

THE
TEMPERANCE HARP.

FOR ALL

Temperance Occasions.

BY

R. A. GLENN.

THE RUEBUSH-KIEFFER CO.,

Music Publishers.

Dayton, Rockingham County, Va.



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TEMPERANCE FARP.

No. 1. INTEMPERANCE, LIKE A RAGING FLOOD.

Theme from JACOB KIMBALL.

Arr. by J. H. T.
FINE.

1 In - temp'rance, like a rag - ing flood, Is sweep - ing o'er the land;
2 It still flows on, and bears a - way Ten thou - sand to their doom;
3 Dry up the source from whence it flows, De - stroy its foun - tain - head;

D. C. Stretch out thine arm of pow'r di - vine, And bid the flood sub - side.

Its dire ef - fects in tears and blood, Are traced on ev - ry hand.
No shall the might - y tor - rent stay, And dis - ap - point the tomb.
That dire in - temp'rance and its woes No more the earth o'er - spread.

CHORUS.

D. C.

Al - might - y God! no hand but thine Can check this flow - ing tide;

1 Come and join in our Temperance Ar - my;
 2 Come and join us; we bid you wel - come;
 3 Come, dear friends, now leave off your drink - ing;

We are seek - ing your souls to save; Long you've wait - ed,
 Come and put on the badge of blue; Ma - ny here are
 Come and join in our no - ble band; You will find here

long you have wan - dered; Come and join us: we need your aid.
 watch - ing and wait - ing; Come and be to your man - hood true.
 friends ev - er wait - ing; They will give you a wel - come hand.

CHORUS.

Come and join to - night, Come and join to - night,
 Come, Come, Come, Come, Come, Come,

WELCOME.

Join in the Ar-my of Truth and Right; Come and join to-night,
 Come, Come, Come,
 Come and join to-night, With the Temperance Ar-my your name u-nite.
 Come, Come, Come,

No. 3. Woes of the Wine-Cup.

Tune, Sweet By and By.

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

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

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

Chorus—It will come, etc.

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

Chorus—It will come, etc.

No. 4. A LITTLE NEARER.

FAITH WILLIAMS.

W. T. DALE.

1 Each day a lit - tle rear - er To Je - sus I would rise;
 2 Tho' what each day is bring - ing, My soul may nev - er guess;
 3 And day by day I'm learn - ing, That though my earth - ly way
 4 Each day while life is giv - en, Still near - er I would come,

And find his ser - vice ev - er, A glad - ly sweet sur - prise.
 Yet to his cross I'm cling - ing, And on my way I press.
 Is oft thro' sha - dows wind - ing, 'Twill lead to per - fect day.
 Till from on high my Sa - viour Shall say to me, "Well done."

CHORUS.

Near - er, near - er, still near - er I would come;

Near - er, near - er, Till I have reach'd my home.

No. 5. THE DAWNING DAY.

R. A. G.

R. A. GLENN.

1 A glo-ri-ous day is dawn-ing Up - on our sin - ful earth:
 2 We meet to - day in glad-ness, And sing of con - quest won:
 3 Our ho - ly cause is gain - ing New lau - rels ev' - ry day:

We hail the hap - py morn - ing With shouts of joy and mirth.
 No note of pain - ful sad - ness Is min - gled with our song.
 The youth - ful mind we're train - ing To walk in vir - tue's way.

The temp'-rance cause in tri - umph Is march-ing through the land:
 The temp'-rance flag is wav - ing O'er val - ley, hill, and plain;
 Old age and stur - dy man - hood Are with us heart and hand,

The men are true that lead it— A firm and daunt-less band.
 Where o - cean's sons are brav - ing The dan - gers of the main.
 Then let us all u - ni - ted, In one firm pha-lanx stand.

1 For pain or for pleas - ure, For weal or for woe, The
 2 Tho' life may ap - pear as a des - o - late track, Yet
 3 We'll reap what we're sow - ing: Oh, won - der - ful truth, — A

law of our be - ing is "reap as we sow." We
 bread that we cast on the wa - ters come back. The
 truth hard to learn in 'he days of our youth; But

try to e - vade it; but, do what we will, Our acts, like our sha - dows,
 law was en - act - ed by Heav - en a - bove, That like at - tracts like, and
 shine out at last, as the hand on the wall, — The Lord will in mer - cy

Sow . . . ing the seeds . . . by our

rit.

CHORUS.

will fol - low us still. }
 that love be - gets love. } Sow - ing the seeds by our words and our deeds,
 give jus - tice to all. }

* From "Songs of Glory," by permission.

THE HARVEST IS SURE.

11

words . . . and our deeds, Wick- . . . ed or

Sow - ing the seeds by our words and our deeds, Wick - ed or pure, the

pure . . . the har- . . . vest is sure. . . . Sow- . . . ing the

har-vest is sure, Wicked or pure, the har-vest is sure. Sowing the seeds till the

seeds till the truth is made known, . . . The

truth is made known, Sowing the seeds till the truth is made known, The

har- . . . vest is sure, And we reap as we've sown.

har-vest is sure, and we reap as we've sown, And we reap as we've sown.

No. 7. TURN AWAY FROM WINE.

Words by W. F. COSNER.

Music by per. R. A. GLENN.

1 Oh, turn a - way from the spark - ling
 2 While pu - rer joys may be found at
 3 That fiend is draw- ing its vic - tims

1 Oh, turn a - way
 2 While pu - rer joys
 3 That fiend will draw

wine, Nor dare to touch the fa - tal
 home, When hap - py hearts are beat - ing
 in, And on them bring ing un - told

from sparkling wine, Nor dare to touch
 are found at home, And hap - pier hearts
 its vic - tims in, And on them bring

cup; For many a life
 there, Be - ware! there's death
 woe; Be warned; and shun

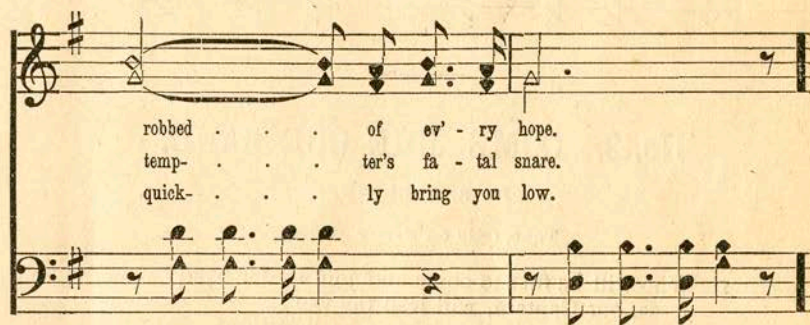
the fa - tal cup; For many a life
 are beat - ing there, Be - ware! there's death
 much un - told woe; Be warned; and shun

TURN AWAY FROM WINE. Continued.



that was bright as thine, Strong drink has
 in the drops that foam: A - void the
 while you may its sin, Or it may

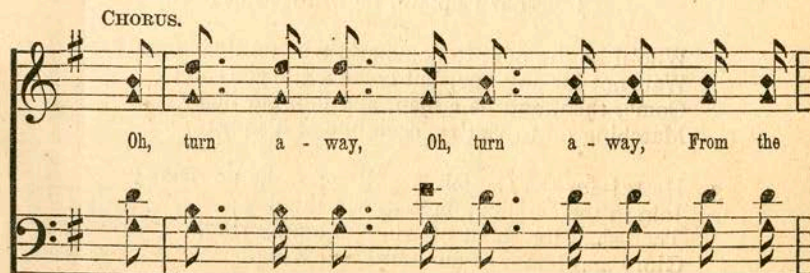
was bright as thine,
 in drops that foam:
 its fear - ful sin,



robbed of ev' - ry hope.
 temp- ter's fa - tal snare.
 quick- ly bring you low.

Strong drink has robbed of ev' - ry hope.
 A - void the temp- ter's fa - tal snare.
 Or it may quick- ly bring you low.

CHORUS.



Oh, turn a - way, Oh, turn a - way, From the

TURN AWAY FROM WINE. Concluded.

Musical score for "Turn Away from Wine" (Concluded). The score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "bright and spark - ling wine, It's caused so man - y hopes to fade That once were bright as thine."

No. 8. COME JOIN OUR BAND.

BY R. A. GLENN.

Tune, Only an Armor Bearer.

- 1 Who will be first to come and join in our band?
Jesus, our Captain, will lead the van;
Dare, then, to do the right and fall in line,
Marching forward boldly, and the pledge to sign.

Cho.—Who'll be the next to come and join to-night?
Come, with your armor on, battle for right;
Never say halt till the vict'ry's won;
Jesus our Captain, he will lead us on.
- 2 Who'll be the next to come and take up their stand?
Wait not for any one, but come while you can;
Come, then, and be a man, and join our host,
Marching on to vict'ry, each one at his post.
- 3 Haste! for the Captain's calling; make no delay;
Join in the conflict; help us win the day;
Then shall the shout of triumph loudly ring,
Glory and honor to our Lord and King.

No. 9. OUR UNION.

E. A. GLENN.

1 Come and join our Un - ion, Lend a help - ing hand
 2 Come, toil in the vine - yard, Sow that you may reap,
 3 Come, in friend - ly greet - ing, Look to God a - lone,

To spread the re - for - ma - tion Grow - ing in our land.
 Help cheer the heart of sor - row, Dry the eyes that weep.
 And he will send the bless - ing; He sus - tains his own.

CHORUS.

Come and join our Un - ion, Nev - er drink a - gain; It

on - ly brings more trou - ble, More sor - row, grief and pain.

No. 10. GO MARCHING ON.

Arr. by R. A. G.

R. A. GLENN.

1 Glad mil - lions of peo - ple are march - ing to - day,
 2 A - way through the val - leys and o - ver the hills,
 3 Like stars of the morn - ing that her - ald the light,

In the East, in the West, o'er the o - cean far a - way:
 Through the wood - lands they come, and by rip - pling, gush - ing rills;
 Ere the sun com - eth forth in the beau - ty of its might:

In the true cause of Temp' - rance they're striv - ing to win
 From the vast ci - ties, full 'midst the gath - er - ing throng,
 With our songs and our ban - ners, we march on our way:

The youth of our na - tion from wine and from sin.
 With ban - ners of temp' - rance they go march - ing on.
 Come, join in our Ar - my; come, join it to - day.

GO MARCHING ON.

We are march- ing a - long.
CHORUS.

We are march - ing a - long, We are march - ing a - long.

With Je - sus for our Cap - tain we are migh - ty and strong; Our

ban - ner is wav - ing o'er land and o'er sea; Come,

join in our ar - my, And for - ev - er be free.

No. 11. THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

R. A. GLENN.

1 Though trou - bles as - sail, and dan - gers af - fright,
 2 His call we o - bey like A - bram of old:
 3 No strength of our own, nor good - ness we claim;
 4 When life sinks a - pace, and death is in view,

Though friends should all fail and foes all u - nite,
 We know not the way, but faith makes us bold;
 Our trust is all thrown on Je - sus' dear name;
 The word of his grace shall com - fort us through;

Yet one thing se - cures us, what - ev - er be - tide:
 For though we are stran - gers we have a sure Guide,
 In this is our strong tow - er for safe - ty we hide:
 No fear - ing and doubt - ing with Christ by our side:

The prom - ise as - sures us the Lord will pro - vide.
 And trust in all dan - gers the Lord will pro - vide.
 The Lord is our pow - er, the Lord will pro - vide.
 We hope to die shout - ing the Lord will pro - vide.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

CHORUS.

The Lord will pro- vide, The Lord will pro- vide; We'll

trust in the prom- ise, The Lord will pro- vide.

No. 12. The Maddening Bowl.

Tune, Arlington.

- 1 Oh, do not touch the maddening bowl!
'T will lead thee far astray;
'T will quench the gladness of thy soul,
And steal thy hopes away.
- 2 What numbers in the graveyard lie,
Who might be living still,
Had they been timely warned to fly
This fiery fount of ill;
- 3 Now while their wretched offspring weep,
Their souls in darkness dwell;
For justice must in anger sweep
The drunkard down to hell.

12 No. 13. VICTORY THROUGH JESUS.

E. D. MUND.

From "Heavenly Carols," by permission.

E. S. LOBENZ.

1 Hear the shout of tri - umph, hear the might - y song!
 2 'Tis the host re - deemed that stands in bright ar - ray;
 3 On - ward, let us ev - er, though our strength be small

Fill - ing earth and heav - en as it rolls a - long
 Hym - ning, harp - ing all the glad, e - ter - nal day,
 Je - sus is our Lead - er, Ev' - ry foe must fall;

Like the roar of o - cean break - ing on the shore,
 Cast - ing palms and crowns low at the Mas - ter's feet,
 Then we'll join the ran - somed on the oth - er shore,

D. S. Vic - to - ry through Je - sus, pass the word a - long, **FINE.**

"Vic - to - ry through Je - sus, now and ev - er - more."
 "Vic - to - ry through Je - sus," an - gel lips re - peat.
 "Vic - to - ry through Je - sus," sing - ing ev - er - more.

Vic - to - ry the watch - word, vic - to - ry the song.

VICTORY THROUGH JESUS.

13

CHORUS.

D.S.

No. 14. Don the Badge of Blue.

BY R. A. GLENN.

Tune, *Hold The Fort*.

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

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

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

No. 15. RESCUE THE FALLEN.

J. McP.

JOHN McPHERSON.

1 Lift up a - gain your weak, fall - en bro - ther;
 2 Yes - ter - day morn his house - hold was glad - ness;
 3 Je - sus a - lone can hold us when fall - ing;

All is not lost when he falls. Speak words of cheer; per-
 Now it is filled with de - spair. Once hap - py hearts are
 Flee to him, drink - er, at last: With words of love He

haps a fond moth - er Now on the dear Sa - viour calls.
 now filled with sad - ness, Bur - dened with man - y a care!
 ev - er is call - ing; On him your bur - dens now cast.

CHORUS.

Drink - ing a - gain! oh, go to your bro - ther; In

RESCUE THE FALLEN.

kind-ness per-suade him to night, That Je-sus a-lone, for
there is no o-ther, Can make all our bur-dens here light.

The musical score consists of two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff.

No. 16. While the Days are going by.

ARRANGED BY R. A. G.

Tune, *What a Friend we have in Jesus.*

- 1 There are lonely hearts to cherish,
While the days are going by ;
There are weary souls who perish
While the days are going by.
If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue,
Oh, the good we might be doing
While the days are going by.
- 2 There's no time for idle scorning
While the days are going by ;
Let your face be like the morning
While the days are going by.
Oh, the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes ;
Help to raise your fallen brother,
While the days are going by.
- 3 All the loving links that bind us
While the days are going by ;
One by one we leave behind us
While the days are going by.
But the seed of good we're sowing,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts all glowing,
While the days are going by.

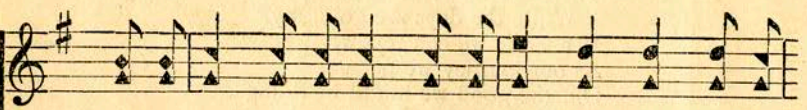
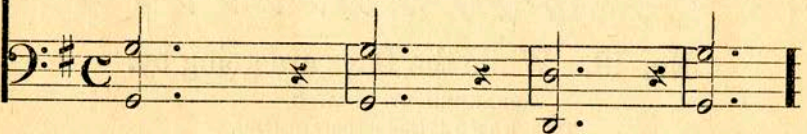
No. 17. CRYSTAL SPRING.

C. E. POLLOCK.

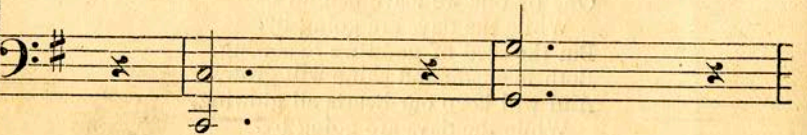
DUET.



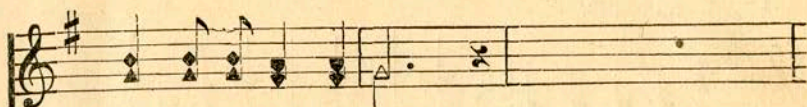
- 1 Give me a draught from the crys-tal spring When the burning sun is high ;
- 2 Give me a draught from the crys-tal spring When the cooling breez - es blow ;
- 3 Give me a draught from the crys-tal spring When the win-try winds are gone ;
- 4 Give me a draught from the sparkling spring When the ripening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



Where the rocks and the woods their sha - dows fmg, And the
When the leaves of the trees are with - er - ing From the
When the flowers are in bloom, and the ech - oes ring From the
When the reap - ers the song of har - vest sing, And



CRYSTAL SPRING.



sand and the peb - bles lie.
frost or the flee - y snow.
woods o'er the verd . ant lawn.
plen - ty has crown'd the year.

CHORUS.

Give me a draught from the

crys - tal spring, And the same from day to day; But if

aught from the worm of the still you bring, I will pour ev'-ry drop a . way.

No. 18. THE TEMPERANCE BAND.

REV. W. F. COSNER.

R. A. GLENN.

1 Come and join our temperance band, Mov-ing now in ho-ly might,
 2 Where the crys-tal wa-ters flow, Bear-ing glad-ness on the stream,
 3 Come with us, ye young and gay, Who in pleas-ure love to meet.

Marching on-ward hand in hand, Striv-ing ev-er for the right.
 We with hap-py hearts shall go, Where the sun-light bright-est gleams.
 Join the temperance ranks to-day, While youth's ros-es blos-som sweet.

Sol-diers on a glo-rious field, Foes on ev'-ry side we meet;
 On the breeze our flag shall wave, Firm-ly by our cause we stand;
 Come and join our temperance band, In our no-ble cause u-nite,

Trust-ing God we will not yield; He will keep us from de-feat.
 God for our de-fense we have; Will you join our temperance band?
 For-ward marching hand in hand, Striv-ing ev-er for the right.

THE TEMPERANCE BAND.

CHORUS.

Come, come,
Come and join, come and join, Come and join our temp'rance band,

March-ing on, march-ing on, March-ing on - ward hand in hand.

No. 19. The Drunkard.

Tune, *Ortonville.*

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

No. 20. OUR CAUSE MOVES ON.

J. McP.

JOHN McPHERSON.

1 Oh, our cause moves on like a mer - ry song, Man - y
 2 Then suc - ceed we must, for our cause is just; Do - ing
 3 There is work for all, for the great and small; There are

hearts made glad that from rum they're free; Man - y homes made bright that had
 good our mot - to, as we push on; We have scarce be - gun in this
 glean - ers need - ed a - long the way. Ev - er God's help seek, for he

felt gin's blight; May they no more sor - row see.
 war 'gainst rum; Soon our work - ing days are done.
 helps the weak, As we toil on, day by day.

CHORUS.

See our temp'rance ban - ners float Far a - bove the joy - ful note Of the

OUR CAUSE MOVES ON.

vic - tors as they shout a - long the way. See our val - iant ranks increase ;

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the bass staff contains a bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

May our war - fare nev - er cease Till from Al - co - hol we're free.

The second system of musical notation is similar to the first, with treble and bass staves. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

No. 21. Mourn for the Lost.

Tune, *Boylston.*

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

No. 22. UP THE HILL.

Arr. by R. A. G.

R. A. GLENN.

1 You must go for-ward, sol - diers, }
 2 You must go for-ward, sol - diers, } right up the hill; { The
 3 You must go for-ward, sol - diers, } { Try
 The

way is straight be - fore thee, }
 not the tempt - ing by - ways; } right up the hill; { Al-
 Mas - ter's on his jour - ney } { They
 He's

though the way be rug - ged, Thy Cap - tain's gone be - fore; His
 have but strayed or fall - en, True dan - gers ev - er near, Go
 left his march - ing or - ders For you to fol - low on; Then

sol - diers all must fol - low; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er.
 for - ward in the con - quest, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er.
 on - ward, com - rades, on - ward; The vic - t'ry must be won.

UP THE HILL.

CHORUS.

Then up the hill, up the hill, cheer, my com-rades, cheer; Al-

The musical notation consists of two staves, a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom, both in a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff.

though the way be rug-ged; Thy Cap-tain's gone be-fore.

The musical notation continues with two staves, treble and bass clefs, in the same key signature. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff.

No. 23. Stand up for Temperance.

Tune, Webb.

- 1 Stand up, stand up for Temperance,
Ye soldiers of our cause;
Lift high the spotless banner,
Nor let it suffer loss.

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

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

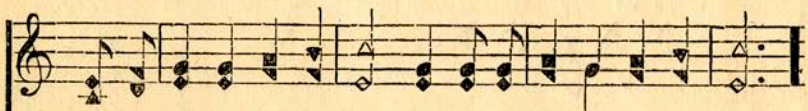
No. 24. WHO WILL MEET ME?

C. H. GABRIEL.

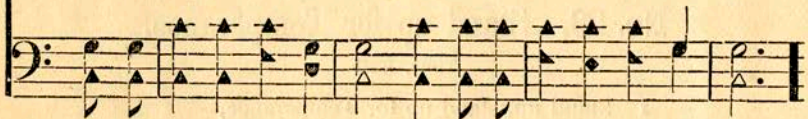
A. J. SHOWALTER.



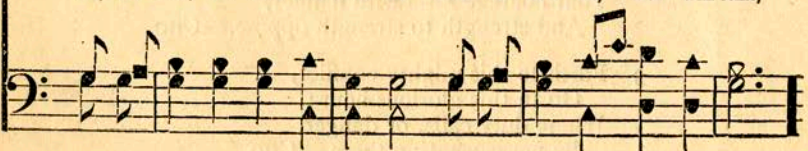
1 When I reach the land of sto - ry, Where the glad im - mor - tals reign,
2 When I've stemmed the swell - ing cur - rent Of life's wild tem - pest - ous sea,
3 Will it be some shin - ing an - gel, Or a ser - aph glad and bright,



Who will be the first to wel - come Me up - on its ra - diant plain?
And I an - chor safe in har - bor In the great e - ter - ni - ty,
That will grasp my hand in greet - ing, In that heav'n - ly world of light?



When I near the gold - en cit - y, And I hear the an - gels sing,
Who a - mong that throng of an - gels In the glit - t'ring cit - y there,
No, not these, but some dear loved one Gone be - fore me, then will come,



WHO WILL MEET ME?



Who will meet me, who will greet me, Who the wel-comesweet will bring?
First will fly on wings to greet me, To the land so bright and fair?
With a grand e - ter - nal wel - come To my ev - er - last - ing home.



No. 25. We Praise Thee.

Tune, *Hebron*.

- 1 We praise thee, Lord, if but one soul,
While the past year prolonged its flight,
Turned shudd'ring from the pois'nous bowl,
To health, and liberty, and light.
- 2 We praise thee, if one clouded home,
Where broken hearts despairing pined,
Beheld the sire and husband come
Erect, and in his perfect mind.
- 3 No more a weeping wife to mock,
Till all her hopes in anguish end,—
No more the trembling mind to shock,
And sink the father in the fiend.
- 4 Still give us grace, Almighty King,
Unwavering at our posts to stand;
Till grateful at thy shrine we bring
The tribute of a ransomed land.

No. 25. HOME TO MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

A. S. K.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 O fa - ther, come kiss me once more, And watch by my
 2 O fa - ther, what news shall I take To Je - sus and
 3 Our home here is lone - ly and dark, And oft we are
 4 O fa - ther, dear fa - ther, once more Of Je - sus I
 5 O fa - ther, dear fa - ther, once more Please read in my

bed just to - night, Your Net - tie will walk thro' the Val - ley of Death,
 mo - ther, for you? I'll tell him to send ho - ly an - gels of light
 hun - gry and cold; But I shall go home to my mo - ther to - night,
 pray you to think; And when I am gone to my mo - ther in heaven,
 Bi - ble, and think: "No drunkard shall en - ter the kingdom of heaven,"

CHORUS.

Ere dawn of the sweet Sab - bath light.
 To bless and to com - fort you too. }
 Where pleasures are pu - rer than gold. } O fa - ther, I'm go - ing to
 O fa - ther, please give up your drink. }
 O God, keep my fa - ther from drink! }

HOME TO MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

mo-ther so dear, I dream'd that I saw her last night; And o-ver the

riv-er sweet voic-es I hear, They call me to man-sions of light,—

Home, home, home to my mo-ther in heaven.

No. 27. TEMPERANCE RALLYING SONG.

R. G. S.

From "Fount of Blessing," by permission.

R. G. STAPLES.

With energy.

1 Men of God, a-rouse to ac-tion, There is work that must be done;
 2 Hear the bit-ter wail of an-guish, Gushing forth from hearts that bleed;
 3 Children's cries and moth-ers' pleadings, Will not these your zeal in-spire?
 4 Save your sons, your daughters res-cue, From the rum-fiend's fear-ful sway;

Fel-low-mor-tals, stag'-ring, dy-ing, Must from sin and vice be won.
 See the work of de-vas-ta-tion—To the res-cue on-ward speed.
 There's no time for you to loit-er, When the build-ing is on fire.
 Work with zeal; strike down the mon-ster,—Haste the light of "Gos-pel-day."

CHORUS.

A - rouse! a - rouse! there's work that must be done to - day;

A - rouse! a - rouse!

A - rouse! a - rouse! Oh, stop the rum-fiend's fear-ful sway!

A - rouse! a - rouse!

No. 28. WOE TO THEM.

Rev. W. WYE SMITH.

F. W. MESSE.

1 Woe to them that love the wine-cup, Seek - ing pleasure morn and eve;
 2 Woe to them the strong and might-y, In the mingling of the cup;
 3 O our Fa-ther! save from ru - in, Save from wrath and save from woe!

God, their migh - ty God, for - sak - ing, Ne'er do they his truths per - ceive;
 As the fire de - vours the stub - ble, So their hope is swallowed up.
 Let us shun the dark be - gin - ning Of the path where drunkards go.

Woe to them that fol - low e - vil, Hat - ing good and hat - ing light;
 From the earth their name shall per - ish, They have cast God's law a - side,
 Lead us by thy bless - ed Spir - it, Far from all these fields of vice,

Turn - ing from the way to heav - en, In - to dark - est shades of night.
 And the Lord shall lay in dark - ness All their glo - ry and their pride.
 From the curse their ways in - her - it, To the bliss of Par - a - dise.

From "International Hymnal," by per.

No. 29. TOUCH NOT THE CUP.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 Touch not the cup, it is death to the soul: Touch not the cup, touch not the cup:
 2 Touch not the cup, when the wine glistens bright: Touch not the cup, touch not the cup:
 3 Touch not the cup, oh, drink not a drop: Touch not the cup, touch not the cup:

Ma - ny I know who have quaffed from the bowl: Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 Tho' like the ru - by it shines in the light: Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 All that thou lov - est, en - treat thee to stop: Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Lit - tle they thought that the de - mon was there: Blindly they drank and were caught in the snare:
 Th' fangs of the ser - pent are hid in the bowl; Deeply the pois - on will en - ter thy soul,
 Stop, for the home that to thee is so near; Stop, for the friends that to thee are so dear;

Then of that death - dealing bowl, O, beware! Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 Soon it will plunge thee beyond thy control; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 Stop, for thy country, the God that you fear: Touch not the cup, touch it not.

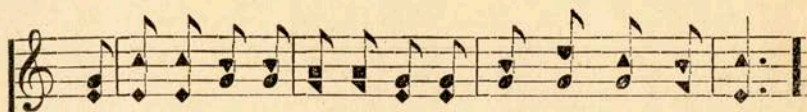
No. 30. COME FORWARD.

E. A. G.

R. A. GLENN.



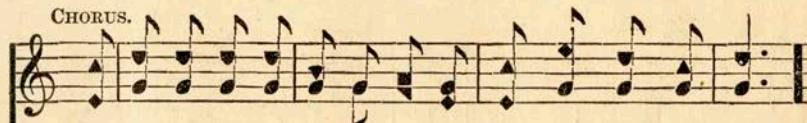
1 Come for-ward, now, ye no - ble men, And gird your arm - or on,
 2 Re - verse the old ac - cept - ed rules, And throw a - way the bowl,
 3 Long rum has had its wick - ed sway, And thousands has it slain,



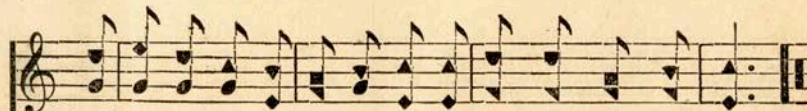
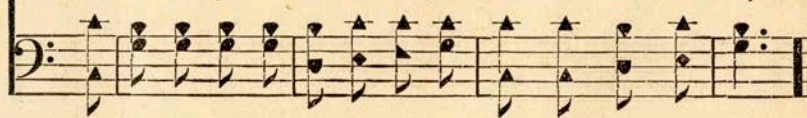
No long - er with the fic - kle whims Of sin and dark - ness roam.
 And come and don the badge of blue: With us your name en - roll.
 But we will crush it out, I pray, No more on earth to reign.



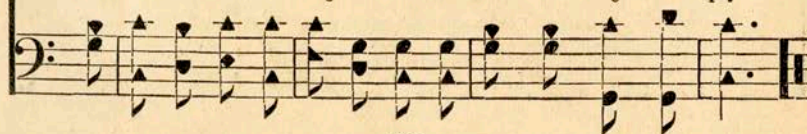
CHORUS.



Come on, in spite of sneers and frowns, And walk in bet - ter ways:



Shake off the chain that long has bound: You'll find at length it pays.



No. 31. ON WITH THE WORK.

G. D. McKINSEY.

J. McPHERSON.

1 On with the work! O work-ers true, Let us the rum-king rout;
 2 On with the work! we're gain-ing ground: Nev-er faint-heart-ed be;
 3 On with the work! oh, nev-er yield, God is your Help-er strong;

Kan-sas speaks out and dons the blue, Vot-ing vile whis-ky out.
 Now at his post let each be found: Vic-to-ry sure we'll see!
 Oh, let us all, then, take the field: Vic-tor is Right o'er Wrong.

CHORUS.

On with the work! On with the work! Ask-ing God's help each day;

On with the work! On with the work! Driv-ing rum's blight a - way.

No. 32. TRUST IN GOD.

FLOSSIE.

J. McPHERSON.

1 Trust in God, O temptance work-er, Look to Him a-lone for strength;
 2 Trust in God in ev-ry tri-al When temp-ta-tion's sore be-set;
 3 Shun the wine-cup's ru-by glis-ten, Near it go not day or night;

Sa-tan, though a sly old lurk-er, God can res-cue you at length.
 On-ly prac-tice self-de-ni-al, And the glow-ing wine for-get.
 To the tempt-er do not lis-ten, Trust in God all will be right.

CHORUS.

Trust in God, O work-er, wea-ry, Look to Him and nev-er fear,

Though the way a-head be drear-y, He a-lone can give you cheer.

No. 33. THE FOUNTAIN.

By permission of BIGLOW & MAIN.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1 A song, a song to th' bub-ling spring, So clear and bright;
2 How sweet it 'is, when tired and faint With noon - tide heat,

Let us all its prais - es sing, Sing, sing to - night.
Here to quaff the gush - ing wave, Cool, cool and sweet.

Spark-ling lit - tle foun - tain, Sing - ing ev - er gay - ly,

Spark - ling lit - tle foun - tain, Sing - ing ev - er,
Sparkling lit - tle foun - tain, Sing-ing ev - er gay - ly, Cheer us with thy mu - sic,

THE FOUNTAIN.

gay - - ly, Cheer us with thy

Cheer us, cheer us dai - ly, Sing - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing,
 Cheer us, cheer us dai - ly, Spark - ling, spark - ling, spark - ling, spark - ling,

mu - sic, Cheer us, cheer us dai - ly.

Sing - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing, Sing - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing ev - er.
 Sparkling, sparkling, sparkling, sparkling, Sparkling, sparkling, sparkling, sparkling ev - er.

CHORUS.

Tra la la la la la la la la la, Tra la la, tra la la,

Tra la la la la la la la la la, Cheer us, cheer us dai - ly.

No. 34. THE SIXTY THOUSAND.

EVA L. EMERY.

By per. GEORGE BAKER.

1 In this land of boast-ed free-dom, In this king-dom of the brave,
 2 Hark! a-gain that sound of wail-ing Borne a-long the mid-night air:
 3 Dost thou see those crim-son ban-ners, As they flut-ter o'er the host?
 4 Well thou know-est, then, the sto-ry: Then thou know-est well the woe,

Si-lent-ly a spec-tral ar-my March-es on-ward to the grave.
 'Tis the cry of help-less or-phan! 'Tis the wid-ow in de-spair!
 Dost thou hear that dirge re-sound-ing, Like the death-wail of the lost?
 And the shad-ows of dis-hon-or That enshroud them as they go!

Hark! I hear their muffled footsteps, Like a dis-tant, dis-tant knell,
 Still the sound is ever steady, Tramping, tramp-ing through the gloom,
 Dost thou see that tyrant captain, As he leads his tat-tered band?
 And against the wily Tempter, Let thy prayer with mine a-rise:

As our six-ty thousand drunkards Tread the path that leads to hell.
 Pass our six-ty thousand drunkards To the shad-ows of the tomb.
 Leads the six-ty thousand drunkards, Grim and ghost-ly, through the land?
 When, O God, shall end this con-quest? When shall cease this sac-ri-fice?

No. 35. THE TEMPERANCE CALL.

By permission of BIGLOW & MAIN.

FRANZ ABT.

1 Hear the temp'rance call, Freeman, one and all! Hear your country's earnest cry!
 2 Leave the shop and farm, Leave your bright hearths warm, To the polls! the land to save:
 3 Hail, our Fa-ther-land! Here thy children stand, All re-solved, u-nit-ed, true,

See, your na-tive land Lift its beck'ning hand! Sons of freedom, come ye nigh!
 Let your lead-ers be True and no-ble, free, Fearless, temp'rate, good, and brave.
 In the temp'rance cause, Ne'er to faint or pause! This our pur-pose is, and vow.

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 36. LORD BLESS OUR TEMPERANCE BAND.

Rev. W. T. DALE.

CORNELLJ.

1 Lord, bless our temp'rance band, Our chos-en sons de-fend; Pro-
 2 Let temp'rance swell the breeze, And spread the earth a-round, Till

tect our hea-ven fav-ored land, And guide us to the end.
 dis-tant lands be-yond the seas Shall ech-o back the sound;

TENOR.

Let drunken-ness and vice Be banished from our land, And
 Till ev'-ry tribe and tongue Shall temp'rance laws o-bey, And

ALTO.

Let drunken-ness and vice Be banished from our
 Till ev'-ry tribe and tongue Shall temp'rance laws o-

TREBLE.

Let drunken-ness and vice Be banished from our land, And
 Till ev'-ry tribe and tongue Shall temp'rance laws o-bey, And

BASS.

Let drunken-ness and vice Be banished from our
 Till ev'-ry tribe and tongue Shall temp'rance laws o-

LORD BLESS OUR TEMPERANCE BAND.

ho - ly songs of tri - umph rise From our u - ni - ted band.
all man - kind with cheer - ful songs Re - gard the glorious day.

land, And holy songs of tri - umph rise From our u - ni - ted band.
bey, And all mankind with cheer - ful songs Re - gard the glo - rious day.

ho - ly songs of tri - umph rise From our u - ni - ted band.
all mankind with cheer - ful songs Re - gard the glorious day.

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

No. 37. Ho! my Comrades.

Tune, Hold the Fort.

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

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

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

No. 38. SIGN THE PLEDGE.

R. A. G.

R. A. GLENN.

1 Come, sign the pledge, my brother, come, sign to-day, Wait not for a - ny one, but
 2 Wives' hearts are rude - ly bro - ken, children want bread, Husbands are turn'd to demons,
 3 Come, sign the temp'rance pledge, with malice toward none, Hearts full of char-i - ty the

come right a - way; There is a foe a - mong us, King Al - co - hol,
 sad tears are shed; Ma - ny who once were hap - py, love - ly, and pure,
 good work is done; Touch not nor taste the cup, for death lurk - eth there;

CHORUS.

Dragging down to pov - er - ty both great and the small.
 Tho' strong drink so deprav'd that none can endure. } Sign the pledge, sign the
 Tho' the taste is sweet at first, the end is despair. } Sign the pledge, sign the

pledge, There will nev - er be a bet - ter time; Sign the pledge, sign the
 sign the pledge, sign the pledge,

SIGN THE PLEDGE.

pledge, Come and sign it while you can, Prove yourself an hon-est man; Sign the
sign the pledge,

pledge, sign the pledge, There will nev-er be a bet-ter time.
sign the pledge, sign the pledge.

The musical score consists of two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system has lyrics: 'pledge, Come and sign it while you can, Prove yourself an hon-est man; Sign the sign the pledge,'. The second system has lyrics: 'pledge, sign the pledge, There will nev-er be a bet-ter time. sign the pledge, sign the pledge.' The bass staff includes triangle symbols indicating rhythmic accompaniment.

No. 39. Murphy Rallying Song.

BY J. C. IRVIN.

Tune, *Pull for the Shore.*

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

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

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

No. 40. DO HIS WILL.

From the "International Hymnal," by per.

MARIA STRAUB.

Rev. SAMUEL ALMAN.

1 When the morn awakes in beau-ty, May the tempter's voice be still;
2 Sor-row, an-guish, woe, and sad-ness In the wine-cup hid-den lie;
3 Let us keep his pre-cepts ho-ly, Then from e-vil we'll be free;

Let us wake to trust and du-ty, Strive to do our Fa-ther's will.
We will take the cup of glad-ness From the brook-let rip-pling by.
Walk with him, the meek and low-ly, Who will bid the temp-ter flee.

CHORUS.

Shun the temp-ter, shun the temp-ter, From his dark de-vic-es flee;

If thou turn from sin to du-ty, God thy strong de-fence will be.

No. 41. TEMPERANCE BANNER.

Arr. by Dr. L. MASON.

1 Un - furl the temp'rance ban - ner, And fling it to the breeze;
 2 Come join the no - ble ar - my, En - list now for the fight,
 3 Then ral - ly round the stand - ard, And let the work go on,

And let the glad ho - san - na Sweep o - ver land and seas;
 Main - tain our na - tion's hon - or; Firm stand ye for the right;
 Un - til the last sad ves - tige Of in - temp' - rance is gone;

To God be all the glo - ry For what we now be - hold;
 Pro - mote the cause of temp' - rance; As - sist poor fall - en man;
 Be earn - est in the bat - tle, Your wea - pons bold - ly wield,

Oh, let the cheer - ing sto - ry, In ev' - ry ear be told.
 Put on the glo - rious ar - mor; Be fore - most in the van.
 You'll sure - ly gain the vic - t'ry, And make the mon - ster yield.

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

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

With expression.

1 Oh, have you found my boy? He was my pride and joy,
 2 Oh, have you found my boy? No tongue can tell the joy,
 3 Thank God, I've found my boy! In heav'n are songs of joy,

Till, tempt-ed by the si - ren's voice, He made the drunkard's cup his choice,
 That would be mine, if in my arms, Se - cure from all the tempter's charms,
 Be - cause the Sa - viour loved him so, He saved him from a drunkard's woe,

CHORUS.

My poor, mis-guid - ed boy! } 1 & 2 Oh, help me find my boy!
 I held my dar - ling boy! } Vers.
 My lost, but ran - somed boy! } 3 Ver. Thank God, I've found my boy!

My poor, mis-guid - ed boy! To lead him back to vir - tue's path,
 My poor, mis-guid - ed boy! And brought him back to vir - tue's path,

OH, HAVE YOU FOUND MY BOY?

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Oh, Have You Found My Boy?'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff: 'To hap - pi - ness and joy, To hap - pi - ness and joy!'. The music ends with a double bar line.

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

Tune, *John Brown.*

- 1 The word from heaven is spoken, and will never pass away,
That truth and right shall spread, and win a universal sway;
And now are pouring o'er the world the glories of the day;
God's truth is marching on.
- Chorus.*—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
God's truth is marching on.
- 2 From sin and Satan, Christ shall have the empire of the world;
Through darkest dens, o'er ranks of hell, his lightnings shall be hurled;
Behold from far, and waving wide, his banner is unfurled:
His truth is marching on.—CHO.
- 3 The wretched earth has mourned so long the reign of vice and crime,
That hearts will dance and eyes will shine, when comes the better time;
'Tis coming! coming on apace! in all its golden prime:
God's truth is marching on.—CHO.
- 4 The fiend is doomed, thy will be done, by woman pledged and sworn,
The forts are stormed by prayer and praise; and on the wind is borne
Exulting shouts of joyful hosts, as through the gates of morn
God's truth is marching on.—CHO.
- 5 Arise with heaven! and bless the world; let all respond below;
With heart, and hand, and voice arise, to foil and crush the foe;
For God hath cursed the curse of drink, and he will lay it low;
His truth is marching on.—CHO.

No. 44. TEMPERANCE CHORUS.

To GEO. CRAMER, Martinsville.

G. B. STREET.

1 Pleas-ant 'tis to meet to-day, Meet to join the sing-ing,
 2 Let us ev-ry wrong a-void; Ev-ry e-vil spurn-ing;
 3 Who can tell the mis-er-y? Who can feel for oth-ers?
 4 Flow'rs shall bloom a-long our path, Flow'rs of ra-diance gleam-ing,

And our voi-ces ring-ing, Sweet-est mu-sic bring-ing; Then
 Ev-ry good-ness learn-ing; From temp-ta-tion turn-ing; Then,
 Fa-thers, sons, and bro-thers, Sis-ters, daugh-ters, moth-ers? May
 Like to an-gels seem-ing, Bright and beau-teous beam-ing; When

old and young, throughout the land, For truth and temp'rance take a stand, And
 let us all, throughout the land, For truth and temp'rance take a stand, And
 we u-nite both heart and hands; God give the strength the cause de-mands, And
 temp'rance friends, with heart and hand, Shall sweep in-temprance from our land, Then

this our life shall cheer, cheer, cheer, And this our life shall cheer.

No. 45. NEVER CEASE STRIVING.

SOLO OR DUET.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 We live in a world of temp-tation, Our foes are within and with-out;
 2 Tho' the en-e-my fiercely as-sail you, For God and your manhood stand true;
 3 See the temp'rance army ad-vancing, Their banners as pure as the snow;

And if we would capture sal-va-tion, We must fight till the foe we shall rout.
 And pray Him that grace may avail you, And tri-umph-ant-ly car-ry you through.
 With songs and with music en-tranc-ing, They will help you to conquer the foe.

CHORUS.

Then nev-er cease striving, my bro-ther, Nor sad-ly thy sorrows be-wail; But,

a tempo.

trust in your Mak-er, my bro-ther, If faith-ful, you nev-er will fail.

No. 46. UNION OF EFFORT.

Rev. C. MARTINDALE.

W. T. GIFFE.

1 By the love of Christ con-strain - ing, By the Spir - it's might - y aid,
 2 Scat - ter seeds be - side all wa - ters, In the hearts of young and old;
 3 Bright the crowns that there a - wait us, Ra - dant with the stars of light,

To re - deem the poor in - e - briate, We are strong and might - y made.
 Fear not, faint not in the con - flict; Strong in faith, in dan - ger bold.
 Rest - ing in the God - built man - sions, We shall wear a robe of white.

CHORUS.

So, we'll sweet - ly toil to - geth - er, For the tri - - umph of the
 So, we'll sweetly toil to - geth - er, For the triumph of the

right; Work for jus - - - tice, truth, and temp' - rance,
 right, of the right; Work for jus - tice, truth, and temp' - rance,

From "The Brilliant," by permission of W. T. GIFFE.

UNION OF EFFORT.

To dis - pel the shades of night.
To dis - pel the shades of night, shades of night.

No. 47. GREENFIELD.

E. A. GLENN.

EDSON.

1 { Oh, what a good time there will be, When rum shall in-fest us no more! }
 2 { Glad moth-ers, glad chil-dren, we'll see, In homes of the rich and the poor. }
 3 { The great Ju - bi - lee we will hail, When Al - co-hol's reign shall be o'er; }
 3 { We'll shout it in an-thems of praise, And Je - sus we'll ev - er a - dore. }
 3 { March on! ye grand ar-mies of truth, Your ban-ners of temp'rance still wave; }
 3 { Each day we are gain-ing re-cruits, Fight on till the world shall be saved. }

CHORUS.

We'll work for the great Ju - bi - lee; No field will we yield to the foe,

Till right o - ver wrong shall pre-vail; Then peace o'er the land shall we know.

No. 48. HO! MY REAPERS.

R. A. G.

R. A. GLENN.

1 Ho! my reap - ers, the morn - ing is dawn - ing, Up and a - way to the
 2 La - bor on till the Mas - ter shall call you, Then with your sheaves safe - ly
 3 Search the high - ways and hedg - es a - round you, Gath - er from all for that

har - vest - field, See the wav - ing grain now is fall - ing; Haste, oh, haste, and
 gar - ner'd in, You'll re - ceive a crown of re - joic - ing; Haste, oh, haste, some
 home on high; Soon the har - vest - time will be o - ver; Let us work for

gath - er in the sheaves. } Gath - - - er in the gold - en sheaves,
 pre - cious soul to win. }
 night is draw - ing nigh. } Gather in the sheaves,

Gath - - - er in the gold - en sheaves; Up, friends of Je - sus, Soon
 Gath - er in the sheaves,

HO! MY REAPERS.

time will be o'er, Har-vest-days are pass-ing to come no more.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'HO! MY REAPERS.' It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff at the top and a bass clef staff at the bottom. The treble staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the bass staff contains a bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics 'time will be o'er, Har-vest-days are pass-ing to come no more.' are written below the treble staff, aligned with the notes.

No. 49. If We Knew.

Tune, *What a Friend we have in Jesus.*

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

No. 50. BEWARE OF THE WINE.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN, D.D.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

1 Be - ware of the wine when its col - or is bright, When it spar - kles and flashes and
 2 A - las! like a ser - pent with poisonous breath, Its form is imbued with the
 3 As Sa - tan so art - ful, so cunning and wise, Do - ceived the first woman in
 4 Oh, shun the de - ceiv - er, be - witching and gay, Nor tread with the drunkard the

foams in the light; No ob - ject so tempt - ing, so charming and fine, As the
 spir - it of death; A fev - er that rag - es, it burns up the frame, Con -
 pleas - ing dis - guise, So wine, as a mock - er, a cheat, and a lie, Al -
 smooth downward way, That leads to the grave, and more dreadful to tell, Is

CHORUS.

flow - ing bright gob - let, the rich ru - by wine. }
 sum - ing the vi - tals, a fierce ar - dent flame. } Be - ware of the
 lur - ing its vic - tims to drink and to die. }
 fol - low'd with sor - row and tor - ment in hell. } Of the wine,

wine, There's pois - on in its breath; Be -
 of the wine, in its breath;

BEWARE OF THE WINE.

rit.

ware of the wine, It leads to destruction and ends in death.
of the wine of the wine.

The musical score consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of two sharps. The accompaniment is written in a simple, rhythmic style. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

No. 51. ANYWHERE.

B. C. UNSELD.

1 A - ny lit - tle cor - ner, Lord, In thy vine - yard wide, Where thou bid'st me
2 Where we pitch our night - ly tent, Sure - ly mat - ters not; If the day for
3 All a - long the wil - der - ness, Let us keep our sight On the mov - ing

The musical score consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. The accompaniment is written in a simple, rhythmic style. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

work for thee, There I would a - bide; Mir - a - cle of sav - ing grace
thee is spent, Bless - ed is the spot, Quick - ly we the tent may fold,
pil - lar fixed, Con - stant day and night; Then the heart will make its home,

The musical score consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. The accompaniment is written in a simple, rhythmic style. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

That thou giv - est me a place A - ny - where, a - ny - where.
Cheer - ful march thro' storm and cold, With thy care, with thy care.
Will - ing, led by thee, to roam, A - ny - where, a - ny - where.

The musical score consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. The accompaniment is written in a simple, rhythmic style. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

No. 52. BRAVELY MARCHING ON.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

Spirited.

1 On - ward! on - ward! stand for temp'rance, Form your ranks a - new ;
 2 On - ward! bold - ly on for temp'rance, In God's strength pre - vail ;
 3 Then at last a glor - ious vic' - ry You through Christ shall win ;

Fear ye not, nor be dis - cour - aged, Still the foe pur - sue.
 With a cour - age no - ble, con - stant, You can nev - er fail.
 More than cong' - rors in the con - flict With the hosts of sin.

CHORUS.

Stand for temp' - rance, Stand for temp' - rance,
 Stand for temp'rance, bravely marching on, Stand for temp'rance, bravely marching on,

Brave - ly march - ing on ; Stand for temp'rance, Bravely marching on,
 Bravely marching, bravely marching on ; March - ing on,

BRAVELY MARCHING ON.

Till the glo-rious vic-t'ry's won, Till the glo-rious vic-t'ry's won.
Marching on,

The image shows the musical notation for the first piece. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece ends with a double bar line.

No. 53. FAR FROM HOME.

W. T. D.

D. E. DORTCH.

1 Far from my home in this strange land, A wan-der-er I roam;
2 While pen-sive thoughts within me burn, And stir my trou-bled breast,
3 Oh, give me pin-ions like a dove, Then would I fly a-way;
4 I'd mount a-bove the tem-pest loud, And ride up-on the storm;
5 Then I would speed my heav'n-ly fight, And bid this world fare-well;

The image shows the musical notation for the second piece. It is in 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece ends with a double bar line.

Here foes a-round me thick-ly stand, But I am march-ing home.
My eyes to heav'n I quick-ly turn, In search of per-fect rest.
I'd soar a-loft to heav'n a-bove, And dwell in end-less day.
I'd bid de-fi-ance to the proud, And nev-er feel a-larm.
I'd soar a-way to realms of light, Where peace and qui-et dwell.

The image shows the musical notation for the second piece. It is in 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece ends with a double bar line.

No. 54. COME JOIN OUR ARMY.

FANNY CHURCH.

F. SPAULDING.

1 Will you come and join our ar - my? Will you fight for God and truth?
 2 We have gird - ed on the ar - mor Of the ho - ly word of God;
 3 'Tis our Lord who is our cap - tain, And with him we can not fail,
 4 He will give us grace to con - quer, He will keep our souls from harm,
 5 We shall be at last tri - umph - ant, We shall wear the vic - tor's crown,

Will you come? He calls for sol - diers; Give to him your ear - ly youth.
 We are marching up - ward, on - ward, In the way the saints have trod.
 E - ven when the fight is hot - test, And our craft - y foes as - sail.
 When the con - flict rag - es hot - test, By his own al - might - y arm.
 And with - in the ho - ly cit - y We shall lay our ar - mor down.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, we are marching in, Glo - ry, glo - ry,

shall be all our song; We are loy - al sol - diers, Un - der Christ's com -

From ROSECRANS' "Little Sower," by permission.

COME JOIN OUR ARMY.

15

mand; Ours the blood-stain'd ban - ner Of Im - man - uel's land.

No. 55. THE WATCHMAN'S CRY.

O. W. PILLSBURY.

1 Hark! 'tis the watch-man's cry: Wake, breth - ren, wake!
 2 Call to each work - ing band: Watch, breth - ren, watch!
 3 Heed ye the stew - ard's call: Work, breth - ren, work!

Je - sus, our Lord, is nigh, Wake, brethren, wake! Sleep is for sons of night,
 Clear is our Lord's command: Watch, brethren, watch! Be ye as men that wait
 There's work e - nough for all: Work, brethren, work! The vine - yard of the Lord

Chil - dren are ye of light; Yours is the glo - ry bright Wake, breth - ren, wake!
 All at the Mas - ter's gate, E'en though he tar - ry late! Watch, breth - ren, watch!
 Fresh la - bor will af - ford. Yours is a sure re - ward: Work, breth - ren, work!

No. 54. TOUCH NOT THE BOWL.

BIGELOW.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1 Oh, do not touch the madd'ning bowl! 'Twill lead thee far a-stray; 'Twill
 2 What num-bers in the grave-yard lie, Who might be liv-ing still; Had
 3 Oh, do not touch the madd'ning bowl! 'Twill lead thee far a-stray; 'Twill

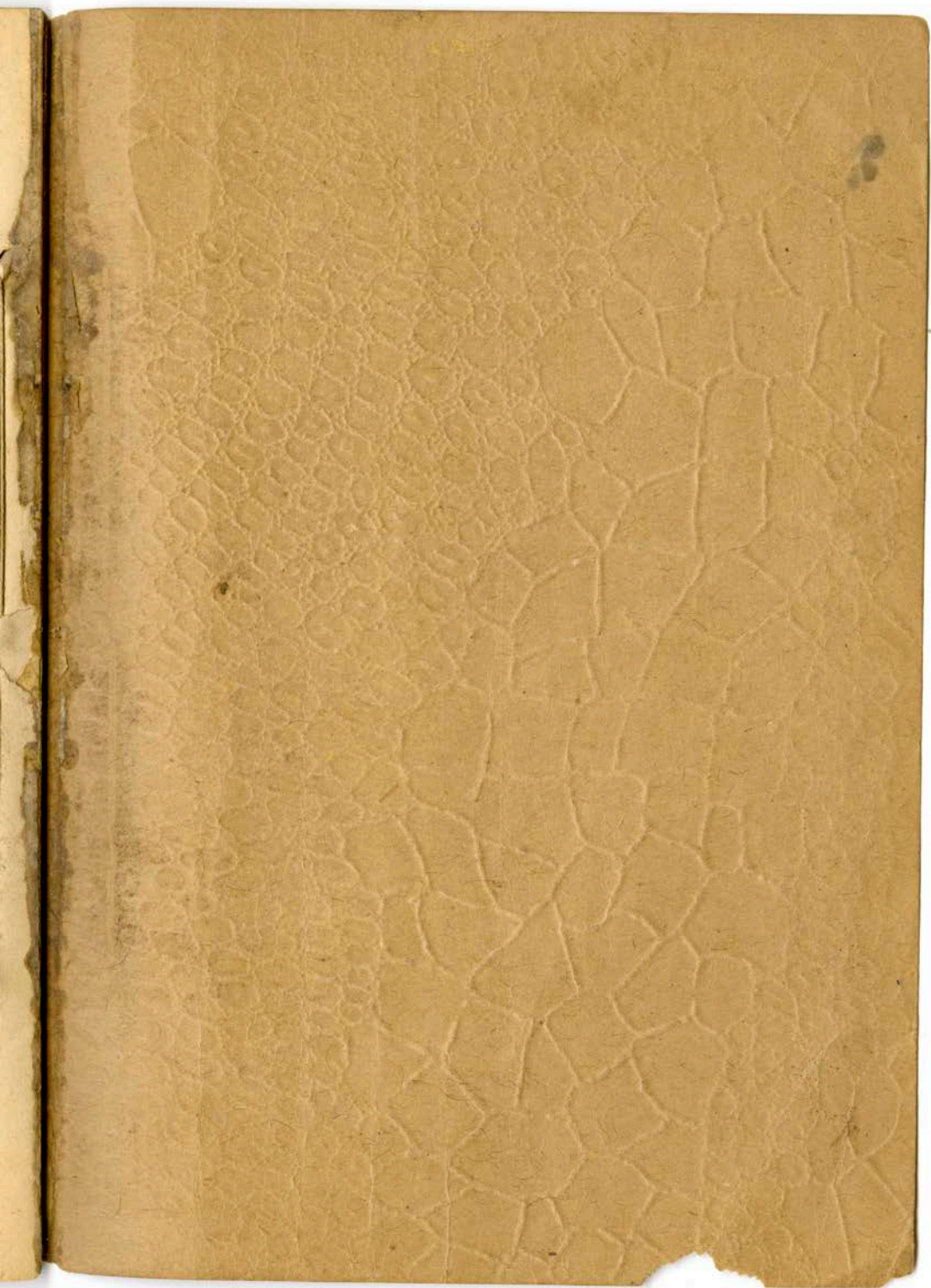
CHORUS.

quench the gladness of thy soul, And steal thy hopes a-way. Oh, touch it
 they been time-ly warn'd to fly This fie-ry fount of ill. }
 quench the gladness of thy soul, And steal thy hopes a-way. } Touch it

not, touch it not, 'Twill sure-ly ru-in bring; Oh, touch it
 not, touch it not, Touch it

not, touch it not, Touch it not, touch it not, The pois-nous thing.

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