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ENLARGED EDITION.
HULL'S
TEMPERANCE
GLEE BOOK.



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God I don't feel any more
I guess I will go home
W. A. L. O. HULL'S
morning.

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Temperance Songs, Duets and Choruses

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*Author of "Pilgrim's Harp," "Devotional Chimes," "Sparkling Rubies,"
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INTRODUCTION.

We respectfully dedicate this volume to the several Temperance organizations, believing it will be found a worthy coadjutor in their labor of love. We have been careful in selecting the words to avoid the slang so often introduced into temperance hymns, aiming to provide poetry both instructive and elevating in its character, set to appropriate and entertaining music; to which we have added a "Glee Department," consisting of Part Songs, Duets, and Choruses, suitable for the sociable exercises of the Lodges, and public entertainments.

Herein will be found several pieces that heretofore could only be obtained in sheet form, costing as much for one piece as this entire book. It has not been hurriedly compiled, under heavy pressure to be completed at a set time, or for some particular occasion, but it is the result of years of thought and patient study; condensed into the smallest possible amount of space, in order to be able to fix the price so low that it will be within the reach of all, and its cost no obstacle to its universal distribution among temperance people both at home and at their public places of meeting. We firmly believe this book will be found not only one of the strongest campaign documents against the vice of intemperance, but also an enjoyable hand-book of music, such as all lovers of good music will find eminently adapted to private practice in Glee and Chorus singing, while many of the selections are destined to become popular concert pieces. The success of the celebrated "Anvil Chorus" is known to almost every one; and "The Old Blacksmith," herein published for the first time, promises to become, in its sphere, a like success, when brought out in character, with anvil accompaniment, as designed.

For Musical Conventions, where a large number of books and a comparatively small number of selections are required for a short term of practice, this book will be found to meet a long-felt want, as such popular gatherings are often crippled by the great outlay in providing large and expensive books for practice.

With these suggestions we submit this, our "TEMPERANCE GLEE BOOK," to the kind consideration of a generous public.

THE AUTHOR.

HULL'S Temperance Glee Book.

THE TEMPERANCE STAR.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Show thy light in matchless glo - ry, Shine forth, bright temperance star;
2. Shine up - on the cap - tive's prison, Shine forth, bright temperance star;

Shine forth, etc.

O'er cor - rap - tions old and hoar - y, Shine forth, bright temperance star.
Tell him of the power now risen, — Shine forth, bright temperance star.

Shine forth, etc.

D. S. Ban - ish drunk - en - ness and madness, And shine forth, bright temperance star.
Look - ing for a glo - rious morrow, Shine forth, bright temperance star.

Shed a - broad thy rays of gladness, O'er the haunts of woe and sad - ness,
And the realms that sit in sor - row, From thy rays a charm shall bor - row,

3 Shine upon the cleaving billow,
Shine forth, bright temperance star;
O'er the sailor's lonely pillow,
Shine forth, bright temperance star;
Brighten every distant nation,
Banish care and tribulation,
Preach the tidings of salvation,
And shine forth, bright temperance star.

4 Then the mists that hover o'er thee,
Shine forth, bright temperance star;
Trembling soon shall flee before thee,
Shine forth, bright temperance star;
Hail! all hail! thy lustre glowing,
From the fount of glory flowing,
Life and health, and beauty showing,
Shine forth, bright temperance star.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Music by ASA HULL.

Allegro.

1. O - ver and o - ver a - gain, No mat - ter which way I turn,
2. We can - not mea - sure the need Of ev - en the ti - ni - est flow'r,

I al - ways find in the Book of Life Some les - sons I have to learn;
Nor check the flow of the gold - en sands, That run through a sin - gle hour;

I must take my turn at the mill, I must grind out the gold - en grain,
But the morn - ing dew must fall, And the sun and the sum - mer rain

I must work at my task with a res - o - lute will, O - ver and o - ver a - gain.
Must do their part and per - form it all O - ver and o - ver a - gain.

Chorus.

I must take my turn at the mill, I must grind out the gold - en grain,

I must work at my task with a res-o-lute will, O-ver and o-ver a-gain.

3. Over and over again,
 The brook through the meadow flows,
 And over, over again, again
 The ponderous mill-wheel goes;
 Once doing will not suffice,
 Although doing be not in vain,
 And a blessing failing us once or twice,
 May come if we try again.
 Chorus.—I must take my turn, etc.

4. The path that once has been trod
 Is never so rough to our feet;
 And lessons that we have learned before
 Are never so hard to repeat;
 Though in sorrow our tears may fall,
 And the heart to its depth be riv'n,
 With storm and tempest, we need them all
 To render us fit for heav'n.
 Chorus.—I must take my turn, etc.

GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

Words by W. E. HICKSON.

Music from the GERMAN.

1. { Now to heav'n our pray'rs ascending, God speed the right; }
 { In a no-ble cause contend-ing, God speed the right; } Be our zeal in
 2. { Be that pray'r a-gain re-peat-ed, God speed the right; }
 { Ne'er despair-ing though de-feat-ed, God speed the right; } Like the good and

heav'n recorded, With success on earth rewarded, God speed the right, God speed the right.
 great in sto-ry, If we fail, we fail with glory, God speed the right, God speed the right.

3. Patient, firm, and persevering,
 God speed the right;
 Ne'er th' event nor danger fearing,
 God speed the right;
 Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
 And in heav'n's own time succeeding,
 :: God speed the right, ::

4. Still our onward course pursuing,
 God speed the right;
 Ev'ry foe at length subduing,
 God speed the right;
 Truth our cause, whate'er delay it,
 There's no power on earth can stay it;
 :: God speed the right, ::

ASK ME NOT TO SIP THE WINE.

Words by ANGELINE A. FULLER.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. { O, ask me not to sip the wine, The sparkling rub-y wine, }
 { For though within the goblet bright, It harmlessly may shine, } A horrid spell, a
 2. { O, tempt me not to taste the wine, The sparkling ru-by wine, }
 { For though within the goblet bright, It harmless-ly may shine, } In ev'ry drop a

fa - tal charm, un - seen, is hidden there, Which, if they once but touch the soul, Will
 serpent lurks To sting, the trusting heart, And lure it from all love-ly things For

Chorus.

lure it to de-spair. O, ask me not, O, tempt me not, To sip the sparkling wine,
 ev - er more to part, O, ask me not, etc.

For, left with-in the gob - let bright, It harm - less - ly may shine.

3. O, urge me not to drink the wine,
 The sparkling ruby wine,
 For, though within the goblet bright
 It harmlessly may shine,
 It holds a flame to wrap the life
 In more than midnight gloom,
 And sets upon the precious soul
 The seal of hopeless doom.—*Chc.*
4. I dare not, will not sip the wine,
 The sparkling ruby wine,
 For, though within the goblet bright
 It harmlessly may shine,
 If I should sip the treach'rous draught,
 A brother or a friend
 Might be thereby induced to drink,
 And ruin be the end.—*Chc.*

THE TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.*

7

Words by MARY D. CHELLIS.

Music by T. C. O'KANE.

1. There's a bat-tle to be fought, A vic-tory to be gain'd;
 2. There's an en-e-my a-broad, So sub-tle and so strong,

There's a coun-try to be saved, A host from sin re-claimed.
 That the con-flict must be fierce; The strug-gle must be long.

Chorus.

Then we'll march on, march on with a stead-y aim; Trust on, trust on
 But we'll march on, etc.

in the Saviour's name, Pray on, pray on, till the work is done, And

vic-to-ry, glorious vic-to-ry won.

3.
 We're recruiting for the ranks,
 For years and years to come,
 That our number may not fail,
 Ere triumph shall be won.
Cho.—And we'll march on, etc.

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BATTLE FOR THE RIGHT.

Words by Mrs. BAIN.

Music by ASA. HULL.

1. In freedom's cause our sons and broth - era, Have fought most nobly for the right;
2. Each slave, thank God, is made a free - man, Who treads our dear Columbia's soil;

But now their daughters, wives, and moth - era, Our God is arming for the fight.
But still re-mains that fie - ry de - mon, Intemprance lives our land to spoil.

Chorus.

A - wake! a - wake! a - wake! There's no time for slumber, Since, terror clad, the
Awake! awake! awake!

monster comes; With marshall'd host, a legion in number, To des - o - late our hearts and homes.

- 3 The Triune God for us is fighting
All bloodless though the battles be,
Through Him our faith and works uniting,
From rum our land shall yet be free.
Awake! awake! etc.
- 4 Although the way be rough and broken,
March on, ye armies of the Lord!
For God himself to you hath spoken,
Then dare to rest upon his word.
Awake! awake! etc.
- 5 In North and South the hosts are rising,
They're gaining vict'ries in the West,
This glorious news is not surprising
To them whose souls the Lord hath blest.
Awake! awake! etc.
- 6 I seem to hear the victors shouting,
From State to State, from shore to shore.
Then let us ever cease our our doubting,
And trust our God forevermore.
Awake! awake! etc.

Words by EDGAR PAGE

Music by ASA HULL.



1. The negro slaves 'neath southern sun, By Lincoln's word set free;
 2. But ah! the slav'ry of the bowl That man-a-cles the brave;

Though waiting long, their vic-t'ry won, And shout their ju-bi-lee.
 En-slaves the bod-y and the soul, And fills the drunkard's grave.

Chorus.

Then would you help our righteous cause; Free slaves from their con-di-tion;

GIVE US PROHIBITION.—Concluded.

Come, vote for men who'll make the laws, To give us pro - hi - tion.

3.

Rum makes the wife weep scalding tears, The paupers cry and captives wail
And children cry for bread; For emancipation time.—Chorus.

5.

Come, Christian men and women true,
Haste to obey the call;
There's work for you and me to do:
Yes, temp'rance work for all.—Chorus.

4.

Rum fills the poor-house and the jail
With beggars, and with crime;

THE VOICE OF TRUTH. *

Moderato.

1. My days of youth, tho' not from folly free, I prize the truth, the more the world I see;

* I'll keep the straight and narrow path, lead me where'er it may, The voice of
Bass.

* Same for each verse.

truth I'll fol-low and o - bey.

2. My footsteps lead, O truth, and mould my will,
In word and deed, my duty to fulfil;
Dishonest arts, and selfish aims to truth can
ne'er belong,
No deed of mine shall be a deed of wrong.

3. The strength of youth, we see it soon decay;
But strong is truth, and stronger ev'ry day:
Though falsehood seem a mighty pow'r,
which we in vain assail,
The power of truth will in the end prevail.

* Special Arrangement.

THE COMING "SHIP OF STATE."

Words by G. W. ARBUCKLE

Music by ASA HULL

Duet or Chorus Ad. lib.

1. Launch the ship of Pro-hi-tion, Out up-on time's restless wave;

For emancipation time—Chorus—
 I look to do of this the call; I
 do of this the call; I look to do of this the call; I

For emancipation time—Chorus—
 I look to do of this the call; I
 do of this the call; I look to do of this the call; I

* FOR TRUTH.

Chorus

see I blow and strong and stout and exult I set will
 the fet-ters, clear the ways, All's in good con-di-tion;

to launch in yon vast maelstrom's heart, The ship of Pro-hi-bi-tion.

2. Ages long the world has waited,
 Swell our hearts with joy elated,
 For she bears the nation's fate.
 Chorus.—Cut the fetters, etc.

4. Chartered by the King of Heaven,
 God himself shall bear her through;
 'Mid dark storms she may be driven,
 He can still the tempest, too.
 Chorus.—Cut the fetters, etc.

3. Who will man the noble vessel,
 Who will launch her on the sea,
 Who will name her, and who will
 Live to tell of her history, etc.

5. Prohibition, then, we name her,
 As we boldly launch her forth;
 Licensed wrong shall never shame her,
 Shipwrecked souls will feel her worth.
 Chorus.—Cut the fetters, etc.

SOUND THE BATTLE CRY!

From "Diana Norm," by permission.

Words and Music by W. F. BARKWELL.

Vigorously, in march time.

1. Sound the bat-tle cry! See! the foe is high; Raise the stan-dard high for the Lord;

Gird your armor on; Stand firm ev-er; Rest your cause upon His ho-ly word.

Chorus. ff

Rouse, then, freemen, come from hill and val-ley; Be them brothers, earnest, brave and strong!

On-ward, forward, all u-ni-ted, ral-ly, "Death to Al-co-hol," your bat-tle song.

2. Strong to meet the foe,
 Marching on we go,
 While our cause we know
 Must prevail;
 Shield and banner bright,
 Gleaming in the light;
 Battling for the right
 We ne'er can fail.

Chorus.—Rouse, then, etc.

3. Oh! thou God of all, oh God
 Hear us when we call;
 Help us one and all
 By thy grace,
 When the battle's done,
 And the victory won,
 May we wear the crown
 Before thy face.

Chorus.—Rouse, then, etc.

Words by J. KEMBERLEE.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. { There are man-y ways of do-ing this, Al - so of do - ing that;
Than this—as you will plain-ly hear On al-most an - y day,

But of all the sayings that we meet, There's nothing that's more pat;
When men are asked to take a drink, "Why, yes! that's just my way." }
1. 2.

Chorus.

That's my way! yes, that's my way, To say, when I am asked to drink,

Ritard.

Kind sir, that's NOT my way.

2
Now, my good friend, just stop and think,
And listen to me, pray;
When you are asked to have a drink,
Tell them it's not your way;
But muster courage to withstand
The influence and the sway
Of those who'd ever lead you wrong
Into their evil way.—*Chorus.*

3. Let truth and virtue be your guide,
You do not want display;
Be bold to take, and strong to hold
The right and better way;
Where'er you go, what'er you do,
In labor or in play,
Besure you're back'd by truth and right,
And then stick to your way.

Cho.—That's my way, yes, that's my way,
Besure I'm back'd by truth and right,
And then stick to my way.

4. How many fall within the snare
That glitters to betray,
When, had they courage to declare
That that was not their way,
Much suffering both of mind and frame
They would be saved to-day,
By telling those who tempt them on,
"Kind sir, that's not my way."

Cho.—That's my way, yes, that's my way,
To say to those who tempt me on—
Kind sir, that's not my way.

THE TEMPERANCE ARMY.

15

Words *
March time.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Oh, the time is near, when in accents clear, We shall hail with joy the auspicious day ;

When our army strong, shall o'ercome the wrong, And intemp'rance yield to its glorious sway.

Chorus.

We are march - ing, march - ing, We're march - ing, marching a - long ;
Marching, marching, marching, marching, The temperance army is marching along ;

We are march - ing, march - ing, The temperance ar-my is marching a-long.
Marching, marching, marching, marching, The

2. In the future dim, there's a bright'ning gleam,
Lighting up our pathway on every hand ;
We will never yield to the foe the field,
While the curse of rum shall infest the land.
Chorus.—We are marching, etc.

3. There is no alloy in the notes of joy,
Sung in happy homes from the curse set free ;
We will catch the song, and the strain prolong,
Till the world shall hail the great jubilee.
Chorus.—We are marching, etc.

ON, FOREVER ON.

Music by JNO. R. SWENEY.

Allegro.

1. The Temp'rance cause is grow - ing, The un - fur'l'd ban - ner's flow - ing, With
 2. The star of hope is gleam - ing, And bril - liant lights are stream - ing, As

not - to bright and glowing, "On, for - ev - er on." Like lofty ea - gles soar - ing, Like
 glorious suns are beaming On, for - ev - er on: But lovely eyes once beaming, And

mighty voi - ces roar - ing, And sparkling fountains pour - ing On, for - ev - er on.
 happy hearts once dreaming, With sorrow's tears are streaming For the lost and gone.

Chorus.

On, on, for - ev - er on, The Temp'rance cause is ev - er marching on.

Is march - ing on, for - ev - er on, Is marching on, for - ev - er on.

Is march - ing on, Is march - ing on, ev - er on.

Is marching on, Is marching on.

3. For there has been leave-taking,
Sadness and sore heart-breaking,
And lone, lone echo-making
For the early gone;
Such woe the cup is spreading,
And voiceless darkness shedding,
While death his march is treading
On, forever on.—Chorus.

4. But, 'mid this weary struggling,
Heart-breaking, sad, and m'ring,
A voice like Sinai thund'
On, forever on.
The onward march still keeping;
Our vigil-watch ne'er sleeping,
While intemp'rance waves are sweeping
Wildly, madly on.—Chorus.

RALLY FOR THE CAUSE.

Words. *
Spirited.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Come, let us sing a cheer-ful strain, The joys of Temp'rance we will tell,
2. Sing mer - ri - ly in virtue's praise, And while our joy - ful notes pro - long,

Till ev - ry val - ley, hill, and plain, The hap - py cho - rus swell.
Let tip - plers turn from drinking ways, And join the hap - py song.

D. S. Till far - off hill, and peaceful vale, Shall with its ech - o ring.

Chorus.

D. S. ♩

Then ral - ly for our glo - rious cause, In praise of Temp'rance sing,

3. Oh, may we see in all the land
Pure temperance without alloy;
Come, sign the pledge, give us your hand,
And swell the tide of lov.—Chorus.

4. If you would shun the drunkard's grave,
Oh, touch it not; oh, taste it not;
Come, sign the pledge, be strong and brave,
And be no drunken sot.—Chorus.

Allegro.

1. { In a wake of light, And with canvass white, As the foam on the
Oh, the swift sailing ship, Blithely making her trip; Waft her on, piping

1. waves of the sea; (Omit - - - -) winds, merrily. } Waft her on, Waft her on, cheerily on,
2. Chorus. Waft her on, cheerily on,

She's our glorious ship of State; Waft her on, Waft her on, cheerily on,

For, oh, she bears the nation's fate.

2.
With a flag nailed fast
To each tapering mast,
Yes, the flag of the free and the brave;
Give her hearty huzzas,
For her banner of stars,
And the good old ship on the wave.
Chorus.—Waft her on, etc.

3. When, with truth at the helm,
There's no sea can o'erwhelm,
And the ship will outride ev'ry gale;
Though the billows may roar,
They will break on the shore,
Not a thread will be torn from her sail.
Chorus.—Waft her on, etc.

5. Give nine cheers for the ship
That is making her trip
Unto every land under the sun;
With her banner of light,
She will banish the night, [won.
When the right, in the fight, shall have
Chorus.—Waft her on, etc.

4. On her deck firm and true,
Stands the Captain and crew,—
"All is well," the commander cries!
And the canvass crowds,
Like clouds upon clouds,
As the wind flutters down from the skies.
Chorus.—Waft her on, etc.

6. In a wake of light,
And with canvass white,
As the foam on the waves of the sea;
Oh, the swift sailing ship,
Blithely making her trip,
Waft her on, piping winds, merrily.
Chorus.—Waft her on, etc.

LOOKING AHEAD.

19

Words ❁

Music by ASA HULL.

Lively.

1. { Cheer up! Cheer up! des-pond-ing ones, And let the past go by;
It beck-ons to each wavr-ing soul To look a-head with cheer;

For in the fu-ture gleams a star, Whose ra-diance lights the sky,
For he who tru-ly seeks for good, Will find it ev-er near. }

Chorus.
Cheer up! Cheer up! and let the past go by;
Cheer up! Cheer up!

For in the fu-ture gleams a star, Whose ra-diance lights the sky.

2. Cheer up! cheer up! and in the strife
Against the curse contend;
For soberness and goodly deeds
Will soon secure a friend.
The heart that struggles long and hard,
And wins the day at last,
Can boast of more than he who glides
More smoothly evils past.
Cheer up! cheer up! etc.

3. Cheer up! cheer up! you'll win the day,
If faithfully you try;
There's no device can keep you back,
If *will* says, "never die."
The race is for the diligent,
The prize is ever sure
To those while pressing firmly on,
Unto the end endure.
Cheer up! cheer up! etc.

Words arr'd from MARY P. GRIFFIN.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. A - way with the wine-cup, For dan - ger is there; A - way with its sor - row,

Its blight and its snare; A - way with the wine-cup, Our mot - to shall be,

From its thral - dom for - ev - er We're pledged to be free.

Chorus.
A - way with the wine-cup, a - way, a - way! A - way with the wine-cup, a -

way, a - way! From its thraldom for - ev - er We're pledged to be free.

2. Away with the wine-cup,
The bane of our joy,
Of earth's varied pleasures
The bitter alloy;
'Mid duties and pastimes,
In grief or in glee,
From the thrall of the wine-cup
We're pledged to be free.—*Cho.*

3. But give us bright water,
With its sparkle and glow,—
There's life, health, and gladness
In its musical flow;
Then water, bright water,
Our song still shall be,
From the thrall of the wine-cup
We're pledged to be free.—*Cho.*

THE TEMPERANCE CALL.

21

Music by FRANZ ABT.

Allegro con fuoco.

1. Hear the Temp'rance call, Freemen, one and all! Hear your coun-try's earnest cry ;

See your na-tive land Lift its beck'ning hand, Sons of free-dom, come ye nigh.

Chorus.

Chase the mon-ster from our shore, Let his cru-el reign be o'er,
Chase the mon-ster from our shore, Let his cru-el reign

Chase the mon-ster from our shore, Let his cru-el reign be o'er.
be o'er from our shore.

2. Leave the shop and farm,
Leave your bright hearths warm ;
To the polls! the land to save ;
Let your leaders be
True and noble, free,
Fearless, temp'rate, good and brave.
Chorus.—Chase the monster, etc.

3. Hail our Father-land!
Here thy children stand,
All resolved, united, true,
In the Temp'rance cause,
Ne'er to faint or pause!
This our purpose is, and vow.
Chorus.—Chase the monster, etc.

TEMPERANCE RALLYING SONG.

Words by Mrs. H. N. K. GOFF.

Music by ASA HULL.

Allegretto.

1. Ral - ly! freemen, ral - ly! The temp'rance cry prolong; Ral - ly! freemen, ral - ly!
 2. Ral - ly! women, ral - ly! Land beau - ty to the song; Ral - ly! women, ral - ly!

Solo, or Duet.

Cold wat - er is our song; Come, join us, gray-hair'd fa - thers, And
 Sing loud and full and strong; Sis - ters and wives and moth - ers, And

young men bold and true, And youths, with beaming fa - ces, Our rallying cry's to you.
 daughters come to - day; Join hands with those who labor, To drive the fiend a - way.

Chorus.

Come and join, come and join, come and join, come and
 Come and join, come and join, come and join, come and

join our hap - py band To drive the monster from the land, land.
 come and join

1. 2.

SHUN THE CUP.

23

Allegro animato.

Musica by ASA HULL.

1. Oh, bright is the wine, the ru-by wine That sparkles in the cup;

But dim are the eyes, the blood-shot eyes Of him who quaffs it up.

Chorus.

Then shun the cup, the death-fraught cup That dooms the soul to hell,

Repeat pp.

And drink the draught, the cool-ing draught That comes from the crys-tal well.

2. Oh, bright is the glow, the rosy glow,
As on the eye it gleams;
But pure is the light, the diamond light
Of nature's crystal streams.
Chorus.—Then shun the cup, etc.

3. Oh, sad is the end, the dreadful end
Of him who heedeth not,
To shun the cup, the treach'rous cup,
So full of danger fraught.
Chorus.—Then shun the cup, etc.

TEMPERANCE RALLYING SONG.—Concluded.

3. Rally! Christian, rally!
Thy brother's lost in sin;
Rally! Christian, rally!
His blood-bought soul to win;
The Lord has paid the ransom,
His soul as thine to save,
And will you see him sinking
To death beyond the grave?
Chorus.—Come, and join, etc

4. Rally! freemen, rally!
The temp'rance cry prolong;
Rally! freemen, rally!
Cold water is our song;
Our banner's on the breezes,
Our hopes are bright and strong;
Come, join with us, and labor
To push the battle on.
Chorus.—Come, and join, etc.

TOUCH NOT THE BOWL.

Words by S. CALLAN.

Music by ASA RULL.

1. Touch not, touch not the sparkling bowl, That poison doth con-tain; Touch not, taste not, or
2. Touch not, touch not the demon's bowl, A worm doth lurk there-in To gnaw the heart, and

Ral - len
full control, O'er you it soon will gain; It sparkles on - ly to beguile, To
taint the soul If you com - mit the sin; Then do not let reproof be scorn'd; To

tan - do. Tempo.
lure to cer - tain woe; Then do not heed the tempter's smile, If you of bliss would know.
reason prove not blind; In time, of all its ills be warn'd, Or else leave hope be - hind.

Chorus.
Touch not, touch not, touch not the sparkling bowl; Taste not, taste not, 'twill

ru - in mind and soul.

3.
Touch not, touch not the cursed bowl,
That doth but sorrow bring;
For if you yield to its control,
The worm within will sting;
Then fly the tempter and his way,
While time is left you still,
Turn from his luring arts away,
While you have yet the will.
Chorus.—Touch not, etc.

WORK WHILE THE DAY LASTS.

25

Cheerfully.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. { There are lone - ly hearts to cher - ish While the days are go - ing by ; }
 { There are wea - ry souls who per - ish While the days are go - ing by ; }

If a smile we can re - new As our jour - ney we per - sue,

Fine.
 Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by.

D.S.
 While the days are go - ing by, While the days are go - ing by ;

2.

3.

There's no time for idle scorning,

While the days are going by ;

Let your face be like the morning

While the days are going by ;

Oh, the world is full of sighs,

Full of sad and weeping eyes—

Help your fallen brothers rise,

While the days are going by.

♯: While the days are going by, ::|:

Help your fallen brothers rise, etc.

All the loving links that bind us,

While the days are going by ;

One by one we leave behind us

While the days are going by ;

But the seed of good we sow,

Both in shade and shine will grow,

And will keep our hearts aglow,

While the days are going by.

While the days are going by, ::|:

It will keep our hearts aglow, etc.

Words arr'd from Rev. JOHN P. BETKER.

Music by ASA HULL.

CHO.—Friends of temp'rance, raise your ban - ners, Wave them proud-ly in the air ;

Shout a - loud your glad ho - san - nas, Swell the notes till all shall hear. *Fine.†*

1. Hear that moth-er's bit - ter wail-ing, For her lost and ru - ined boy ;
2. When the drunkard's wife is sigh-ing O'er her chil - dren want-ing bread,

f Shall her cry be un - a - vail - ing, When you may restore her joy.
f There's a voice most sad - ly cry - ing Un - to you for time - ly aid. *D. C. in Tempo.*

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3. Heard ye not that scream of terror,
Coming from the felon's cell ;
'Tis a cry of blood and horror,
Which the drunkard's ravings tell.
<i>Cho.</i>—Friends of temp'rance, etc.</p> <p>4. From the lowest depths of anguish,
From the haunts of sin and shame,
Where the souls of thousands languish,
Pleading woes your kindness claim.
<i>Cho.</i>—Friends of temp'rance, etc.</p> | <p>5. From each hill, and dale, and mountain,
Where the free winds sweep along ;
From each stream, and rill, and fountain,
Comes to you an echo song.
<i>Cho.</i>—Friends of temp'rance, etc.</p> <p>6. All that's true in human nature
Lifts its hands your cause to bless,
And to God, each loving creature
Sends a prayer for your success.
<i>Cho.</i>—Friends of temp'rance, etc.</p> |
|--|--|

Sing the several verses without interlude, stopping at the word "Fine" only for a final ending.

WE CONQUER, OR DIE.

* 27

Allegro Spiritoso.

1. The war drums are beating, up, sol - diers, and fight, The des - pot, In-

temp'rance, hurl down from his height, Oh, gird on your ar - mor, his minions are nigh;

Chorus.
I'll give you the watchword, "We conquer, or die." We conquer, we conquer, we

Rit. Repeat pp.
con - quer, or die; We conquer, we conquer, we con - quer, or die.

2. March forth to the battle
All fearless and calm,
The strength of your spirit
Throw into your arm,
And let your proud motto
Ring up to the sky,
Till the very stars echo,
"We conquer, or die."—*Chorus.*

3. Strike deep and unerring,
Nor dare to retreat,
Though thousands by thousands
The enemy meet;
The thicker the foemen,
The firmer stand by,
Rememb'ring your watchword,
"We conquer, or die."—*Chorus.*

4. Go forth in the pathway
Your forefathers trod!
Ye, too, fight for freedom,
Your captain is God!
Fling out your broad banners
Against the blue sky,
And shout, like true soldiers,
"We conquer, or die."—*Chorus.*

5. Not chains for the tyrant,
For chains are in vain,
He's planning already
To break them in twain;
But raise your deep voices,
And shout the war-cry:
Death! death for the tyrant,
"We conquer, or die."—*Chorus.*

SUCCESS IN THE LINE OF DUTY.

Words by Rev. THOS. L. POULSON.

Music by J. G. ROBINSON.

1. Though the night o'er-hang our dwelling, And the tem - pest, round us rave,

And the win - try blasts are swelling, Till we fear there's none to save.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. Still the gospel streamlet's flowing,
To the hearts of all mankind;
And the heavenly breezes blowing,
Cheer the waiting, trusting mind.</p> | <p>4. With the Christian's banner o'er us,
As to duty we attend;
In the wide world spread before us
Christ will ever be our friend.</p> |
| <p>3. In the cause of God engaged,
Wrongs of Satan to redress;
When the battle hottest raged,
We have always won success.</p> | <p>5. In the morning of His coming,
When the warfare all is past,
We'll be counted in the morning
Of His jewels at the last.</p> |

NO WINE FOR FRIENDSHIP'S SAKE.

Words by D. S. MAYNARD.

Music by ASA HULL.

Scherzando.

1. They offer'd me wine, and urged me to drink; They said I could never de - ny; The
 2. They said 'twas the custom all o-ver the earth, And begged of me not to de - cline; A-

chain of our friend - ship wanted a link, Which on - ly a drink could sup - ply.
 gain and a - gain they argued the worth, Of pledging our friendship in wine.

Chorus.

No wine I'll take for friendship's sake, A - way with such a plea;

No friend of mine would give me wine To wreck and ru - in me.

3.
 They laugh'd in derision, and said I was weak,
 They told me it would not be long
 Before I'd get o'er my Temperance freak,
 And drink without thinking it wrong.

Cho.—No wine I'll take, etc.

4.
 Farewell to such friends as wish me to fall,
 As thousands have fallen before;
 Away with them each, away with them all,
 Their "friendship" is wanted no more.

Cho.—No wine I'll take, etc.

WE'LL GIVE A HELPING HAND.

Words by MRS. R. A. SEARLES.

Music by ASA HULL.

Lively.

1. Glad - ly will we ral - ly round, Lift the fall - en from the ground ;
2. Hope and sweet - est char - } - ty, Shall our changeless mot - to be ;

Broth - ers, come and join our band, Come and give a help - ing hand.
Break the fet - ter, burst the band, We will give a help - ing hand.

Chorus.

Ev - er ready, Ev - er steady, We will give a help - ing hand,
Ev - er ready, Ev - er steady,

Ev - er ready, Ev - er steady, We will give a help - ing hand.
Ev - er ready, Ev - er steady,

3.
Erring brother, leave your cup ;
Sorrow fills the measure up ;
Break the fetter, burst the band,
We will give a helping hand.

Chorus.—Ever ready, etc.

4.
Brother, come and join our band,
Each will give a helping hand ;
Hope and sweetest charity,
Ever shall our motto be.

Chorus.—Ever ready, etc.



1. Flow - ers with fragrance fill the balm-y air, As night descends in

si - lence to re - pose; The lake is still, the sky is bright and clear,

Chorus.

And now the day in glo - ry seems to close. Swell, swell the song, Swell, swell the
Swell, swell the song,

song, The song, the song of temp'rance o'er the land, loud and long.
Swell, swell the song, The song

2 Come, then, rejoice; my dear companions, come!
'Neath temp'rance skies till morn is bright above;
And the sweet chorus of the mountain wild
Return the notes of temperance and love.
Swell, swell the song, etc.

3 Come, father, brother, comrade dear, O come,
Accept the pledge, the pledge we offer now,
Rejoice, rejoice, but trust in providence,
Heav'n keep you safe, thro' all earth's toil and woe.
Swell, swell the song, etc.

Words written for this work.

Arranged from ROSSINI.

Allegro con spirito e staccato.

1. { The le-gions of rum-mies are wag-ing a war-fare, For Sa-tan and
Their ven-om is pois'-ning the life-springs of vir-tue, And visions of

1. > darkness against truth and right;
(Omit - - - - -) riches and greatness they blight. { The gid-dy and
Then why should we

thoughtless are cap-tives led by them, And de-mons are jo-vial when
fal-ter, the foe-man to con-quer, Since God is our help-er, we

rummies pre-vail. } We nev-er shall fail, we nev-er shall fail
nev-er shall fail.

2. They proffer allurements to ensnare the erring,
And talk loud of freedom, of justice, and right;
They make friends of mammon, their flesh-pots preferring,
And flourish their trumpets, and dare us to fight.
Let's gird on the armor and struggle for virtue,
The evil intemp'rance united assail;
Then why should we falter, the foeman to conquer,
Since God is our helper, we never shall fail,
We never shall fail, we never shall fail.

LIVE ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

83

Rev. E. H. NEVIN, D. D.

With energy.

1. Live on the field of bat-tle! Be earn-est in the fight;
2. Watch on the field of bat-tle! The foe is ev'-ry-where,

Stand forth with man-ly courage, And struggle for the right. Live, live,
His fle-ry darts fly thickly, Like lightning thro' the air. Watch, watch,

live! Live on the field of bat-tle.
watch! Watch on the field of bat-tle.

- 3 Pray on the field of battle!
God works with those who pray;
His mighty arm can nerve us,
And make us win the day.
Pray, pray, pray!
Pray on the field of battle.
- 4 Die on the field of battle!
'Tis noble thus to die;
God smiles on valiant soldiers,—
Their record is on high.
Die, die, die!
Die on the field of battle.

Words for tune THE WARFARE, opposite page.

THE SUNBEAMS.

- 1 The sunbeams are glancing o'er forest and mountain,
The hill tops are tinged with the last feeble ray;
Let's dip in the stream of the bright flowing fountain,
And steal its sweet perfume of lilies away.
The wild rose and myrtle their soft leaves are closing,
The cowslip is catching the dew in its bell;
The ring-dove and thrush in their nest are reposing,
And young leaves are sighing to daylight farewell,
To daylight farewell, to daylight farewell.
- 2 Let's go to the peak where the last sunbeam lingers,
And gaze on the day-God as calmly he sinks;
The laurel we'll wreath with our own fairy fingers,
And rob the night-shade of the dew that it drinks.
Let's go to the valley where darkness is wreathing,
And mock the cool stream as it murmurs along;
Let's count the wild flowers whose odors are breathing
And make hill and valley re-echo our song,
Re-echo our song, re-echo our song.

0



Scherzando.

1. Oh, list the song we sing to-night, And welcome it with smiles so bright;

Our kind-ly greet-ing don't disdain, But lis-ten to our glad re-frain.

SOLO Obl.

La la la
La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

la la la la la la la la.

2. We do our best, kind friends, to-night,
And greet you with our music light;
Now cheer us on our happy way,
And listen to our merry lay. La, etc.

3. Our music soft, shall weave a spell,
Enchanting as a distant bell,
As far o'er hill and dell it floats,
Enchanting as the sweet birds' notes.
La, la, etc.

THE VOYAGERS OF LIFE.

Words by C. P. FLANDERS.

Music by ASA HULL.

Cheerfully.

1. On the o - cean of life, a stur - dy band, We've launched our boat and
2. Oh, ours is a ves - sel strong and good, With a stead - y helm she

put from the shore, The oars we've grasp'd with a vig'rous hand, And
ploughs thro' the main; She floats un-harmed a-mid tem-pest rude, And the

swiftly we're glid-ing its wa-ters o'er; And as we ride on the foam-ing tide,
wild waves lash her broad sides in vain; Then what care we for the rag-ing sea?

Chorus.

Our cho-rus floats o'er the wa-ters wide. Row, brothers, row, cheerily, cheerily row,
Thro' the storm we ride in se-cu-ri-ty. Row, brothers, etc.

Storms will beat, and winds will blow, But fearless and trusting on we'll go.

3.
If, while o'er the foaming waves we glide,
A shipwrecked brother we desery,
Hopeless, and sinking beneath the tide,
With the speed of thought to his aid we fly.
Oh, sweet will it be, when we've passed o'er
the sea,
To hear, "Well done—for ye did it to me!"
Cho.—Row brothers, etc.

4.
Onward, still onward our vessel flies,
Nor distant is that radiant shore
Where storms ne'er come, and clouds ne'er
rise,
And sorrows and trials are known no more;
There loved ones stand on the shining strand,
To welcome us home to the beautiful land.
Cho.—Row, brothers, etc.

ON TO MEET THE FOE.

Words and Music arranged by ASA HULL.

1. On, Broth-ers, on, to meet the foe that we ab-hor! Rise and put your armor on, and
2. See how the banners gleam a-long his ranks to-day! See! he hides his horrors 'neath a

has-ten to the war; Nev-er dare to think that your fight-ing days are o'er,
glit-ter-ing dis-play; Hus-band, Wife, and Chil-dren are caught and lured a-way,

Chorus.

Un-til the bat-tle's won. Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry, hal-le-hal-le-
To join the hosts of sin. Glo-ry, glo-ry, etc.

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

3. On to the rescue now, before it is too late;
Let us save a comrade from so terrible a fate;
Death may be his portion, if we the morrow wait;
So fill the ranks to-day.

Chorus.—Glory, glory, etc.

4. Strike for the homes where peace does never enter in;
Strike for the many souls that you may help to win;
Strike for love of right, and against the pow'r of sin,
And God shall nerve the arm.

Chorus.—Glory, glory, etc.

MARCHING ON.

37

Words from "Atlantic Monthly."

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord,
2. I have seen him in the watch - fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps;

He is tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
They have build - ed him an al - tar in the ev - ning dews and damps; I can

loosed the fateful lightnings of his terrible swift sword, His truth is march - ing on.
read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps; His word is march - ing on.

Chorus.

{ Marching, Marching, Marching, His truth is marching on;
 Marching, Marching, Marching, His truth is (Omit . . .) marching on. }

3. I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."—*Chorus.*—Marching, etc.

4. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat:
O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.—*Chorus.*—Marching, etc.

5. In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.—*Chorus.*—Marching, etc.

CHORUS should close with the last line of each verse.

Allegretto.

1. On-ward speed thy conq'ring flight, Temp'rance, onward speed; Cast abroad thy
 2. On-ward speed thy conq'ring flight, Temp'rance, onward haste; Quick-ly o'er the

ra-diant light, Bid the vice re-cede, Tread the e-vil in the dust,
 coun-try bright, Be the stand-ard placed; Let the grateful tid-ings float

And its fumes de-destroy, Then in temp'rance nobly trust; Give the people joy.
 Far o'er vale and hill; Let the sweetly echoing note Ev-ry bo-som thrill.

3. Onward speed thy conq'ring flight,
 Temp'rance onward fly;
 Long has been the reign of night,
 Now the dawn is nigh;
 Upward may thy influence bear
 Each imploring eye,
 Children's hearts its joys shall share,
 Mother's tears be dry.

4. Onward speed thy conq'ring flight,
 Temp'rance onward speed;
 Let the monster, in his might,
 Fall, for 'tis decreed.
 Let the pledge go round and round,
 Each and all to sign;
 Temp'rance, then, with virtue crowned,
 Proves its power divine.

WE ARE STRONG.

Words by ELLA WHEELER.

From BOULE NORME, by permission.

Music by WM. F. SHERWIN.

Bold.

1. We are strong, we are strong; Though the con- test be long, We shall
 2. In our might, in our might, We will fight for the right; We will

wave high our ban-ner tri-um-phant at last, And the days soon will come When the con-quer the foe at the close of the day; And the lost of the land We will

hor - rors of rum, And the ru - in it wrought, shall be things of the past bring to our band, And teach them to walk in the beau - ti - ful way.

Chorus. ff

We are strong, - - - we are strong, - - -
We are strong, - - - we are strong, we are strong, we are strong Tho' the

We are strong,

con - test be long, We are strong, - - - we are strong, - - -
We are strong, - - - we are strong, We shall

We are strong

wave our proud banner tri-um-phant at last.

3.
They shall turn from the night
To the morn and the light,
While the Lord girdeth up every waves-
ing soul;
Then rejoice! oh, rejoice,
With a jubilant voice!
Hail, brothers, released from the cup
and the bowl.
Chorus.—We are strong, etc.

Words by LOUIS EISENBEIS.

Music by JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Come, swell the ranks of Temp'rance; let him that heareth come! Come, brave young men and maidens,
2. We'll raise aloft our banners; we'll fling them to the air; We'll plant them on the ramparts; we'll

to the Temp'rance drum; We've listed in the ar-my, the Temp'rance flag we fly,
hoist them ev'-rywhere; "Let's ral-ly round the flag, boys, and brave-ly let us cry,

Chorus.
Gold wa-ter is our mot-to, and shall be till we die. Cold wa-ter is our mot-to, Cold
Gold wa-ter is our mot-to, and shall be till we die. Cold wa-ter, etc.,

wa-ter is our mot-to, Cold wa-ter is our mot-to, and shall be till we die.

3.

Come, Fathers, Sons, and Brothers, oh, hearken to the call,
The bugle blast of Temp'rance, sounds loud and clear to all;
We'll march in solid phalanx, and raise our banners high;
Cold water is our motto, and shall be till we die.—*Cho.*

4.

Too long the whisky demon has belched his fiery breath,
And hurled in maddest fury his red hot bolts of death;
'Tis time we were awaking; to arms! to arms! we cry,
Cold water is our motto, and shall be till we die.—*Cho.*

THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.

41

Words by Mrs. R. A. SEARLES.

Music by J. P. TRUITT.

1. We will raise our ban-ner high, And we'll fling it to the sky; And it nev-er

Chorus.
shall be furl'd, Till Temp'rance rules the world. Unfurl its pearly sheen, Let it

float, let it float, Un - furl its pearly sheen, Let our vic - to - ry be seen,

Un-furl its pearly sheen, let our vic-tor-y be seen, Let it float, let it float, let it float.

2.

We will break the foeman's ranks;
And without so much as thanks,
We will enter their strong hold,
And our temperance flag unfold.
Unfurl its pearly sheen, etc.

3.

High our banners yet shall float,
Over castle, tower and moat;
For we'll rout the hosts of rum,
And will quarter give to none.
Unfurl its pearly sheen, etc.

RIGHT OVER WRONG.

COMING RIGHT ALONG.

HUTCHINSON FAMILY.

By permission.

Moderato.

1. Be - hold, the day of prom - ise comes, Full of in - spi - ra - tion, The
 2. Al - rea - dy in the golden east The glo - ri - ous light is dawning, And
 3. And all the old dis - til - le - ries Shall perish and burn to - geth - er, The

bles - ed day, by pro - phets sung, For the heal - ing of the nations. Old
 watchmen from the moun - tain tops, Can see the bless - ed morning. O'er
 Bran - dy, Rum, and Gin, and Beer, And all such, what - so - ev - er. The

mid - night er - rors flee away; They soon will all be gone; While heav'nly an - gels
 all the land their voices ring, While yet the world is napping, 'Till e'en the sluggards be -
 world be - gins to feel the fire, And e'en the poor be - sotter, To save him - self from

RIGHT OVER WRONG.—Concluded.

Chorus.

seem to say, "The good time's coming" on. O! the Good time, the good time,
gin to spring As they hear the spir-its "rapping," O! the
burn-ing up, Jumps in the cool-ing wat-er. O! the

Good time, the good time,

Rall.

The good time's coming on, The good time, the good time, The good time's coming on.

Rall.

Allegretto.

Coming right along, Coming right along, ha! ha! ha! Coming right a-long,

Lento. *Repeat pp.*

Com-ing right a - long, Coming right a - long, Com-ing right a - long.

Words by D. J. MANDEL.



1. The Temperance Ball is roll - ing, And the knell of vice is toll - ing,
2. A might - y surg - ing o - cean, Is this vast and great com - mo - tion,

As the pow'r Di - vine comes grand - ly, Grandly roll - ing, roll - ing on.
When the Temperance Ball comes bound - ing, And our cause goes roll - ing on.

Chorus.

Rolling on, rolling on, rolling on, - - - Rolling on, rolling on, rolling
rolling on,

on; - - - Oh, the knell of vice is toll - ing, As our cause goes roll - ing on.
rolling on;

3. It shall fill up all your rum holes;
It shall shake up all your numb souls;
All humanity shall hail it,
As our cause goes rolling on.
Chorus.—Rolling on, etc.

4. Angel hosts now cheer it daily;
Human voices shouting gaily,
While our noble work brings blessings,
It is rolling, rolling on.
Chorus.—Rolling on, etc.

5. Soon the thousands yet delaying,
In the haunts of evil straying,
Turning, swell the temperance triumph,
And with it go rolling on.
Chorus.—Rolling on, etc.

6. So the Temperance Ball goes humming,
And the glad "good time" is coming,
That will stop woe's stream from running,
While our cause goes rolling on.
Chorus.—Rolling on, etc.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

45

*

Allegretto

1. Where, where will be the birds that sing, A hun - dred years to come ?

The flow'rs that now in bean - ty spring A hundred years to come ? The ro - sy lip, the

lof - ty brow, The heart that beats so gai - ly now, Oh, where will be love's beaming eye,

Joy's pleasant smile and sorrow's sigh, A hundred years to come ? A hundred years to come ?

2.

Who'll press for gold the crowded street,
A hundred years to come ?
Who worship God with willing feet,
A hundred years to come ?
Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,
And childhood with its heart of truth,
The rich, the poor, on land and sea,
Where will the mighty millions be,
:||: A hundred years to come ? :||:

3.

We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come :
No living soul for us will weep
A hundred years to come :
But other men our lands will till,
And others then our streets will fill,
While other birds will sing as gay,
And bright the sun shine as to-day,
:||: A hundred years to come. :||:

TEMPERANCE MARSEILLES.

Arranged for this work.
Solo or Quartet.

1. Ye sons of Freedom, burst a-sun-der The chains that now your souls enthrall; Come forth, ye
2. Hark, hark the trump of tem'prance ringing, Triumphantly from shore to shore, Hark, hark, the

long-er slum-ber un-der The sway of ty-rant al-co-hol! The sway of
myriad voic-es sing-ing, King Alchohol shall rule no more! King Alco-

TEMPERANCE MARSEILLES.—Continued.

ty-rant Al-co-hol! Your wives and children, deep-ly wail-ing, With tears of
 hol shall rule no more! Too long, too long his reign has last-ed, His reign of

an-guish in their eyes, Are calling on you to a-rise; And shall their tears be un-
 ter-ror and de-spair; Our blooming hopes and prospects fair, Too long has fell intem-prance

vail-ing, A-rise! be free, be free! As-ert your liber-ty!
 blasted, But now we're free, we're free! We've gain'd our liber-ty!

Chorus. f

A - rise, a - rise, Be brave, firm, and true! For

God and Tem-perature, A - rise, a - rise, be brave, firm, and

true! For God and Temperance.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.

49

Arranged for this work.

Music by G. BENDA.

1. Wake and sing! Brothers, sing! Let it never grieve you, tho' the world go wrong;
 2. Wake and sing! Brothers, sing! Grief by earth is giv- en, sorrow, fear, and care;

Let not courage leave you, night cannot be long. Wake and sing! Bro - thers, sing!
 Peace is sent by heaven, all things pure and fair. Wake and sing! Bro - thers, sing!

He who does his best en- deav- or, Peace shall fill his soul for - ev- er;
 Heav'nly care is watching o'er us, Sing a - loud in joy - ful cho- rus;

Wake and sing! Brothers, sing! Now, tho' sights of sor- row Still are in the land,
 Wake and sing! Brothers, sing! Let us ev- er cher- ish Friendship, love, and truth,

Rit.
 Yet a brighter morrow Dawns at heav'n's command; Wake and sing! Brothers, sing!
 Then shall never per - ish Our im- mortal youth; Wake and sing! Brothers, sing!

THE DAWNING LIGHT.

Arranged from MOZART.

1. A glo - rious day is dawn - ing Up - on our sin - ful earth ;

We hail the hap - py morn - ing, With shouts of joy and mirth.

The tem - p'rance cause in tri - umph Is march - ing through the land,

The men are true that lead it, A firm and daunt - less band.

2 We meet to-day in gladness,
 And sing of conquests won ;
 No note of painful sadness
 Is mingled with our song.
 The Temp'rance flag is waving
 O'er valley, hill, and plain ;
 Where Ocean's sons are braving
 The dangers of the main.

3 Our holy cause is gaining
 New laurels ev'ry day ;
 The youthful mind we're training
 To walk in virtue's way :
 Old age and sturdy manhood
 Are with us, heart and hand ;
 Then let us all united
 In one firm phalanx stand !

SPARKLING WATER.

51

From "Casket" No. 2.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Come, let us sing of fount and spring, Of brook-let, stream, and riv - er,
2. Down fall the show'rs to feed the flow'rs, And in the sum - mer, night - ly,

And tune our praise to Him al - ways, The great and gracious Giv - er.
The blos - soms sip, with ro - sy lip, The dewdrops gleaming bright - ly

Chorus.

What drink with wa - ter can com - pare, That Na - ture loves so dear - ly?

The sweet - est draught that can be quaffed Is wa - ter, sparkling clear - ly.

3 Each little bird whose song is heard
Through grove and meadow ringing,
At streamlet's brink will blithely drink,
To tune its voice to singing.—*Chorus.*

4 The sheep and kine in fallow fields,
The deer on mountains lonely,
The neighing steed, in sorest need,
Will drink of water only.—*Chorus.*

5 Away, all drink that man distils,
So fraught with sin and sadness!
We'll drain the cup that brings no ill—
The draught of health and gladness.

Cho.—Then welcome water everywhere,
In fountain, well, or river!
And, as we drink, still let us think
Upon the gracious Giver.

LOOK OUT FOR THE ENEMY.

Words by Miss P. J. OWENS.

H. SANDERS.

Bold and spirited.

From "Hearts and Voices," by per.

1. Look out for the en - e - my, comrades all, He'll catch you if he can;
2. Look out for the en - e - my, comrades all, For he brings a poisoned cup;

He's a dreadful grip for great and small, And a snare for ev' - ry man.
Tho' 'tis spicy and sweet, there the serpents coil, And he bids you drink it up.

What is his name? what is his name? His name, now let me see: It is Drink, Dis-til, or
Look at the blood, look at the blood, The red drops on the rim. O, there's grief and shame, a

Death, or Dram, I'm sure it begins with a D, a D, I'm sure it begins with a D -
bit-ter flood; They fill it quite up to the brim, the brim, They fill it quite up to the brim.
D, a D.

Chorus.
Be - ware, be - ware of the red de - can - ter, The spi - der of bot - tles, a

wicked en-chant-er; He'll spoil your clothes, and redden your nose. Down with the ene - my,

Down with the en - e - my, Give him no quar - ter, the worst of foes.

3 Look out for the enemy, comrades all,
Just see how he lies in wait;
But I hope you'll live to weave his pall,
And bury him—not in state.

Bury him deep—bury him deep,
Under the rivers wide,
And let the ocean of waters sweep,
His horrible name to hide.—*Cho.*

AMERICA.

Words by Rev. F. SMITH.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my

fa - thers died; Land of the pilgrim's pride; From ev - r'y mountain side, Let freedom ring.

2 My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and temp'd hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

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

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

RALLY ROUND THE BANNER.

Words by *GEO. W. BUNGAY.*

Music by *W. J. KIRKPATRICK.*

1. *Ral - ly* round the *temp'rance* *ban - ner*, *Wake* the *ech - o* with your *song*,
 2. *Ral - ly* round the *temp'rance* *stand - ard*; *In* the *war* against this *foe*,

Shake the *hills* with your *ho - san - na*, *Swell* the *cho - rus* *loud* and *long*.
Who will *lead* the *glo - rious* *van - guard*, *Who* will *deal* the *con - q'ring* *blow* ?

Onward still the *cause* is *speed - ing*, *Soon* will *dawn* a *bright - er*
Strike now, *in* and *out* of *sea - son*; *Dash* a - *side* the *poi - son*

Onward still the *cause* is *speed - ing*,
Strike now, *in* and *out* of *sea - son*;

day;
bowl;
Where *human - i - ty* *lies* *bleed - ing*,
Save *im - mor - tal* *man* *his* *rea - son*,
Soon will *dawn* a *brighter* *day*; *Where* *hu - man - i - ty* *lies* *bleed - ing*,
Dash a - *side* the *poi - son* *bowl*; *Save* *im - mor - tal* *man* *his* *rea - son*,

Chorus.

Temp'rance soon shall win the *sway*. *O* *ral - ly*, *ral - ly*, *ral - ly*, *ral - ly*, *ral - ly*, *ral - ly*,
Strike the *fet - ters* from his *soul*.

Soon will dawn a brighter day; Ral-ly, ral-ly, ral-ly, ral-ly, ral-ly, ral-ly,

Temp'rance soon shall win the sway.

3.
 Rally round the temp'rance banner;
 On the hill-tops let it wave;
 Young and old with loud hosanna,
 Cheer the hearts ye toil to save.
 Wives and children join your praises,
 Fill the air with glad refrain,
 As the daffodils and daisies,
 Breathe their perfume after rain.
 O rally, rally, etc.

SPARKLING FOUNTAIN.

SICILIAN HYMN.

1. Wa - ter from its fountains gushing, Is the drink we ev - er chooso;
 2. Come and join us, fa - thers, moth - ers, Come and join our tem - p'rance band;

Ru - by wine in gob - lets blush - ing, We for - ev - er will re - fuse.
 Come and join us, sis - ters, broth - ers, And we will re - deem the land.

3 Heed, O heed the call of duty,
 In the temp'rance ranks appear;
 Hoary age and maiden beauty,
 With the strong and brave are here.

4 Come and drink, with shouts of gladness,
 Water from the gushing spring;
 Bid adieu to wine and sadness,
 And with cheerful voices sing.

Words by R. G. STAPLES.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. 'Tis but the so - cial, friend - ly glass, The cool - ing san - ga - ree,
2. 'Tis but the so - cial, friend - ly glass, This is the song of youth,

That makes the mo - ments quick - ly pass A - way right cheer - i - ly.
Who lit - tle dream that time, a - las! Re - veals this sol - emn truth,

'Tis on - ly when the cir - cle's formed, And friends have glad - ly met,
That he who e - ven dares to look, Up - on the spark - ling wine,

That I in - dulge; be not a - larm'd, I'm not a drunk - ard yet,
Will find - 'tis true as God's own book - It sting - eth, though it shine,

Rall.
I may in - dulge; be not a - larm'd, I'm not a drunk - ard yet.
Will find - 'tis true as God's own book - It sting - eth, though it shine.

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LIFE'S BATTLE-FIELD.

57

Words by R. TORRY, Jr.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Sol - diers on life's bat - tle - field, Be ye val - iant, bold, and strong;
2. Hark! the bat - tle is be - gun! Ral - ly, Chris - tians, for your King;

In the strife, with cheer - ful zeal, Urge the Tem - p'rance cause a - long.
For - ward, till the vic - t'ry's won. Till the shouts of tri - umph ring!

Chorus.

On - ward, on - ward to glo - ry! Yield not to the wi - ly foe;

Vic - t'ry and heav'n are be - fore thee; Shout your tri - umph as you go.

3 Jesus calls us to the field!
He will lead us evermore;
'Neath his banner ne'er to yield,
Till the mighty conflict's o'er.—*Cho.*

4 Then, in yonder world of light
We will lay our armor down,
And 'mid throngs of angels bright,
Each receive a starry crown.—*Cho.*

THE SOCIAL GLASS. *Concluded.*

3 There's sorrow in that glass, for thee,
Remorse, regrets and pain;
'Tis deadly as the Upas tree,
Oh, from its use abstain.
Bring not disgrace upon thy head,
Wound not a father's pride
:|: Let not thy mother's tears be shed,
But in her love abide.:|:

4 Touch not the social, friendly glass,
Son, husband, father, friend,
For swiftly on the moments pass,
Soon time will have an end.
Then do not spend in sinful mirth,
This life's bright golden hours;
:|: Nor grovel in the dust of earth,
But rise to loftier pow'rs.:|:

SPARKLING, AND BRIGHT.

1. Sparkling and bright, in its li- quid light, Is the wa - ter in our glass - es;
 2. Bet - ter than gold is the wa - ter cold, From the crystal fountain flow - ing;
 3. Sor - row has fled from hearts that bled, Of the weeping wife and moth - er,

"Twill give you health, "Twill give you wealth, Ye lads and ro - sy lass - es!
 A calm de - light, both day and night, To hap - py homes be - stow - ing:
 They have giv - en up the poison'd cup, Son, husband, daughter, broth - er.

Chorus.

Oh, then re - sign your ru - by wine, Each smiling son and daugh - ter,

There's nothing so good for the youthful blood, Or sweet as the sparkling wa - ter.

THE DRINK I'LL USE.

Words by Rev. A. W. ORWIG.

Music from the "Golden Sheaf," by per.

1. The drink I'll use will not be wine, How ev - er sparkling it may be;
 2. The drink I'll use will not be beer, For e - ven that may bring the woe,

For, in it lurks the ad-der's sting, Al-tho' its fangs I may not see.
The bit-ter sor-rows, wound and tear, And lay its tens of thousands low.

Chorus.

From al-co-hol - - - - is poi-son free, My drink shall
From al-co-hol, and poi-son free,

pure My drink shall pure cold wa-ter be; The crys-tal
cold wa-ter be;

stream - - - that flow-eth by, Shall quench my
The crys-tal stream that flow-eth by,

Rit.

thirst - - - when I am dry.
Shall quench my thirst

- 3 The drink I'll use will not be ale,
However harmless it may seem;
That, too, may cause the sad, sad wail,
And sink beyond hope's cheering gleam.
From alcoholic poison, etc.
- 4 The drink I'll use will not be gin,
Nor rum, nor brandy, nor old rye;
For if I do, how dread the thought,
The drunkard's death I too may die.
From alcoholic poison, etc.

STAND FIRM.

Words by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Let us ral - ly round the standard, The ensign of our King! Come, bear it no - bly
 2. Let us ral - ly round the standard, And by it firmly stand, Un - til we drive the
 3. Let us ral - ly round the standard, With fervent heart and true, And with unswerving

on - ward, And make the wal - kin ring; Be earn - est in the con - flict, And
 de - mon A - way from our dear land. The migh - ty God of Is - rael, Will
 cour - age, The en - e - my pur - sue, Un - til we plant our ban - ner, The

faith - ful - ly en - dure, For God will give us triumph, A triumph certain, sure.
 nerve us for the fight, And give us strength and courage, To struggle for the right.
 ban - ner of the free, Up - on the captured ramparts, In glorious vic - to - ry.

Chorus.

Stand firm! stand firm! stand firm, and bear the stand - ard on;
 Stand firm! stand firm!

Be firm, and bear the stand - ard on Till vic - to - ry is won.

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TEMPERANCE MISSION.

61

A Tempo March.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Leagued with the pow'rs of dark - ness, Foe to ev' - ry friend of truth,

In our midst behold the temp - ter, Deal - ing poi - son to our youth.

See him press, with gen - tle whis - pers, To their lips the fa - tal bowl;

While its madd'ning drops be - wil - der - Ev' - ry feel - ing of the soul.

2. Step by step he leads his victim
 To the verge of dread despair;
 Hurls him o'er the brink of rui
 Laughs, and leaves him hopeless there.
 Widowed hearts and homes deserted,
 Helpless children, orphans made;
 What a picture! God of mercy!
 Let this cruel tide be stayed.

3. Friends of temperance, Christian workers,
 Let your glorious standard wave;
 Up, and arm yourselves for conflict,
 Fired with zeal and courage brave.
 Touch not, taste not, be your motto,
 And your watchword in the fight;
 God will give you strength to conquer,
 He'll protect you in the right.

THE LOYAL ARMY.

Words by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by GEO C. HUGG.

1. We're marching on an ar - my strong, We're marching on to con - quer wrong;
2. We're marching on, sustained by grace, We're marching on with stead - y pace,

O will you come and march a - long, With the Loy - al Temp'rance Ar - my!
O come and take with us a place In the Loy - al Temp'rance Ar - my!

Chorus.

We're march - ing on, marching on, We're march - ing on, marching on,
We're marching, march - ing on, marching on, We're marching, marching, marching, marching

on, The loy - al Temp'rance Ar - my; We're march - ing on to
on, marching on,

vic - to - ry for God and the right.

- 3 We're marching on, with purpose true,
We're marching on the right to do,
Come, join our ranks; there's room for
In the Loyal Temperance Army! [you
We're marching, etc.
- 4 We're marching on, both young and old,
We're marching on, with courage bold,
O come and have your name enrolled
In the Loyal Temperance Army!
We're marching, etc.

THE STREAM OF WOE.

63

Words by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by GEO. C. HUGG.

1. There is a stream of rap-id flow, Worse than a fie - ry flood;
2. This stream sends out a flood of sin, A flood of hu - man woe,
3. O God, in an - guish of our souls, We cry, we cry to thee!

That cours - es through our favored land And leaves a track of blood.
En - gulping thousands in its dank And pes - ti - len - tial flow.
Reach out thy migh - ty arm to stay This great in - i - qui - ty.

It bears a precious freight of souls Up - on its bo - som wide, And hurries
Its poi - son reaches to the soul, And crush - es e - ven there The last faint
Our on - ly hope is in thy strength, Our on - ly trust in God; Oh, stay this

Chorus.
them a - way to doom Up - on its rushing tide. O, God of love, in heav'n a - bove,
hope of hap - pi - ness, And leaves us in despair.
awful stream of sin, This tide of woe and blood!

Roll back the fiery flood; Oh, stay this awful stream of sin, This tide of woe and blood.

THE DRINK FOR ME.

Words by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by ASA HULL.

Sprightly.

1. Pure cold wa - ter is the drink for me! Pure cold wa - ter is the drink for me!
 2. Rip - pling wa - ter is the drink for me! Rippling wa - ter is the drink for me!

Pure cold wa - ter is the drink for me! It gush - es from the mountain side so
 Rippling wa - ter is the drink for me! It rip - ples gai - ly on - ward in its

Chorus.
 bright and free; The Lord sent it flow - ing there for me, for me! Spark - ling wa -
 mer - ry flow; The bright sunshine ting - es it with ail - ver glow!

Wa - - - -

ter, Rip - pling wa - ter, cool - ing wa - ter is the drink for me.
 wa - ter, wa - ter, wa - ter

ter, wa - - - - ter, wa - - - - ter,

3. :: Crystal water is the drink for me! ::
 It freshens all the flow'rs into a pleasant smile,
 And makes earth as beauteous as a fairy isle!
 Sparkling water, rippling water, etc.
4. :: Cooling water is the drink for me! ::
 The birdies lave their staking thirst and gaily sing
 Till mountain and valley with their music ring!
 Sparkling water, rippling water, etc.

TOUCH NOT THE CUP.

65

From "Gems of Praise," by per.

Music by JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Touch not the cup, it is death to thy soul; Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
2. Touch not the cup, when the wine glistens bright, Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;

Man - y I know who have quaff'd from the bowl; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Tho' like the ru - by it shines in the light, Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Little they tho't that the demon was there, Blindly they drank and were caught in the snare;
Th' fangs of the serpent are hid in the bowl. Deep - ly the poi - son will en - ter thy soul,

Then of that death-dealing bowl, O be-ware! Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Soon it will plunge thee be - yond thy con-trol! Touch not the cup, touch it not.

3
Touch not the cup, young man, in thy pride;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
Hark to the warning of thousands who've died!
Touch not the cup, touch it not!
Go to their lonely and desolate tomb; [gloom
Think of their death, of their sorrow and
Think that perhaps you may share in their
doom;
Touch not the cup, touch it not!

4
Touch not the cup: oh, drink not a drop!
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
All that thou lovest entreat thee to stop;
Touch not the cup, touch it not!
Stop, for the home that to thee is so near;
Stop, for the home that to thee is so dear;
Stop, for thy country, the God that you
fear;
Touch not the cup, touch it not!

GLEE DEPARTMENT.

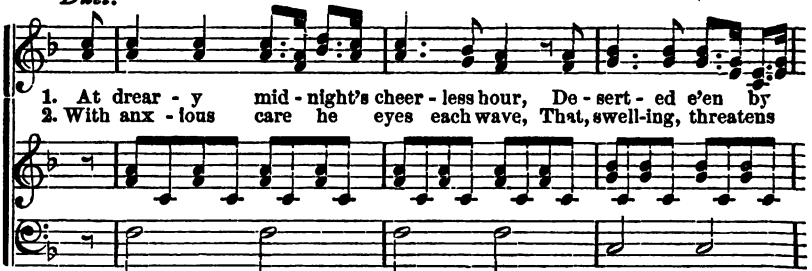
THE LARBOARD WATCH.

Arranged for this work.
Andante

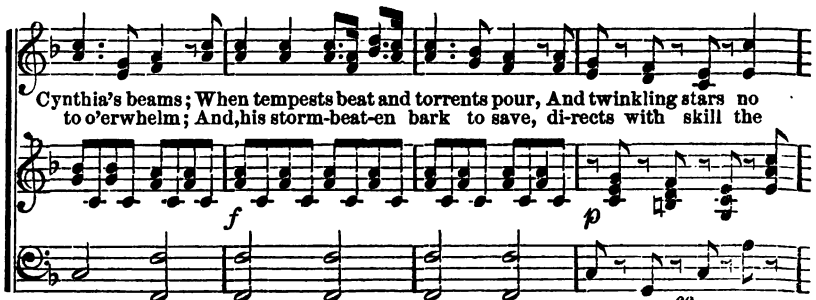
T. WILLIAMS.



Duet.



1. At drear - y mid - night's cheer - less hour, De - sert - ed e'en by
2. With anx - lous care he eyes each wave, That, swell - ing, threatens



Cynthia's beams; When tempests beat and torrents pour, And twinkling stars no
to o'erwhelm; And, his storm-beat-en bark to save, di-rects with skill the

Solo, First voice.

long - er gleam; The wea - ried sail - or,
 faith - ful helm. With joy he drinks the

Second voice.

First voice.

spent with toil, Ollings firm - ly to the weather shrouds, And still the length - ened
 cheer - ing grog 'Mid storms that bel - low loud and hoarse, With joy he heaves the

Second voice.

hour to gulle, And still, the lengthened hour to gulle, Sings as he views the
 reel - ing log, With joy he heaves the reel - ing log, And marks the lee - - way

Duet.

gath - 'ring clouds, Sings as he views the gath - 'ring clouds
 and the course, Marks the lee - way and the course.

f *First Voice.* *Duet.*

Lar-board watch, A-hoy! Lar-board watch, a-hoy!

Animato. *rit.*

But who can speak the joy he feels, While o'er the foam his ves-sel

Tempo.

reels, And his tired eye-lids slumb'ring fall, He rouses at the welcome

f

call of Lar-board watch, A-hoy! Larboard watch, larboard watch, larboard

watch, A-hoy!

YE SHEPHERDS, TELL ME.

69

J. MAZZINGHI.

Larghetto grazioso con moto.

p dolce. *dim.*

SOLO.

Un poco staccato.

1st V. Ye shepherds, tell me tell me, have you seen, have you
 2d V. A wreath around her head, around her head she wore, — Car - na - tion,

legato.

seen My Flo - ra pass this way? In shape and feature
 lil - y, lil - - - y; rose, — And in her hand a

8va.

beau - ty's queen, In pas - toral, in pas - to - ral, ar - ray?
 crook she bore; And sweets, and sweets her breath compose.

8va.

70 YE SHEPHERDS, TELL ME. *Continued.*

Chorus. Piu animato.

Shepherds, tell me, tell me, tell me have you seen, have you
tell me have you

fp *p*

seen My Flo-ra pass this way? have you seen, Shep-herds.
seen, have you seen tell me,

mf *p*

cres. *f* *rit.*
tell me, have you seen, tell me have you seen My Flo-ra pass this way?
shep-herds,

Repeat for 2d Voice.

cres. *f* *dim*

YE SHEPHERD'S, TELL ME. *Continued.* 71

Bass Voice.

3. The beauteous, the beauteous wreath, That decks her head, Forms her de-

Un poco staccato.

-scrip - tion, her description true:— Hands lil - v white,

legato.

8va.

End with Chorus.

lips crim - son red, And cheeks, and cheeks of ro - sy hue.

Solo or Duet.

Arranged from DONIZETTI.

1. Make me no gaud - y chap - let, Weave it of sim - ple flow - ers;
2. Bring not the proud-eyed blos - som, Dar - ling of Eastern daugh - ters,

Seek them in low - ly val - leys, Aft - er the gen - tle show - ers.
Bring me the snow - y lil - y, Floating on si - lent wa - ters;

Bring me no dark-eyed ros - es, Gay in the sun - shine glow - ing,
Gems of the low - ly val - ley, Buds which the leaves are shad - ing,

Bring me the pale moss rose - bud, Be - neath the fresh leaves grow - ing,
Lil - ies of peace - ful wa - ters, Emblems be mine un - fad - ing,

Sua lower.

MAKE ME NO GAUDY CHAPLET. *Concluded.* 73

Bring me the pale moss rose - bud, That 'neath the fresh leaves grow.
Lil - ies of peac - ful wa - ters, Em - blem be mine, be mine.

Sva.

LIFE LET US CHERISH.

Life let us cher - ish, While yet the ta - per glows, And the fresh flow - ret

Fina.

Pluck ere it close. 1. Why are we fond of toil and care? Why choose the rankling
2. When clouds obscure the atmosphere, And fork - ed lightnings

D.C.

thorn to wear, And heedless by the lil - y stary, Which blossoms in our way?
rend the air, The sun resumes its sil - ver crest, And smiles adorn the west.

3 The genial seasons soon are o'er;
Then let us, ere we quit the shore,
Contentment seek; it is life's zest,
The sunshine of the breast.

4 Away with every toil and care,
And cease the rankling thorn to wear;
With manful hearts life's conflict meet,
Till death sounds the retreat.

allegretto.

1. The sails are all swell-ing the streamers float gay, } A- dieu! ye dear mountains, A-
The an-chor is ris-ing, and I must a-way. } A- dieu! ye dear mountains, A-

1st. -dieu! my dear home!
(*Omit.*) *2d.* -dieu! my dear home! I turn from your threshold 'Mid strangers to

room; I turn from your threshold 'Mid strangers to roam, to roam.

p
• Ju - val - le - ra, ju - val - le - ra, ju - val - le, val - le, val - le - ra!

f
Ju - val - le - ra, ju - val - le - ra, ju - val - le, val - le, val - le - ra!

*Pronounced *U-val-le-ra*.

1. Why, ah! why, my heart, this sad-ness? Why, 'mid scenes like these de-oline?

Where all, tho' strange, is joy and gladness, Say, what wish can yet be thine?.....

Oh, say, what wish can yet be thine?

2. All that's dear to me is wanting;
Lone and cheerless here I roam;
The stranger's joys, howe'er enchanting,
: |: To me can never be like home. :| :

3. Give me those, I ask no other,
Those that bless the humble dome,
Where dwell my father and my mother,
Give, O give me back my home,
My own, my dear, my native home.

Additional words for THE WANDERER'S FAREWELL.

2 The sun through the heavens,
E'er hastes to the west;
The waves of the ocean
Are never at rest;
:|: The bird with its pinions
Unfettered and free, :|:
Careers, in its freedom,
O'er mountain and sea;
Careers, in its freedom,
O'er mountain and sea, and sea.
Juvallera, juvallera, etc.

4 When far in the land of
The stranger I see,
Dear Mary, the flowers
I planted for thee;
:|: And when the sweet songsters
Repeat in my ear :|:
The notes we together
Have lingered to hear;
The notes we together
Have lingered to hear, to hear.
Juvallera, juvallera, etc.

8 Adieu! dearest mother!
Dear sister, adieu!
I go where the skies are
All shining and blue.
:|: Where flow'rs ever blossom,
Where birds ever sing, :|:
Where fruit loads the branches
From harvest to spring;
Where fruit loads the branches
From harvest to spring, to spring.
Juvallera, juvallera, etc.

5 And when on the shore of
That region of gold,
I fancy the waves round
Thy footsteps have rolled;
:|: The wavelets, the birds, and
The flow'rs where I roam, :|:
Will bring you before me,
And make me a home,
Will bring you before me,
And make me a home, a home.
Juvallera, juvallera, etc.

76 WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

Arranged for this work.

FRANZ ABT.

1. When the swallows homeward
2. When the white swan southward

fly, When the roses scattered lie, When from neither hill nor dale, Chants the roves, To seek at noon the orange groves, When the red tints of the west Prove the

cres.
sil-vry nightingale; In these words my bleeding heart Would to thee its grief impart;
sun has gone to rest; In these words my bleed-i: g heart Would to thee its grief impart;

p *cres.*
When I thus thy im - age lose, Can I, ah! can I ere know repose?

3
Hush! my heart, why thus complain?
Thou must all thy woes contain;
Though on earth no more we rove,
Fondly breathing vows of love.
Thou, my heart, must find relief,
Clinging to this fond belief;
I shall meet thee yet again,
Though to-day we part in pain.

ROCK OF LIBERTY.

77

From "Spiritual Harp."

J. G. CLARK.

1. { Oh, the firm old Rock, tow'ring, wave-worn Rock, That brav'd the blast and the
It was born with time on a bar-ren shore, And it laugh'd with scorn at the

1st. 2d.

bill - lows' shock!
(Omit.) o - cean's roar; 'Twas here that first the Pilgrim band

came wea - ry up to the foaming strand; And the tree they rear'd in the

days gone by, It lives, it lives, it lives, It lives, and ne'er shall die!

2.

3.

Oh, thou stern old Rock, in the ages past	Ever rest, old Rock, on thy sea-beat shore;
Thy brow was bleach'd by the warring blast,	Thy sires are lull'd by the breakers' roar;
But thy wintry toil with the waves is o'er,	'Twas here that first their hymns were heard
And the billows beat thy base no more:	O'er the startled cry of the ocean bird;
Yet countless as thy sands, old Rock,	'Twas here they lived, 'twas here they died;
Arc the hardy sons of the Pilgrim stock;	Their forms repose on the green hill's side;
And the tree they reared in the days gone by,	But the tree they reared in the days gone by,
: : It lives, it lives, and ne'er shall die. : :	: : It lives, it lives, and ne'er shall die. : :

Con anima.

1. Be - fore the morning sun is beam - ing, And sol - diers of their conquests are
 2. And while the call to arms is peal - ing, Each sol - dier to his true-love is
 3. While un - disturbed, all oth - ers, sleep - ing, Her bright eyes thro' the casement are
 4. Fare-well, dear maid, and cease thy weep - ing, We are all here in heaven's safe

dreaming, The drum resounds. to arms! to arms!
 steal - ing, Per - haps to bid a last fare-well.
 peep - ing, The drums aroused a - larm and fear.
 keep - ing, The sol - dier's bride will true re - main. Did - e - rum, dum, dum, did - e -

rum dum, dum, did - e - rum dum, did - e - rum dum, did - e - rum dum, did - e - rum dum, did - e -
 Dear - est maid, now fare thee well, Dear - est
 rum dum, dum, did - e - rum dum, did - e - rum dum, did - e - rum dum, did - e - rum dum, did - e -

maid now fare thee well, Dearest maid, now fare thee well, now fare thee
 rum dum dum, die - e - rum dum dum, did - e - rum.
 Alto.

well, Dearest maid, now fare thee well, now fare thee well, farewell, fare-well.
f *p*

THE BOATMAN'S CHORUS.

79

Arranged for this work.

A. D. CRABTREE.

1. Cheer-i-ly ho, cheer-i-ly ho, We dip, we dip each oar; Mer-ri-ly ho,
 2. Cheer-i-ly ho, cheer-i-ly ho, We dip, we dip each oar; Mer-ri-ly ho,

Repeat. pp

mer-ri-ly ho, We leave the woody shore. The moonbeams seem to glide, As
 mer-ri-ly ho, We leave the woody shore. The spray flies spark-ling bright, Dash'd

far up-on the tide They blithe and gal-ly float; Then lightly, lightly row, As
 in the silv'ry light From off our feathered oar; Then strike the boatman's song, We'll

Chorus.

off with glad hearts we go, Then in our bon-ny boat. Cheer-i-ly ho, cheer-i-ly ho, We
 sing as we glide a-long, Of hap-pi-ness in store.

rall.

dip, we dip each oar; Mer-ri-ly ho, mer-ri-ly ho, We leave the woody shore.
rall.

HAIL, SMILING MORN!

R. G. SPOFFORTH.

f *Cheerful.*

Hail! hail, smil-ing morn, smil-ing morn, That tips the hills with gold, That
Hail! hail, smil-ing morn, smil-ing morn, That tips the hills with gold, That

tips the hills with gold, Whose ro - sy fingers ope the gates of day.....
tips the hills with gold, Whose ro - sy fing-ers ope the gates of day... ..

cres ope the gates, the gates of day. Hall, hail, hail, hail.
cres. ope the gates, the gates of day. Hall, hail, hail hail.

f Who the gay face of nature doth un-fold, Who the gay face of nature doth un - fold,
Who the gay face of nature doth un-fold, Who the gay face of nature doth un-fold,

At whose bright presence dark-ness flies a-way, flies a-way,
 At whose bright presence dark-ness flies a-way, flies a-way, flies a-way.

flies a-way Darkness flies a-way, Darkness flies a-way, At whose bright presence
 way, Darkness flies a-way, Darkness flies a-way, At whose bright presence
 flies a-way.

dark-ness flies..... a-way Darkness flies a-
 dark-ness flies a-way..... a-way, flies a-way,.....
 flies..... a-way, Darkness flies a-

-way, Darkness flies a-way. Hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail!
Hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail!
 - way, Darkness flies a-way.

mf Andante. *p*

1. Spring's delights are now re - turn - - ing, Blooming flow-ers fill the vale;

And within her leaf-y bow-ers Plaintive sings the nightingale; And with
And within her leaf-y

f *p*

Plaintive sings the nightin - gale, the nightingale,

in her leaf-y bow-ers, Plaintive sings the nightingale;
And within her leaf-y The nightingale,

f *p*

dearest, Lose no time, no time.
Come, then, quickly, come, my dearest, Lose no time by say - ing no!

f *p*

Come, then, quickly, come, my dearest, Lose no time by say - ing no!
Come, then, quickly, come,

f *p*

To the woods, so green, in - vit - ing, Let us now a-May-ing go;
Let us now,

To the woods so green, inviting, Let us now a-May-ing go, to the woods so
Let us now

now a - May - - ing go,
green, so green, inviting, Let us now a-May-ing go. Let as now a - May-ing go.
Let us now a-May-ing go.

2 Winter drear will overtake us,
Spring's delights be past and gone;
:|: Soon our youth in age will vanish,
And our little life be done, our life be done. :|:

:|: Come, then, sweetest, fairest, dearest,
Lose no time by saying no; :|:
:|: To the woods, so green, inviting,
Let us now a-May-ing go. :|:
Let us now a-May-ing go.

COME O'ER THE MOONLIT SEA.

Arranged for this work.

From AUBER.

Allegretto. tr.
Sua.
p *cres.* *f*

mf Andante. *p*

1. Spring's delights are now re - turn - - ing, Blooming flow - ers fill the vale;

p

And within her leaf - y bow - ers Plaintive sings the nightingale; And with
And within her leaf - y
f Plaintive sings the nightin - gale, the nightingale,

p

in her leaf - y bow - ers, Plaintive sings the nightingale;
And within her leaf - y The night - ingale,

f

dearest, Lose no time, no time.
Come, then, quickly, come, my dearest, Lose no time by say - ing no!

f *p*

Come, then, quickly, come, my dearest, Lose no time by say - ing no!
Come, then, quickly, come,

To the woods, so green, in - vit - ing, Let us now a-May-ing go;
Let us now,

Let us now a-May-ing go, to the woods so
green, inviting, Let us now

new a - May - - ing go,
green, so green, inviting, Let us now a-Maying go. Let us now a - Maying go.
Let us now a-Maying go.

2 Winter drear will overtake us,
Spring's delights be past and gone;
:|: Soon our youth in age will vanish,
And our little life be done, our life be done. :|:

:|: Come, then, sweetest, fairest, dearest,
Lose no time by saying no; :|:
:|: To the woods, so green, inviting,
Let us now a-Maying go. :|:
Let us now a-Maying go.

COME O'ER THE MOONLIT SEA.

Arranged for this work.

From AUBER.

Allegretto. *Sua.*

84 COME O'ER THE MOONLIT SEA. Continued.

Sva.

Duet.

1st V. Oh, come o'er the moon-lit sea, Where the waves are bright-ly glow - ing,
 2d V. Yes, I'll roam o'er the moon-lit sea, For the waves are bright-ly glow - ing,

1st time.

The winds have sunk to their ev'ning rest, And the tide is gent-ly flow - ing.
 The winds are sunk to their ev'ning rest, And the (*Omit.*)

1st time.

2d. time.

tide is gent-ly flow - ing Thy bark is in the bay, love, It on - ly waits for
 My bark is in the bay, love,

2d time.

COME O'ER THE MOONLIT SEA. *Concluded.* 85

me; Its silk - en sails will throw, love, Their shadows o'er the sea.
Its sails will throw Their shadows o'er the sea.

Chorus.

Oh, come o'er the moon - lit sea, Where the waves are bright - ly glow - ing; The winds have

sunk to their ev'n - ing rest, And the tide is gent - ly flow - ing, The tide is gent - ly

flow - ing, is gent - ly flow - ing, The tide is gent - ly flow - ing, is gent - ly flow - ing.

1st V. All is still save the echoed song
Of Italia's dark-eyed daughters, [oar,
Or the distant sound of the boatman's
As it dips in sparkling waters. :||
Tho' bright the morn may beam, love,

2d V. Tho' bright the morn may beam, love,
1st V. Along the smiling sea,
Oh, dearer far than morn, love,
2d V. Oh, dearer still,
Both. Are moonlit waves to me.—*Cho.*

GLAD SPRING-TIME.

Arranged for this work.

VOCAL SCORE.

AUBER.

1. We hail thee! We hail thee! we hail thee, glad
 2. We hail thee! We hail thee! we hail thee, glad

* Then, wel - come! then, wel - come! We hail thee, Glad

spring - time! We hail..... thee!
 spring - time, etc.

spring - time! We hail.....thee!

1. Spring, with warmth and flow'rs, Grass with leaf - y bow'rs;
 2. Bird - songs as she goes, Seem to mock her woes;

A - sure vio - lets blow - ing, Lim - pid wa - ters flow - ing;

Songs of love and glee, Ring - ing mer - ri - ly... All earth and air re -
 Win - ter wan and gray, Sad - ly steals a - way.. All earth and air re -

A - sure vio - lets blowing, Lim - pid wa - ters flow - ing, All earth and air re -

sound, And join the joy - ful sound. She comes, she comes, she

*In the repeat, use these words for both verses.

GLAD SPRING-TIME.

87

ACCOMPANIMENT.

f

Play first eight measures as Introduction to each verse.

f

p *p* *p* *p*

The first system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and contains a bass line with eighth notes and rests, marked with 'x' symbols. The first four measures of the lower staff are marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

p *p* *p*

The second system continues the accompaniment with two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line. The lower staff continues the bass line with eighth notes and rests, marked with 'x' symbols. The first three measures of the lower staff are marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

The third system consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line. The lower staff continues the bass line with eighth notes and rests, marked with 'x' symbols.

The fourth system consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line. The lower staff continues the bass line with eighth notes and rests, marked with 'x' symbols.

ff

The fifth system consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line. The lower staff continues the bass line with eighth notes and rests, marked with 'x' symbols. The system concludes with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic marking.

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL.

comes, the glorious Spring, She comes, she comes, she comes, the glorious

Spring! We hail thee! we hail thee! we hail thee!

BANISH, OH, MAIDEN.

Scherzando.

mf

1. Ban-ish, oh, maid-en, thy fears of to-mor-row, Dash from thy
2. Hear me, then, dear-est, thy doubts gently chid-ing, Know'st thou not,
3. Time felt se-cure-ly in sweet-ness like ours, Steals the bright

cheek, love, the tear-drop of sor-row; Pleasures fly swift-ly and
 true love is ev-er con-fid-ing; Why snatch from Cu-pid his
 bloom from the fair-est of flow-ers; Hasta, ere the rose from thy

sweet-ly a-way; Tears for to-mor-row, but hopes for to-day;
 band-age a-way; Love sees no mor-row, but hopes for to-day;
 cheek pass a-way; Time now is ours, but hopes for to-day;

Hopes for to-day, Hopes for to-day, Hopes for to-day, but hopes for to-day:

Tears for to-mor-row but hopes for to-day; Hopes for to-day,

Tears for to-mor Hopes for, hopes for, hopes for to-day.
 row, but hopes for to-Day.

THE OLD BLACKSMITH.

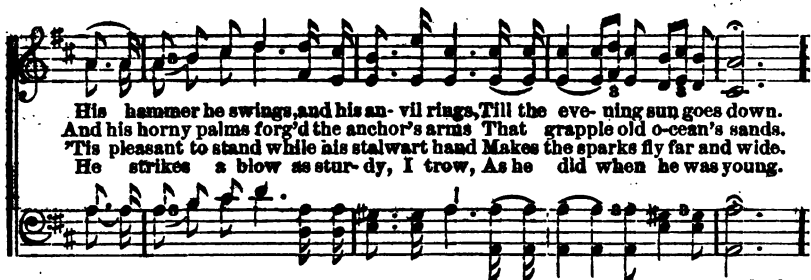
Words by R. TORREY, Jr.

Music by ASA HULL.

When repeated, add octave above to the melody and Anvil Accompaniment. H indicates a blow from the smith's hammer, and S a blow from the sledge. Triangles may be substituted for anvil and strikers.

Introduction.

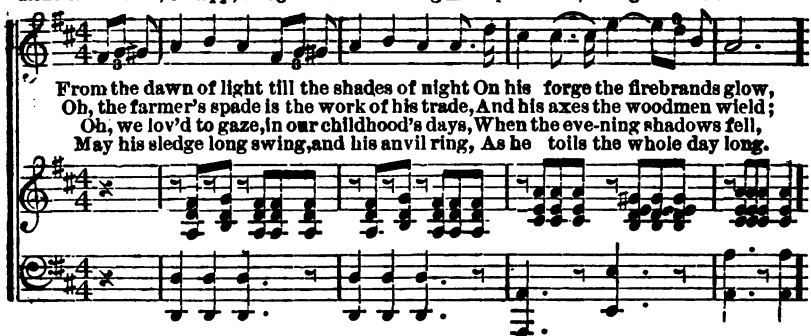
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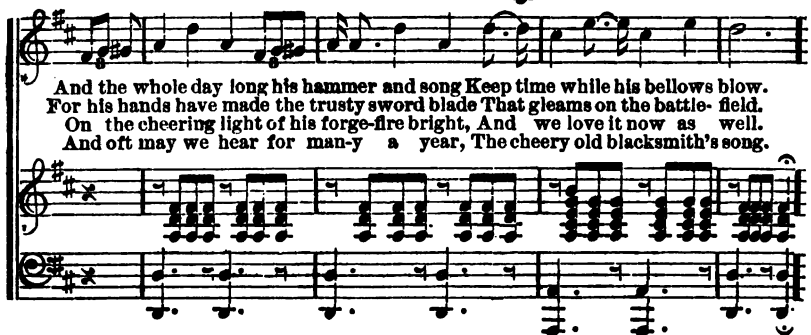
His hammer he swings, and his anvil rings, Till the evening sun goes down.
 And his horny palms forg'd the anchor's arms That grapple old ocean's sands.
 'Tis pleasant to stand while his stalwart hand Makes the sparks fly far and wide.
 He strikes a blow as sturdy, I trow, As he did when he was young.



The Introduction may be substituted as orchestral accompaniment for the solo, or the melody alone can be used, 8 va. *pp*, along with the following accompaniments, with good effect.



From the dawn of light till the shades of night On his forge the firebrands glow,
 Oh, the farmer's spade is the work of his trade, And his axes the woodmen wield;
 Oh, we lov'd to gaze, in our childhood's days, When the evening shadows fell,
 May his sledge long swing, and his anvil ring, As he toils the whole day long.



And the whole day long his hammer and song Keep time while his bellows blow.
 For his hands have made the trusty sword blade That gleams on the battle-field.
 On the cheering light of his forge-fire bright, And we love it now as well.
 And oft may we hear for many a year, The cheery old blacksmith's song.

• *Chorus.*

Oh, jovial and bold is the blacksmith old, And strong are his arms so brown;

His hammer he swings, and his anvil rings, Till the eve
g sun goes down.

His hammer he swings, and his an - vil rings, Till the evening sun goes down.

H S H H S H S H H S H H

D.C.

* Accompaniment same as 1st & 2d braces.

Words for the ANVIL CHORUS.

God of the nations in glory enthroned
 Upon our loved country thy blessings pour;
 Guide us, and guard us from strife in the future,
 Let peace dwell among us evermore!
 :|: Proudly above our banner gleams with golden lustre!
 Brighter each star is shining in the glorious cluster!
 Liberty for evermore!
 And Peace and Union, and Peace and Union,
 Throughout our happy land! :|:

CELEBRATED ANVIL CHORUS.

From IL TROVATORE, By VERDI.

GOD IS OUR GUIDE.

Words by BELLE BUSH.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. It begins with a trill (tr) over a quarter note, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, starting with a forte (f) dynamic and a trill (tr) over a quarter note, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff continues the melodic line from the first system, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff begins with a trill (tr) and is marked *8va.* with a wavy line above the staff, indicating an octave shift. The bottom staff continues the accompaniment with chords.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is marked *8va.* with a wavy line above the staff, indicating an octave shift. The bottom staff continues the accompaniment with chords.

1. Lift up your heads, O ye children of sor-row, And be not dismay'd when the storm is

pp *tr*

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle is the treble clef piano accompaniment, and the bottom is the bass clef piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The first measure of the vocal line contains the lyrics '1. Lift up your heads, O ye children of sor-row, And be not dismay'd when the storm is'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and a more active treble line. A *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking is present in the piano part, and a *tr* (trill) marking is in the bass line.

right: Faith hangs her bow o'er the sky of the mor-row, And joy will re-

This system consists of three staves. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'right: Faith hangs her bow o'er the sky of the mor-row, And joy will re-'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns. There are some markings above the vocal line, possibly indicating breath or phrasing.

turn ere the gale sweeps by.

sva.

tr

This system consists of three staves. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'turn ere the gale sweeps by.' followed by a rest. The piano accompaniment continues. A *sva.* (sustained vibrato) marking is placed above the piano part, and a *tr* (trill) marking is in the bass line.

sva.

This system consists of two staves, both piano accompaniment. The top staff is the treble clef and the bottom is the bass clef. It features a complex, rhythmic accompaniment with many slurs and accents. A *sva.* (sustained vibrato) marking is placed above the treble staff.

Calm - ly re - solve to meet each new and threatened dan - ger,
 Firm - ly re - sist the foe, and live to vice a stran - ger,

f

Joy and peace shall ban - ish pain, And from each sorrow bright hope shall

D. C. Ending for last verse.

bor - row, Till thou in tri - umph reign! reign.

f *D. C.*

- 2 Look up! rejoice! in the beautiful story,
 As sung by the prophets and bards of old;
 Rough though the path to the summit of glory,
 You'll find it hath treasures more precious than gold.—CHO.
- 3 Then, let us wake from our sorrowful slumbers,
 And still the deep chords that are thrilling with pain;
 Bid them respond to those musical numbers,
 Till faith o'er the flesh is triumphant again.—CHO.

Words by EPES SARGENT.

Soli.

1. Wel-come May, the rob-ins sing, On the bough or on the wing;

Inst.

Tutti. *Soli.*

Wel-come, wel-come, May! And the vio-let from its cup,

Inst.

Tutti.

Sends its grate-ful incense up To the gold-en day, To the welcome

May! To the gold-en day.....To the wel-come May!

2.
 Now the fragrant earth reviving,
 With its birth of bloom is striving,
 All to welcome May!
 Every day the leaves are greener,
 Every day the skies serener,
 :|: And the breezes say,
 Welcome, welcome May! :|:

3.
 Heart, fail not to join the choir!
 Breathings of the spring inspire
 To salute the May!
 With thy vocal gratitude
 Swell the burthen from the wood,
 :|: That exulting lay,
 Welcome, welcome, May! :|:

SACRED MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

THE RIVEN ROCK.

Words by MARY D. JAMES.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. { Be - hold the Rock, the smit - ten Rock! With - in its rift - ed side }
 { I've found a bless - ed ref - uge, where I may se - cure - ly hide. }
 2. { Tho' thun - d'ring Si - nai's ter - rors sound Ap - pall - ing to the ear, }
 { Con - cealed with - in the cleft, I'm safe: No dan - ger will I fear. }

Chorus.

Oh, the Rock, the Rock, the riv - en Rock! My Sa - vour era - ci - fied;

No oth - er shel - ter is se - cure But Je - sus' wounded side.

3.
 Jesus, dear refuge of my soul!
 My hope, my joy, my rest;
 Confiding in Thy changeless love,
 I am supremely blest.
 Chorus.—Oh, the Rock, etc.

4.
 My peace, unbroken by life's storms,
 While I in Christ abide,
 My spirit rests in sweetest calm,
 As in the Cleft I hide,
 Chorus.—Oh, the Rock, etc.

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[JOHN, iv., 35, 36.]

Words by MARY D. JAMES.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Lo! the ri-pen'd grain is wav-ing, Read - y for the har-vest hands;
2. Who is read - y to o - bey him? Who, re - spon - sive to his word,

Call - ing loud - ly for more la - b'ers, See! the bless - ed Mas - ter stands.
Now will go in - to the har - vest, Glad to la - bor for their Lord?

Chorus.

Who is read - y for the har-vest? Who will work for dying souls to - day?
Who is ready, etc. Who will work, etc.

Who will speak for the blessed Mas-ter? Who will la - bor, watch, and pray?
Who will speak, etc.

3.
Workers, see, your Lord is standing,
Looking with benignant smile;
Watching all your faithful labors,
Giving you good cheer the while!—*Cho.*

4.
Say, is not the work a pleasure?
Is not toil a present joy?
Is not labor rest, when Jesus
Smiles upon your blest employ?—*Cho.*

5.
Who can tell the wealth of blessing,
Crowning that rich "harvest-home,"
When within the heavenly portals,
All the faithful lab'ers come?—*Cho.*

6.
Oh, the rapture! Oh, the glory!
Oh, the wondrous feast of love!
When the sowers and the reapers,
Gather in their house above.—*Cho.*

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WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS. 99

Rev. H. BONAR.

CHARLES C. CONVERSE, *by per.*

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All are sins and griefs to bear;

What a priv-i-lege to car - ry Ev'-ry-thing to God in prayer.

Oh, what peace we often for - get, Oh, what needless pain we bear—

All because we do not car - ry Ev'-rything to God in prayer.

2.

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3.

Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Words by JAMES NICHOLSON.

Music by JNO. R. SWENNY.

1. Dear Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want thee fir -
 2. Dear Je - sus, let noth - ing un - ho - ly re - main; Ap - ply thine own

ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe;
 blood, and ex - tract ev - 'ry stain; To get this blest washing, I all things fore - go;

Chorus.

Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow; yes,
 Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, etc.

whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

3 Dear Jesus, come down from thy throne in the skies,
 And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
 I give up myself, and whatever I know,—
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—*Chorus.*

4 Dear Jesus, thou see'st I patiently wait;
 Come now, and within me a new heart create;
 To those who have sought thee, thou never saidst no,—
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—*Chorus.*

SING OF HIS MIGHTY LOVE.

101

Words by Rev. F. BOTTOME.

Music arr'd from W. B. BRADBURY.

1. { O, bliss of the pu - ri - fied! bliss of the free! I plunge in the
O'er sin and un - clean - ness ex - ult - ing I stand, And point to the

2. { O, bliss of the pu - ri - fied! Je - sus is mine, No long - er in
In con - scious sal - va - tion I sing of his grace, Who liv - eth up -

Chorus.

crim - son tide, open - ed for me; }
print of the nails in his hand. } O, sing of his might - y love,
dread can - dem - na - tion I pine: }
on me the smiles of his face! } O, sing of his might - y love,

Sing of his might - y love, Sing of his might - y love, Might - y to save!

- 3 O, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that his blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears—but may dry them on Jesus's breast.—*Chorus.*
- 4 O, Jesus the crucified! thee will I sing!
My blessed Redeemer! my God, and my King!
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the mighty to save!—*Chorus.*

WHITER THAN SNOW. *Concluded.*

- 5 Dear Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet;
By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow,—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—*Chorus.*
- 6 The blessing, by faith, I receive from above;
Oh, glory! my soul is made perfect in love;
My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I know
The blood is applied, I am whiter than snow.
Whiter than snow; yes, whiter than snow,
Dear Jesus, thy blood makes me whiter than snow.

Words by S. F. BENNETT.

(By per. of O. DITSON & Co.)

Music by J. P. WEBSTER.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous songs of the blest,

For the Fath - er waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwelling - place there.
And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless - ing of rest.

Chorus.

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore;
In the sweet by and by, by and by, by and by

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
In the sweet by and by, by and by,

3.
To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days!

4.
We shall rest on that beautiful shore,
In the joys of the saved we shall share;
All our pilgrimage toil will be o'er,
And the conqueror's crown we shall wear.

5.
We shall meet, we shall sing, we shall reign,
In that land where the saved never die;
We shall rest free from sorrow and pain,
Safe at home in the sweet by and by

LOOKING TO JESUS.

103

H. R. PALMER

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yielding is sin, Each vic'try will help you
 2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in rev'rence,
 3. To him that o'er-oom-eth, God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall conquer,

Some oth-er to win; Fight manful-ly on-ward, Dark passions sub-due,
 Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn-est, Kind-hearted and true,
 Though oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-iour, Our strength will re-new,

Chorus.

Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through. Ask the Saviour to help you,
 Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.

Comfort, strengthen, and keep you, He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.

DAWN OF THE MILLENNIUM.

Tune.—"SWEET BY-AND-BY."

1
 When the right over wrong shall prevail,
 When the woes of wine-drinking shall cease,
 Then all nations and people shall hail
 With a shout the grand triumph of peace.

CHORUS.

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

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

3.

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

Words by JAMES NICHOLSON.

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Music by ASA HULL.

1. In God I have found a re-treat, Where I can so-care-ly a-bide;

No ref-uge nor rest so com-plete, And here I in-tend to re-side.

Chorus.

Oh, what com-fort it brings, As my soul sweet-ly sings:

I am safe from all dan-ger While un-der his wings.

2.
I dread not the terror by night,
No arrow can harm me by day;
His shadow has covered me quite,
My fears he has driven away.—*Cho.*

3.
The pestilence walking about,
When darkness has settled abroad,
Can never compel me to doubt
The presence and power of God.—*Cho.*

4.
The wasting destruction at noon;
No fearful foreboding can bring;
With Jesus my soul doth commune,
His perfect salvation I sing.—*Cho.*

5.
A thousand may fall at my side,
And ten thousand at my right hand;
Above me his wings are spread wide,
Beneath them in safety I stand.—*Cho.*

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

105

Words by Mrs. E. M. HALL.

Arr'd and Copyright, 1888, by ASA HULL.

Melody by J. T. GRAPE

1. I hear the Sav-our say, Thy strength in-deed is small,
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy blood, and thine a-lone,

Child of weak-ness, watch and pray, Find in me thy all in all.
Can change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.

Chorus.

Je-sus paid it all; All to him I owe;

Sin had left a cri-mi-nal stain, He wash'd it white as snow.

3.
For nothing good have I,
Whereby thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.
Chorus.—Jesus paid it all, etc.

4.
And then complete in him,
My robe his righteousness,
Close shelter'd 'neath his side,
I am divinely blest.
Chorus.—Jesus paid it all, etc.

5.
When from my dying bed
My ransom'd soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all!"
Shall fill the vaulted skies.
Chorus.—Jesus paid it all, etc.

6.
And when before the throne
I stand, in him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.
Chorus.—Jesus paid it all, etc.

ALL FOR JESUS.

Words by MARY D. JAMES.

Arr'd for Mixed Voices.

Copyright, 1877, by ASA HULL.

Music by ASA HULL.

ff 2nd time pp *Rit. 2nd time.*

Let my hands perform his bidding;
 Let my feet run in his ways;
 Let my eyes see Jesus only;
 Let my lips speak forth his praise.
 :|: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 Let my lips speak forth his praise. :|:

3.

Worldlings prize their gems of beauty,
 Cling to gilded toys of dust;
 Boast of wealth and fame and pleasure;
 Only Jesus will I trust.
 :|: Only Jesus! only Jesus!
 Only Jesus will I trust. :|:

Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
 I've lost sight of all beside,—
 So enchained my spirit's vision,
 Looking at the crucified.
 :|: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 All for Jesus crucified! :|:

5.

Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
 Jesus, glorious King of kings,
 Deigns to call me his beloved,
 Lets me rest beneath his wings.
 :|: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 Resting now beneath his wings. :|:

ALL FOR JESUS.

Words by MARY D. JAMES.

For Male Voices.

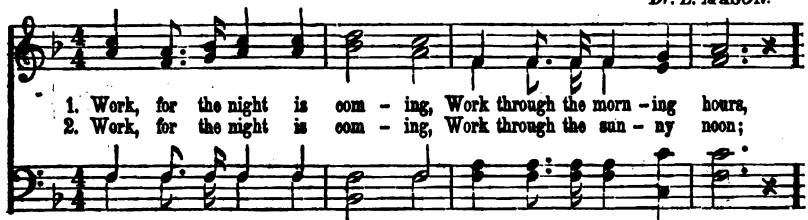
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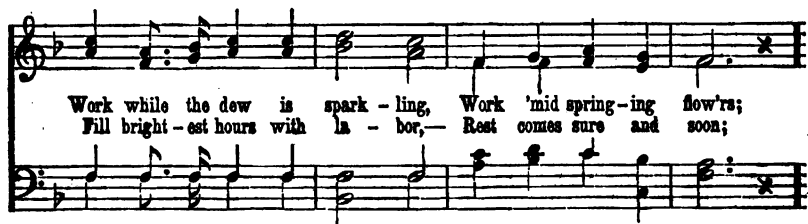
ff 2nd time pp *Rit. 2nd time.*

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING. 107

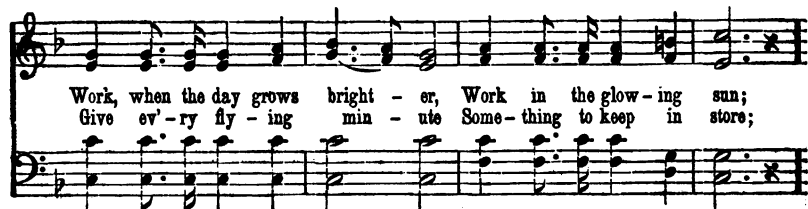
Dr. L. MASON.



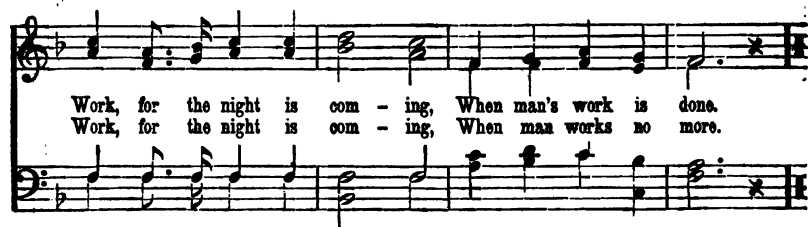
1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the morn - ing hours,
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the sun - ny noon;



Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;
Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon;



Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
Give ev' - ry fly - ing min - ute Some - thing to keep in store;



Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.

3.
Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies;
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

4.
Work, for the night is coming;
Work while the fields are white;
Work, for thy sands are running;
Work while hopes are bright:
Gather thy sheaves at morning;
Rest not thy hand at noon;
Labor and strive till ev'ning;
Rest when daylight's gone.

Words by Miss M. A. LEE.

Scotch Song, arr. by ASA HULL.

1. { I am far frae my hame, an' I'm wea-ry aft - enwhiles, For the
I'll no'er be fu' con-tent un - till my een do see The
D. C. But these sights an' these sou'n's will as naeth-ing be to me, When I

1st. 2nd. Fine.

lang'd- for hame - bringing, an' my Father's wel - come smiles, }
gaw-den gates of heaven, an' my (Omit. . . .) } ain coun - trie.
hear the an - gels singing in my (Omit. . . .) } ain coun - trie.

D. C.

{ The earth is fleck'd wi' flow-ers, mon - y - tint - ed, fresh and gay; }
{ The bir - dies war - ble blithe-ly, for my Fa - ther made them see; }

2. I've his gude word of promise that some gladsome day the King,
To his ain royal palace, his banished hame will bring;
Wi' een an' wi' heart running owre we shall see
"The King in his beauty," an' our ain countrie.
My sins hea been mony, and my sorrows ha'e been sair;
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair,
For his bluid hath made me white, and his hand shall dry my e'e,
When he brings me hame at last to my ain countrie.
3. Like a child to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be ganging noo unto my Saviour's breast,
For he gathers in his bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
An' "he carries them himsel'" to his ain countrie.
He's faithfu' that hath promised, he'll surely come again,
He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at any moment to my ain countrie.

Words by DE. H. BONAR.

Music by ASA HULL.
From "Garlands of Praise."

1. Up and a-way, like the dew of the morn-ing, Soar-ing from earth to its
2. Shall I be missed if an-oth-er suc-ceed me, Reap-ing the fields I in

*Rall. ad lib.**a tempo.*

home in the sun; Thus would I pass from the earth and its toil-ing,
spring-time have sown? No, for the sow-er may pass from his la-bors,

Chorus.

On-ly remembered by what I have done. On-ly remembered, on-ly remembered,
On-ly remembered by what he has done. On-ly remembered, etc.

On-ly remembered by what we have done, On-ly remembered by what we have done.

3 Only the truth that in life I have spoken,
Only the seed that on earth I have sown,
These shall pass onward when I am forgotten,
Fruits of the harvest and what I have done.—*Chorus.*

4 Oh, when the Saviour shall make up his jewels,
When the bright crowns of rejoicing are won,
Then will his faithful and weary disciples,
All be remembered for what they have done.—*Chorus.*

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Words by MARY D. JAMES.

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Music by ASA HULL.

1. Come, join our Temp'rance Band, Come, ral - ly for the right; And
join our ranks to - day, We go at Heaven's com - mand To

war against the cru - al foe That caused our na - tion's blight. Come,
ban - ish the de - stroy - er, Rum, The curse of our fair (omit. . .) land

1st. 2nd.

Chorus.

Then gird the ar - mor on, The de - mon Rum as - sail, While Israel's God is

on our side, Our cause can nev - er fail.

2

In God Omnipotent,
We firmly place our trust,
Who nerved young David's arm to
The Giant in the dust. [strike
God's army is defed
By this gigantic foe,
Put He will give his people strength
To lay the monster low.
Cho.—Then gird the armor on, etc.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

111

Arranged by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. { The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-this-ing Je-sus:
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of (omit.) Je-sus.

1st. *2nd.*

Chorus.

Sweet-est note in ser-aph song, Sweet-est name on mor-tal tongue,

Sweet-est car-ol ev-er sung, Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus.

2. Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.—*Cho.*

2. All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.—*Cho.*

4. His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.—*Cho.*

5. And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.—*Cho.*

Words for tune IN GOD WE TRUST, Concluded.

3.
Our "Gospel Armor" on,—
"Girded with Truth," we stand,—
"Salvation's Helmet" on our head,
The "Spirit's Sword" in hand.
Our "Breast-plate, Righteousness,"
And mighty "Faith" our Shield,
Our feet are shod with "Gospel Peace,"—
We're sure to win the field.—*Chorus.*

4.
Our Banner is unfurled,
Its glorious motto see!
"In God we trust"—in Israel's God,
"Who giveth victory."
Then forward, let us move,—
To certain conquest go,—
Almighty God, our Leader is,
We're sure to crush the foe.—*Chorus.*

Words by R. TORREY, Jr.

1. Stand up for Je - sus, Christian, stand, Firm as a rock on O - cean's strand!
2. Stand up for Je - sus, Christian, stand, Sound forth his name o'er sea and land!

Beat back the waves of sin that roll Like rag - ing floods a - round thy soul!
Spread ye his glo - rious word a - broad, Till all the world shall own him Lord.

Chorus.

Stand up for Je - sus, no - bly stand, Firm as a rock on O - cean's strand!

Stand up, his righteous cause de - fend; Stand up for Je - sus, your best Friend.

3.

Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Lift high the cross with steadfast hand,
Till heathen lands, with wond'ring eye,
Its rising glory shall descry.

Chorus.—Stand up for Jesus, etc.

4.

Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Soon with the blest immortal band
We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er.
In realms of light, on heav'n's bright
shore.—Stand up for Jesus, etc.

RESCUE THE PERISHING.

113

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY.

Music by W. H. DOANE.

1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from
 2. Though they are alighting him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall-en,
 child to re-ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly,

Chorus.

Tell them of Je-sus, the might-y to save. Res-cue the per-ish-ing,
 He will for-give if they on-ly be-lieve.

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

3.
 Down in the human heart,
 Crushed by the tempter,
 Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:
 Touched by a loving heart,
 Wakened by kindness, [more.
 Chords that were broken will vibrate once

4.
 Rescue the perishing,
 Duty demands it; [provide:
 Strength for thy labor the Lord will
 Back to the narrow way
 Patiently win them;
 Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

From "PURE GOLD." By permission BIGLOW & MAIN.

FLORA L. BEST.

JNO. R. SWENEY. by per

Moderato.

1. There are songs of joy that I loved to sing, When my heart was as blithe as a
 2. There are strains of home that are dear as life, And I list to them oft 'mid the

bird . . . in spring; But the song I have learn'd is so full of cheer, That the
 din . . . of strife; But I know of a home that is won-drous fair, And I

Chorus.
 dawn shines out in the darkness drear. } Oh, the new, new song, Oh, the
 sing the psalms they are singing there. } Oh, the new, new song,

new, new song, I can sing it now With the
 Oh, the new, new song, I can sing just now With the

ran - - som'd throng: . . . Pow-er and do - min-ion to him that shall
 ransom'd, the ransom'd throng: . . .

reign; that shall reign; Glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain.

3.
Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad,
When the gracious Master hath made me glad?
When he points where the many mansions be,
And sweetly says "There is one for thee!"

4.
I shall catch the gleam of its jasper wall,
When I come to the gloom of the even-fall,
For I know that the shadows dreary and dim,
Have a path of light that will lead to him.

CORONATION. C. M.

O. HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all!

2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all!

3. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all!

4. Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all!

5. Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all!

By Permission.

Music by WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry: Of un - seen things a - bove,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry: More won - der - ful it seems,

Of Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love.
Than all the gold - en fan - cies, Of all our gold - en dreams.

I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know it's true;
I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me!

It sat - is - fies my long - ings, As noth - ing else would do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.

Chorus.

I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Twill be, my theme in glo - ry,

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. *Concluded.* 117

To tell the old, old sto - ry. Of Je - sus and his love.

3.
 I love to tell the story :
 'Tis pleasant to repeat
 What seems, each time I tell it,
 More wonderfully sweet.
 I love to tell the story :
 For some have never heard
 The message of salvation
 From God's own holy word—*Cho.*

4.
 I love to tell the story :
 For those who know it best,
 Seem hungering and thirsting
 To hear it like the rest.
 And when, in scenes of glory,
 I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
 'Twill be—the OLD, OLD STORY
 That I have loved so long.—*Cho.*

DENNIS. S. M.

FROM NAGELL.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christ - ian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our oom - forts and our care.

3.
 We share our mutual woes;
 Our mutual burdens bear;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.
 4.
 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be join'd in heart,
 And hope to meet again.

5.
 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.
 6.
 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 And sin we shall be free;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Through all eternity.

WALK IN THE LIGHT.

Words by ASA HULL.

From "Garlands of Praise," by ps.
Music by GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Walk in the light the Lord hath giv'n, To guide thy steps a - right;
2. Walk in the light of gos - pel truth, That shines from God's own word;

His ho - ly Spir - it sent from heav'n, Can cheer the dark - est night.
A light to guide in ear - ly youth, The faith - ful of the Lord.

Chorus.

Walk in the light, in the beau - ti - ful light of God, Walk in the light, in the

light, beau - ti - ful light of God, Walk in the light, in the light, in the beau - ti - ful light of God,

3. Walk in the light! though shadows dark,
Like spectres cross thy way;
Darkness will flee before the light
Of God's eternal day.—*Chorus.*

4. Walk in the light! and thou shalt know
The love of God to thee;
The fellowship so sweet below,
In heav'n will sweeter be.—*Chorus.*

Copyright, 1876, by ASA HULL.

HE LEADETH ME.

119

Words by Rev. JOS. H. GILMORE. 1861.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead - eth me! oh! bless - ed thought, Oh! words with heav'nly com - fort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep - est gloom, Sometimes where E - den's bow - ers bloom,

What - e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troubled sea, - Still 'tis His hand that lead - eth me.

Chorus.

He lead - eth me! He lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead - eth me;

His faith - ful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.

3.
Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeeth me.
Chorus—He leadeeth me, etc.

4.
And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeeth me.
Chorus—He leadeeth me, etc.

From "GOLDEN CENSER." By permission BIGLOW & MAIN.

Words by FANNY CHURCH.

From "The Little Sower" by per.
Music by J. H. TENNEY.

1. O songs of faith that pilgrims sing! To you our hearts for - ev - er cling:

You guide us where the saints have trod, You lead us to the throne of God.

O mu - sic soft! O mu - sic sweet! Borne up - ward by your song,

Tho' storms of time a - round us beat, The weak - est heart grows strong.

2.

O songs of love that angels sing!
 What peace and joy your sweet notes bring;
 They float so sweetly down the way
 That leads us up to endless day.
 O music soft! O music sweet!
 With Heaven in the strain;
 Our waiting ears your sweet songs greet,
 They calm our weary pain.

3.

And now, O joy! at last, at last
 The years of toil and woe are past,
 And Zion's golden gate appears;
 We pass for aye from grief and tears.
 O music soft! O music sweet!
 We lay our burdens down,
 For evermore at Jesus' feet,
 And there receive our crown.

OPENING.

MARTYN. 7s, or Tune on Page 30.
Fine.

MARSH. D.C.



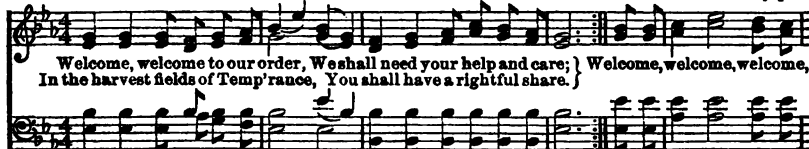
1 Friends of Temperance, welcome here,
Cheerful are our hearts to-day;
Tell us, we would gladly hear
How our cause speeds on its way.

2 Here we pledge ourselves anew,
Not to touch the drunkard's drink;
Proving faithful, proving true,
We will from no duty shrink.

INITIATORY.

SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.

WM. B. BRADBURY. By per.



Welcome, welcome to our order, We shall need your help and care; } Welcome, welcome, welcome,
In the harvest fields of Temperance, You shall have a rightful share. }



welcome, Heaven bless you! is our prayer; Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, Heaven bless, etc.

("—W. V. T. for Obligation.")

No. 1. TUNE—"AMERICA." 53d Page.

God of the Temperance cause,
Bless those who seek Thy laws,
Owning their power;
Be thou to them a shield,
Teach them Thy sword to wield,
Upon temptation's field,
In sin's dark hour.

No. 2. TUNE—"PLEYEL'S HYMN."

God of Mercy! be thou near,
While these vows are spoken here;
Shield the victor, guard and guide
Where the lurking tempters hide;
Man may strive, but Thou alone
Must the final conquest crown.

("—As guide to our friend.")

No. 1.

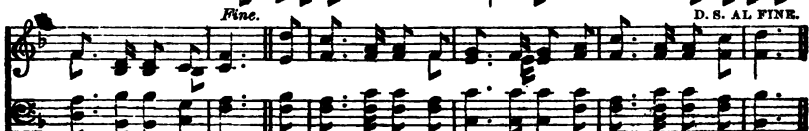
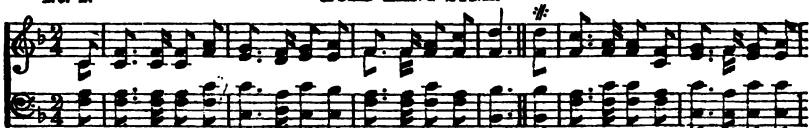
TUNE—"BEAUTIFUL STAR."

Hail! all Hail! O friends of right!
Keep the vows you've made to-night!
Let no purple wine be poured
As you gather at the board.

Destroying wine,
Destroying wine,
Wine, wine of the drunkard,
Taste not, O taste not the wine.

No. 2.

AULD LANG SYNE.



1 Come, friends and brethren, all unite
In songs of hearty cheer;
Our cause speeds onward in its might—
Away with doubt and fear.
We give the pledge, we join the hand,
Resolved on victory;
We are a bold determined band,
And strike for liberty.

2 The cup of death no more we take,
That cup no more we give;
It makes the head, the bosom ache—
Ah! who can drink and live?
We give the pledge, we join the hand,
Resolved on victory;
We are a bold determined band,
And strike for liberty.

No. 1. TUNE—"AMERICA." 53d Page.

Long live our Temple bright,
 Offspring of truth and light,
 Sent from above;

Long may our brothers stand,
 And sisters—glorious band—
 Strong pillars in our land,
 Our pride and love.

No. 2. OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



1 Now, bound by honor's sacred laws,
 Be faithful to our holy cause;
 Let truth preserve each member's fame,
 Nor curses blast our honor'd name.
 2 Then welcome to our Unionhood,
 A cheerful welcome to the good;

Long live our Order's great renown,
 And happiness each member crown,
 3 Stand firm in truth, while life shall last,
 May no reproach on thee be cast;
 No cloud obscure thy onward way;
 Our trust no Judas e'er betray.

("Fidelity to our sacred cause.")

No. 1. TUNE—"HEBRON," or "THERE'S MUCH GOOD CHEER."

1 Fill all your sparkling glasses high
 With health that wine can never buy;
 Cold water, full of strength and life,
 Will nerve the weakest for the strife.

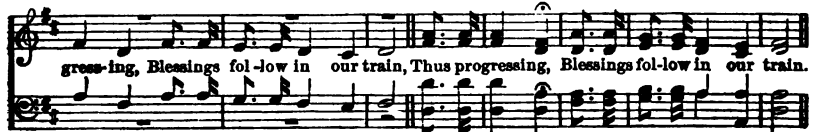
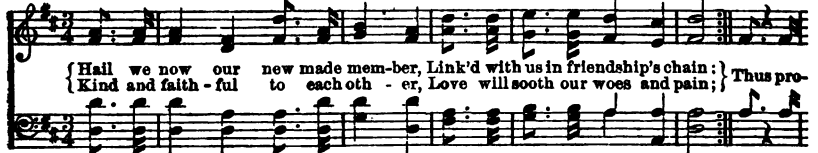
2 Flash out a draught of water cold,
 With cheerful faces, young and old;
 'Twas given a blessing from the sky,
 Then fill your sparkling glasses high.

No. 2. TUNE—"SPARKLING AND BRIGHT." 58th Page.

1 Sparkling and bright, in its liquid light,
 Is the water in our glasses;
 'Twill give you health, 'twill give you wealth,
 Ye lads and rosy lassies.

O! then resign your ruby wine.
 Each smiling son and daughter;
 There's nothing so good for the youthful blood,
 Nor sweet as the sparkling water.

No. 3. ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s. DR. T. HASTINGS.



CLOSING. No. 1. TUNE—"SICILIAN HYMN." 55th Page.

1 Heavenly Father give Thy blessing,
 While we now this meeting end;
 On our mind each truth impressing,
 That may to Thy glory tend.

2 Save from all intoxication,
 From its fountain may we flee;
 When assailed by strong temptation,
 Put our trust alone in Thee.

HEBRON. L. M.



No. 2.
 Great God, hear Thou our prayer to-night;
 The foes of Temp'rance may we brave;
 Guide all our faltering steps aright,
 O' fellow men from ruin save.

No. 3.
 May friendship's chain be ever bright,
 And charity and love increase;
 May Providence protect the right,
 Reclaim the wrong, establish peace.

1 Whatever station we may fill,
In this fraternal band,
Our plighted duties may we still
Perform with heart and hand;

And evermore, through good and ill,
By one another stand—
Whatever station we may fill,
In this fraternal band.

No. 2.

GOODWIN. 7s & 6s.

G. J. WEBB.

1 Stand up, stand up for Temp'rance, Ye soldiers of our cause; Lift high our spotless banner,
Till ev'ry foe is vanquished,

Nor let it suf-fer loss. From vic-to-ry to vic-'ry Our ar-my shall be led,
And all are free in-deed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Temp'rance,
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

Forth to this mighty conflict—
Go in this glorious hour—
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

DEGREE ODES.—I. O. OF GOOD TEMPLARS.

DEGREE OF FIDELITY.

OPENING. TUNE—"TRAMP, TRAMP, THE BOYS ARE MARCHING."

1 Brothers, life has glorious heights for our
youthful feet to climb;
There are shining crowns that we may work
and win;
Like excelsior, a cry, ringing down from sum-
mits high.
Sings to us through all the revel's wildest din.

Rise, oh, rise to nobler manhood,
Dash the tempting cup away,
And with purpose, firm and sure,

Let your vows for aye endure,
As you take the onward, upward,
Temperance way.

2 We will lose no friendly grasp, we will never
turn aside,
From the youthful friendships formed and
nourished here,
But with manly purpose strong, let us sing
a grander song,
As we pledge anew in accents strong and clear.
Rise, oh, rise to nobler manhood, &c.

INITIATORY. No. 1. TUNE—"SICILIAN HYMN." Page 55, or 1st Tune on 234th Page.

1 Hail! all hail, our worthy members,
Who now choose the better part;
Let their glorious aspirations
Meet a welcome in each heart.

2 Still progressing—let us ever
Keep our obligations pure;
From all evil may we sever—
Thus our happiness secure.

No. 2. TUNE—"HEBRON."

1 Now help us, Lord, the pledge to keep,
And may we ne'er have cause to weep
O'er Templars fallen from their vows,
In this good cause which we espouse.

2 Preserve us from the tempter's power,
And give us all to feel each hour,
That, by Thy help, we are secure,
With hearts, and aims, and motives pure.

No. 3. TUNE—"GOODWIN" or
"MISSIONARY HYMN."

We hail with joy unceasing,
The band whose pledge is given:
Whose numbers are increasing,
Amid the smiles of Heaven.
Their virtues never failing,
Shall lead to brighter days,
When holiness prevailing
Shall fill the earth with praise.

No. 4. TUNE—"AULD LANG SYNE"

1 When Rechab's sons in days of old,
Abjured the ruby wine,
And filled their cups of fashing gold
With nectar more divine;
They quaffed their liquid diamonds, then,
And o'er life's journey trod—
A nobler race of spotless men—
The chosen sons of God.

2 Brave men of old, the world shall own
The greatness of your fame,
And o'er Intemp'rance's prostrate throne
Shall blazen Rechab's name.
Our men your word shall ne'er forget,
As custom's chains they break,
And all our race shall echo yet—
"The wine we ne'er will take."

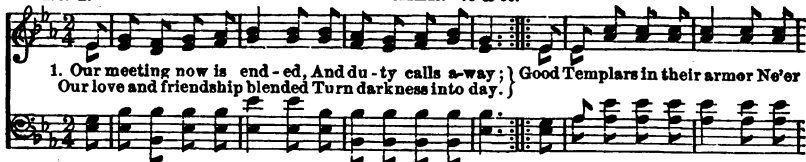


1 O Lord, in mercy bless,
Wisdom to us impart;
Crown every meeting with success,
And rule in every heart.

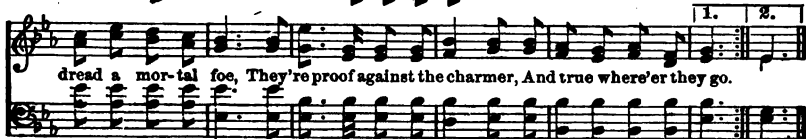
2 Here may we all be found
Each Temple meeting night,
And may our zeal and love abound
In deeds of truth and right.

No. 2.

THE WATCHER. 7s & 6s.



1. Our meeting now is end-ed, And du-ty calls a-way; } Good Templars in their armor Ne'er
Our love and friendship blended Turn darkness into day. }



dread a mor-tal foe, They're proof against the charmer, And true where'er they go.

2 Where'er the conflict rages
Good Templars will be found;
Where right with wrong engages
Our battle-cry will sound.

Though thick the blows may rattle
Against the shield of Truth,
Still for the right they'll battle,
For weakness, age, and youth.

DEGREE OF CHARITY.

OPENING, No. 1.

HEBER. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



1 Who is thy neighbor? he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart, and burning brow,
Thy soothing hand may press.

3 Thus shall we meet the smile of God,
And keep the pledge we've made;
And that our zeal may not grow cold,
We'll trust in him for aid.

2 Where'er thou meet'st a form divine,
'Neath want or woe cast down,
He is thy neighbor—cheer and warm,
Go rescue—succor him.

No. 2. TUNE—"OLD HUNDRED."

1 Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him for all His goodness shown—
For health, for friends, for joy, for home.

INITIATORY, No. 1.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s.



1 Come and join us in our pleasures,
We are seeking purest joy:
In pursuit of richest treasures
We our moments here employ.
Come and join us in our labors,
We are working for the right;
Come and join us, friends and neighbors,
In the temperance cause unite.

2 Guided by the voice of duty,
To the poor and outcast go;
And let manhood, youth and beauty,
Join to banish want and woe.—Come, etc.

3 Joy of doing good is ours,
Joy of saving souls from woe;
Joy of planting fruits and flowers,
Where the thorns of evil grow.—Come, etc.

1 Onward, still to duty pressing
Now we find a sweeter tie,
Blessed bond of Charity—
It with rarest gems may vie.

2 Every virtue round this clusters,
But amidst them all it shines,
Peerless, as a lustrous jewel,
Set midst rubies from the mines.

No. 3. TUNE—"HEBER." C. M., or "CORONATION."

1 Who 's thy neighbor? he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart, and burning brow,
Thy soothing hand may press.

He is thy neighbor—cheer and warm;
Go rescue—succor him.

2 Where 's thou meet 's t a form divine,
'Neath want or woe cast down,

3 Thus shall we meet the smile of God,
And keep the pledge we've made;
And that our zeal may not grow cold,
We'll trust in him for aid.

No. 4.

BALERMA. C. M.

SCOTTISH MELODY.



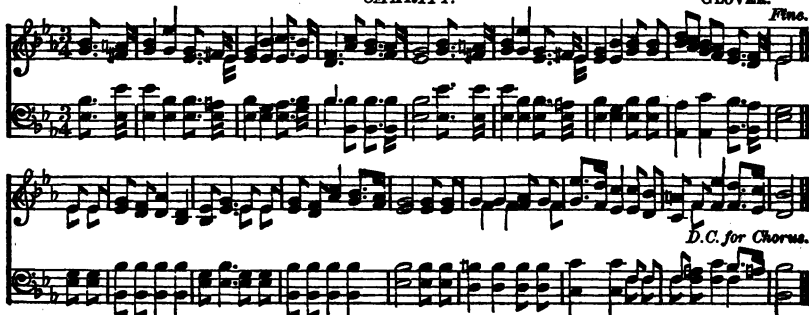
1 Am I my brother's keeper? Yes:
Bound by the social ties
Which link us to our fellow-man—
Can we his soul despise?

2 Then turn, oh! turn a brother's lips
From drink's destructive snare;
Allure his steps t'wards heavenly rest—
God's smile will greet you there.

CHARITY.

GLOVER.

Fine.



D.C. for Chorus.

No. 5.

Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the blessed three;
Turning sadness into gladness,
Heaven born art thou, Charity!
Pity dwellth in thy bosom,
Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart,
Gentle thoughts alone can sway thee,
Judgment hath in thee no part.
CHORUS.—Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the blessed three;
Turning sadness into gladness,
Heaven born art thou, Charity!

No. 6.

"Hoping ever, failing never,"
Though deceived, believing still;
Long abiding, all confiding
To thy Heavenly Father's will;
Never weary of well doing,
Never fearful of the end,
Treating all mankind as brothers,
Thou dost all alike befriend.
CHORUS.—Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the blessed three;
Turning sadness into gladness,
Heaven born art thou, Charity!

No. 7.

TUNE—"SICILIAN HYMN," or 25th Page.

1 Pledged to honor, truth, and duty,
Help us, Lord, our vows to keep,
Fit for self-denying labor,
Ample Harvest we shall reap.

2 Never let the Tempter win us
To forget, for e'en one hour;
In thy strength we are secure,
Be our refuge, our strong tow'r.

CLOSING.

TUNE—"BOYLSTON."

1 O Lord, in mercy bless,
Wisdom to us impart;
Crown every meeting with success,
And rule in every heart.

2 Here may we all be found,
Each Temple meeting night,
And may our zeal and love abound
In deeds of truth and right.

OPENING.

NEWTON. 8s.

Fine.

Yes, we in those prin - ci - ples join, And such shall our ac - tions dis - play, }
 Our hands and our hearts shall com - bine, Tex - tend their be - ne - fi - cent sway, }
D.C. And stand by each oth - er, e - rect, In - pu - ri - ty, friendship and love.

D.C.
 Our laws we will ev - er re - spect, A - rise all con - ten - tion a - bove,

INITIATORY. No. 1.

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s.

Fine.

D.C.

Trav'ler thro' a world of danger,
 Welcome to a refuge here,
 Safety to the trusting stranger,
 Safety from the tempter's snare.
 Safety to the trusting stranger,
 Safety from the tempter's snare.

No. 2. TUNE—"BOYLSTON"

Blest be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in purest love,
 The fellowship of kindred minds,
 Is like to that above.

No. 3.

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

Father of mercies! condescend,
 To hear our fervent prayer,

While now our brother we commend,
 To thy paternal care.

No. 4. TUNE—"AMERICA." 53d Page.

God hears the solemn vow—
 It is recorded now
 In heaven above,

That we may faithful be—
 From all temptation free—
 We humbly ask of Thee,
 Thou God of Love.

No. 5.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Spirit of love! benign and mild,
 Inspire our hearts, our souls possess,

Repel each passion rude and wild,
 And bless us as we aim to please

1 Once more we here the pledge renew
Of strict Fidelity;
Still to our maxims ever true—
To Love and Purity.
No unkind words our lips shall pass,
No envy sour the mind;
But each shall seek the common weal,
The good of all mankind.

1 Good night, good night to every one,
Be each heart free from care,
Let every brother seek his home,
And find contentment there.
May joy beam with to-morrow's sun,
And every prospect shine,
While wife and friends laugh merrily,
Without the aid of wine.

ADMISSION OF LADY VISITORS.

No. 1.

WILMOT. 8s & 7s.

Wel - come sis - ter, to our num - ber, Wel - come to our hearts and hands; At our post we

will not slumber, Strong in union we will stand.

No. 2. Hark! glad voices join the chorus,
As we sing redemption's song,
Heavenly Spirits watching o'er us,
Waft our notes of praise along.

No. 3. Welcome, sister, share the blessing;
Gained by union, faith, and love,
Onward, upward, we are pressing,
To the angel throne above.

INSTALLATION. No. 1.

BONNY DOON. L. M.

Thrice wel - come, broth - er here we meet, In friendship's close com - munion join

Ye Sons of Temperance loud re - peat, Your tri - umphs with one heart and mind.
D.C. For friend - ship is our bea - con - star, Our mot - to, Un - ion, hand in hand.

No an - gry pas - sions here should mar Our peace, or move our so - cial band,

No. 2.

TUNE—"AULD LANG SYNE"

No. 3.

1 Whatever station we may fill,
In this exalted band,
Our plighted duties we shall still,
Achieve with heart and hand.
And evermore, through good and ill,
By one another stand,
Whatever station we may fill,
In this exalted band.

1 Whatever station we may hold,
Among the sons of earth—
If high in honor, rich in gold,
Or humble from our birth—
In *virtus* only we behold
The standard of our worth,
Whatever station we may hold,
Amongst the sons of earth.

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