

A decorative floral border with intricate scrollwork and small flowers, framing the central text.

TEMPERANCE
MINSTREL

~~F 46.111~~
~~M3535~~



FROM THE LIBRARY OF
REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.
BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO
THE LIBRARY OF
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCB
6811

Division

Section

F 11
V 11



TEMPERANCE
H Y M N B O O K

AND

M I N S T R E L ;

A COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS, SONGS AND ODES,

FOR

TEMPERANCE MEETINGS

AND

FESTIVALS.

BY REV. JOHN MARSH.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED AND SOLD AT THE OFFICE OF THE
AMERICAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

1842.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1841,
by JOHN MARSH, in the Clerk's office of the District Court
for the Southern District of New-York.

~~~~~  
STEREOTYPED BY  
VINCENT L. DILL,  
128 Fulton Street,  
New-York.  
~~~~~

P R E F A C E .

FREQUENT enquiries for a Temperance Hymn Book have led to this compilation. Wesley said years ago, it was a pity Satan should have all the best tunes. The same may as properly be said of songs, which have contributed much to intemperance. Surely it is time that both music and song which have been thus perverted, should at once be rescued to the aid of temperance. The numerous beautiful poetical effusions on the subject, now enable us to present a valuable compilation. It is hoped that it will prove acceptable and useful to the American public;—valuable not only in temperance meetings, but in families, forming the minds and hearts of children and youth to an abhorrence of those intoxicating drinks, which have slain their millions.

NEW-YORK, April 1, 1841.



TEMPERANCE HYMN BOOK.

PART I.

WOES OF INTEMPERANCE.

11s.

- 1 **H**ARK! hark ye! O listen the sorrow and weep-
ing,
Which rise from the hovel where Misery reigns,
To the howl of the winds a wild harmony keeping,
Which chills the warm life-blood that speeds thro'
our veins!
- 2 Sad, sad is the story those accents are telling!
Like the wail of the dying it pierces the air!
Oh, what has so blasted that comfortless dwelling?
The monster Intemperance is rioting there!
- 3 The wife worse than widowed, forlorn and heart-bro-
ken,
While hunger and want make her little ones cry;
All trembling and pale, hears the terrible token
Of anguish, the steps of her husband are nigh!
- 4 Those sounds once she caught with unspeakable glad-
ness,
While lit with affection her eye brightly shone,
Now sunken, her bosom o'er burdened with sadness,
Like the funeral knell or the dirge's low moan!
- 5 He comes! See he comes! But no fond salutation,
Breaks forth from his lips which once murmured
of love:
Those eyes, once accustomed to smile approbation,
Look dark as the storm-cloud which musters above.

WOES OF INTEMPERANCE.

- 6 With oaths and reproaches he vents his displeasure,
And smites the frail form he is bound to protect;
Her tears and intreaties avail in no measure;
He treats them with scorn or with cruel neglect.
- 7 His babes who once crowded around for his blessing,
Or sat gaily prating for joy on his knee,
Familiar with blows in the place of caressing,
Away from their father instinctively flee.
- 8 Oh! the withering curse, and the ruin appalling,
Which ALCOHOL wreaks on a suffering world!
Let the people's rebuke, like hot thunder-bolts falling,
Shower fierce on the fiend till from earth he is
hurled!

C. M.

- 1 **I**NTEMP'RANCE, like a raging flood,
Is sweeping o'er the land;
Its dire effects, in tears and blood,
Are trac'd on every hand.
- 2 It still flows on, and bears away
Ten thousands to their doom:
Who shall the mighty torrent stay,
And disappoint the tomb?
- 3 Almighty God! no hand but thine
Can check this flowing tide;
Stretch out thine arm of power divine,
And bid the flood subside.
- 4 Dry up the source from whence it flows,
Destroy its fountain head;
That dire Intemp'rance and its woes
No more the earth o'erspread.

B. J.

C. M.

THE VICTIM.

- 1 " **H**AND me the bowl, ye jovial band,"
He said, "'twill rouse my mirth;"
But conscience seized his trembling hand,
And dash'd the cup to earth.
2. He look'd around, he blush'd, he laugh'd,
He sipp'd the sparkling wave;
In it he 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 wildered mind,
He saw in every hope a hell,
He was to reason blind.
- 6 He grasp'd the bowl to seek relief;
No more his conscience said:
His bosom friend was sunk in grief,
His children begged for bread.
- 7 Through haunts of horror and of strife,
He pass'd down life's dark tide;
He curs'd his beggar'd babes and wife;
He curs'd his God—and died!

C. M.

THE DYING DRUNKARD.

- 1 **S**TRETCH'D 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 ?—
They shar'd his heart and bowl,
Yet come not nigh to charm away,
The horrors from his soul.
- 4 What have *such* friends to do with those
Who press the couch of pain ?
Ah ! *he* is racked with mortal throes—
He'll never rise again !
- 5 And where is mercy in that hour
Of dread, and pain, and guilt !
Though Jesus blood, of matchless power,
For man's sear'd soul was spilt ;
- 6 If Justice spurn the fear-urg'd prayer,
That stream has flow'd in vain ;
And, lock'd in thy embrace, despair !
He'll never hope again.

C. M.

- 1 **H**ELP us to feel for drunken man,
In all his sin and wo ;
And let our bright example teach
The way he ought to go.

- 2 Let not our conduct harden him ;
 But fill our souls with care,
 To snatch him from the pit of death,
 And break the fatal snare.
3. Inflam'd with love and holy zeal,
 Ne'er would we cease to pray,
 And watch and strive that he may reach,
 The realms of endless day.

J. Burns.

6s. & 8s.

- 1 **H**OW long, O God, how long
 Must thy pure eyes behold
 This fair world blasted by the wrong
 Man does to man for gold !
 How long shall reason be cast down,
 And a fierce demon wear her crown !
- 2 The prisoner's cell, that all
 Life's blessed light bedims,
 The lash that cuts, the links that gall
 The poor slave's festering limbs—
 What is this thralldom, to the chain
 That binds and burns the drunkard's brain !
- 3 If, then, thy frown is felt,
 O God, by those who bind
 The body—what must be the guilt
 Of such as chain the mind—
 Drag to the pit,—and plunge it in !—
 O, have not these “ the greatest sin ?”
- 4 The mother of our race,
 Whose sin brought death and wo,
 Yet, in her weakness, found thy grace :—
 The TEMPTER's curse we know.
 Doth he who *drinks* wrong most the soul ?
 Or, he who *tempts* him to the bowl ?

- 5 Help us, O God, to weigh
 Our deeds as in thy scales,
 Nor let gold dust the balance sway ;
 For good o'er gold prevails
 At that dread bar, where all must look
 Upon the record, in **THY BOOK.**

Pierpont.

L. M.

" ONLY THIS ONCE."

- 1 " **O**NLY this once;"—the wine-cup glowed
 All sparkling with its ruby ray ;
 The bacchanalian welcome flowed,
 And folly made the revel gay.
- 2 Then he, so long, so deeply warned,
 The sway of conscience rashly spurned ;
 His promise of repentance scorned,
 And, coward-like, to vice returned.
- 3 "*Only this once*;"—the tale is told ;
 He wildly quaffed the poisonous tide ;
 With more than Esau's madness, sold
 The birthright of his soul, and died.
- 4 I do not say that breath forsook
 The clay, and left its pulses dead ;
 But reason in her empire shook,
 And all the *life of life* was fled.
- 5 Again his eyes the landscape viewed ;
 His limbs again their burden bore ;
 And years their wonted course renewed ;
 But hope and peace returned no more.

L. H. S.

8s. & 7s.

THE MISCHIEFS OF DRINKING.

- 1 **W**HEN we think of chill starvation,
When we think of sighs and tears,
When we think of pale privation,
When we think of doubts and fears ;
- 2 When we think of raging madness,
When we think of reckless beings,
When we think of death-like sadness,—
Nature's most distressing scene's ;
- 3 When we think of horrid murder;
Female virtue lost in crime ;
When we think of black self-slaughter,
Let us ever bear in mind,
- 4 That the cursed love of drinking
Hath produced the greater part ;
And that thousands now are sinking,
Pierc'd by dissipation's dart.

J. Hird

C. M.

- 1 **G**O self-polluted loathsome wretch,
The scourge of human kind,
Go waste thy substance and thy state,
And brutalize thy mind.
- 2 Go haunt the taverns night and day,
The time thus spent in vain,
Will bring disease and wo and death,
And barter peace for pain.
- 3 Go like a demon to thy house,
Destroy each comfort there ;
And from thy sorrowing family
Wring out the bitter tear.

- 4 Enough, enough, if aught remains
Of virtue in thy soul;
Forsake thy foolish maddening life,
And scorn the treacherous bowl.

8s.

DRUNKARD'S ADDRESS TO WINE.

- 1 **T**HOU liquid fire! like that which glowed,
For Paul upon Melita's shore,
Thou'st been upon my guests bestowed:
But thou shalt warm my house no more:
For wheresoe'er thy radiance falls,
Forth, from thy heat, a viper crawls!
- 2 What, though if gold the goblet be,
Embossed with branches of the vine,
Beneath whose burnished leaves we see
Such clusters as poured out the wine?
Among those leaves an adder hangs!
I fear him—for I've felt his fangs.
- 3 The Hebrew, who the desert trod,
And felt the fiery serpent's bite,
Looked up to that ordained of God,
And found that life was in the sight.
So, the worm-bitten's fiery veins
Cool, when he drinks what God ordains.
- 4 Ye gracious clouds! ye deep cold wells!
Ye gems, from mossy rocks that drip!
Springs, that from earth's mysterious cells
Gush o'er your granite basin's lip!
To you I look;—your largess give,
And I will drink of you, and live.

THE DRUNKARD'S LAMENT.

1 **9** MID sorrows and sadness I'm destined to roam,
 Forlorn and forsaken, deprived of my home,
 Intem'prance hath robb'd me of all that was dear,
 Of my home in the skies, and my happiness here,
 Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
 An exile from God, I shall ne'er find a home.

2 I vainly presumed when I first 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 wanderer like Cain,
 With the "mark" of the beast on the earth still re-
 main.
 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.

G. Russel.

C. M.

THE FUNERAL.

- 1 **M**OURNFUL and sad upon my ear
The death-bell echoes stole;
And painful memories opened all
The feelings of my soul.
- 2 The knell—the knell—it told of woe
That words cannot reveal—
Of desolate and broken hearts,
Where grief had set his seal.
- 3 Again it pealed—and on the air
It swelled and died along;
And to the dwelling of the dead
There came a weeping throng.
- 4 In tattered weeds, with trembling steps,
The widow led the train:
And her poor orphans followed on—
Sad sharers of her pain.
- 5 Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
Clay to its kindred clay—
They left the dead—and wailed and wept
And slowly moved away.
- 6 But ah! there hung a heavy cloud
Upon that husband's name;
And deep disgrace had settled down
Upon that father's fame.
- 7 There was a keenness in their grief,
A death-shade in their gloom—
As, desolate and fatherless,
They left the drunkard's tomb.

7s. & 6s.

- 1 **S**TOP poor sinners, stop and think,
 Before you further go;
 Will you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting wo?
 On the verge of ruin stop,
 Now the friendly warning take,
 Stay your footsteps—ere you drop
 Into the burning lake.
- 2 Ghastly death will quickly come,
 And drag you to his bar;
 Then to hear your awful doom,
 Will fill you with despair!
 All your sins will round you crowd,
 You shall mark their crimson dye;
 Each for vengeance crying loud,
 And what can you reply?
- 3 Tho' your heart were made of steel,
 Your forehead lined with brass,
 God at length will make you feel,
 He will not let you pass;
 Sinners then in vain will call,
 Those who now despise his grace,
 "Rocks and mountains on us fall,
 And hide us from his face."

Newton.

C. M.

A CALL TO REFORMATION.

- 1 **Y**E captives once to sin and shame,
 By dire intemperance led,
 Whose thirst was like the fiery flame,
 With burning spirits fed;
- 2 The noble forms your Maker gave
 Were tottering to the dust,
 Without a hope that Christ would save,
 On Him ye could not trust;

- 3 Upon the verge of endless night,
 Ye grop'd your darksome way,
 Without a beam of mercy's light,
 With hearts that dar'd not pray.
- 4 Arise, and with all creatures join,
 God's glory to advance ;
 For sun and moon, the earth and stars
 Are teaching temperance.

8s. & 7s.

- 1 **S**ON of sorrow ! son of sorrow,
 Whither bendest thou thy way,
 What hath hope for thee to-morrow ?
 What enjoyment has to-day ?
- 2 False excitement, maddening ever,
 Fills thy fever-heated brain ;
 This will save from sorrow never,
 Leaving death, remorse, and pain.
- 3 Son of sorrow ! son of sorrow !
 Come with me, O, come to-day ;
 Wait not—wait not till to-morrow,
 Leave, O leave delusion's way.
- 4 Where are now the babes thou loved,
 Where the wife thou held so dear ?
 What has thine affection proved ?
 Son of madness, shed a tear !
- 5 I would conceal the gloomy picture,
 Thou thyself must draw a sigh ;
 Son of madness, change, O change thee,
 Ere thy wife and children die !
- 6 Change thee ere thy doom is fixed,
 Bringing everlasting gloom !
 Flee, O flee the drunkard's madness,
 Flee from madness and the tomb.

C. M.

DRINKERS AND SCOFFERS.

- 1 **A**LL ye who laugh and sport with death,
And say there is no hell,
The gasp of your expiring breath,
Will send you there to dwell.
- 2 When iron thunders bind your flesh,
With strange surprise you'll find,
Immortal vigor spring afresh,
And tortures wake the mind.
- 3 Then you'll confess, the frightful names
Of plagues you scorned before,
No more shall look like idle dreams,
Like foolish tales no more.
- 4 Then shall ye curse that fatal day,
With flames upon your tongue,
When you exchanged your souls away,
For vanity and songs.

Watts.

L. M.

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the various passing scenes
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God! conducts unseen
The beautiful vicissitude.
- 2 When lowest sunk with grief and shame,
Fill'd with afflictions bitter cup,
Lost to relations, friends and fame,
Thy powerful hand can raise us up.
- 3 Thy powerful consolations cheer,
Thy smiles suppress the deep fetch'd sigh,
Thy hand can dry the trickling tear,
That secret wets the widow's eye.

- 4 All things on earth, and all heaven,
On thy eternal will depend ;
And all for greater good were given,
And all shall in thy glory end.

L. M.

- 1 **T**HERE was a time, there was a time,
When earth was fair and heav'n was bright,
To eyes that now are dimmed with tears,
In prospect of eternal night.
- 2 There was a time, there was a time,
When all was joy within that breast,
Where memory now, with scorpion whip,
Scourges the conscience from its rest.
- 3 There was a time, there was a time,
When noblest feelings swelled the soul,
Until the tempter overcame
And drowned those feelings in the bowl.
- 4 There was a time, there was a time,
When life's young spring was gay and fair,
And promised much ; but winter came,
The dreary winter of despair !
- 5 And must it be for ever so ?
Is man's the melancholy doom,
That in his breast no flowers revive ;
No second spring can ever bloom ?
- 6 No—there are balmy gales whose wings
Shed quickening odours from above,
While settle on the withered heart
The freshening dews of heavenly love.
- 7 They will restore the drooping plant
Of virtue, which shall never die,
But flourish in a brighter green,
Until transplanted to the sky.

7s.

THE WORD OF HOPE.

1 **T**HERE'S a blessing on the wing,
 Sons of want and misery, sing;
 This the simple solemn strain,
 This the word of hope, "ABSTAIN:"
 Touch nor taste; for dark despair
 Fills the cup of poison there;
 With a heaven uplifted eye,
 From the fell destroyer fly!
 Tens of thousands he has slain,
 Tens of thousands court his chain;
 Never more his portion take,
 For your souls' and mercy's sake.

2 Hear your wives, your children plead,
 Hear the gospel intercede!
 Helpless drunkards, hither fly!
 "Touch not, taste not," or you die!
 Die! alas! there is a doom,
 Darker than the darkest tomb,
 Blacker than the blackest night,
 Rayless sorrow, endless blight;
 There the dying drunkard goes,
 Draining draughts of bitterest woes,
 List, then, to the simple strain,
 Hear the word of hope—ABSTAIN!

8s. & 7s.

PRAYER OF THE REFORMED.

1 **O** thou source of ills unnumbered,
 Long by thee I've been enslaved,
 Much too long has reason slumbered,
 But adieu, at last I'm saved.

- 2 Long bereft of every blessing,
I have sought for rest in vain ;
Misery's iron hand oppressing,
Held its unrelenting chain.
- 3 Once my injur'd wife beset me,
By unmeasur'd wo unblest ;
Ragged children ever met me ;
Dreams of horrors broke my rest.
- 4 I was sick, but now I'm healthy ;
I have just escap'd the tomb ;
I was poor, but now I'm wealthy ;
Plenty smiles upon my home.
- 5 Star of temp'rance, brightly shining,
Shed thy radiant beams around ;
Every joyous heart combining,
Loudly let its praise resound.

America.

L. M.

DRUNKARD'S HOPE.

- 1 " **T**HOUGH sore beset with guilt and fear,
I cannot, dare not quit despair.
If I must perish, would the Lord
Have taught my heart to love his word ?
Would he have giv'n me eyes to see
My danger and my remedy ?
Reveal'd his name, and bid me pray,
Had he resolved to say me nay ?
- 2 No : though cast down, I am not slain ;
I'm fallen, but shall rise again.
The present, Satan, is thy hour,
But Jesus shall control thy power.
His love will plead for my relief ;
He hears my groans, he sees my grief ;
Nor will he suffer thee to boast
A soul that sought his help was lost.

- 3 I'll cast myself before his feet ;
 I see him on his mercy-seat :
 ('Tis sprinkled with atoning blood :)
 There sinners find access to God.
 Ye burdened souls approach with me,
 And make the Saviour's name your plea ;
 Jesus will pardon all who come,
 And strike our fierce accuser dumb."
-

PART IV.

OBJECT AND END OF THE TEMPERANCE REFORMATION.

L. M.

- 1 **H**AIL temp'rance, fair celestial ray !
 Bright herald of a new-born day !
 Long did we need thy cheering light
 To chase away our darksome night.
- 2 Deep and appalling was the gloom,
 'Twas like the darkness of the tomb,
 When first our much delighted eyes
 Beheld thy beauteous beams arise.
- 3 'Twas God in mercy bade thee shine ;
 We hail thee as a boon divine.
 And now in grateful strains would raise
 Our voices in his matchless praise.
- 4 Eternal Lord ! we own thy grace,
 In all that aids our guilty race.
 Now send thy Spirit from above
 And fill our hearts with joy and love.

S. M.

- 1 **T**HE temp'rance trumpet blow,
That all may hear the sound;
And shun the drunkard's wretched way,
For paths where bliss is found.
- 2 The temp'rance trumpet blow,
And bid the young come near;
Youth is the time to serve the Lord,
With zeal and humble fear.
- 3 The temp'rance trumpet blow,
That all with hoary hairs,
The cup of death may now renounce,
And 'scape its countless snares.
- 4 The temp'rance trumpet blow,
That all may hear and flee
The drunkard's path of wo and shame,
And endless misery.

J Burns.

S. M.

- 1 **I** HEARD a voice from heav'n
Address the thoughtless throng,
Who hasten downward to the tomb
With revelry and song.
- 2 It warn'd them not to quench
The holy light within,
And madly dare the fearful doom
Of unrepented sin.
- 3 It warn'd them of the shame
That haunts the drunkard's grave,
And of that leprosy of soul
From which no skill can save.
- 4 I looked and thousands fled
The tempter's fatal snare;
But some were number'd with the dead,
Who shall their doom declare?

8s. 7s. & 4s.

- 1 **S**ONS and daughters of the pilgrims,
 Who of noble birth are proud,
 Lo! the glorious cause of temp'rance
 For exertion calls aloud;
 While the MONSTER still within the land is found.
- 2 See! the loathsome drunkard reeling!
 Hark! the cries of weeping friends!
 Hear the *mother, children*, pleading,
 Heaven relief would quickly send.
- 3 O thou great and mighty Saviour,
 Speed Thee on the glorious day,
 When the powerful ARCH DECEIVER,
 Shall no more his WRATH display;
 Then our cause shall gain a UNIVERSAL SWAY."

L. M.

- 1 **L**O! Zion droops—in vain—in vain,
 Her temple gates are open'd wide;
 Intemp'rance blights her fair domain,
 And lures its thousands from her side:
- 2 In vain her watchmen cry aloud,
 And urge their plea with many tears;
 They cannot pierce the drunken crowd,
 Who shun God's house and close their ears.
- 3 Lovers of Zion! foes of hell,
 Ye who for Christ count all things loss;
 Strengthen our hands, we seek to swell
 The bloodless triumphs of the cross.
- 4 Rouse from your slumber, catch our zeal,
 Our weapon is the written word;
 Our only guerdon Zion's weal,
 Our aim, the glory of the Lord!

Anderton.

7s.

- 1 **L**ONG and gloomy was the night,
 Hanging on our mental sight,
 While intemp'rance, dark and drear,
 Fill'd with storms our atmosphere.
- 2 But behold, a star arise,
 Brilliant in these northern skies,
 Coming like redeeming power,
 In the last despairing hour.
- 3 Ye who would your children save
 From a drunkard's awful grave,
 From the gloom of endless night,
 Point them to its cheering light.
- 4 Onward speed thy radiant way,
 Harbinger of dawning day,
 Nations hail thee from afar,
 Hail the blessed temp'rance star.

L. M.

UPAS TREE.

- 1 **T**HERE sprang a tree of deadly name,—
 Its poisonous breath, its baleful dew
 Scorch'd the green earth like lava-flame,
 And every plant of promise slew.
- 2 From clime to clime, its branches spread
 Their fearful fruits of sin and wo,—
 The prince of darkness lov'd its shade,
 And toil'd its fiery seeds to sow.
- 3 Faith pour'd her prayer at midnight hour,
 The hand of zeal at noon-day wrought,
 And armor of celestial power,
 The soldiers of the cross besought.

- 4 A living sword its pride doth wound;
Through its cleft boughs the sunbeams shine,
Its blasted blossoms strew the ground,—
Give glory to an arm divine!
- 5 And still Jehovah's aid implore,
Till from each island of the sea,
And from far earth's remotest shore
He root that deadly Upas-tree.

L. H. S.

8s. 7s. & 4s.

- 1 **R**OUND the temp'rance standard rally,
All the friends of human kind;
Snatch the devotees of folly,
Wretched, perishing and blind,
Loudly tell them
How they comfort now may find.
- 2 Bear the blissful tidings onwards,
Bear them all the world around;
Let the myriads thronging downwards,
Hear the sweet and blissful sound,
And obeying
In the paths of peace be found.
- 3 Plant the temp'rance standard firmly,
Round it live, and round it die;
Young and old, defend it sternly,
Till we gain the victory.
And all nations
Hail the happy Jubilee.
- 4 Now unto the Lamb for ever,
Fountain of all light and love;
Let the glory now and ever,
Be ascribed to Him above,
Whose compassion
Did the friends of temp'rance move.

J. Burns.

6s. & 8s.

- 1 **P**LEDG'D in a noble cause,
 We heré each other greet :
 And bound by temp'rance laws,
 As friends and brothers meet,
 To make a full determin'd stand
 Against the fóc that rules our land.
- 2 'Tis true, the work is great ;
 Our army is but small ;
 The foe is potentate ;
 But, if united all
 In close array, our little band
 Shall chase intemp'rance from the land.
- 3 Then onward let us move,
 Our cause is good and great ;
 We'll put to flight the foe,
 And renovate the state ;
 Nor for a moment quarter give ;
 Resolv'd for this to work and live :

11s.

- 1 **D**AUGHTER of nations ! awake from thy slum-
 bers,
 Awake ! for thy foe is oppressing thee sore ;
 Down the dark stream of intemp'rance what num-
 bers,
 Are urging their way to eternity's shore !
 Daughter of nations, awake from thy slumbers,
 Awake, e'er thou fall to recover no more.
- 2 Now we can sing with thanksgivings to heaven,
 Daughter of nations the morning hath gleamed,
 The day-star of temp'rance ascendeth the skies ;
 Awake to the light that from heaven hath beamed,
 No more let the darkness o'ershadow thine eyes.
 Daughter of nations the morning hath gleamed.

7s.

- 1 **W**ATCHMAN ! tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are ?
 Cloth'd in panoply of light,
 See, that glorious temp'rance star .
- 2 Watchman ! does its beauteous ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretel ;
 'Trav'ler ! yes ; it brings the day
 Which shall burst the drunkard's spell .
- 3 Watchman ! tell us of the night,
 Higher yet that star ascends ;
 Trav'ler ! hail its blessed light,
 Peace and truth its course portends ;
- 4 Watchman ! will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth !
 Trav'ler ! no ; all time its own,
 And its heritage the earth .

8s.

- 1 **B**LOW the temp'rance trumpet, blow,
 Till it echoes through the world.
 Let the temp'rance banner too,
 O'er the nations be unfurl'd.
 Till all people taste and see
 Blessings of sobriety .
- 2 Then the church will rise, and shine
 With unclouded radiancy ;
 Then the light of life divine
 In the midst of her will be,
 Converts haste with willing feet,
 At the throne of grace to meet .

3 Hasten, Lord, the glorious day ;
 Reign supreme, thou Prince of Peace,
 Bow the nations to thy sway,
 Fill the earth with righteousness.
 Come, Immanuel, come and reign ;
 Ev'ry creature say, Amen.

T. B., Sen.

8s.

THE PLEDGE.

- 1 **T**HE Pledge ! The Pledge ! The mighty rock,
 Whereon the temp'rance fabric's set,
 Which has defied the rudest shock
 That prejudice and hate, as yet,
 With earth and hell combined, could bring
 Against the cause we're furthering !
- 2 The Pledge ! The Pledge ! The glorious ark !
 Which sheltered anxious multitudes,
 When dissipation, fierce and dark,
 Pour'd on the world its angry floods,
 Destroying all things bright and fair,
 And whelming man in black despair.
- 3 The Pledge ! The Pledge ! The only hope
 Of the reform'd inebriate !
 Without it can he ever cope
 With habit's strength and appetite ?
 Ho ! Bacchus' blinded devotee,
 Come to the pledge—once more be free !
- 4 The Pledge ! The Pledge ! The glorious Pledge !
 Oh ! let it ne'er forsaken be ;
 Proclaim it loudly to the world,
 And chant its praises gladsomely !
 Firm to the pledge let's stand, till we,
 Through heaven's aid, the victors be !

Pierpont

C. M.

1 **T**HE blessings of the bounteous God
 Are strewed o'er heaven and earth ;
 The dawning morn, the dewy sod,
 Declare their daily birth.

2 Fountains of purity and peace
 From every hill descend ;
 God gives us springs that never cease,
 And joys that never end.

3 Tread the sweet margin of yon stream,
 Its flowing crystal see—
 Bland are its waters as they seem,
 And charged with health for thee.

C. M.

1 **O**'TIS a joyful sound to hear
 Our men devoutly say,
 Come let us all to *temperance* haste,
 Not one must stay away.

2 There many weeping wives shall see
 Returning hours of peace ;
 And many husbands there shall find
 Corroding sorrows cease.

3 We'll banish far the mad'ning drink,
 And temperance extend ;
 While gospel truths shall thro' the land
 Their endless blessings send.

4 O pray we all our country's peace,
 May *temperance* wield its sway,
 While high the gospel banners float,
 And all its God obey.

7s.

- 1 **O**'ER Arabia's dreary sands,
Israel pass'd to distant lands;
God their guide throughout the way,
Faith in him their only stay.
- 2 Mercies, day by day renew'd,
Rais'd the hymn of gratitude;
While like pearly dew-drops spread
Lay around their daily bread.
- 3 Crystal streams, from Horeb's side,
Each returning want supplied,
Ever flowing to impart
Feelings of a grateful heart.
- 4 Thus through deserts wild and drear,
Manna, and the streams so clear,
Form their only meat and drink,
At whose frown ev'n nations shrink.
- 5 Christians! learn a lesson here,—
Israel's God, for ever near,
Does both health and strength bestow,
Where no mad'ning liquors flow.

L. M.

MORNING.

- 1 **S**OURCE of being, Holy Father,
With the day's returning light,
Round our board with thanks we gather,
For the mercies of the night.
- 2 Mercies that the stars outnumber,
Which their silent courses keep,—
Angels guard that never slumber,
While we lie and never sleep.

- 3 Pillows, wet with tears of anguish,
Couches pressed in sleepless wo,
Where the sons of Belial languish,
Father may we never know!
- 4 For, the maddening cup shall never
To our thirsting lip be pressed,
But, our draught shall be, for ever,
The cold water thou hast blessed.
- 5 This shall give us strength to labor,
This, make all our stores increase,
This, with thee and with our neighbor,
Bind us in the bonds of peace.
- 6 For the lake, the well, the river,
Water-brook and crystal spring,
Do ye now, to thee, the giver,
Thanks, our daily tribute, bring.

Pierpont

L. M.

EVENING.

- 1 **T**HIS day, O God, thy blessed hand,
Hath thrown wide open all thy stores,
And fill'd with bounty ev'ry land,
The sea, and all its sounding shores.
- 2 Beast, bird, fish, insect hast thou fed,
With fish or flesh, with grass or grain ;
For man, a table hast thou spread,
From field, flood, air, or roaring main.
- 3 But, for all things o'er earth that move,
In air or ocean, soar or sink,
One thing hath thine unbounded love,
And only one, prepared for drink.
- 4 'Tis water ! In the living spring,
It gusheth up to meet our lip ;
In brooks we hear it murmuring,
From mossy rocks we see it drip.

- 5 It filleth health and beauty's cup,
And wrath and sorrow doth it drown,
As from our wells it cometh up,
As from thy clouds it cometh down.
- 6 For the cool water we have quaffed,
Source of all good ! we owe thee much ;
Our lips have touched no burning draught
This day, nor shall they ever touch.
- 7 When we retire to our repose,
And night's dark curtains round us draw,
O guard us, as thou guardest those
Who trust thy care, and keep thy law !

Pierpont.

8s. 7s. & 4s.

- 1 **R**ISE and shine through every nation,
O thou temp'rance star divine !
Bless, O bless the whole creation ;
Enter every heart and mind.
Rouse the drunkards !
Teach them to be wise in time.
- 2 Guided by the great Jehovah,
Strengthen'd by his mighty hand,
Even drunkards are made sober ;
See them travel through the land.
They shall prosper—
Joined in one te-total band.
- 3 Who will come and join our standard ?
Help to pull the strong-holds down ?
Temperance men, unite—come forward,
Then the victory is your own ;
Endless glory
Will your useful labors crown.

8s. 7s. & 9s.

- 1 **O**NWARD! onward! band victorious,
 Rear the temp'rance banner high!
 Thus far hath your course been glorious;
 Now your day of triumph's nigh,
 Vice and error flee before you
 As the darkness flies the sun;
 Onward, vict'ry hovers o'er you,
 Soon the battle will be won!
- 2 Onward! onward! songs and praises
 Ring to heaven's topmost arch,
 Whense'er your standard raises,
 And your conquering legions march,
 Gird the temp'rance armor on you,
 Look for guidance from above;
 God and angels smile upon you,
 Hasten then your work of love!
- 3 Lo, what multitudes despairing!
 Widows, orphans, heirs of wo,
 And the slaves their fetters wearing,
 Reeling madly to and fro;
 Mercy, justice, both entreat you
 To destroy their bitter foe;
 Christians, patriots, good men greet you,
 To the conflict bravely go!
- 4 To the vender and distiller
 Thunder truth with startling tone!
 Swell the accents louder, shriller,
 Make their guilt enormous known.
 Onward! onward! never falter,
 Cease not till the earth is free;
 Swear on temp'rance' holy altar,
 Death is yours, or VICTORY!

8s. 7s. & 4s.

- 1 **C**OME, ye messengers of mercy,
 Ye who gospel trumpets sound,
 Aid us in this controversy,
 Satan's kingdom to confound ;
 Come and join us ;
 So shall righteousness abound.
- 2 Come, ye men of lower classes,
 Ye who labor hard and long ;
 Ye who think your single glasses
 Make you happy, hale and strong
 Come and join us ;
 Come, and prove us right or wrong.
- 3 For your country's reformation,
 For your children's future weal,
 For your own sure preservation—
 To your conscience we appeal.
 Come and join us ;
 Touch not, taste not, drink no more.

4s. & 6s.

FEMALE AID REQUIRED.

- 1 **O** THAT the Lord would hear
 Our supplicating cry ;
 In our behalf appear,
 A Saviour ever nigh ;
 And sweetly prompt each female's heart,
 To take with us an active part.
- 2 Ye Sarah's now arise,
 Ye Miriams all come forth ;
 While Hannahs, truly wise,
 Now prove your genuine worth.
 No power like yours—save that above,
 To teach sobriety and love.

- 3 Marys and Marthas join,
 As vessels of his grace,
 Counsel with love combine,
 To save our sinking race;
 To bid them of strong drinks beware,
 That they may shun the tempter's snare,
- 4 Come forth ye lovely train,
 Your nobler powers display;
 Nor shall you plead in vain;
 But win the well-fought day.
 Mothers and maidens then shall sing,
 And earth with hallelujahs ring,
- 5 Each house shall then become
 A paradise below;
 And all enjoy a home,
 Where sweetest pleasures flow;
 And thousands join with sweet accord
 To praise the Saviour, Christ, the Lord.

L. M.

- 1 **H**OW bright the page whose every thought,
 Was kindled at the shrine of truth:
 How dark the works with poison fraught,
 To taint the fountain of our youth.
- 2 How mounts the souls 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 troubles wave, it whispers peace;
 But when it acts the syren's part,
 In vain the captive seeks release.
- 4 How potent art, with wondrous skill,
 Bids forms of beauty bless our eyes!
 But ah! she often lures to ill,
 Till baleful passions, all arise.

- 5 How fair the path which upward leads,
 'Tis virtue's sweet and pleasant way ;
 Our guide each humble pilgrim heeds,
 And cheers him onward, day by day.

THE FIRST PLEDGE.

- 1 **W**HEN God poured out perfection first,
 And formed each creature good,
 Pure water quenched our parents' thirst,
 And temp'rance-chose their food.
 Fair Eden's bowers and groves so green,
 Were nursed with heavenly care ;
 And naught but freshness there was seen ;
 No Alcohol was there.
- 2 From every sweet and thriving field,
 Each pure and healthful rill ;
 Of every luxury they yield,
 Our parents took their fill :
 Except ONE tree ! one fatal tree,
 Like wine, to move the brain ;
 From which they PLEDGED, TE-TOTALLY,
 For ever to abstain.
- 3 Oh, had their righteous pledge been kept,
 Intemp'rance had been stayed ;
 Nor misery's flood this world have swept ;
 Or drunkard's grave been made ;
 But tempted by the sparkling fruit,
 And knowledge most divine,
 Like thousands since, they joined the BRUTE,
 And sold the world to WINE.

PART III.

PRAISES AND THANKSGIVINGS FOR ENCOURAGEMENT AND RESULTS.

7. & 6s.

TEMPERANCE VICTORIOUS

- 1 **A** BEACON has been lighted,
Bright as the noon-day sun,
On worlds of *mind* benighted,
Its rays are pouring down.
Full many a shrine of error,
And many a deed of shame,
Dismayed, has shrunk in terror
Before the lighted flame.
Victorious on, victorious!
Proud beacon onward haste,
'Till floods of light all glorious,
Illumine the moral waste.
- 2 Intemperance has founder'd,
The demon gasps for breath,
His rapid march is downward
To everlasting death.
Old age and youth united,
His works have prostrate hurl'd:
And soon himself affrighted,
Shall hurry from this world.
Victorious on, &c.
- 3 Bold TEMPERANCE untiring,
Strikes at the monster's heart,
Beneath her blows expiring,
He dreads her well-aimed dart.

Her blows, we'll pray "God speed" them,
 The darkness to dispel;
 And how we fought for freedom,
 Let future ages tell.
 Victorious on, &c.

L. M.

- 1 **L**ET temp'rance 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 fost'ring care shall grow.

C. M.

- 1 **O**N this glad day, O God, we would,
 Through thy beloved Son,
 Acknowledge Thee for all the good
 That temperance has done.
- 2 We thank Thee for the thousands sav'd
 From soul-seducing drink,
 Who by its power were long enslav'd,
 And cast on ruin's brink.
- 3 O let thy Holy Spirit dwell
 Where vice too long has reign'd;
 For where thy mercy breaks the spell
 The victory is gain'd.

L. M.

- 1 **H**OSANNAS, Lord, to Thee we sing,
Whose power the giant fiend obeys ;
What countless thousands tribute bring,
For happier homes and brighter days !
- 2 Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,
Nor leave the broken heart unbound ;
The wife regains a husband freed !
The orphan clasps a father found !
- 3 Spare, Lord, the thoughtless, guide the blind,
Till man no more shall deem it just
To live, by forging chains to bind
His weaker brother in the dust.
- 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.

7s. & 6s.

- 1 **H**OW long shall virtue languish ?
How long shall folly reign ?
While many a heart with anguish
Is weeping o'er the slain ?
How long shall dissipation
Her deadly waters pour,
Throughout this favored nation,
Her millions to devour ?
- 2 When shall the veil of blindness
Fall from the sons of wealth,
Restoring human kindness
And industry, and health ?
When shall the charms so luring,
Of bad example cease ;
The ends at once securing,
Of industry and peace ?

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

7s. & 6s.

- 1 **F**RRIENDS of freedom ! swell the song
 Young and old, the strain prolong,
 Make the temp'rance army strong,
 And on to victory.
- 2 Lift your banners, let them wave,
 Onward march a world to save ;
 Who would fill a drunkard's grave,
 And bear his infamy ?
- 3 Shrink not when the foe appears ;
 Spurn the coward's guilty fears ;
 Hear the shrieks, behold the tears
 Of ruin'd families !
- 4 Raise the cry in every spot—
 "*Touch not—Taste not—Handle not,*"
 Who would be a drunken sot,
 The worst of miseries ?
- 5 Give the aching bosom rest ;
 Carry joy to every breast ;
 Make the wretched drunkard blest,
 By living soberly.
- 6 Raise the glorious watchword high—
 "*Touch not—Taste not till you die !*"
 Let the echo reach the sky,
 And earth keep jubilee.

- 7 God of mercy ! hear us plead,
 For thy help we intercede !
 See how many bosoms bleed !
 And heal them speedily
- 8 Hasten, Lord, the happy day,
 When, beneath thy gentle ray,
 TEMP'RANCE all the world shall sway.
 And reign triumphantly.

Hatfield.

6s. & 8s.

- 1 **P**RAISE to the Lord on high,
 Who spreads his triumphs wide ;
 While temp'rance's blessed cause
 Is urg'd on every side ;
 Balmy and rich its odors rise,
 To fill each realm beneath the skies.
- 2 Ten thousand dying men
 It influence feel and live ;
 Sweet as the vital air
 The incense they receive ;
 They breathe anew, to God they bring,
 Their thanks through Christ, their conquering
 king.
- 3 But drunkards scorn the grace,
 Which brings such blessings nigh,
 They turn away their face,
 And faint and fall and die.
 Ye temperate men their doom deplore,
 For O ! they fall to rise no more.
- 4 O, may I e'er be kept,
 From wine's destructive bowl,
 The foe which seeks to kill
 My body and my soul :
 Saviour, with aid divine anew,
 I bid its touch a last adieu.

L. M.

- 1 **W**E praise thee, Lord—if but one soul
 While the past year prolong'd its flight,
 Turn'd 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 pin'd,
 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,
 Unwav'ring at our posts to stand;
 'Till grateful at thy shrine we bring,
 The tribute of a ransom'd land.

L. H. Sigourney.

8s. & 7s.

- 1 **P**ARENT of the great creation,
 Thou hast open'd wide thine hand;
 Thanks we give and adoration,
 Now that we before thee stand.
- 2 May all drunkards now enslaved,
 Taste those pleasures we enjoy;
 They and us through grace be saved,
 And for thee our lives employ.
- 3 Safely by thy spirit guided,
 'Till the scenes of life are o'er,
 May we taste the bliss provided,
 Hunger then and thirst no more.

- 4 Then our sweetest voices raising,
 With the bright angelic host,
 Thy great name for ever praising,
 Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

E. B. H.

8s. 7s. & 4s.

TEMPERANCE TRIUMPH.

- 1 **O**NWARD! Onward! all victorious,
 Bright thou Sun of temp'rance shine!
 Soon our triumph will be glorious,
 For our leader is divine.
 Sing victorious!
 Sing victorious!
 For our leader is divine.
- 2 God does work!—See, none can hinder;
 Weak the agents he'll employ—
 With his trumpet loudly thunder,
 Compass round, and then destroy!
 Walls of Satan!
 Walls of Satan!
 Compass round, He will destroy.
- 3 Rouse thee! rouse thee! Christian sleeping!
 Hark! thy Master draweth near,
 Search the camp,—in wrath He's speaking,
 "That an Achan's shelter'd there!"
 Sons of Zion!
 Sons of Zion!
 See, an Achan's shelter'd there.
- 4 E'en poor Erin! now is bursting
 From the chains which long she wore!
 See her, Father Mathew trusting,
 Alcohol shall rule no more!
 Happy Erin!
 Happy Erin!
 Alcohol shall rule no more.

Grenville.

8s. 7s. & 4s.

- 1 **L**ORD of heaven and earth assist us,
 While the temp'rance cause we plead,
 Though both earth and hell resist us,
 If thou bless, we shall succeed,
 From intemp'rance
 May our country soon be freed.
- 2 Let the temp'rance reformation,
 Still go forward and increase,
 Checking vice and dissipation,
 Filling hearts and homes with peace,
 Till intemp'rance
 Shall on earth, for ever cease.

J. Burns.

8s. 7s. & 4s.

- 1 **S**ONS and daughters of the pilgrims,
 Who of noble birth are proud;
 Lo! the glorious cause of temp'rance,
 For exertion calls aloud,
 While the monster
 Still within the land is found.
- 2 See the loathsome drunkard reeling;
 Hark the cries of weeping friends!
 Hear the mother, children pleading
 Heaven relief would quickly send;
 Cruel tyrant!
 When will all thy miseries end!
- 3 O! thou great and mighty Saviour,
 Haste thee on the glorious day,
 When the powerful, arch-deceiver,
 Shall no more his wrath display;
 Then our cause will
 Gain the universal sway.

7s.

- 1 **T**EMPERANCE! tell the listening world
What thine advocates have done;
Hearken, now the tyrant's hurled
From his high, despotic throne.
- 2 Temperance—shall it bear the sway,
Shine o'er earth in splendour bright?
Listen; for a brilliant day
Drives away the gloomy night.
- 3 Temperance! will thy beams alone
Gild the spot that gave thee birth?
Other climes thy sway shall own:
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
- 4 Temperance! are thy sons to fight,
Like hosts of earth, to fix thy laws?
O no; for love and truth unite,
To achieve thy holy cause.
- 5 Temperance! then I'll be thy child,
For I love thy sacred name:
Yes, thy voice and influence mild
Can the wildest passion tame.
- 6 Temperance! we shall shout thy praise;
We no more will leave thy band;
Joyful now our anthems raise,
In every clime, in every land.

L. H. Sigourney.

PART IV.

WARNINGS AGAINST INTEMPERANCE AND ALL ITS CAUSES.

6s.

- 1 **T**HAT wine-cup ! touch it not !
Youth take thy hand away—
Poverty fills it up,
With ruin and decay.
Oh, youngster, heed thee well,
Ere thou hast quaffed a drop—
The seeds of death are there,
Whose work thou canst not stop !
- 2 When in the wide world, youth,
Thou hold'st thy devious way,
If from the path of truth,
Temptations lead astray—
If urg'd to drain the glass.
With thoughtless, heedless men,
Oh, as thou lov'st thyself,
Touch not the wine-cup then.
- 3 Should hours of darkness come,
And thy heart's purpose fail,
Should life to thee seem vain,
And earth a dreary vale—
Oh, to the voice of truth
Take heed, nor then be deaf,
Shun, shun the wine-cup then,
It cannot give relief.

8s. & 6s.

- 1 **C**AN we forget the gloomy time,
 When Bacchus rul'd the day,
 When dissipation, sloth, and crime,
 Bore undisputed sway ?
 The time—the time—the gloomy time—
 The time has pass'd away,
 When dissipation, sloth, and crime,
 Bore undisputed sway.
- 2 Can we forget the tender wives,
 Who found an early tomb,
 For, ah! the partners of their lives
 Had met the drunkard's doom ?
 The wives—the wives—the tender wives,
 May bid adieu to gloom,
 For now the partners of their lives
 Abhor the drunkard's doom.
- 3 We'll ne'er forget that noble band
 Who fear'd no creature's frown,
 And boldly pledg'd both heart and hand,
 To put intemp'rance down,
 The band—the band—the noble band—
 The band of blest renown—
 Who boldly pledg'd both heart and hand
 To put intemp'rance down.
- 4 Nor shall the *Pledge* be e'er forgot,
 That so much bliss creates—
 "WE'LL TOUCH NOT—TASTE NOT—HANDLE NOT,
 WHATE'ER INTOXICATES."
 The Pledge—the Pledge is not forgot—
 The pledge that Satan hates—
 "We'll touch not—taste not—handle not,
 Whate'er intoxicates."

Hatfield.

7s. & 6s.

TUNE.—“*From Greenland's Icy Mountains.*”

- 1 **T**HOUGH wretchedness unending
 Awaits the drunkard's soul,
 His eager hands extending,
 He takes and quaffs the bowl •
 Not heav'n itself beseeching,
 With kind alluring voice,
 Its arms of mercy reaching,
 Allures him from his choice.
- 2 Ye, who are still delaying,
 Who sip the poison'd cup,
 Who cheat yourselves by saying—
 “I will not drink it up !”
 Learn, that with open malice
 The foe wastes not his strength,
 But with that pleasing chalice,
 He kills the soul at length.
- 3 Your safety now securing,
 The oath of temp'rance take ;
 And from the charm alluring
 With giant effort break :
 Fly—fly such deadly pleasures,
 No longer touch nor taste ;
 Your peace and life are treasures
 Too infinite to waste.

L. M.

- 1 **O**H, shun the bowl, when rich delight
 Shines loveliest, mortal, in thy sight ;
 Oh, loathe the charms that tempt to sip,
 And dash the goblet from thy lip.
- 2 For 'neath the nectar'd pleasure's tide
 The rankest dregs of wo abide ;
 And ev'ry drop that cheers thy heart,
 Will madden more the poison's smart

- 3 'Tis like the smile of treachery ;
 'Tis like the glassy ocean's dye ;
 Deceit is lurking in that glow,
 And death and danger from below.
- 4 Then mortal, when the joys of earth
 Invite thee to a *pangless* mirth,
 Beware, nor dare the bowl to sip,
 But dash the goblet from thy lip.

C. A. H.

L. P. M.

- 1 **I**NTEMP'RANCE rears its sinful towers,
 Like the doom'd city of the plain,
 O'er it the storm of vengeance lowers ;
 All, all are lost, who there remain.
 Fierce pain, deep wo, and black despair,
 With fiery pangs have settled there.
- 2 Without its gates an angel stands,
 A form of wisdom, love, and light,
 Whose warning voice and outstretched hands :
 Aids and enforces instant flight.
 "Haste, leave the city of the doomed—
 Oh, stay not, lest ye be consumed."
- 3 'Tis ABSTINENCE ! Who breathes this strain,
 Myriads have heard the warning voice ;
 Lo ! they have sought the fresh green plain,
 Behold the rescued ones rejoice !
 Swift from the city's gates they flee,
 Singing in triumph—"we are free !"
- 4 "See numbers are already there,
This plain has been their sure safe way ;
 Their songs are floating on the air,
 Oh, haste with them your vows to pay :
 'Taste the rich joy of sins forgiv'n,
 On that fair mount, whose top is heav'n !

- 5 "Flee to the mountain ; freely breathe
 The balmy breeze that fans its side,
 The joys of liberty receive ;
 Drink of salvation's mighty tide—
 Shout, as ye press with vigour on,
 The plain is pass'd—the mount is won."

C. L. B.

L. M.

THE BOWL.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN, U. S. ARMY.

- 1 **O**H ! shun the bowl !—the draught beware,
 Whose smile but mocks the lips of men ;
 When foaming high with waters rare—
 Oh ! never touch the goblet then.
 With friends we love tho' 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.
- 2 Oh ! shun the bowl—as thou would'st leave
 The poisoned spot where reptiles tread ;
 Lest widow'd hearts for thee should grieve—
 For thee, untimely tears be shed.
 Yea ! thine may be the fearful lot
 To prove, ere time hath dimm'd thy brow,
 A sire—and yet the witness not
 Of them who weep his broken vow.
- 3 Hast thou a bride whose every sigh
 Deep trembles with the joy it gives ?
 Hast thou a child whose meek mild eye
 Lives in the light its father lives ?
 Then shun the bowl !—the draught beware,
 Whose smile but mocks the lips of men ;
 When foaming high with waters rare—
 Oh never touch the goblet then !

H. M.

- 1 **D**ASH to the floor that bowl!
 Dare not its sweets to sip!
 There's peril to the soul,
 If once it touch the lip,
 Why will ye drown
 The God within?
 Avoid the sin!
 Ay, dash it down!
- 2 And let no fire be brought,
 In goblet, glass, or bowl,
 Within the "dome of thought
 The palace of the soul;"
 Lest in that fire
 Of burning drink,
 That palace sink,
 That soul expire.
- 3 Let light on water shine—
 The light of love and truth!
 Then shall that drink divine
 Be quaffed by age and youth;
 And as that bow,
 Doth heavenward bend,
 Shall heavenward tend
 The way they go.

C. M.

ONE GLASS MORE.

- 1 **S**TAY, mortal, stay! nor heedless thus
 Thy sure destruction seal:
 Within that cup there lurks a curse,
 Which all who drink must feel.
- 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 that prison's gloomy cells,
 Their palid tenants scan;
 Gaze, gaze upon these earthly hells,
 And ask how they began.
- 4 Stay, mortal, stay; repent, return;
 Reflect upon thy fate;
 The poisonous draught indignant spurn—
 Spurn, spurn it, ere too late.

L. M.

AIR.—“*Green Fields,*”

- 1 **O**H! turn from the wine-glass away,
 Nor look on the wine when it's red;
 For who have such trouble as they,
 That oft to the bottle are led?
 Who else have such sorrow and wo,
 As they who to drinking incline?
 What evils unceasingly flow
 From tarrying long at the wine!
- 2 Oh! turn from the wine-glass away,
 Nor look on the wine when it's red;
 At last, like a serpent at play,
 It stings, and the poison will spread.
 The eyes it inflames with desire,
 The heart with all manner of sin,
 It setteth the bosom on fire,
 Consuming the spirit within.
- 3 Oh! turn from the wine-glass away,
 Nor look on the wine when it's red:
 Though urg'd by the wealthy and gay,
 Remember the blood it hath shed!
Touch not, with the poison, thy lips,
 If thou would'st be free from its pains;
 For he is in danger who sips—
He only is safe who abstains.

C. M.

- 1 **O**H! touch it not for deep within,
That ruby tinted bowl,
Lie hidden fiends of guilt and sin,
To seize your precious soul.
- 2 That sparkling glass if you partake,
Will prove your deadly foe,
And may, e'er yet its bubbles break,
Have sealed your endless wo.
- 3 Then pause e'er yet the cup you drain,
The hand that lifts it, stay,
Resolve for ever to abstain,
And cast the bowl away.

11s.

AWAY FROM THE REVEL

- 1 **A**WAY from the revel, the night star is up ;
Away, come away, there is strife in the cup !
There is shouting of song, there is wine in the bowl ;
But listen and drink, they will madden thy soul.
- 2 The foam of the goblet is sparkling and bright,
Rising like gems in the torches red light ;
But the glance of thine eye if it lingereth there,
Will change its mild beam for the maniac's glare !
- 3 The pearl-studded chalice, displaying in pride,
May challenge thy lip to the purple draught's tide ;
But the pearl of the dew-drop, the voice of the breeze
Are dearer, and calmer, more blessed than these.
- 4 Oh ! come, it is twilight ; the night star is up :
Its ray is more bright than the silver-brimm'd cup ;
The boat gently dances, the snowy sail fills,
We'll glide o'er the waters, or rove on the hills.

THE DRUNKARD'S DIRGE.

1 **C**OME, behold the drunkard dying,
Hear ye him rave.

'Tis no contrite spirit, crying,
Lord Jesus save!

No kind wings of mercy hover
'That dark scene of ruin over ;
Oh bewail him, whom ye cover
Deep in the grave.

2 Lo ! the resurrection morning
Breaks on the gloom ;
Summoned by the trumpet's warning,
Souls press for room.
Woful case ! the drunkard, bending
'Neath the weight of wrath impending,
Wakes to anguish never ending.
Mourn ye his doom !

B. L. Swan

11s.

1 " **D**AUGHTER of Zion ! awake from thy sadness,
Awake for *the foe* shall oppress thee no more ;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness ;
Arise for the night of thy sorrow is o'er."

2 No more shall the bowl—of friendship the token,
The bliss of a moment, be fill'd to ensnare ;
Though rich be its glow, yet the charm has been bro-
ken,
That led on its victims to want and despair.

3 Hence all ye sorrows—the cup that distill'd them—
Pure friendship has banish'd and dash'd from the
board ;
Homes—where the poison with wretchedness fill'd
them,
To peace and to virtue again are restor'd.

- 4 Friends of redemption, the prospect is cheering,
 All aid to our progress kind heaven will bless;
 Then let us *arise*, for the cause is endearing—
 The joys of our *triumph* no tongue can express
-

PART V.

JUVENILE TEMPERANCE HYMNS.

7s. & 6s.

FOR JUVENILE CELEBRATIONS.

- 1 **C**HILDREN, who have rallied now
 Where Immanuel's soldiers bow,
 Who will take the temp'rance vow,
 And be a volunteer?
- 2 Children! hear the battle cry,
 Sounding loud, and sounding high,
 From the throne of God on high:
 Who'll be a volunteer?
- 3 See! the foe is gathering fast;
 Hark! his clanging trumpet blast!
 Who will fight him to the last,
 And march a volunteer?
- 4 Lo! o'er all the tented field,
 God will be our sun and shield;
 Alcohol, the foe, shall yield,
 If all will volunteer.

L. M.

- 1 **T**HY gracious aid, O God! impart,
 Our resolution to fulfil;
 Guide and direct each erring heart,
 And teach it how to do thy will.
- 2 Sear from our souls each secret sin,
 Repress each worldly, selfish thought:
 And may we strive the prize to win,
 As our blest Lord and Saviour taught.
- 3 Oh! may his precepts be our guide,
 To lead us safe through paths of truth;
 And his example ever chide
 The thoughtless follies of our youth.

M. L.

8s. & 6s.

- 1 **T**HE drink that's in the drunkard's bowl,
 Is not the drink for me,
 It kills his body and his soul,
 How sad a sight is he.
 But there's a drink which God hath given,
 Distilling in the showers of heaven,
 In measures large and free,
 O, that's the drink for me.
 O, that's the drink for me,
 O, that's the drink for me
- 2 The stream that many prize so high,
 Is not the stream for me;
 For he who drinks it still is dry,
 For ever dry he'll be.
 But there's a stream, so cool and clear,
 The thirsty traveller lingers near,
 Refreshed and glad is he;
 O, that's the stream for me.
 O, that's the stream for me,
 O, that's the stream for me.

3 The wine-cup that so many prize,
 'Is not the cup for me,
 The aching head, the bloated face,
 In its sad train I see.
 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.
 O, that's the cup for me,
 O, that's the cup for me.

8s. & 6s.

*Sung at the Odeon, Boston, at the Juvenile Celebration
 of simultaneous Temperance Meetings.*

- 1 **W**E'VE heard that round the wine-cup's brim
 A thousand pleasures stray,
 And that strong drink have wondrous power
 To drive dull care away ;
 But we have seen the flashing light
 Which from the goblet came,
 Lead, like the meteor, on to tears,
 And wretchedness, and shame.
- 2 We've heard that though 'tis well enough
 For men the pledge to sign,
 Yet youth need never be in haste
 Their freedom to resign ;
 But we are sure ill habits formed
 In youth destroy the man ;
 And we'll secure us from the snare
 Thus woven, if we can.
- 3 The children in Chaldea's court,
 Who would not drink the wine,
 Not only fair in flesh were seen,
 But wisdom had, divine.

Like them, we choose the generous draught,
 God's cool, sweet springs supply ;
 And at the last, those streams, of which
 Who drink, shall never die !

W. B. Tappan

8s. & 6s.

- 1 **U**NITED in a peaceful band
 To drive *intemp'rance* from our land,
 We're joined in heart, and join'd in hand—
 The cold water army.
- 2 We'll raise our happy voices high
 In loudest accents to the sky ;
 While heaven and earth shall then reply—
 The cold water army.
- 3 We'll make the woods and valleys ring
 With loudest echoes while we sing,
 While all around re-echoes bring,
 The cold water army.
- 4 O Lord, let now a copious shower,
 Of grace descending on us pour,
 Nor let one blighting prospect lower
 The cold water army.
- 5 O may we meet around thy throne,
 To praise Thee there, in strains unknown,
 And flowers of love and peace be strewn,
 The cold water army.

S. M.

EPITAPH ON A JUVENILE MEMBER.

- 1 **H**E was a virtuous youth,
 Oh yes!—and lov'd his God :
 Along the sober path of truth
 His little feet they trod.

2 To 'scape th' intemp'rate way,
 A totaller was he ;
 And deeply sighed for the day,
 When drunkards should be free.

3 Then, youthful friends, O come !
 And silently draw near,
 And o'er his little lonely tomb,
 Pray shed a sacred tear.

4 Then follow on his rout,
 Drink not the drunkard's drink ;
 And let your daily constant shout
 Be "drunkenness shall sink."

C. M.

A YOUNG TE-TOTALLER'S MORNING
 HYMN.

1 **B**E with me Lord throughout this day,
 Thy bounty let me share ;
 And give me grace, that now I may,
 Pour out my soul in prayer.

2 Do thou support my temperance vow,
 Preserve my soul from sin ;
 And grant me grace to serve thee now,
 And endless life to win.

3 Do thou assist me when I try
 The drunkard to reclaim,
 That so he may, O thou Most High !
 For ever bless thy name.

4 Be thou my guide, be thou my tower,
 Be thou my Saviour nigh ;
 And keep me from the tempter's power,
 With thy all-seeing eye.

L. M.

NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

- 1 **A**NOTHER year has run its round,
 In Freedom's Hall again we're found;
 All our dear friends that here we see,
 We greet with song and jubilee.
- 2 We here are met—a youthful band;
 We're pledg'd in heart, we're join'd in hand;
 With hopes elate, and minds as free,
 From ev'ry path of vice we flee.
- 3 We seek for morals just and pure
 That will our future good ensure;
 For virtue, temperance, and truth,
 To guard us from the sins of youth.
- 4 We look to God to keep and aid
 The resolutions we have made,
 To strengthen ev'ry youthful heart,
 And unto all his grace impart.

H. M.

For the Juvenile Temperance Jubilee.

- 1 **C**CHEERILY, cheerily sound the joyful strain;
 Happily, happily, now we meet again,
 Here we stand,
 On this cheerful temperance day,
 Gracious God to thee we pray,
 Let our cause, so righteous, sway
 Every heart in the land.
- 2 Cheerily, cheerily sound the joyful strain
 Happily, happily, now we meet again;
 We are here,
 We who love the temperance cause,
 We who wish for righteous laws,
 We cold water girls and boys,
 We are here—we are here.

- 3 Cheerily, cheerily sound the joyful strain ;
 Happily, happily, now we meet again ;
 Here we raise
 Songs of praise to God, who sends
 Blessings on our temperance friends.
 On HIM all our hope depends,
 For success in this cause.

5s. & 7s.

- 1 **L**ET him who may think
 It is well to drink
 A health, in wine, to his friend,
 Reflect on the way
 He's taking that day,
 And look to his coming end.
- 2 The path from right
 Is not all bright,
 But a downward thorny road ;
 And the flashing wine,
 Though it seem divine,
 Will lead to the drunkard's abode.
- 3 The joys of health,
 And home, and wealth,
 Will pass like the flying thought ;
 And the groggery's cell,
 That earthly hell,
 Will be his last resort.

8s. & 7s.

TO BE SUNG AT THE CONCLUSION OF
 MEETINGS.

- 1 **H**EAVENLY Father ! give thy blessing,
 While we now this meeting end ;
 On our minds each truth impressing,
 That may to thy glory tend.

2 Save from all intoxication,
 From its fountains may we flee,
 When assail'd by strong temptation
 Put our trust alone in thee.

8s. & 6s.

THE COLD WATER ARMY.

- 1 **W**ITH banner and with badge we come,
 An ARMY true and strong,
 To fight against the hosts of Rum,
 And this shall be our song:
 We love the clear Cold Water Springs,
 Supplied by gentle showers;
 We feel the strength cold water brings,—
 “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*.
 We love the clear, &c.
- 3 Though others love their rum and wine,
 And drink till they are mad,
 To Water we will still incline,
 To make us strong and glad.
 We love the clear, &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:
 We love the clear Cold Water Springs,
 Supplied by gentle showers;
 We feel the strength cold water brings,—
 “The Victory is Ours.”

TEMPERANCE MINSTREL.

ODES AND SONGS FOR MEETINGS AND FESTIVALS.

NATIONAL ODE.

LAND OF COLUMBIA.

LAND of Columbia ! awake from thy slumbers,
Awake for thy foe is oppressing thee sore ;
Down the dark stream of intemp'rance what numbers,
Are urging their way to eternity's shore !
Land of Columbia ! awake from thy slumbers,
Awake, e'er thou fall to recover no more.

Land of Columbia ! thy sons are enslaved,
A tyrant infernal has bound them in chains ;
Arise in thy might, let thy children be saved,
Expel the dread foe from thy mountains and plains.
Land of Columbia ! thy sons are enslaved,
Awake, e'er they sink where despair ever reigns.

Land of Columbia ! the morning hath gleamed,
The day-star of temp'rance ascendeth the skies ;
Awake to the light that from heaven hath beamed,
No more let the darkness o'ershadow thine eyes.
Land of Columbia ! the morning hath gleamed,
Now, hail its bright rays with soul-cheering cries.

Land of Columbia ! awake to thy glory !
And let thy blest influence be felt the world o'er !
Awake, till intemp'rance be known but in story,
Awake, till its woes shall oppress thee no more !
Land of Columbia ! awake to thy glory !
AWAKE !! and the foe SHALL OPPRESS THEE NO MORE.

SONG.

THROUGHOUT COLUMBIA'S BORDERS.

THROUGHOUT Columbia's borders,
 There rings a song of gladness :
 Without control, its numbers roll,
 Dispelling gloom and sadness.
 'Tis the sweet song of temp'rance,
 O'er hill and vale it boundeth ;
 Throughout the land, on every hand,
 The joyful news resoundeth.

As on the wings of morning,
 The cheering anthem flyeth,
 Its notes are sung by many a tongue,
 The concert never dieth ;
 But temp'rance, temp'rance, temp'rance,
 O'er every hill-top boundeth ;
 On land and main, the glorious strain
 Unceasingly resoundeth.

Far o'er Atlantic's billows,
 The rapt'rous theme is ringing ;
 In cheerful songs, ten thousand tongues,
 Its glorious strains are singing :
 While Erin's verdant island,
 With swelling acclamation ;
 In concert loud, ascribes to God
 Her great regeneration !

Soon shall the cruel tyrant,
 From his high throne be driven ;
 Each galling chain be broke in twain,
 And every link be riven :
 Then temp'rance, peace, and virtue,
 Shall reign o'er earth victorious ;
 Our flag unfurled, throughout the world,
 Shall wave in triumph glorious !

SONG.

THE INVOCATION.

AIR.—*Gentle Zetella.*

TEMP'RANCE, mild blessing ! goddess serene,
 Virtue's fair daughter, water's bright queen,
 Nurse of soft slumbers,
 Guardian of youth,
 Friend to sweet numbers,
 Teacher of truth,
 List while we sing softly into thine ear ;
 Oh ! keep us united ; oh ! make us sincere.

Lend, gentle goddess, oh ! lend us thine aid ;
 It is of ourselves, of ourselves we'er afraid ;
 Make us love water,
 Thou saver of gains ;
 Make us love water,
 Thou cooler of brains.

The wish for perfection our bosom inspires ;
 Oh ! make us whatever thy service requires.

SONG.

FRIENDS OF MAN AND FOES TO MADNESS.

FRRIENDS of man and foes to madness,
 Let your voices loudly sound,
 Speak ! behold a nations sadness :
 See you not the foe around ?

Lift on high the temp'rance banner,
 Freemen ! freemen ! to your post ;
 Hear the victims how they stammer !
 Hasten—save them, or they're lost ?

Father, rouse thee ! see yon treasure ;
 Yonder thoughtless, yielding one,
 Seeks the goblet for his pleasure,
 Madly quaffs, and is undone.

Sister! snatch thy wretched brother
 From the spoiler's cruel grasp;
 Ere another year—another
 Victim to their arms they clasp!

Wife!—with heart almost to breaking,
 Hast thou not a word to say?
 Can'st thou thus be slumber taking,
 While thy husband is their prey?

Patriots, christians, friends of freedom!
 Waken now—can naught be done?
 Naught to break this cruel thralldom?
 Falter not! we are undone!

Hatfield.

NATIONAL ODE.

COME, SONS OF COLUMBIA.

COME, sons of Columbia, while proudly and high,
 Every bosom with freedom and glory is swelling,
 While our Eagle's bright eyrie's still built in the sky,
 And tyranny's death-song is heard in each dwelling,
 Come, the bright chalice drain—and again and again,
 Let our pledge, and our toast, in a far sounding strain,
 Be water—pure water, bright sparkling with glee,
 That flows, like our life's blood, unfettered and free.

Oh! the wine-cup may sparkle in ruby drops bright,
 And o'er its glad brim, in gay phalanx advancing,
 Fair gossamer spirits, in rain-bow like light,
 May to Bacchanal music be gracefully dancing:
 While they dazzle our eyes with the hues of the skies,
 Soft and silvery tones on the breeze seem to rise,
 'Tis the gush of pure water, bright sparkling with glee,
 That flows, like our life's blood, unfettered and free.

Oh! then hail to thee, water—the Bacchanal's toast
 May be drank in red wine, that in ruddy light flashes
 But Columbia's freemen still proudly shall boast,
 Of the free gift of God, that o'er hill and vale dashes.

The di'monds bright ray seems for ever at play
 On the full glancing cup—and the soul-breathing lay,
 Shall be praise of pure water, bright sparkling with glee
 The gift of our God—and the drink of the free.

Miss C. H. Waterman

SONG.

THE RESCUE.

AIR.—*Oh sing! sweet bird.*

ON temp'rance, on! speed on, blest power;
 To thy mild rule no transient boon we owe:
 Speed, temp'rance, speed; each passing hour
 Mourns some foul outrage of thy fiery foe!

On to the rescue!

To his victims prove

Deliverance safe—if slow.

Speed, temp'rance, speed! O speed, speed, temperance
 speed, O speed!

Speed, temp'rance, speed,

Speed, temp'rance, speed,

Speed on, blest power!

Put strength into thy wings, and fly
 O'er earth; and bid man *know himself*, and shun,

The ruling vice—so live, so die,

As man should live and die. Thine object's won

When *man himself respects*;

And thy reward,

Good deeds that thou hast done.

Speed, temp'rance, speed! O speed, speed, temperance
 speed! O speed!

Speed, temp'rance, speed,

Speed, temp'rance, speed,

Oh! speed, blest power!

SONG.

THE BUCKET WHICH HUNG ON THE WELL.

HOW dear to my heart are the days of my childhood,

When fond recollection presents to my view
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood,
And ev'ry lov'd spot which my infancy knew ; [it ;
The wide spreading pond, and the mill which stood near
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell ;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung on the well—

The old oaken bucket,

The iron bound bucket,

The moss covered bucket that hung on the well

That moss covered bucket I hail as a treasure ;
For often at noon, when return'd from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature could yield.
How ardent I seized, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell ;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.

The old oaken bucket,

The iron bound bucket,

The moss covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy rim to receive it,
As pois'd on the curb it inclined to my lips ;
Not a full flowing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' fill'd with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from that situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hung on the well

The old oaken bucket,

The iron bound bucket,

The moss covered bucket that hung on the well.

Woodworth.

THE SONG OF THE RIVER.

I SPRING from the rock, from the mountain side,
Sparkling pure and bright ;
And I gather strength, as I rapidly glide
From my birth-place into light.

Richness I bear to land and tree,
Beauty to hill and dale ;
Beast and bird delight in me,
Drink and are strong and hale.

Fresh are the flowers that deck my banks,
The sod is greenest there :
And the warbling wing'd one's sing their thanks,
As they drink of me ev'ry where.

The traveller on burning sands,
The wanderer on the sea,
Gasping for water, clasp their hands,
And wildly pray for me.

I am the only drink was given
To man, when pure and free ;
Return then to the streams of heaven,
You're safe when you drink of me.

 SONG.

ROGER WILLIAMS' SPRING.

SOME sing the praise of rosy wine,
Its sparkling color bright ;
But in such songs with them to join
We cannot take delight.
We have a rich and noble theme,
Fit for a prince and king—
'Tis water, pure, and fresh, and good,
From Roger Williams' spring.

This will give health, and joy, and peace,
 Refreshing every power ;
 We want no better drink than this
 In trials darkest hour.
 To cheer the heart and quench the thirst
 It is the very thing ;
 Then give us water pure and good,
 From Roger Williams' spring.

Our sires drank from this living spring
 Two hundred years ago ;
 And from this fountain water clear
 Continues still to flow.
 Then we, on this our festal day,
 Will of its virtues sing,
 And drink this water, pure and good,
 From Roger Williams' spring.

SONG.

FAREWELL TO THE CUP.

FAREWELL to the cup—we have tarried too long,
 Where the juice of the grape adds its witch'ry to
 song,
 And the thoughts that flow'd freely are sombre and dull,
 And our brains become heavy—farewell to the bowl.

No longer the eye beams with intellect's fires,
 No longer the tongue fancy's power inspires ;
 But flushed is the brow and degraded the soul,
 And our minds have departed—farewell to the bowl.

Oh, tarry no longer where joy flies away,
 And the heart and the soul lose their richest array,
 Where eye mocketh eye, as unmeaning they roll,
 And the tongue whispers folly—farewell to the bowl.

Oh, think if the maiden who smiles in thine eyes,
 Once saw thy proud mind in this shameful disguise;
 How her heart would reject thee, how sadly her soul
 Would pity and leave thee—oh, flee from the bowl.

Oh think, ere the moment of thinking is past,
 And the chains of the mighty upon thee are cast!
 Return—ere the iron shall enter thy soul,
 And thy whole life beside be—a curse on the bowl.

Alfred L. Smith.

SONG.

THE BUBBLING SPRING.

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;
 Where, in the mead, or on the mount,
 'Mid rocks and flowers, that hide the fount,
 Gushes the bubbling spring,

Tell me not of the sparkling bowl,
 That glows with red'ning fire;
 Oh tell not of the joy of soul,
 The wine-cup can inspire
 A brighter glass—a purer joy—
 A healthier draught I sing;
 Nature's own cup without alloy—
 Pleasure that *reason* can enjoy—
 Health from the bubbling spring.

Then fill the glass with water bright—
 The nectar nature gave;
 Let faithful hearts round this unite,
 A bleeding world to save:

For naught can soothe the woful wound,
 And heal the viper's sting—
 Nay naught these fires of death can drown,
 But pure and healthful water, found
 Fresh in the bubbling spring.

D. C. York.

SONG.

I'VE THROWN THE BOWL ASIDE.

I'VE thrown the bowl aside,
 For me no more shall flow
 Its ruddy stream or sparkling tide,
 How bright soe'er it glow ;
 I've seen extending wide
 Its devastating sway,
 Seen reason yield its power to guide,—
 I've cast the bowl away !

My days of revelry
 O gladly I give up ;
 They're but the masks of misery,
 Which still lurk in the cup ;
 While indolence and want
 And poverty display
 Themselves in every drunkard's haunt,—
 I've cast the bowl away !

A drunkard's gloomy grave
 Shall ne'er be made for me ;
 O rather let the rushing wave
 Engulf me in the sea !
 And may it be my lot
 To die 'neath reason's ray !
 Remember'd by my friends or not,—
 I've cast the bowl away !

My path henceforth is plain,
 In honesty to live—
 To shun intemperance and its train,
 By industry to thrive ;
 No duty to forget,
 And live to bless the day
 When I was led without regret,
 To cast the bowl away !

Ames.

 ODE.

WATER!—OH! WATER FOR ME.

OH! water for me—bright water for me!
 And wine for the tremulous debauchee!
 It cooleth the brow, it cooleth the brain,
 It maketh the faint one strong again ;
 It comes o'er the sense like a breeze from the sea
 All freshness, like infant purity.
 Oh water, bright water, for me, for me!
 Give wine, give wine to the debauchee!

Fill to the brim! fill, fill to the brim!
 Let the flowing crystal kiss the rim:
 For my hand is steady, my eye is true,
 For I, like the flowers, drink naught but dew.
 Oh! water, bright water's a mine of wealth,
 And the ores it yieldeth are vigour and health.
 So water, pure water for me, for me!
 And wine for the tremulous debauchee!

Fill again to the brim—again to the brim!
 For water strengthens life and limb:
 To the days of the aged it addeth length,
 To the might of the strong it addeth strength;
 It freshens the heart it brightens the sight—
 'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light.
 So water, I'll drink naught but thee,
 Thou parent of health and energy!

When o'er the hills, like a gladsome bride,
 Morning walks forth in her beauty's pride,
 And leading a band of laughing hours,
 Brushes the dew from the nodding flowers,
 Oh ! cheerily then my voice is heard,
 Mingling with that of the soaring bird,
 Who flingeth abroad his matins loud,
 As he freshens his wing in the cold grey cloud.

But when evening has quitted her sheltering yew,
 Drowsily flying, and weaving anew,
 Her dusky meshes o'er land and sea,
 How gently, oh ! Sleep, fall thy poppies on me !
 For I drink water, pure, cold and bright,
 And my dreams are of heaven the live long night.
 So, hurrah for thee, water, hurrah, hurrah !
 Thou art silver and gold, thou art ribbon and star,
 Hurrah for bright water ! hurrah ! hurrah !

E. Johnson.

SONG.

BELSHAZZAR IS KING.

BELSHAZZAR is King, Belshazzar is Lord ;
 A thousand dark nobles all bend at his board ;
 Fruits glisten, flowers blossom, meats steam, and a flood
 Of the vinè that man loveth runs redder than blood.
 Gay dances are there, and a riot of mirth,
 And the beauty that maddens the passions of earth ;
 And the crowd all shout, 'till the vast roof rings,
 All praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the King.
 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 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 dank wine :
 While the trumpet's bray and the cymbals ring,
 Praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the King.

Now what cometh ? look ! look ! without menace or call,
 Who writes with his lightning's bright hand on the wall ?
 What pierceth the king, like the point of a dart ?
 What drives the cold 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.

SONG.

AND ARE YE SURE THE NEWS IS TRUE.

TUNE.—“ *There's nae luck about the house.*”

“ **A**ND are ye sure the news is true,
 And are ye sure he's sign'd ?

I can't believe the joyful tale,
 And leave my fears behind.

If John has sign'd and drinks no more,
 The happiest wife am I

That ever swept a cottage hearth,
 Or sung a lullaby !

For there's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck at a'

And ganes the comfort o' the house,
 Since he to drink did fa' !

Whose eye so kind, whose hand so strong,

Whose love so true will shine,

If he have bent his heart and hand

The total pledge to sign.

But what puts breaking in my head ?

I trust he'll taste no more ;

Be still, be still, my beating heart,

Hark ! hark ! he's at the door !

For there's nae luck about the house,
 There's been nae luck at a',

And ganes the comfort o' the house,
 Since he to drink did fa' !

And blessings on the helping hands
 That send him back to me,
 Haste, haste, ye little ones, and run,
 Your father's face to see.
 And are you *sure*, my John, you've sign'd ?
 And are you *sure 'tis past* ?
 Then mine's the happiest, brightest home
 Ontemp'rance shores at last !
 There's been nae luck about the house,
 But now 'tis comfort a' !
 And heaven preserve my ain gudeman,
 That he may never fa' !"

SONG.

THE STREAMLET'S MUSIC.

CRYSTAL Streamlet ! gently flowing,
 O'er the pebble-cover'd bed ;
 Where the water lily growing,
 Rears it bloom adorned head.
 Lightly dance thy waters on,
 Glistening in the sunny beam ;
 Murmuring a pleasing song ;
 Sweet thy music, gentle stream.
 It tells of joy, and peace serene,
 Happy homes and smiling faces ;
 And all the fair domestic scene,
 Haunt of gentlest loves and graces.
 It tells of reason, lucid, free,
 Passion, noble, pure, refin'd,
 In bonds of social harmony
 Interweaving all mankind.
 And then it plays a higher part,
 And tells of Him who bid thee flow ;
 Who form'd the flowers, with curious art,
 That on thy grassy margin grow.

Then crystal stream ! I'll blythly roam,
 Companion of thy thoughtful nymph ;
 On thy green bank I'll build my home,
 And quaff thy pure and sparkling lymph.

J. N.

 SONG.

BE DAYS OF DRINKING WINE FORGOT.

AIR.—“ *Auld Lang Syne.*”

BE days of drinking wine forgot ;
 Let water goblets shine ;
 And from your memory ever blot
 The days of drinking wine :
 Those days of drinking wine, my friend,
 Those days of drinking wine ;
 A temperance hour is worth a power
 Of days of drinking wine !

We twa have quaff'd to days long past
 Bright juices of the vine ;
 But let us from our memories cast
 Those customs of “ lang syne :”
 Bad customs of “ lang syne,” my friend,
 Bad customs of “ lang syne ;
 Our temperance age must blot the page
 Of customs of “ lang syne.”

We twa can meet as friends should meet ;
 We twa together dine ;
 Our bev'rage quaff from fountains sweet,
 And ne'er regret the wine.
 At temperance's shrine, my friend, my friend,
 We're pledged at her fair shrine ;
 And hold her cause above the laws
 And customs of “ lang syne.”

ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

WHO ARE THE BRAVE ?

WHO are the brave, if they were not—
The mighty men, of Bunker-hill ?

Our sires !—who'd shrink, if they did not,
Their country's glory to fulfil ?

Who are the free, if we are not,

Their sons !—O God ! of all thy earth
Seest thou this day one blessed spot

As free as that which gave us birth ?

Who are the brave, if they were not—

The men who woke the strife again ?

And wiped away the drunkard's blot,

And dashed to earth his cruel chain !

Who are the free, if we are not,

Who will no longer garlands twine
Around the cup, nor cast our lot

With those that tarry at the wine !

Rejoice ! rejoice ! and who will not—

In all that heaven has done for man !

If slaves of drink refuse, yet what

Prevents the free, who truly can ?

For what to us is habit's power,

And what the sparkling tempter's bite ?

Who's here, who triumphs not this hour,

In temperance and in freedom's might ?

W. B. Tappan.

ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

OUR COUNTRY'S BANNERS PLAY.

OUR country's banners play,
On this her natal day

With every breeze ;

Her happy millions throng,

With joy, and feast and song,

And gladness wakes along

Her farthest shores :

But list, that wo-waked note!
 Its echoes onward float,
 Like tempest's sound :
 Of death—despair it tells!
 It nearer, deeper swells,
 As 'twere some demon's yells,
 In darkness bound.

On to the battle field!
 Grasp virtue's sword and shield;
 Contend like men;
 Quail not when demons shriek:
 Let terror blanch no cheek!
 Bid freedom's watchword speak
 From mount and glen!

Here at her altar swear
 Your country's ark to tear
 From despot's hand:
 Midst drunkard hosts be brave—
 Your holy birthright save!
 Roll back that hellish wave
 Which sweeps the land!

SONG.

LIFT NOT THE WINE-CUP.

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red.—PROVERBS.

O! soft sleep the hills in their sunny repose,
 In the lands of the south where the vine gaily grows;
 And blithesome the hearts of the vintagers be,
 In the grape purple vales, in the Isles of the sea:
 And fair is the wine when its splendor is poured
 'Mid silver and gold round the festival board,
 When the magic of music awakes in its power,
 And wit gilds the fast falling sands of the hour:

Yet lift not the wine-cup, though pleasure may swim
 'Mid the bubbles that flash round its roseate brim ;
 For dark in the depths of the fountain below,
 Lurk the sirens that lure to the vortex of wo.

They have led the gay spirit of childhood astray,
 While it dreamed not of wiles on its radiant way ;
 And the soft cheek of beauty they've paled in its bloom,
 And quenched her bright eyes in the damps of the
 tomb.

They have torn the live wreath from the brow of the
 brave,
 And changed his proud heart to the heart of a slave ;
 And e'en the fair fame of the good and the just,
 With the grey hairs of age, they have trod to the dust.

Then lift not the wine-cup, though pleasure may swim
 Like an angel of light round its roseate brim :
 For dark in the depths of the fountain below,
 Lurk the sirens that lure to the vortex of wo.

SONG FOR NEW YEAR.

SONS OF FREEDOM, ALL REJOICE!

HAIL! The New Year Jubilee,
Hail! Our nation still is free!
 Raise we all our cheerful voice,
 And in thankful songs rejoice ;
 Join we then with sweet accord,
 Praise we now our common Lord.
 May we not our joys express ?
 While heav'n deigns our land to bless,
 Guards our rights, prolongs our days,
 God is worthy of all praise.
 Let us praise ; for it is meet,
 Pay our homage at his feet.

Sons of freedom, all rejoice!
 We again lift up our voice,
 Make the upper regions ring
 With the tribute which we bring,
 All united, we agree,
 Hail! The New Year Jubilee.
 Sing aloud! 'tis heaven's due,
 Sing we in the spirit too.
 Lo! our country still is free,
 May she thus for ever be!
 May her youthful patriots, we,
 Hail our nation's Jubilee.

From our foes we will not fly,
 Watch! for enemies are nigh;
 Moral evils wait around,
 And alarming they are found;
 Rum's foul spirit leads the van,
 Him to conquer, on—we can!
 We our country's future stay,
 Let us walk in wisdom's way,
 Early seek and find the Lord,
 Live according to his word.
 Thus we gain a heav'n of love,
 Sing a *Jubilee* above.

ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY
 ON THIS JOYOUS DAY.

Air.—“*Star Spangled Banner.*”

ON this joyous day, while the cannon's loud voice,
 From every green hill top, like thunder is breaking;
 And music's soft strains upon ocean and shore,
 In each throbbing bosom fresh ardor is waking,

There comes o'er the hills a discordant strain,
 Proclaiming, oppression exulteth again ;
 It fills every zephyr ; is borne on each gale,
 Bespeaking the widow's and orphan's sad wail.

'Rouse freemen, arouse, for action prepare,
 Rush forth to retrieve your fond homes from invasion ;
 Your breasts as of yore, to the battle make bare ;
 But conquer by power of moral persuasion,
 With manly resolve, let each one declare,
 The yoke of intemperance, he never will bear ;
 Fling out the white flag, let it float in the gale,
 'Till temperance, all over our land shall prevail.

See parents unite, and children combine,
 To wipe off the scourge that degrades our fair nation ;
 Their " lives, sacred honor, and fortunes," resign,
 To rescue their country from base degradation.
 Devotion's pure streams, incessantly rise,
 From woman's kind bosom, to God in the skies ;
 To lead on to conquest, the hosts of the free,
 And save the " asylum, of sweet liberty."

Our cause still goes on, we'll be undismayed ;
 The fountains of mis'ry will soon cease their flowing.
 While Heaven directs us, we'll not be afraid,
 For cold water armies to millions are growing :
 In Israel's God, we'll still put our trust,
 And boldly march onward ; " our cause it is just ;"
 Soon the white flag of temperance " in triumph shall
 wave,
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."
 G. W. M.

NATIONAL ODE.

Written on a couch of sickness, by J. S. BUCKINGHAM.

HAIL! DAY OF JOY.

HAIL! day of joy! whose glad return
Hears a united nation's voice—
“In thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,”
Bid millions of free hearts rejoice.

“Who is the tyrant?—who the slave?”
A thousand anxious voices cry—
Alas! the tenants of the grave,
Could they but rise, might best reply.

The tyrant is—**DESTROYING DRINK**—
Who chains his slaves in links of fire;
The slave is he whose manhood sinks
Beneath his withering sceptre dire.

This tyrant carries in his train
Each baleful passion's poisonous breath—
Crime, Misery, Want, Despair, and Pain,
Disease, Insanity, and Death.

Will they who love their native land,
See such a tyrant's rule upborne,
Nor stretch at once their patriot hand,
To hurl him from his despot throne?

It cannot be!—Man's nobler part
Yearns for his fellow-suffering man—
Haste, then, each patriot—Christian heart,
The revolution is begun!

O! for a Washington's pure name,
A Franklin's mind—a Hancock's zeal,
A Henry's eloquence—whose flame
Should kindle, in their country's weal.

Ten thousand thousand glowing tongues,
To form, to-day, a sacred band,
In every hall to bid their songs
Swell high for temperance through the land.

SONG.

THE DRUNKARD'S GRAVE.

I SAW a youth in his father's hall,
 Whose joy-lit eye and aspect gay
 Show'd a heart yet free from passion's thrall—
 Light as the billowy ocean's spray :
 Generous, virtuous, fair, and brave,
 Yet he fills a *drunkard's grave*.

I saw by the midnight taper's gleam,
 A tireless student, pensive, pore
 O'er hist'ry's page, or some noble theme,
 That poets have sung in classic lore.
 Yet the green willow doth o'er him wave :
 Alas!—he sleeps in *the drunkard's grave*.

I saw an old man, whose locks were grey,
 Silver'd by care and the length of years;
 Unmoved by these signs of speedy decay,
 And by his children's frequent tears.
 Ah! they may weep, but cannot save
 That erring man from a *drunkard's grave*.

The young, the old, and the brave are there,
 The proud and the humble together sleep ;
 The father, caught by intemperance' snare ;
 And his son, who once could o'er him weep.
 The rich—the poor—the free—the slave,
 Go alike to *the drunkard's grave*.

SONG.

THEY SAY THE GOBLET'S CROWNED WITH
FLOWERS

THEY say the goblet's crown'd with flowers,
 And round its brim do brightly shine,
 Like gems, remember'd joys and hours,
 The treasures of immortal wine.

We know the cup is wreathed with plants,
 More deadly than the Upas-tree ;
 Its richest recollection haunts,
 The soul with all that misery.

They say the draught has potent spell,
 To wean the thought from ills away ;
 And raise the drooping one to dwell
 Where dreary night is chang'd to day.

We deem the wretch may never know,
 The meaning of unmix'd despair,
 Till tempted by his bitt'rest foe,
 He seeks the cup and finds it there.

Some vow in unextinguished hate,
 With Alcohol no terms to hold ;
 "From all that can intoxicate,"
 We write upon our banners fold.

For we, the sons have marshalled strong,
 On fields, that bear our father's name ;
 Their glorious dust gives back the song,
 Once more of freedom and of fame.

SONG OF THE MECHANICS.

SHALL the bone and muscle heaven
 Lent us, shall subduing skill
 To an enemy be given ?

Shall the red wine triumph still ?
 Each of us, around whose dwelling,
 Labor's ample blessings flow,
 Feels his manly bosom swelling
 With indignant answer. No !

Raging drink ! thou'lt not enslave us ;
 Sparkling bowl ! thou now art dim ;
 Angel temperance stoops to save us
 From the death within thy brim.

Save us. Yes though we were spell bound,
 Fixed in very sight of wo,
 Yet the PLEDGE shall free the hell bound;
 Will we wear those shackles? No.

From the floods' o'erwhelming power,
 We unto this ark have fled;
 Whence we gaze in safety's hour
 On the dying and the dead.
 Now, of God, earths sons and daughters,
 As on high he sets his bow,
 Ask if shall return those waters?
 And Jehovah answers. No!

W. B. Tappan.

SONG.

PREPARE FOR THE BATTLE.

PREPARE for the battle, attend to the sound,
 The call that earth's vallies and mountains resound,
 Where the foe with his deeds of destruction are found,
 Go ye forth to the help of the Lord.
 He will order the battle, who calls from afar,
 Sons and daughters unskilled in the tactics of war,
 But His banner above them, His soldiers they are,
 And safe in the power of His sword.

Then sound the loud trumpet ye watchmen in Zion,
 Till the drunkard whose chains far more cruel than iron
 Shall flee from the snares of the prey-seeking lion,
 Who in alcohol has such sure hold.

Oh entreat him to come to our happy retreat,
 Where Israel's shepherd does often times meet,
 And stay with His mercy the wanderer's feet,
 Till fixed in His own sacred fold.

THE FIREMAN'S SONG.

OH! is there not now any fireman's song,
 I think it a pity they're neglected so long,
 For wherever, wherever, wherever they be,
 They're always true-hearted, merry and free.

Ding, dong, bang away,
 Engines now, drag away,
 Off with your hose, and play away.

When fire is called, and the bells loud ring,
 Let every one to his engine spring,
 Let it rain, hail, snow, or blow,
 There's not one among us that will be slow.

Ding, dong, bang away, &c.

And now to a fire how nimbly we trip,
 And then up a ladder how nimbly we skip,
 While some at the arms are working away,
 Which causes the water swiftly to play,

Ding, dong, bang away, &c.

To keep the cold out, and prevent its striking in,
 Some will drink brandy and some will drink gin,
 With a piece of bread and a slice of ham,
 Cold water and coffee is our best dram.

Ding, dong, bang away, &c.

Now here is a health to firemen all,
 May they always be ready t' attend their call,
 And wherever, wherever, wherever they be,
 At the last great alarm may they all ready be,

Ding, dong, bang away,
 Engines now, drag away,
 Off with your hose, and play away,

THE TEMPERANCE FIREMAN.

BY A. BENSEL.

WHEN in the night
 The skies grow bright,
 With the flames of the poor man's dwelling,
 The Fireman springs,
 As the Hall Bell rings,
 The burning District telling,
 Hark! the cry, Fire! Fire!
 As the flames rise higher,
 The gallant Firemen fly,
 At the sleep-dispelling cry,
 Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!
 And we'll dash on water till the flames expire.

See,—the last gleam
 Of the burning beam
 Dies, and the danger is over;
 The fireman goes
 To his sweet repose,
 From his toil and fatigue to recover,
 Till the cry, Fire! Fire!
 Shall again require
 The Fireman to fly
 At the sleep-dispelling cry!
 Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!
 And we'll dash on water till the flames expire.

Thus in the height
 Of his drunken plight,
 If the tippler falls in the gutter,
 The Fireman kind,
 Who the pledge has sign'd,
 Plies him with good Cold Water;
 He puts out Rum's fire,
 Drags him out of the mire,
 Nor leaves him there to die
 'Neath the cold and stormy sky—
 On Rum's curst fire,
 He pours cold water till the flames expire.

Honor and Fame
 To the Fireman's name
 Who has join'd the Temperance banner!
 We'll give him praise
 In our sweetest lays
 And our loudest shouts of hosannah;
 For he fearless goes,
 'Mid the wint'ry snows
 And Summer's sultry heat,
 Rum and flames both to meet—
 Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!
 And he'll dash on water till both Rum and flames ex-
 pire.

SONGS FOR THE WASHINGTON TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

HOPE FOR ALL.

At a temperance meeting in New-York, while one of the reformed inebriates from Baltimore was relating his experience an intoxicated man cried out with despairing tone, "Can any thing be done for *me*?" He was answered in the language of kindness and encouragement, invited to sign the "pledge," and is now reformed, and publicly advocating the Temperance cause.—*Olive Leaf*.

CAN any thing be done for *thee*?

Yes, brother, "look on us!"
 Robbed by Intemperance once were *we*,
 And fallen 'neath its curse.

The "priest" for *drunkards* found no prayer,
 But turned away, and sighed;
 The "Levite," with contemptuous air,
 "Passed by, the other side!"

But while in filth and wounds we lay,
 Most low, of fallen man!
 As sent by Heaven, there passed that way
 "The good Samaritan."

He saw, and felt compassion move,
 At every loathsome wound;
 And kindness poured its oil—and love
 Food, clothes, and shelter found.

We live again! and stand as *men*,
 To tell from whence we came;
 To rescue such as we have been,
 In our Deliverer's name.

Come then with us, and get thee good,
 Thank Heaven! there's hope to-day;
 Come, brother, we have tried the road,
 Our feet shall lead the way.

We ask thee but this *pledge* to sign!
 For now our eyes can see,
 That blessings richer far than *wine*,
 It pledges back to thee.

E. C. S

S O N G.

WRITTEN FOR THE WASHINGTON TEMPERANCE SOCIETY,
 HARRISBURG, PA.

AIR,—“*Rosin the Bow.*”

COME join in our Temperance army,
 And put on the Washington badge;
 I'm sure that it never will harm you,
 To give in your names to the pledge!

We've done with our days of carousing,
 Our nights too of frolicksome glee;
 For now with our sober minds choosing,
 We've pledged ourselves never to spree!

They call us old broken down toppers;
 And they may say just what they will;
 But once we were very good loafers,
 When our money went into their till!

But we've broken the charm of their glasses,
And mended the joys of our home;
Our wives and our little ones' faces
Wear a gladness instead of a gloom.

Our garments are sound now and decent;
Our pockets with money are lin'd!
Our friends, when they meet us, are pleasant,
And even the *Ladies* look kind!

We've launch'd out a Cold Water Frigate,
And call'd it the Temperance Ship;
And invite you to help us to rig it,
And join in our te-total trip!

She's fully ensur'd in her cruising,
From piracy, shipwreck, and fire;
And you may be sure of not losing
Your wages or character by her.

Her crew are men honest and hearty;
Her cargo is plenty and peace;
Come join then our te-total party,
And all your old sorrows will cease.

We're bound for a haven of gladness,
And all the world's joining our crew;
I'm sure then 'tis folly and madness,
If you'll not embark with us too!

Hurrah for the Washington banner,
That floats o'er our Temperance ship!
Come on then, ye Hearties, and man her,
And take a long te-total trip!!

DASH DOWN THE CUP.

BY C. H. EATON.

D*ASH down the cup!*—drink not the draught,
Whose baneful influence here,
So oft hath chilled thy youthful pulse,
And made existence fear.

When the damp fingers of disease,
Which generated here,
Were placed about thy fever'd brow,
Where pity dropp'd a tear;

When censure, breathed from menial lips,
Subdued thy haughty mind;
When pride was levelled to the dust,
And fettered hopes were blind;

When the bright lamp of fame was dimm'd
And flickering in its ray,
When friends forsook thee in that hour,
What was thy soul's dismay?

Canst thou, who'st felt the agony
Which that stern power can give,
When pent within its cankered toils,
Where guilt alone must live.

Retrace thy path of misery,
But to renew the pang,
Which levelled round thy ruined shrine,
Where erst sweet pæans rang?

Bind not with poison leaves thy brow,
The festering wreath will be
The gloomy emblem of thy fate,
Of hell-fraught life to thee.

A HALLELUJAH.

HALLELUJAH! we sing to the Saviour of man,
Whose smile has attended the abstinence plan,
Whose blessing has saved the drunkard from death,
And brought him to walk in the temperance path.

Hallelujah! we sing for the mercies bestow'd,
In leading the wretches to peace and to God,
And saving lost drunkards from ruin and woe,
And making them blessings wherever they go.

Hallelujah! we sing, let God be adored,
For dwellings of sorrow to comfort restored;
Where the drunkard once dwelt, the graces now reign,
And the motto of each, and of all is ABSTAIN.

Hallelujah! we'll sing as the watchword we give,
Hallelujah! we'll sing so long as we live,
Hallelujah! to Jesus, the Saviour of men;—
Hallelujah! be sung by all who abstain.

 THE SAVING PLEDGE.

BY J. C. SLOAT.

NO more the sparkling glass invites,
It hath no charm for me;
The spell that bound me with delight
Is broken, and I'm free.

It lur'd me from my happy home,
It fill'd my heart with woe;
It made me wretched and forlorn,
A wanderer to and fro.

A beam of light broke on my mind,
Why was I thus distress'd?
What power on earth the will can bind?
By whom was I oppress'd?

Ay, now I see my deadly foe—
 His hideous form appears:
 He lurks within the pois'nous bowl,
 'Mid sighs, and groans, and tears.

The poison'd chalice to my lips
 Shall ne'er again be rais'd;
 The Pledge I'll ever, keep,
 For by the Pledge I'm sav'd!

SONG OF THE WASHINGTONIANS.

TUNE.—“*Hail to the Chief.*”

PLEDGE for the chieftain immortal in story,
 Honor'd and bless'd be our Washington's name;
 Sons of the sires whom his sword led to glory,
 The longer we flourish the broader his fame
 Pledge ev'ry hand and heart
 Pledge never more to part,
 True to the bond that unites us in one:
 Let every mother's son
 Shout for our Washington,
 “On, brothers, on, till the battle is done.”

Ours is no summer-pledge, gone with the fountains,
 That gush from the heart, while the tide-feeling
 flows:

Firm shall it stand, as the rock seated mountains,
 Stainless our faith as the ever-white snows;
 Widow and orphan child,
 Wailing in accents wild,
 Beckon us onward, and point to their woe;
 Let ev'ry Western glen,
 Ring to our shout again,
 On, brothers, on, till their tears cease to flow.

Vainly our tyrants and tempters would chain us,
 Toiling like slaves, while they gather our gains;

Vainly they'll seek by their poisons to tame us,
 Pledge-bound to freedom, we scorn their vile pains.
 Grog-shop, or grog-hotel!
 Where'er the bane they sell,
 In hovel or palace, the pest is the same;
 Vainly the sordid crew
 Long for our gold anew,
 Cursing our pledge as the cause of their shame.

Warm glows the hearth, and the wife smiles beside it;
 Night lacks her gloom and the winter his cold,
 O, the sweet prattling babe—let the miser deride it;
 Mine be the hearth-stone, and his be the gold.
 O! that our noble cause—
 Health of our land and laws,
 Wide may prevail, till the curse is no more,
 Till prairie and land and glen,
 Send us their loud AMEN,
 God bless our country from centre to shore.

Western Morning Star.

WHAT WILL I DRINK.

“**W**HAT will I drink?” Not that which burns
 The body, and to madness turns
 The mind, and bids for e'er depart
 The kind emotions of the heart!

“What will I drink?” Not that which bears
 Beneath its surface woman's tears,
 And penury, and years of pain,
 And restless nights, and fev'rish brain

“What will I drink?” Why, to me bring
 The crystal water from the spring—
 The liquid that the earth gives up
 To fill the thirsty drinker's cup.

Washington Compiler.

AN INVITATION TO TE-TOTALISM.

DELAY not, delay not—O drunkard draw near,
 The pure crystal stream is now flowing for thee ;
 No price is demanded—it runs cool and clear ;
 To thee it is offer'd, for thee it is free.

Delay not an hour—why longer abuse
 Thy mental and physical powers with wine ?
 The fountain is open—O canst thou refuse,
 When health bids thee welcome, to bow at her shrine ?

Delay not a moment—for near is the day
 In which the steeled rum-seller's business will cease
 On the health and the pockets of tipplers to prey,
 Or to rob wives and children of comfort and peace.

Delay not, delay not—thy tremulous frame
 Will, if longer abus'd, fill a suicide's grave :
 Be a man—leave behind thee a virtuous fame—
 Embrace **TOTAL ABSTINENCE**—nought else will save !
 Organ.

TEMPERANCE SONG.

TUNE.—“ *School Master.*”

RAISE your banner high in air,
 Write *Cold Water*—write it there ;
 Let its folds be wide unfurl'd,
 Let it float o'er all the world—
 Temperance banner—raise it high,
 Let it wave against the sky !

March, Reformers, march ye on,
 Soon the battle will be won ;
 Soon the last poor, staggering soul,
 Will have turned—or found his goal ;
 Press, Reformers, press ye on --
 Cease not, till the battle's won !

See, yon star is rising high ;
 Hope is bending from the sky ;
 See, yon rainbow bending o'er
 Ireland's lately deluged shore ;
 See, her star is rising high—
 Hope is bending from the sky !

Raise your banner, raise it high ;
 Let it float against the sky ;
 Let the world adoring see,
 Temperance—Truth—and Liberty—
 Temperance banner, raise it high ;
 Let it float against the sky !

“ WE WILL BE FREE.”

ON to the conflict, freemen on !
 The conquest shall be ours ;
 The victory will soon be won,
 Though now the battle lowers.

The monster RUM, must now be slain ;
 His mighty host shall fly ;
 No longer will we wear his chain ;
 We'll conquer or we'll die.

We've served his purpose far too long,
 We've long enough been slaves ;
 What though his fetters may be strong,
 They shall not bind our graves.

We'll rally 'round our Freedom's flag
 And swear, ' We will be free ;'
 The monster from his throne we'll drag
 And make his minions flee.

We will not sell ourselves for gold,
 Much less will we for drink
 The half of slavery is untold,
 If still the slave can think.

Then to the conflict, Freeman, on
 Our foes—behold! they flee!
 The victory will soon be won;
 We shall, we shall be free!

THE WATER KING.

BY HODGES REED, ESQ.

TUNE.—“*Auld Lang Syne.*”

WE'RE soldiers of the Water-King,
 His laws we will obey;
 Virtue and health are his reward—
 We want no better pay.

CHORUS.

Then, let us sing the Water-King,
 Good soldiers, one and all—
 Our banners to the breeze we'll fling,
 And *down* with *alcohol*.

We boast no sword or glittering spear;
 Ours is a bloodless crown—
 A purer, brighter, fairer thing
 Than conquerors ever won.
 Then, let us sing, &c.

Our strength is in the living spring—
 And long as waters run,
 Or grass grows green, we're pledged to keep
 Our Temperance armor on.
 Then, let us sing, &c.

What though the Fire King mocks our hosts,
 As great Goliath did,
 We've temperance Davids in our ranks,
 Who'll bring away his head.
 Then, let us sing, &c.

SONG OF JOHN HAWKINS AND HIS
COMRADES.

BY WM. B. TAPPAN.

HURRAH! hurrah! we've burst the chain:
O God! how long it bound us!
We run! we leap! O God, again
Thy light; thy air surround us.
From midnight's dungeon-depth's brought out,
We hail hope's rising star;
Ho, comrades, give the stirring shout,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

The world has kissed the tyrant's throne,
The Beast! the Man of Sin!
"Legion!" "Apollyon!" better known
As Brandy, Beer, or Gin!
Rouse up at Reason's clarion cry,
We go to holy war,
To slay the dragon, *or to die?*
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Hurrah! hurrah! there's joy within,
Where all before was woe,
And sunk is passion's dreadful din,
And crushed for aye's the foe.
Yet *one charge more* in glorious strife,
Stout hearts! to end the war;
'Tis done—our spoils! the babes! the wife!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

PART II.

Debased by drink, we'd lost the sign
Of manhood, God imprest,
The open face, the look divine—
To show what He had blest.

Behold! erect! with honest brow,
 Restored to Nature's law—
 We're men! we're men! heaven knows us *now*.
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Of ten men cleansed did one return
 To bless the healing hour?
 All of our rescued thousands burn
 To praise redeeming power.
 Come! bless God now! and what for us
 He's done—so reads the law—
 WE'LL DO FOR OTHERS! and the curse
 Root out—hurrah! hurrah!

Tom Moore may drug the golden cup,
 With costly pearls that shine
 Bright as his face! and drink them up
 Dissolved in rosy wine;—
 In undiluted streams *we* dip
 Our crystal glasses—nor
 Refuse the pledge will WOMAN'S lip—
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 O God! how long it bound us!
 We run! we leap! O God, again
 Thy light, thy air surround us.
 From midnight's dungeon-depths brought out,
 We hail hope's rising star;
 Ho, comrades! give the stirring shout,
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Western Morning Star.

THE REFORMED DRUNKARD'S HOME.

WHAT pilgrim, who in distant climes
 Hath oft been used to roam,
 Can e'er forget the happy thrill
 With which he greets his home?

Home!—there is magic in that word—
There's music in its tone—
What memories it conjures up
To cheer us when alone!

My home was oft deserted,
And thorns and briars threw,
A blight upon the fairest flowers
That in my garden grew.

My gentle wife, whom not a breeze
Had rudely touched before,
Soon lost the beauty and the grace
She once so sweetly wore.

The prattlers who, in thoughtless sport,
Once climbed upon my knee,
Would tremble as their glistening eye
Fell anxiously on me.

Light never cheered my gloomy heart,
Save when the maddening bowl
Flashed with its lurid lightning
On my benighted soul.

But now I've dashed the poisoned cup
Forever from my lips.—
And now I drink as pure a stream
As fabled goddess sips.

Hope glimmers through the parting clouds,
And ere my course is run,
The bow of promise fondly smiles
Around life's setting sun.

Home once again, hath found the charms
It always used to wear—
And when the earth looks desolate
I turn for comfort there.

In this Bethesda pool of love
I bathe my griefs away,
And see an angel present there,
Returning day by day

DEFENCE OF FORT TEMPERANCE.

BY F. H. ORNE.

AIR.—“*Star Spangled Banner.*”

OH! say, can you see, on this bright dawning day,
 What so proudly we hail, all these efforts so cheer-
 ing
 The demon Intemp'rance we're driving away,
 And a happier dawn to mankind is appearing
 The vict'ry we'll gain
 O'er the foe that has slain
 As millions who now in the grave low are lain;
 Then success to our cause! may it spread far and wide,
 With an impulse as endless as Time's rolling tide!

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 to our cause! may it spread far and wide,
 With an impulse as endless as Time's rolling tide!

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 have

For mankind to receive

Of what has caused thousands of thousands to grieve,
 Then success to our cause! may it spread far and wide,
 With an impulse as endless as Time's rolling tide!

PARODY ON THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

OH, say can you see, by the "signs of the times,"
That men are reforming, themselves setting free
From all that destroys their bodies and minds,
Resolving to plant a new Liberty tree.

Their condition no more
They lament and deplore,
Their bondage is broken,
Their thralldom is o'er ;
For the TEMPERANCE BANNER
In triumph doth wave
O'er the heads of the rescued,
Free sons of the brave.

In the past plainly seen thro' the midst of their tears,
Is the sorrow and anguish and pain they have suffered,
The sad loss of all that to manhood is dear—
The time when no kindness or sympathy offered !

But the trial is past,
Though long it did last,
And their chains and their bondage
Far from them they've cast ;
And the Temperance Banner
In triumph shall wave
O'er the heads of the rescued,
Free sons of the brave.

PART II.

Oh, where is the promise that *alcohol* gave,
To place its poor slave above sorrow and anguish ;
Of all his false hopes, not one now remains,
And his many fair dreams, all, all, are now banished,
His promise was air,
And false was as fair,
And again them to offer
He never will dare,

While the Temperance Banner
 In triumph doth wave,
 O'er the heads of the rescued,
 Free sons of the brave.

Thus be it ever, while the reform'd shall stand,
 Between his dread foe and his heart's desolation;
 Thus happy and free may the now rescued band
 Bless the power that brought them again to their station
 And conquer we must,
 For our cause is most just;
 And this be our motto—
 In God let us trust;
 And the Temperance Banner
 For ever will wave
 O'er the heads of the free,
 And the home of the brave.

C. W. A.

THE REFORMED DRUNKARD'S SONG OF REMEMBRANCE.

BY CHARLES W. DENNISON,

AIR.—“*Oft in the Stilly Night.*”

WHEN I remember now
 The chains that I have broken,
 I would renew my vow,
 And take afresh my token;
 I feel like one,
 Whose pledge begun,
 Shall never be forsaken;
 With heart and hand
 At God's command,
 The Temperance vow I've taken.

When I remember all
 My old companions jolly;
 I feel I've burst my thrall,
 My bonds of guilt and folly;

No more, at night,
 To swear and fight,
 Am I the slave of drinking ;
 But free once more,
 From chains so sore,
 I shall keep free, I'm thinking.

TE-TOTALER'S BATTLE SONG.

BY A. J. LORD.

TUNE.—“*Bay of Biscay O!*”

Lo! The Temperance Banner floating
 Free o'er our gallant band!
 Hark! the Temperance Legion shouting
 Victory thro' the land!
 On! to the battle on!
 Strike the fell monster down!
 Fight! fight! fight!
 Day and night
 'Gainst the tyrant Alcohol!

The Temperance cause is glorious,
 And still is gaining ground;
 'Tis spreading all victorious
 To earth's remotest bound.
 On! to the battle on!
 Strike the fell monster down!
 And fight! fight!
 Day and night
 'Gainst the tyrant Alcohol!

We'll give no truce nor quarter,
 But force the battle on;
 And still we'll cry “Cold Water,”
 Until the victory's won.
 On! to the battle field,
 Grasp banner, sword and shield,
 And fight! fight!
 Day and night
 'Gainst the tyrant Alcohol!

GRANT OF OUR CREATOR.

BY the grant of our Creator,
Earth and sea with bounty stor'd ;
All was subject to our nature—
Man was made Creation's Lord.

Shall this order be invaded,
Man, the immortal living soul—
From his station be degraded,
Made the slave of Alcohol.

Rise ye victims, seize our motto !
To our ranks determined run ;
Mind should rule it—always ought to
Say, " I will, and it is done."

Washingtonians to the rescue,
Let your pity still abide,
While a neighbor's groans address you—
Pass not on the other side.

Wield your armor, bright and ample,
Hand and hand divest of guile ;
Reason, facts, a bright example—
Victory waits to crown your toil.

Lo ! your works shall be rewarded,
Thousands who the blessings share ;
High shall see your deeds recorded
With the sacred *name* you bear.

Washingtonian.

THE GLEE SONG.

TUNE—" *Cheer up my lively lads.*

OH what has made the grog men sigh,
 And sadly hang their heads, sir;
 Their customers no more will buy,
 And alcohol is dead, sir,
 Then cheer up, my lively lads,
 In spite of all rum's powers;
 Cheer up my lively lads,
 The vict'ry'll soon be ours.

They say that every dog's his day,
 And they theirs have had, sir,
 I guess the sun forgot to pay
 His visit to their side, sir,
 Then cheer up, my lively lads, &c.

But now I think we'll take our turn,
 As they have made us blue, sir;
 Their Brandy, Rum, and Gin we'll burn,
 And see if that won't do, sir,
 Then cheer up, my lively lads, &c.

Hurrah, my lads, we're coming on,
 They're shaking now with fear, sir,
 The rum heads now most all are gone,
 They'll soon have none to lose, sir,
 Then cheer up, my lively lads, &c.

We're building forts around the town,
 And guns we have enough, sir,
 We'll batter all the rum holes down,
 And see if that won't do, sir.
 Then cheer up, my lively lads, &c.

The ladies all will to a man,
 Turn out to help us too, sir,
 And every one do all she can,
 To help the cause quite through, sir.
 Then cheer up my lively lads, &c.

REJOICE.

AIR—*The Millenium Hymn.*

REJOICE, Rejoice, the Temperance cause advances;
 Rejoice, Rejoice, its advocates are here;
 The old, the young, all join in one,
 To aid the cause of Temp'rance on :
 Rejoice, Rejoice, the Temp'rance cause advances,
 Rejoice, Rejoice, its advocates are here :
 Our cause is good and object pure,
 Our ranks increasing more and more—
 We soon shall banish from our land
 The Tyrant with his motley band :
 Rejoice, Rejoice, the Temp'rance cause advances,
 Rejoice, Rejoice, Rejoice, its advocates are here.
 Rejoice, Rejoice, our number fast increases,
 Rejoice, Rejoice, the victory is ours ;
 We in the distance now can see
 Thousands, who say they will be free :
 Rejoice, Rejoice, our cause is still advancing,
 Rejoice, Rejoice, the enemy will flee :
 Let us our efforts still increase,
 And never in our labours cease—
 The victory we'll surely gain,
 For see the many in our train :
 Rejoice, Rejoice, our number fast increases,
 Rejoice, Rejoice, Rejoice, the victory is ours.
 Rejoice, Rejoice, the Temp'rance banner's waving,
 Rejoice, Rejoice, the ladies they have come—
 They've sign'd the pledge of liberty,
 And joyful shout—"WE'RE FREE! WE'RE FREE!"
 Rejoice, Rejoice, for more will soon be coming,
 Rejoice, Rejoice, our cause is gaining ground :
 Who next will in our ranks enlist,
 And thus the monster firm resist ?
 (Union is strength) then lend your aid,
 And soon we'll boast new vict'ries made :
 Rejoice, Rejoice, the Temp'rance banner's waving,
 Rejoice, Rejoice, Rejoice, 'tis spreading o'er the world.

THE SONG OF THE REDEEMED.

WE come! we come! that have been held,
In burning chains so long;
We're up! and on we come, a host
Full fifty thousand strong.
The chains we've snapped, that held us round
The wine-vat and the still—
Snapped by a blow—nay, by a word,
That mighty word, *I will!*

We come from Belial's palaces,
The tippling-shop and bar;
And, as we march, those gates of hell
Feel their foundations jar.
The very ground that oft has held,
All night, our throbbing head,
Knows that we're up—no more to fall,
And trembles at our tread.

From dirty den, from gutter foul,
From watch-house and from prison,
Where they who gave the poisonous glass,
Had thrown us, have we risen;
From garret high have hurried down,
From cellar stived and damp
Come up; till alley, lane, and street
Echo our earthquake tramp.

To God be thanks who pours us out
Cold water from his hills,
In crystal springs and babbling brooks,
In lakes and sparkling rills!
From these to quench our thirst we come,
With freemen's shout and song,
A host already numbering more
Than fifty thousand strong.

PIERPONT.

AWAY THE BOWL.

AIR.—*Away to School.*

OUR youthful hearts with temperance burn,
 Away, away the bowl,
 From dram shops all our steps we turn,
 Away, away the bowl.
 Farewell to rum and all its harms,
 Farewell the wine cup's boasted charms,
 Away the bowl, away the bowl,
 Away, away the bowl.

See how that staggering drunkard reels,
 Away, away the bowl,
 Alas the misery he reveals,
 Away, away the bowl.
 His children grieve, his wife's in tears,
 How sad his once bright home appears,
 Away the bowl, away the bowl,
 Away, away the bowl.

We drink no more, nor buy nor sell;
 Away, away the bowl,
 The drunkard's offers we repel,
 Away, away the bowl.
 United in a temperance band,
 We're join'd in heart, we're join'd in hand;
 Away the bowl, away the bowl,
 Away, away the bowl.

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

SPARKLING and bright in its liquid light,
 Is the water in our glasses;
 'Twill give you health, 'twill give you wealth
 Ye lads and rosy lasses!

Chorus.

O then resign your ruby wine,
 Each smiling son and daughter,
 There's nothing so good for the youthful blood,
 Or sweet as the sparkling water.

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

Chorus. O then resign, &c.

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,

Chorus. O then resign, &c.

COME TO THE TEMPERANCE HALL.

COME to the Temperance Hall,
 The Pledge of Freedom sign—
 Come, banish Alcohol,
 Rum, brandy, beer, and wine.
 From the dens of drunken mirth,
 The dark abodes of rum,
 Where sorrow has its birth,
 Come forth ye rummers, come,
 Come to the Temperance Hall,
 The pledge of Freedom sign—
 Come, banish Alcohol,
 Rum, brandy, beer, and wine.

Ye that the brandy red,
 Are mighty to consume,
 Come! let it ne'er be said
 Ye fear the Temp'rance room.

Come, &c.

Ye beer-ers leave your beer,
 Brightly although it foam—
 To the water cold and clear,
 Ye red-faced beer-ers, come.
 Come, &c.

Ye boys who quaff the wine
 With faces all in bloom,
 March up in goodly line—
 Room for the wine-boys, room,
 Come, &c

Come one, come all, and flee
 The drunkard's dreadful doom;
 Awake, arise, be free—
 To health, wealth, honor, come!
 Come, &c.

TEMPERANCE ODE.

BY A TE-TOTALLER OF HUDSON.

AIR—*Auld Lang Syne.*

COME friends and brethren, all unite
 In songs of hearty cheer,
 Our cause speeds onward in its might,
 Away with doubt and fear.

Chorus.

We give the pledge, we join the hand,
 Resolved on Victory;
 We are a bold determined band,
 We strike for Liberty.

Our wives—our children we'll defend;
 Their groans and tears, no more
 Shall with the maddening liquor blend:
 Down with the Tyrant's power.
 We give the pledge, we join the hand, &c.

The cup of death no more we take
 That cup no more we give,
 It makes the head—the bosom ache,
 Ah, who can drink and live ?
 We give the pledge, we join the hand, &c.
 Henceforth we one and all proclaim,
 Eternal war with Rum ;
 This is our pledge, “ *We drink no more,*”
 Come join us, Brothers, come.
 We give the pledge, we join the hand, &c.

THE RUMSELLER'S LAMENT.

AIR—“ *O, dear what can the matter be ?*”

OH dear, what can the matter be ?
 Dear, dear, what can the matter be ?
 O dear, what can the matter be ?
 What shall I do with my Rum ?
 The Washington boys are playing the dickens,
 The night of confusion around me now thickens,
 Unless the rum business with some of us quickens,
 We'll all have to cut with our Rum.
 Oh dear, &c.

I used to get rich through the toiling mechanic,
 Who spent all his earnings in pleasures Satanic,
 But now, I confess, I'm in a great panic,
 Because I can sell no more Rum.
 Oh dear, &c.

My customers once to my bar-room were flocking,
 Some without coat, or a shoe, or a stocking,
 But now I declare it is really shocking,
 I cannot dispose of my Rum.
 Oh dear, &c.

I once cloth'd 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 :
 Oh what shall I do with my Rum ?
 Oh dear, &c.

SAILOR'S TEMPERANCE SONGS.

SONG.

THE TEMPERANCE SHIP.

SPEED, speed the temperance ship!
Ye winds fill every sail,
Behold her on the deep,
Outriding every gale,
The tempest's fury she outbraves,
And hosts of deathless drunkards saves.

Speed, speed the Temperance Ship!
Who joins us in the cry?
Mothers and children cease to weep,
Our ship is passing by,
We wish to take you all on board—
A freight of mercy to the Lord.

Speed, speed the Temperance Ship!
For her we'll ever pray,
'Tis Israel's God alone can keep
In safety, night and day,
On him we'll evermore depend
Who is the contrite drunkard's friend.

Speed, speed the Temperance Ship!
Ye young and aged shout,
Behold her sailing o'er the deep!
With all her streamers out,
Bound for the true te-total shore—
Where streams of death are drank no more.

SONG.

THE SEAMAN'S LAY.

AIR.—*Oh! no, we never mention her.*

LIST, shipmates, to a seamen's lay :
 Jack Temperance and Jack Grog
 Are gallant sailors in their way,
 As ever hove a log :
 But Grog's a lad of fits and starts ;
 You'll find him sharp and slow ;
 Now hot, now cold : his spirits up,
 He's all for dash and blow.

But if at times he's sharp and quick,
 'Tis soon he'll flag and tire ;
 And then so hot, he'd eat Old Nick,
 Or set the sea on fire !
 And though you hear him brag full oft
 He bangs the other hollow,
 I never knew him go aloft,
 When Temperance would not follow.

But when he's had the drop he likes—
 He loves his glass we know—
 The squall comes on, the boatswain pipes
 All hands to reef and stow :
 'Tis then aloft, and lying out,
 To reef, or stow, or bend,
 Jack Temperance has the ready hand
 To stay his falling friend.

Oh ! Temperance is a seaman bold
 As ever trod the deck ;
 And oft, when seas like mountain's roll'd,
 Has saved the ship from wreck :
 And when there rolls that mountain-sea,
 All threatening to o'erwhelm,
 White breakers thundering on the lee,
 Let Temperance take the helm.

'Tis he can put the ship about—
 "Ho! breakers! Helm's a-lee!"
 And ever keeps the bright look-out,
 To luff, or steer her free.
 Blow high, blow low, on him depend;
 Jack Temperance is the lad,
 The kindest, truest, firmest friend
 Poor sailor ever had.

SONG.

RULE, TEMPERANCE, RULE.

TEMPERANCE, with pinions widely spread,
 Flies through the world at heaven's command;
 And blessings by her influence shed
 Charter her rule in every land.
 Rule, temperance, rule—true temperance, rule the age,
 And stamp an era bright on history's page.

She strikes not with the faulchion's edge,
 To free the vice-besotted slave;
 She simply bears a twofold pledge,
 With it to conquer and to save.
 Rule, temperance, rule—true temperance, rule the age,
 And stamp an era bright on history's page.

And e'en upon the raging main,
 When shattered barks are tempest-tost,
 That magic pledge shall hold its reign,
 And bind the seaman to his post.
 Rule, temperance, rule—true temperance, rule the age,
 And stamp an era bright on history's page.

To rouse the mind to virtue's call—
 All reckless of the taunt of fools—
 Offending none, inviting all,
 She comes, she conquers, and she rules.
 Rule, temperance, rule—true temperance, rule the age,
 And stamp an era bright on history's page.

SONG.

OH WILD IS THE PATH.

OH 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 drunkenness ride.

Oh 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 drunkenness roam

Oh 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 drunkenness creep.

Oh God, save the sailor with heavenly force,
 From drunkards and drunkenness keep him afar ,
 Oh steer him safe on in a heavenly course,
 By the mild cheering light of the temperance star.

C. W. Denison.

SONG.

THE TEMPERANCE CREW.

AIR.—“ *The Bold Buccaneer.* ”

LUFF up, boys ! clew up, and furl every sail ;
 Clear the cables—let all fly, and clew ;
 Though rocks are a-lee, she will laugh at the gale,
 For our ship has a *Temperance crew !*

CHORUS.

Tho' rocks are a-lee, she will laugh at the gale,
 For our ship has a *Temperance crew.*

We ask not "grog courage," so vaunted ;
 Let it blow as it never yet blew !
 To ride amidst breakers undaunted
 Is the vaunt of a *Temperance crew* !

CHORUS.

To ride amidst breakers undaunted
 Is the vaunt of a *Temperance crew*.

Down anchors—pay out—let her swing free and wide,
 As our hearts, so our cables are true ;
 Like a sea bird she sits!—now she breasts the rough
 tide !
 Hold on then, brave *Temperance crew*.

CHORUS.

Like a sea bird she sits, as she breasts the rough tide!
 Hold on then, brave *Temperance crew*.

Come, a bright, bright look-out. Hail each lull, or a
 pause
 In the gale!—we have death in our view !
 But may weather the squall—for in God and our cause
 Is the trust of a *Temperance crew*.

CHORUS.

But may weather the squall, for in God and our
 cause
 Is the trust of a *Temperance crew*.

Bear a hand—the storm lulls—and the tide sets off fast,
 Ere again the wild hurricane brew.
 Set her topsails, and slip—and the danger is past ;
 Then huzza for a *Temperance crew* !

CHORUS.

Set her topsails, and slip—and the danger is past
 Then huzza for a *Temperance crew*.

TABLE OF FIRST LINES,

WITH TUNES.

	<i>Page.</i>
A Beacon has been lighted— <i>Romaine</i>	37
All ye who laugh and sport with death.....	17
And are ye sure the news is true.	75
Another year has run its round.	60
Away from the revel— <i>Muhlenberg</i>	55
Be days of drinking wine forgot— <i>Auld Lang Syne</i>	77
Be with me, Lord, throughout this day.	59
Belshazzar is king— <i>Shout the glad tidings</i>	74
Blow the temp'rance trumpet, blow.....	27
By the grant of our Creator.	106
Can any thing be done for thee.	89
Can we forget the gloomy time— <i>Auld Lang Syne</i>	47
Cheerily, cheerily sound the joyful strain.	60
Children who have rallied now— <i>Wallace</i>	55
Come, behold the drunkard dying— <i>Welsh Melody</i>	54
Come, sons of Columbia, while proudly and high.....	66
Come, ye messengers of mercy— <i>Littleton</i>	34
Come friends, and brethren, all unite.	112
Come join in our temperance army.	90
Come to the temperance hall.....	111
Crystal streamlet ! gently flowing— <i>Sicilian Hymn</i>	76
Dash to the floor that bowl— <i>Sebastian Bach, H. M.</i> . .	51
Dash down the cup ! drink not the draught.	92
Daughter of nations ! awake from thy slumb's { <i>Daughter</i>	26
Daughter of Zion ! awake from thy slumbers } <i>of Zion</i>	54
Delay not, delay not, O drunkard draw near.....	96
Farewell to the cup ! we have tarried too long— <i>Scotland</i>	70
Friends of man and foes to madness— <i>Wilmot</i>	65
Friends of freedom, swell the song— <i>Wallace</i>	40
Go, self-polluted loathsome wretch— <i>Melody</i>	11

	<i>Page.</i>
Hail, day of joy!— <i>Star of Bethlehem</i>	93
Hail, temp'rance! fair celestial ray.....	21
Hail! the New Year Jubilee.....	80
Hallelujah we sing to the Saviour of men.....	93
Hand me the bowl! ye jovial band.....	7
Hark! hark ye! O listen— <i>St. Denis</i>	5
Heavenly Father! give thy blessing— <i>Sicily</i>	61
Help us to feel for drunken man.....	8
He was a virtuous youth— <i>Boylton</i>	58
Hosannas, Lord, to thee we sing.....	39
How bright the page where every thought.....	35
How dear to my heart are the days of my childhood... ..	68
How long, O God, how long.....	9
How long shall virtue languish— <i>Romaine</i>	39
Hurrah! Hurrah! we've burst the chain.....	99
If one bright spot there is on earth.....	71
I heard a voice from heaven.....	23
Intemp'rance, like a raging flood.....	6
Intemp'rance rears its sinful towers— <i>Newcourt</i>	49
I saw a youth in his father's hall.....	84
I spring from the rock, from mountain side.....	69
I've thrown the bowl aside.....	72
Land of Columbia! awake— <i>Daughter of Zion</i>	63
Let him who may think— <i>Bethlehem</i>	61
Let Temperance and her sons rejoice— <i>Sterling</i>	38
List, shipmates, to a seaman's lay.....	115
Long and gloomy was the night— <i>Pleyel's Hymn</i>	24
Lord of heaven and earth, assist us— <i>Siberia</i>	34
Lo! The Temperance Banner floating.....	105
Lo! Zion droops in vain—in vain.....	23
Luff up boys; clew up and furl every sail.....	117
Mid sorrows and sadness— <i>Home, sweet home</i>	13
Mournful and sad upon my ear— <i>Ballermo</i>	14
No more the sparkling glass invites.....	93
O'er Arabia's dreary sands.....	30
Oh! soft sleep the hills in their sunny repose— <i>Scotland</i>	79
Oh dear, what can the matter be.....	113
Oh, is there not now any fireman's song.....	87
Oh, shun the bowl— <i>Star of Bethlehem</i>	50
Oh, shun the bowl, when rich delight.....	48
Oh, touch it not, for deep within.....	53
Oh, turn from the wine-glass away.....	52
Oh, say can you see by the signs of the times.....	102
Oh, say can you see, on this bright dawning day.....	102

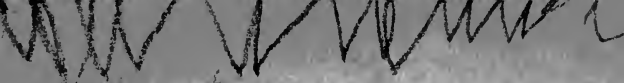
TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

121

Page.

Oh, what has made the grog men sigh.....	197
Oh, wild is the path of the son of the sea.....	117
Oh, water for me, bright water for me— <i>Bonny Doon,</i> <i>Scotch air</i>	73
Only this once, the wine-cup glowed— <i>Hamburg</i>	10
On, temp'rance on! speed on blest power.....	67
On this joyous day, while the cannon's loud voice....	81
On this glad day, O God, we would.....	38
On to the conflict, freemen, on.....	97
Onward! onward! all victorious— <i>Grenville</i>	43
Onward! onward! band victorious— <i>Westborough</i>	33
O, 'tis a joyful sound to hear— <i>Mead</i>	29
O that the Lord would hear.....	34
O, thou source of ills unnumbered— <i>Middleton</i>	19
Our youthful hearts with temp'rance burn.....	110
Our country's banners play— <i>Bermondsey</i>	78
Parent of the great creation— <i>Middleton</i>	32
Pledg'd in a noble cause.....	26
Pledge for the chieftain immortal in story.....	94
Praise to the Lord on high— <i>Weymouth</i>	41
Prepare for the battle, attend to the sound.....	86
Raise your banner high in air.....	96
Rejoice, Rejoice, the temperance cause advances.....	108
Rise and shine through every nation— <i>Oliphant</i>	32
Round the temp'rance standard rally— <i>Zion</i>	25
Shall the bone and muscle human.....	85
Some sing the praise of rosy wine.....	69
Son of sorrow! son of sorrow— <i>Mount Vernon</i>	16
Sons and daughters of the pilgrims— <i>Zion</i>	23
Source of being! Holy Father.....	30
Speed, speed the temperance ship.....	114
Stay, mortal, stay! nor heedless thus— <i>Ballermo</i>	51
Stop, poor sinners, stop and think.....	15
Stretch'd on a heap of straw, his bed.....	8
Temp'rance, mild blessing, goddess serene.....	65
Temp'rance, tell the listening world— <i>Watchman, tell</i> <i>us of the night</i>	45
Temp'rance, with pinions widely spread.....	116
That wine cup! touch it not.....	46
The blessings of the bounteous God.....	29
The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl.....	56
The Pledge! the Pledge! the mighty rock.....	28
The temp'rance trumpet blow.....	22
There's a blessing on the wing.....	19

	<i>Page.</i>
There was a time, these was a time.....	18
There sprang a tree of deadly name— <i>Luther's Hymn</i> .	24
They say the goblet's crowned with flowers.....	84
This day, O God, thy blessed hand.....	31
Though sore beset with guilt and fear.....	20
Though wretchedness unending.....	48
Thou liquid fire ! like that which glow'd.....	12
Through all the various passing scenes.....	17
Throughout Columbia's borders.....	64
Thy gracious aid, O God, impart.....	56
United in a peaceful band.....	57
Watchman, tell us of the night.....	27
We praise thee, Lord, if but one soul.....	42
We're soldiers of the Water King.....	98
We've heard that round the wine-cup's brim.....	58
We come, we come, that have been held.....	109
What pilgrim who in distant climes.....	100
What will I drink ? Not that which burns.....	95
When I remember now.....	104
When in the night.....	88
When God poured out perfection first.....	36
When we think of chill starvation— <i>Mount Vernon</i>	11
Who are the brave, if they were not.....	78
With banner and with badge we come.....	62
Ye captives once to sin and shame.....	15



Jan 1901 m/f

