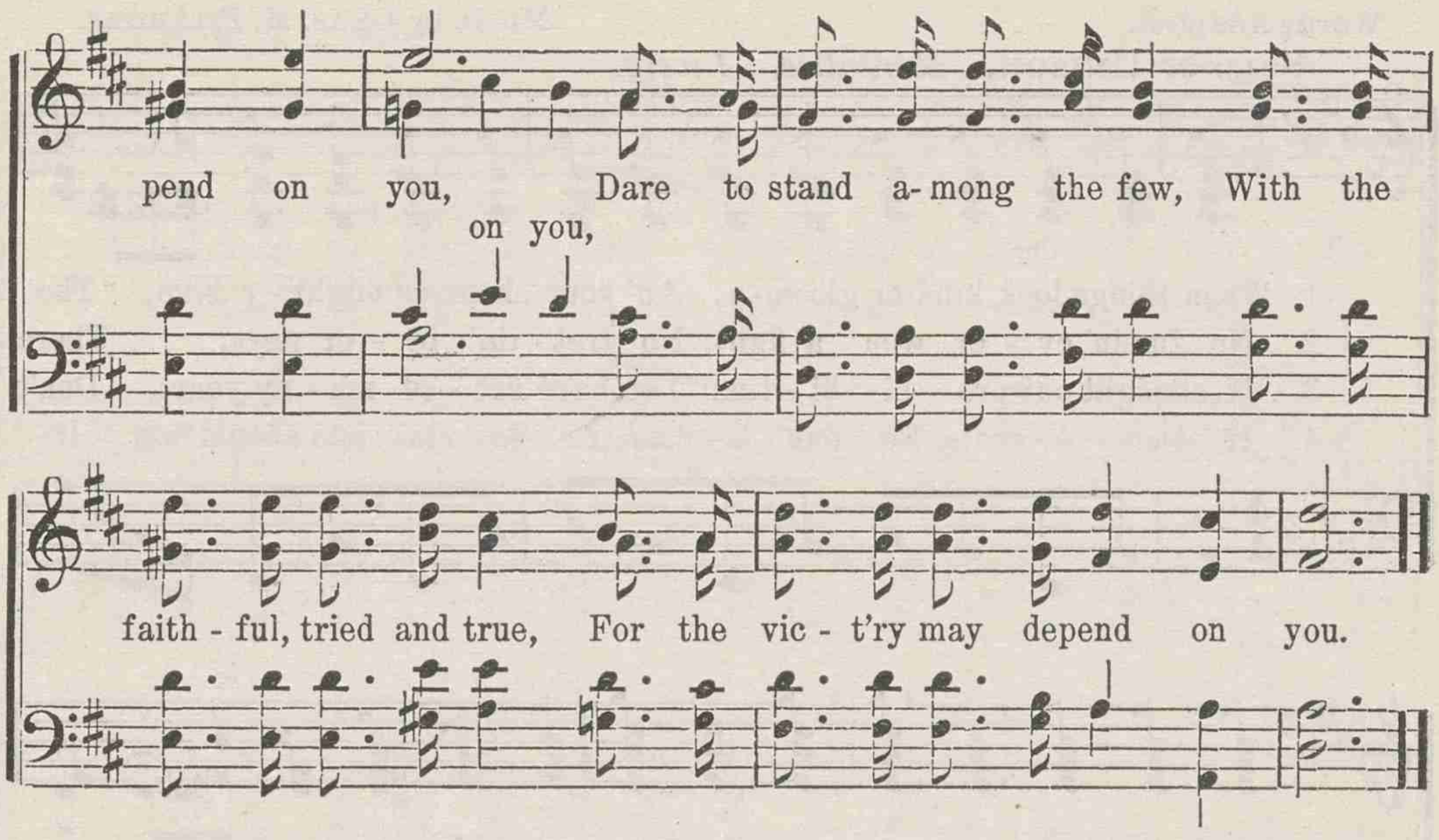
But the vic - to - ry, my broth - er, May de - pend on you.
And the vic - to - ry, my broth - er, May de - pend on you.
Then the vic - to - ry, my broth - er, Must de - pend on you.

CHORUS.

The vic - t'ry may depend on you, The vic - t'ry may de- on you,
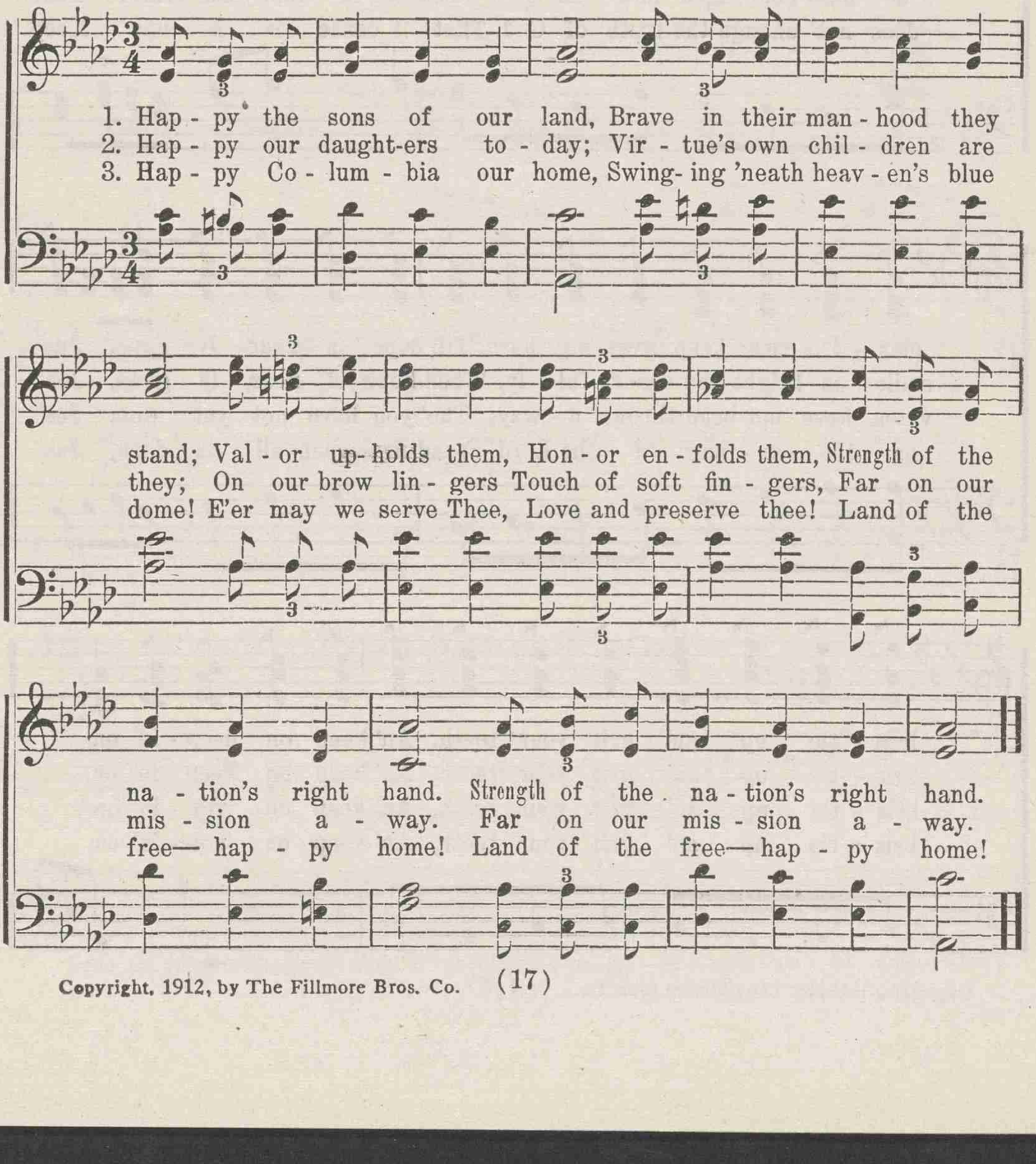
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The Victory May Depend On You.



14 Our Happy Land.

ADALINE H. BEERY. J. H. FILLMORE.



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15 Jus' Keep On Keepin' On.

Words Adapted. Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

SOLO or UNISON. *Recitative. Lively.*

1. When things look kind-er gloom- y, An' your chanc-es might - y slim, The
2. No fumin' ev - er won a fight, No fret - tin' ev - er pays; There
3. If straight out pro - hi - bi - tion You have vot - ed ma - ny years, Don't
4. If Dem - o - crats, Re - pub - li - cans, Or So - cial - ists should win, It

sit - u - a - tion puz - zlin', An the pros-pects aw - ful grim; Per-
ain't no good in brood - in', In these pes - si - mis - tic ways; Jus'
be dis - cour- aged now an quit Because of fool - ish fears; Your
does not change the truth of God, That li- cense is a sin; Keep

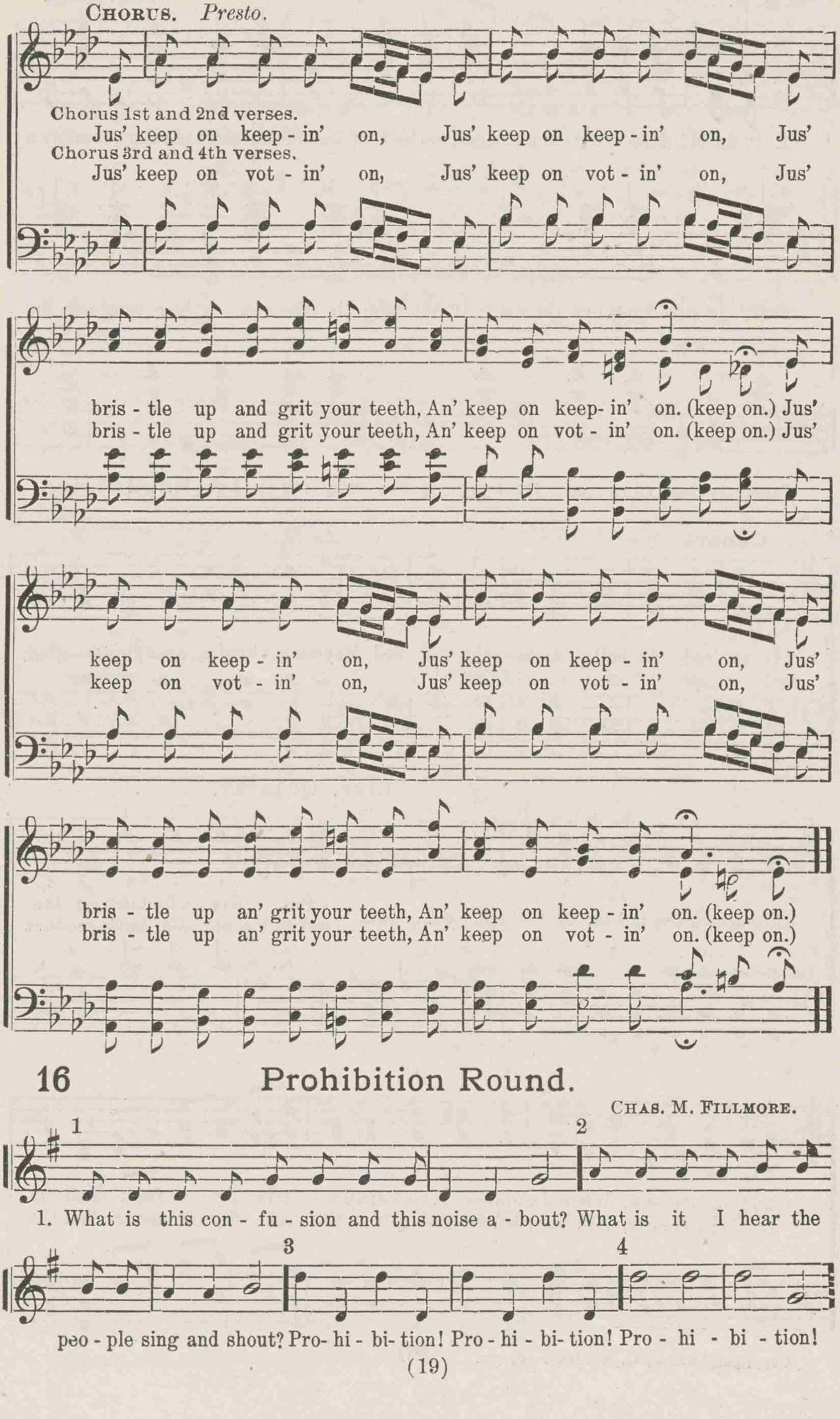
plex - i - ties keep press- ing hard, Till hope is near - ly gone, Jus'
smile on bright and cheer - ful - ly, When hope is near - ly gone, Jus'
votes have not been thrown a - way, Tho' you have not yet won, Jus'
on the ar - mor of the Lord, Stand firm when all is done, Jus'

bris - tle up an' grit your teeth, An' keep on keep - in' on.
bris - tle up an' grit your teeth, An' keep on keep - in' on.
bris - tle up an' grit your teeth, An' keep on vot - in' on.
bris - tle up an' grit your teeth, An' keep on vot - in' on.

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Jus' Keep On Keepin' On.

CHORUS. *Presto.*



16 Prohibition Round.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

17 The Old, Old Bell.

C. H. M. C. H. MEAD.

BASE SOLO.

1. In an old church tow'r hangs an old, old bell, It has swung and has rung for many a year; It has rung out the old, It has rung in the new, It has rung out the false, It has rung in the true; It has rung for the Right, both loud and clear.

CHORUS. *Ad lib.* .....

O the old, old bell, O the old, old bell, Rhyming, chiming, swinging, ringing,

FINE. QUARTET.

How I love the mu-sic of the old, old bell. { But a day will dawn on the And the old, old bell in that land and the sea; When the slaves of drink shall a - gain be free; And the glo - ri-ous hour, Will the glad news ring from the old church tower, And the

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The Old, Old Bell.

After repeat, go back to Chorus.

Rum-king's throne shall be broken down, His scepter depart, and destroyed his crown.
sons of men will rejoice to know, The Rum-king's power in the dust lies low.

18 Bottles and Rags.

C. M. F. MALE VOICES. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

Bot-tles..... bot-tles..... bot-tles.....
and rags, and rags, and rags, and rags!

1. This is the cry of the junk-man each day, In
2. Such is the tale of the drunk-ard's hard lot; For
3. Come, Chris-tian cit-i-zen, vote as you pray, And

Slower.

street and in al-ley, and ev-'ry by-way; O-ver and o-ver the
pov-er-ty's por-tion be-longs to the sot; Nothing like liq-uor the
help Pro-hi-bi-tion to win it's glad day; Thousands of drunkards shall

sad dole-ful lay: Bot-tles and rags, bot-tles and rags!
cloth-ing to rot,
nev-er-more say: old rags, old rags!

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19 'Tis Simply "Up to Us."

MALE VOICES.

JAMES ROWE. J. H. FILLMORE.

SOLO. *Deliberately.* QUARTET. *Impetuously.*

1. Will pro - hi - bi - tion win? or lose? 'Tis sim- ply up to us;
2. To gain suf - fi - cient votes to win, 'Tis sim- ply up to us;
3. To save the weak—or let them die, 'Tis sim- ply up to us;
4. The Lord will do His part, we know, 'Tis sim- ply up to us;

SOLO. QUARTET.

Suc- cess or fail - ure we may choose—'Tis sim - ply up to us.
To ban - ish whis - key, beer and gin, —'Tis sim - ply up to us.
To hush our coun- try's plead - ing cry, —'Tis sim - ply up to us.
Shall we be vic - tors? or the foe? —'Tis sim - ply up to us.

CHORUS.

If we would win, we all must fight, By day and night, with all our might, And in the fight - ing take de - light; 'Tis sim - ply up to us, 'Tis sim - ply up to us.

Deliberately.
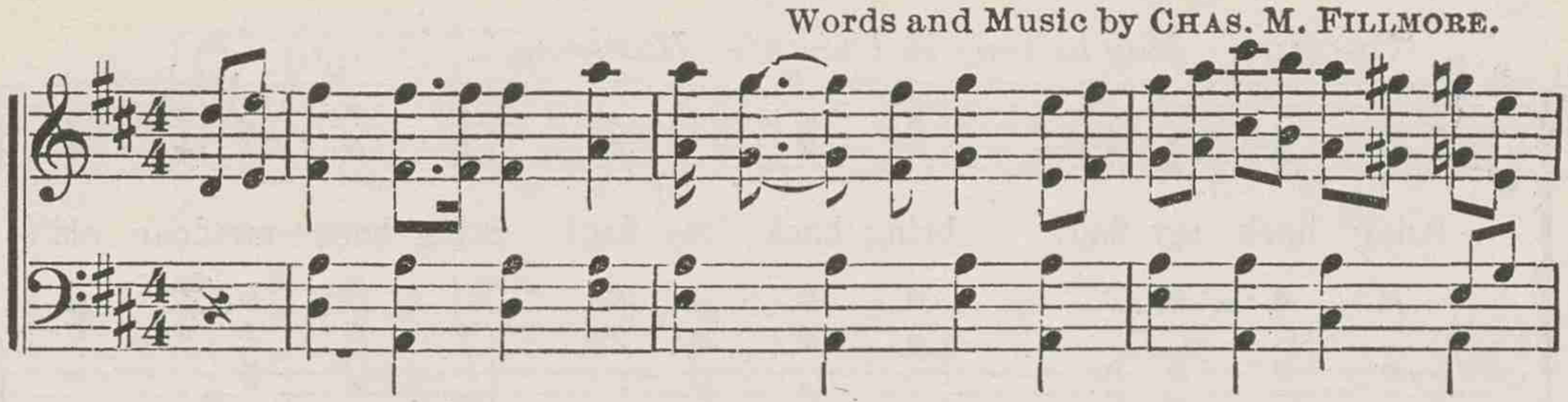
Impetuously.

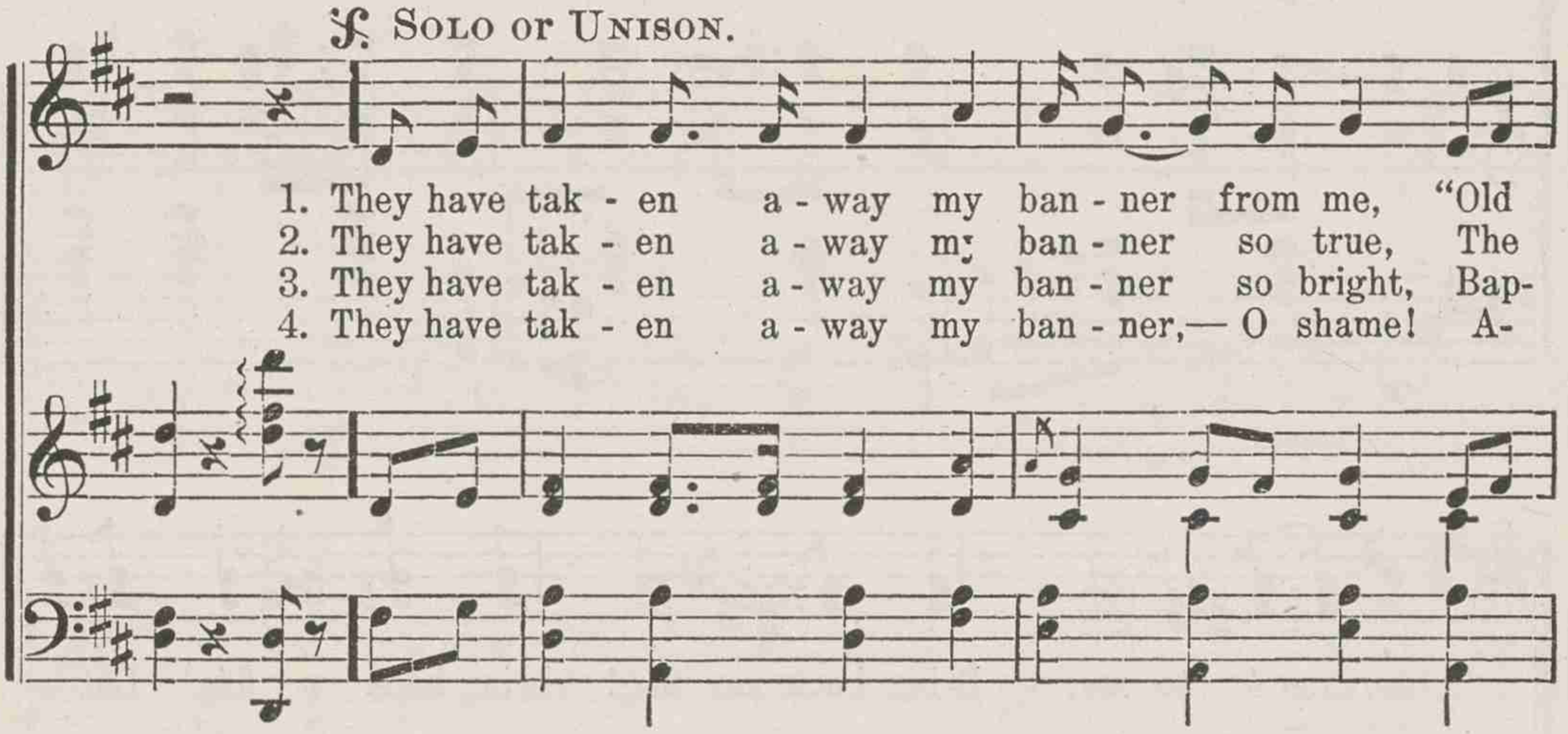
Slow. Cres. *Dim.*

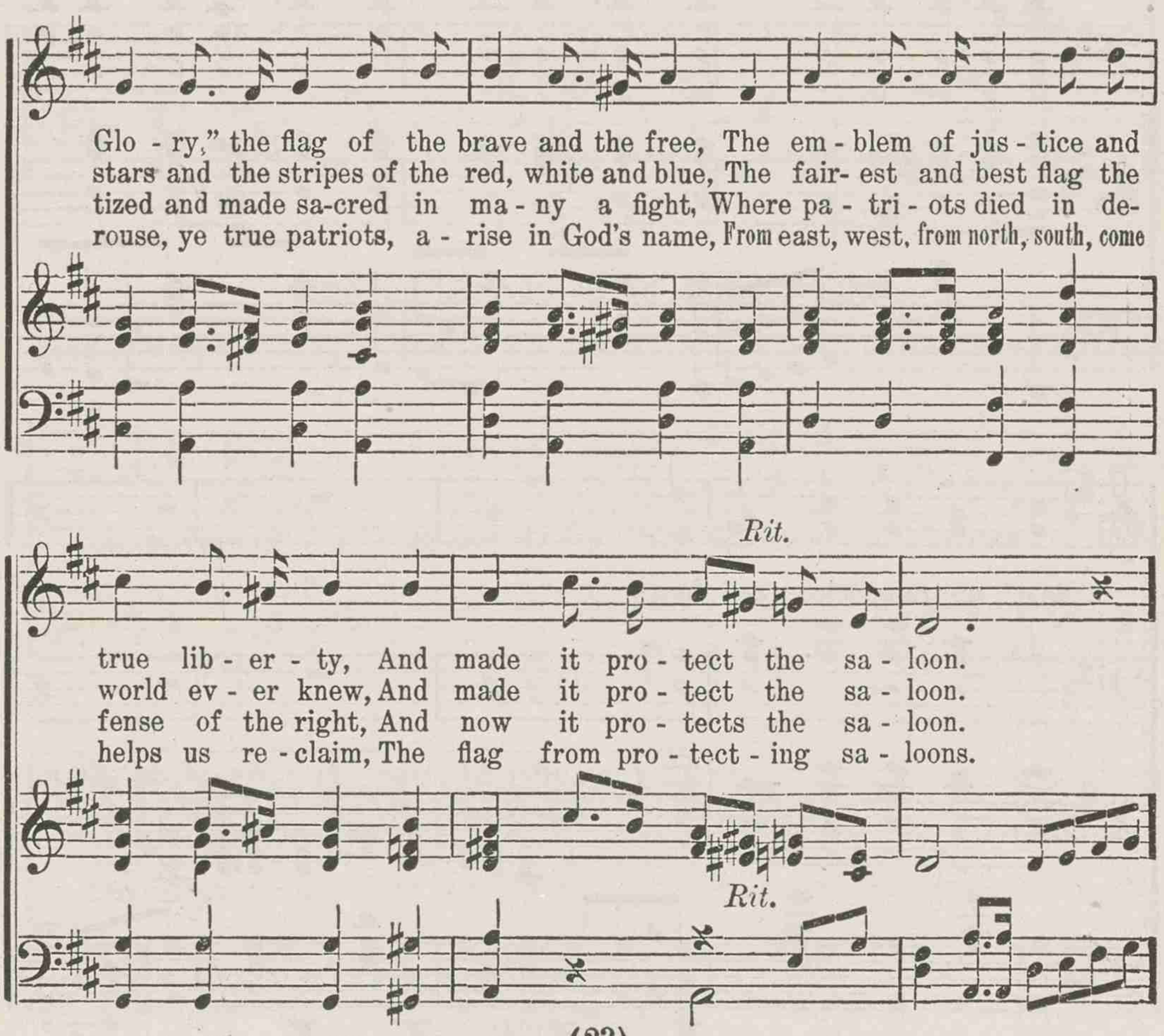
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Bring Back My Flag.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.



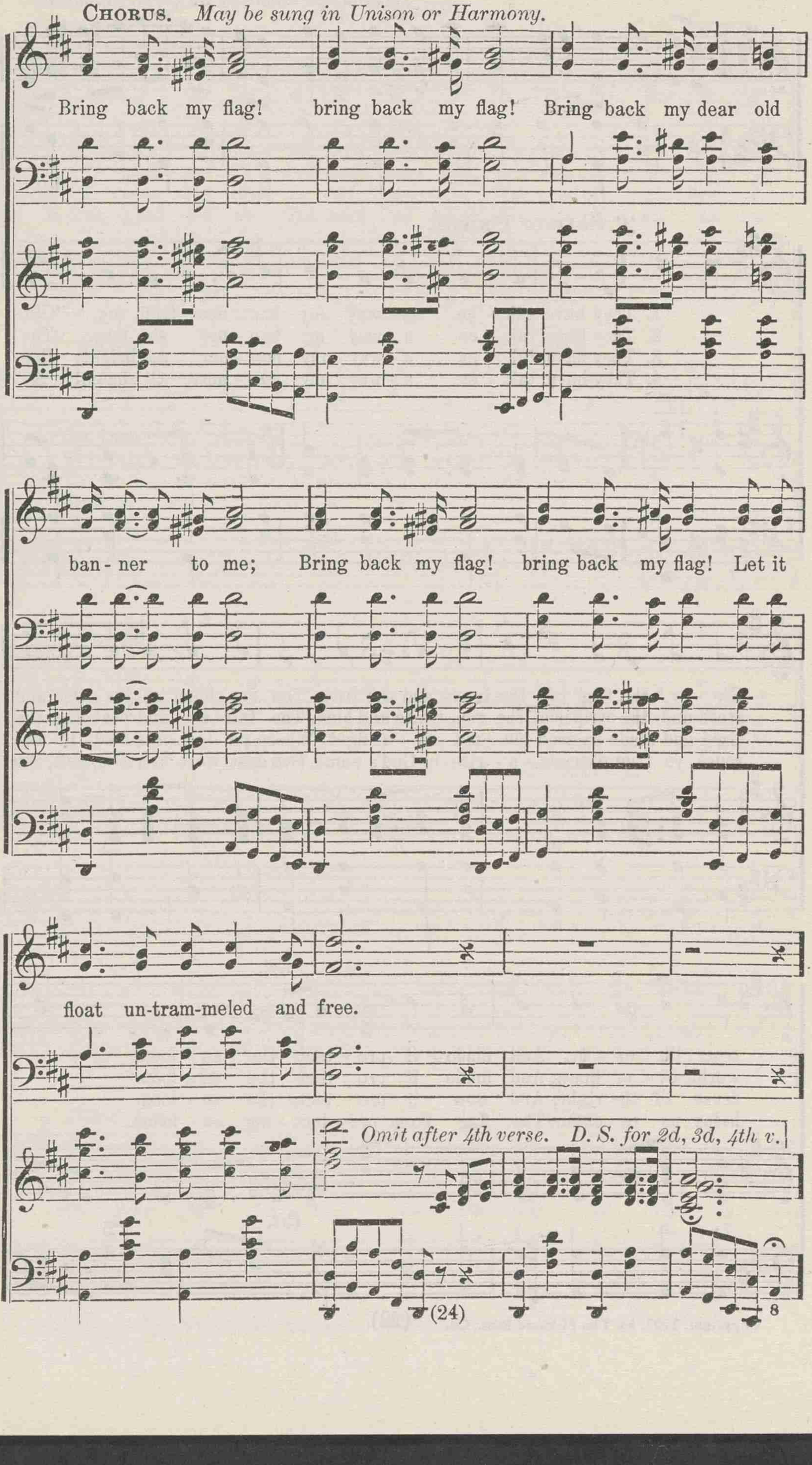




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Bring Back My Flag.

CHORUS. *May be sung in Unison or Harmony.*



Bring Back My Flag.

After 4th verse.

The Star - span - gled Ban - ner for - ev - er shall wave,

FINE.

O'er a land sa - loon-free, Home, sweet home of the brave.

Chorus, Arranged for Male Voices.

May be used instead of the chorus for mixed voices, to same piano accompaniment.

Second tenor prominent.

Bring back my flag! bring back my flag! Bring back my dear old ban-ner to me;

Bring back my flag! bring back my flag! Let it float un-tram-meled and free.

21 The Man With the Pull.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. O I ain't got an - y grammar, an' I ain't up on the rules
2. I can mix a dan - dy cock-tail and put up a poos caf - fay,
3. There are oth - ers who are aft - er this here job I want to land,

That are s'posed to be great leath-er for the prin - ci - pals of schools;
I can give you all the rec- ords of the fight - ers of the day;
They can write and reel off gram-mar and such rot to beat the band;

But that there won't cut no fig - ger when they come to pass in me,
I con - trol the ward I live in,—all the vot - ers bow to me,
They can fig - ger with-out pen- cils, they can spin out his - to - ree,

For I al - ways buy my liq - uor from the lead - in' school trus - tee.
And I al - ways buy my "fine cut" from a lead - in' school trus - tee.
But they don't go buy - in' noth - in' from no lead - in' school trus - tee.

CHORUS.

I ain't much on ed - u - ca- tion, But I'll get the sit - u - a - tion, For I've
I'll take no ex - am - i - na - tion, But I'll get the sit - u - a - tion, For I've
So with all their ed - u - ca - tion, They'll not get the sit - u - a - tion, They haint

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The Man With the Pull.

got a pull, got a pull; I aint much on ed - u-
got a pull, got a pull; I'll take no ex - am - i-
got no pull, got no pull; So with all their ed - u-

ca-tion, But I'll get the sit - u - a-tion, For I've got a pull, don't you see.
na-tion, But I'll get the sit - u - a-tion, For I've got a pull, don't you see.
ca-tion, They'll get licked like all tarnation, They haint got no pull, don't you see.

22 Stop.

F. W. LOUGH. AN ENCORE VERSE. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. If you want the sa - loon to skid - doo,..... It is

sure enough square up to you,..... To vote pro- hi - bi - tion, sa-

loon ab - o - li - tion, Or stop *temp'rance talk the year through.

* First speak this phrase, then sing it.

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23 They Scarcely Ever.

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

1. There are ma - ny men, yes, ma - ny tem-p'rance men, That you
2. They can glib - ly talk, they nev - er lack for words, They de-
3. And their pray'rs are long, be - seech-ing Heav - en's aid, In the
4. Let us smite the liq - uor traf - fic hip and thigh At the

meet a - long the way; They are Chris - tian men, they are
cry rum's e - vil sway; But it's talk, talk, talk, on - ly
con - flict ev - 'ry day; But they fail to win 'gainst the
polls— O, come the day, When the Chris - tian men and the

pray - ing men, But they scarcely ev - er vote that way, scarce-ly
talk, talk, talk, For they scarcely ev - er vote that way, scarce-ly
pow'rs of sin, For they scarcely ev - er vote that way, scarce-ly
tem-p'rance men, Ral - ly to the cause and vote that way! to the

CHORUS.

ev - er vote that way. What, nev-er, no nev - er, no
ev - er vote that way.
ev - er vote that way. (*For last verse.*)
cause and vote that way. And vote it, yes, vote it, straight

Verses 1, 2, 3—Well,
Verse 4—Yes,

nev - er, scarce-ly ev - er, They scarce-ly ev - er vote that way.
pro - hi - bi- tion, vote it, Straight pro - hi - bi - tion, vote that way.

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24 Don't It Set You Thinking.

A. D. PIERCE. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. When you know a man is vot - ing For the traf-fick- ing in rum,
2. When you hear a fa- ther say - ing: "Liq - uor is my greatest dread;"
3. When you hear a preacher preach-ing, Call - ing sin-ners to re - pent,
4. When a man in high po - si - tion, In the na - tion or the state,
5. Friend! do you sup-port a par - ty That is length-en-ing the life

Who is oft- en found a - pray - ing To his Lord, "Thy kingdom come,"
But you know the way he's vot - ing Is the way the curse to spread,
But you know the way he vot - ed, Was the way the brew-ers went,
Votes to le - gal - ize a traf - fic Which he claims to loathe and hate,
Of this curs - ed old rum traf - fic, With its blood and sin so rife?

CHORUS.

Don't it sort of set you think - ing Something's wrong with that man's head?

Chorus 5th verse.

Then it's time that you were thinking What is wrong with your poor head,

For this traf- fick - ing in drink - ing, Should be vot - ed out in - stead,
For this traf- fick - ing in drink - ing, Is to be pro - hib - it - ed,

Should be vot - ed out, be vot - ed out, Should be vot- ed out in-stead.
Pro - hib - it - ed, pro - hib - it - ed, Is to be pro - hib - it - ed.

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25 When Prohibition Wins.

May be sung as a solo, or a unison, or a duet, everybody singing the choruses in their order.

MRS. IDA C. REID. JAS. V. REID.

1. O loy - al vot - ers, with our might We'll gain the vic - to - ry;
2. We'll fight strong drink with courage bold, We'll set our na -tion free;
3. The rumseller buys his porterhouse steak, Well fed and fat is he;
4. The pris - on doors shall o - pen wide, All men shall then be free;

From sin and sor-row black as night, We'll set our coun-try free.
From Sa - tan's grasp it shall un- fold, We shall have lib - er - ty.
The drunkard a piece of liver must take To his poor starved, family.
The hun - gry shall be sat - is - fied, And done with pov - er - ty.

O vot - ers, now's our time to work, We have no time for play,
We'll hear no more the chil-dren's cry, No more the drunkard's groan,
A-gainst old rum we must pre - vail, We'll fight it more and more,
No clanking chains nor maniac's screams Will hap - py homes e'er blight,

We'll vote out whis - key, and not shirk, For we have come to stay.
No brok - en heart- ed moth- er's sigh, When rum no more is known.
Since truth and jus - tice can not fail, We'll close each bar- room door.
When pro - hi - bi - tion— once a dream—Wins in the liq - uor fight.

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When Prohibition Wins.

p FIRST CHORUS.

"In the sweet by - and - by, We shall wel-come that beau - ti - ful day,

D. C. for second verse.

In the sweet by and by, When all Chris-tians shall vote as they pray."

f SECOND CHORUS.

No rum, then, for-ev - er,—Hur- rah, boys, hur-rah! Down with the liq - uor,

up with the law; Let us ral - ly 'round the polls, boys, We'll rally with our might;

D. C. for third verse. *p* THIRD CHORUS. *Mod.*

Shout - ing a-loud the cry of free- dom! We'll vote out whiskey, yes, we will;

When Prohibition Wins.

We hate it like the dev - il, We'll end the brew-ery and the still, And

help men to keep lev - el; Hur-rah! hur-rah! O shout the joy - ful

strains; Hurrah! hurrah! your vote will make you free; Then let us sing our

D. C. for fourth verse.

cho - rus o'er the mountains and the plains; As we go marching to vic - t'ry.

FOURTH CHORUS. FINE.

Then palms of vic- to- ry, crowns of glo- ry; Palms of vic-to-ry we shall wear.

26 March Boldly On.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. March bold- ly on, march bold - ly on, And smite the pow'rs of sin,
2. This glo-rious war a-gainst the wrong Shall all our pow'rs em - ploy;
3. One might - y shout, a won- drous shout, Shall rend the heav'n-ly dome,

f. FINE.

D. S.—*In Je - sus' name, in Je - sus' name, Go forth thy crown to win;*
The tow'r - ing holds of sin so strong, Our Lord will yet de - stroy;
When bat - tles fought, the vic - t'ry won, God calls His ar - my home;

A sol - dier true, go take thy stand, And bat - tle for the right,
All ar-mored with the shield of faith, And gird - ed with His sword,
And when His blest "well done," we hear, In that resplend - ant scene,

Hear now thy Captain's blest command, Go con- quer in His might.
We'll stand in life, ex - ult in death, And con- quer thro' His word.
These hard - ships will but small ap - pear, These suf- fer- ings but mean.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

March bold- ly on, March bold- ly on, And smite the pow'rs of sin;
bold-ly on,

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27 He Did It.

Words re-arranged and adapted. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. Some- bod - y said that it could not be done, But he, with a chuck - le, de - nied it,
2. Some- bod - y scoffed "O you'll nev - er do that, At least, no one ev - er has done it."
3. Thousands will tell you things can not be done, And thou-sands of friends, too, will fail you;
4. Liq - uor, they tell us, has al - ways been made, And some one for - ev - er will brew it;

Say - ing, may- be it couldn't, but he would be one Who would-n't say so till he'd tried it. So he
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat, And the first thing they knew he'd begun it. With a
Oth - er thousands point out to you, one aft - er one, The dan - gers that wait to as - sail you; But you
'Tis no use to at-tempt to pro- hib - it the trade, Im - pos - si - ble! You can not do it. But its

buck - led right in with a trace of a grin,— If he doubt-ed, he lift of his chin and a bit of a grin, With-out stop-ping for
buck - le right in with a bit of a grin, Then take off your off with our coats and its down with our votes, And we'll stick to our

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He Did It.

care - ful - ly hid it;.... And he start - ed to sing as he
quib - ble or quid - dit,.... He just start - ed to sing as he
coat and go to it;.... Just you start in to sing as you
job till we're thro' it;.... And we'll all join to sing as we

Rit. *Presto.*

tack - led the thing That could- n't be done— and HE DID IT!
tack - led the thing That could- n't be done— and HE DID IT!
tack - le the thing That can not be done—and YOU'LL DO IT!
tack - le this thing That can not be done— and WE'LL DO IT!

CHORUS.

For can't-ers are won't-ers, Who could if they would Be do - ers, not

don't- ers, And try as they should. What ought to be will be To

one who's a man, And tack-les im - pos - si - ble things With—"I can!"

28 Jim and Me.

Last verse by MERRITT A. STIPP. F. M. GRAHAM. By per.

1. The sto - ry, sir? why real - ly now, I have-n't much to say,
2. He used to sneak a - long the street, his head was bend - ed low,
3. I used to be a - fraid of him, when com-ing home at night,
4. Now morn-ings when he goes to work, I kneel right down and say:
5. He used to cast a li - cense vote for whis-ky, beer and gin;

If you had called a year a - go, and then a - gain to - day,
As if he was a-shamed to meet the friends he used to know,
But now it gives me joy su-preme, and fills me with de - light;
"Fa - ther in heav - en, bless dear Jim, and keep him saved to - day;"
But now to him 'tis ver - y plain that li - cense is a sin;

No need for an - y one to tell, for you could plain - ly see, Just
But now he walks with head up-right, his step is bold and free, That's
The ba - by plays a - round his chair, and climbs up - on his knee, That's
And nights, be-fore we go to sleep, give thanks on bend - ed knee; That's
He casts a Pro - hi - bi - tion vote, and stands out bold and free; That's

what our God has done for us, Has done for Jim and me.

Jim and Me.

CHORUS.

The pail that holds the milk to-day, he used to fill with beer, But he's not
Just look in - to the cup-board, sir, there's sugar, flour and tea, That's what our

1 2

spent a cent for drink in now al-most a year,
God has done for us, has (*Omit* . . . . .) done for Jim and me.

29 Not By My Vote.

F. E. R. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. The gi - ant liq - uor traf - fic has this na - tion by the throat, Of
2. If this old liq - uor traf - fic has this na - tion by the throat, And
3. O Chris - tian men and wo - men, come and let us take a hand, And

beer and booze e - nough is drank a bat - tle- ship to float; But it is
beer and booze e - nough is drank a bat - tle- ship to float; Now look you
drive this mon-ster e - vil ev - er - more from our fair land, And say it

not, O no, not by my vote, O no, no, no; O no, not by my vote.
here, it must be by your vote, Yes, yes, O yes, it must be by your vote.
shall not be, not by my vote; And say, it shall not be, not by my vote.

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30 Grandfather Voted That Way.

JOS. E. HARVEY. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

Deliberately.

1. Grand - fa - ther was a Dem - o - crat, a might - y An - glo-
2. Our neigh - bors tell us ev - 'ry year, "There's no use of your
3. I claim to be a tem-p'rance man, but some say I'm con-
4. The is - sues which I fa - vor now are far from Dem - o-

[Encore verse.]

5. Now here of late, I've re - a - lized I'm not a pol - i-

Sax - on; He worshipped Thomas Jef - fer - son, and like- wise An - drew
try - in'," But that don't wor - ry us a bit, we al - ways vote for
tra - ry; Be- cause I vote a tick - et that is an - ti - sump-tu-
crat - ic; But still I vote that tick - et, and some folks think I'm er-
ti - cian; I've vot - ed li - cense tick- ets, while I've want - ed pro - hi-
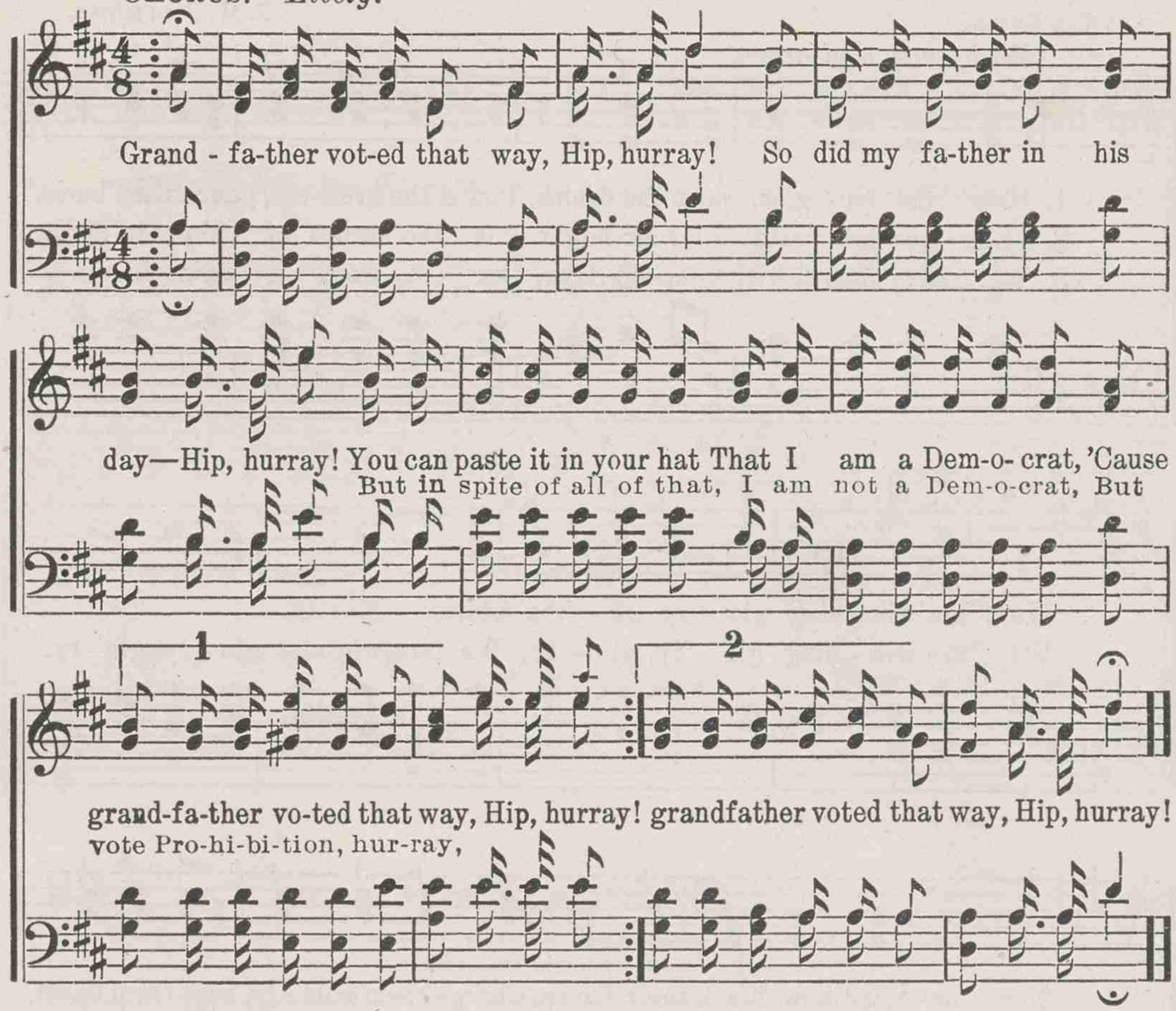
Jack- son, So he taught fa - ther how to vote, and fa- ther then taught
Bry - an, When we e - lect a Pres - i - dent—if that time ev - er
a - ry; Our par - ty's led by gam- blers, and by brew- ers its con-
rat - ic; Its plat - form stands for li - cense, and its planks are out of
bi - tion; The brew - ers have the lead - ers of our par - ty by the

me, That's why at each e - lec - tion we sup - port De - moc - ra - cy.
comes; O won't we have a jol - ly time, a - pass-ing 'round the "plums."
trolled; But grand- pa says, "Just stay with- in the Dem - o - crat - ic fold."
date; But, like my dear old grand-fa - ther, I al- ways vote 'er straight.
throat; So, aft - er this, the Pro - hi - bi - tion par - ty gets my vote.

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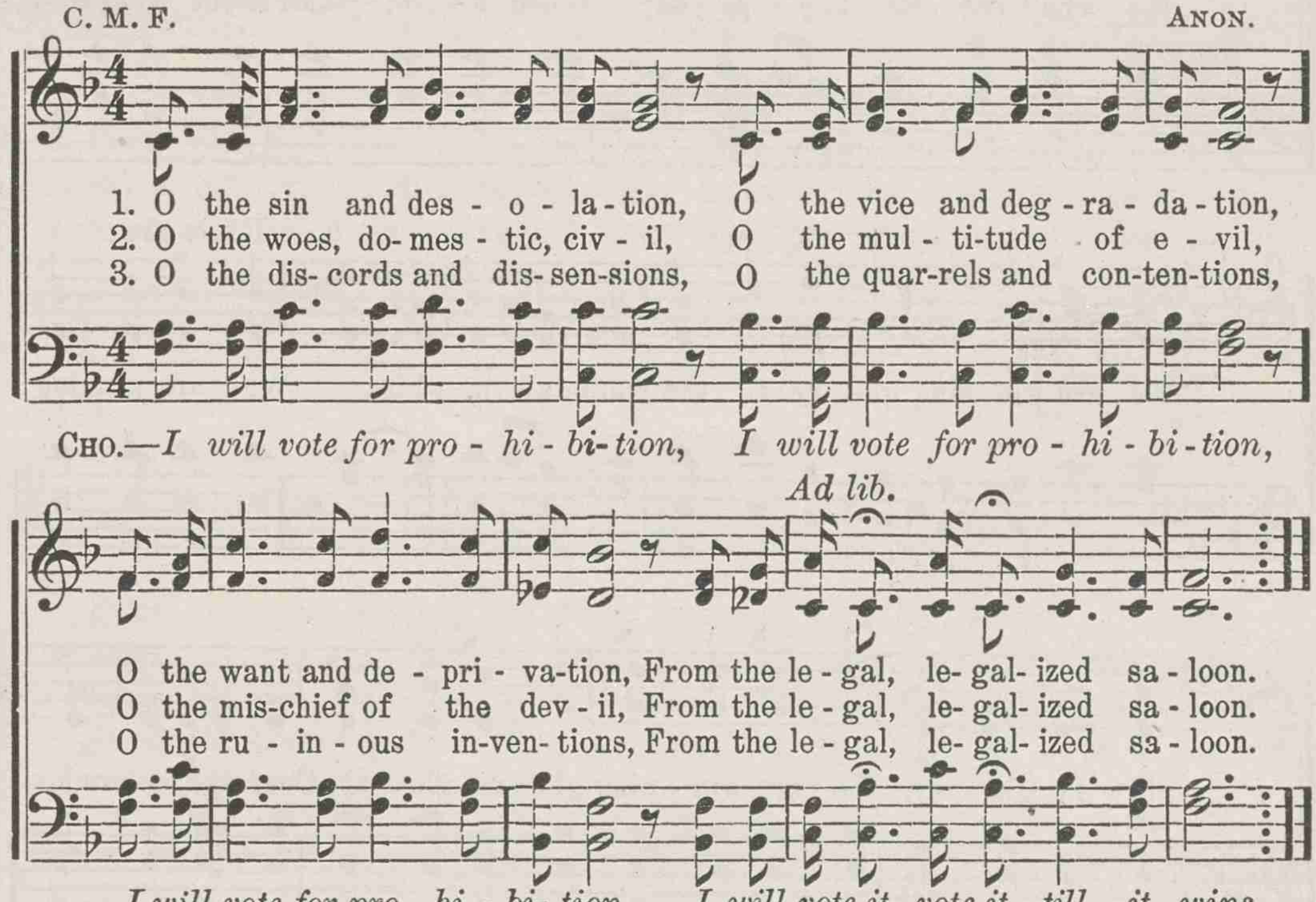
Grandfather Voted That Way.

CHORUS. *Lively.*



31 The Legalized Saloon.

C. M. F. ANON.



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32 We are Winning Glory.

JAMES ROWE. J. H. FILLMORE.

With snap and accent.

1. Blow the bu - gles, beat the drums, Pound the brew-ers, punch the "bums,"
2. Slash and jab with all your might, Put the hordes of sin to flight,
3. We have fought with cour-age true, Our re - ward is now in view,

We are win - ning glo - ry all the while,.....
We are win - ning glo - ry, glo - ry, We are win-ning glo - ry, glo - ry,

Nev - er mind how black their frown, Charge them bold - ly, beat them down,
Bat - ter down the dens of shame, In Old Un - cle Sam - my's name,
We shall see the hap - py day, When we all shall shout "Hoo-ray!"

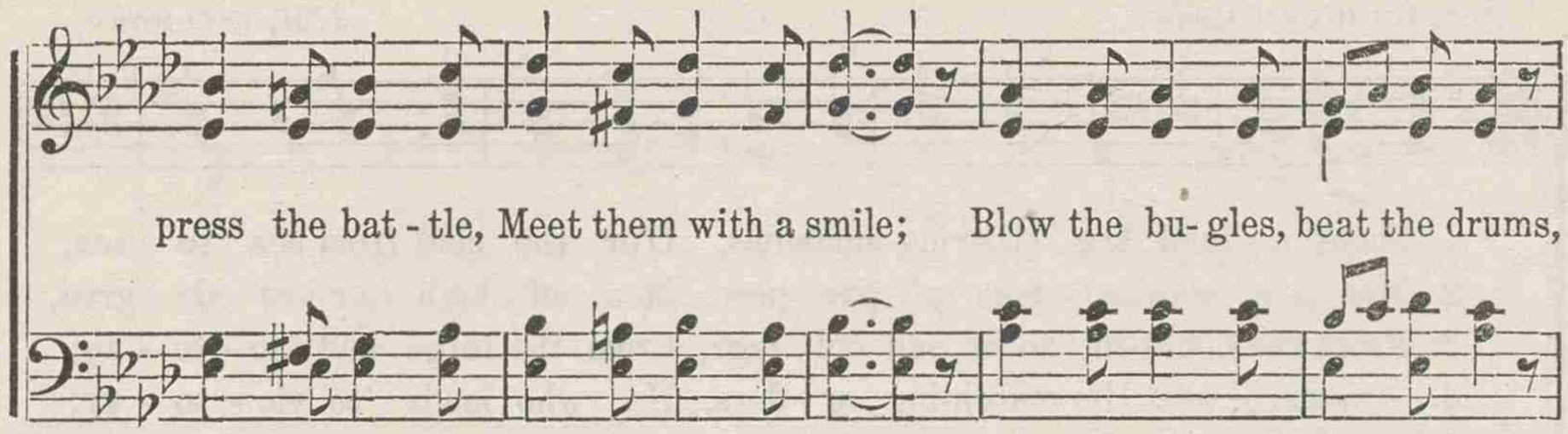
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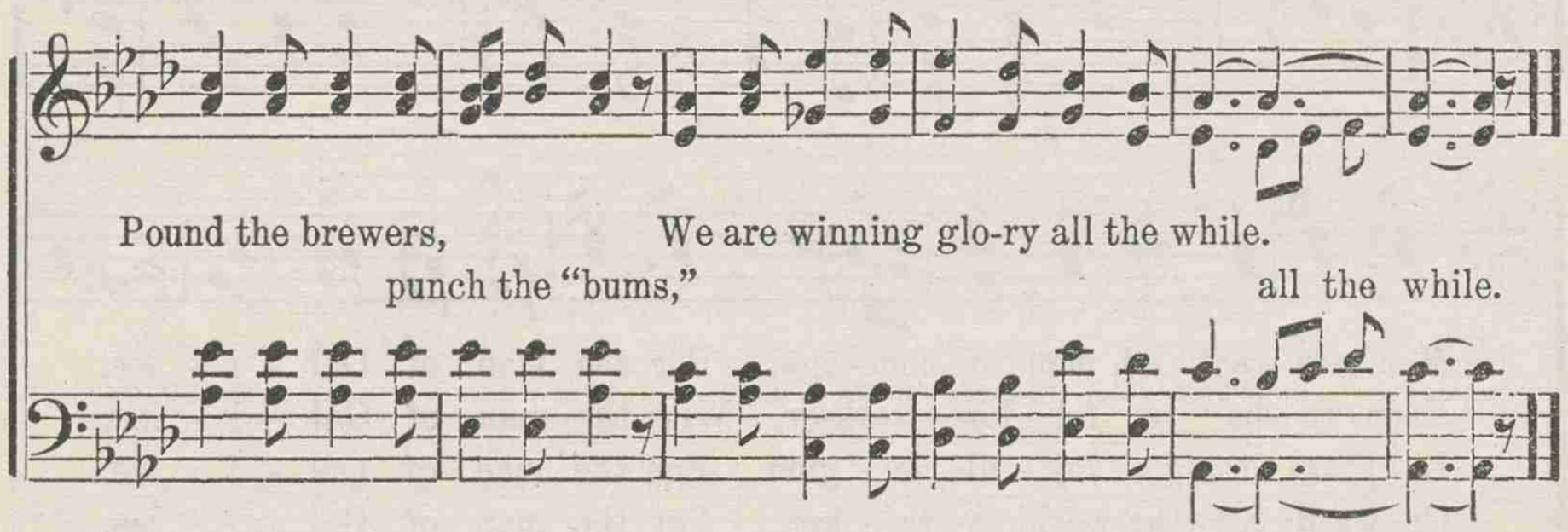
We are win- ning glo - ry all the while, all the while. We are winning

glo - ry, glo - ry, We are win - ning glo - ry, glo - ry, Cour-age, comrades,

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We are Winning Glory.
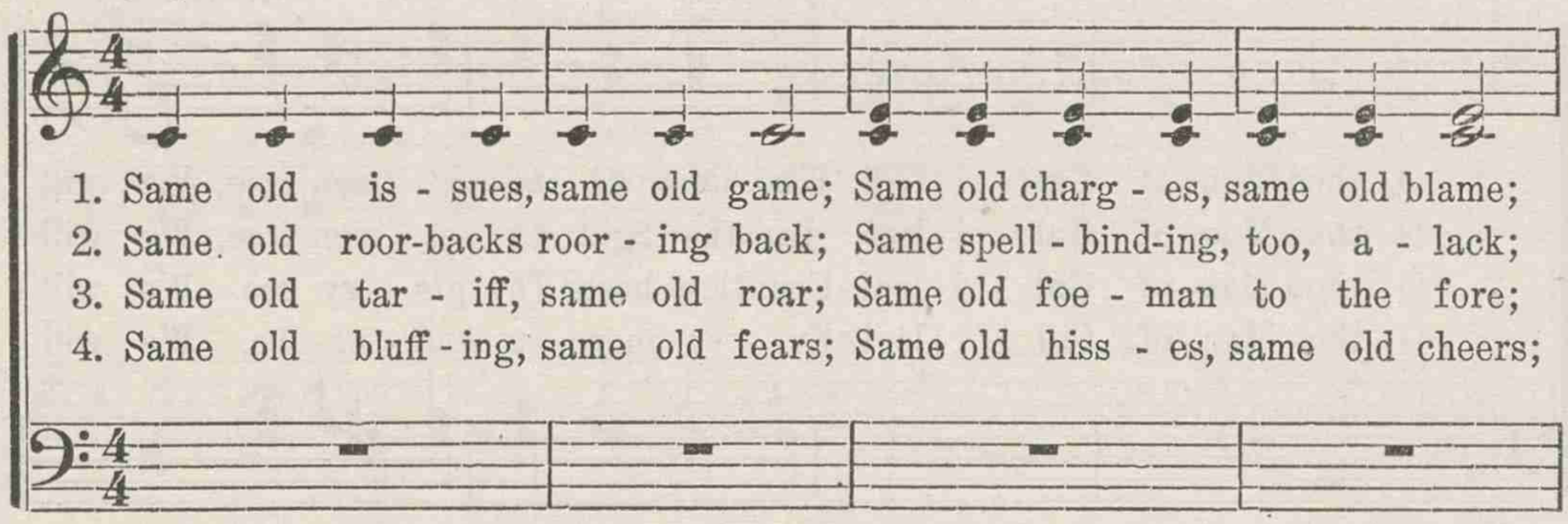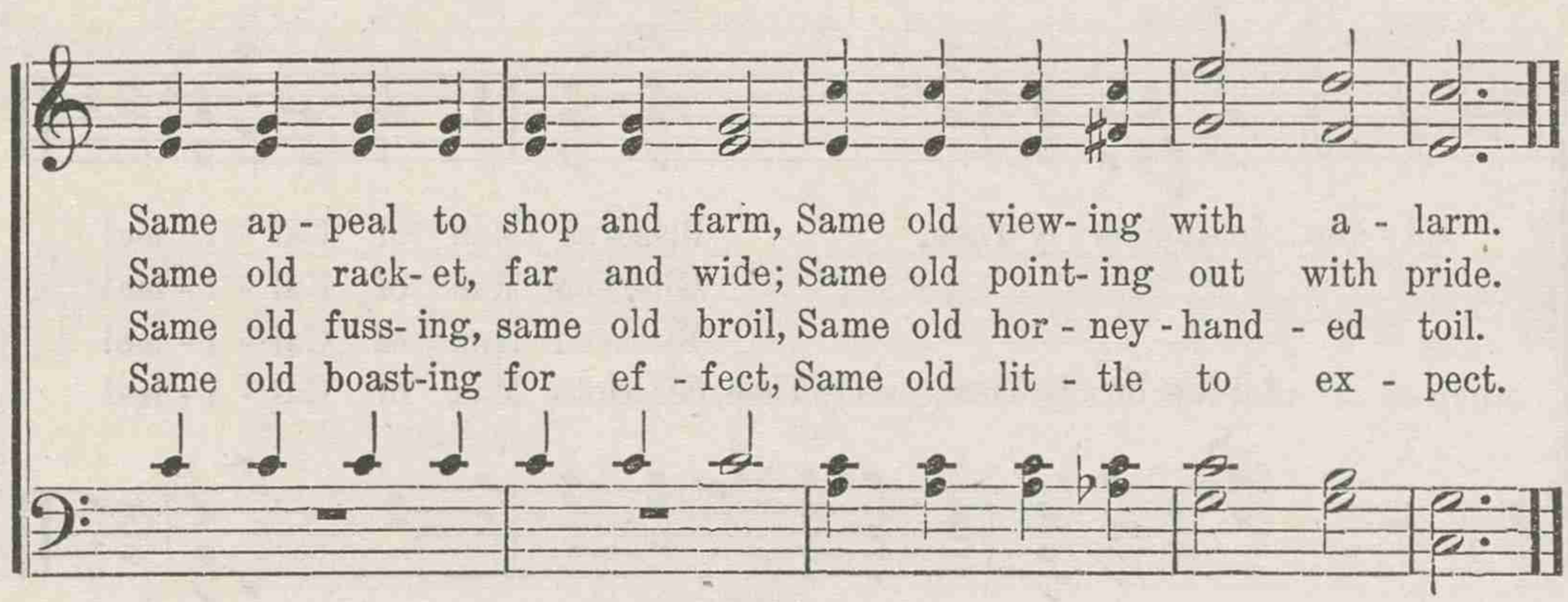




33

The Campaign.

AN ENCORE SONG.

Chicago Record Herald. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.





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34 For the Man of Galilee.

S. J. DUNCAN-CLARK. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Shout a - loud the stir-ring summons, O'er the land from sea to sea,
2. Men are want-ed, men of pur - pose, Men of high or low de - gree,
3. From the count-ing-house and col - lege, From the forge and fac - to - ry,
4. On-ward! are His march-ing or - ders, He who leads to vic - to - ry;

Men are want - ed, men of cour- age, For the man of Gal - i - lee.
Each to be a fel - low - work-er, With the man of Gal - i - lee.
Lo! there throng a loy - al le - gion For the man of Gal - i - lee.
On- ward! till the world is ta - ken For the man of Gal - i - lee.

p Cres. *p Cres.* *Rit.* *A tempo.*

O thou Man of Gal - i - lee! Who didst die to set men free, We will
O thou Man of Gal - i - lee! In the fight to set men free, We will
O thou Man of Gal - i - lee! Countless hosts Thy glo - ry see, We will
O thou Man of Gal - i - lee! Ev - er - more our lead - er be, We will

Cres. *Rit.*

fol - low, fol-low on - ly Thee, Bless- ed Man of Gal - i - lee!
Glo-rious Man of Gal - i - lee!
Bless- ed Man of Gal - i - lee!
fol-low on - ly Thee, on - ly Thee, Glo-rious Man of Gal - i - lee!

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35 Get Off the Fence.

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

1. Are you on - ly half per-suaded That these temp'rance folks are right, Are you
2. Are you thinking that your par-ty Will, in time, take up this cause? With re-
3. Are you eas - y now, and sat - is-fied That things are go -ing right? That this
4. Will you fol - low now your conscience And get off that old rail fence? On the

on - ly then half -hearted In this right- eous liq - uor fight?
stric-tion and high li- cense, An - ti - sump - tu - a - ry laws? Get off the
prob- lem will be set - tled By and by with-out a fight?
side of truth and righteousness, And vote with com- mon sense?

CHORUS.

fence, ...Get off the gate, And vote pro - hi-
get off the fence, get off the gate,

bi - tion, vote it straight; Get off the fence, ... O do not
get off the fence,

wait, ... Get off the fence right now, and vote it straight.
O do not wait,

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To Victory.

MALE VOICES.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. FILLMORE.

Risoluto.

1. Arm for the bat-tle! Sol-diers of right! Send the word of our Lord
2. Ready for the bat-tle! Sol-diers we stand! Nev - er quail, nev - er fail,
3. On to the bat-tle! On-ward to win! God and right, give the might

Down the left and right! (go for-ward.) Arm for the bat - tle!
At your Lord's com-mand! (go for - ward.) Arm for the bat - tle!
O'er the hosts of sin! (go for - ward.) Arm for the bat - tle!

Tri - umph we see! On-ward march to vic - to - ry! To vic - to - ry!
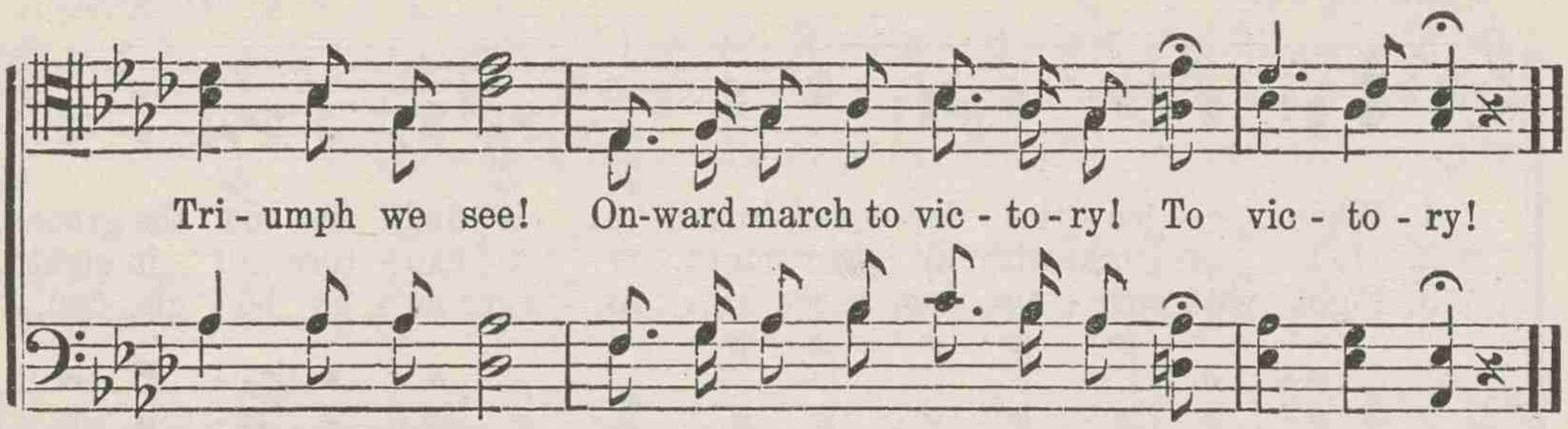
CHORUS.

On - ward! heed the call! Ev - 'ry man a he - ro be! For - ward,

one and all, Ban-ners blazoned "Vic - to - ry!" Arm for the bat - tle!
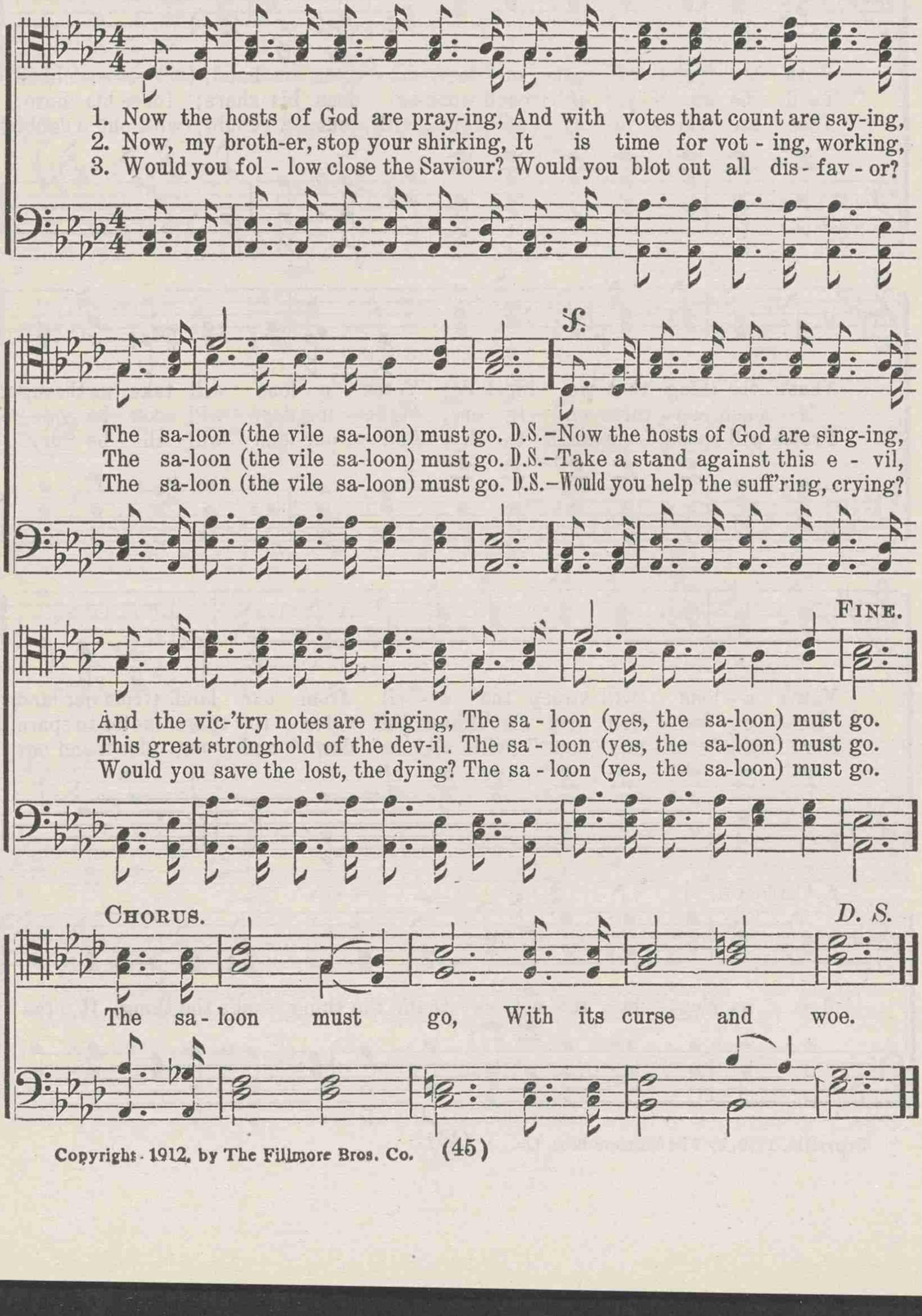
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To Victory.



37 The Saloon Must Go.

F. E. R. MALE VOICES. FRED A. FILLMORE.



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38 Ring in the Voters.

JAMES ROWE. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. When e - lec - tion day comes 'round, Let it find us on the ground,
2. Let us work with all our might, Try to cap - ture all in sight;
3. Fight with cour - age, com- rades all, An - swer ev - 'ry bu - gle call,

With the fruits of past en - deav - or:—votes on hand; (with votes on hand;)
'Twill be eas - y, if each work-er does his share; (does his share;)
Then the vic - to - ry will come, with - out a doubt; (with-out a doubt;)

That's the thing that we must do; Votes a - lone will take us through,
If each cap - tures on - ly one, Fight - ing days will soon be gone,—
Praise will speed from earth to sky, And our land will all be "dry,"

Votes a - lone will sweep the e - vil from our land. (from our land.)
On e - lec - tion day we'll have the votes to spare. (votes to spare.)
For the "rum - mie - dums" will all be down and out. (down and out.)

f CHORUS.

Let us ring in the vot-ers—that's the thing, that's the thing, If the

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Ring in the Voters.

song of vic-'try we would sing; (the song of vict'ry;) Ev - 'ry vote that we gain

adds a link to the chain; Let us ring in the voters, that's the thing. (that's the thing.)

39 God of Our Fathers.

DANIEL C. ROBERTS. GEORGE WILLIAM WARREN.

ff *f Voices alone.*

Trumpets (before each verse.)

1. God of our fa-thers, whose al- might- y hand
2. Thy love di- vine hath led us in the past;
3. From war's alarms, from dead- ly pes - ti - lence,
4. Re - fresh Thy peo - ple on their toil-some way,

With organ.

Leads forth in beau- ty all the star- ry band Of shin - ing worlds in splen-dor thro' the skies,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast; Be Thou our ru - ler, guardian, guide and stay,
Be Thy strong arm our ev - er sure defense; Thy true re - lig - ion in our hearts increase,
Lead us from night to nev - er - end- ing day; Fill all our lives with love and grace di - vine,

Our grate-ful songs be-fore Thy throne a - rise.
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chos-en way.
Thy bounteous goodness nour-ish us in peace.
And glo - ry, laud and praise be ev - er Thine.

40 The Preacher and His Pals.

JOS. E. HARVEY. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. Two vot- ers on e - lec-tion day were in the polling place, Each waiting for a
2. Be - hind the preacher stood a man bedecked in flashy clothes, "'Tis Jake, the Red Light
3. Then came a Pro- hi - bi-tion- ist—he was a preacher, too—But he believed in

chance to cast his vote; The first one was a brew-er, with a red and bloated face,
King," somebod- y said. Now, naturally, you'd think these men would be most bitter foes,
vot - ing as he pray'd. "Give me a Pro - hi - bi - tion ballot—nothing else will do,"

The oth -er was a min - is- ter of note. The brew-er said, "My vote goes to per-
Yet neither's presence filled his foe with dread. "I'll take one like the preacher's, judge," Jake
The clerks and judges laughed as they obeyed. "We al-ways can depend on you," the

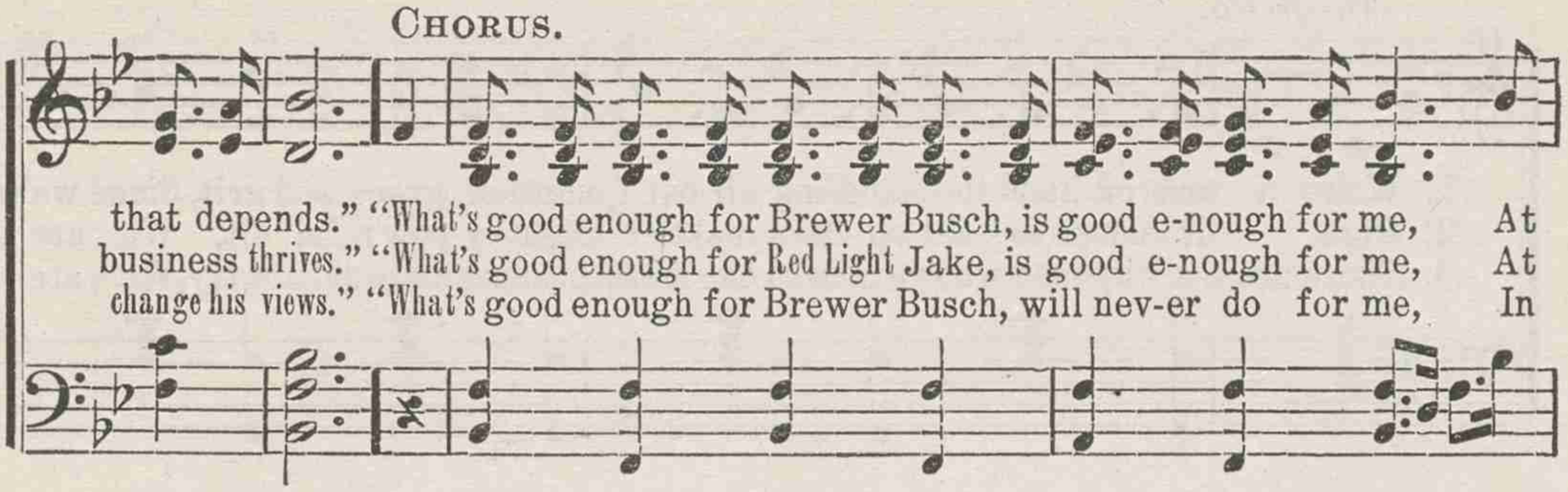
pet - u - ate my trade, Re - pub - li-cans have always been my friends." The preacher
said with hus- ky voice, I'm seek-ing for pro- tec-tion for my dives, And un-der
judge said, with a smile, "To vote the tick-et that will kill the booze. While in the

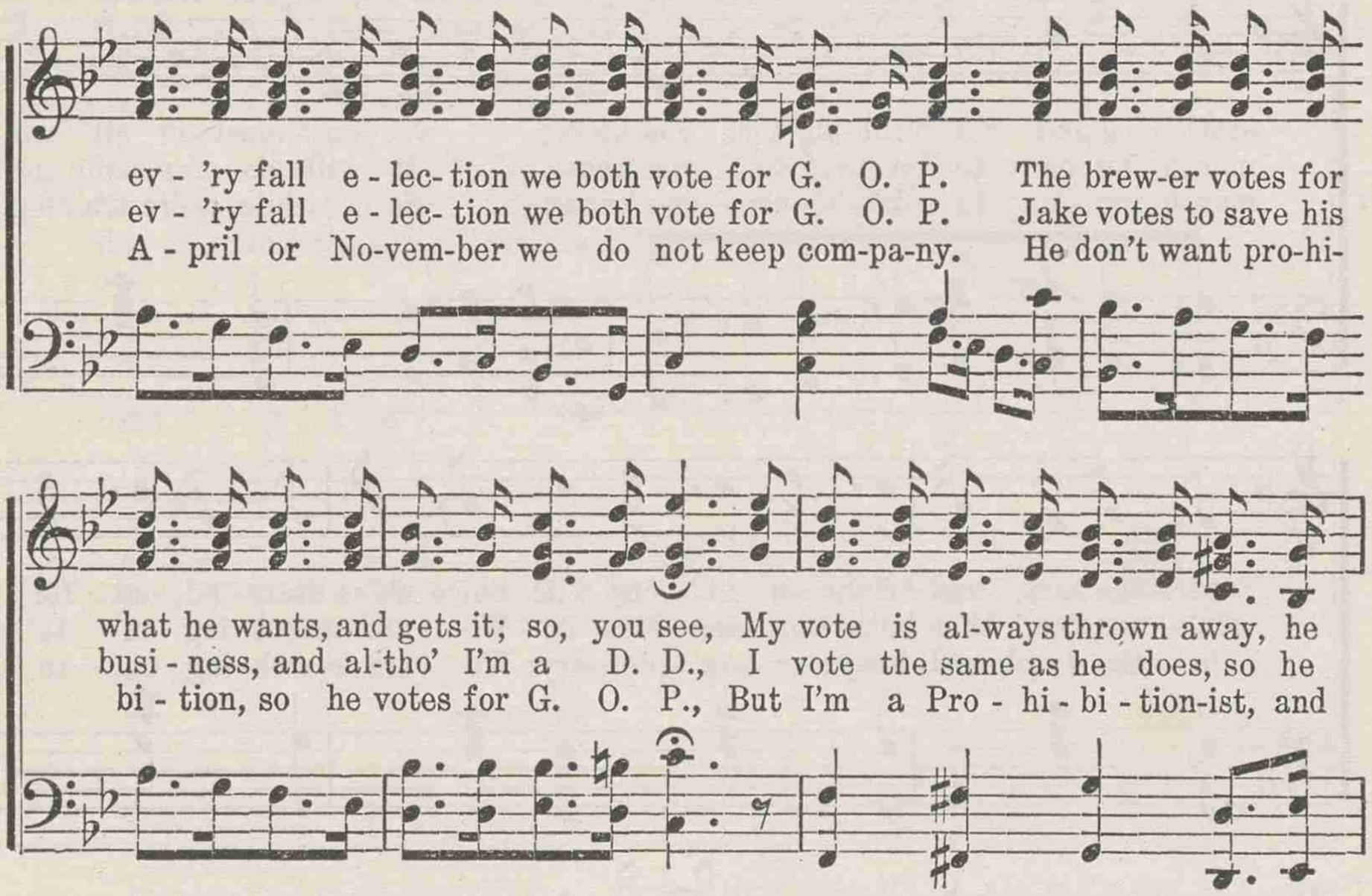
said, I hate the booze, and plac-es where it's made; But in the fall e - lec-tion—
the Re- pub - li- cans, we ru - in girls and boys, We're un- mo-lest - ed, and our
spring, this oth-er preacher says sa-loons are vile, The fall e-lec-tions seem to

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The Preacher and His Pals.

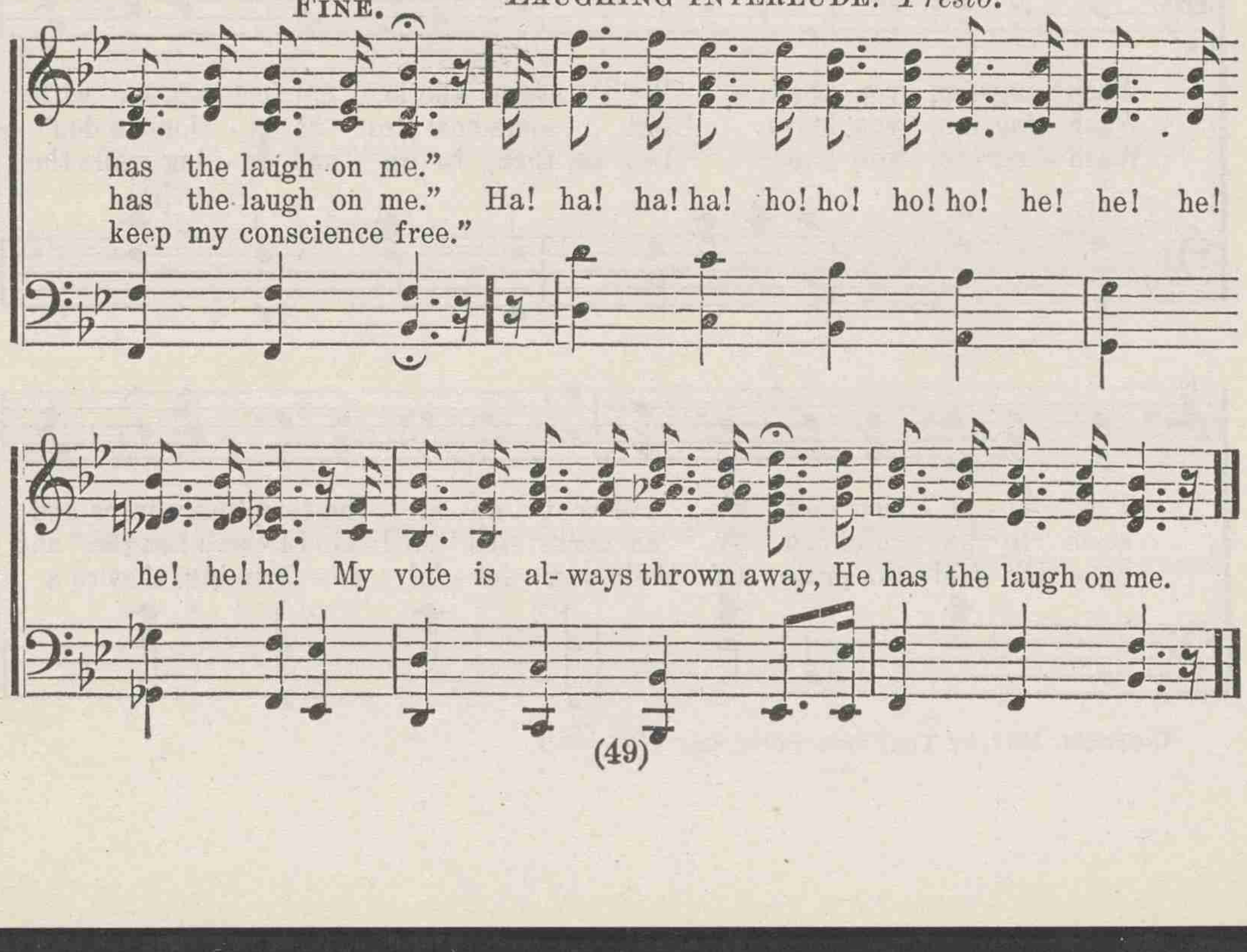
CHORUS.





FINE.

LAUGHING INTERLUDE. *Presto.*



41 On to Washington.

SOLON W. BINGHAM. (MALE VOICES.) J. B. HERBERT.

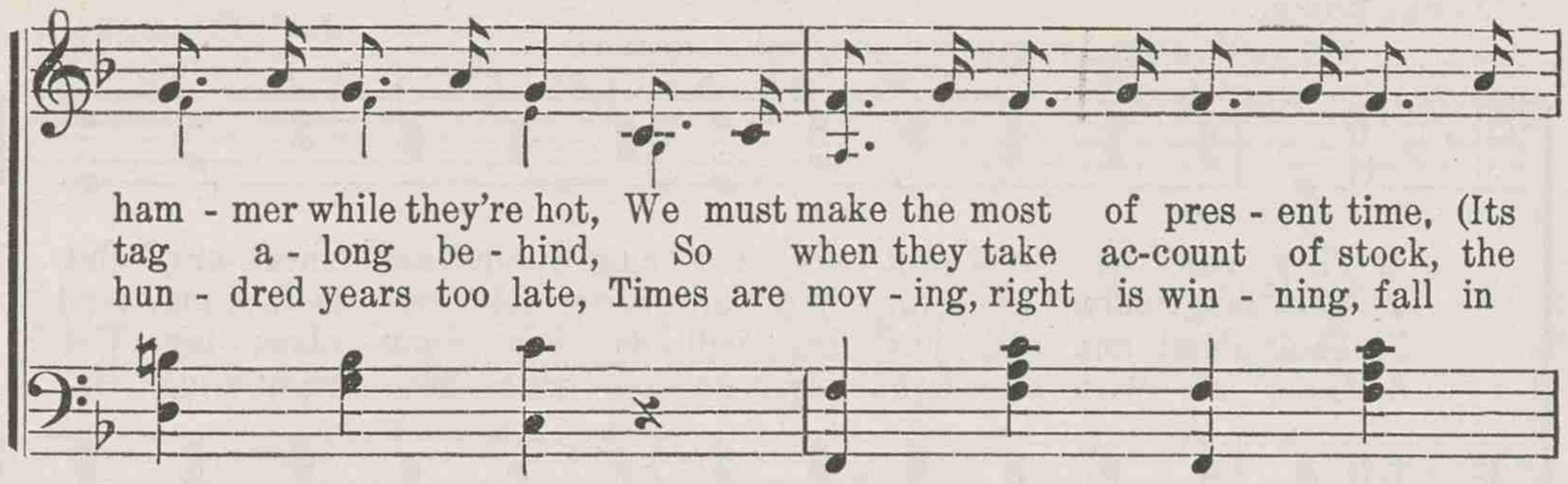
Allegretto.

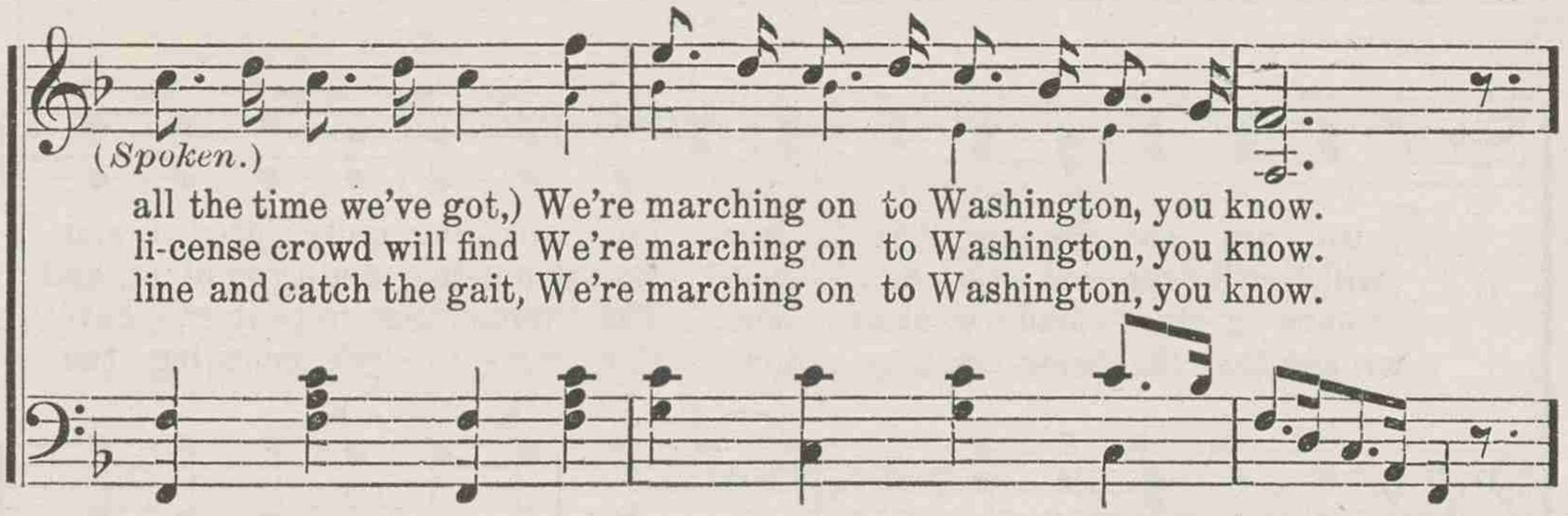
1. We've a task on hand de-mand-ing all our gumption, grace and grit, Since we've start - ed out for Wash-ing-ton, you know; We must must - er all our cour - age now, and bright- en up our wit; Since we've start - ed out for
2. High li - cense lo - cal op - tion makes a might- y pow'r-ful hit, We are march- ing on to Wash-ing-ton, you know; It will do for saint and sin - ner, too, they both can sanc - tion it; We are march- ing on to
3. There are ma - ny men who've missed the mark because they did not try, We are march- ing on to Wash-ing-ton, you know; So while we're trusting in the Lord, we'll keep our pow - der dry; We are march- ing on to

Wash - ing-ton, you know. We'll storm the lo - cal fort- ress-es with
Wash - ing-ton, you know. But some-how Pro - hi - bi - tionists don't
Wash - ing-ton, you know. Let us, then, be up and do - ing while the
Pro - hi - bi - tion shot, We will heat up all the temp'rance irons and
seem to be in-clined To en- dorse the "Mod - el Li - ar's League," and
liq - uor deal - ers prate Of their won - der - ful re - form-ing, they're a

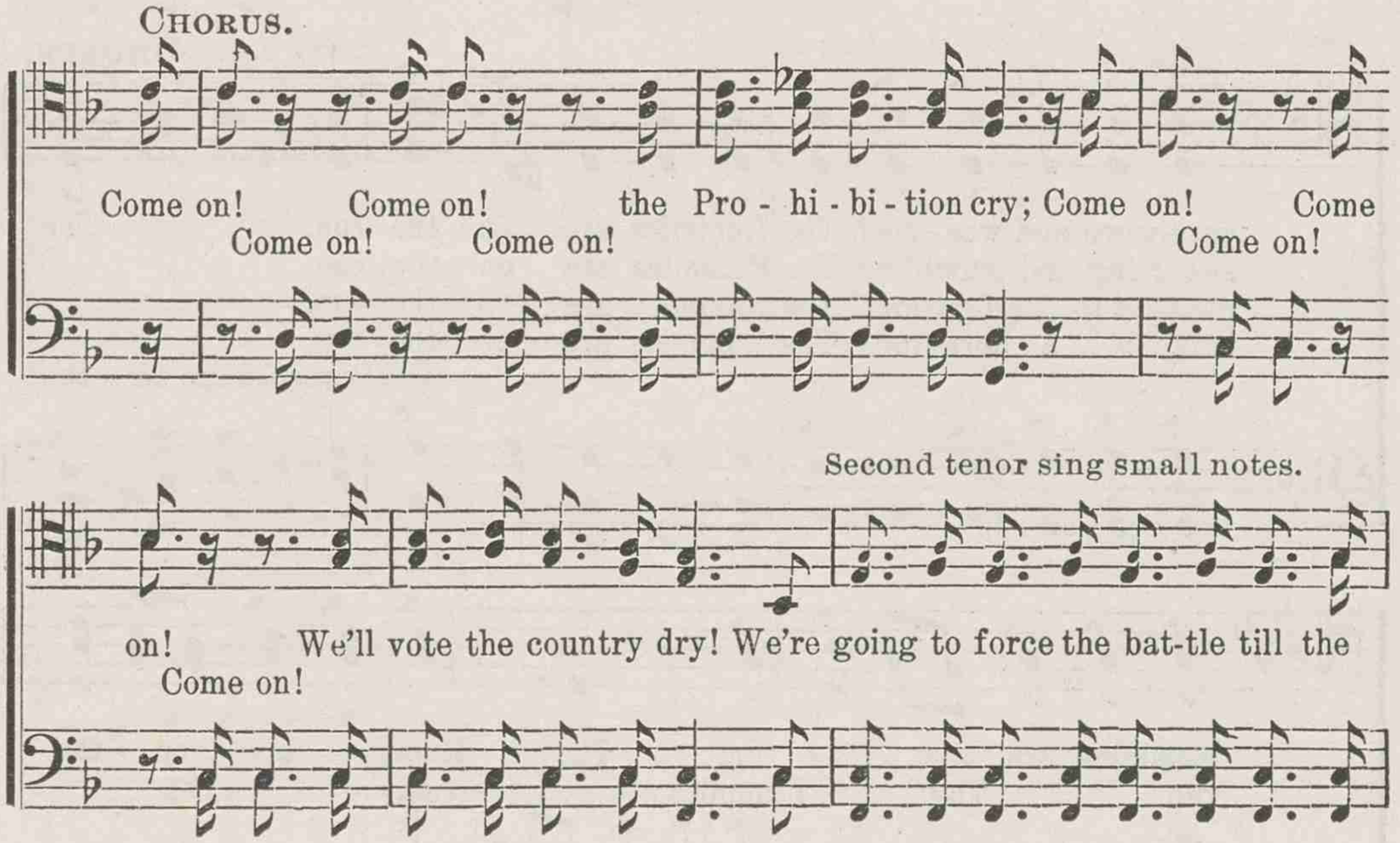
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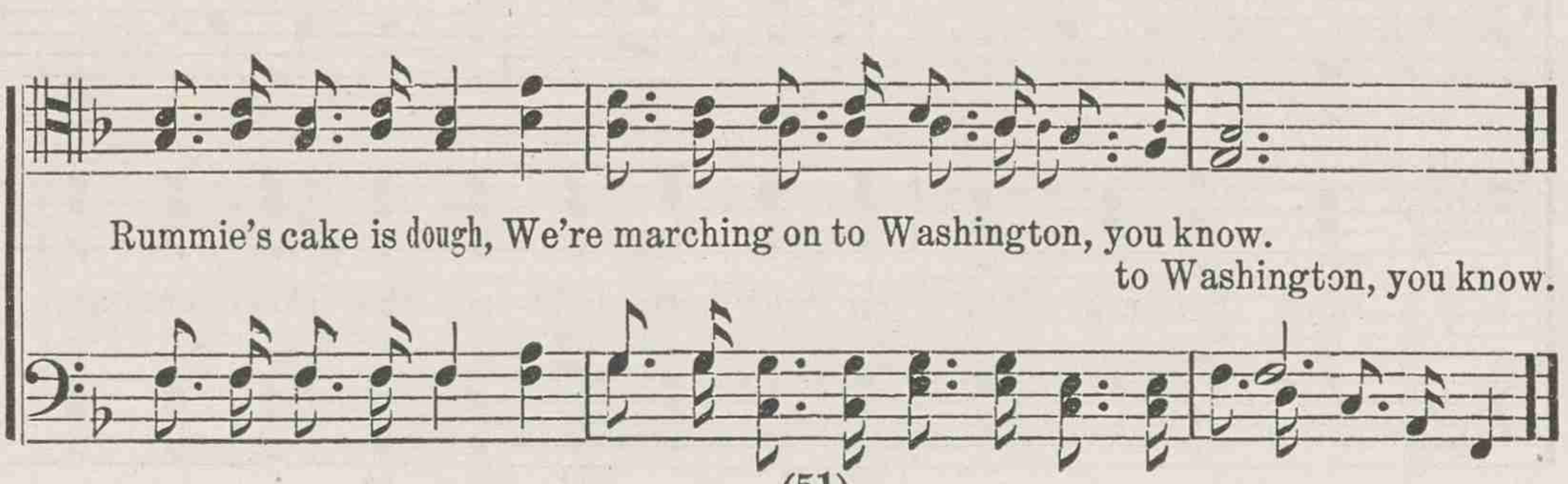
On to Washington.





CHORUS.





42 The Rummies Are On the Run.

JAMES ROWE. J. H. FILLMORE.

Second tenor prominent for first 4 measures.

1. They call us "re - peat - ers" and "mug-wumps" and "sheet -ers," But we are en - joy - ing the fun, For, look - ing quite flur-ried, and
2. The "mugwumps" are gain - ing, all faith - ful re - main - ing, And will, till the bat - tle be won; But, grunt-ing and grumbling, and
3. Their shout- ing and jeer - ing will die in our cheer - ing, For comes a black cloud o'er their sun; The "temp'rance re-peat-ers" have
4. Go on with the fight - ing, go on with the right - ing Of wrongs that the brew- ers have done; For vic - to - ry's morn-ing the

CHORUS.

care-worn and wor - ried, The Rummies are on the run. The
swear-ing and stumbling, The Rummies are on the run.
changed to "de-feat-ers," The Rummies are on the run.
land is a - dorn- ing—The Rummies are on the run.
the Rummies are on the
Rummies are on the run, The Rummies are on the
run, The Rummies are on the run, The
run, the run; Go on with the fight- ing, the skeet - ers are

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The Rummies Are On the Run.

bit - ing, The Rum-mies are on the run;
Rummies run, Rummies
Rummies run, Rummies run, Rummies run, Rummies run, run, run.
run,

*This last note may be made short, or sustained at pleasure.

43 Oon, Loon.

AN ENCORE VERSE.

Second Tenor. Words and music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE

1. I had rath - er be a dog, and bay the moon; (bay the moon;) Or a

First Bass.

First Tenor.

cat- er- pil - ler hid in a co - coon; (a co - coon;) Or a don - key, or a

monkey, or a big bab - oon, Than to cast my vote to license the *sa-loon.

Second Bass.

*If the first tenor uses the small notes, the first bass uses small notes also.

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The Female of the Species.

F. E. H. (With apologies to Kipling.) CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

SOLO.

1. When you see the bums and brew-ers and the riff-raff of the land
2. When the crook-ed pol - i - ti - cians all be - gin to froth and foam,
3. When the hyp - o - crite sky pi - lot crawls be-hind A - pos - tle Paul,
4. When the liq - uor li - cense par - ties, ver - y point - ed - ly and clear,
5. When the graft-ing leg - is - la - tor, who would buy his way with booze,
6. Let's be men, and give her cred - it, and more pow - er to her arm,
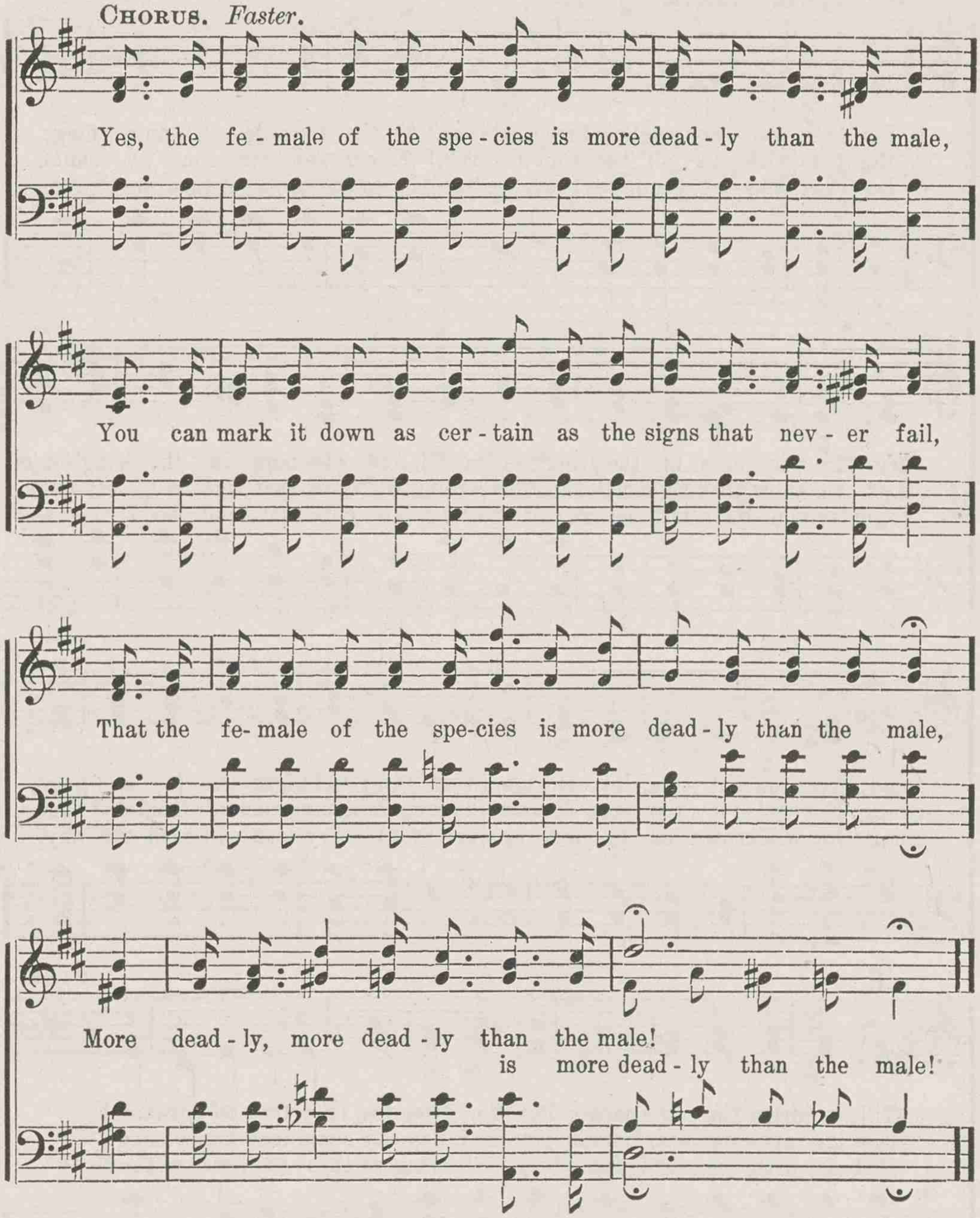
Out op - pos - ing votes for wo- men with a zeal to beat the band,
And pro- claim that wo-man's prov-ince is the pre-cinct of the home;
And says wo - men should keep si-lence, he has less of sense than gall,
Tell the great white rib - bon ar - my to be seat - ed in the rear;
Votes to keep a - way from wo - man her just rights and le - gal dues,
Till the le - gion hosts of Sa - tan shrink and shud- der with a - larm;

You can mark it down as cer - tain as the signs that nev - er fail,
'Tis a sign they know de- struc-tion is en - camp - ing on their trail,
For with - out the good - ly wo - men sure - ly Sa - tan would pre - vail,
It is sim - ple as a prim - er to a grad - u - ate of Yale,
He has got an eye for bus-iness— that of keep - ing out of jail—
Then the wick - ed shall be driv - en like the chaff be - fore the gale,

That the fe - male of the spe - cies IS more dead - ly than the male!
And the fe - male of the spe - cies IS more dead - ly than the male!
But the fe - male of the spe - cies IS more dead - ly than the male!
That the fe - male of the spe - cies IS more dead - ly than the male!
For the fe - male of the spe - cies IS more dead - ly than the male!
For the fe - male of the spe - cies IS more dead - ly than the male!

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The Female of the Species.



45 Following His Father.

Tune: "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

1 A father had a little boy
  Whose faults were very few,
But everything the father did
  That boy was sure to do.

2 He followed him to vote one day,
  Which was against the rule;
For boys are not allowed to vote
  Before they're out of school.

3 Of course the poll-clerks turned him out,
  Nor did he linger near,
But proudly strode across the street
  And bought a glass of beer.

4 "How come you in saloons to go?"
  The startled mother cried;
"Why, papa votes for them, you know!"
  The youngster quick replied.

GEO. W. NORMAN.

46 We Are Winners.

JAMES ROWE. J. H. FILLMORE.

With spirit. *Lively.* ♩ = 120.

1. Let the war - cry swell and ring, (and ring,) At the foe de - fi - ance fling;
2. Right is with us all the while, (the while,) We can see its sun - ny smile,
3. Do not wea - ry, comrades brave, (ye brave,) From the curse our land we save;

We are win - ners in the King's command, Are win- ners in the King's com-
And we know that right will vanquish wrong, We know that right will van-quish
Fight to con - quer, and be strong and true, To con- quer, and be strong and

mand; Press the bat - tle, let it rage, (it rage,) Day and night the foe en - gage,
wrong; Fi - nal vic - t'ry sure -ly comes, (it comes,) Bringing peace to troub-led homes,
true; Joy will crown us by and by, (and by,) Vic-t'ry soon will rend the sky,

f. FINE.

Till we drive the ty - rant liq - uor from the land. (from off our land.)
Fill- ing ma - ny hearts with joy and hap - py song. (and happy song.)
God is with us, and His help will bring us thro'. (will bring us thro'.)

CHORUS. *f* *Cres.* *Dim.*

We are win- ners, we are win-ners; Win-ners, fighting at the King's command;

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We Are Winners.

Cres.

Press the bat - tle, let it rage, (let it rage,) Day and night the foe en - gage,

Till we drive the ty - rant liq - uor from our land. (from off our land.)

47 You Can If You Will.

ROBT. O. SMITH. J H. FILLMORE.

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

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

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

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Dedicated to John W. Huddleston.

Jonah an' De Whale.

C. M. F. MALE VOICES. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

Jo - nah, Jo - nah, Jo - nah an' de whale!

1. Did yo' eb - eh heah of Jo - nah an' de whale?
2. O you Christians, who drink whiskey, beer an' ale,
3. An' yo' preachas, who so loud - ly rant an' rail,

Jo - nah, Jo - nah, Jo - nah an' de whale!

'Tis a vew - y queeh an' in - ter - est - in' tale;
An' who vote to gib de li - cense fo' de sale,
An' de liq - uah traf - fic wid yo' mouf as - sail;

Jo - nah, Jo - nah, Jo - nah, Jo - nah,

List - en now, an' I'll re - late it, An' like - wise e - lu - ci - date it; Kotch de
Yo' ah wuk - un fo' de deb - bil; Fo' de liq - uah is jus' e - bil, An' its
Yet yo' talk an' vote so hah - ty, Fo' a liq - uah license pah - ty, Preachin'

Jo - nah an' de whale.
mor - al wid - out fail. "Go to Nin - e - vah," God said, Jo - nah
vic - tims go to hell. 'Less you fight a - gin de stuff, Yore wid
dat way can't pre - vail. 'Less yo' vote jus' as yo' pray, Yo' ah

ran a - way instead, An' he land - ed, land - ed
Jo - nah shore e-nuff,— An' he land - ed,
trabbelin' Jo - nah's way,— An' he land - ed, Jo - nah land - ed in de

Ad lib.

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Jonah an' De Whale.

CHORUS.

dat big whale. O Lord de - lib - er me!
whale. Down, down went Jo-nah in de whale!

O Lord de - lib - er me! O Lord de - lib - er me
Down, down went Jo-nah in de whale!

Rit.

From dis monster ob de sea! Save me, save me (dat big whale.)
Save me, Lord, from dat big whale.

Ad lib.

49 Sing a Song of Prohibition.

Words arranged. Words and Music by CHAS. M. F.

1. Sing a song of Pro- hi - bi - tion, Sing it mer-ri - ly, sing it mer- ri - ly,
2. Sing a song of Pro- hi - bi - tion, Sing it earn-est-ly, sing it earn-est-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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50 A Loyal Gideon Band.

FRONA L. SCOTT. HENRY FILLMORE.

1. We're a Loy - al Gid-eon Band, fight- ing for our na-tive land, And we will not turn our back to an - y foe; (to a - ny foe;) Not a-
2. At the front we'll take our stand, fight-ing at the King's command, With our eyes up - on the glo - rious com - ing day, (the com-ing day,) When the
3. Men of cour- age, men of truth, stal- wart men and buoyant youth, Help to make our land from wrong and e - vll free; (and e - vil free;) Come and

lone by hu - man might do we hope to win the fight, But our
Sun of Right-eous-ness, ris - ing all the world to bless, Lifts and
join our ranks to - day, come, en - list with - out de - lay, 'Neath the

D. S.–*sin and dark-ness flee, As we march to vic - to - ry, 'Neath the*

FINE. CHORUS.

God will give the vic - to - ry, we know.....
scat-ters clouds of dark-ness all a - way..... Loy - al,
en - sign of the Man of Gal - i - lee.....

ban- ner of our Loy- al Gid-eon Band.....

D. S.

earn- est, ac - tive work- ers, For the truth and right we stand; *Hosts of*

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51 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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52 The Flag of Stars.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

With energy.

1. The stars that float up - on the blue, The ho - ly white, the
2. We bear the flag be - fore our band, For God, and Home, and

crim - son hue, Are splen - dors lent us by the night, Are
Na - tive Land; For we are chil - dren of the King, And

glo - ries of the morning light. Our col - ors gath-ered from the sky,
ev - er as we march we sing. 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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53

In Merry Chime.

A. D.

ARTHUR DUFTY.

Rather slow.

1. The temp'rance bells..... in merry chime,..... Are ringing
2. No more saloons..... with blighting blast,..... O'er all the
3. Our hearts are light,.... our hopes are bright,..... We're working

in..... the glad new time;....When from the curse.... of rum set
land..... their gloom to cast,.....But hope and joy..... shall reign su-
in..... the cause of right..... A bet-ter day..... we soon shall

Rit.

free,..... Our nation shall..... forev-er be.....
preme,..... And praise to God ..... be all our theme.....
see,..... A tri-umph great,..... a vic-to - ry!.....

Rit.

CHORUS.

Then sing a bright and glad refrain, Repeat it o'er and o'er a-gain,

And wave your banners, wave them high, The day of triumph draweth nigh.

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54 Can He Count on You?

GEO. O. WEBSTER J. H. FILLMORE.

1. A con-flict now is rag-ing 'gainst the hosts of sin and night, The
2. The hosts of sin have gathered and the bat-tle may be long, But
3. The tri-umph day will sure-ly come when ev-'ry knee shall bow, The

Cap-tain of Sal-vation leads the bannered hosts of light; The vic-to-ry is
right must ev-er triumph in its struggle with the wrong; The day will surely
Cap-tain then a crown will place upon each victor's brow; To-day the Captain

cer-tain for the cause of truth and right, But, tell me, brother, can the
come when you will sing the vic-tor's song; But, tell me, brother, can the
calls to arms—what will you answer now? Oh, tell me, brother, can the

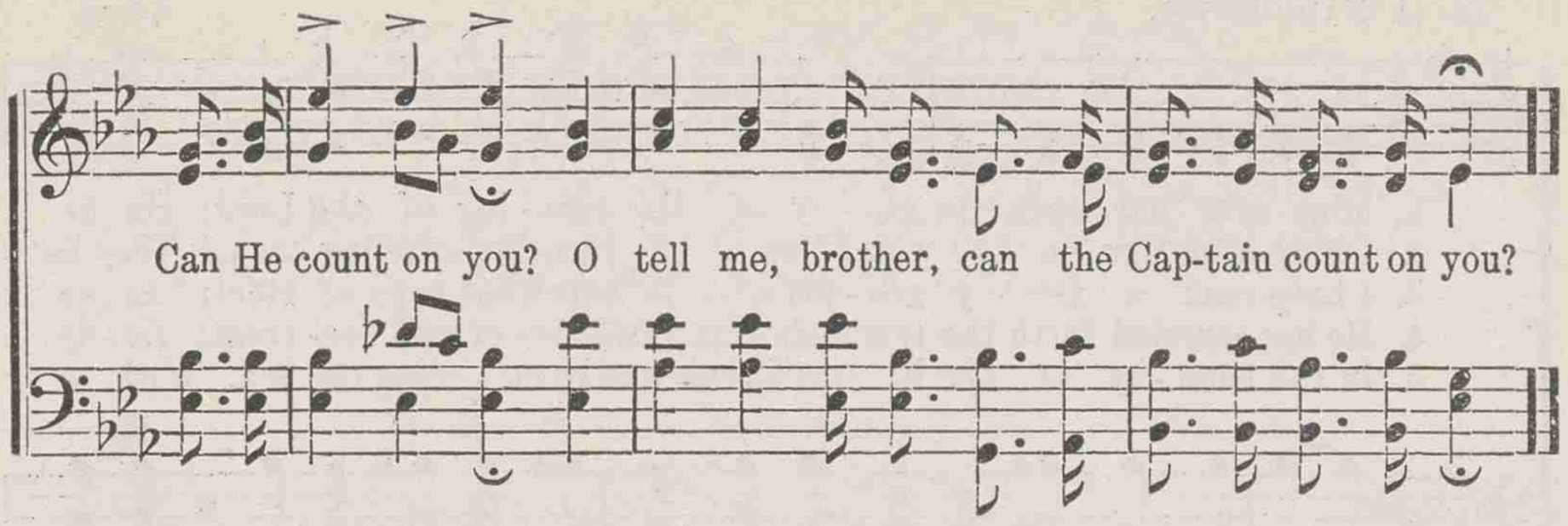
CHORUS.

Cap-tain count on you? Can He count on you? Can He count on you? Are you

numbered with the chosen band of faithful, tried and true? Can He count on you?

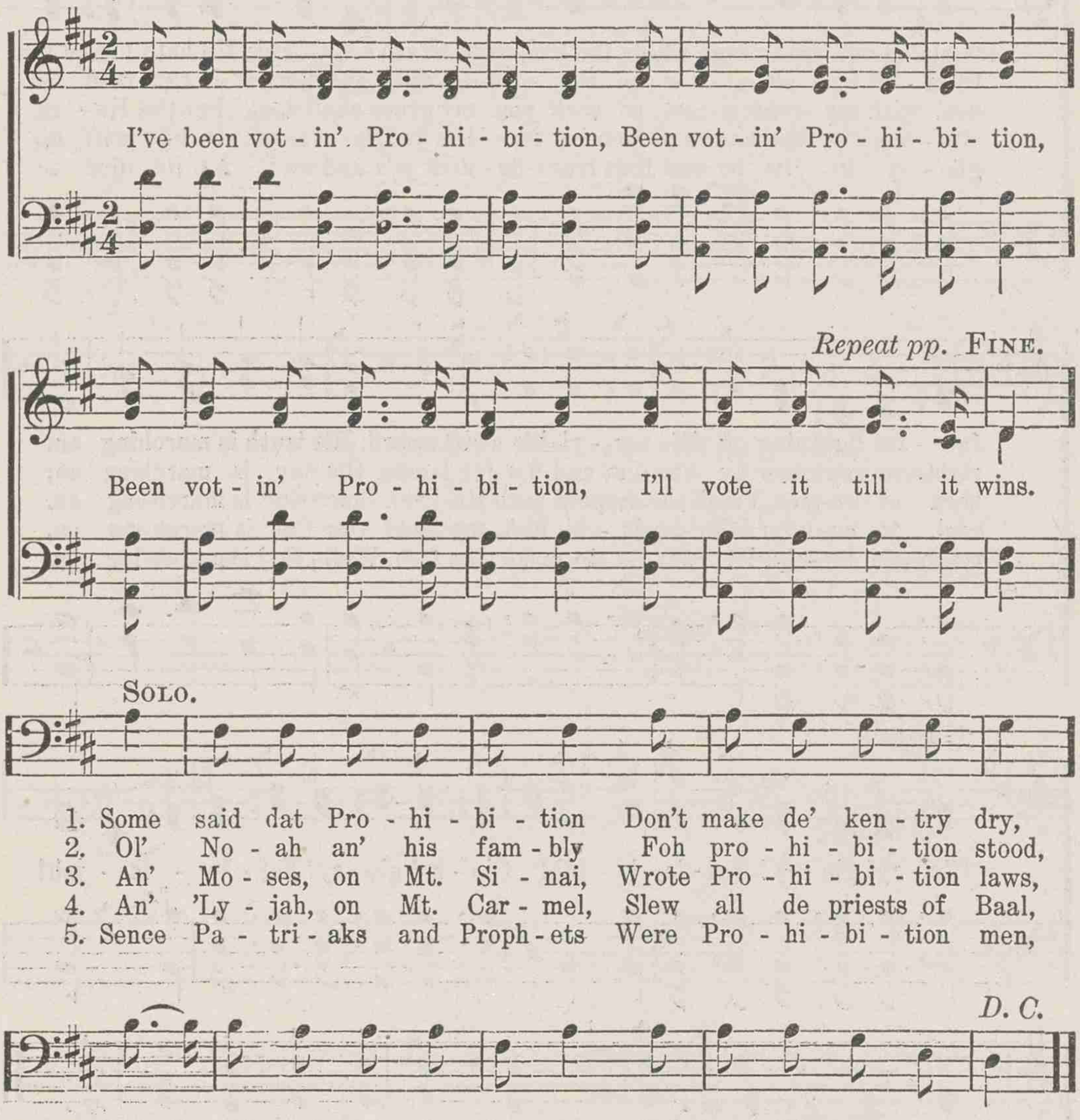
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Can He Count on You?



55 I've Been Votin' Prohibition.

C. M. F. PLANTATION MELODY. ANON.



1. Some said dat Pro - hi - bi - tion Don't make de' ken - try dry,
2. Ol' No - ah an' his fam - bly Foh pro - hi - bi - tion stood,
3. An' Mo - ses, on Mt. Si - nai, Wrote Pro - hi - bi - tion laws,
4. An' 'Ly - jah, on Mt. Car - mel, Slew all de priests of Baal,
5. Sence Pa - tri - aks and Proph - ets Were Pro - hi - bi - tion men,

But de fac's an' all de fig - gers, Jes' prove dat am a lie.
An' dat is jes' what saved 'um From drownd-in' in de flood.
An' dat's a pow - ah - ful rea - son Foh stand - in' foh de cause.
An' dat wah pro - hi - bi - tion, Dat made ol' A - hab quail.
An' Je - sus an' A - pos - tles, I'll vote it once a - gain.

56 Battle Hymn of the Republic.

JULIA WARD HOWE. ANON.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hun-dred circling camps; They have
3. I have read a fier - y gos - pel writ in burnished rows of steel; "As ye
4. He has sounded forth the trum-pet that shall nev- er call re- treat; He is
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a

trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
build - ed Him an al - tar in the ev'n-ing dews and damps; I can read His
deal with my contem-ners, so with you my grace shall deal." Let the He - ro,
sift - ing out the hearts of men be- fore His judgment seat; O be swift, my
glo - ry in His bo-som that trans-fig - ures you and me; As He died to

fate - ful lightning of His ter - ri- ble swift sword, His truth is marching on.
righteous sentence by the dim and flar-ing lamps, His day is marching on.
born of wo-man, crush the serpent with His heel, Since God is march-ing on.
soul, to an- swer Him! be ju - bi- lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march-ing on.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march-ing on.

57 Temperance Battle Hymn.

Tune: "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

MRS. MERRILL E. GATES.

1. From the hills and from the valleys rings a glad, triumphant song;
'Tis the hymn of human progress in its strife divine with wrong;
'Tis the golden, heavenly anthem, which earth's faithful ones prolong,
"Our Christ is strong to save!"

CHORUS: Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Our Christ is strong to save!

2. He who died in pain and sorrow, that His people might be free;
He who, conquering death, and rising, captive led captivity—
He our glorious, living Leader, calls us on to victory—
"For Christ is strong to save!"

3. He will bid the powers of evil crumble to their final fall;
He will raise the bruised and broken, and set free each prisoned thrall;
Who is he that may not conquer, since his Lord has conquered all?
"And Christ is strong to save!"

4. Oh, the growing, widening wonder of the gospel of His grace!
In His world-encircling service ev'ry worker finds a place.
For we only turn dark natures toward the brightness of His face;
"And Christ is strong to save!"

5. Onward sweeps the gathering army, luminous in living light,
Forward stream the hallowed banners, floating far their snowy white,
Upward swells the mighty war cry still, "For God and Home and Right!
Our Christ is strong to save!"

---

58 The Whisky Shops Must Go.

Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

1. O comrades, in this conflict of the right against the wrong,
To the battle of the ballots come with shouting and with song;
And this shall be our slogan as the legions march along—
"The whisky shops must go."

CHORUS: Rally! Rally! O, ye freemen!
Rally! Rally! O, ye freemen!
Rally! Rally! O, ye freemen!
The whisky shops must go.

2. Jehovah's wrath is kindled, and His arm is lifted high,
For from out the dust of ages He has heard the martyr's cry;
The cup of wrath is brimming, and His vengeance draweth nigh—
"The whisky shops must go."
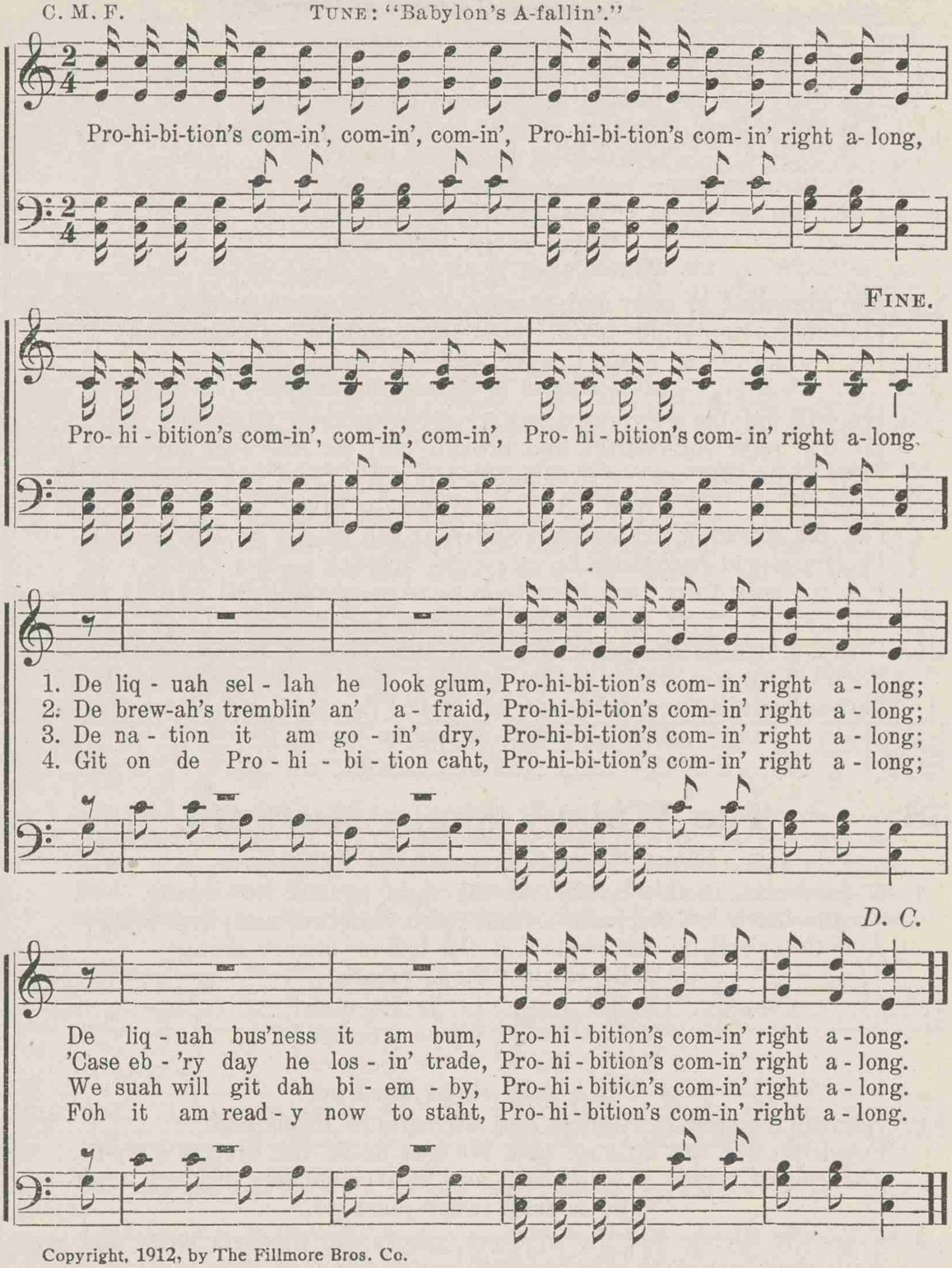
3. From the silence and the shadows, where our mothers weep and pray,
With their patient hands uplifted 'gainst the woe they can not slay,
We have heard a voice entreating us to sweep the curse away—
"The whisky shops must go."

4. Hear the children cry for pity from the cruel heart of greed;
See them trampled into silence by the monster while they plead!
Be quick, my patriot brothers, to the rescue let us speed—
"The whisky shops must go."

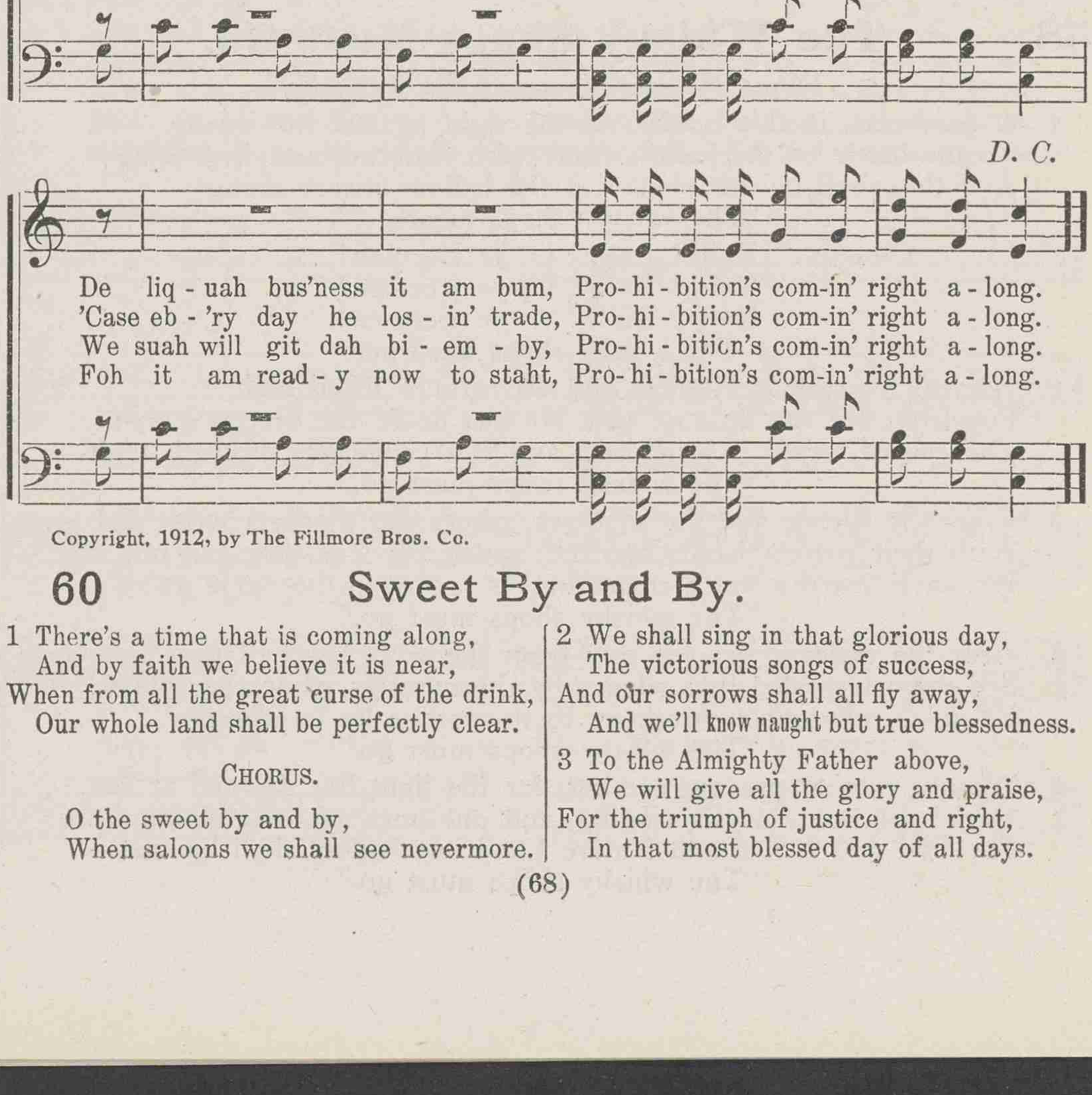
5. We are coming, we are coming, for the light has dawned at last,
Hark! the battle cry is ringing, and our lines are length'ning fast,
For God and Home and Native Land our ballots shall be cast—
"The whisky shops must go."

59 Prohibition's Comin'.

C. M. F. TUNE: "Babylon's A-fallin'."



1. De liq - uah sel - lah he look glum, Pro-hi-bi-tion's com- in' right a - long;
2. De brew-ah's tremblin' an' a - fraid, Pro-hi-bi-tion's com- in' right a - long;
3. De na - tion it am go - in' dry, Pro-hi-bi-tion's com- in' right a - long;
4. Git on de Pro - hi - bi - tion caht, Pro-hi-bi-tion's com- in' right a - long;



De liq - uah bus'ness it am bum, Pro- hi - bition's com-in' right a - long.
'Case eb - 'ry day he los - in' trade, Pro- hi - bition's com-in' right a - long.
We suah will git dah bi - em - by, Pro- hi - bition's com-in' right a - long.
Foh it am read - y now to staht, Pro- hi - bition's com-in' right a - long.

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60 Sweet By and By.

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

CHORUS.

O the sweet by and by,
When saloons we shall see nevermore.
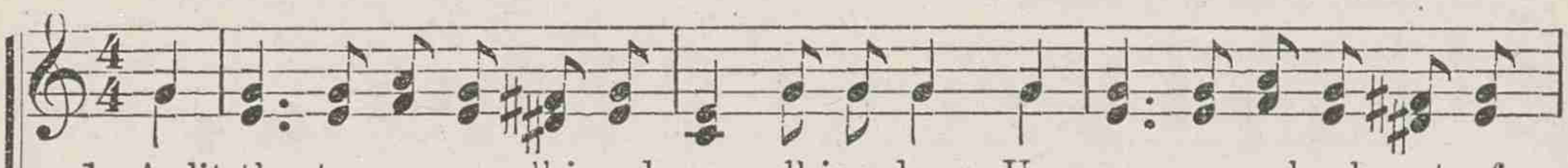
2 We shall sing in that glorious day,
The victorious songs of success,
And our sorrows shall all fly away,
And we'll know naught but true blessedness.

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

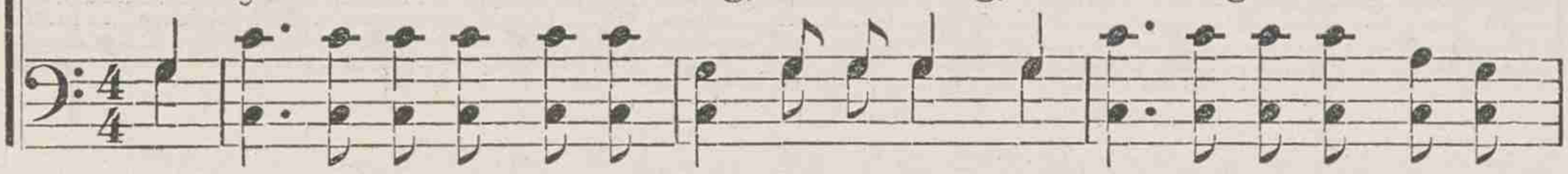
61 The Coming Snow Slide.

TUNE: "There is a Tavern in the Town."
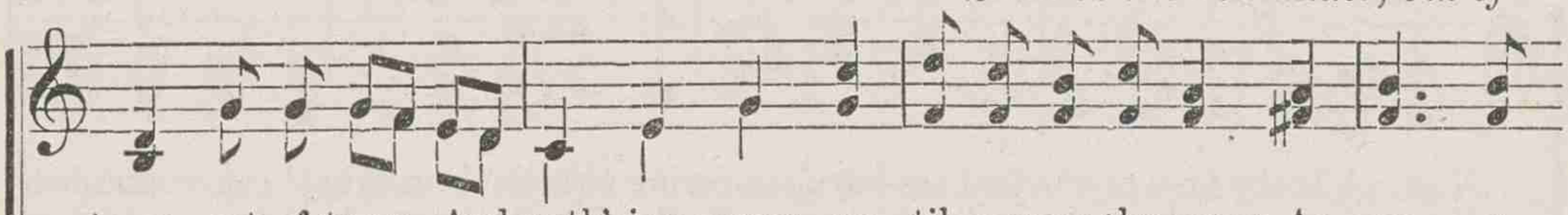
AMELIA BECKWITH GATRELL. Anon.



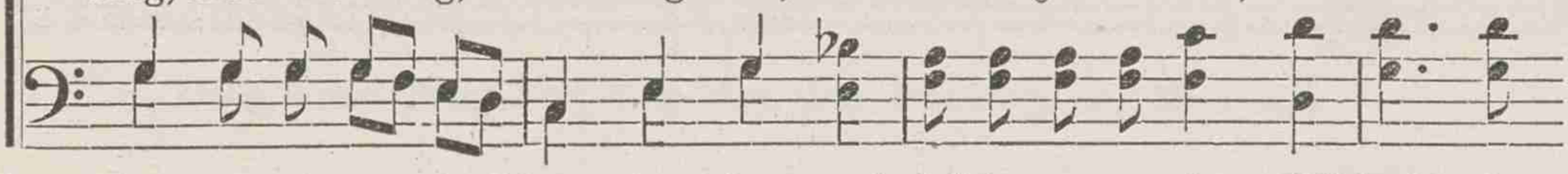
1. A lit-tle stone goes roll-ing down, roll-ing down, Up - on a snowbank out of
2. No starving children then shall wail, then shall wail, Nor mother's cheeks with fear be
3. No stock of goods that can't be sold, can't be sold, While peo-ple hun - ger and are
4. The streets will then be paved with stones, paved with stones, Not human flesh and blood and
5. Po - lice-men then would mostly quit, most-ly quit, Their business be-ing near- ly
6. The night has been both dark and long, dark and long, We scarce its gloom could cheer with



D. C.–*When drink, with all its fiendish crew, fiendish crew,*
Shall be snowed under, out of
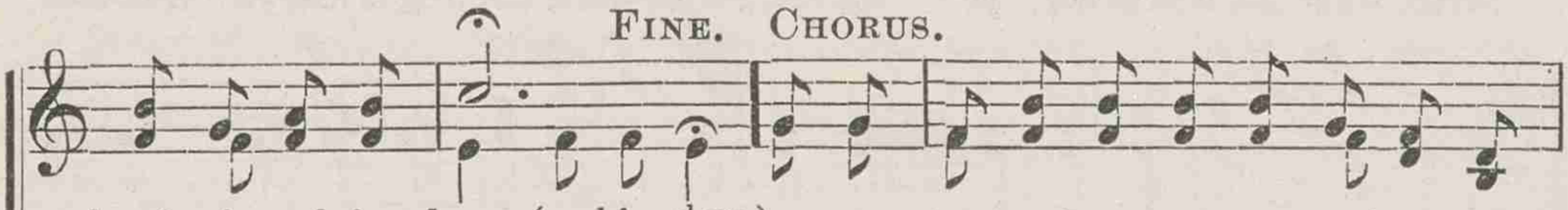


town, out of town, And gath'ring grows, un - til a-cross the snows An av - a-
pale, fear be pale, With so - ber toil shall manhood make its way, While plen - ty
cold, and are cold, But cloth- ing, food, en - joyment and employ, For man and
bones, blood and bones, Nor household fires so warm and bright and sweet, Be quenched to
nit, near - ly nit, And wheels and shafts of in- dus-try would spin, The "good time
song, cheer with song, But morning breaks, and men the light shall see, And from drink's
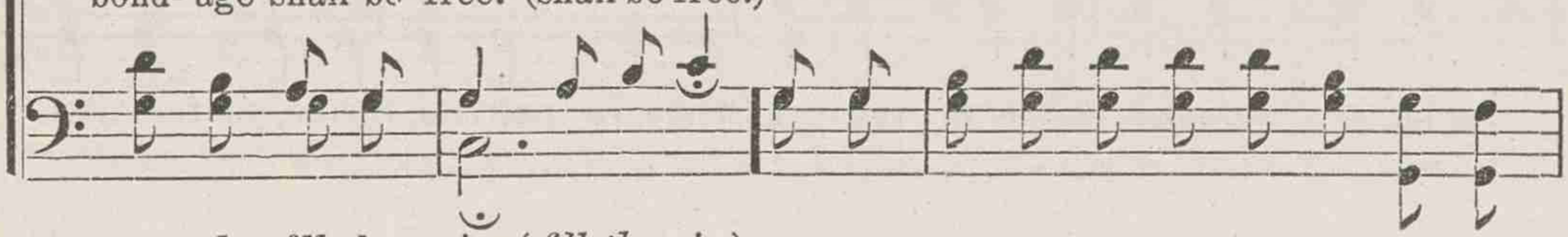


view, out of view, And hap - py wives and children everywhere, With ring-ing

FINE. CHORUS.

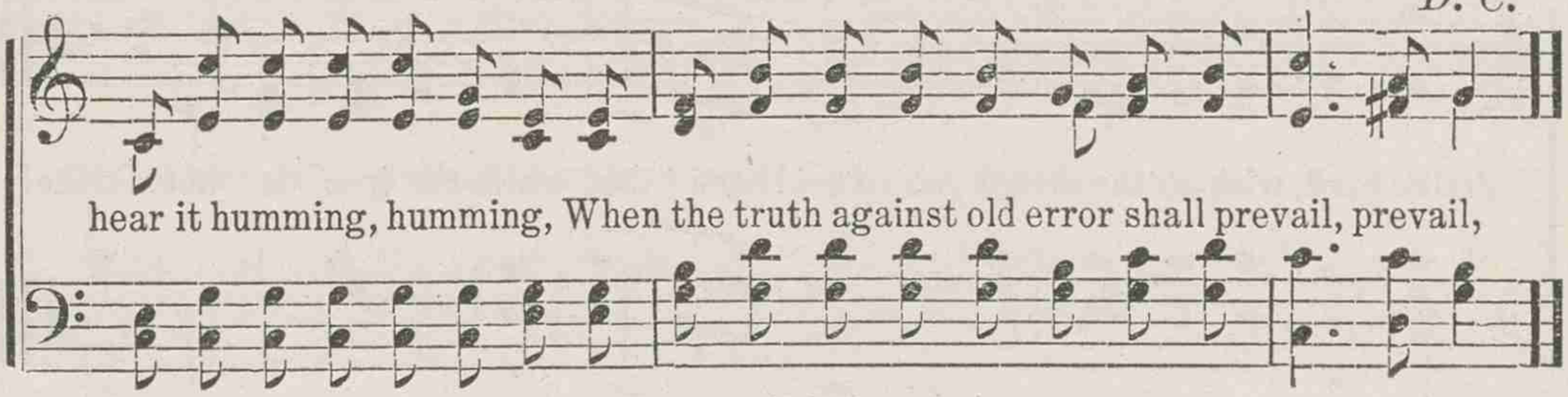


lanche is rush-ing down. (rushing down.)
spreads the board each day. (board each day.) So the time is sure-ly com-ing, You can
wo - man, girl and boy. (girl and boy.)
light the cit - y street. (cit - y street.)
com - ing" soon be in. (soon be in.)
bond- age shall be free. (shall be free.)



car- ols fill the air. (*fill the air.*)

D. C.



hear it humming, humming, When the truth against old error shall prevail, prevail,

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62 Strike While the Iron is Hot.

JAMES ROWE. MIXED VOICES. J. H. FILLMORE.

Solo, Duet or Unison.

1. Up! comrades, up! 'tis the call of du - ty, Rouse all the strength you've got;
2. Mill- ions are they who are sick, dis-gust-ed, Tired of the "booz- y" lot;
3. Long have we seen all the brew-ers promise Turn out the sheerest rot;
4. Rouse, free-men! rouse while the fires are burning, Ne'er be our cause for - got;

Now, while the fires of our God are burning, Strike while the iron is hot! (up, comrades!)
Hosts now are with us, to maul and hammer, Strike while the iron is hot! (up, comrades!)
No one believes in their false pretentions, Strike while the iron is hot! (up, comrades!)
Back to the forge with our hammers turning, Strike while the iron is hot! (up, comrades!)

CHORUS.

Strike while the iron is hot, ye vot-ers, Strike while the iron is hot, ye free-men;
Strike, ye workmen, Strike, ye vot - ers, Strike, ye patriots, Strike, ye free-men;
Strike while the iron is hot, ye patriots, Strike while the iron is
Strike, ye workmen, Strike, ye vot - ers, Strike, ye patriots, Strike, ye free-men.

Cres.

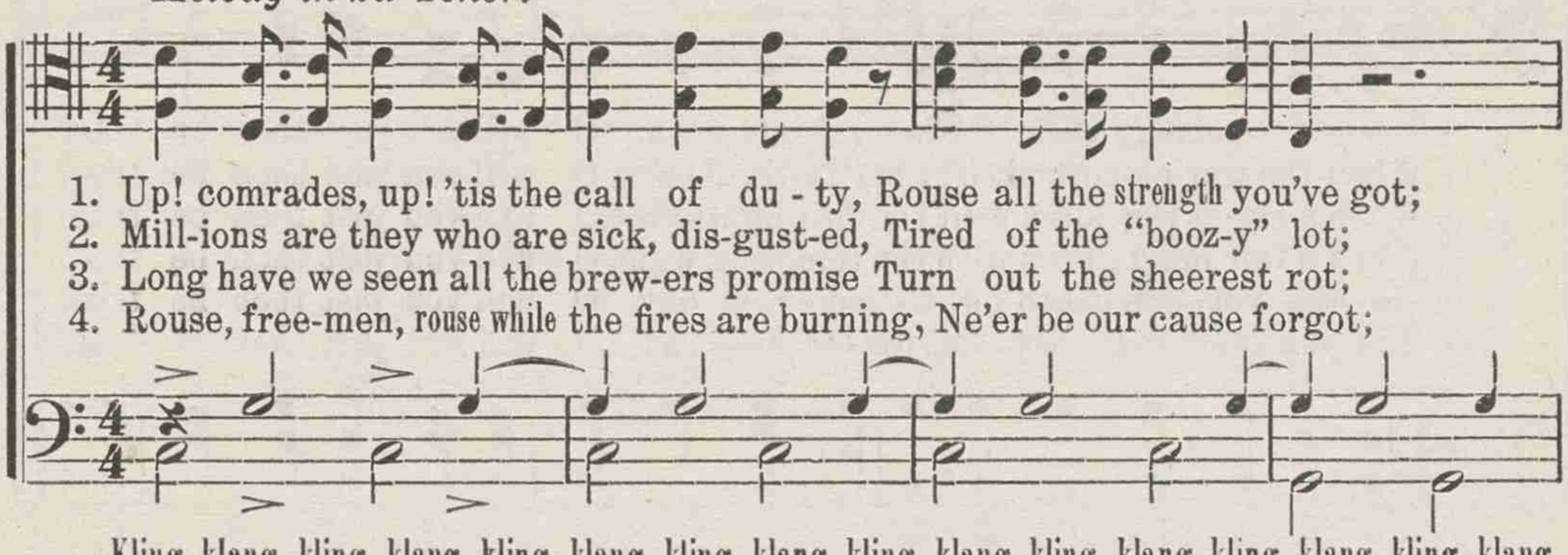
Strike hard, with all the strength you've got! Str-i-i-ike! while the iron is hot! strike!

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63 Strike While the Iron is Hot.

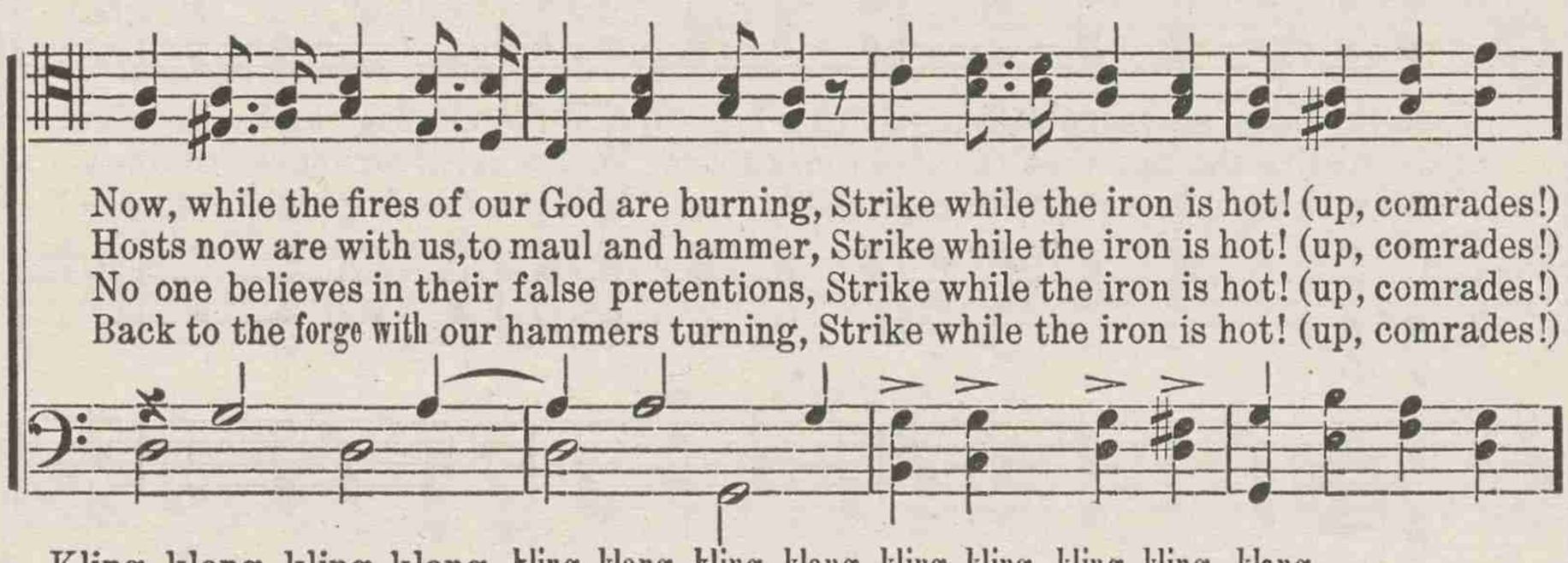
JAMES ROWE. MEN'S VOICES. J. H. FILLMORE.

Melody in 2d Tenor.



1. Up! comrades, up! 'tis the call of du - ty, Rouse all the strength you've got;
2. Mill-ions are they who are sick, dis-gust-ed, Tired of the "booz-y" lot;
3. Long have we seen all the brew-ers promise Turn out the sheerest rot;
4. Rouse, free-men, rouse while the fires are burning, Ne'er be our cause forgot;

Kling, klang, kling, klang, kling, klang, kling, klang, kling, klang, kling, klang, kling, klang, kling, klang,



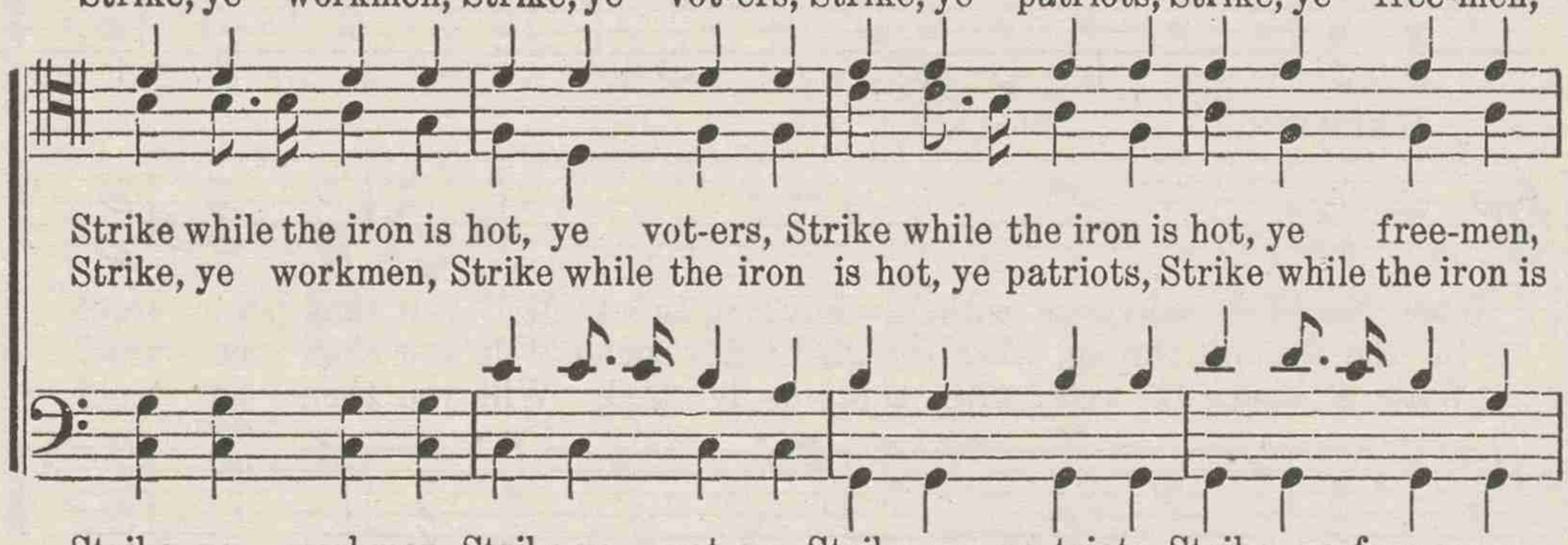
Now, while the fires of our God are burning, Strike while the iron is hot! (up, comrades!)
Hosts now are with us, to maul and hammer, Strike while the iron is hot! (up, comrades!)
No one believes in their false pretentions, Strike while the iron is hot! (up, comrades!)
Back to the forge with our hammers turning, Strike while the iron is hot! (up, comrades!)

Kling, klang, kling, klang, kling, klang, kling, klang, kling, kling, kling, kling, klang,

Kling, klang, kling, klang, kling, klang, kling, klang, kling, kling, kling, kling, klang.

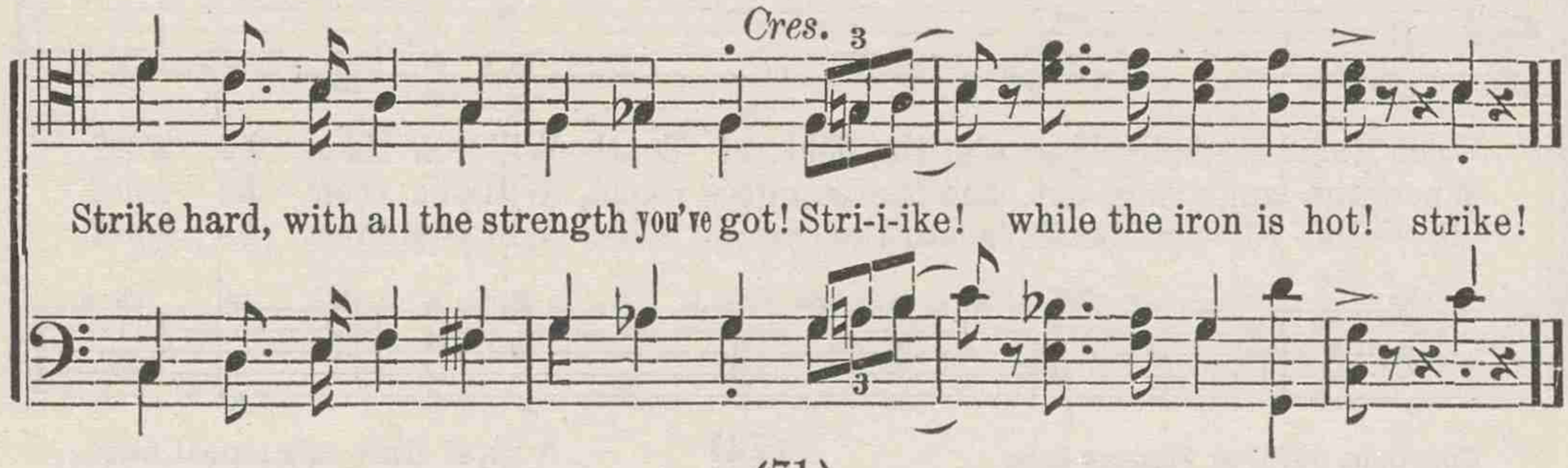
CHORUS.

Strike, ye workmen, Strike, ye vot-ers, Strike, ye patriots, Strike, ye free-men,



Strike while the iron is hot, ye vot-ers, Strike while the iron is hot, ye free-men,
Strike, ye workmen, Strike while the iron is hot, ye patriots, Strike while the iron is

Strike, ye workmen, Strike ye vot-ers, Strike, ye pa-triots, Strike, ye free-men;



Strike hard, with all the strength you've got! Stri-i-ike! while the iron is hot! strike!

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64 O Will You Then Be True?

PALMER HARTSOUGH. FINLEY LYON.

1. When our country calls for her val-iant sons, O will you just then be true?
   When the war-cloud breaks o'er her faithful ones, O will you just then be true?
2. When a sweet voice lures where the soft lights shine, O will you just then be true?
   When a fair hand glows with the tempting wine, O will you just then be true?
3. In the vot- er's booth on e - lec - tion day, O will you just then be true?
   Will you there mark down what your Lord would say, O will you just then be true?

When the lines ad-vance with a quiv'ring breath, And the old flag stands in view,
In the festive throng, when the glad tones sound, To the thrill of joys so new,
With a king - ly vote, with a prince-ly rod, Will you heav'n's high bidding do?

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

REFRAIN.

When the lines ad-vance with a quiv'ring breath, Will you then be true?
In the fes-tive throng, when the glad tones sound, Will you then be true?
With a king - ly vote, with a prince- ly rod, Will you then be true?

Slow and soft.

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

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* First time use small note.

65 The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P. DR. WM. S. PITTS.

Melody in Second Tenor.

1. There's a church in the val - ley by the wild-wood, No love - li - er
2. How sweet on a clear, Sab-bath morn- ing To list to the
3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the

plac's in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child - hood As the
clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call - ing, Oh,
loved so well; She sleeps, sweetly sleeps 'neath the wil - low; Dis -
wild flow-ers bloom, When the fare-well hymn shall be chant - ed, I shall

CHORUS.

lit-tle brown church in the vale.
come to the church in the vale. Come to the
turb nct her rest in the vale. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,
rest by her side in the tomb.

church by the wild - wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale; No
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

spot is so dear to my child - hood As the lit-tle brown church in the vale.

66 'Tis Our Turn Now.

JAMES ROWE. J. H. FILLMORE.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. The glo - ry - day is com-ing for the faith-ful in the fight, 'Tis
2. Too long the land has suf-fered in the shad- ow of your shame, 'Tis
3. On whis- key for a live - li - hood no more can you de - pend, 'Tis

our turn, Rummies, 'tis our turn now; The en - e - my is turn- ing,
our turn, Rummies, 'tis our turn now; Our coun-try now is shin - ing
our time, Rummies, 'tis our time now; Put up your gaud - y shut-ters,

and will soon be put to flight, 'Tis our turn, Rummies, 'tis our turn now.
in the pur - i - fy - ing flame, 'Tis our turn, Rummies, 'tis our turn now.
for your reign of crime must end, 'Tis our turn, Rummies, 'tis our turn now.
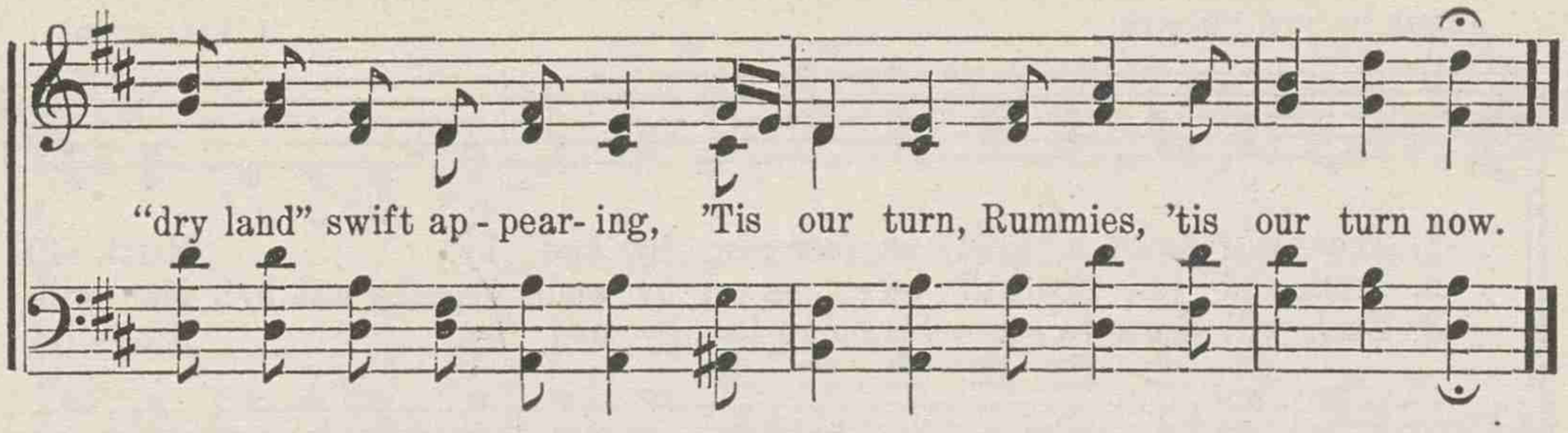
CHORUS.

'Tis our turn, Rummies, 'tis our turn now, From hence-forth to your

bur - den we re - fuse to bow; The sky is clear - ing, and

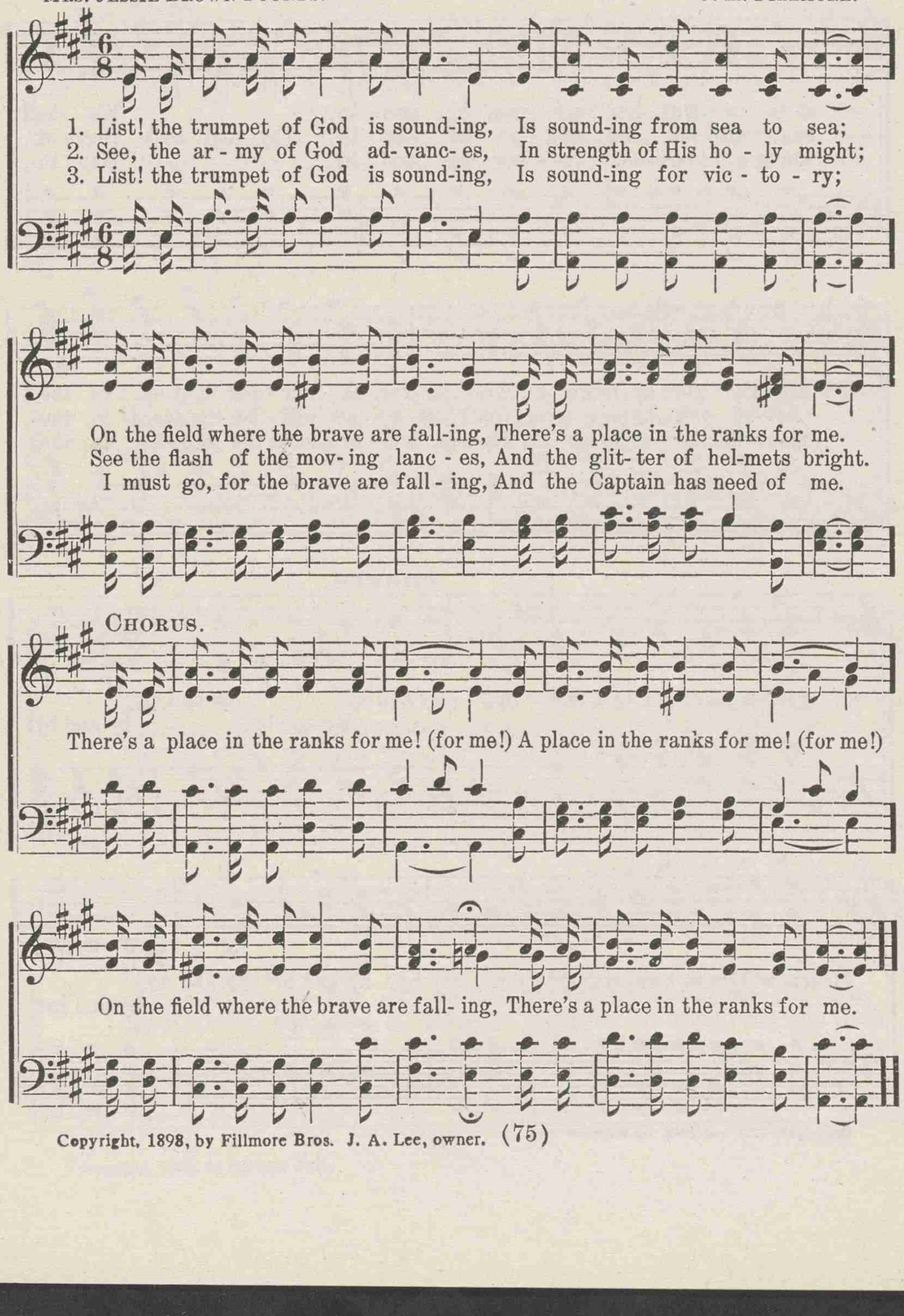
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'Tis Our Turn Now.



67 A Place in the Ranks for Me.

MRS. JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. FILLMORE.



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68 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

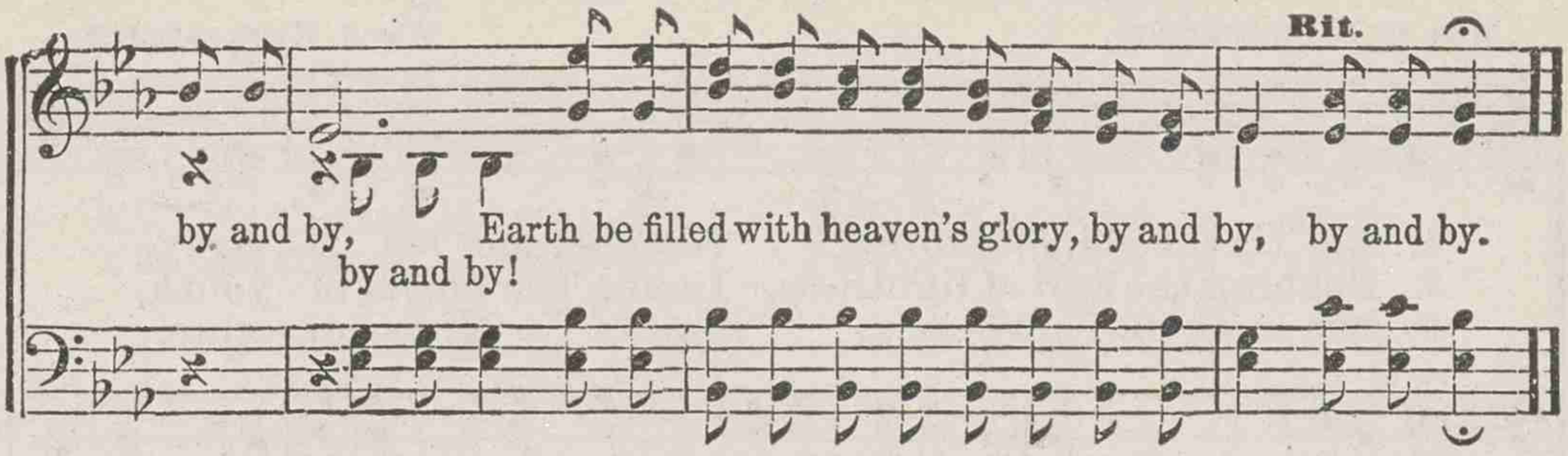
CHORUS.

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!
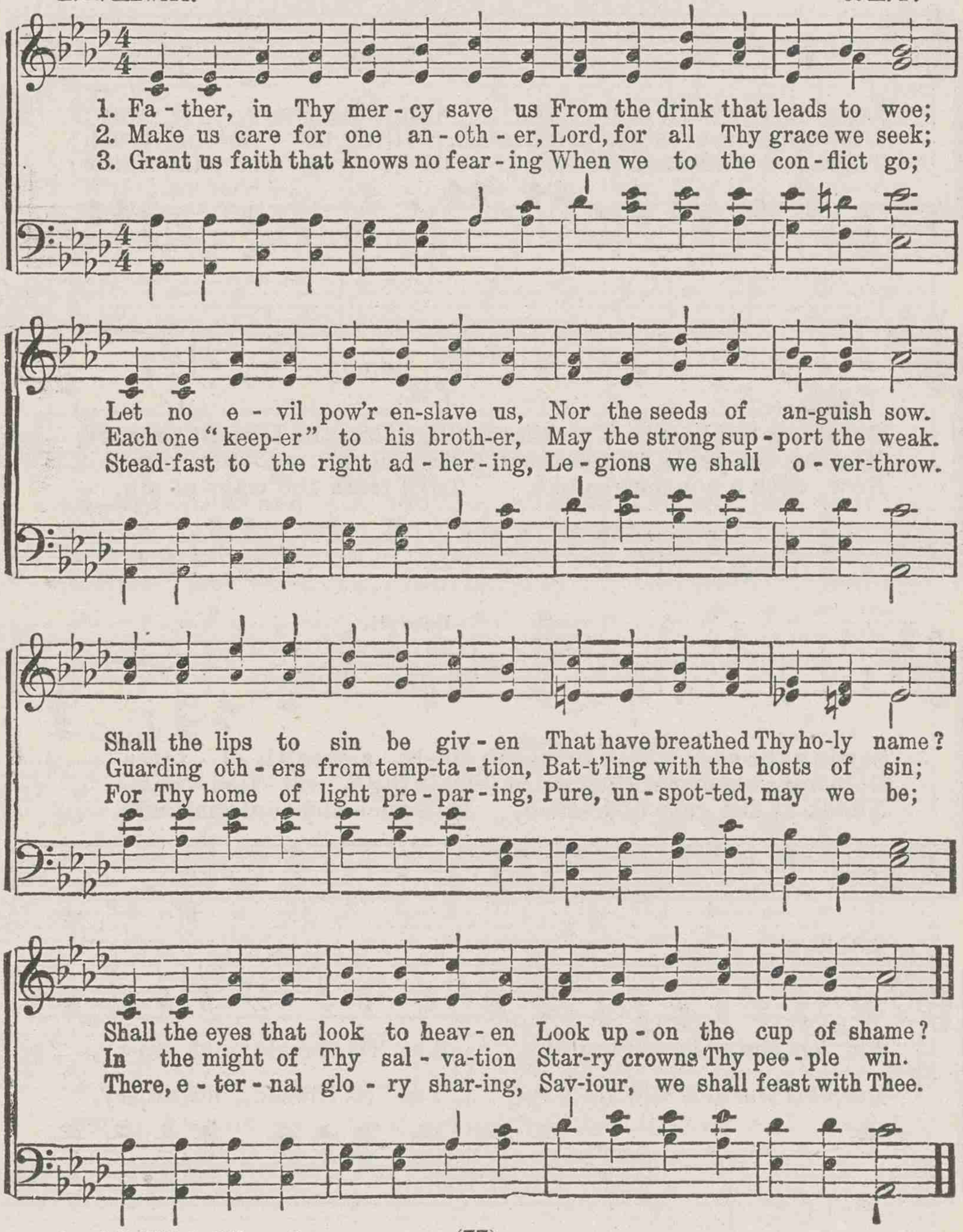
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There Will Dawn a Golden Morrow.



69 A Temperance Prayer

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



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70 Ah, 'tis the Old, Old Story.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Ah, 'tis the old, old sto-ry, Tempted and led a - stray,
2. Robbing the heart of lightness, Losing the bloom of youth,
3. But in an old, old sto-ry, Full of a grace di - vine,

Leaving the path of du - ty, Choosing the e - vil way;
Dimming the eyes' glad brightness, Stilling the voice of truth;
There is a-bun-dant par-don, E - ven for sin like thine;

Breaking the hearts of mothers, Slighting the fervent prayers,
Missing the pride of manhood, Missing a no - ble aim,
Now, with a contrite spirit, Turn from the ways of sin,

Poco rit.

Sowing the seed which bringeth On-ly a wealth of tares.
Gaining a shipwreck'd nature, Gaining a sul - lied name.
Knock at the gate of heaven, Entrance thy soul shall win.

CHORUS.
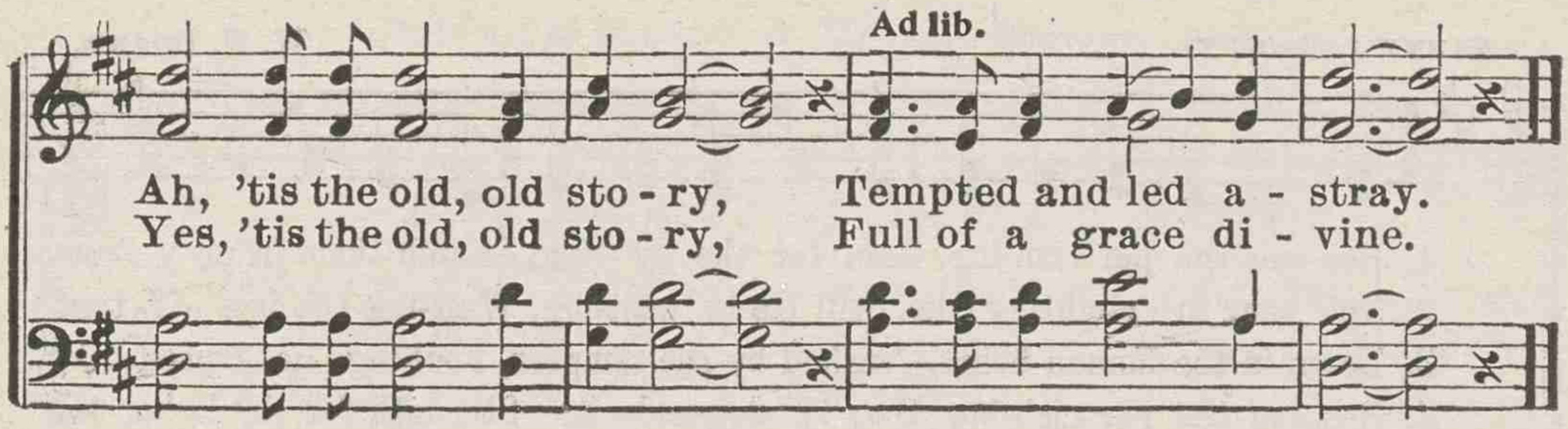
Ah, 'tis the old, old sto - ry, Ah, 'tis the old, old sto-ry,

Last chorus.

Yes, 'tis the old, old sto - ry, Yes, 'tis the old, old sto-ry,

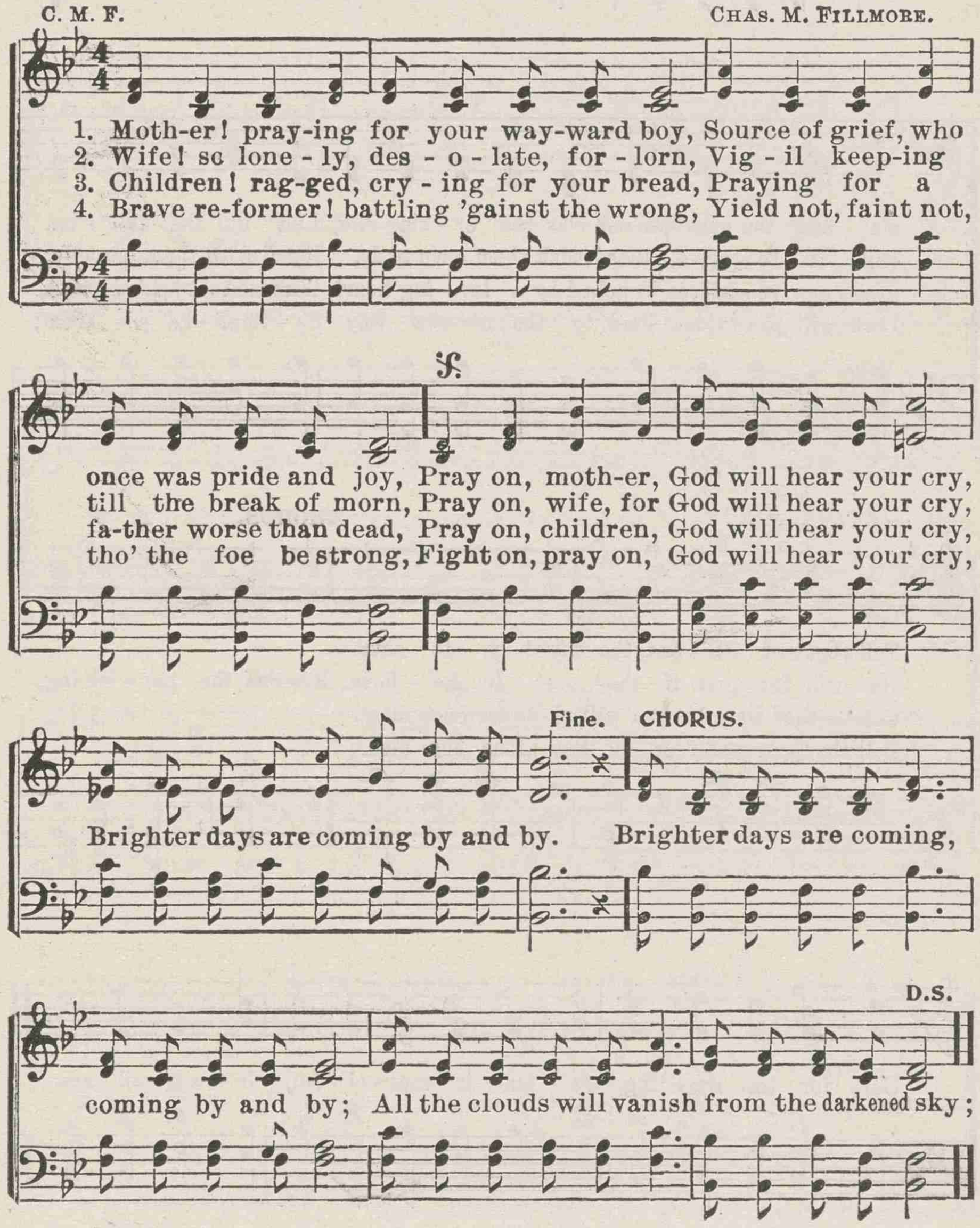
Copyright, 1908, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Ah, 'tis the Old, Old Story.



71 Brighter Days are Coming.

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



Copyright, 1898, by Fillmore Bros.

Rescue the Perishing.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Res-cue the per - ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit-y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie buried that
4. Res-cue the per - ish-ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy la-bor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the er - ring one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive, Plead with them earnest-ly, Plead with them gen - tly,
grace can re - store: Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wakened by kind - ness,
Lord will pro - vide: Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient - ly win them;

CHORUS.

Tell them of Je - sus, the might - y to save.
He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res-cue the per - ish-ing,
Chords that were broken will vi - brate once more.
Tell the poor wand'rer a Sav - iour has died.

Care for the dy - ing, Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane.

73 In the Name of Christ as King.

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

C. M. F. **May be sung as Solo and Chorus.** CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. What a stream of crime and woe From the curst sa-loon doth flow; As the days and months and years roll by! To the breeze this banner fling: "In the
2. Far too long this blighting curse Has been waxing worse and worse; On - ly laughing at it's vic - tim's cry, There must be a reck - on - ing—"In the
3. Let us fal - ter not nor fear, Let us brave-ly per - se - vere, And we soon shall gain the vic-to - ry. While we bat - tle let us sing: "In the

CHORUS.

name of Christ as King, The Liquor Traffic must die." In the name of Christ as King, Lift the standard high; In the name of Christ as King, Shout the battle cry; In the name of Christ as King, Let the echoes loudly ring: The liquor traffic must die.

Rit.

Copyright, 1900, by Fillmore Bros.

74 The Dead March of the Saloon.

MARY T. LATHROP. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Tramp, tramp, tramp, in the drunkard's way, March the feet of a mil - lion men,
2. Tramp, tramp, tramp, to a drunkard's doom, Out of boy-hood so pure and fair,
3. Tramp, tramp, tramp, hear the onward march Of the val-iant, the good and true,

If none shall pit - y and none shall save, Where will all this march-ing end?
O - ver the thoughts of his love and home, Past the check of a moth - er's prayer,
Who in the name of the Lord of Hosts Have a work they u - nite to do.

tramp, tramp, tramp,

The young, the strong, and the old are there,
On - ward and swift to a drunkard's crime,
Come to the help of the just and right;

In woe-ful ranks as they hur - ry past
O - ver the plea of the wife and child,
Keep steady on till we win the fight,

tramp, tramp, tramp,

With not a moment to think or care What the fate that comes at last.
O - ver the ho - li - est ties of time, Reason lost, and soul gone wild.
Lift up the ban-ner and wave it high, For the vic - t'ry now is nigh.

Copyright, 1908, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

The Dead March of the Saloon.

CHORUS.

pp *mp*

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, What a
They are rushing mad-ly on,
(*Last verse.*) To the rescue one and all, Hear the

tramp, tramp, tramp,

f

fear - ful, ghast-ly throng; Rouse, cit - i - zens, rouse, And shout the
drunkard's pleading call:

tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,

bat - tle cry: "Close the vile saloon, and let the State go dry."

tramp, tramp, tramp,

75 Native Land.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. I. PLEYEL.

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

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

76 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.

Copyright, 1887, by Fillmore Bros, From "The Battle Cry."

77 Onward Christian Soldiers.

S. B. Gould. A. S. Sullivan.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. Onward, then, ye people! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your

Je - sus Go - ing on be-fore; Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter,
tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
Je - sus Con-stant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev - er
voic - es In the triumph-song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or

Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, his
All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in
'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that
Un - to Christ, the King; This thro' countless a - ges Men and
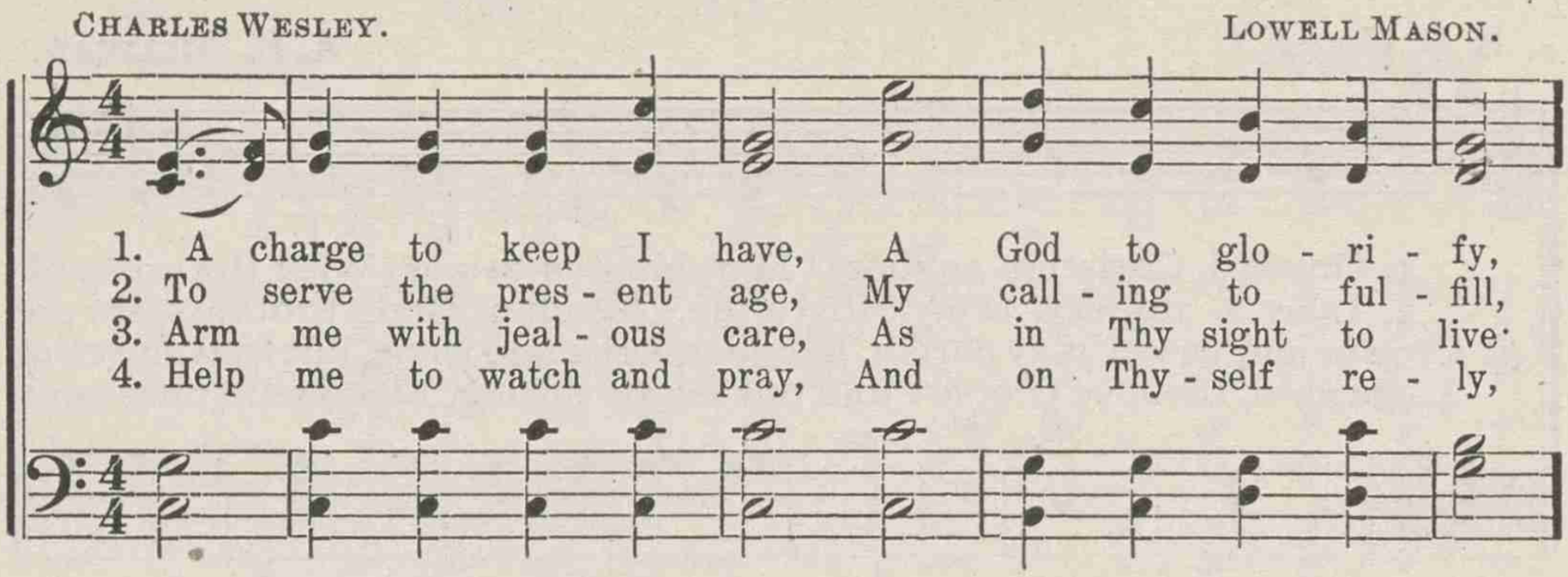
Refrain.
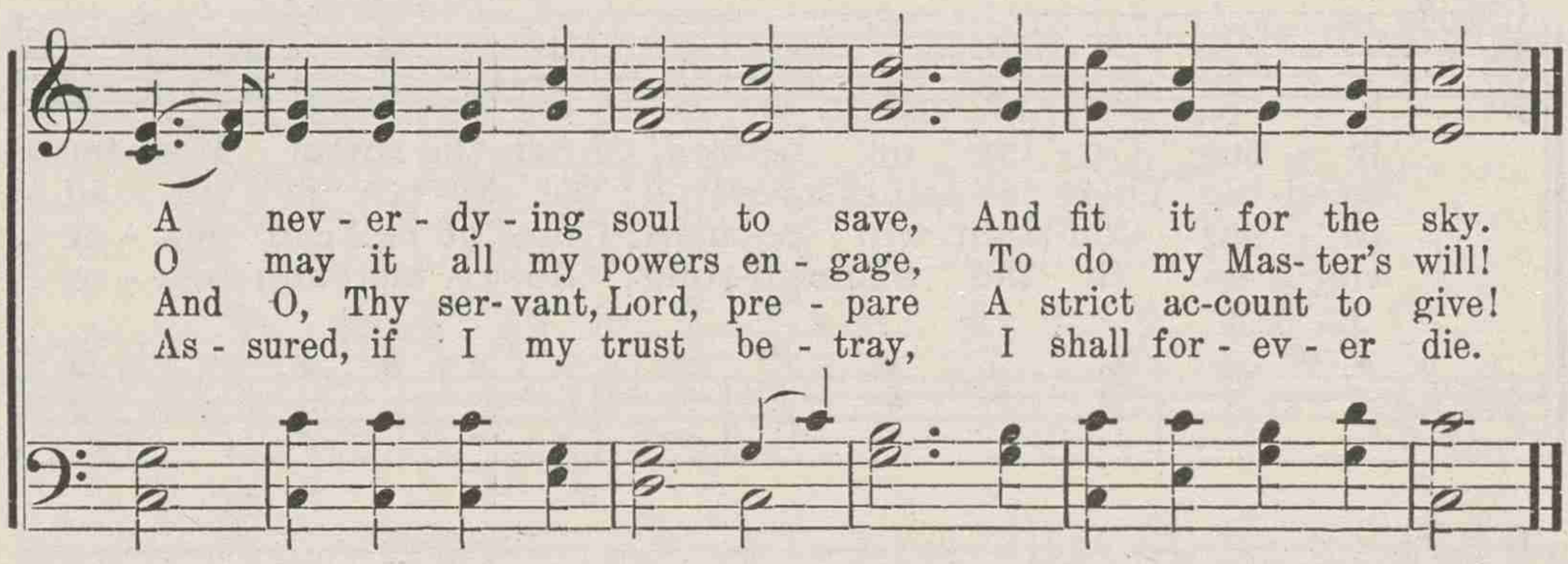
ban - ners go!
char - i - ty. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to
can not fail.
an - gels sing.

war, With the cross of Je - sus go-ing on be-fore.

78 A Charge to Keep I Have.
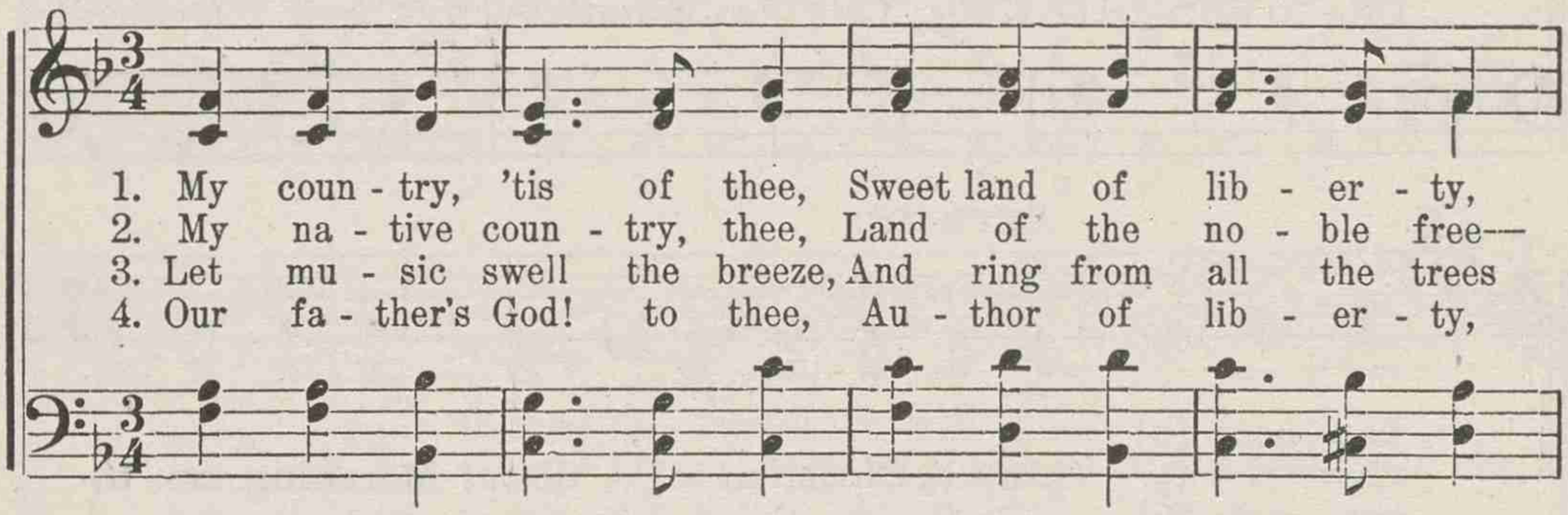
CHARLES WESLEY. LOWELL MASON.
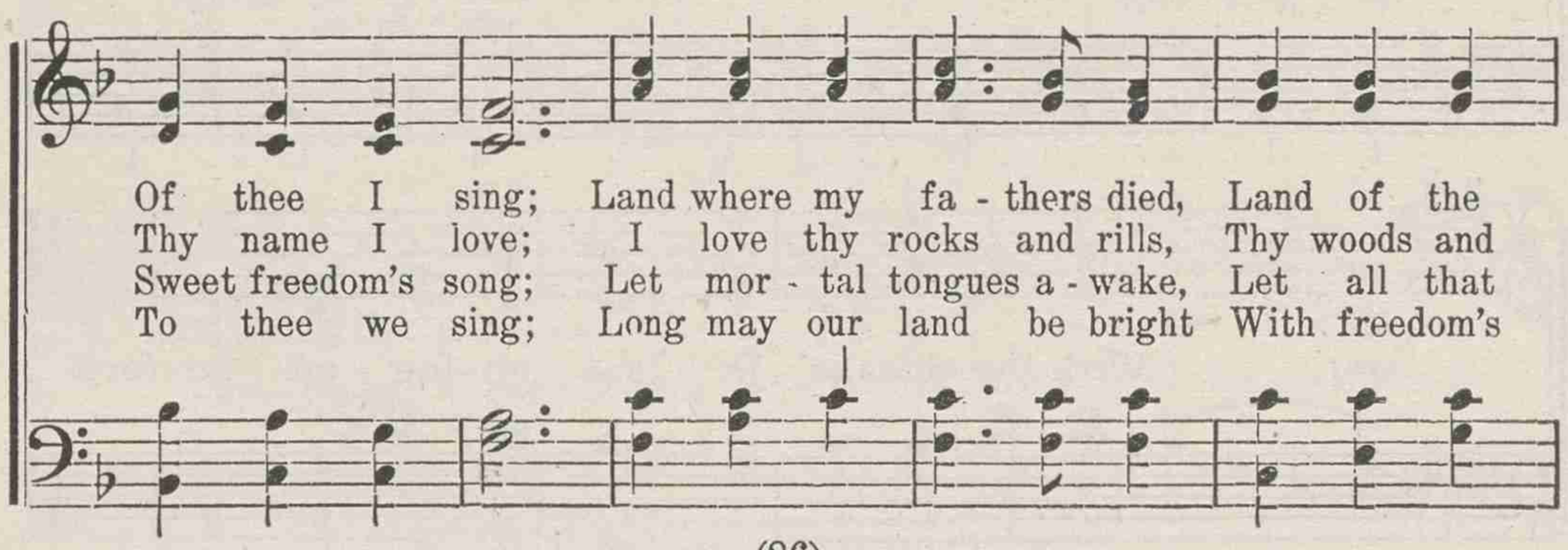




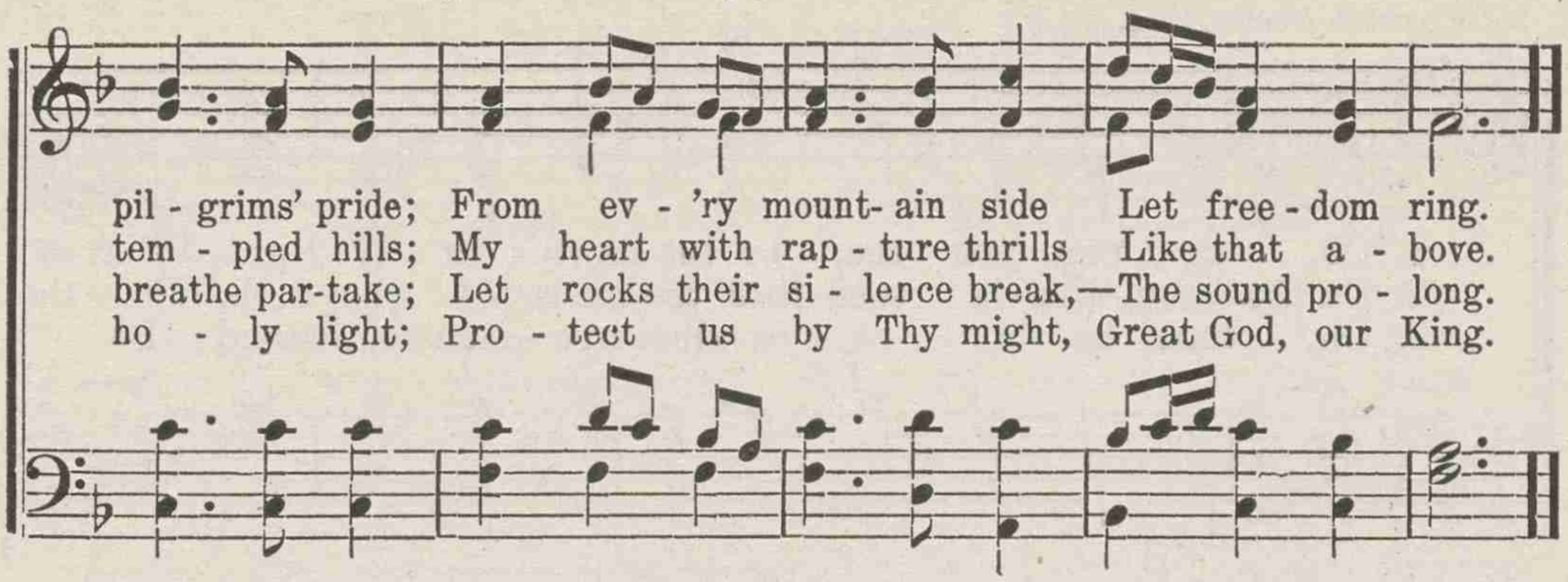
79 My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH. HENRY CAREY.
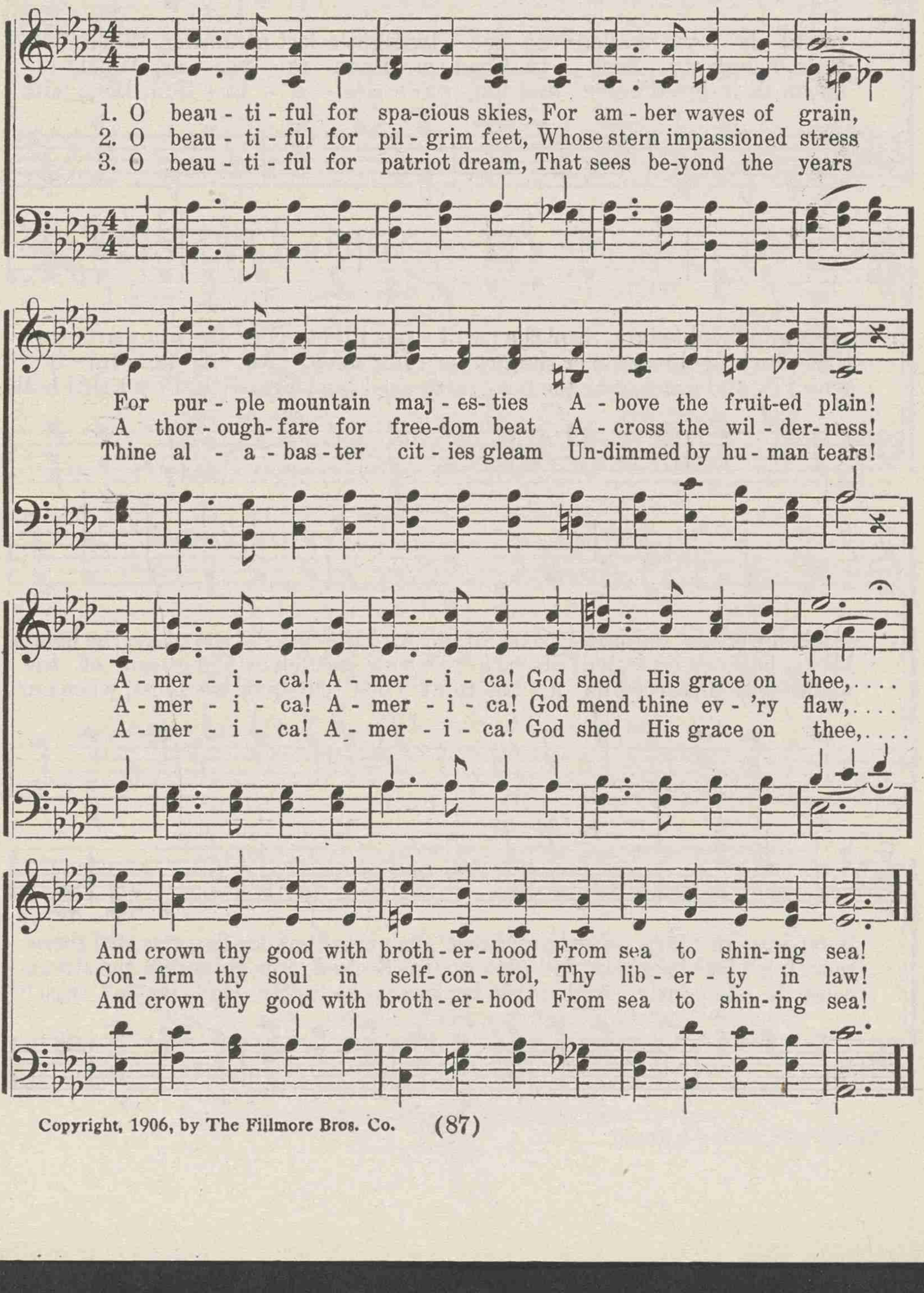




My Country, 'Tis of Thee.



80 America the Beautiful.

KATHARINE LEE BATES. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.



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81 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-
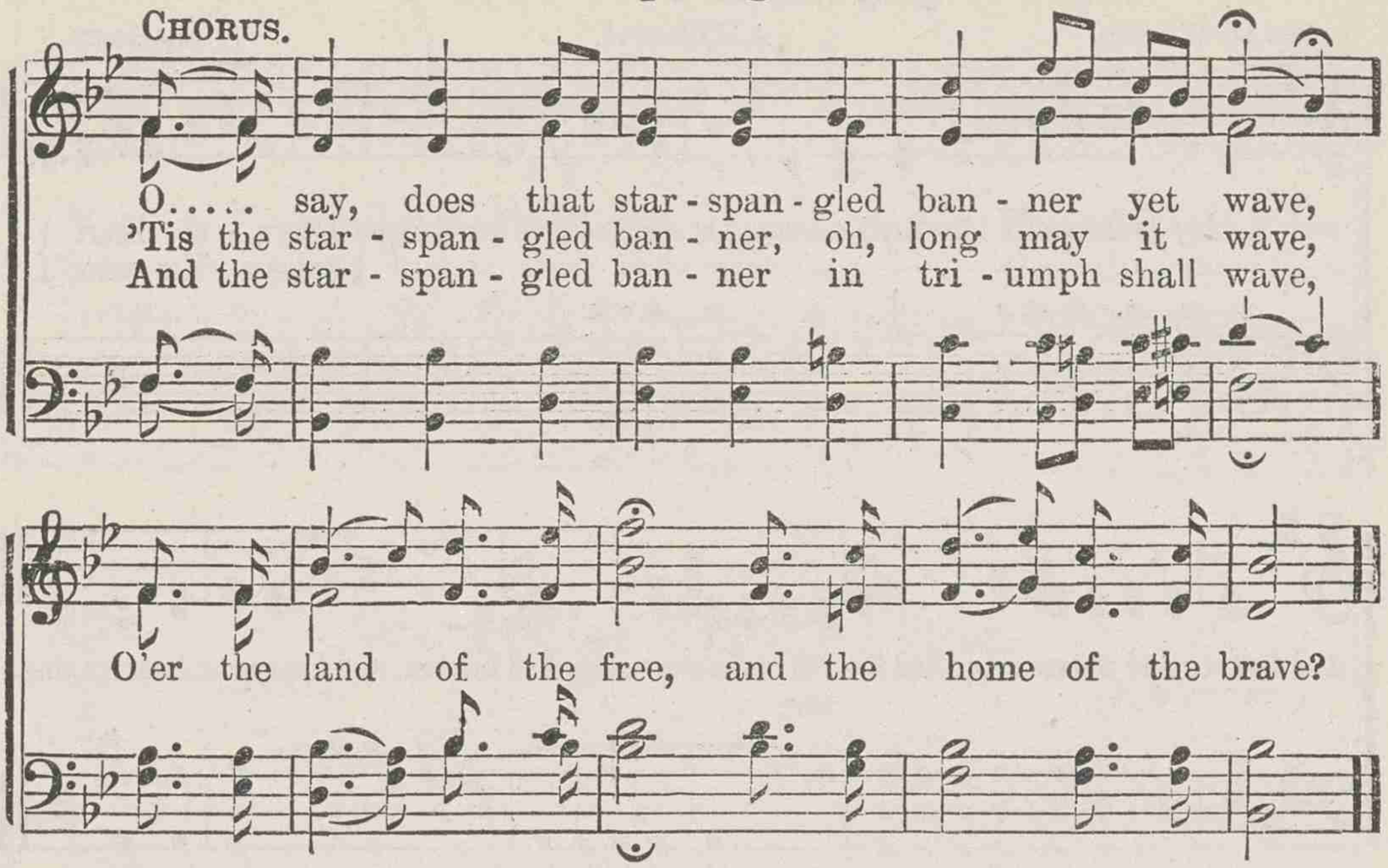
proud - ly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad
foe's haugh - ty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is
tween their loved home and foul war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with

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.



82 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.

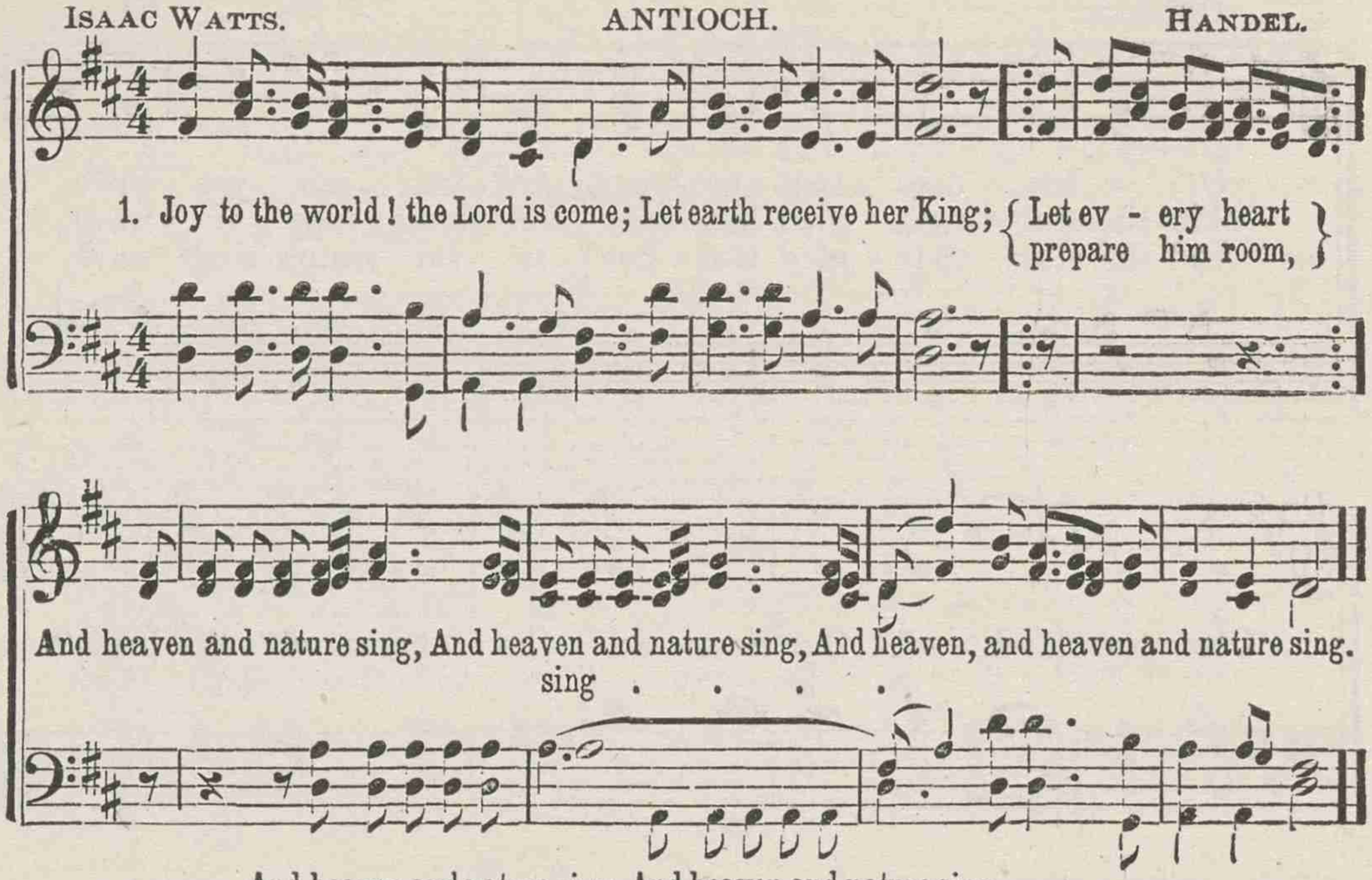
3 Let it fly at the front; it is washed in our tears,
And the smoke of the battle increases its whiteness;
Though our hearts may be pierced by the enemy's spears,
Yet the flow from our wounds shall but add to its brightness.
And this ensign of light, it shall float o'er the fight,
Till our wrongs are 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.

83 Joy to the World!

ISAAC WATTS. ANTIOCH. HANDEL.



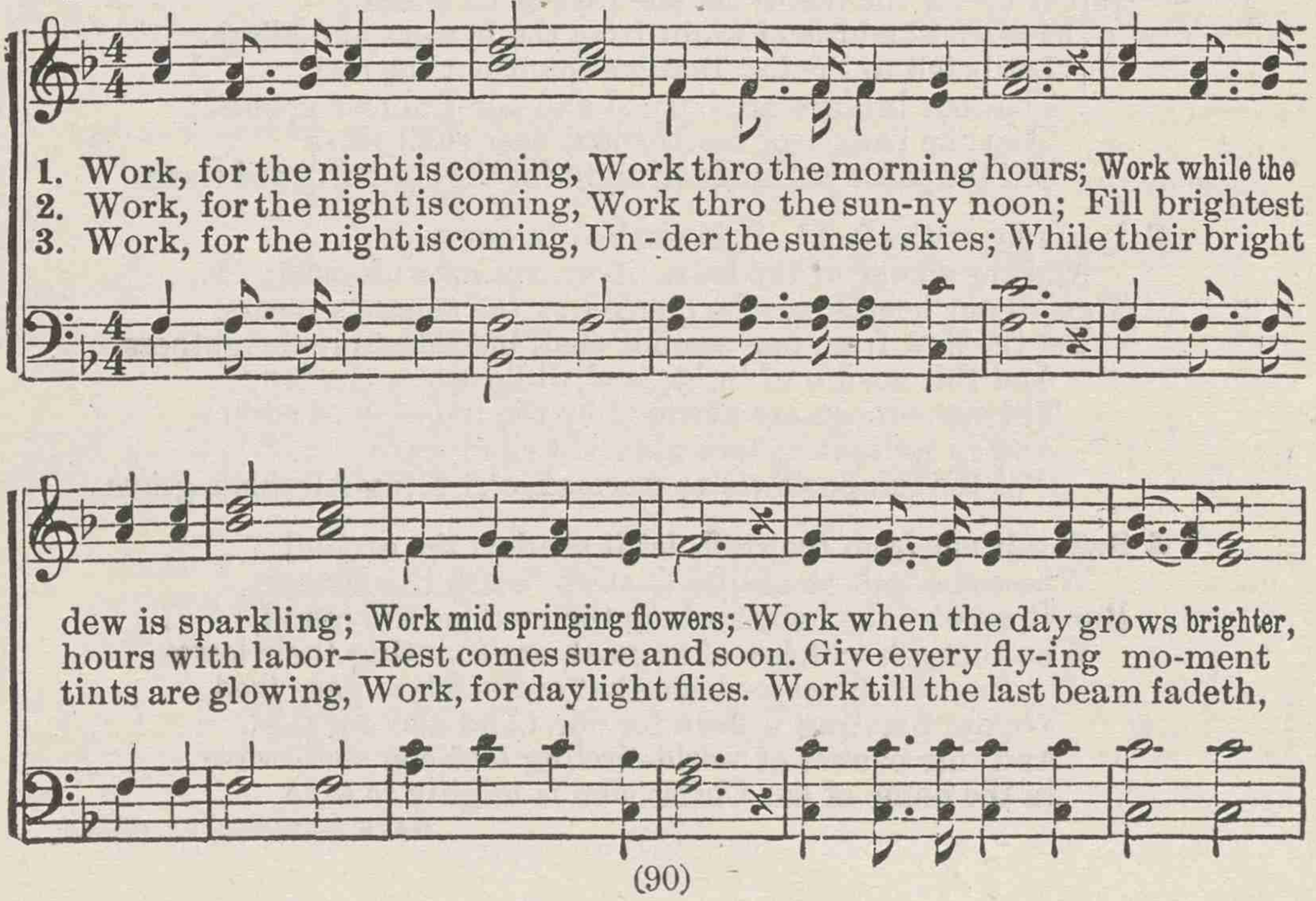
2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

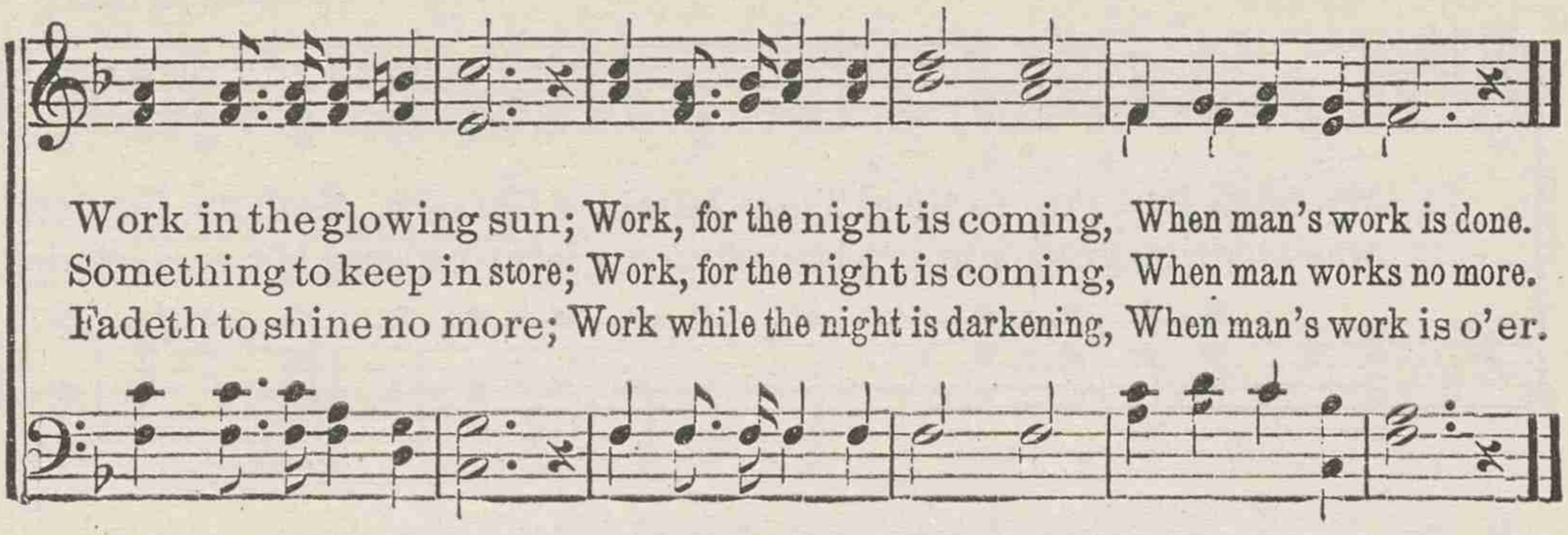
4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

84 Work, for the Night is Coming.

SIDNEY DYER. WORK SONG. LOWELL MASON.



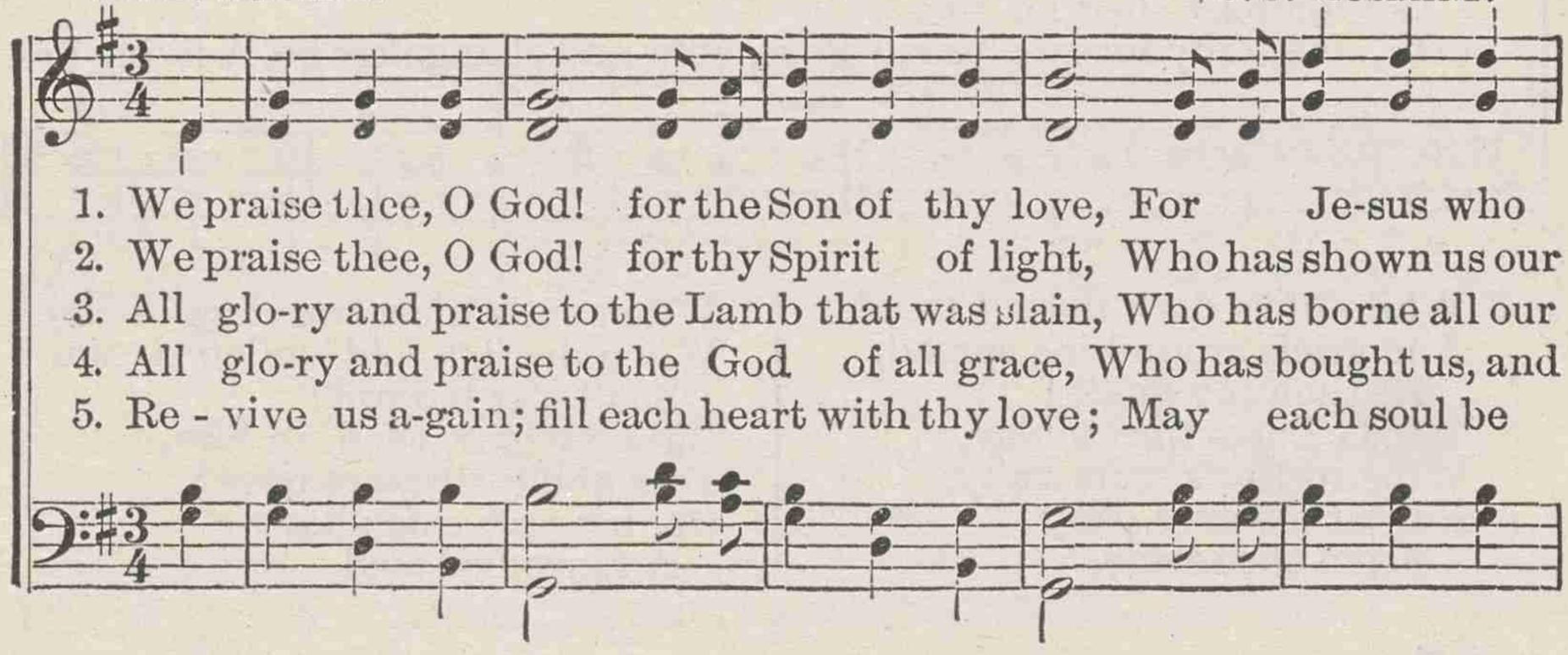
Work for the Night is Coming.
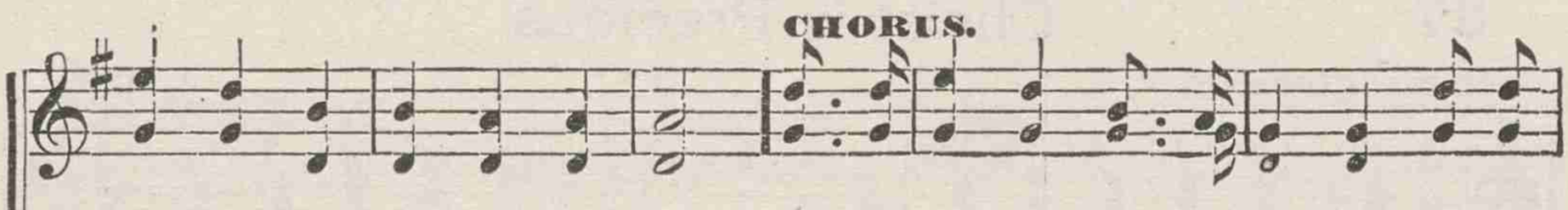


Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.
Fadeth to shine no more; Work while the night is darkening, When man's work is o'er.

85 We Praise Thee, O God.
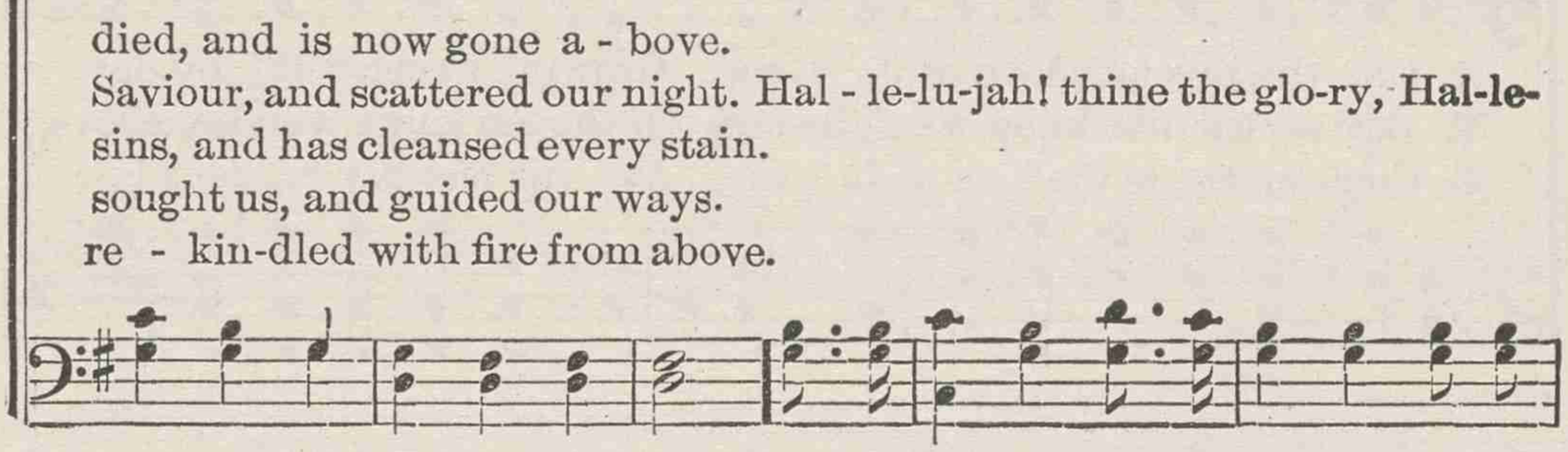
WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.

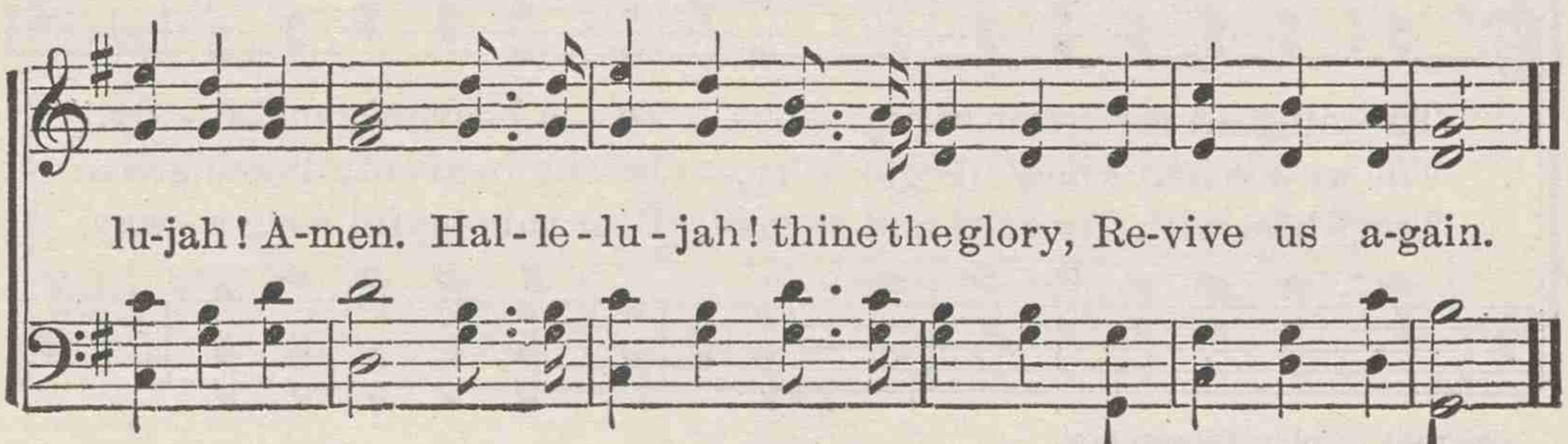


1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Je-sus who
2. We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo-ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo-ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
5. Re - vive us a-gain; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be



died, and is now gone a - bove.
Saviour, and scattered our night. Hal - le-lu-jah! thine the glo-ry, Hal-le-
sins, and has cleansed every stain.
sought us, and guided our ways.
re - kin-dled with fire from above.

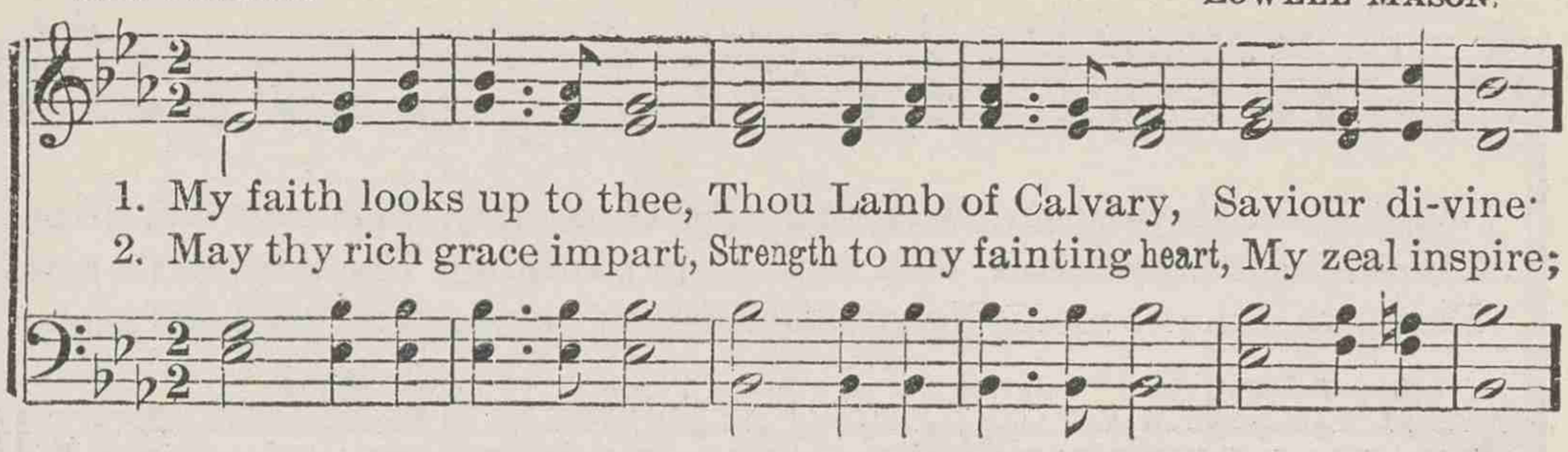


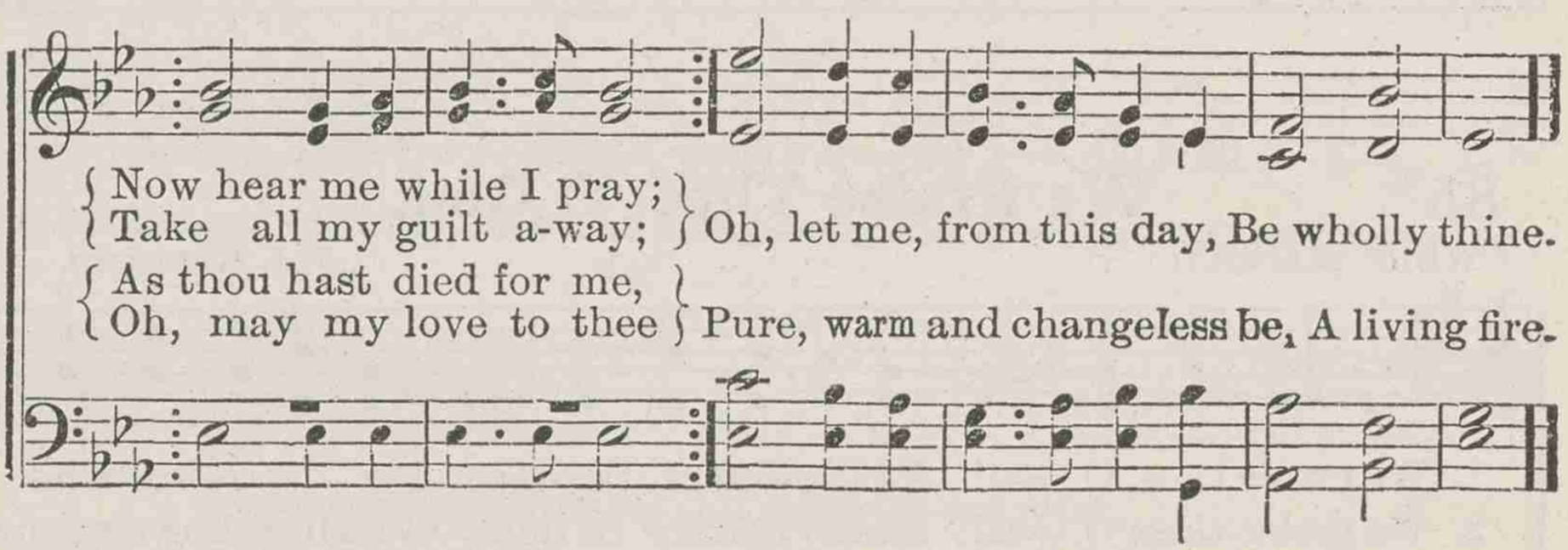


lu-jah! A-men. Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glory, Re-vive us a-gain.

86 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. LOWELL MASON.



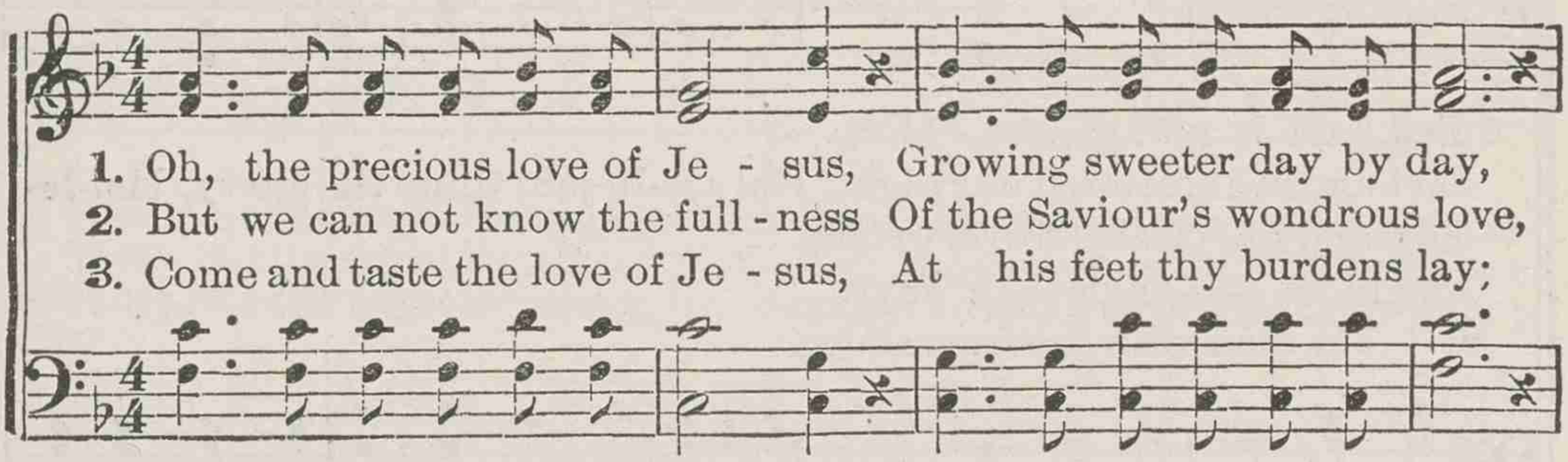


3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

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

87 Christ is Precious.

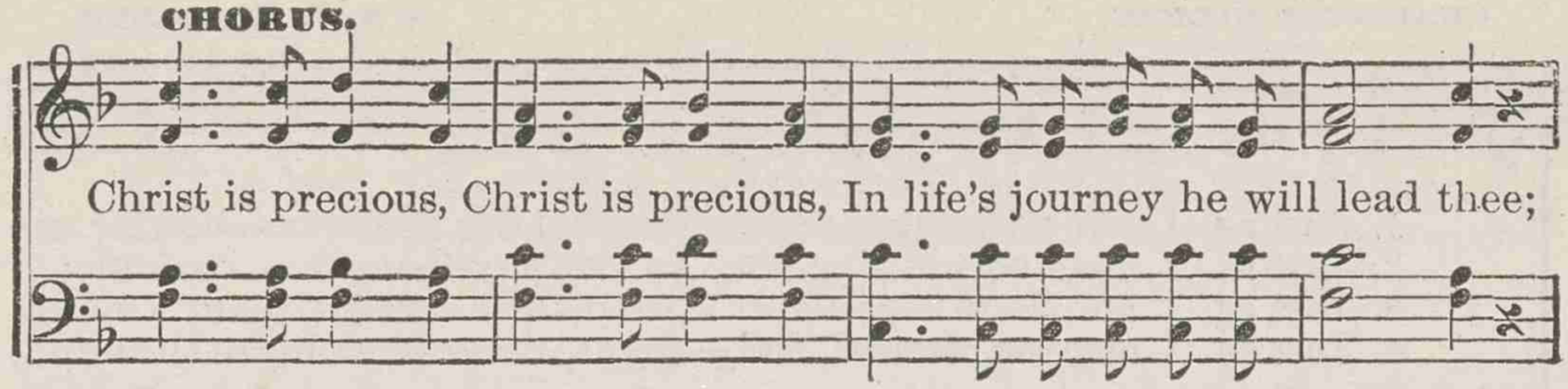
ELIZA SHERMAN. J. H. F.

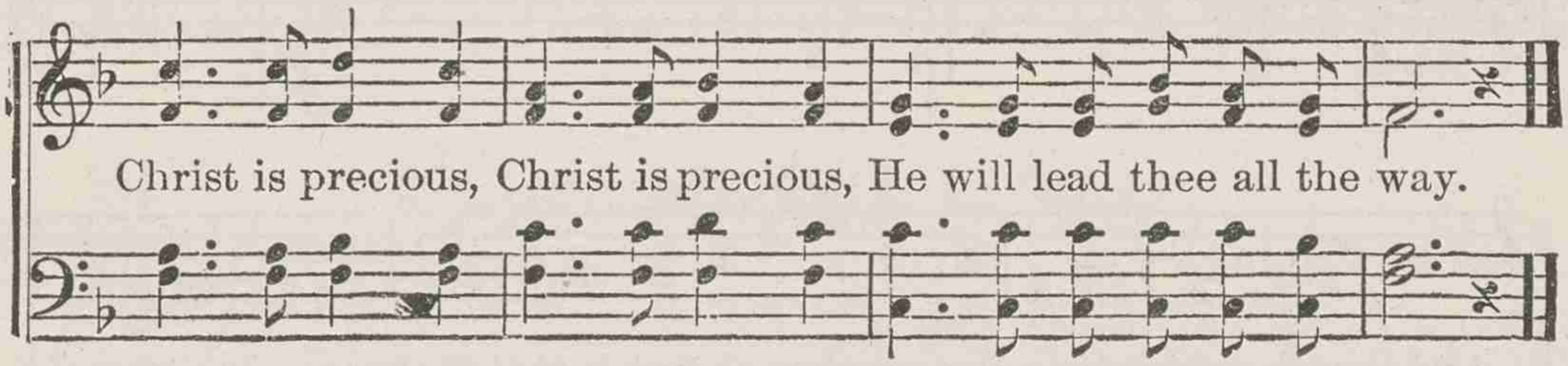


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Christ is Precious.

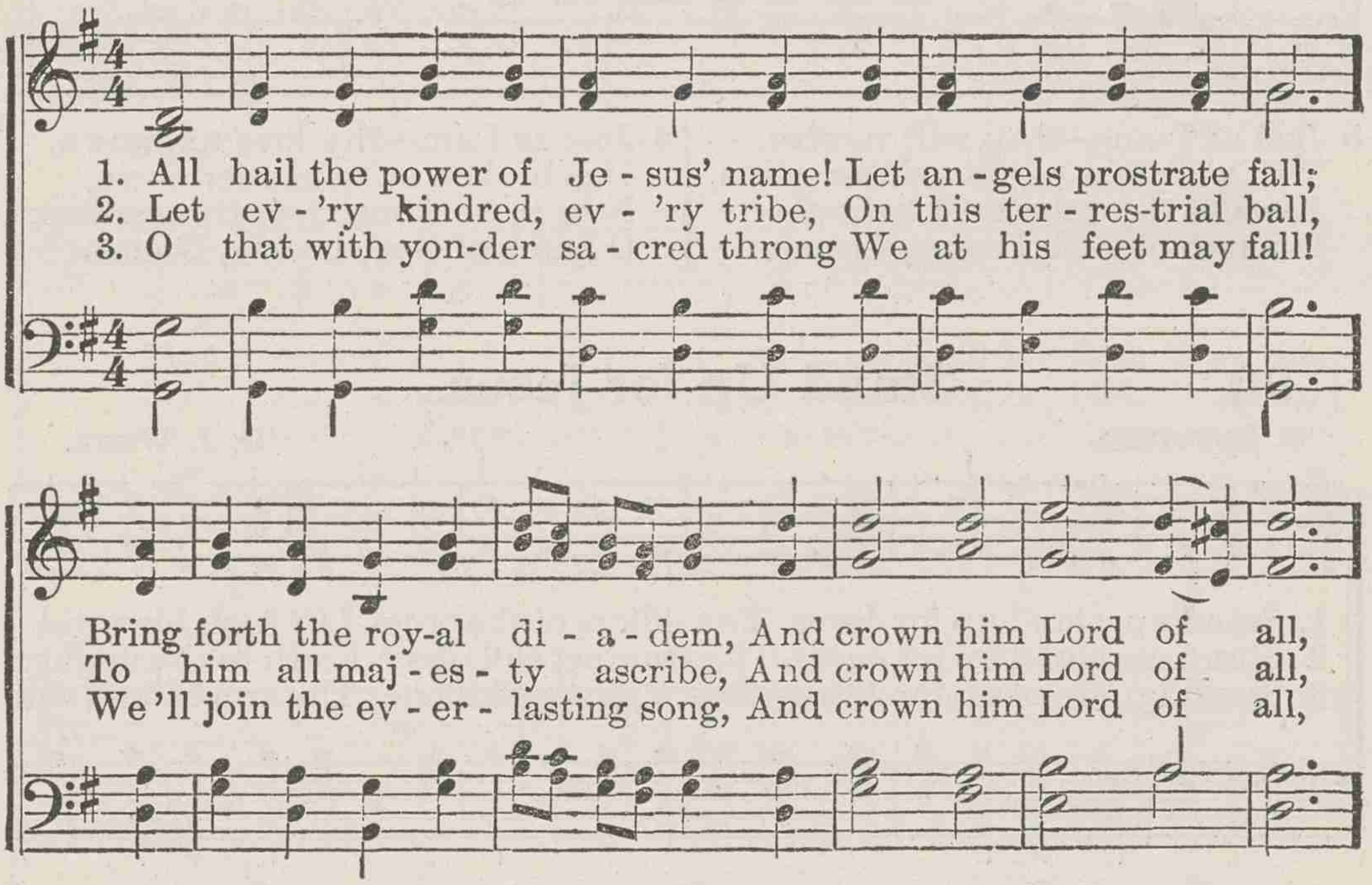
CHORUS.

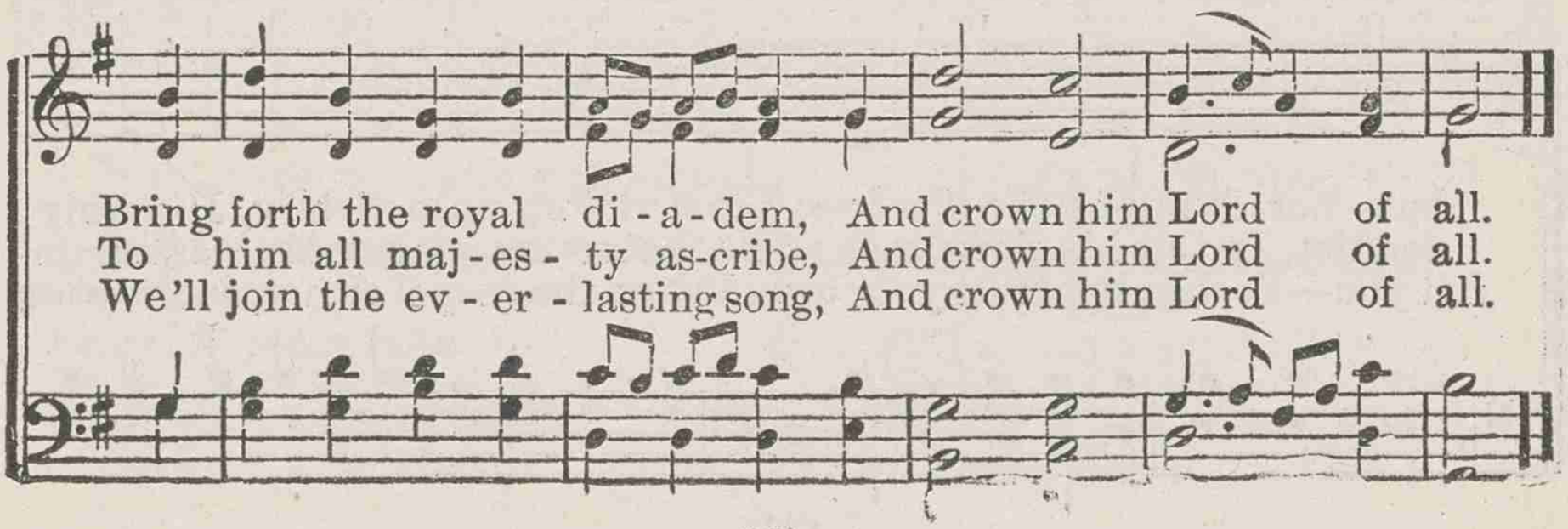




88 All Hail the Power.
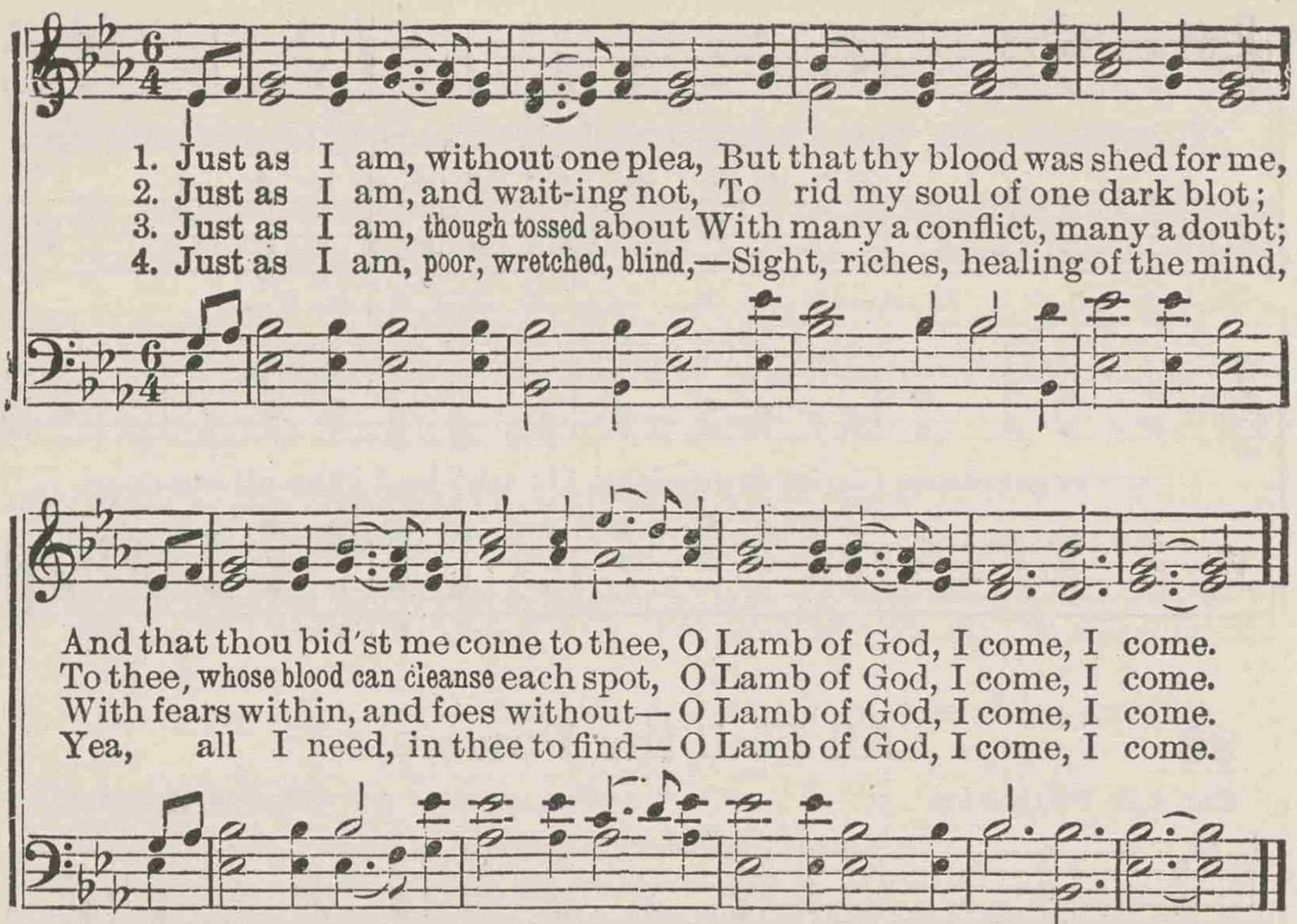
EDWARD PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.





89 Just as I am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.

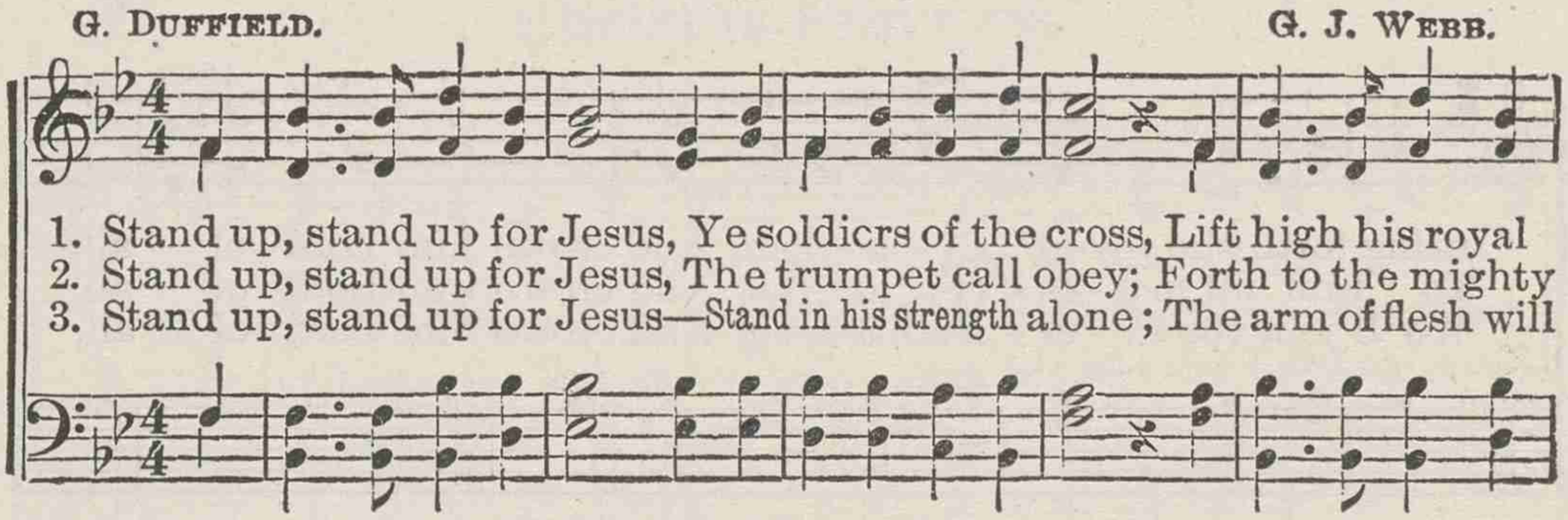


5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

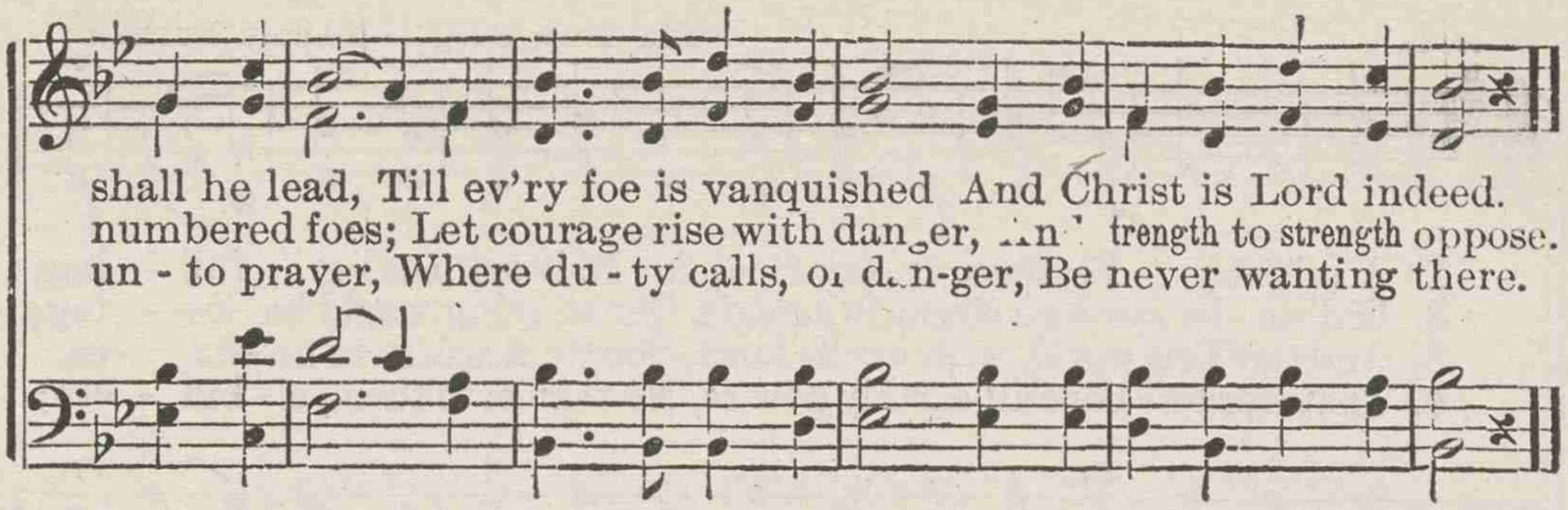
6 Just as I am—thy love unknown,
Has broken ev'ry barrier down,
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

90 Stand Up for Jesus.

G. DUFFIELD. G. J. WEBB.

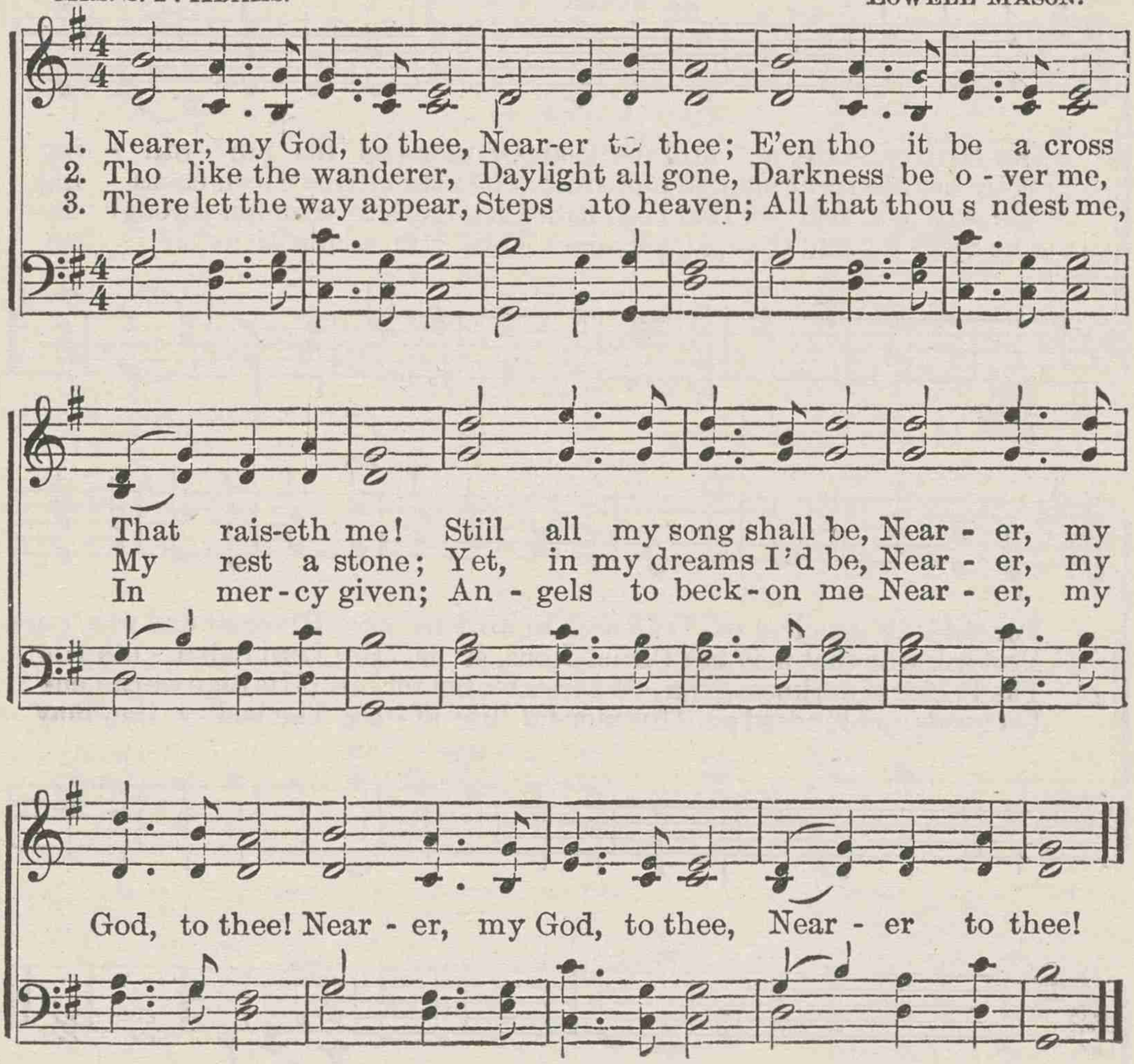


Stand Up for Jesus.



91 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

MRS. S. F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.



4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

5 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

92 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 great, And, armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is He; Lord Sab-a - oth His name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
The Prince of darkness grim,—We tremble not for him; His rage we can en- dure, For lo! his doom is sure,—One little word shall fell him.
Let goods and kindred go, This mor-tal life al - so; The bod - y they may kill; God's truth a - bid-eth still, His kingdom is for - ev - er. A - men.

INDEX TO SONGS OF MIGHT

TITLES AND FIRST LINES

A Charge to Keep I Have.....78
A Conflict Now is Raging.....54
A Father Had a Little Boy.....45
Ah 'Tis the Old, Old Story.....70
All Hail the Power.....88
All Thro' the Land..... 9
A Little Stone Goes Rolling D 61
A Loyal Gideon Band.....50
America, the Beautiful.....80
A Mighty Fortress is Our God ..92
A Place in the Ranks for Me....67
Arm for the Battle.....36
Are You Only Half Persuaded..35
A Temperance Prayer.....69

Battle Hymn of the Republic....56
Blow the Bugles, Beat the Drum.32
Bottles and Rags.....18
Brighter Days are Coming.....71
Bring Back the Flag.....20

Can He Count on You?.....54
Christ is Precious.....87

Did Yo' Ebeh Heah of Jonah? ..48
Don't It Set You Thinking.....24

Father, in Thy Mercy Save Us..69
Fight On 5
Fling It out to the Breeze.....82
Following His Father.....45
For the Man of Galilee.....34

Get a Transfer.....11
Get Off the Fence.....35
God of Our Fathers.....39
God Speeds the Day for Which.. 5
Grandfather Voted that Way....30

Happy the Sons of Our Land....14
Hear the Dear Old Gray-Haired. 3
He Did It.....27

I'd Rather be a Could-Be..... 8
If You Are on the Gloomy Line..11
If You Want the Saloon to.....22
I Had Rather be a Dog, and....43
I Love Thine Every Hill and.... 1
In Merry Chime.....53
In the Name of Christ as King..73
In the Old Church Tower 17
I'll Vote for Home and Mother.. 3
I'se Done Got Religion..... 7
It Was Not on the Field of Batt. 6
I've Been Votin' Prohibition....55

Jim and Me.....28
Jonah an' de Whale.....48
Joy to the World.....83
Jus' Keep on Keepin' on.....15
Just as I Am.....89

Let the War-Cry Swell and Ring.46
List, the Trumpet of God is....67
List to the Tread of Many.....51

March Boldly On.....26
Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory.56
Mother, Praying for Your Way .71
My Faith Looks Up to Thee ..86
My Country, 'Tis of Thee.....79
My Native Land..... 1

Native Land.....75
Nearer My God, to Thee.....91
Not by My Vote.....29
Now the Hosts of God Are.....37

O Beautiful for Spacious Skies ..80
O, Say, Can You See?.....81
O the Precious Love of Jesus...87
O, I Ain't Got Any Grammer ..21
O Loyal Voters.....25
O Sound the Jubilee.....76
O the Sin and Desolation.....31
On to Washington.....41
Onward, Christian Soldiers.....77
Oon, Loon.....43
Our Happy Land.....14
O, We've Had a Great Revival . 7
O, Will You Then be True? 64

Prohibition's Comin'.....59
Prohibition Round 16

Ring in the Voters.....38
Rescue the Perishing.....72

Saloons Must Go.....51
Same Old Issues.....33
Shout Aloud the Stirring.....34
Sing a Song of Prohibition.....49
Somebody Said that It.....27
Some Said dat Prohibition 55
Stand Up for Jesus.....90
Strike While the Iron is Hot....62
Stop 22
Sweet By and By.....60

Tell Mother I'll Vote Dry..... 2
Temperance Battle Hymn.....57
The Campaign 33
The Coming Snow Slide.....61
The Church n the Wildwood...65
The Day I Left the Dear Old H. 2
The Dead March of the Saloon..74
The Female of the Species 44
The Flag of Stars.....52
The Giant Liquor Traffic.....29
The Glory Day is Coming for th 66
The Has-Been..... 8
The Legalized Saloon.....31
The Man with the Pull.....21
The Old, Old Bell.....17
The Preacher and His Pals.....40
The Rummies are on the Run...42
The Rummies are Up Against It.10
The Song of Life's Brigade.....12
The Saloon Must Go.....37
The Star-Spangled Banner.....81
The Story, Sir? Why Really Now 28
The Stars that Float upon.....52
The Temp'rance Bells.....53
The Victory May Depend on Yo.13
There's a Church in the Valley..65
They Call Us Repeaters and Mu.42
There's a Time that is Coming..60
There's a Rod above the Ocean..76
There are Many Men.....23
Tho' the Brewers Still are Brew. 4
They Have Read the Writing... 4
The Whisky Shops Must Go....58
The White Ribbon Star-Spangle.82
There will Dawn a Golden Mor.68
They Have Taken Away My...20
They Scarcely Ever.....23
The Wrecking of the Boy..... 6
Thro' the Land a Call is Soundi.13
'Tis Simply Up to Us.....19
'Tis Our Turn Now.....66
To Victory.....36
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.....74
Two Voters on Election Day W.40

Up, Comrades, Up, 'tis the Call.62
Up with Your Hands..... 9

We are Winning Glory.....32
We are Winners.....46
We're Battering Down the Brew.10
We're a Loyal Gideon Band....50
We Praise Thee, O God.....85
We've a Task on Hand.....41
What a Stream of Crime and W.73
What is This Confusion. 16
When Election Day Comes 'Rou.38
When You Know a Man is Vot..24
When Our Country Calls for Her 64
When Prohibition Wins.....25
When Things Look Kinder Glo..15
When You See the Bums and B.44
Will Prohibition Win?.....19
Wounded? Yes, but Marching..12
Work, for the Night is Coming..84
Would You Save the Drunkard's47

You Can if You Will.....47

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