

THE

Temperance Musician:

A

CHOICE COLLECTION

OF ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

TEMPERANCE MUSIC.

ARRANGED FOR

ONE, TWO, THREE, AND FOUR VOICES.

WITH AN EXTENSIVE VARIETY OF

POPULAR TEMPERANCE SONGS,

DESIGNED FOR

The People.

---

BY A. D. FILLMORE,  
AUTHOR OF "UNIVERSAL MUSICIAN," ETC.

---

CINCINNATI:  
PUBLISHED BY APPLGATE & CO.,  
No. 43 MAIN STREET  
1853.

RA 784.68

F487

Cap. 2

*Cincinnati Collection*

---

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853,

BY APPLGATE & CO.,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United  
States, for the District of Ohio.

---

\* \* The use of the Numeral System of Notation, is secured by  
patent right. The present work is written in that system  
according to an arrangement made with T. Harrison, inventor  
and patentee of the system.

---

169154 Smith 750

BS

## P R E F A C E .

---

The author of this little work is well aware of the fashionable plan of seeking favor for a book, by making a show of diffidence, such as is generally set forth in an apologetic preface. Under present circumstances, I have no apology to offer, and no mock modesty to manifest. Having met with remarkable success, in the issue of works designed for the instruction of the people in the science of music, I offer the "TEMPERANCE MUSICIAN" without hesitancy, thus giving my mite with sure confidence that it will render some little aid, in behalf of the great cause of Temperance.

While Intemperance stalks abroad through the land, and, with rapacious hand, despoils us of our health, wealth, and happiness, let us lift up our voices like trumpets, to re-echo the note of alarm. While the rumseller chuckles over his ill-gotten gains, and drives away the victims of his own ruining, to perish in the streets, or to drag out a miserable existence, dependent upon the cold charities of a hard-hearted world; let notes of warning declare

the impending judgment, that shall fall without measure or mercy upon the heads of the guilty wretches, who murder their fellow men by dealing to them the cup of poison and unutterable woe, simply to enrich themselves, and get gain, by the sacrifice of the property and lives of the unwary victims who have been tempted to indulge the fatal cup. While widows, who are made such by those who make and sell the accursed fire, follow lost companions to the untimely grave, let soft music breathe a sad requiem, when we remember the wretched life, and hopeless death, of those who fell victims to the avaricious and unmerciful hand of him who sells the intoxicating cup. And while children are left to wander without friends or home, and lift up their tiny hands in innocence, crying for mercy for the poor orphan that says, "Father's a drunkard, but I'm not to blame," shall we not speak to them, with such musical accents as shall cause their trembling hearts to be calm, and inspire their distracted souls with the hope that there is One who will be a Father to the fatherless, and will render "indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish," to those who cause this great evil! Especially now should every voice be tuned to high notes of joy and gladness; the great and good of our

land have arisen up in their strength, and determined to carry on the conquest with renewed vigor, until a complete victory is won. The lever of moral suasion has not proved fully adequate to the task; and now the weight of Legal Suasion is to be placed in the right end of the scale. What is to be the consequence, we begin to see already. Where a prohibitory law has been put in force, we see the community which was in the descending scale, and going down lower and lower in degradation and vice, at once begin to rise; see the state of Maine, Vermont, &c. And while the drunkard sees it with joy, and the rumseller is filled with dismay, we'll sing, "There is a good time coming;" and surely we shall have a multitude of voices to join the chorus of "Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming," when we are assured that we shall only have to "Wait a *little* longer."

Friends of humanity, lovers of Temperance, and all who delight in doing good, let me commend to your notice a plan of rendering "material aid," in pushing forward the great temperance reform, viz: In every neighborhood, you must get up a "Temperance Music Band," which for a time, should meet as a singing school, or singing society, for practice. Soon as you have acquired facility in singing a few

of these pieces, get up a temperance meeting; have short speeches, and intersperse the proceedings with appropriate songs, and you will soon be astonished at the grand result of your labors. The old and the young, one and all, will soon begin to feel an interest in the work. You will find good public speakers, and good singers, right at home, capable of interesting your own citizens beyond what you anticipated.

And when the Apostles of Temperance shall visit you, and find that your "souls are full of music," as well as interest for the cause, they will make better speeches, and the fruit of all our labors in this gracious work will be manifold more rich and abundant.

The music in this work is set according to Harrison's numeral system, for two reasons. First, because it is so simple and scientific, that all the people can easily learn it. Second, it is impossible to set music in a book of this size and shape, except in numerals. Those who can not learn music, as set forth in the "UNIVERSAL," or "TEMPERANCE MUSICIAN," will not be held accountable in this matter.

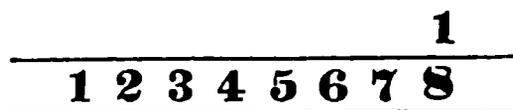
That this little work may be an instrument in the hands of the good, by which they shall aid the cause of truth and righteousness, is the sincere desire of

THE AUTHOR.

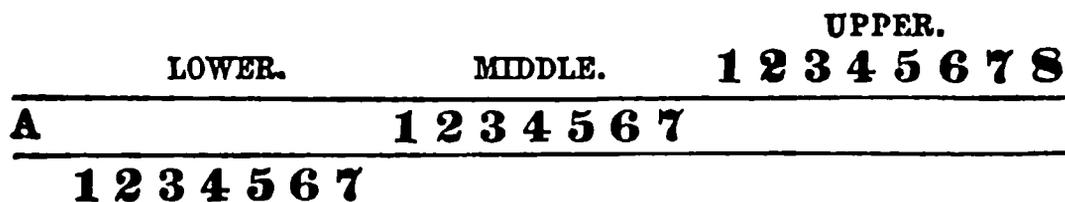
## NUMERAL MUSIC.

We present below a brief explanation of the Numeral System of Music, invented by Mr. THOS. HARRISON.

The first seven numerals are placed between parallel lines, and, with the eighth, or one repeated, they represent the primary octave. Thus,



The same numerals are also placed below and above the lines, representing the lower and upper octaves. These three octaves contain twenty-two successive notes. Thus,



Corresponding with



	LOWER.	MIDDLE.	UPPER.							
			1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
B		1 2 3 4 5 6 7								
	1 2 3 4 5 6 7									

Corresponding with



The length of the notes is determined by certain marks attached to them; the crotchet is the figure without any mark; the minim has a period to the left, and the semibreve two periods; the quaver has a comma under it, the semiquaver two commas, the demisemiquaver three commas.

QUADRUPLE.	DOUBLE.	COMMON.	HALF.	QUARTER.	EIGHTH.
:1	.1	1	1	1	1
			,	,	,

Corresponding with



The common tone has one beat,  
 The double tone two beats,  
 The quadruple four beats,  
 The half tone has half a beat,  
 The quarter one-fourth of a beat,  
 The eighth an eighth of a beat.  
 Thus, it will be seen, that the quality of a  
 note is expressed by its name.

This, however, refers to simple measures. In compound measures a common tone has two-thirds of a beat, a half tone one-third, and so of the rest.

A short horizontal line (1-) after a note, increases its duration one-half; and two short horizontal lines (1--) three-fourths.

The letter R denotes a rest; and its length is determined by the same marks as the tones.

The letter P over a note indicates a prolong; and means that the tone is to be continued beyond its marked length.

At the beginning of a tune, the letters A, B, C, and D, are placed between the parallel lines to represent the four different parts. A stands for the air, B for the bass, C for the counter, and D for the double or second air.

Above the parallel lines, at the commencement, is placed a figure denoting the altitude of the tune, or the pitch to be given to one, which is the key note.

1	denotes	the first altitude,	or key of	C
2	“	second	“	D
3	“	third	“	E
4	“	fourth	“	F
5	“	fifth	“	G
6	“	sixth	“	A
7	“	seventh	“	B

To the altitude mark is affixed the letter G or P; G denoting the grand octave, or major key; and P the plaintive, or minor.

Below the parallel lines, at the commencement, is placed a figure indicating the kind of measure.

2	indicates	two beats, or double measure
3	“	three beats or triple “
4	“	four beats, or quadruple “
6	“	six beats, or sextuple “
23	“	two beats, or double-triple “
46	“	four beats, or quadruple-sextuple.

The first four are simple measures, and the last two compound. In 23, the 2 denotes the number of beats, and the 3 the length of the notes as given in simple measure.

After the measure mark is placed a letter denoting the movement in beating. C means a common movement; S slow movement; SR slower; Q quick movement; and QR quicker.

REP. means a repeat; and  $\phi$  shows where the repeat begins.

REP. 1 & 2 S. means repeat first and second strains.

S, when placed before a note, stands for sharp, F for flat, and N for natural.

For a complete development of the numeral system of notation, we would refer to "*Harrison's Sacred Harmonicon*," and the "*Universal Musician*."

# TEMPERANCE MUSICIAN.

## HAIL, ALL HAIL! A. D. F.

5G	D	3	2	1	3	2	1	2	1	1	3	4	2	1		
3Q	'	'		'	'	7		'	7		'	"	"	.7		
Hail, all hail! bright Star of Temp'rance, May thy radiance stream afar;																
5G	A	5	4	3	5	4	3	2	4	3	2	1	5	6	84	.5
3Q	'	'		'	'			'	'			'	'			
5G	B	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2					
3Q	'	7		'	7	'	5	5	'	5		'	'	.5		
5G	D	3	4	3	1	2	3	4	3	3	4	3	4	3		
3Q	'	'		'	'		'	'		'	'	'	'	5	.3	
'Till the gloom of dire Intemp'rance Nevermore our peace shall mar.																
5G	A	5	6	5	3	4	5	6	5	6	5	6	5	6	5	.1
3Q	'	'		'	'			'	'	'	'	'	'	7		
5G	B	1	1	1	1	1	1	4	1	1	1	1	1			.1
3Q	'	'		'	'		'	'		'	'	4	5	5		



## MERRILY O! CONTINUED. 13

2. Wearily every bosom pineth,  
                     Wearily O! wearily O!  
 Where'er the weed Intemp'rance twineth,  
                     Wearily O! wearily O!  
 Here the parent's smile dies in sadness,  
 Here the youthful heart hath no gladness;  
 Every flower of life declineth.  
                     Wearily O! wearily O!  
 Wearily, wearily, wearily O!  
                     Wearily O! wearily O!

3. Cheerily then awake the chorus,  
                     Cheerily O! cheerily O!  
 All our way is light before us,  
                     Cheerily O! cheerily O!  
 If a virtuous life hath more pleasure  
 Than where care and strife fill each measure,  
 Why not join the temp'rance chorus?  
                     Cheerily O! cheerily O!  
 Cheerily, cheerily, cheerily O!  
                     Cheerily O! cheerily O!

---

## WE HAVE CONQUERED.—ROUND.

6g (1)	(2)
A 1 2 3 3   1 2 3 3    3 4 .5   3 4 .5	
4q	

We have conquered, we have conquered;  
 Why can't you? why can't you?

6g (3)	(4)
A 5-6 5 4 3 1   5-6 5 4 3 1    .1   .1	
4q 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 5 5 5 5 .1	

If you'd only join us, if you'd only join us,  
 You would too, you would too.



4g 1- 1

A	7 6 5 3   5 5 5 3 5 5   6 5 5 4 3 2   1-
23s	9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9

Oh! carry me back! Oh, carry me back,  
 To my mother's home once more  
 Oh! carry me back! &c

4g

B	5-   5 4 3 3 1   2 2 2 1 2 2     1-
23s	9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 5 5 5 6 7 9 9 9 9

Oh! carry me back! Oh, carry me back,  
 To my mother's home once more.

THE TRIUMPH, 8's, 6's.

1. I've broke the chain that bound me  
 To infamy and vice,  
 That sorrow brought around me,  
 And turned my heart to ice ;  
 That drove my children tender,  
 From my affections far,  
 And made me peace surrender,  
 Beneath vile Bacchus' car.
2. Of every hope and pleasure  
 The glass has been the tomb,  
 And anguish without measure,  
 Brought to my wretched home ;  
 Were earth a golden palace,  
 And I could call it mine,  
 I would not touch the chalice,  
 Where flows the tempting wine.



## A BAND OF FREEMEN. CONTINUED. 17

3. We will save our sisters, brothers,  
Our fathers, sons, and mothers,  
Our neighbors and all others,  
With our cold water pledge.  
We 're a band, etc.
4. We will stop the curse of 'stiling  
Alcoholic drink for killing,  
And all fermented swilling,  
With the cold water pledge.  
We 're a band, etc.
5. Then come, ye jolly tillers,  
Preachers, doctors, lawyers, 'stillers,  
Come ye jug and bottle fillers,  
Take the cold water pledge.  
We 're a band, etc.
6. Then hurrah for reformation,  
Yes, by all in every station,  
Through all the wide creation,  
With the cold water pledge.  
We 're a band, etc.
7. Now the cause of peace promoting,  
Where the people all are voting,  
With the "Maine Law" banners floating  
And the cold water pledge.  
We 're a band, etc.
8. May no evil e'er betide us,  
Which can sever or divide us,  
But the God of mercy guide us,  
With the cold water pledge.  
We 're a band, etc.

4G  
D .1 1 2 | .3 .4 | .3 2 1 | || .3 3 3 |

4Q :7

4G .1

A .1 3 4 | .5 6 7 | 7 6 | :5 || .5 5 5 |

4Q  
Oppression's crushing tramp drew nigh, Her gloomy

4G

B .1 1 | .1 4 2 | .1 .2 | || .1 1 1 |

4Q 5 :5  
Then, from amid the meteor shroud Of tempest,

4G  
D .4 .3 | .2 .1 | || .1 1 | .1 .3 |

4Q :7 7

4G 1

A .6 .5 | .4 .3 | :2 || .3 3 2 | 1 3 5 |

4Q  
form obscured the sky, And lightning wrath flashed

4G

B .4 .1 | .1 | || .1 1 | .1 .1 |

4Q .7 :5 5  
fire, and battle cloud, Fair Freedom called her

4G  
D 4 3 2 1 | || .3 4 4 | .3- 2 | .1 | :1 ||

4Q .7 .7

4G .1-

A 6 5 4 3 | :2 || .5 6 7 | 4 | .3 2 | :1 ||

4Q  
from her eye, As war's dread thunder shook our land.

4G

B | || .1 4 2 | 1- 2 3 4 | .5 | :1 ||

4Q .4 .4 :5 , .5  
sons aloud, And Washington led on the van.



Words by W. E. HICKSON.

2G 1

C 5 5 5 | 3 3 5 3 | .1 2- 2 | .3 .R | 3 5 4 3 | 4 3 2 1

4QR ,

2G 1 1 1 1 1 1

D 5 5 5 | 3 3 5 3 | .1 2- 2 | .3 .R | | 5 5 |

4QR ,

1. Now to heav'n our pray'r ascending,  
 God speed the right!  
 In a noble cause contending, Be their zeal in  
 God speed the right! heav'n recorded,

2G 1 1

A 5 5 5 | 3 3 5 3 | .1 2- 2 | .3 .R | 7 6 5 | 6 5 4 3 |

4QR ,

2. Be that pray'r again repeated,  
 God speed the right!  
 Ne'er despairing tho' defeated, Like the good and  
 God speed the right! great in story,

2G 1

B 5 5 5 | 3 3 5 3 | .1 2- 2 | .3 .R | 1 1 1 1 | 1 1 1 1 |

4QR ,

2G .1

C 1 2 | 3 2 1 | .5 5- 5 | .R | .5 5- 4 | .3 .R |

4QR 7 7 7 , ,

2G .1 .1

D 5 5 5 5 | 3 5 5 5 | .5 7- 7 | .R | .5 7- 7 | .R |

4QR , ,

With success on earth rewarded,  
 God speed the right! God speed the right!

2G .1 2- 2 .3 .1

A 2 3 4 2 | 5 4 3 5 | , | .R | .5 5- 5 | .R |

4QR ,

If they fail, they fail with glory,  
 God speed the right! God speed the right!

2G

B 5 5 5 5 | 5 5 5 5 | .3 5- 5 | .1 .R | .5 5- 5 | .1 .R |

4QR , ,

7G  
 A .1 | | 1 | | R || .3 2- 2 |  
 3C 7- 6 5 5 5 6 6 6 5 7 7  
 , , , , , , , , , ,

Hail to the brightness, pure radiance of morning;  
 Joy to the

7G  
 B | | | | R || 1 |  
 3C .1 1- 1 1 1 1 4 4 4 1 1 7- 7  
 , , , , , , , , , , , ,

7G  
 A .1 | | | || .1 | | 4 4 3 |  
 3C 7- 7 6 5 4 .5- 7- 6 5 5 5  
 , , , , , , , , , ,

lands that in darkness have lain;  
 Hushed be the accents of sorrow and

7G  
 B | | | | | | | |  
 3C .6 5- 5 1 2 2 .5- .1 1- 1 1 1 3 2 2 1  
 , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

7G  
 A 3 2 R | .5 3- 4 | 5 1 | 4 3 2 | .1- ||  
 3C , , , , , 7

mourning, Temp'rance in triumph begins her mild reign.

7G  
 B R | .1 1- 1 | 1 | | | | ||  
 3C , 5 5 , , 5 6 4 5 5 .1-

Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,  
 Streams ever copious are gliding along,  
 Hark! from the mountain tops echoes are ringing,  
 Joy is the anthem of earth's happy throng.

6g														
A	3	5-	3	5-	3	5-	3	2	1	6	5	4	3-	3
2q		'		'		'				'	'		'	

Say not that woman's voice must stay its silv'ry note,  
While

6g											
B	1	1	1	1	1	1	1			1-	1
2q						5	6	7		'	

6g															P
A	5-	3	5-	3	5-	3	2	1	6	5	4	3	2	1	
2q	'		'		'				'	'					

the far hills and vales rejoice, And on each breeze doth float

6g															P
B	1	1	1	1	1	1	1			1		1		1	
2q							5	6	7		5	1			

2. Glad tidings from the field  
Where Temperance armies stand,  
Against King Alcohol to wield  
The sword with fearless hand.
3. Let woman, too, rejoice,  
To see the foe recede ;  
And let her in the "still small voice,"  
The cause of Temperance plead.
4. And while the thunder tone  
Of eloquence is stirred,  
Her whispered warning, God may own,  
His voice through hers be heard.

TUNE—*America's Freedom.*

Seth Grimes and I were classmates once ;  
And I was rich, and he was poor ;  
I had, alas, it was my bane !  
The wealth a father laid in store.

Seth toiled at morn and noon and night,  
Until his hands were hard and brown,  
To pay his board and tailor's bills,  
While I was lounging round the town.

But mostly in the dry goods store,  
To see the pretty girls come in ;  
Or drinking with my jolly peers,  
Who were the fools of auld lang syne.

In brief, through long and weary nights,  
He stored his mind with knowledge rare ;  
And I—learned how to guzzle wine,  
And how to pick a good cigar.

Some three and thirty years have past  
Since we on life's great sea set sail ;  
And lo, the beam is sadly turned  
In fortune's strange, uneven scale.

My vaunted wealth has taken wings,  
And flown away to parts unknown ;  
Indeed—with sorrow be it said—  
I'm on the poor-list of the town.

While Seth, who toiled to pay his way,  
Until his hands were hard and brown,  
Is now receiving his reward  
As senator at Washington.



3. There is a fiery cup,  
Whose ministry of woe  
Can melt the spirit's purest pearl,  
And lay the mightiest low.
  
4. Turn from its treach'rous tide,  
Repel its syren claim,  
Nor let me 'mid the nations blush,  
And mourn my children's shame.
  
5. And will ye, for the sake  
Of one sweet poison-draught,  
The record of my fame debase,  
By blood and suffering bought ?
  
6. And will ye cast that stain  
Upon my banner's ray,  
Which all the rivers of our realm  
Can never wash away ?"

---

**LET US ENDEAVOR.      ROUND.**

6G (1)	(2)
A	1 1 1    2 2 2   3 3 3
3QR	5 5 5

Let us endeavor to prove that whoever may

6G (3)	(4)
A	5 5 5   5 3 1           1 1 R
3QR	5 5 5

choose to drink wine, we'll drink water forever.



2. How mounts the soul with rushing wing,  
When wakes the poet's magic strain ;  
But if the "sparkling bowl" he sing,  
Those soaring pinions droop again.
  3. How music cheers the weary heart ;  
To trouble's wave it whispers peace ;  
But when it acts the syren's part,  
In vain the captive seeks release.
  4. How fair the path that upward leads,  
'Tis virtue's sweet and pleasant way ;  
Our guide each humble pilgrim leads,  
And cheers him onward day by day.
- 

THE DRUNKARD FOUND. L. M.

1. God of our father's Thee we praise,  
To-day our grateful thanks ascend ;  
Accept these thanks, our cheerful lays,  
With organ's solemn chantings blend.
2. Thy grace the wretched drunkard found,  
Cast out and weltering in his blood ;  
Now from his tongue doth praise resound,  
He owes that praise to thee, O God,
3. No longer poverty and shame—  
A sad inheritance are theirs ;—  
Their altered looks aloud proclaim  
A happy change in their affairs.
4. Our thanks to thee, O God, we give,  
What better tribute can we pay ?  
'Tis on thy bounties that we live,  
We praise thee for this festal day.

4g 2 REP.  
 A 5 | 5 5 5 5 | .6 .5 | .3-3 | 3 3 3 3 | .2-||

4q  
 Amid the night of error's reign,  
 When all is dark and drear,  
 'Tis charming to the weary soul,  
 To find a friend is near;

4g 2 REP.  
 B 1 | 1 1 1 1 | | .1-1 | 1 1 1 1 | |  
 4q .4 .5 .5-

4g .1-1 1  
 A 5 | 3 4 5 6 | .5 .5 | | 6 7 6 | .5-5|

4q  
 One who thro' trials firm will stand, To  
 And yield a generous aid,

4g  
 B 1 | 1 2 3 4 | .3 .5 | .1-1 | 4 2 1 2 | 1 |  
 4q .5-

4g 1 1 1 .1-  
 A 1 2 3 4 | .5 .5 | .6-5 | 7 | ||

4q  
 bear above the storms of life,  
 A being God has made.

4g  
 B 1 1 1 | .1 .1 | 1 | 1 1 4 5 | .1- ||  
 4q 5 .5 .4-

2. We can not claim a right to live  
 Aloof from other's woes,  
 And pass in splendid luxury  
 On to the grave :  
 The wealth of earth may gild our path,  
 And blind the rich man's eyes ;  
 But ah ! it can not light the tomb,  
 Whene'r the spirit flies.

3. In every being we should see  
 A brother and a friend ;  
 And feel that life's first duty is  
 Our fellowship to lend :  
 How much of human woes would then  
 Be banished from our race,  
 And all our acts would meet the smile  
 Of God's approving grace.
- 

DISTILLER'S SONG. D. C. M.

1. Why should we from the yellow grain  
 Th' injurious draught distill ?  
 Desiring by unrighteous gain,  
 Our coffers well to fill :  
 If 't is unrighteous now to vend,  
 As readily we prove,  
 Then our employment must offend  
 Against the law of love.
2. All those who drink, or sell, or buy,  
 Are surely in the wrong ;  
 And we, who furnish the supply,  
 To the same craft belong.  
 The vices do not need such aid,  
 For increase of their power—  
 The evils which the land invade,  
 We need augment no more.
3. The streams of death too long have flowed  
 From fountains like our own ;  
 Vast ruins yet may be deplored,  
 And mischiefs yet be done.  
 With sorrow we our course review,  
 Which now so vile appears ;  
 Nor longer will the work pursue,  
 Which fills the land with tears.

5G  $\frac{2}{\text{A}}$

A	3		3-	3	3		3	3	3	4	5		6-	5-		R	5	
23c	'			'	'		'	'	'	'	'							

Now haste ye friends while hope is dawning, Leave  
Come, take affections kind-ly warning, And

5G REP. 1

A	5	4	2-	2	2	3	2	3-R		'		2	R	2	2	R	2	
23c	'			'	'	'				'		'	'	'	'	'	'	

now the wine cup's ruddy glow,  
Take heed! take heed! tho'  
turn ye from the path of woe.

5G 1

A	4	3	2	1														
23c	'	'	'	5		5	5	5	5			5-	5					

bright the wine, It leaves a deadly sting; A.

5G

A	2	R	2	2	R	2		4	3	2	1	3		3	3	2	2		3-3	3		
23c	'	'	'	'	'	'		'	'	'	'	'		'	'	'	'		'	'	'	

way! away! the pledge now sign No  
And join the songs we sing;

5G 1- 1-

A	2-	5-		5-			'	7	6	6	5	4		3-3	3	
23c							'	'	'	'	'	'			'	

songs so sweet, So sweet as those we sing, No

5G

B	1				1-	1-		1	1			1-1	1	
23c			5-5				'	7	7					

5G 1- 1-

A	2-	5-		5-			'	5	3	5	4	2		1-	1	
23c							'	'	'	'	'	'				

songs so sweet, So sweet as those we sing.

5G

B			1-	1-		1	1			1-	1	
23c			5-	5-		'	5	5		1-	1	



6G

C	—	.3-2 161R				1	
---	---	-----------	--	--	--	---	--

4Q	3577		'33Q.34.33.54.3-
----	------	--	------------------

I feel the icy hand of death,  
And short and shorter grows my breath.

6G

A	.122 .5-2 3311R1  .1	1 32 .1-
---	----------------------	----------

4Q		' ' ' '3Q	6.5
----	--	-----------	-----

And O! I can not, can not die,  
While thou, my father, art not by.  
And from her starlit home on high,  
She'll weep that I alone should die.

6G

B	.1			R				
---	----	--	--	---	--	--	--	--

4Q	.155.5-5551'	13Q.11.14.55.1-
----	--------------	-----------------

4. Stay, father, stay ; O leave this night,  
The mad'ning bowl, whose with'ring blight  
Hath cast so dark a shade around  
The home where joy alone was found.
5. Stay, father, stay ; alone, alone,  
With none to cheer, and none to mourn,  
How can I leave this world of woe,  
And to the land of spirits go ?
6. Stay, father, stay ; once more I ask :  
O ! count it not a heavy task,  
To stay with me till life shall end—  
My last, my only earthly friend.

A very florid belle told a brandy drinker  
the other day that his face was too highly  
painted.

He retorted —“ It at least is not painted in  
*water-colors*, like yours ! ”

TUNE—*Louisville.*

1. I 've signed the pledge! it is the bond  
Between my God and me.  
'Tis done: I 've broke th' enchanted wand;  
I breathe, I live, I 'm free!  
Darkness, which was my world, is past,  
And sounds of discord cease:  
And what was once a chaos vast,  
Is harmony and peace.
2. And as I turn me to that home,  
Once cheerless to my sight,  
Seraphic voices seem to come,  
With welcome of delight;  
The very faces round my hearth,  
Are sweetly new to see,  
And woman's love, and childhood's mirth,  
Are Paradise to me.
3. O, glorious change! a beauteous world  
Appeareth now around:  
The evening clouds seem flags unfurl'd,  
With gold and crimson bound;  
The wood, the harvest field and hill,  
With living splendor glow,  
While ocean, river, stream and rill,  
Give music as they flow.
4. O, that the veil were rent before,  
That I might see these things,  
And, glad with gratitude, adore  
The power whence wisdom springs.  
But mercy o'er life's pathway yet  
Her luster will display,  
As suns in cloudless light will set,  
Which led a stormy day.



# FRIENDS OF FREEDOM. CONTINUED. 35

1g

C	5- 5	5- 5	5- 5 .5	5- 5 5- 5	5- 5 .5
4QR	'	'	'	'	'

1g 1- 1 1- 1- 2 .3 1 .2

D	' 7	'	7- 7 7- 6	7- '	
4QR	'	'	'	'	'

Lift your banners, let them wave,  
Onward march, a world to save;

1g 3- 3 3- 2 3- 4 .5 2- 2 2- 1 2- 3 .4

A	' '	'	' '	'	
4QR					

1g 1- 1 1- 1- 1 .1

B	' 5	'	5- 5 5- 5	5- 5 .4	
4QR	'	'	'	'	'

1g

C	5- 5 5- 4	2- 4 .5	6- 4 3- 2	.3 .R	
4QR	'	'	'	'	'

1g 3- 1 1- 1 4- 1 .1 1- 1 1- 1 .1

D	' '	'	' '	.R	
4QR					

Who would fill a drunkard's grave, And bear his infamy?

1g 5- 3 3- 2 .1- 2 .3 1-

A	' '	'	6 6- 5	.5 .R	
4QR			'	'	

1g

B	1- 1 1- 1	1- 1 .1	4- 4 4- 5	.1 .R	
4QR	'	'	'	'	'

2. Shrink not when the foe appears;  
Spurn the coward's guilty fears,  
Hear the shrieks, behold the tears  
    Of ruin'd families.  
Raise the cry in every spot—  
"Touch not, taste not, handle not,"  
Who would be a drunken sot!  
    The worst of miseries.
3. Give the aching bosom rest,  
Carry joy to every breast,  
Make the wretched drunkard blest,  
    By living soberly.  
Raise the glorious watchword high,  
"Touch not, taste not, till ye die,"  
Let the echo reach the sky,  
    And earth keep jubilee.
4. God of mercy hear us plead!  
For thy help we intercede;  
See how many bosoms bleed,  
    O heal them speedily.  
Hasten Lord, the happy day  
When beneath thy genial ray,  
Temp'rance all the world shall sway,  
    And reign triumphantly.

---

Says Tom, in Corliss's one day,  
    Now, gentlemen, I'd rather  
Drink poison any time than rum,  
    Because rum slew my father.  
The doctor shook his head, and then  
    His toddy he renewed,  
And said, I do believe ye, Tom,  
    I've often seen him *slewed!*



3G EXPRESSIVELY.

C	3-33343	32.2 R	2-1	123 .1R
4c	’ ’ ’ ’ ’	’ ’	’ 7 ’ ’ ’	7

3G

A	5-55565	54.4 R	4-3 2 345 .3R 5
4c	’ ’ ’ ’ ’	’ ’	’ ’ ’ ’ ’

3G

B	1-111 1	5.5 R	.1R
4c	’ ’ ’ 7’	’	5-55555 54

3G

C	1-11121	4.44	3-43342
4c	’ ’ ’ ’ ’	7’	’ ’ ’ ’ ’

3G 1-

A	76543	26.66	5-65567
4c	’ ’ ’ ’ ’	’ ’	’ ’ ’ ’ ’

3G

B		1 42	1-111
4c	3-5437’	’ ’ .77	’ ’ ’ 55

3G

C	3-234354	3-431	.1 .R
4c	’’ ’ ’ ’	’ ’ ’ 77	’ ’

3G 1- 121

A	7’’ ’ ’ 76	5-65542	.1 .R
4c	’’	’ ’	’ ’ ’ ’ ’

3G

B	.1-		.1 .R
4c		4	5-55555

TEMPERANCE HOME. CONTINUED. 39

1. Why, ah! why, my heart, this sadness?  
Why 'mid scenes like this repine;  
When those I've lov'd are fill'd with gladness  
Because I've left the sparkling wine,  
Because I've left the sparkling wine.
  2. O, I've injured those that lov'd me,  
Bound by nature's dearest ties;  
The voice of "Father do not leave me,"  
O, leave your cups, be wise, be wise;
  3. These are sounds that still are ringing  
Thro' this careworn frame of mine.  
But hark, I hear the voice of singing,  
"O, father's left the sparkling wine."
  4. Give me joys, I ask no other,  
Joys that bless the humble dome,  
Where dwells my daughter and her mother;  
O, give me now my temperance home.
  5. Joyful tidings still are swelling,  
Where glad greetings were unknown;  
The Pledge brought them to every dwelling.  
O, give me back my temperance home,  
My own, my own dear temperance home.
- 

INDEPENDENCE DAY. 7s & 6s.

TUNE—*Webb.*

We meet to-day in gladness,  
To sing of conquests won,  
No note of painful sadness,  
Is mingled with our song;  
This day renowned in story—  
The day of freedom's birth,  
We hail in all its glory,  
We highly prize its worth.

The temperance flag is waving,  
 O'er valley, hill, and plain ;  
 Where ocean's sons are braving  
 The dangers of the main ;  
 The Pledge, the Pledge is given  
 To float on every breeze ;  
 O waft it, gracious heaven,  
 O'er all the earth and seas.

Our cause, our cause is gaining  
 New laurels every 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.

---

THE BOWL NO SOLACE. C. M.

TUNE—*My Mother's Home.*

Deep sorrows drowned within the bowl,  
 Are never known to die,  
 But quickly rise to fill the soul  
 With keener misery ;  
 For though awhile they seem to sleep,  
 When wine her opiate tries,  
 They wake to bid the mourner weep  
 With deep remorseful sighs.

The heart that mourns o'er blighted love,  
 Around the silent tomb,  
 Has never found the bowl remove  
 The sorrow or the gloom ;  
 When health is gone and fortune fails,  
 And friends bring no relief,

## THE BOWL NO SOLACE. CONTINUED. 41

The poisonous potion nought avails  
To heal the wounds of grief.

Religion only can relieve —  
The heart o'ercharged with woe ;  
The pleasures that awhile deceive,  
Can no true comfort show ;  
The Gospel has a healing balm,  
For every wounded heart,  
It makes the troubled spirit calm,  
And bids our woes depart.

---

### THE PAUPER'S BURIAL.

Bury him there —  
No matter where !  
Hustle him out of the way,  
Trouble enough  
We have with such stuff,  
Taxes and money to pay.

Bury him there —  
No matter where !  
Off in some corner at best !  
There's no need of stones  
Above his bones,  
Nobody'll ask where they rest.

Bury him there —  
No matter where !  
None by his death are bereft ;  
Stopping to pray ?  
Shovel away !  
We still have enough of them left.

# 42 TEMPERANCE ANTHEM. A. T. SHARPE.

By permission of W. C. PETERS & SONS, Cin.

5G

A	1	1-	1	3	1	1	2	2-	2	3	1	R	3	3	3	2	6	6
2Q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

Pledge to the chieftain immortal in story,  
Honor'd and blest be our

5G

A	5	6	S4	5	R	1	1	1	2	3-	3	4	4	5	6	6	5	R	1
2Q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

Washington's name;  
Sons of the sires whom his sword led to glory, The

5G

A	1	2	2	3	1	1	2	3	2	1	R	3	3	3	1-	1	1	R
2Q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

longer we flourish, the broader his fame.  
Pledge ev'ry hand and heart,

5G

A	4	4	4	2-	2	2	R	3	2	3	4	5	4	3	2	1	2	R
2Q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

Pledge never more to part,  
True to the bond that unites us in one.

5G CHORUS.

D	3	3	3	5-	5	5	R	6	6	6	5-	5	5	R	3	1-	2	3	R
2Q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

5G

C							R	1	2	2					R	1	1-	1	1	R
2Q	5	5	5	7-	7	7	'	'	'	7-	7	7	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	

5G

A	1	1	1	2-	2	2	R	s4	4	5-	5	5	R	5	3-	4	5	R
2Q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

Let ev'ry mother's son Shout for our Washington,  
On, brothers, on!

5G

B	1	1	1				R	2						R	1	1-	1	1	R
2Q	'	'	'	5-	5	5	'	2	2	5-	5	5	'	'	'	'	'	'	

# TEMPERANCE ANTHEM. CONTINUED. 43

<b>5G</b>	P LOUD.
<b>D</b>	<b>5 5- 5 5 R 5 5- 5 4 1- 1 4 3 3 2 4 4 .3  </b>
2Q	' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' ''
<b>5G</b>	P LOUD.
<b>C</b>	<b>2 1 2 R 1 1- 1 1 1- 1 1 1 1  .1  </b>
2Q	7- '' '' '' '' '' '' '' 7 7 7
<b>5G</b>	P LOUD.
<b>A</b>	<b>4 2- 3 4 R 3 3- 3 4 5- 6 6 5 5 5 5 .1  </b>
2Q	' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' ''
	On, brothers, on! On, brothers, on!
<b>5G</b>	Till the battle, the battle is won.
<b>B</b>	<b>  R 1 1-  P       .1  </b>
2Q	5 5- 5 5 ' F7 6 3- 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 ' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' ''

2. Ours is no summer pledge, gone with the  
 fountains [feelings flow ;  
 That gush from the heart while the tide  
 Firm shall it stand as the rock-seated moun-  
 tains,  
 Stainless our faith as their ever white snow.  
 Widow and orphan child, wailing in accents  
 wild,  
 Beckon us on, and point to their woe ;  
 Let ev'ry hill and glen ring to our shout  
 On, brothers, on! etc. [again.
3. When glows the hearth, and the wife smiles  
 beside it, [cold :  
 Night lacks her gloom, though the winter is  
 The sweet prattling babe, let the miser deride it.  
 Mine be the hearth-stone, his be the gold.  
 O, that our noble cause, health of our land  
 and laws,  
 Wide may prevail, till the curse is no more.  
 Let ev'ry mother's son shout till the work  
 is done.  
 On, brothers, on! &c.



The gravel walk so white and straight,  
With flow'ry banks beside,  
That led down to the wicket gate,  
Where Willie used to ride.  
The locusts o'er the path that grew,  
The willow boughs that swayed,  
All told me with a tale most true,  
That there my Mary played.  
Oh! rumseller, &c.

The silver lake, so calm and clear,  
Along whose banks I've strayed  
So often, with my Lucy dear,  
To watch the sunlight fade.  
The murmuring streams that sweetly ran  
The garden's foot along,  
And sparkling fount, as bright as then,  
All sing the mournful song.  
Oh! rumseller, &c.

Now that loved wife has gone to rest,  
In death her heart is bound :  
Her babes are sleeping on her breast,  
Beneath yon grassy mound :  
And I am wand'ring lone and strange,  
No master of my will :—  
My home, my happy home is changed,  
To a hut behind the Still.  
Oh! rumseller,  
That home, that home of thine.  
That pleasant home, that happy home,  
That cottage home was mine.

---

Wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging.

Words by A. D. F.

1g 4 3 2 1 1 1 5 4 3  
 A 5|5- " " " | 3 5|5- " 7 7| 5|5- " " "  
 2s " " " " " " " " " "  
 Come all ye sons of freedom, And raise a joyful song,  
 Gird on the temperance  
 1g  
 B 1|1- 1 1 1|1 1 1|1- 3 5 5|1- 1|1- 1 1 1|  
 2s " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

1g 2 2 1 1 1- 1 2 2 1  
 A " " | 7 6 5 s4 | 5- " | " 7 " " | " 7|  
 2s " " " " " " " " " "  
 armor, And join our army strong;  
 The " Maine Law " is our motto, To  
 1g  
 B 5 5 1 | 2 2 2 2 | 5- 1 | 1- 1 1 1 | 5 5 5|  
 2s " " " " " " 5- " " " " " " " "

1g 1 1 3 3 2 1 1 1 4 3-  
 A 6-7 " 6|5-4|3-5 " " | " " | " 7 " " | ||  
 2s " " " " " " " " " "  
 this we'll ever cling; From Mexico to 'Scotia,  
 Wake ev'ry voice to sing,  
 1g 1 1 ( ) ( ) ( ) 1-  
 B 4-4 4 4|3- 2|1- 3 5 " | 5 1|1 2 3 4 5 6 7| ||  
 2s " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

1g P 1 2 3 4-3 2 1 3-2 1-  
 A 5 4|3 5 " " " | " " " " | 7 5 " " | ||  
 2s " " " " " " " " " "  
 With the " Maine Law " banner o'er us,  
 Make heaven's high arches ring.  
 1g P  
 B 1 1 | 1 1 1 1 | 4 4 4 | 5 5 5- 5 | 1-||  
 2s " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

## THE MAINE LAW BANNER. CONTINUED. 47

2. The Sons of Temperance join us,  
The Washingtonians too,  
The Daughters with sweet voices,  
And boys a merry crew;  
The young Cadets and Templars  
Are with us in their might;  
And all the hosts of freemen  
Are marshalled for the fight;  
With the "Maine Law" banner o'er us,  
We fight for truth and right.
  
3. King Alcohol is quaking,  
His throne is crumbling fast,  
And all his petty princes  
With terror stand aghast!  
"Down East," they have been routed,  
"Up West," we'll rout them too;  
From Maine to California,  
We'll scout the red-nosed crew;  
With the "Maine Law" banner o'er us,  
Our hosts are ever true.

---

### THE PLEDGE.

TUNE—*Columbia.*

As we are gathered here,  
Let us, with souls sincere,  
Our pledge renew;  
We make that pledge our choice,  
Let us, with heart and voice,  
In every hour rejoice,  
To hold it true.

From the UNIVERSAL MUSICIAN.

3G	$\overset{\frown}$	$\overset{\frown}$								$\overset{\frown}$								
C	1	2	3	4	3	3	3	4	3	3	3	3	4	6	5	4	3=R	
23C	''	''	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'
3G	$\overset{\frown}$	$\overset{\frown}$			1									2	1			
A	3	4	5	6	5	5	6	5	3	5	5	'	'	7	6	5=R		
23C	''	''	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

Stay, mortal, stay! nor heedless thus  
Thy sure destruction seal;

3G																		
B	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	2			R	
23C	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

3G	$\overset{\frown}$									$\overset{\frown}$	$\overset{\frown}$							
C	1	2	3	3	3	3	4	3	3	3	3	5	4	4	3	2	3=R	
23C	''	''	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'
3G	$\overset{\frown}$									1		2	1	1				
A	3	4	5	5	5	5	6	5	3	5	'	7	6	'	'	7		R
23C	''	''	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

Within that cup there lurks a curse,  
Which all who drink shall feel.

3G																		
B	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	3	4	5	5	1=R				
23C	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

2. Disease and death, for ever nigh,  
Stand ready at the door,  
And eager wait to hear the cry  
Of—"Give me one glass more."
3. Go, view the prisoners' gloomy cells;  
Their sin and misery scan;  
Gaze, gaze upon these earthly hells—  
In drink their woes began.
4. Of yonder children, bath'd in tears,  
Ask, why is mother poor?  
They'll whisper in your startled ears,  
'T was father's—"One glass more."

5. Stay, mortal, stay ! repent ; return !  
 Reflect upon thy fate :  
 The poisonous draught forever spurn—  
 Spurn, spurn it—ere too late !
  
6. Oh ! fly the horrid grog-shop, then,  
 Nor linger at the door,  
 Lest thou perchance should sip again  
 The treach'rous—"One glass more."
  
7. Trust not to thy deceitful heart,  
 The Savior's grace implore ;  
 Through him from every sin depart,  
 And touch that glass no more.

---

## BE A VOLUNTEER.

TUNE—*Friends of Freedom.*

1. Children who have rallied now,  
 Where Immanuel's soldiers bow,  
 Who will take the temperance vow,  
     And be a volunteer ?  
 Children, hear the battle-cry,  
 Sounding and resounding nigh,  
 From the throne of God on high.  
     Who 'll be a volunteer ?
  
2. See the foe is gathering fast ;  
 Hark ! his clanging trumpet blast !  
 Who will fight him to the last,  
     And be a volunteer ?  
 Over all the tented field,  
 God will be our sun and shield ;  
 Alcohol the foe will yield,  
     If all will volunteer.







2. His eyes are red—  
 And gray his head!  
 With rimless hat in hand he begs;  
 His frozen toes  
 Creep out of shoes  
 That fall apart in leathern rags;  
 O, ye rumsellers! now behold  
 The man ye spoiled for guilty gold.
3. See, there he stands,  
 And blows his hands;  
 His footprints mark the stainless snow;  
 O, give relief,  
 And banish grief  
 From that old man, o'erwhelmed with woe.  
 But give him neither cards nor rum,  
 For they have driven him from home.
4. Ye made him poor—  
 From door to door  
 He begs his scanty crusts of bread;  
 His clothes are thin,  
 And torn and mean—  
 He has no place to rest his head.  
 Restore him to himself again,  
 Or wear yourselves the mark of Cain.

---

An old toper who lately attended an exhibition where a learned professor caused several explosions to take place from gases produced by water, said:

“You don't catch me putting much water in my liquor after this; I had no idea before that water was so dangerous, though I never liked to take much of it.”



	P																	
A	2	3	4	R	2	2		s4	R	5	5	5	5		5	1	2-2	
23c	"	"	"	"	"	"	7	5	"	"	"	"	"	7	7	"		
	"And it's hip!" said the Gin Fiend, "Hip, hurrah! For the multitudes I see, 7G																	
	P																	
B	2	3	4	R	2	2		s4	R	5	5	5	5		5			
23c	"	"	"	"	"	"	7	5	"	"	"	"	"	7	7	6	5-5	
	7G																	
	P																	
A	3	3	3	3	3	3	4	4	4	s4	5	1	1	1-1				
23c	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	7	6	7				
	Will offer themselves a sacrifice, 7G																	
	And die for the love of me.																	
B	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	2	2	2	P			1-1				
23c	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	5	5	5	5	5	5	1-1				

2. There stood a woman on a bridge :  
 She was old, but not with years ;  
 Old with excess, and passion and pain:  
 And she wept remorseless tears ;  
 She gave her babe her milkless breast,  
 Then goaded by its cry,  
 Made a desperate leap, in the river deep,  
 In the sight of the passers by !  
 "And it's hip!" said the Gin Fiend,  
 "Hip! hurrah! she sinks, but let her be,  
 In life or in death whatever she did  
 Was all for the love of me!"
  
3. There watched another by the hearth,  
 With sullen face and thin;  
 She uttered words of scorn and hate  
 To one who staggered in:  
 Long had she watched, and when he came,  
 His thoughts were bent on blood;

He could not brook her taunting looks,  
And slew her where she stood.

“And it’s hip!” said the Gin Fiend,  
“Hip! hurrah! my right good friend is he;  
He hath slain his wife, he hath given his  
life,  
And all for the love of me.”

4. And every day, in the crowded way,  
He takes his fearful stand,  
And numbers his myriad worshipers  
With a bird-like long right hand;  
And every day the weak and strong,  
Widows, and maids, and wives,  
Blood warm, blood cold, young men and  
old,  
Offer the Fiend their lives.  
“And it’s hip!” he says, “hip! hip! hurrah!  
For the multitude I see,  
Will sell their souls for the burning drink,  
And die for the love of me.”

---

A gentleman was in the street the other night, rather unquietly resting himself against a lamp post, when an acquaintance came along, and observed that the afflicted individual had on a new overcoat.

“Well, Bob,” said he, “guess you have been indulging in a new overcoat.”

“Coat!” replied Bob, giving his hat a knock back, and endeavoring to gesticulate; “this a-aint a coat.”

“Is n’t a coat, eh? Well, Bob, what is it?”

Bob elevated himself to a tottering perpendicular, and exclaimed:

“This ’ere aint a c-coat—it’s a *spirit-wrap-per!*”

1G	1	1		1	1		4	3-	1	2-		1-							
A	9		9	5	5	9		9	6	6	9		2	9	9	7			
2Q	9		9	9		9	9						9	9	REP.				

Our youthful hearts with temp'rance burn,  
 Away, away the bowl.  
 From dram shops all our steps we turn, Away, &c.

1G	1		1	2		1-	2	3	1		1	2		1-	2	3						
A	9		7-	9	9	9		7	9	9	9		7-	9	9	9	7		9	9	9	
2Q	9			9				9					9				REP. 1s.					

Farewell to rum and all its harms,  
 Farewell the wine-cup's boasted charms.

B	1		5-	5	5-	5		3-	2	1	1		5-	5	5-	5		3-	2	1			
2Q	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9

- See how the staggering drunkard reels!  
 Away, &c.  
 Alas, the misery he reveals.  
 Away, &c.  
 His children grieve, his wife's in tears!  
 How sad his once bright home appears!  
 Away. &c.
- We drink no more, nor buy nor sell,  
 Away, &c.  
 The drunkard's offer we repel;  
 Away, &c.  
 United in a temperance band,  
 We're join'd in heart, we're join'd in hand.  
 Away, &c.



# BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST. CONTINUED. 59

6G

<b>A</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>1</b>		<b>1</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>5</b>		<b>6</b> -	<b>5</b>	<b>4</b>		<b>3</b>	.	<b>5</b>	<b>5</b>		<b>5</b> -	<b>4</b>	<b>2</b>		<b>1</b> -	<b>R</b>		
23c	’	’’	’’	’	’		’	’	’	’																		
crowd all shout, till the vast roofs ring,																												
6G All praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar, the king																												
<b>B</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>1</b>		<b>1</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>5</b>		<b>4</b> -	<b>4</b>	<b>2</b>		<b>1</b>	.	<b>1</b>	<b>1</b>								<b>1</b> -	<b>R</b>
23c	’	’’	’’	’	’		’	’	’	’																		
5-551-																												

2. "Bring forth," cries the monarch, "the vessels of gold,  
 Which my father tore down from the temple of old;  
 Bring forth, and we'll drink while the trumpet is blown.  
 To the gods of bright silver, of gold, and of stone;  
 Bring forth;" and before him the vessels all shine;  
 And he bows unto Baal, and drinks the dark wine,  
 While the trumpets bray, and the cymbals ring,  
 Praise, praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king!

3. Now what cometh? look, look! without menace or call,  
 Who writes with the lightning's bright hand on the wall?  
 What pierceth the king like the point of a dart,  
 What drives the bold blood from his cheek to his heart?  
 "Chaldeans, magicians, the letters expound."  
 They are read, and Belshazzar is dead on the ground.  
 Hark! the Persians come on a conqueror's wing,  
 And a Mede's on the throne of Belshazzar the king.

From the UNIVERSAL MUSICIAN.

5G

A	3-	3 3-	2 3 5	3-	2 1-	1 .2	1-1 1-	1	
3c	'	"	'	'		7	'	"	7

O, my clothes are all ragged, and tatter'd and torn,  
And I wander a-

5G

B	1-	1 1-	1 1					
3c	'	"	'	5	5-	5 3-	2 1 .5	1-1 3-4 3

5G

A	2 2 2 3-	2 4 .3	3 3 2	3 2		1 2 3
3c		'	'	'	5	5 5

bout quite unfriended—forn;  
On my shelterless head the bleak winter winds

5G

B		1-				1
3c	5 5 5		5 5 .1	1 1	5 5 5	5 5 7 7 6

5G

A	.5	3 4 .5	4 3 2	1 2 3-	2 1 .2	
3c	'	'	'	'	'	

blow, And my poor naked feet are benumbed in the  
snow.

B		1 1 .1	1 1		1-	
3c	.5	'	'	'	'	5 5 5 5 1 .5

5G

A	1 1	.1		1 2 3-	2 4 2 .1	
3c	'	'	6	6 5	'	'

And my poor naked feet are benumbed in the snow.

B						
3c	1	1 4	.4 4	1 1 5	5-	5 5 .1

WANDERING BOY. CONTINUED. 61

No bright blazing fire, with its comforts I  
see,  
Surrounded with faces all shining with glee!  
O, no: the cold street, now deserted and wild,  
Is the only home left for the poor drunkard's  
child,  
Is the only home left, &c.

My mother she died in the workhouse hard  
by,  
And I, her poor orphan, received her last sigh;  
For her heart it was broken with anguish and  
pain;  
And I weep, for I never shall see her again.  
And I weep, for I never, &c.

My father spent all that he earned at the inn;  
And death cut him off 'in the midst of his sin:  
His last words were curses, his death-bed was  
wild;  
O, friends of humanity, pity his child.  
O, friends of humanity, &c.

I see happy children, all smiling and gay;  
And I weep, for I once was as happy as they;  
Their light merry laughter falls sad on my  
ear,  
For, ah! they all shun me whene'er I draw  
near.  
For, ah! they all shun me, &c.

The smiles leave their faces, they treat me  
with scorn,  
And it makes me regret that I ever was born;  
No voice of compassion, so soothing and mild,  
E'er cheers the lone heart of the poor drun-  
kard's child.  
E'er cheers the lone heart, &c.

7. Oh, still I must wander this wild world  
 alone,  
 Unfed and unsheltered, disowned, and un-  
 known;  
 'Mongst the millions of earth, not a friend can  
 I claim,  
 To wipe off my tears, or to call me by name.  
 To wipe off my tears, &c.

8. On my cold bed of straw I will lie down  
 and die,  
 And my prison-freed soul shall ascend upon  
 high,  
 Where Jesus, with accents of mercy so mild,  
 Shall comfort forever the poor drunkard's child.  
 Shall comfort forever, &c.

### SPARKLING RILL. Arranged from RUSSELL.

Words by I. N. CARMAN. FROM THE UNIVERSAL MUSICIAN.

5G ♯

A	1	2	3-3	1	1	3	3	3	4	3	2-2
23q	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''

The bright and the sparkling rill,  
 The rivulet gushing free, As it  
 Then the bright and the sparkling, &c.

5G

A	1	1	2	3	4-4	4	5	6	5	4	3	2	1-1
23q	5	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''

leaps from the gray old hill;  
 O, the clear bright water for me.

5G

A	1	1	2	3-3	1	1	2	3-3	3	3
23q	''	7	6	7	''	7	6	7	''	''
		''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''

Away with the wassail bowl,  
 With the boasted joys of wine, &c.

# SPARKLING RILL, CONTINUED. 63

5G REP. 18

---

A 3 3 3 3 3|3 3 3 3 3|3 2 3 4-| ||

23q " " " " " " " " " " 5- 5

storm ye may ne'er control,  
 'T will rouse tho' it gaily shine.

5G 2 REP.

---

A | | | | | | | | | | 1- 1||

23q 5 5- 5 5 5- 5 5 5 5 5 5 5

The clear, the bright, the clear bright water for me.

5G 2 REP.

---

B 1|1- 1 1|1- 1 1|1 1 1 1 1|1- 1||

2q 5 5- 5 5 5- 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 1- 1

2. We come in our early youth,  
 We rally all joyously,  
 In the pride of spotless truth,  
 For a temp'rance band are we.  
 Tho' the tippler madly drain  
 The cup as it runneth o'er.  
 To fire and to heat the brain.  
 We banish it evermore.  
 Then the bright and sparkling, &c.  
 Then the clear, the bright, &c.

3. Our banner aloft unfurled,  
 With its folds of bright hue,  
 Shall tell to a gazing world,  
 Of a spirit kind and true.  
 In the peerless power of love  
 We assail the hosts of rum;  
 And as on in our triumph we move,  
 In the strength of water we move.  
 Then the bright and sparkling, &c.  
 Then the clear, the bright, &c.

4G ♯

D	1-	2	1	2 3	3	3-	1-	1	2	1	
23q	'	'	'	'	'	7	6	7	'	'	7-
						'	'	'			

4G ♯

A	3-	4	3	4 5	'	1-	2	1	2	3	4	3	2-	
23q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	

Ours is a glorious cause, 'The cause of truth and

4G ♯

B	1-	1	1	1	1	1-	1-	1	1	
23q	'	'	'	'	'	5	5	'	5-	

4G

D	1-	2	1	2 3	3	3-	1-	1-	R	
23q	'	'	'	'	'	7	6	7		
						'	'	'		

4G

A	3-	4	3	4 5	'	3-	2	1	2	1-	R	
23q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'		

right, It fires the free-born soul with full delight.

4G

B	1-	1	1	1	1	1-	1-	1-	B	
23q	'	'	'	'	'	5	5	'		

4G

D	3 3	2	1	2 3	1	1	3 3	2	1	2	
23q	'	'	7	'	'	'	'	'	7	'	'
			'						'		

4G

A	5 5	4	2	3	4 5	3	1	5 5	4	2	3	4	
23q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	

Here choice and kindred spirits meet,  
To mingle in com-

4G

B	1 1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		
23q	'	'	5	5	'	'	'	'	5	5	



7G																		
A	1	1	1	1	2	1								2		1-2	1	1
4Q	'	'	'	'	7	5		5	5	5	5	6		7	5	'	7	'

Sparkling and bright, In its liquid light,  
Is the water in our glasses;

7G																	
A	2	2	2	3	2		1	1	1	4	3		2		1-2	1	
4Q	'	'	'	'	'		'	'	'	'	'		7	5	6	7	'

'T will give you health, 'T will give you wealth.  
Ye lads and rosy lasses.

7G	♩ CHORUS.																		
A	1	2	2	2	2		3-	3	3	3		4	4	3	2		3-4	3	2
4Q	7	'	'	'	'		'	'	'	'		'	'	'	'		5	5	

O, then resign your ruby wine,  
Each smiling son and daughter, For there's

7G																				
B							1-	1	1	1										
4Q	5	5	5	5	5		'	'	'	'		4	4	5	5		5	4	3	2

7G													REP.							
A	1	1	1	1	1		2	2	2	1		3	4	2	3	2		1	1	
4Q	'	'	'	'	'		'	'	'	'		'	'	'	'		'	'		

nothing so good for the youthful blood,  
Or sweet as the sparkling water.

7G													REP.							
B												1								
4Q	1	1	1	1	5		5	5	5	5		5	5	5	5		4	4	5	5

2. Better than gold, is the water cold,  
From the crystal fountains flowing,  
A calm delight, both day and night,  
To happy homes bestowing.

3. Sorrow has fled from the heart that bled,  
 Of the weeping wife and mother;  
 They've given up the poisoned cup,  
 Son, husband, daughter, brother.

---

OLD HODGE.—A FABLE.

Old Hodge one night, at Carlo's bar,  
 Had got, in classic parlance, "tight,"  
 When, as he homeward made his tracks,  
 He heard the "Voices of the Night."

As with a quite uncertain step,  
 Unto a mill pond's brink he came,  
 Where old king Bullfrog held his court,  
 He thought he heard one call his name:

"Old Hodge, old Hodge!" he stopp'd and gaz'd,  
 Till goblins seemed to fill the dark;  
 And Hodge, though brave, was rather scared.  
 "What's that?" he said, "what's that? O  
 hark!"

    'Old Hodge got drunk!  
     Old Hodge got drunk!  
     Drunk, drunk, drunk!"

"You lie, you lie!" said Hodge, "*you lie!*"  
 A deep voice answered, "Nevermore!"  
 And Hodge thought Nick himself was near,  
 Among the bushes on the shore.

So thinking it was best to run,  
 He started like a railroad car;  
 But horrid shapes now thronged his path,  
 And voices shouted near and far,  
     "Old Hodge got drunk!  
     Old Hodge got drunk!  
     Drunk drunk, drunk!"

From the UNIVERSAL MUSICIAN.

4g	
A	1 1 1 1   1 1 1   2 3- 2   1 R   2 2 2 2   2 2 2
2c	’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’
	’T is a lesson you should heed, Try, try again; If at first you do n't succeed,
4g	
B	1 1 1 1   1 1 1     1 R
2c	’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ 5 5- 5 5 5 5 5 5 5
	’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’

4g		1		1
A	3 5- 4   3 R   1 3 5 ’   5 3 1   1 3 5 ’			
2c	’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’			
	Try, try again; Then your courage should appear, For, if you will			
4g				
B	1 1- 1   1 R   1 1 1 1   1 1 1   1 1 1 1			
2c	’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’			

4g		1		1		1
A	5 3 1   ’ 5 3 1   3 5   5 6- 7   R					
2c	’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’					
	persevere, You will conquer—never fear— Try, try again.					
4g						
B	1 1 1   1 1 1 1   1 1 1   5 5- 5   1 R					
2c	’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ 5- 5					
	’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’					

2. Once or twice, tho' you should fail,  
     Try, try again;  
 If at last you would prevail,  
     Try, try again;  
 If we strive 't is no disgrace,  
 Tho' we may not win the race;  
 What should you do in that case?  
     Try, try again.

3. If you find your luck is hard,  
    Try, try again;  
Time will bring you your reward,  
    Try, try again;  
All that other folks can do,  
Why, with patience, may not you?  
Only keep this rule in view,  
    Try, try again.

---

### GENTLE WORDS.

Use gentle words, for who can tell  
    The blessings they impart?  
How oft they fall (as manna fell)  
    On some nigh-fainting heart.

In lonely wilds, by light-winged birds,  
    Rare seeds have oft been sown:  
And hope has sprung from gentle words,  
    Where only griefs had grown.

---

“Come in, Joe, and let’s take a drink.”

“Thank ye, Thomas, can ’t afford it.”

“Well, but I ’ll pay for it.”

“O, I ’m not speaking of the money.”

“What then?”

“Loss of health and energy; for I tell you what it is, Thomas, I find it up hill business to work steady under liquor; it does well enough for half an hour, and then I get lazy and moody, want more, and become reckless; and that’s why I can ’t afford it—so here ’s home to dinner.”

THE TEMPERANCE SHIP.

1G 1- 1 1 1 1 1

D	R	5-	6	5	4	3					5	5-
4Q	'											

1G 1-

C	R	5-	6	5	4	3	3	4	3	4	2	3-	5
4Q	'												

Speed, speed the temp'rance ship!  
 Ye winds fill ev'ry sail; Be-  
 Speed, speed the temp'rance ship!  
 Who joins us in the cry? Moth-

1G 1- .1- 3

A	R	5-	6	5	4	3	5	6	5	6	7	
4Q	'											

1G 1-

B	R	5-	6	5	4	3	1	1	3	1	5	.1-	1
4Q	'												

1G 1 1 2 2 3 2 1

D	7-	'	7		7-	'					7	6	7-	5
4Q														

1G

C	5-	5	5	3	5-	5	5	5	s4	4	2	2	.2-	3
4Q	'													

hold her sailing on the deep,  
 Outsiding ev'ry gale: The  
 ers and children cease to weep,  
 Our ship is passing by: We

1G 2- 1 2 3 2-

A	'			7	5	5	7	6	5	s4	.5-	5
4Q												

1G

B	5-	5	5	1	5-	5	5	5	2	2	2	2	1
4Q	'												

.5-

# THE TEMPERANCE SHIP. CONTINUED. 71

1G	1 1 1		1 2 1	1		
D	5	5 5 5	7	7 6 5 4 5		
4Q				’ ’ ’ ’		
1G						
C	3 3 4 3 4 5	3 3 3 5	5 6 5 5	4 3 2		
4Q	’ ’ ’ ’					
<p style="text-align: center;">the tempest's fury she outlives,                  And hosts of deathless beings saves.                  wish to take you all on board,                  A freight of mercy to the Lord.</p>						
1G	1		1 1 1 1	1 2 3 2 1		
A	5 6 5 6 7		7	’ ’ 7 6 5		
4Q	’ ’ ’ ’			’ ’		
1G						
B	3 1 4 3 4 2	1 1 1 1	5 4 2 1	2 2		
4Q	’ ’ ’ ’					5

1G		1 .1 .1-1 2 1				
D	5	5 5 5 5	5	’ 7 6 5	.5.5	:5
4Q				’		
1G						
C	3	3 4 5 5	3 4 5 .6	.6-5	4 5 6 4	.3.2  :3
4Q		’ ’				
<p style="text-align: center;">The tempest's fury she outbraves,                  And hosts of deathless beings saves.                  We wish to take you all on board,                  A freight of mercy to the Lord.</p>						
1G	1 2 3 2	-1 2 3 .4 .4-3 4 3 2 1	1			:1
A	5	7 ’ ’ ’		’ ’ ’ ’ ’ 7 ’ 6	.5.7	
4Q		’		’ ’	’ ’	’ ’
1G						
B	1	1 1 1	3 1 .4 .4-1		1 4 2	.5  :1
4Q	7				7	.5

3. Speed, speed the temp'rance ship!  
 For her we 'll ever pray:  
 'T is Israel's God alone can keep  
 In safety, night and day:  
 On him we 'll evermore depend,  
 Who is the contrite sinner's friend.

4. Speed, speed the temp'rance ship!  
 Ye young and aged shout;  
 Behold her sailing o'er the deep,  
 With all her streamers out,  
 Bound for the tee-total shore,  
 Where streams of death are drank no more.

---

## SIGNING THE PLEDGE.

By PHEBE CAREY.

TUNE—*Wandering Boy.*

Nay, come not to me with your pledges, before  
 You have pledged yourself never to drink any  
 more;  
 For I care not what else you may think or  
 may do,  
 You must turn from the wine-cup, or I will  
 from you.

You can "love me as well and as truly," you  
 say:  
 If you can, I can 't "honor, respect and obey:"  
 I might think all your words and your wishes  
 a joke,  
 If in sober earnest not always you spoke.

## SIGNING THE PLEDGE. CONTINUED. 73

If my eyes are not brighter to you than the  
foam  
Of the wine-cup, I never can gladden your  
home;  
And the lip that to me its devotion would  
prove,  
Must only be sweet with the red wine of love.

And you smile, do you, Harry? You 'll come  
to repent,  
For I tell you it is n't like me to relent;  
I never will like you, I 'll never forgive,  
And I never will have you so long as I live!

You may do almost anything else that you  
please;  
You may even get angry, may scold, or may  
tease;  
You may smoke till you 're lost in the clouds,  
if you won't;  
You may chew if you choose, and I 'll never  
say do n't.

You may go out and spend pleasant evenings  
from home,  
And I 'll never look sullen nor cross when  
you come;  
Only always remember I 'm waiting—and then  
I 'd rather you 'd be back as early as ten.

And you won't sign the pledge, Harry! what  
shall I do?  
For I think you love me, and I know I love  
you.  
"You are right, but, dear Mary, you urge me  
in vain;  
For I signed the pledge last night, and shan't  
do it again!"

5g												
A	1	1	2	5	4	6	5	5	6	6	5	4 .3 1
3c	7	'		'	'			'	'			
<p>Loud let the song of praise arise, Praise to the God of grace; Drunk</p>												
5g												
B	1			1	2	2		1				.1 1
3c	5	5	5		'	'	5		4	4	5	5 .1

5g												
A		1	2	5	4	6	5	5	5	4	3	2 .1
3c	7	'		'	'			'	'			
<p>ards are brought his name to prize, And love to seek his face.</p>												
5g												
B				1	2	2		1	1			.1
3c	5	5	5		'	'	5		'	4	5	5 .1

2..Praise to the Lord, from earth and skies,  
The loud hosannahs ring;  
Round the whole earth the echo flies,  
And ransom'd drunkards sing.

3. Pledg'd by a word, the word "abstain,"  
Their souls to freedom rise;  
Now loos'd from Satan's galling chain,  
They 're bound by noble ties.

4. Life to the dead! let men rejoice,  
Life to the dead is given;  
Let praise be sung by every voice,  
The drunkard's chain is riven.

TUNE—*Temperance Ship.*

Praise to the Lord on high,  
Who spreads his triumphs wide,  
While temp'rance (ever blessed cause,)  
Is urged on every side :  
Balmy and rich its odors rise,  
To fill each realm beneath the skies.

Ten thousand dying men  
Its influence feel, and live;  
Sweet as the purest atmosphere,  
The incense they receive;  
They breathe anew—to God they bring  
Their thanks thro' Christ, their conq'ring  
king.

Let all receive the grace,  
Which brings each blessing nigh;  
Nor one reject, lest, in disgrace,  
He faint, and fall, and die;  
Ye temp'rance men, their doom deplore,  
For O, they fall to rise no more.

O, may I e'er be kept  
From wine's destructive bowl;  
That wily foe, which seeks to kill  
My body and my soul:  
Saviour, with aid divine, anew,  
I bid its touch a last adieu.

---

Gold dust is hurtful to the eyes; and however beneficial some kinds of glasses may be, it is a fixed fact that brandy glasses are dangerous, distorting vision and destroying sight.











# YE SONS OF TEMPERANCE. CONTINUED. 81

6G	( )		( )							
A	.5	5-2	F3-1	.2 R-5	.5	5-2	3-1	.2 R		
4Q	'	"	'	"	'	'	"	"	"	
	arms! to arms! ye brave;				Your wives and children save.					
6G	( )		( )							
B	.5	5-2	F3-1	R	5	.5	5-2	3-1	R	
4Q	'	"	'	"	.5	'	'	"	"	.5

6G	♩	CHORUS.	( )		( )					
A	.1-1	.3-3	.4 5 6	.2 R 6	.5	5-3 4-2 .1-				
4Q	5					'	"	"	"	
	March on, march on, all hearts resolved				On vict'ry with the brave.					
6G	♩	( )		( )						
B	1 .1-1 .1-1		( )	R						
4Q		'	F7	.6 3 4	.5	4	.5	5-5	5-5	.1-
		'				'	"	"	"	

## THE DYING DRUNKARD.

TUNE—*The Welcome.*

1. Stretched on a heap of straw—his bed,  
The dying drunkard lies;  
His joyless wife supports his head,  
And to console him tries.
2. His weeping children's love would ease  
His spirit, but in vain:  
Their ill-paid love destroys his peace;  
He'll never smile again.
3. His boon companions, where are they,  
Who shar'd his heart and bowl?  
They come not nigh, to charm away  
The horrors from his soul.

TUNE—*Sparkling Rill.*

1. There 's light on the drunkard's mind,  
 There 's hope in the drunkard's heart,  
 For the pledge he now hath signed,  
 And he feels his life-pulse start.  
 Like an eagle bound, his soul  
 For sweet freedom long has pined;  
 But loose, he now seeks the gaol,  
 And leaves all his chains behind.
  
2. Once more by his side, his wife  
 And his smiling children stand.  
 Now see how happy is life—  
 Kind friends now grasp his hand;  
 And mark with what sweet surprise  
 The thousands throughout our land,  
 Of the great, the good, the wise,  
 Around the happy man stand.
  
3. Let rumsellers on him frown,  
 Or avarice seek his gold:  
 The accursing thirst must down  
 Before the humane and bold.  
 No more with the poison spell  
 Will he craze his fevered brain;  
 For he knows its slavery well,  
 And values aright his gain.
  
4. Then take the cold water pledge,  
 There 's might in its magic spell;  
 For the war it loves to wage,  
 To a victory shall swell.  
 Yes, the living, hopeless death  
 Soon before its life must flee,  
 And the captives draw the breath  
 Of peace and liberty.

# THE WELCOME. C. M. A. D. F. 83

5G	A	5 3	2	1	3 4	3	2	2 3	4	5	84 .5	5
	30	’	’		’	’		’	’			
		A welcome, brothers, from each heart,										
	5G	A welcome deep and strong, We										
	B	1 1		1		1		1	1	2		1
	30	’	5	6	4	1	5	5	’	7		.5
			’		’	’				’		

5G	A	3	2	1	3 4	3	2	5 5	5	6	6 .5	5 5	3	1	2 .1
	30	’	’	’	’	’		’	’			’	’		
		now in earnest faith impart, Thro’ the true													
	5G	voice of song, Thro’ the true voice of song.													
	B	1		1		1		R .R=	. R	1 1	1	1	.1		
	30	’	5	6	4	1	5			’	’	4	5	.1	
			’		’										

2. Our motto is "Humanity,  
Progress and Temperance."  
These single and unitedly,  
Our efforts must advance.
  
3. A welcome, then, to every heart  
That makes our cause its own,  
New efforts shall new strength impart,  
And vict'ry shall be won.

---

The use of alcoholic beverages costs the United States, directly, in ten years, \$120,000,000; has burnt or otherwise destroyed \$5,000,000 worth of property; has destroyed 300,000 lives; sent 250,000 to prison, and 100,000 children to the poor house; caused 1,500 murders, and 5,000 suicides; and has bequeathed to the country 1,000,000 orphan children.



# COME TO THE GROVE. CONTINUED. 85

G4	—																				
D	2	5	5	5		5	R		5	5	5	5		5	5	4		3			
2Q	,	,	,	,		,	,		,	,	,	,		,	,						
	come to the grove? Will you, will you come to the grove?																				
4G																					
C						1	R		1	1	1	1							1		
2Q	7	7	7			,	,		,	,	,	7	7	7							
		,	,							,	,	,		,	,						
	come to the place? Will you, will you come to the place?																				
4G	—																				
A	5	4	4	4		3	R		5	6	4	5		2	2		1				
2Q	,	,	,	,		,	,		,	,	,	,		,	,						
	come to the spring? Will you, will you come to the spring?																				
4G																					
B						1	R		1	2	3	4		5						1	
2Q	5	5	5			,	,		,	,	,	5	5								
		,	,							,	,	,		,	,						

## THE TRUMPET.

TUNE—*Wandering Boy.*

1. The trumpet is sounding with notes full and clear,  
To warn all the nations that danger is near;  
The monster, Intemp'rance, is wasting our land,  
Ten thousand are conquered, and fall by his hand.
  
2. But the bright flag of Temp'rance is raised to the sky,  
Her hosts are determined to conquer or die;  
That earth may be freed from this curse to our race,  
And the soul-cheering cause of Temp'rance embrace.



## THE RUDDY WINE. CONTINUED. 87

4g	(														
C	.1-	1	2	3-4	3	3	3-4	3	1		1	1	.1-		
4q	7	,	,	,	,	,	,	7	,	,	7	,	7		
4g															
A	.3	2	3	4	5-6	5	5-6	5	3	2	3	4	3	2	.1-
4q	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,
	secure Yet ruin, both to thee and thine, May in the end be sure.														
4g															
B															
	1	2-1	1	1-1	1	3	4	1	5	.1-					
4q	.5-	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	5

2. Think not that thy example will  
 Be harmless or unknown,  
 For thousands may its influence feel,  
 And by it be undone;  
 As smitten by the viper's sting,  
 Or adder in the path,  
 Till horrors like destruction's wing,  
 Lead to eternal wrath.

3. Look not upon the ruddy wine,  
 That sparkles in the glass,  
 But let example round thee shine,  
 To men of every class.  
 In favor of that noble cause  
 Which needs thy hand and zeal,  
 In favor of the injured laws  
 Thy influence may heal.

---

Young man, if you should see a person digging in a snowdrift, with the expectation of finding valuable ore, you would say at once that he was beside himself; but in what respect does this man differ from you, while you sow the seeds of dissipation in your youth, and expect the fruits of old age will be a good constitution and holy principles?



4. Joy, joy, bright as the morning,  
Now, now, on me will pour,  
Hope, hope, sweetly is dawning,  
Now I'll not drink any more;  
No, no, oh no,  
Now I'll not drink any more.
- 

## COLD WATER ARMY.

TUNE—*Cottage Home.*

1. With banner and with badge we come,  
An army true and strong,  
To fight against the hosts of rum,  
And this shall be our song:  
Clear cold water, supplied in genial  
showers,  
We feel the strength cold water gives,  
the victory is ours.
2. "Cold water army" is our name,  
O may we faithful be,  
And so in truth and justice claim  
The blessings of the free.  
Clear cold water, &c.
3. Though others love their rum and wines,  
And drink till they are mad,  
To water we will still incline,  
To make us strong and glad.  
Clear cold water, &c.
4. I pledge to thee this hand of mine,  
In faith and friendship strong;  
And fellow soldiers, we will join  
The chorus of our song.  
Clear cold water, &c.

4G

C	1 1	1	3	3 3-	1	3 3	2	1		1-	R
23q	'	'	'		'	'		7			
4G	2			1-						'	REP.

A

A	1 3	3	5	5		3	5 5	4	3	2	1-	R
23q	'	'	'		'	'		'				

A beacon has been lighted,  
 Bright as the noonday sun;  
 On worlds of mind benighted,  
 Its rays are pouring down.

4G

B	1 1	1	1	1 1-	1	1 1					1-	R
23q	'	'	'		'	4	5	5				

Dismay'd has shrunk in terror,  
 Before the lighted flame.

4G

C	1 2	2	2	2 3-	1	3 1	2	3	3	1	R
23q	'	'	'		'	'	'	'		'	7-
4G				1-				1-			REP. 1s.

A

A	5 7	7	5	6	7		3	5 3	4	5	'	5	3 2-	R
23q	'	'	'	'	'		'	'	'	'	'	'		

Full many a shrine of error, And many a deed of shame,

4G

B							1-	1	1 1	1	1	1	1	R
33q	5	5	5	5	5		'	'			'	5-		

2. Intemperance has foundered,  
 The demon gasps for breath;  
 His rapid march is downward,  
 To everlasting death.  
 Old age and youth united,  
 His works have prostrate hurled,  
 And soon himself, affrighted,  
 Shall hurry from this world.



5G											
D	3 3- 2										
2q	5	5-	4	3	3	5	5	5	4	3	' "
		' "	' "				' "	' "			
5G	?										
A	3	3-	2	1	1	2	2	3-	2	1	5 5- 4
2q	' "	' "				' "	' "			' "	' "
5G	?										
B	1	1	1	1			1	1	1 1		
2q	5 5										

5G												
D	1	1 1- 2   3 3										
2q	5	4-	3	4	5	.3	' "					
		' "	' "	' "	' "	' "						
5G												
A	3	3	2-	1	2-	3	.1	3 3- 4   5 5	REP.			
2q	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "				
5G												
B	1	1	1 1   1 1									
2q	5 5 .1											

5G												
D	4	4	3-	2	1	1 1- 2   3 3   4 4   .3						
2q	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	REP. 1 & 2s.			
5G												
A	6	6	5-	4	3	3 3- 4   5 5   6 6   .5						
2q	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "				
5G												
B	1 1   1 1   1 1   .1											
2q	4	4	4 4									

TUNE—*Greenville.*

1. Hark! o'er hill and dale is swelling  
     One rejoicing general song;  
 Triumph of fair Temp'rance telling.  
     On the breeze 't is borne along;  
 Happy wives and joyous children  
     Still the cheerful strain prolong.
  
2. We would lend our feeble voices  
     On Columbia's favor'd shore;  
 For our ev'ry heart rejoices,  
     And our tongues shall not give o'er;  
 What tho' few and weak our number,  
     If it make our efforts more?
  
3. Over every land and nation,  
     Has her banner wide been flung,  
 Men of every clime and station  
     Have the praise of temp'rance sung:  
 All have felt her happy influence,  
     Poor and wealthy—old and young.
  
4. Friends of temp'rance, be not sleeping,  
     Swiftly tread your glorious way;  
 Famish'd children—mothers weeping,  
     Call on you to haste the day  
 When o'er all the wide creation,  
     Temp'rance shall her scepter sway.
  
5. Lord, to thee the praise we render,  
     For the good that has been done;  
 Thou hast made the conscience tender,  
     Thou hast softened hearts of stone;  
 Still assist us in our labor,  
     For we trust in thee alone.



TUNE—*Beacon Light.*

1. From morning's golden portals,  
To evening's setting sun,  
Columbia's erring mortals  
Have bowed the knee to rum;  
From the Atlantic Ocean,  
Across the western plain,  
There's been a great devotion  
To hug the drunkard's chain.
2. What though the summer breezes  
Blow soft o'er southern lands,  
Rough northern prospect pleases,  
And cheers the heart of man;  
In vain with lavish kindness,  
The gifts of God are strown,  
So long as men, in blindness,  
Bow down to common Rum.
3. Can we who've seen the evil  
Of drinking wine and beer,  
Can we, for drunkards fearful,  
Restrain the falling tear?  
Cold water, O, cold water!  
The joyful words proclaim,  
Till tiplers all have sought her,  
And washed away their shame.
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, the story,  
And you proclaimers go;  
Let none be left abiding  
The drunkard's deeper woe.  
O, make the soul now joyful  
That has been sad so long;  
Till drunkards break the bottle,  
And join the temp'rance song.



# THE ORPHAN'S SOLILOQUY.

97

By D. E. HUNTER.

TUNE.—*The Welcome.*

1. The morn of life with me is hard,  
My heart it fain would rend ;  
I wildly cast my eyes around,  
And ask, have I a friend ?
2. My father once was kind and good,  
But when the bowl he spied,  
He looked, he longed—and, O, he drank  
The fatal drop, and died.
3. 'T is now long since he passed unto  
That life which hath no end,  
And left me here alone, to ask  
The "cold world" for a friend.
4. My mother—where, oh, where is she?  
The willows o'er her bend;  
And while I weep upon her tomb,  
I ask, have I a friend?
5. No mother's kiss, no father's care,  
Shall e'er be mine again;  
I only can, with streaming eyes,  
Ask have I yet a friend?
6. But now to God, who rules on high,  
My prayers shall e'er ascend;  
For he will hear an orphan boy,  
And be his dearest friend.
7. Then to the world I 'll look no more  
For pity to descend;  
Though once an orphan wanderer  
Yet now I have a friend.



2. Hear your wives and children plead,  
Hear the Gospel intercede.  
Helpless drunkards, hither fly!  
Touch not, taste not, or you die.  
See, the dying drunkard goes,  
Draining draughts of bitterest woes:  
List, then, to the simple strain,  
Hear the word of hope, ABSTAIN.
- 

## OUR ANCESTORS.

TUNE—*Louisville.*

1. Our hardy ancestors of yore,  
Came o'er the foaming wave,  
Where they have gathered bright renown,  
As bravest of the brave.  
Oh, never should we forget our sires,  
Wherever we may be;  
They bravely won a gallant name,  
As warriors of the free.
  
2. What though our power is stronger now  
Than it was wont to be,  
When boldly forth our fathers sailed,  
Across the stormy sea;  
We still will sing their deeds of fame  
In thrilling harmony;  
And we will raise a gallant name,  
As children of the free.

From the SACRED HARMONICON.

2G

D	5 5	5 5	5 5	5 5	5 5	3-	3 5 3	6 5 5
2Q		9 9 9 9				9	9 9 9 9	9 9

2G

C	3 3	2 2	3 3 3 2	3 3	1-	1 1 1	1 4 3
2Q		9 9 9 9			9	9 9 9 9	9 9

Onward, onward, onward, band victorious,  
Rear the temp'rance banner high.

2G

A	1 1	1 1 1	1 1	1
2Q		9 9 9 7		9 9 9 9 9 9

2G

B	1 1	5 5	1 1 3 5	1 1	1-	1 1 1	4 5 1
2Q		9 9 9 9			9	9 9 9 9 9 9	

2G

D	R 7 9 9	7 7	R 7 9 9	7 7	.R
2Q	9 9		9 9		

The temp'rance banner, the temp'rance banner,

2G

C	.R	R 7 7 6	7 7	R 7 7 6	7 7
2Q		9 9 9 9		9 9 9 9	

The temp'rance banner, the temp'rance banner;

2G

A	R 9 9 9		R 9 9 9		.R
2Q	9		9		

The temp'rance banner, the temp'rance banner,

2G

B	.R	R 5 5 2	5 5	R 5 5 2	5 5
2Q		9 9 9 9		9 9 9 9	

# SONG OF TRIUMPH. CONTINUED. 101

<b>2G</b>	<b>1- 1 1</b>	<b>1 1 1</b>
<b>D</b>	’ ’ ’ <b>6 5 5 .5   </b>	’ <b>5 5 4 3 3 </b>
<b>2Q</b>	’	’ ’ ’
<b>2G</b>		
<b>C</b>	<b>3- 3 4 4 3 2 .3   3 3 3 2 1</b>	<b> 1 1 </b>
<b>2Q</b>	’ ’ ’ ’	’ ’ ’ <b>7</b> ’
Rear the temp’rance banner high, Thus far hath your course been glorious:		
<b>2G</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>.1</b>
<b>A</b>	<b>5- 5 6 7  7 </b>	<b>  5 5 5 4 3 2 1 1 </b>
<b>2Q</b>	’ ’ ’ ’	’ ’ ’ ’
<b>2G</b>		
<b>B</b>	<b>1- 1 4 2 5</b>	<b> .1   1 1 1 1 1 1 1 </b>
<b>2Q</b>	’ ’ ’ ’ <b>5</b>	’ <b>7</b> ’ <b>5</b> ’

<b>2G</b>	<b>1 1</b>	
<b>D</b>	<b>5 ’ ’ 5 5 5 5 R 5 6 6 </b>	<b>5 3  R 5 6 6  </b>
<b>2Q</b>	’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’	’ ’ ’ ’
The day of triumph,		
<b>2G</b>		
<b>C</b>	<b>3 5 5 4 3 2 3  .R</b>	<b> R 1 1 2  3 3  </b>
<b>2Q</b>	’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’	’ ’ ’ ’
Now the day of triumph’s nigh, The day of triumph, the day of		
<b>2G</b>	<b>1 3 3 2 1</b>	<b>1 1 4 4 3 1 1 4 4</b>
<b>A</b>	’ ’ ’ ’  ’ <b>7</b>  R ’ ’ ’	R ’ ’ ’
<b>2Q</b>	’ ’	’
The day of triumph,		
<b>2G</b>	<b>1 1</b>	
<b>B</b>	<b>1 1 1 4 5 5 1  .R</b>	<b> R 1 3 5 </b>
<b>2Q</b>	’ ’ ’ ’ ’ <b>5</b>	’ ’ ’ ’

2g

D	5	3		R=	5	5=	6		5	5	.5	
---	---	---	--	----	---	----	---	--	---	---	----	--

2q

the day of triumph,

2g

C	R	1	1	2	3	3	3	3	4	5	4	3	2	.3	
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	----	--

2q

triumph, the day of triumph's nigh

2g

A	3	1			1	1=	1	1	.1						
---	---	---	--	--	---	----	---	---	----	--	--	--	--	--	--

2q

the day of triumph.

2g

B	R	1	3	5		'	1	1	2	3	4	5	5	.1	
---	---	---	---	---	--	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	----	--

2q

2g

D	.R		:R		:R		:R		:R		.R=	
---	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	-----	--

4q

2g

C			2	2	1		2=	1	4	2	.1		1	.1=	
---	--	--	---	---	---	--	----	---	---	---	----	--	---	-----	--

4q

Vice and error flee before you,  
As the darkness flies the sun;

2g

A	2	5	5	7	7	6	.5	.5	4=	3	6	4	.3	2=	1	.1=	
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	----	----	----	---	---	---	----	----	---	-----	--

4q

2g

B	.R		:R		:R		:R		:R		.R=	
---	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	----	--	-----	--

4q









## SONG OF TRIUMPH. CONTINUED. 107

2g	D 5 5 5- 5 5 5 5 5- 5 5 .6 .5 5- 5 5
2q	' '' ' '' ' ''
	shouts of victory, shouts of victory, shouts of victory.
2g	C 3 2 3- 3 3 3 2 3- 3 3 .4 .2 3- 3 3
2q	' '' ' '' ' ''
	shouts of victory, shouts of victory, shouts of victory.
2g	1 1- 1 1 1 1- 1 1 .1 1- 1 1
A	7 ' ''   7 ' ''    .7 ' '' .
2q	
	shouts of victory, shouts of victory, shouts of victory.
2g	B 3 5 1- 1 1 3 5 1- 1 1 .4 .5 1- 1 1
2q	' '' ' '' ' ''

## PRAISE FOR TEMPERANCE.

TUNE—*Sparkling Bowl.*

1. Let Temperance and her sons rejoice,  
     And be their praises loud and long;  
 Let every heart and every voice  
     Conspire to raise a joyful song.
  
2. And let the anthem rise to God,  
     Whose fav'ring mercies so abound,  
 And let his praises fly abroad,  
     The spacious universe around.
  
3. His children's prayer he deigns to grant,  
     He stays the progress of the foe;  
 And Temp'rance, like a cherish'd plant,  
     Beneath his fostering care shall grow.

1G	2				.1	3	2	1					
A	1	1	3	5		'	'		3	4		.5 5 5	
3Q												' '	
O say, can you see, on this bright dawning day What see The demon Intemp'rance we're driving away, And a													
1G					.1								
B	1	1	3	5		5	5		1	1	2		.5 5 5
3Q						'	'					' '	

1G	3-	2	1						1	1		REP.	
A		'			7-	6	7			5		3 1	
3Q							'						
proudly we hail, All these efforts so cheering; hap - pi - er dawn to mankind is ap - pearing.													
1G													
B	1-	1	1		5-	5	5		1	3	5		1 1
3Q		'					'						

1G	3	3	3	3	4	.5	4	3	2	2	3	.4	4	4
A	'	'				'	'					'	'	
3Q														
The vict'ry we'll gain, o'er the foe that has slain Him														
1G	1	1	1	1	1	.1								
B	'	'				5	5		5	5	5		.4 6 7	
3Q						'	'						' '	

1G	3-	2	1						1				
A		'			7-	6	7		3	4		.5	
3Q							'						
millions, who now in the grave low are lain.													
1G	1-								1				
B		5	1		5-	5	5		1	1	2		.5
3Q		'				'	'						

# STAR SPANGLED BANNER. CONTINUED. 109

**1G CHORUS. 1 1 1 1 1 1 2**

D	7	7						6	6		.5	7	7	
3q	'	'										'	'	

Then success to our cause! may it  
spread far and wide, With an

**1G**

C	5	5		5	5	5		4	4	4		4	5	4		3	2	5	5	
3q	'	'										'	'			'	'			

Then success so our cause! may it  
spread far and wide, With an

**1G**

A	5	5						6	6	6		'	'	'	'	'	'		7	5	5	
3q	'	'																	'	'		

Then success to our cause! may it  
spread far and wide, With an

**1G**

B	5	5		3	3	3		4	1	4	3		2	2	3	4		.5	5	5		
3q	'	'							'	'	'	'	'	'	'				'	'		

**1G 1- 1 2 .3- 3 1 1 1- 2 .1**

D		7	'	'					'	7				
3q		'												

impulse as end - less as Time's rolling tide.

**1G**

C	5-	5	5		.5-	5	5	3		5-	5	4		.3	
3q															

impulse as end - less as Time's rolling tide.

**1G 1- 2 3 4 .5- 5 3 1 3- 4 2 .1**

A		'	'	'					'					
3q														

impulse as end - less as Time's rolling tide.

**1G**

B	3-	5								5-	5	5		.1	
3q		'									'				

# 110 STAR SPANGLED BANNER. CONTINUED.

2. Already recede from the force of our arms,  
 The savage, the ruthless, the death-dealing foe;  
 Confusion, defeat, and a host of alarms,  
 Attend and pursue them wherever they go.  
 Then on to the fight! ere the sun sets to-night,  
 We all shall have cause to exult in our might.  
 Then success, &c.

3. Pursue them with sword, and pursue them with fire,  
 Lay upon the foul fiends and show them no quarter  
 We will make of their remnants a vast funeral pyre  
 That shall light the whole earth, from the field of  
 their slaughter.  
 No trace will we leave, for mankind to receive,  
 Of what has caused thousands of thousands to grieve  
 Then success, &c.

## ZION. 8s., 7s. & 4s. HASTINGS.

2G	1- 1 1	1 1 1								
D	' ''	5 5-''			5- 5 6 6 5 5 .5					
3c		'			' '' ' '					
2G	2									REP.
C	3- 3 3 1 3- 3 4 3 5- 5 4 4 3 2 .3									
3c	' ''	' ''			' '' ' '					
From the mountain top and valley, See the banner streaming high,										
2G		1-			1- 1 2 2 1 .1					
A	5- 5 5 3 ' 5 6 5 ' ''  ' ' 7									
3c	' ''				' ''					
While the Sons of Temp'rance rally, To the widow's lonely cry.										
2G	2									REP.
B	1- 1 1 1 1- 1 4 1 3- 3 4 4 5  .1									
3c	' ''	' ''			' '' ' ' 5					



# 112 WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

5G ♪ CHORUS.

C	3- 3- 3 1 3 3 1 1   2-2-   2 2 1 2 1 2   3-
23q	’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’
5G ♪	1
A	5- 5-   5 3 ’ 5 3 1   4-4-   4 2 3 4 3 2   5-
23q	’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’

O, dear, what can the matter be?  
Dear, dear, what can the matter be? O,

B	1- 1-   1 1 1 1 1 1         1-
23q	’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ 5-5- 5 5 5 5 5 5 ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’

5G

C	3-   3 1 3 3 1       1     B
23q	’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ 6 6 6 6 5 6 5 3- ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’
5G	1
A	5-   5 3 ’ 5 3 1   1 4 3 4 2   1-B
23q	’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ 6 ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’

dear, what can the matter be?  
What shall I do with my rum?

B	1-   1 1 1 1 1 1         1-B
23q	’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ 4 4 4 5 5 5 1- ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’

5G

A	5   5 3 4 5 3 4   5 3 ’ 5 3 1
23q	’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’

O, see the Maine Law boys are playing the dickens, The

5G

A	4 2 3 4 2 3   4 2 3 4 3 2   5 3 4 5 3 4
23q	’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’

night of confusion around us now thickens;  
Unless the rum business with

# WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE? 113

CONTINUED.

5G	1						REF. 1 & 28.					
A	5	3	'	5	3	1	1	4	3	4	2 1-R	
23Q	'	'		'	'	'	6	'	'	'	'	'

some of us quickens, We'll all have to cut with our rum.

2. I used to get rich through the toiling mechanic,  
 Who spent all his earnings in pleasures Satanic;  
 But now I confess I am in a great panic,  
 Because I can sell no more rum.  
 O, dear, &c.

3. My customers once to my bar-room were flocking—  
 Yes, some without coat, or a shoe, or a stocking—  
 But now, I declare it is really quite shocking,  
 I can not dispose of my rum.  
 O, dear, &c.

4. I once clothed in satin my wife and my daughter,  
 But now they wear calico; what is the matter?  
 They give up my rum for the sake of cold water!  
 O, what shall I do with my rum!  
 O, dear, &c.

5. I'll quit this hard business, for 't is of no use to me,  
 All a continual source of abuse to me; [me,  
 Good friends of Temp'rance I know will stick close to  
 Soon as I give up my rum.  
 O, dear, what can the matter be?  
 Dear, dear, what can the matter be?  
 Good bye, rum-drinking customers,  
 Now I will sell no more rum

---

Travelers relate that if a lion is met in the desert, it is sufficient to look steadily at him, and the beast turns away roaring from the eye of man! So we must do with the monster Intemperance, in the midst of the desert which he has created.

TUNE—*Wandering Boy.*

1. O, pity me, lady, I'm hungry and cold ;  
Should I all my sorrows to you now unfold,  
I'm sure your kind heart with compassion would  
    flame .  
O, my father's a drunkard ! *but I'm not to blame.*
2. My mother's declining, and soon will depart ;  
Her sorrows and trials have broken her heart.  
My poor little sisters are starving ! O, shame !  
Our father's a drunkard, *but we're not to blame.*
3. Time was we were happy, with plenty and peace,  
And every day saw our pleasures increase ;  
O, then with what pleasure we'd lisp forth his name ;  
But now he's a drunkard, *yet we're not to blame.*
4. Time was when each morning around the fireside,  
Our sire in the midst, like a saint would preside ;  
And kneel, and for blessings would call on God's name.  
But now he's a drunkard—*and we're not to blame.*
5. Our father then lov'd us, and all was delight,  
Until he partook of this withering b ight,  
And sunk his poor family in misery and shame.  
O, now he's a drunkard—*but we're not to blame.*
6. My poor dying mother, must she bear the scorn ?  
Must she be forsaken to perish forlorn ?  
O, grief, when we call her affectionate name,  
I might well ask the world *then, who is to blame ?*
7. My sisters, poor orphans ! O, what have they done ?  
Why should you neglect them, or why will you shun ?  
O, let not disgrace be attach'd to their name ;  
Tho' their father's a drunkard, *they are not to blame.*

---

 ALL HAIL. C. M.
TUNE—*The Welcome.*

1. All hail, power of abstinence !  
Let drunkards sound the call ;  
Bring forth the Washingtonian pledge,  
And let us sign it all.

2. Save, you who love the temp'rance cause,  
The tippler from his fate:  
Now is the time to stop his course,  
Before it is too late.
  
  3. O, save them from so dread an end,  
'T is duty to your God!  
And in the rescued drunkard's thanks,  
You'll find a sure reward.
- 

WORDS OF CHEER. 7s.

TUNE—*Hope.*

1. Welcome, brothers, welcome here!  
Cheerful are our hearts to day;  
Tell us, we would gladly hear  
How our cause speeds on its way.  
Brothers, sure the foe shall fall  
When we take our fathers' seats;  
Here we pledge us, one and all,  
We will drive him from our streets.
  
2. 'T is on us the work depends,  
On the young and rising race;  
And we'll try to make amends  
For our country's deep disgrace.  
Here we pledge ourselves anew,  
Not to touch the drunkard's drink;  
Proving faithful, proving true,  
We will make the demon shrink.

1a	1-										1-	1	2-1		
A	5 '	5	5	5 3	5	5	5 6	5	6	7		'	'	''7	6
2c	'	''	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

O, do not drink again, papa, O, do not  
drink again! You know 't will grieve my

1a		1	2-1								1-1	1	1	1	3	3	1
A	5	6	7	'		'	''	7	6 5-	5	'	''	'	'	'	'	'
2c	'	'	'			'	'	'									

poor mamma; Then do not drink again.  
O, come with me, my dear papa, O

1a	2-1		1	2-	2	2-2	2	2	4	2					1-1	3	2	1-		
A	'	''	7	'			'	'	''	'	'	'	'	7	5	'	''	'	'	
2c	'										'	'								

leave your drink and come, For I have told  
my poor mamma That I would bring you home.

2. The people here are swearing so,  
I do not like to stay;  
And poor mamma is sick you know,  
O come with me, I pray!  
I'm choking with the smoke, papa,  
O, see those cruel men  
Are fighting! let us go, papa—  
I would not drink again.
  
3. The house is cold at home, papa,  
And we have had no bread;  
And little Charlie, too, papa,  
I fear is almost dead.  
Then do not drink again, papa,  
O, do not drink again!  
You know 't will grieve my poor mamma,  
O, do not drink again.

4G	(1)	(2)									
A	5   .5	3 .6	5   5	4	3	3-	3	.3	1	4	3
6QR	,										

A glass, a glass, but not of sherry; For we without it

4G	(3)												
A	3	2	1	1-	1	.1	1	.1	1		1	1-	
6QR	,												

can be merry. Cold water makes us happy, very.

LIFE LET US CHERISH. J. H. AIKMAN.

TUNE—*Glorious Cause.*

1. Life let us cherish while yet the taper glows;  
 Touch not the deadly draught, or it will close.  
     The bird on water gaily sings,  
     His onward course he lightly wings;  
     The rose on water upward springs,  
     Let life be then as gay.
  
2. Hope let us cherish, while yet our life shall  
     last;  
 E'en till our life shall close, hope is not past.  
     The sun shall set at close of day,  
     The flowers in winter die away;  
     At morn and spring they are as gay;  
     Let hope be then as bright.
  
3. Joy let us cherish, till life with us is o'er,  
 But not the drunkard's joys, they mis'ry pour.  
     In vain the drunkard seeks for bliss,  
     This life to him deep sorrow is;  
     The next is worse, far worse than this.  
     Such joys we ne'er will seek.



3. "That's just the thing," says TIPPLE-MORE,  
 Rising from where he sat,  
 And trying to balance as he walked;  
 "That's right, I'll stick to that.  
 But then to drink too much—hic—that—  
 Hic—that I should despise."  
 "That's—hic—that's right," says TIPPLE-  
 ALL,  
 Who look'd more drunk than wise;
4. "Yes, that's the doctrine—hic," says he;  
 "Come, brother, join our band:  
 We'll take another glass on that,"  
 And seized him by the hand.  
 With blood-shot eyes and ragged clothes,  
 Then comes poor TIPPLE-ALL,  
 To join his brethren at the bar,  
 And for the liquor call.
5. "Is TIPPLE-A-LITTLE then your friend?"  
 Mr. TIPPLE-NONE replied;  
 "You see how all these tipplers range  
 Themselves upon your side.  
 'T is right they should, for one by one,  
 From grade to grade you fall,  
 'Till TIPPLE-A-LITTLE comes at last  
 To be Mr. TIPPLE-ALL.
6. "Yet each approves your arguments,  
 All say don't drink too much;  
 And ev'ry lane in Drunkendom  
 Is crowded full of such.  
 So let me caution all of you,  
 Ye tipplers, every one,  
 To take the only name that's safe,  
 And that is, TIPPLE-NONE."



## THE DRINK FOR ME. CONTINUED. 121

But there 's a cup of water pure,  
And he who drinks it may be sure  
Of health and length of days.  
O, that 's the cup for me, &c.

---

### THE BUBBLING SPRING. C. M.

TUNE—*Louisville.*

1. If one bright spot there is on earth,  
More lovely than the rest,  
One which fond nature, at her birth,  
With purest beauty blest:  
It is the place where some cool fount  
Its crystal waters fling!  
Mid rocks and flowers that hide the fount,  
Gushes the bubbling spring.
2. Tell me not of the sparkling bowl,  
That glows with red'ning fire;  
O, tell me not of the joy of soul  
The wine cup can inspire!  
A brighter glass, a purer joy,  
A healthier draught I sing:  
Pleasure that reason can enjoy—  
Health from the bubbling spring.
3. Then fill the glass with water bright,  
The nectar nature gave;  
Let faithful hearts round this unite,  
A bleeding world to save:  
For nought can soothe the woeful wound,  
And heal the viper's sting,  
But pure and healthful water, found  
Fresh in the bubbling spring.





5G

A	1	1	2	3	1	3	2	1	1	2	3	1		1	1	2	3
2Q	5	'	'	'	'	'	'	7	'	'	'	'	7	5	'	'	'
	,							,					,	,			

The friends of truth are rising up,  
Throughout our mighty nation, To put the liquor

5G

A	4	3	2	1				1	1		1					1	1
2Q	'	'	'	'	7	5	6	7	'	'	6-7	6	5	6	7	'	'
					,	,	,	,			,	,	,	,	,		

traffic down, And drive it from creation;  
King Alcohol's black flag too long Have

5G

A					—						1	1	1	2	1	1	
2Q	5-6	5	4	3	4	5	5	6-7	6	5	6	7	'	'	5	7	'
	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	

we been marching under. Now let us raise  
our battle-cry In tones of loudest thunder.

5G 2 ||1ST TIME. REP.||2D TIME.

D	5	5-	5	4-	5		5	5	5	5	3-		5	5	3	6	5	5-	
2Q	'		'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

5G 2 ||1ST TIME. REP.||2D TIME.

C	3	3-	3	4-	3		3	3	2	1	1-		3	3	3	4	5	3-	
2Q	'		'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

5G 2 ||1ST TIME. REP.||2D TIME. 1-

A	5	5-	5	6-	5		5	5	2	3	1-		5	5	5	6	7	
2Q	'		'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

Hurrah! Hurrah! For the Maine Liquor Law,  
For the Maine Liquor Law.

5G 2 ||1ST TIME. REP.||2D TIME.

B	1	1-	1	4-	1						1-		5	5	5	4	2	1-	
2Q	'		'	'	'	'	5	5	5	5			'	'	'	'	'	'	
							,	,	,	,									

2. We 've tried PERSUASION long enough,  
We 'll try it now no longer,  
It will not stop the traffic, and  
We now want something STRONGER,  
We 'll brand each villain with disgrace  
Who manufactures hog-slop,  
We 'll pour their poison on the ground,  
And close up every grog-shop;  
Hurrah, Hurrah!  
For the Maine Liquor Law!
3. Though some oppose our noble cause,  
We 've arguments invincible,  
Which never can be overthrown  
By men who have no principle;  
From East to West, from North to South,  
Our banner 's waving proudly.  
And Freedom's sons, and DAUGHTERS, too,  
Are shouting bravely, loudly  
Hurrah, Hurrah!  
For the Maine Liquor Law!
4. Arise, ye noble friends of truth,  
In every rank and station,  
And let us put the traffic down,  
And drive it from creation;  
Our banner 's waving to the breeze,  
Come, freemen, and march under,  
And let us raise our battle cry  
In tones of loudest thunder—  
Hurrah, Hurrah!  
For the Maine Liquor Law!

---

Be not among wine-bibbers, for the drunk-  
ard shall come to poverty.



# THE RUM BOTTLE. CONTINUED. 127

6G												REP. 1 & 2s.	
A	1	1	2	1	2	5	3	1	1				
3q	'	'	7				'	'	7	6	.5		
	And the days very rapid - ly flying a far.												
6G												REP. 1 & 2s.	
B													
3q	5	5	5	5	5	5	1	2	2	2	.5		

2. But still I persisted in going to meet them:  
 I only had motives of pleasure in view;  
 They pressed me so sorely, and said I must  
 treat them,

At length I contracted the appetite too.  
 Ah, well I remember the day of espousal,  
 The joy of my fair one I sadly did mar;  
 For first she discovered by that day's carousal,  
 I took of the bottle that stood in the bar.

3. My tenderest partner remonstrated strongly,  
 She feared I 'd become an inebriate vile:  
 I told her she judged of my character wrongly,  
 Possession of self I could keep all the while.  
 But soon I perceived her felicity's ruin,  
 My property wasting, my business ajar;  
 Yet, strange fascination! I went on pursuing  
 The ruinous bottle that stood in the bar.

4. The current intemp'rance now carried my  
 prospects  
 Before its dire ravages, wave after wave;  
 My partner and children an indigent aspect,  
 I, stagg'ring and bloated, king Alcohol's  
 slave.

My course to destruction I accelerated, [spar;  
 By drinking, and gambling, and many a  
 A vagrant, polluted, despised, and degraded,  
 And all for that bottle that stood in the bar.



AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY. CONTINUED. 129

2. Come on, ye lads and lasses,  
 Your young companions bring,  
 O, come in joyful masses;  
 Yes, come along, come along, sign the pledge  
 Come, fathers, too, and mothers,  
 Your sons and daughters bring;  
 Ye sisters, come, and brothers,  
 O, come along, come along, sign the pledge.  
 For what 's the use, &c.

3. In valley and on mountain,  
 How bright the waters spring,  
 From many a bubbling fountain!  
 Then come along, come along, sign the pledge.  
 Ye who repent your folly,  
 Come join us while we sing:  
 Away with melancholy;  
 O, come along, come along, sign the pledge.  
 For what 's the use, &c.

---

CITY LOAFER.

4g															
A	1		1	1	1	1	1	1		2-	1	1		2-	
2q	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

I'll sing you a modern ballad, made by a modern

4g																		
A	2	2		2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2		3-	2	1	2	
2q	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

pate, Of a ragged, rum-nosed vagabond,  
 Whose clothes were his es-

4g													
A	3-	3 3	3	3	3 3	3	3	3	3	3 4-	3	2	3
2q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

tate; He swaggered thro' the market house  
at an independent

4g													
A	4-4 4	4	4	4 4	4	4	4	4 5-	4	3	4 5-		
2q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	

rate, And often asked for charity  
at the wealthy merchant's gate,

4g													
A	1	1 1	'	7	6 6-	5	5 5	3	4	3	2 1-		
2q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	

Like a ragged, rum-nosed vagabond,  
all of the modern time.

2. His rags so thick, hung all around, like ribbons from  
a pole;  
His hat it lack'd a rim and crown, his shoes they lack'd  
a sole.  
He linger'd round the butchers' stalls, with tatter'd vest  
and hose;  
Or at a kitchen door he stood, and snuff'd his rum-red  
nose,  
Like a hungry, loafer vagabond, all of the modern time

3. When winter cold brought Christmas old, he left the  
butcher's stall,  
He liked the smell of beef—but cold he could not bear at  
all.  
At night he was a wanderer, and joined the midnight  
brawl  
Of restless spirits, black and white, who graced the watch-  
house hall—  
Like a homeless, shivering vagabond, all of the modern  
time.



2G							1	1	1-						P
C	7	6	5	4	3	5	7	R	7	3	3-3	.6	6-3	3-	
2C	,	,	,	,	,	,	,		,						

thus he yell'd, while almost froze :

2G	2	1					3	2	3	3	3-1	1-1	.1	1-	P
A	,	,	7	6	5		R	,	,	,				5	5-
2C			,	,	,										

2G															
B	5	5	2	2	5-	5	1	R	1	1-1	1-1	.4	4-1	1-	
2C	,	,	,	,		,	,		,						

2. His brow was dark, his eye beneath  
 Flashed with the maddening fire of death;  
 And like the voice of demon rung  
 The thrilling accents of his tongue:  
 Rumseller!

3. From happy homes had died the light,  
 The fires no more gleamed warm and bright:  
 The people all were snug in bed,  
 But started at that voice so dread—  
 Rumseller!

4. "Stranger, be still," an old man said,  
 As from the window glanced his head;  
 "The people all are fast asleep."  
 But roared that voice as from the deep—  
 Rumseller!

5. "Come in," a maiden said, "and rest;  
 You seem to be so much oppressed."  
 He only cast a lingering eye,  
 And louder yelled, without a sigh,  
 Rumseller!



There's a refuge can save the intemperate slave,  
 From the horror of death and the criminal's grave:  
 'T is the bright Star of Temperance, &c.

3. Thus the glorious morn to the nations shall come,  
 When none shall be slaves in the drunkard's dominion:  
 They shall rise, like the phoenix, from ashes and gloom,  
 And rejoice as they float on glad Hope's airy pinion;  
 Then prosper they must, for their cause is most just,  
 And will aid them in splendor to rise from the dust—  
 And the bright Star of Temperance, &c.

---

## SAW YE THE MAN?

By SAMUEL BEMAN.

TUNE—*Rum Bottle.*

1. O, saw ye the man who drinks rum, brandy, gin?  
 How red are his eyes, and his nose, cheeks and chin,  
 And the way that he talks, 't is a shame and a sin:  
 He's a poor, wretched man, who drinks rum, brandy,  
 gin.  
 At home, are a table, three chairs, a straw bed,  
 With a wife and six children, all crying for bread;  
 For you'll find in his cupboard no bread, meat, or pies,  
 But a plenty of mice with big tears in their eyes.
2. In the morning he drinks number one to begin,  
 Then takes an eye-opener of bitters and gin;  
 Then ticklers, and juleps, rum punch, and egg-nog,  
 'Till he 'll drink to the health of a crony, or dog;  
 He then will, perchance, tumble down in the gutter,  
 And there with the swine lie, and grumble and mutter;  
 But the best of the two is the swine, I should think,  
 For, though in the gutter, no rum does he drink.
3. When night overshadows the dwellings of men,  
 He 'll steal out to meet his base comrades again;  
 And when the moon shines on the city and plain,  
 It is easy to find where the drunkard has lain.  
 As the chap who's been caught in the act of sheep-  
 stealing,  
 Is led to the jail with a sheepish-like feeling,  
 This loafer with shame to his wife returns home—  
 For he's been out all night, drinking gin, brandy, rum.

TUNE—*Try Again.*

1. 'T is a lesson worth your care,  
     Take, take the pledge;  
 Ere the tempter spreads his snare,  
     Take, take the pledge;  
 For temptations here below,  
 Thick beset us as we go:  
 Would you crush them as you go?  
     Take, take the pledge.
  
2. When you see the mighty fall,  
     Take, take the pledge;  
 Dangers here beset us all,  
     Take, take the pledge;  
 Mightier men than you or I  
 Take the poison, and they die:  
 If you 'd make the monster fly,  
     Take, take the pledge.
  
3. Would you see intemp'rance cease?  
     Take, take the pledge.  
 Would you fill the world with peace?  
     Take, take the pledge.  
 "O, 't is silly," some will say:  
 Let them talk till they are gray;  
 Till they find a better way,  
     Take, take the pledge.
  
4. What though you may never drink?  
     Take, take the pledge.  
 Still you may before you think;  
     Take, take the pledge.  
 Many a sober boy has thought  
 He should never be a sot,  
 Till within the gulf he got.  
     Take, take the pledge.



2. Before all laws, in east or west,  
I love the temp'rance laws the best;  
They better days betoken.  
They harmless make the poison'd bowl,  
Bind up the wounded, and console  
The heart that 's almost broken.
  
3. Before all people, east or west,  
I love the temp'rance men the best:  
I love their noble spirit.  
In generous deeds, not words, they deal;  
They have at heart the poor man's weal;  
All praise their efforts merit.
  
4. To all the world I give my hand—  
My heart is with the noble band,  
Cold-water army brothers.  
God speed and prosper every plan  
That aims to bless poor sinful man,  
Both temp'rance and all others.

---

## THE LANDLORD'S PET.

TUNE—*Uncle Bill.*

1. I was once the pursy old landlord's pet,  
When I had money to spend;  
For I spent it in drink, and did verily think  
It never would come to an end.  
But now I 've nothing but rags to my back,  
And my boots won't hide my toes;  
While the crown of my hat goes flip, flip, flap,  
Just to keep the flies off my nose.

2. The landlord called me a decent fellow;  
And, O! but I was vain:

As he got my cash, and I got his trash,  
To soak my poor silly brain.

And now I 've nothing, &c.

3. But every thing has got an end,  
Some landlords' chalks have two;  
And the money which brought me such respect  
To the landlord's pocket flew.

And now I 've nothing, &c.

4. The landlord's coat is good broadcloth,  
And his pants no worse of the wear;  
But the landlord's coat was bought with my  
cash,

And so was his wife's false hair.

And now I 've nothing, &c.

5. But now I 've got a sprinkling of sense,  
I 'll sign the pledge to abstain;  
My hat for a football you may take,  
If I e'er touch their trash again.

For I fain would get some clothes to my back,  
And boots that will hide my toes;

And the crown of my hat no more go flip, flap,  
Nor rum discolor my nose.

---

The Maine Liquor Law is like a lobster.  
Let the rumsellers try it in front, and there is  
a pair of claws there. Let him try it on the  
right side, and there is a pair of claws there.  
There is another pair on the left side. There  
is also a pair behind! Poor fellow, this is the  
law from which there is no escape whatever!

TUNE—*The Welcome.*

1. "Hand me the bowl, ye jovial band,"  
He said, "'t will rouse my mirth."  
But conscience seized his trembling hand,  
And dashed the cup to earth.
2. He look'd around, he blush'd, he laugh'd,  
He sipped the sparkling wave;  
And in it read, who drinks this draught,  
Shall dig a murderer's grave.
3. He started up like one from sleep,  
And trembled for his life;  
He gazed, he saw his children weep,  
He saw his weeping wife.
4. In his deep dream he had not felt  
Their agonies and fears;  
But now he saw them as they knelt  
To plead with prayers and tears.
5. But the foul fiend her hateful spell  
Threw o'er his 'wilder'd mind:  
He saw in every hope a hell;  
He was to reason blind.
6. He grasped the bowl to seek relief;  
No more conscience said:  
His bosom friend was sunk in grief,  
His children begged for bread.
7. Through haunts of horror and of strife,  
He passed down life's dark tide;  
He cursed his children and his wife—  
He cursed his God, and died!



# THE BONNIE BOAT. CONTINUED. 141

<b>2G</b>	<b>1</b>		<b>1</b>			<b>1 2</b>
<b>A</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>'</b>	<b>5 5 5</b>	<b>'</b>	<b>5 5 5</b>	<b>6- 5 6 '   </b>
<b>2Q</b>	<b>'</b>	<b>'</b>	<b>'</b>	<b>'</b>	<b>'</b>	<b>'</b>
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,						
<b>2G</b>	The birds sweet music bore;					
<b>B</b>	<b>1</b>	<b> </b>	<b>1 1 1 1</b>	<b> </b>	<b>1 1 1 1</b>	<b>4- 1 4 1   5-   </b>
<b>2Q</b>	<b>'</b>	<b>'</b>	<b>'</b>	<b>'</b>	<b>'</b>	<b>'</b>

<b>2G</b>	<b>1 1 3</b>		<b>1 1</b>	
<b>A</b>	<b>'</b>	<b>'</b>	<b>' 6 '   5- "</b>	<b>5 3   2- 1 3 2   1-   </b>
<b>2Q</b>	<b>'</b>	<b>'</b>	<b>'</b>	<b>'</b>
<b>2G</b>	It stood a glory in its place, A blessing evermore!			
<b>B</b>	<b>1</b>	<b> </b>	<b>1 1 1 1   1- 1 1 1  </b>	<b>1-   </b>
<b>2Q</b>	<b>'</b>	<b>'</b>	<b>'</b>	<b>'</b>

2. A little spring had lost its way  
 Among the grass and fern;  
 A passing stranger scooped a well,  
 Where weary men might turn.  
 He walled it in, and hung with care  
 A ladle at the brink;  
 He thought not of the deed he did,  
 But judged that toil might drink.  
 He passed again, and lo! the well,  
 By summers never dried,  
 Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,  
 And saved a life beside!
  
3. A nameless man, amid the crowd  
 That thronged the daily mart,  
 Let fall a word of Hope and Love,  
 Unstudied from the heart;  
 A whisper on the tumult thrown,  
 A transitory breath—  
 It raised a brother from the dust,  
 It saved a soul from death.

O, germ! O, fount! O, word of love!  
 O, thought at random cast!  
 Ye were but little at the first,  
 But mighty at the last!

---

## YE SONS OF FREEDOM.

TUNE—*Ye Sons of Temperance.*

1. Ye sons of freedom, burst asunder  
 The chains that now your souls enthrall;  
 Come forth! no longer slumber under  
 The sway of tyrant Alcohol!  
 Your wives and children, deeply wailing,  
 With tears of anguish in their eyes,  
 Are calling on you to arise:  
 And shall their tears be unavailing?  
 Arise! be free, be free!  
 Break! break from bondage now!  
 To arms! to arms! and strike the blow  
 For life and liberty!
2. Hark! hark the trump of temp'rance ringing  
 Triumphantly from shore to shore—  
 Hark! hark to myriad voices singing,  
 "King Alcohol shall rule no more!"  
 Too long, too long his reign has lasted:  
 Dark reign of terror and despair,  
 Our blooming hopes and prospects fair,  
 Too long has fell intemp'rance blasted!  
 But now we're free! we're free!  
 The temp'rance battle's won:  
 We've hurled the tyrant from his throne!  
 Welcome, sweet liberty!

TEMPERANCE SONGS.—ROUND. 143

1g (1)	(2)	.1	1	1	1	1	(4)	
A	1	3 5	5  3	5		5	' '   5	5 .1

2g  
 (3)  
 Temperance songs I love to hear,  
 Ringing merrily, loud and clear.

WILD IS THE PATH.

TUNE—*Star Spangled Banner.*

1. O, wild is the path of the son of the sea,  
 Who launches his bark on the perilous tide;  
 But wilder by far is the reef-studded lee,  
 Where drunkards, 'mid billows of drunken-  
 ness ride.

O, fierce is the storm that the mariner braves,  
 'Mid thunders and lightnings, afar on the  
 foam;  
 But the storm of the land has more dangerous  
 waves,  
 Where drunkards 'mid billows of drunken-  
 ness roam.

2. O, hungry as death are the monsters that  
 prey  
 On the corpse of the sailor, far down in the  
 deep;  
 But hungrier still are the monsters who prey,  
 Where drunkards, 'mid billows of drunken-  
 ness creep.

O, God, save the sailor with heavenly force,  
 From drunkards and drunkenness keep him  
 afar;

O, steer him safe on in a temperance course,  
 By the mild cheering light of this bright  
 morning star.

# 144 MY SOUL IS FULL OF MUSIC. A. D. F.

From the UNIVERSAL MUSICIAN.

5G

C	1- 1 3- 3	4	3 3	3- 1- 1 3- 1	2	1	
3Q	’ ’	’ ’	’ ’	’ ’	’ ’	’ ’	.7
5G			1-				
A	1- 3 5- 3	6	5 5	1- 3 5- 3	4	3 .2	
3Q	’ ’	’ ’	’ ’	’ ’	’ ’	’ ’	

O, my soul is full of music,  
5G Pleading for the Temp'rance cause;

B	1- 1 1- 1	1	1 1	1- 1- 1			
3Q	’ ’	’ ’	’ ’	’ ’	5- 5	5 5	.5
					’	’	’

5G

C	1- 1 3- 3	4	3 3	3- 5- 4 3- 1	1	.1	
3Q	’ ’	’ ’	’ ’	’ ’	’ ’	’ ’	7
5G			1-				’
A	1- 3 5- 3	6	5 5	7- 6 5- 1	3	2 .1	
3Q	’ ’	’ ’	’ ’	’ ’	’ ’	’ ’	

When the people all are calling  
5G For the aid of Temp'rance laws.

B	1- 1 1- 1	1	1 1	1- 2- 2		.1	
3Q	’ ’	’ ’	’ ’	’ ’	5- 5	5 5	
					’	’	’

5G

C		1	2	3 4	3- 1- 1 1- 1	2	1	
3Q	7-7	7-	’ ’	’ ’	’ ’	’ ’	.7	
5G	’ ’							
A	2- 2 2- 3	4	5 6	5- 3- 3 3- 3	4	3 .2		
3Q	’ ’	’ ’	’ ’	’ ’	’ ’	’ ’		

See the hosts of rum and ruin,  
5G Marching in their mad career.

B			1	1- 1- 1 1- 1	1		
3Q	5- 5	5- 5	5 5	’ ’	’ ’	’ ’	.5
	’ ’	’ ’	’	’	’	’	



# 144 MY SOUL IS FULL OF MUSIC. A. D. F.

From the UNIVERSAL MUSICIAN.

5G	C	1-1 3-3	4	3 3	3-1-1 3-1	2	1	
3Q	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	.7
5G				1-				
5G	A	1-3 5-3	6	5 5	1-3 5-3	4	3 .2	
3Q	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	
	O, my soul is full of music, Pleading for the Temp'rance cause;							
5G	B	1-1 1-1	1	1 1	1-1-1			
3Q	9	9	9	9	9	5-5	5	5 .5
						9	9	9

5G	C	1-1 3-3	4	3 3	3-5-4 3-1	1	.1	
3Q	9	9	9	9	9	9	7	
5G				1-				
5G	A	1-3 5-3	6	5 5	7-6 5-1	3	2 .1	
3Q	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	
	When the people all are calling For the aid of Temp'rance laws.							
5G	B	1-1 1-1	1	1 1	1-2-2		.1	
3Q	9	9	9	9	9	5-5	5	5
						9	9	9

5G	C		1	2	3 4	3-1-1 1-1	2	1	
3Q	7-7	7-	9	9	9	9	9	9	.7
5G	9	9							
5G	A	2-2 2-3	4	5 6	5-3-3 3-3	4	3 .2		
3Q	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	
	See the hosts of rum and ruin, Marching in their mad career.								
5G	B				1	1-1-1 1-1	1		
3Q	5-5	5-5	5	5	9	9	7	9	.5
	9	9	9	9			9		





6g (1)	(2)	(3)	(4)
A 1	R    1 2 2   3 R    3 4   5 6 4    3 2 2   .1		
2c 5 3	, ,	, ,	, ,

Come, come, come, sing us a song:  
 One that's loud, but not very long.

---

## RENEWED IN STRENGTH.

By J. HUNT, Jr.

TUNE—*America's Freedom.*

1. Renewed in strength, the Temperance cause  
 Is borne aloft on healing wings;  
 And by its mild, attractive laws,  
 To thee, O God, the drunkard brings.
2. The grace which shines alike on all,  
 Unfolds to view the fearful fate  
 Which lies behind a drunkard's pall,  
 Or in his footsteps doth await.
3. Oh, may its now returning light  
 Continue o'er his path to beam,  
 Until the dark, foreboding night  
 Of drunken mirth is all a dream.
4. To thee, O God, this song we raise,  
 In prayerful trust that ne'er again  
 The drunkard may abandon ease,  
 To fire afresh his "throbbing brain."

THE ORPHAN'S APPEAL.

Words by F. A. B. SIMKINS.

5G  $\frown$  ?

A	1	2		3	3	3-	3		3	3	3-	4		5	3	1-	2		
2c	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9

My father once was bold and strong,  
 And brav'd life's voyage  
 But evil hands held to his lips The blasting "curse of

5G  $\frown$  ?

B	1	1		1	1	1-	1		1	1	1-	1							
2c	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	5	5	5-	5		

Then my mother was so happy,  
 And my own heart leap'd for

5G  $\frown$

A	3		3	3		5	4	4-	4		4	3	3-	3	
2c			9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9

well; How much he lov'd, how much belov'd, No  
 soul;" And, tempted over-much, he fell A

5G  $\frown$

B	1		1	1		1	1	1-	1		1	1	1-	1	
2c			9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9

joy; My own dear father smiled again, Up-

5G 1ST TIME.	REP.		2D TIME.	P										
A	3	2	2-	1		2		3	2	4-	2		1	
2c	9	9	9	9				9	9	9	9			

human tongue can tell. victim to the bowl.

5G 1ST TIME.	REP.		2D TIME.	P										
B					1									
2c	5	5	5-	5	5	5	5	5-	5	9	9	9	9	

on his darling boy.

THE ORPHAN'S APPEAL. CONTINUED. 149

5g													
A	1	2-	1	2	3	2	1	2-	1	2	3	2	5
2c	7	'	'	"	'	'	7	'	'	"	'	'	
5g	They came, kind friends, tho' strangers, To win my father o'er To												
B													
2c	5	5-	5	5	5	5	5	5	5-	5	5	5	5
		,	"	,	,	,	,	,	,	"	,	,	

5g													REP. 1 & 2s.			
A	5						3	3	3	2	1-			P		
2c	'	7	7	7	7	6	'	'	'	'	'	6	5			
		,	,	,	,	,						"				
5g	temp'rance, and he promis'd He would touch the bowl no more.												REP. 1 & 2s.			
B						1	1	1	1						P	
2c	5	5	5	5	5	'	'	'	'	5	6-	8	4	5		
	,	,	,	,	,					,	,	"				

2. Our cup of happiness was full—  
 Alas! too full to last:  
 Those blissful hours of dreaming joy  
 Like visions flitted past.  
 Where'er my father traced his steps,  
 The guileful cup was there:  
 Temptation overcame—  
 He drank "the chalice of despair."  
 O, to see him reeling come,  
 Once so loving, now so dumb!  
 It broke my own dear mother's heart:  
 The blighting, damning rum!  
 And he who once was kind and true,  
 Whose presence once would cheer;  
 Now made our home a demon's haunt,  
 And fill'd our hearts with fear.

3. Then she whom he had sworn to love,  
 His partner and his pride,  
 In meekness and in grief unspoken,  
 Bowed her head and died!  
 My father is in prison, while  
 The wretches who prepared  
 The potion that has placed him there,  
 By Christian laws are spared!  
 O, ye men of feeling hearts,  
 And of motives good and pure,  
 How can ye wink at crime so long?  
 Nay, how so much endure?  
 In God's own name, why seek ye not  
 To *hold and punish those*  
*Who deal the damning liquid out,*  
 And crime's great fountain close?
- 

## DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

TUNE—*Maine Law.*

1. Says Jonathan, now from this day  
 I will be independent;  
 And so my grog I'll throw away,  
 And that shall be the end on 't.  
 Clear the house of ~~all~~ such stuff,  
 It shan't be here so handy;  
 Sallie's thrown away her snuff,  
 So now here goes my brandy.
2. Our fathers, though a sturdy folk,  
 Were sometimes rather skittish;  
 And so they would n't wear the yoke  
 Brought over by the British.

## CONTINUED.

Although they fit and ran away,  
 Not one of them were cowards:  
 They lived to fight another day,  
 Right-facing General Howe-wards.

3. The tyrant that our fathers fought,  
 Was like poor Johnny Jump-up:  
 But there's a worse one to be caught  
 In bottle, jug, or wine-cup:  
 Often in a glass he shows  
 What he calls his body;  
 And often wades up to his nose,  
 In cider, beer, or toddy.

4. Sometimes he creeps up the slim  
 Stem of a very fine pipe,  
 And sometimes plunges for a swim  
 All over in a wine pipe;  
 But he's tickled most of all  
 When he hears the summons  
 Down his fav'rite pipes to crawl—  
 The guzzle pipes of rum 'uns.

5. And when he gets the upper hand,  
 This tyrant base and scurvy,  
 He strips a man of house and land,  
 And turns him topsy turvy;  
 With his fetters binds him fast,  
 Then scorns him in derision—  
 Lets him have, rent free, at last,  
 A poor house or a prison.

---

Friends of humanity, foes of iniquity, let  
 your words and actions speak truthfully.

5G																	
A		1-	2-		3-	R	5		5	6	5	5 4	3		3-	2	
23q	5						,	,	,	,	,	,	,				

Be gone, strong drink, I pray you begone from me;

5G																	
A		1-	2-		3-	R	4		3	3	2	1	2		1-	R	
23q	5						,		,	,	,	,					

Be gone, strong drink, With you I'll never agree;

5G																						
A	3		5	5	5	3		4	4	4	2		3	3	5	4	3		3	2		
23q	,		,		,		,		,		,		,		,		,					

Long time thou hast been tamp'ring here,  
And fain thou wouldst me kill;

5G																						
A		1	1	2	2		3	4	5	4		3	3	3	2	1	2		1-	R		
23q	5		,		,		,		,		,		,		,		,					

But I'm resolv'd, yes, I'm resolv'd,  
Thou never shalt have thy will.

2. Excess in drink is death at once, they say,  
And moderate drinking wears the life away.

A pledge we'll sign, a song we'll sing,  
And cheerfully pass the day:

For we hold it one of the wisest things  
To drive strong drink away.

3. Be gone, strong drink, I pray thee, be gone  
from me;

Be gone, strong drink, for I will ever be free.

Although there's witchery in thy smile,  
Thy smiles I will forego;

Thy palsied hand and falt'ring step  
Foreshadows care and woe.







5. And now in our once happy home  
 Do other children dwell;  
 But, O! the cause of all this woe,  
 'T is sad enough to tell;  
 For since our father lov'd strong drink,  
 And bore a drunkard's name,  
 His children suffer for his faults—  
 But him who *sells* we blame.
6. Hardship and grief made mother sick,  
 Though for our sakes she tried  
 To bear up under all her woes—  
 'T were vain: she droop'd and died.  
 She called us children to her side,  
 Bless'd us in Jesus' name:  
 She prayed that God should be our friend,  
 And said, "You 're not to blame."
- 

## BRING NOT THAT PLEDGE.

TUNE—*Strong Drink.*

1. Bring not that pledge, O, bring it not to me!  
 I will not sign away my liberty.  
 You now are bound in iron chains,  
 As strong as they can be;  
 If you will not now strong drink resign  
 You never can be free.
2. Bring not that pledge; though sad is my  
 disease,  
 I will not sign, I'll do just what I please.  
 Why will you please to take the way  
 That leads to dark despair?  
 When there's a road that leads to joy,  
 And this will bring you there.

3. Bring not that pledge, I can not now abstain;  
I will not sign, I know 't will be in vain.

O, no, for thousands worse than you

To alcohol enslaved, .

Have boldly come and signed this pledge;

And now behold them saved.

4. Then bring that pledge, O, bring it now to  
A solemn vow I take for liberty. [me:

Then welcome, welcome, we will shout,

A welcome fond and free;

Your soul shall overflow with joy,

You've gained your liberty.

---

## THE CAUSE IS BRIGHTENING.

TUNE—*Now Haste.*

1. Behold the Temp'rance cause is bright'ning!

Be of good cheer, our hearts are warm;

And to reform the poor inebriate,

We'll boldly brave king Alchy's storm.

O, lend, O, lend your aid, we'll onward

go, and soon you'll hear

The tyrant Rum is banished from the land.

2. Behold our Temp'rance friends are gath'ring,

The noble band now swells the throng;

And while the Temp'rance star is gleaming,

We'll gaily sing a Temp'rance song.

O, lend, O, lend, &c.

3. Behold the Maine Law banner floating,

'T is hail'd with joy o'er all the land:

For this, come now and join us voting,

And rally with a noble band.

O, lend, O, lend, &c.

1g	1-	1	3	1	.1	1	1	2	3	.2-	3	2	.1-				
A	5		'		6	5											
4q	z						1 TIME.REP.			2D TIME.							
We come with joy and gladness, To breathe our songs of praise; Nor let one note of sadness Be mingled with our lays.																	
B	1	1-	1	1	1	.4	4	4	3	3	2	1	.5-	5	5	.1	
4q	z	'					1 TIME.REP.			2D TIME.							
Our fathers' deeds of glory, Are echoed round the earth;																	

1g	2-	2	1	2	.3	3	3	4	3	2	.1~				
A	5		'						6		7				
4											REP. 18.				
For't is a hallow'd story, This theme of Freedom's birth.															
1g				.1	1	1					~				
B	5	5-	5	3	5				6	5	4	2	.5	5	
4q	'	'										REP. 18.			

2. But late a furious demon  
Has sought to bring us low,  
To take away our freedom,  
And spread disease and woe;  
But may our sons grow stronger,  
And drive him from our shore,  
And may his power no longer  
Oppress our nation sore.

3. And then shall sink the mountains  
Where his proud name was crown'd,  
And peace, like gentle fountains,  
Shall shed its blessings round:  
His wild and mad oppression  
Shall then have passed away,  
And man shall gain possession  
Of one eternal day.





Then count the cost of pleasures lost  
In drunken revelry;  
And say to the world, with your pledge unfurled,  
Give no more strong drink to me.

---

WATCHMAN, TELL US.

TUNE—*Hope.*

1. Speakers! tell us of the night,  
What the signs of Temperance are.  
Hearers, see that brilliant light:  
That is our tee-total star.  
Speakers, won't its beams decay,  
And Intemp'rance triumph yet?  
Hearers, mark what God does say:  
Nevermore that star shall set.
2. Speakers! tell us of the night!  
Upward still that star ascends.  
Hearers, rum, and oaths, and fight,  
All these now approach their end.  
Speakers, will the joy it gives  
Be confined to our blest land?  
Hearers, while a drunkard lives,  
It will never stay its hand.
3. Speakers! tell us of the night,  
For the light seems spreading on.  
Hearers, grog is put to flight;  
Reveling will soon be done.  
Speakers, onward! never cease:  
Take the drunkard to his home;  
Bless his family with peace!  
O! what glorious times have come.



2. That banner tells of sorrows past,  
Of hope that now prevails instead;  
Of grief when rum did bind men fast;  
Of joy, now that their foe is fled.  
No more that tyrant shall have sway,  
And ruin those who serve him best;  
Alluring men, till they obey  
Each fierce command, each stern behest.
3. It tells of comfort to the poor,  
Of peace and safety to the rich;  
It brings contentment to the door  
Where bitter strife and anguish dwelt.  
Forever be that flag displayed,  
Through all our country far and wide;  
Ne'er, Washingtonians be dismayed,  
But still uphold it, side by side.

---

O, SHUN THE BOWL.

TUNE—*Sparkling Bowl.*

1. O! shun the bowl! the draught beware,  
Whose smile but mocks the lips of men,  
When foaming high with waters rare!  
O! never touch the goblet then.
2. With friends we love, though sweet to sip  
The nectar'd juice at close of day;  
Yet trust ye not the syren lip  
That wins to cheat, and lures to slay.
3. O! shun the bowl, and thou shalt know  
A deeper spell than swims in wine;  
Though bright its hours of sunset glow,  
Their crimson clouds as briefly shine.

4. A few short days in madness past,  
And thou wilt sink unknown to years ;  
Without a hope beyond the blast,  
Which mourns above thy grave of tears.
5. O ! leave the bowl, if thou art wise—  
To shun the path of guilty fame,  
The burning rod where anguish lies,  
And perjured honor weeps for shame.
6. In after years some cheering ray  
From virtue's smile will o'er thee spread ;  
And thou wilt bless the better way,  
Thy erring steps were loath to tread.
7. O ! shun the bowl, as thou wouldst leave  
The poison'd spot where reptiles tread ;  
Lest widows' hearts for thee should grieve,  
For thee untimely tears be shed.
8. Yea, thine may be the fearful lot  
To prove, ere Time hath dimm'd thy brow,  
A sire : and yet the witness not  
Of those who weep his broken vow.
9. Hast thou a bride, whose every sigh  
Deep trembles with the joy it gives ?  
Hast thou a child, whose clear, bright eye  
Lives in the light its father lives ?
10. Then shun the bowl ! the draught beware,  
Whose smile but mocks the lips of men ,  
When foaming high with waters rare,  
O, never touch the goblet then.

---

O, lend, O, lend your aid, until the tyrant  
Rum is banished from the land.

Words by D. DUTTON, Jr.

1g		1-	2	3	4	2	1	.1	
A	3-	4 5	5 6	6 .5	'	'	'	7	
2q	?	'						REP.	
Little, cooling meadow spring, Bright and sparkling, full and free; Listen while our song we sing, For it is a song to thee;									
1g					1				
B	1-	1 1	1 4	4 .1	1- 5	4	5	5 .1	
2q	?	'			'			REP.	
And we gather, as we drink, Strength and vigor for the day.									

1g	4	3	2	3	4	3	.2	4	3	2	1	REP. 1s.
A												7 6 .5
2q	Oft we wander to thy brink, Faint and thirsty from our play.											
1g												REP. 1s.
B	5	5 5	5 5	5 5	5 .5	5	5	5	5	5	2	.5
2q												

2. Often on thy border green,  
 Plucking flowers we sit and rest;  
 When we rise, ourselves are seen  
 Pictured on thy glassy breast.  
 We are passing like the wave,  
 Onward to our final home;  
 We shall slumber in the grave,  
 But there is a heaven to come.

The physician who would recommend the habitual use of intoxicating drinks, would, either willfully or ignorantly, give us over to the devil.

5g

A	3	5	3		1	1	1		2	1	2		3	1		3	5	3	
2q		'	'	'	'					'	'					'	'		

Brightly has Temperance  
Dawn'd on our land, Spreading her

5a

B	1	1	1		1	1	1						.1		1	1	1		
2q		'	'	'	'				5	5	5		.1			'	'		

5g

A	1	1	1	,	2	3	2		.1		7	6		5	3	1		
2q	'	'			'	'					'	'	'	'				

radiance On every hand; Kind are her beauteous rays,

5g

B	1	1	1						.1		1	1	1		1	1	1	
2q	'	'			5	5	5		.1		'	'	'	'				

5g

A	6	5	4		.3		1	2	3	4	5	6	5	5		.1	
2q	'	'			'	'	'	'	'	'			'	7			

Chasing our fears. Temperance,  
temperance, Give her three cheers.

5g

B					.1		1	1	1							.1	
2q	4	5	5		'	'			6	5	4	5	5	5		.1	

2. Richly she brought us too,  
Blessings of peace;  
Giving the heart of woe  
Joyful release.

Tiding of gladness she  
 Brought to our ears:  
 Temperance, &c.

3. Food with her visit comes,  
 Cheering the soul:  
 Bringing our needy homes  
 Bread to the full.  
 She wipes, with mercy's hand,  
 Want's briny tears:  
 Temperance, &c.

4. Raiment of goodly store,  
 Where'er she goes,  
 She, on the tatter'd poor  
 Freely bestows.  
 Banish, you needy ones,  
 All your dark cares:  
 Temperance, &c.

5. They whom the dram-shop's ~~will~~  
 Turned ~~out~~ of doors,  
 She, with her magic skill,  
 Shelters once more.  
 Home with its joys again,  
 For them appears:  
 Temperance, &c.

6. Oft in her track there flies  
 Message of grace,  
 Bringing from upper skies  
 Pardon and peace.  
 This all her other joys  
 Richly endears:  
 Temperance, &c.

Words by J. HUNT, Jr.

6G P

A	1	1	1	1	1	3	5	4	3	2	2	2	3	2	1	
23q	5	'	'	'	'	"	"	'	5	'			5	'		

Come, let us sing with soul-felt strains:  
Proclaim aloud that Temp'rance reigns

6G P

B	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
23q	'	'	5	5	'	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	

6G P

A	3	4	5	4	3	2-	R		1	1	1	1	1	3	5	4	3	
23q	'	'	'	'	'	5	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	"	"	"	"	

In every feeling breast.  
We now relate its matchless worth,

6G P

B	1	1	1	R		1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
23q	'	5	5	5	5-	'	'	5	5	'	5	'	5	'	5	

6G P

A	2	2	2	3	2	1		3	4-	5	4	3-	2-	1-	R	
23q	'	'	'	5	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	

And show its fadeless glories forth,  
Which make us truly blest.

6G P

B	1	1	1	1	1	1		1-	1-	1-	
23q	5	5	5	5	5	'	5-	5-	5-	5-	

2. We join the festive jubilee,  
To show that man again is free,  
That reason rules his mind.  
He's turned aside from error's ways,  
The sun of wisdom lights his days—  
His actions how refin'd!

3. The monster of our grief and woe,  
Has met, at last, his overthrow:  
He ne'er shall rise again;  
And, O, what rapture fills each heart,  
How flows the blood with sudden start:  
A joy devoid of pain.
  4. Then sing and shout, with loud applause,  
In honor of that glorious cause,  
Which brings the reign of peace.  
Oh, may it spread through every clime,  
And stand upon the rock of Time,  
Till Time shall be no more.
- 

## STRONG RUM.

TUNE—*Some Love Strong Beer.*

1. Some love strong rum, or ale's white foam,  
As it rises to be free;  
And for right good cheer, some whistle beer,  
But the limpid stream for me.  
To the forest shade, or the mountain glade,  
So cheerily forth I go,  
To drink my fill at the gurgling rill,  
When the sun is shining low.
2. In the stream I dip my flowing lip,  
And the cooling draught pour in;  
I ask no spring of brandy sling,  
Or of toddy made of gin.  
For what Nature gave I only crave,  
The fount that gurgles free;  
The greenwood trees, a cooling breeze,  
And a limpid stream for me.

4G

A	1	1	2	3	3	4	5	6	5	.3	5	4	3	.2	4	3	2	.1	
4Q	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

Touch not the cup, it is death to thy soul;  
4G Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.

B	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.1									.1	
4Q	,	5	,	,	,	,	5	5	5	.5	5	5	5	,	,	,	,	,	,

4G 2

A	1	1	2	3	3	4	5	6	5	.3	5	4	3	2	3	2	:	1	
4Q	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

Many I know who have quaff'd from the bowl,  
Touch not the cup, touch it not.  
Then of that death-dealing cup, O beware;  
4G 2 Touch not the cup, &c.

B	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.1								:	1	
4Q	,	5	,	,	,	,	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	,	,	,	,	,	,

4G 2 REP. 3 & 2s.

A	5	4	4	3	2		4	3	3	2	.1	
4Q	,	,	,	,	5	5	,	,	,	,	,	,

Lit - tle they thought that the demon was there,  
Blindly they drank, and were caught in the snare.  
4G 2 REP. 3 & 2s.

B											.1	
4Q	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	.1	

2. Touch not the cup when the wine glistens bright,  
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;  
Though like the ruby it shines in the light,  
Touch not the cup, touch it not.  
The fangs of the serpent are hid in the bowl,  
Deeply the poison will enter thy soul,  
Soon it will plunge thee beyond thy control;  
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,  
Think of their death, of their sorrow and gloom;  
Think that perhaps thou mayst share in their doom;  
    Touch not the cup, touch it not.
- 

TASTE THE SPRINGS.

TUNE—*Greenville.*

1. Taste the springs of water flowing  
    Clearly from the green hill side:  
Tints of heaven's blue azure glowing,  
    Smile upon its sparkling tide.  
Quench your thirst with streams life-giving,  
    Blooming health they ever bring;  
Drink, O, drink those waters living;  
    Bubbling up from Nature's spring.
2. Who would drink full draughts of sorrow,  
    From the cups of maddening joy,  
Shun the pleasure, for the morrow  
    Brings a curse of dire alloy;  
For the monster vice alluring,  
    With his false, deceitful charms,  
Still would lead to woe enduring—  
    Mercy shield us from his arms!
3. Ladies in our cause uniting,  
    Join to put Intemp'rance down;  
And the glorious warfare fighting,  
    We'll at last receive a crown.

Young and old, the pledge receiving,  
 Shun the drunkard's sinful joy.  
 And the precious truth believing,  
 All escape from rum's decoy.

4. Taste the springs of joy and gladness,  
 Nature's pure and sparkling stream,  
 Woe shall flee, and pining sadness  
 Be like some forgotten dream.  
 Quench your thirst with streams life-giving:  
 Blooming health and joy they bring;  
 Drink, and love those waters living.  
 Gushing from the mountain spring.

---

TEMPERANCE HYMN. J. HUNT, JR.

TUNE—*One Glass More.*

1. O, thou who dost o'er all preside,  
 And mould unto thy will  
 Our every deed, which none can hide,  
 Continue with us still.
2. And by thy all-sufficient arm  
 Sustain the drunkard's vow,  
 That keeps him safe from wrong and harm:  
 Grant him thy blessing now.
3. Be thou to him a well of good,  
 Whose waters never dry;  
 Whose fountains furnish free his food  
 As manna from the sky.
4. Then will that long-wished epoch be  
 In triumph ushered in,  
 Which sets the captive drunkard free  
 From all his beastly sin.

TUNE—*Webb.*

1. A glorious day is breaking  
    Upon the sinful earth,  
Our land to life is waking,  
    With shouts of joyous mirth;  
Our army is preparing  
    To meet the rising sun,  
On all its banners bearing  
    The name of Washington.
  
2. We meet to-day in gladness:  
    As moves our host along,  
No note of painful sadness  
    Is mingled with our song.  
This day, renowned in story,  
    The day of freedom's birth,  
We hail in all its glory,  
    We highly prize its worth.
  
3. The Temp'rance flag is waving  
    O'er valley, hill, and plain,  
Where ocean's sons are braving  
    The dangers of the main;  
The pledge, the pledge is given,  
    To float on every breeze;  
O, waft it, gracious heaven,  
    O'er all the earth and seas.
  
4. Our cause, our cause is gaining  
    New laurels every 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.

In Indiana substitute the word "Hoosier" for "Buckeye."

6G

C	1	1	1	1	1	1	2-	1	1			1-	1	
23q	"	"	'	'	7	'		'	7	7	7	7		

6G

A	1	2	3	3	3	2	3	4-	3	3	2	2	2	1	2	3-	1	
23q	"	"	'	'	'	'		'	'	'	'	'	'					

We have come from hill and valley,  
6G We've come from hill and valley,

B	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1			1-	1	
23q	"	"	'		'	7-		'	5	5	5	5		

6G ♯

C	1	1	1	1	1	1	2-	1	1					R	
23q	"	"	'	'	7	'		'	5	5	5	3	4	3-	

6G ♯

A	1	2	3	3	3	2	3	4-	3	3	2	2	2	1	2	1-	R	
23q	"	"	'	'	'	'		'	'	'	'	'	'					

For a glorious Temp'rance rally,  
From the old Buckeye State;  
And we'll swell the mighty chorus,  
6G ♯ Throughout the Buckeye State.

B	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1					1-	R	
23q	"	"	'		'	7-		'	5	5	5	5	5		

6G REP. 2s.

C	1	2	3	3	4	4	3-	1	1	2	3	3	4	4	3-	1	
23q	"	"	'	'				"	"	'	'						

6G REP. 2s.

A	3	4	5	5	6	6	5-	3	3	4	5	5	6	6	5-	3	
23q	"	"	'	'				"	"	'	'						

O, the Maine Law is before us,  
6G The Maine Law is before us;

B	1	1	1	1	1	1	1-	1	1	1	1	1	1-	1	
23q	"	"	'	4	4			'	'	4	4				REP. 2s.

2. We will see our sisters, brothers,  
Our fathers, and our mothers,  
With our neighbors and all others,  
In the old Buckeye State.  
O, the Maine Law, &c.
3. We will stop the curse of stilling  
All kinds of drink for killing,  
And all fermented stilling,  
In the old Buckeye State.  
O, the Maine Law, &c.
4. Now come, ye jolly tillers,  
Ye lawyers, doctors, stillers,  
Come, ye jug and bottle fillers,  
In the old Buckeye State.  
O, the Maine Law, &c.
5. Then hurrah for reformation,  
By all in every station,  
Throughout the whole creation,  
And the old Buckeye State.  
O, the Maine Law, &c.
6. See the Maine Law banner floating,  
Where the Buckeye boys are voting,  
And the cause of peace promoting  
Throughout the Buckeye State.  
O, the Maine Law, &c.
7. May no evil e'er betide us,  
To sever or divide us,  
But the God of mercy guide us,  
In this our happy State.  
O, the Maine Law, &c.

TUNE—*Maine Law.*

1. Cold water is the drink for me,  
Of all the drinks the best, sir;  
Your grog, of whate'er name it be,  
I dare not for to taste, sir.  
Give me Dame Nature's only drink,  
I can make it do, sir;  
Then what care I what others think?  
The best that ever grew, sir.
2. Your artificial drinks are made  
The appetite to please, sir;  
And help along the humbug trade  
Of those who live at ease, sir.  
But those who buy must dearly pay.  
For all such drinks as these, sir;  
For what they take to "wet their clay,"  
Is sure to bring disease, sir.
3. Your logwood wine is very fine,  
I think they call it "Port." sir;  
You'll know it by this certain sign,  
Its roughness in the throat, sir.  
'T is true that Yankees are most shrewd;  
And wooden nutmegs make, sir;  
But who'd have tho't Port wine was brew'd  
This side the Big Salt lake, sir.
4. We need not send to Portugal,  
Nor go to good old Spain, sir;  
The best of wine is at our call,  
Port, Lisbon, or Champagne, sir.  
They'll make us any kind we choose,  
Without the aid of grape, sir;  
And, when 't is done, will not refuse  
A PRICE to make it take, sir.

5. Some love to swig New England rum,  
And some do cider choose, sir;  
But, so they only make "drunk come,"  
No matter what they use, sir.  
I'll not touch the poisonous stuff,  
Since all the brooks are free, sir;  
Give me cold water, 't is enough—  
That can not injure me, sir.

---

LONG, LONG AGO.

TUNE—*Touch Not the Cup.*

1. Where are the friends that to me were so dear?  
Long, long ago, long, long ago.  
Where are the hopes that my heart used to cheer?  
Long, long ago, long ago.  
Friends that I loved in the grave are laid low—  
Hopes that I cherished have fled from me now—  
I am degraded, for rum was my foe,  
Long, long ago, long ago.
2. Sadly my wife bowed her beautiful head,  
Long, long ago, long, long ago.  
O, how I wept when I knew she was dead!  
Long, long ago, long ago.  
She was an angel—my love, and my guide;  
Vainly to save me from ruin she tried:  
Poor broken-heart! it was well that she died—  
Long, long ago, long ago.
3. Let me look back on the days of my youth—  
Long, long ago, long, long ago.  
I was no stranger to virtue and truth,  
Long, long ago, long ago.  
O, for the hopes that were pure as the day!  
O, for the joys that were purer than they!  
O, for the hours that I've squandered away—  
Long, long ago, long ago.

From the UNIVERSAL MUSICIAN.

**F7G**

D 1|3 1 2|1 3 3 3|4 3 4 5 6 5 4 3|.5-||

4q 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7

**F7G**

C | | | 1| | | | |

4q 3 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 7 7 7 7 .7-

O, speed the tidings o'er the earth,  
Till all shall hear the sound;

**F7G**

A |1 3 2 4|3 5 3 1 1|2 1 2 3 4 3 2 1|.2-||

4q 5 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7

Tell every flowing tear to cease,  
And cheer each drooping heart;

**F7G**

B 1|1 1 |1 1 1 1| | | | |

4q 5 5 5 5 5 5 .5-

**F7G**

D 1|3'1 2|1 3 3 1| 1 1 1 2|.3-||

4q 7

**F7G**

C | | | | | | | | | |

4q 3 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 3 4 5 6 5 5 .5

And strains of happiness and mirth  
Through every land resound.

**F7G**

A |1 3 2 4|3 5 3 1 | 1 4 3 2|.1-||

4q 5 7 7 5 6 7 7 7

Bring every troubled spirit peace,  
And bid each care depart.

**F7G**

B 1|1 1 |1 1 1 1| | | | |

4q 5 5 4 4 5 5 .1-

TUNE—*Auld Lang Syne.*

1. I saw him, 't was at dawn of day,  
Before a grog-shop door;  
His eyes were sunk, his lips were parch'd;  
I viewed him o'er and o'er:  
His infant boy clung to his side,  
And lisping to him said,  
"Come, father—mother 's sick at home,  
And sister cries for bread."
2. He trembling rose, and staggered in,  
As oft he 'd done before.  
And to the landlord faltering said,  
"Come, give us one glass more."  
The host complies: his purple lips  
Now press the venom'd bowl;  
He drinks, though wife and children starve,  
And ruins his own soul.
3. A year elapsed, I passed that way,  
A crowd stood at the door:  
I asked the cause, when one replied,  
"Ned Burnit is no more!"  
I saw his funeral move along,  
No wife, no child was there—  
They too had joined their mother earth,  
And left this world of care.
4. Reflect, ye votaries of the bowl,  
And know 't is heaven's decree:  
Ye ne'er shall taste eternal life,  
Till from the bowl you flee.  
Reflect, ere wife and children mourn—  
Fly from the grog-shops, fly:  
Or you, like Ned, shall wretched live,  
Like him, neglected die.

3G

A	1 3 4 5 5- 4 3 4- 3 4 2 3 1 1 3 4 5 5 3 5
2C	’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’

’Mid sorrows and sadness I’m destined to roam,  
3G Forlorn and forsaken, de-

B	1 1 1 1 1- 1 1     1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
2C	’ ’ ’ ’ ’ 5 5 5 ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’

3G 1

A	4- 3 4 2 1 R 5  6 5 5 3 5 4- 3 4 2 3- 5
2C	’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’

prived of my Home. Intemp’rance hath robb’d me  
3G of all that was dear, Of my

B	1 R 1 1 1 1 1 1 1     1- 1
2C	5 5 5 ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ 5 5 5 ’

3G 1

A	6 5 5 3 5 4- 3 4 2 1- R   .5 4 2
2C	’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’

home in the skies and my happiness here;  
3G *Home! Home!*

B	1 1 1 1 1 1     1- R   .1
2C	’ ’ ’ ’ 4 5 5 ’ .4

3G 1

A	1 R 2 R 3- 5  6 5 5 3 5 5 6 4 2 1-
2C	’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’

sweet, sweet *Home!* An exile from GOD  
3G I shall ne’er find a home.

B	R R 1- 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1  1-
2C	5 ’ 5 ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ 4 5 5

## HOME, 'SWEET HOME. CONTINUED. 181

2. I vainly presumed when first I took the CUP,  
I could drink if I chose, or I could give it UP;  
But I tampered too long, too long tempted Heaven,  
Till an outcast from God and his presence I'm driven.  
*Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!*  
On earth or in Heaven I shall ne'er find a home.
3. My heart-broken WIFE in her grave hath found rest,  
And my children have gone to the land of the blest;  
While I, a poor wretch, a vile murderer like CAIN,  
With the mark of the beast, on the earth still remain.  
*Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!*  
● How happy was I with my loved ones at home.
4. FAREWELL to the social endearments of HOME,  
Justly loathed by my fellows, I wander ALONE;  
For presumptuously sinning and tempting the Lord,  
Of the fruit of my ways I must reap the reward.  
*Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!*  
An exile from God I shall ne'er find a home.
- 

## MAINE LAW FLAG.

By R. E. H. LEVERING.

TUNE—*Our Flag is There.*

1. Our Flag is true! Our Flag is true!  
The Maine Law Flag of bright renown!  
Our Flag is true! Our Flag is true!  
The Standard Flag the work to crown!  
That glorious Banneret is wav'd  
By patriot hands with patriot aim,  
And shall be till our race is sav'd  
Of ev'ry land and ev'ry name!  
Our Flag is true! Our Flag is true!  
The Maine Law Flag of bright renown!  
Our Flag is true! Our Flag is true!  
The Standard Flag the work to crown!

2. Our Flag is bright! Our Flag is bright!  
 Its radiance is the heav'nly flame!  
 Our Flag is bright! Our Flag is bright!  
 And shows the source from whence it came!  
 It waves in mercy o'er the world,  
 To save from sin and save from crime,  
 And never shall its charms be furl'd  
 'Till comes the Heav'n-appointed time!  
 Our Flag is true, &c.

3. Our Flag is pure! Our Flag is pure!  
 No party stain obscures its white!  
 Our Flag is pure! Our Flag is pure!  
 No lucre shall its glories blight!  
 'Tis wav'd by men of ev'ry name  
 For gen'ral bliss and gen'ral good,  
 And not for earthly gold or fame,  
 But for the higher praise of God!  
 Our Flag is true, &c.

4. Our Flag is strong! Our Flag is strong!  
 The RIGHT and TRUTH shall never fail!  
 Our Flag is strong! Our Flag is strong!  
 Its Heav'nly mission must prevail!  
 'T is blest by Heav'n and blest by earth,  
 And doubly blest shall bless again;  
 And God shall help its goings forth  
 To triumph over hill and plain!  
 Our Flag is true, &c.

5. Our Flag is free! Our Flag is free!  
 The SONS OF FREEDOM wave it high!  
 Our Flag is free! Our Flag is free!  
 And FREEDOM is its destiny!  
 To free the Body, Soul, and Mind,  
 From Alcohol's black Sin and Death;  
 To raise the free to joys refin'd,  
 And grace them with the conq'ror's wreath!  
 Our Flag is true, &c.



184 TEMPERANCE AND SONG. CONTINUED.

2G	· 1											
A	3	4	5	6	7	'	3	4	4	3-	3	1
23Q	"	"	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'
	O, why should we ever be pin - ing O'er											
2G												
B	1	3	1	3	5	3	5	1	1-	1	1	1
23Q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

2G	1 1														
A	3	1	1	4	6	'	5-	5	'	5	4	3	3	2	1
23Q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'
	things that may seem to be wrong? We'll cherish the gem pure and														
2G															
B	1	1	1	2	3	1	5-	5	5	1	1	1	1	1	1
23Q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

2G	1- 1											
A	4	6-	6	4	3	4	5	5	6	7	'	'
23Q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'
	shining, And lighten our hearts with a song!											
2G												
B	4	4-	4	4	5	5	5	1-	1	1	1	1
23Q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	5	5	5	'	'

2. The bright star of Temp'rance is beaming,  
 And shedding its luster around,  
 Its light through all regions is gleaming,  
 And cheers us like music's sweet sound:  
 Come, Temp'rance and Music together—  
 We cheer and invite you along;  
 We'll never heed clouds or bad weather,  
 But lighten our spirits in song!

4G  $\text{\textcircled{2}}$

A	5	5	3	5	3	5	3	2	2	1	3	2	3	4	5
23q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

Faintly the Temp'rance call  
 Was heard by a few, though 't was  
 Then on, brothers, on, and sisters too;  
 Unceasing still urge, much re-

4G  $\text{\textcircled{2}}$

B	1	1	1	1	1	1			1	5	4	3	2	1
23q	'	'	'	'	'	5	5	"	'	'	'	'	'	'

4G

A	6	5	3	2	1	3	2	3	4	5	6	5	3	5	R
23q	'	'	"	"	'	'	'	'	'	"	"	'	'	'	'

meant for all, Was heard by a few, tho' 't was, &c.  
 mains to do, Unceasing still urge, &c.

4G

B		1		1	5	4	3	2	1		1	1	R
23q	4	5	5	"	'	'	'	'	'	4	6	'	'

4G

A	5	5	3	5	6	6	5	3	2	2	7	5	2	5	6	7	6	5	R
23q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

But as the theme began to spread,  
 Soon all was joy, and mis'ry fled.

4G

B	1	1	1	1	1	1	1				1	2	2	R
23q	'	'	'	'	'	5	5	5	5	5	7	'	'	5

2. Boldly go forth, ye noble band,  
 Your voices still raise thro' our happy land,  
 And soon the world, with glad surprise,  
 Shall swell the loud shout, "the tyrant dies!"  
 Then brothers, on, and sisters, too,  
 Unceasing go on, much remains to do.

5G								P									
A		1	1	1	3	2	1	3	5-	6	5	3	2	1	2	3	
3QR	5							,									.6

Come, all ye true friends of the nation,  
Attend to humanity's call;

5G	2							P						END.				
A		1	1	1	3	2	1	3	5-	6	5	3	1	2	3	2	.1	
3QR	5							,										

Come, aid in your country's salvation,  
And roll on the Temperance ball,

5G							.1	P						REP. 28.			
A	5	5	3	5	5	6	7		6	5	3	2	1	2	3		
3QR																	.6

And roll on the Temperance ball,  
And roll on the Temperance ball.

2. Ye DEMOCRATS, come to the rescue,  
And help on the glorious cause;  
And millions hereafter will bless you,  
With heart-cheering songs of applause.
3. Come, WHIGS, ye true friends of the nation,  
And boldly step into your place,  
To spread the great temp'rance salvation,  
Come, join all true friends of our race.
4. Bright hope in the bosom is burning,  
And on the pale cheek of the fair,  
The bloom of the rose is returning,  
To banish the gloom of despair.
5. How can you stand halting, while beauty  
Is sweetly appealing to all,  
To come to the standard of duty,  
And roll on the Temperance ball.

## SPEECH FOR THE MAINE LAW. 187

Ye friends of moderation, who think a reformation  
Of moral renovation, would benefit our nation ;  
Who deem intoxication, with all its dissipation,  
In every rank and station, the cause of degradation,  
Of which your observation gives daily demonstration ;  
Who see the ruination, distress and desolation,  
The open violation of moral obligation,  
The wretched habitation, without accommodation,  
Or any regulation for common sustentation,  
A scene of deprivation unequalled in creation ;  
A frequent desecration of Sabbath ordination—  
The crime and depredation, defying legislation—  
The awful profanation of common conversation—  
The mental aberration and dire infatuation,  
With every sad gradation, to maniac desperation.

Ye who with consternation, behold this devastation,  
And utter condemnation on all inebriation,  
Why sanction its duration ? Or show disapprobation  
Of any combination for its extermination ?

The MAINE LAW operation will lessen our taxation ;  
And such a declaration, that suffers no temptation,  
Nor any palliation of this abomination,  
Will prove a sure foundation against the devastation  
Which threatens the whole nation with moral degrada-  
tion—

The utter extirpation of whiskey ruination,  
By power of legal suasion, forbid all emanation  
Of brewers' fermentation, or poisonous preparation  
Of spirit distillation, nor any vain libation,  
Producing stimulation, premonitor of desolation.

We give an invitation to all in every station,  
And ask consideration of our determination.  
Yes, without hesitation, we ask co-operation,  
Not doubting imitation will raise your estimation,  
And by continuation afford you consolation ;  
For, in participation with Maine Law agitation,  
You may, by actuation, insure the preservation  
From all contamination, the rising generation.

And may each indication of such regeneration  
And moral renovation, sustained by legislation,  
Be cause of exultation, by all of every nation,  
Till, joyful acclamation, they shout consummation !

## INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	PAGE.
A beacon has been lighted.....	90
A glass, a glass .....	117
A glorious day is breaking.....	173
A thousand chains keep men .....	91
Amid the night of Error's reign .....	28
All hail, power of Abstinence.....	114
As we are gathered here.....	47
A welcome, brothers, from each heart .....	83
A wreath of pure song let us borrow .....	183
Away with melancholy.....	128
Belshazzar is king, Belshazzar is lord .....	58
Be always just and pure.....	19
Before all causes, east or west .....	136
Behold, the Temp'rance cause is brightening.....	157
Begone, strong drink.....	152
Brightly has Temperance.....	166
Bring not that pledge .....	156
Bury him there.....	41
Children who have rallied now.....	49
Cold water is the drink for me.....	176
Come, let us sing, with soul-felt strains .....	168
Come, all ye sons of freedom.....	46
Come to the Temp'rance Hall.....	122
Come, all ye true friends of the nation.....	186
Deep sorrows drowned within the bowl.....	40
Faintly at first the Temp'rance call .....	185
Friends of freedom, swell the song .....	34
From the mountain top and valley.....	110
From morning's golden portals .....	95
Give sparkling cold water .....	76
God of our fathers, thee we praise .....	27
Go, go, thou that enslavest me.....	88
Go, Henry, go, the scene is o'er .....	153
Hail, all hail! bright Star of Temp'rance.....	11
Hail to the brightness.....	21
Hand me the bowl, ye jovial band .....	139
Hark to a song, a Temperance song .....	123
Hark! o'er hill and dale is swelling .....	93
How bright the page.....	26
Heavenly Father, give thy blessing.....	91

If one bright spot there is on earth . . . . .	121
I had a dream the other night . . . . .	44
I heard a bitter sigh . . . . .	24
I once was a dandy, and a pattern of a man . . . . .	159
I was once the pury old landlord's pet . . . . .	137
I'll sing you a modern ballad . . . . .	129
I've broke the chain that bound me . . . . .	15
I've signed the pledge . . . . .	33
I saw him, 't was at dawn of day . . . . .	179
I think on the past with a sorrowful feeling . . . . .	126
Let the still air rejoice . . . . .	78
Let us endeavor—Round . . . . .	25
Let Temp'rance and her sons rejoice . . . . .	107
Life let us cherish, while yet . . . . .	117
Little cooling meadow spring . . . . .	165
Look not upon the ruddy wine . . . . .	86
Loud let the song of praise arise . . . . .	74
Merrily every bosom boundeth . . . . .	12
'Mid sorrows and sadness I'm destined to roam . . . . .	180
Mr. Tipple-a-little, Mr. Tipple-more . . . . .	118
My father once was bold and strong . . . . .	148
Nay, come not to me with your pledge . . . . .	72
Now haste ye, friends . . . . .	30
Now to heaven our prayer ascending . . . . .	20
O, come, aid the cause of Temp'rance . . . . .	146
O, dear, what can the matter be . . . . .	112
O, do not drink again, papa . . . . .	116
O, I was once a happy child . . . . .	154
O, saw ye the man who drinks rum . . . . .	134
O, pity me, lady, I'm hungry and cold . . . . .	114
O, say, can you see on this bright dawning . . . . .	108
O, say, can you see through the dark . . . . .	133
O, shun the bowl, the draught beware . . . . .	163
O, speed the tidings . . . . .	178
Oppression's crushing tramp . . . . .	18
O, my soul is full of music . . . . .	144
Onward, onward, band victorious . . . . .	100
O, thou who dost o'er all preside . . . . .	172
Old Hodge one night, at Carlo's bar . . . . .	67
Our Flag is true! our Flag is true . . . . .	181
Our hardy ancestors of yore . . . . .	99
Our youthful hearts for Temp'rance burn . . . . .	57
O, wild is the path of the sons of the sea . . . . .	143
Praise to the Lord on high . . . . .	75
Pledge to the chieftain immortal . . . . .	42

Renewed in strength the Temp'rance cause.....	147
Say not that woman's voice.....	22
Says Jonathan, now from this day.....	150
Says Tom, in Corliss's, one day.....	36
Seth Grimes and I were classmates.....	23
Some love strong drink.....	160
Some love strong rum.....	169
Speakers, tell us of the night.....	161
Speed, speed the Temp'rance ship.....	70
Stay, father, stay, the night is wild.....	31
Stay, mortal, stay, nor heedless thus.....	48
Stretched on a heap of straw.....	81
Taste the springs of water flowing.....	171
There's a blessing on the wing.....	98
There's light on the drunkard's mind.....	82
The bright and the sparkling rill.....	62
The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl.....	120
The day was gone, the night was dark.....	14
The Gin Fiend cast his eyes abroad.....	54
The Temp'rance flag! the Temp'rance flag.....	162
The pinching blast sweeps howling past.....	52
The teetotalers are coming.....	16
The trumpet is sounding.....	85
The friends of truth are rising up.....	124
The morn of life with me is hard.....	97
The snow was thick and falling fast.....	131
There was an old toper.....	37
'Tis a lesson worth your care.....	135
Touch not the cup, it is death to thy soul.....	170
Temp'rance songs I love to hear.....	143
Use gentle words, for who can tell.....	69
We come, with joy and gladness.....	158
We're soldiers of the Water King.....	96
Welcome, brothers, welcome here.....	115
We have come from hill and valley.....	174
We have conquered—Round.....	13
We meet to-day in gladness.....	39
Where are the friends that to me were so dear.....	177
With banner and with badge we come.....	89
Will you come to the grove.....	84
Why should we from the yellow grain.....	29
Why, oh why, my heart, this sadness.....	39
Ye friends of moderation.....	187
Ye sons of freedom, burst asunder.....	142
Ye sons of Temp'rance.....	79

# INDEX OF TUNES.

	PAGE.
A Band of Freemen.....	16
A Glass, a Glass.....	117
America's Freedom.....	18
Auld Lang Syne.....	96
Away the Bowl.....	57
Away with Melancholy.....	128
Beacon Light.....	90
Belshazzar's Feast.....	58
Bonnie Boat.....	140
Brothers, on.....	185
City Loafer.....	129
Columbia.....	78
Come, aid the Cause.....	146
Come, come.....	147
Come, come, come.....	122
Come, let us sing.....	168
Come to the grove.....	84
Do not drink again.....	116
Friends of Freedom.....	34
Glorious Cause.....	64
God Speed the Right.....	20
Greenville.....	92
Gratitude.....	74
Hail! All Hail.....	11
Hail to the Brightness.....	21
Home, Sweet Home.....	180
Hope.....	98
Just and Pure.....	19
Little Spring.....	165
Let us endeavor.....	25
Louisville.....	94
Maine Law Banner.....	46
Maine Law.....	124
Merrily, O.....	12
My Country's Voice.....	24
My Cottage Home.....	44
My Mother's Home.....	14
My Soul is full of Music.....	144
Not Drink any More.....	88
Now Haste.....	30
One Glass more.....	84

Philanthropy .....	28
Preference .....	136
Rumseller .....	131
Rum Bottle .....	126
Ruddy Wine .....	86
Some Love Strong Beer .....	160
Song of Triumph .....	100
Sons of Temperance .....	50
Sparkling Bowl .....	26
Sparkling Rill .....	62
Sparkling and Bright .....	66
Speed the Tidings .....	178
Star Spangled Banner .....	108
Stay, Father, stay .....	31
Strong Drink .....	152
Temperance Aid .....	91
Temperance and Song .....	183
Temperance Flag .....	162
Temperance Songs .....	143
Temperance Ball .....	186
Temperance Anthem .....	42
Temperance Home .....	38
The Buckeye State .....	174
The Hoosier State .....	174
The Beggar Man .....	52
The Drink of the Free .....	76
The Drink for Me .....	120
The Gin Fiend .....	54
The Orphan's Appeal .....	148
The Temperance Ship .....	70
The Tipplers .....	118
Touch not the Cup .....	170
The Welcome .....	83
Try Again .....	68
Troubadour .....	166
Uncle Bill .....	37
Wandering Boy .....	60
Water, Water .....	123
Webb .....	158
What can the matter be .....	112
Who's to blame .....	154
Woman's Voice .....	22
Ye Sons of Temperance .....	79
Zion .....	110