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THE

CLOSED  
SHELF

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**TEMPERANCE MELODIST:**

CONSISTING OF

**GLEES, SONGS, AND PIECES,**

ARRANGED AND ADAPTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE USE OF

**'Temperance Watchmen,' 'Sons of Temperance,'  
Societies, Temperance Gatherings,**

AND FOR

SOCIAL AND FAMILY CIRCLES THROUGHOUT THE UNION.

---

**BY S. HUBBARD.**

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**BOSTON:  
KIDDER & CHEEVER,  
No. 5 CORNHILL.  
1852.**

WILLIAM H. FISK,  
Methodist Church  
MAN HESLER, N.C.



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A. B. KIDDER'S MUSIC TYPOGRAPHY, 6 SCHOOL ST.

Messrs. KIDDER & CHEEVER—

*Gentlemen:*

The Central Committee of the order of "Temperance Watchmen," at their late meeting holden at Portland, Me., Voted to use, and recommend for use, to our Temperance friends, the Music Book entitled the "*Temperance Melodist*," now being prepared for publication by Mr. S. HUBBARD.

In behalf of the Central Committee,

(Signed) E. W. JACKSON.

BOSTON, Jan'y 1st, 1852.

## P R E F A C E.

In presenting the "Temperance Melodist" to the public, we may be permitted to say, that since the introduction of Music, as an agent in promoting the glorious cause of Temperance, we have often seen and felt the necessity, both in secular and religious meetings, of a work of this kind, suited to the wants and capacity of the people; and having often been solicited within a few past years, to issue such a work, and especially by the "Temperance Watchmen," and "Sons of Temperance," we have been induced to undertake the task of presenting this little volume to the notice of our Temperance friends generally, and to the "Watchmen," "Sons," and "Rechabites," in particular.

We have introduced many of the most popular *Airs* of the day, adapted to words, the sentiment of which we trust will find a ready response in every heart, also many Sacred tunes with appropriate words, suitable for Sabbath evening exercises, as well as for other occasions.

In preparing this work, we have borne in mind objection that have been offered to publications of

a similar character, and have endeavored to our utmost to obviate all these, by admitting nothing that will, in our opinion, offend the most fastidious—by adopting such a form and size for the Work, as we think will be most convenient, and by placing the price at so low a rate as to admit its being a companion for every fireside, thereby promoting the cause of Temperance and enhancing musical taste throughout the country.

Inserted in the work are many old tunes of the most popular and pleasing character, which, together with many original pieces, that we trust will find favor with the public—if so, a Second Part to this Volume will be issued as soon as practicable.

In conclusion, we wish to make our acknowledgments to our kind friends who have assisted us in our work by their poetical and musical contributions, among the former, are Mrs. M. A. KIDDER of Charlestown, Mrs. J. W. MANSFIELD of Portland, and others, and among the latter, are Messrs. B. F. BAKER, O. DITSON, H. W. DAY, J. W. TURNER, J. PLIMPTON, and others.



THE

TEMPERANCE MELODIST.

ALPHA. C. M.

1. No more the spark-ling glass in - - vites, It  
 2. It lur'd me from my hap - py home, It  
 3. The poi - soned chal - ice to my lips Shall

hath no charm for me; The spell that bound me  
 fill'd my heart with woe; It made me wretch-ed  
 ne'er a - - gain be press'd: The Pledge I'll ev - er,

with de - lights Is bro - ken, and I'm free!  
 and for - lorn, A wand'rer to and fro.  
 ev - - er keep, For by the Pledge I'm bless'd.

[1\*]

## THE TEMPERANCE WAR SONG.

From "Glees for the Million."

**Spirited.**

1. { What ho! what ho! the cry wakes the land!  
Our men are read - y now with pledge in hand.

E - leu - re - lu, e - leu - re - lu, ye temp'rance men y' ho; }  
E - leu - re - lu, e - leu - re - lu, ye temp'rance men y' ho; }

{ From your tongues an answer fling, Bid the thundering echoes ring, E -  
{ How we hail th'in - sid - ious foe, Shout and let the dealer know. E -

-leu-re-lu, e-leu-re-lu, Ye temp'rance men y' ho! }  
 -leu-re-lu, e-leu-re-lu, Ye temp'rance men y' ho! }

## 2

What ho! what ho! ye heralds declare!  
 Eleurelu, eleurelu, ye temp'rance men y'ho,  
 A threat or a curse, what think you we care;  
 Eleurelu, eleurelu, ye temp'rance men y'ho,  
 Here our floating banners view;  
 To total abstinence true;  
 Eleurelu, eleurelu,  
 Ye temp'rance men y'ho!  
 Soon shall ye, vain boasters see,  
 How we trust an enemy!  
 Eleurelu, &c.

## 3

What ho! what ho! the shouts now resound!  
 Eleurelu, eleurelu, ye temp'rance men y'ho!  
 The foe *Alcohol*, to the water he bounds;  
 Eleurelu, eleurelu, ye temp'rance men y'ho!  
 Scarcely forth the liquid flies,  
 Ere the trembling monster dies,  
 Eleurelu, eleurelu,  
 Ye temp'rance men y'ho!  
 Gallant comrads, join with me,  
 In the shout of victory!  
 Eleurelu, &c.

8 SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

Solo for Soprano or Tenor.

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

Soprano and Alto.

Oh then resign your ruby wine, each smiling son and daughter; There's  
**Tenor and Bass.**

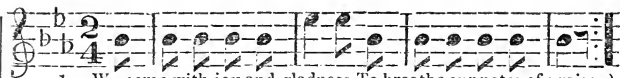
nothing so good for the youthful blood, Or sweet as the sparkling water.

2

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

3

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



1. We come with joy and gladness, To breathe our notes of praise, }  
Nor let one note of sadness, Be mingled with our lays; }



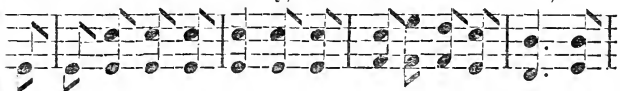
2. But late, a furious demon Has sought to bring us low, }  
To take away our freedom, And spread disease and wo; }



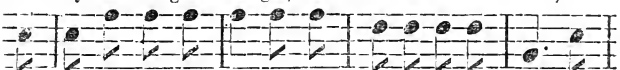
3. And then shall sink the mountains, Where his proud name was crown'd, }  
And peace, like gentle fountains, Shall shed its blessings round; }



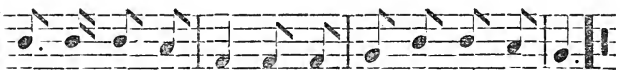
For 'tis a hallowed sto - ry, This theme of freedom's birth, Our



But may our sons grow stronger, And drive him from our shore, And



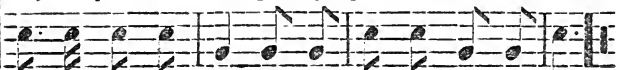
His wild and mad op - pres - sion, Shall then have passed a - way, And



fa - ther's deeds of glo - ry, Are ech - oed round the earth.



may his pow'r no lon - ger Op - press our na - tion sore.



man shall gain pos - ses - sion Of one e - ter - nal day.

# 10 HARK! O'ER HILL AND DALE.

Tune, "Bounding Billows."

1. { Hark! o'er hill and dale is swell - ing, One re - joic - ing  
Triumph of fair Tem'rance tell - ing, On the breeze 'tis

general song, } Hap - py wives and joyous children, Hap - py  
borne a - long; }

wives and joy - ous chil - dren, Still the cheer - ful strain pro - long.

## 1

Hark! o'er hill and dale is swelling,  
 One rejoicing general song,  
 Triumph of fair Temp'rance telling,  
 On the breeze 'tis borne along;  
 Happy wives and joyous children,  
 Still the cheerful strain prolong.

## 2

We would lend our feeble voices,  
 On Columbia's favor'd shore;  
 For our ev'ry heart rejoices,  
 And our tongues shall not give o'er;  
 What though few and weak our number,  
 If it makes our efforts more!

## 3

Over ev'ry land and nation,  
 Has her banner wide been flung!  
 Men of ev'ry clime and station,  
 Have the praise of Temp'rance sung:  
 All have felt her happy influence,  
 Poor and wealthy—old and young.

## 4

Friends of Temp'rance! be not sleeping,  
 Swiftly tread your glorious way!  
 Famished children—mothers weeping,  
 Call on you to haste the day,  
 When o'er all the wide creation,  
 Temp'rance shall her sceptre sway.

## 5

Lord, to Thee the praise we render,  
 For the good that has been done;  
 Thou hast made the conscience tender;  
 Thou hast softened hearts of stone!  
 Still assist us in our labor,  
 For we trust in Thee alone.

Solo.

Arranged by S. H. for this work.



1. Come, friends and brethren, ere we part, Join in a cheerful song; With

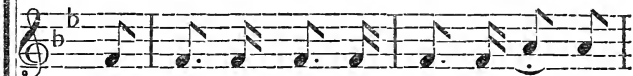


one u - ni - ted voice and heart, The joy - ous sound pro - long.

Chorus.



Oh sing with hear - ty cheer, my friends, O



sing with hear - ty cheer; And send the cho - rus





round and round, In song of hear - ty cheer.

2

We'll give one song of praise to those,  
Whom brothers now we call ;  
Then to our brethren, ere we close,  
We sing a welcome all.

Oh sing, &c.

3

To sisters who have joined our band,  
We sing a song to-night ;  
We welcome you with heart and hand,  
To aid us in the fight.

Oh sing, &c.

4

To all who kindly help us on,  
Glad songs of joy we raise,  
But still we give to God alone,  
Our loudest songs of praise.

Oh sing, &c.

5

Now raise once more the cheerful song,  
Let every voice unite ;  
The loud and happy strain prolong,  
One joyous, sweet, good night.

[2]

Oh sing, &c.

14 MY OWN TEMPERANCE HOME.

1. Why, O why my heart this sadness! Why mid scenes

like these re - pine? When those I love are fill'd with

gladness, Be - cause I've left the sparkling wine, . . . . .



2

O ! I've injur'd those that lov'd me,  
 Bound by nature's dearest ties ;  
 The voice of " Father, do not leave me,  
 O leave your cups, be wise, be wise,  
 O leave your cups, be wise, be wise.

3

These are sounds which still are ringing,  
 Thro' this care-worn frame of mine ;  
 But hark ! I hear the voice of singing,  
 " O Father's left the sparkling wine,  
 O Father's left the sparkling wine."

4

Give me joys, I ask no other—  
 Joys that bless my humble dome,  
 Where dwell my daughter and her mother ;  
 O give me back my temp'rance home,  
 O give me back my temp'rance home.

5

Joyful tidings still are swelling,  
 Where such greetings were unknown ;  
 The pledge brought them to ev'ry dwelling ;—  
 O give me back my temp'rance home,  
 My own, my own dear temp'rance home.

## GO, GO, THOU.

J. H. AIKMAN.

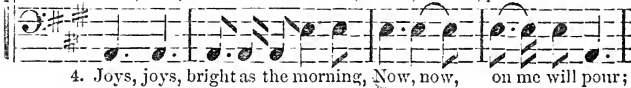
Arranged for this work.



1. Go, go, thou that enslav'st me, Now, now, thy pow'r is o'er;  
 2. Thou, thou, bringest me ev - er, Deep, sor - - row and pain;



3. Rum, rum, thou hast be-reft me, Home, friends, pleasures so sweet



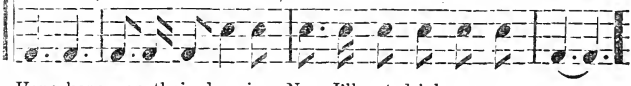
4. Joys, joys, bright as the morning, Now, now, on me will pour;



Long, long have I o - bey'd thee, Now I'll not drink a - ny more.  
 Then, then, from thee I'll sev - er, No I'll not serve thee a - gain.



Now, now, forever I've left thee, Thou and I nev - er shall meet.



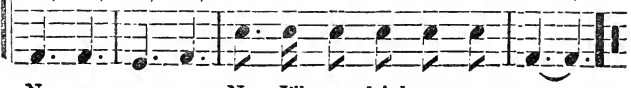
Hope, hope, sweetly is dawning, Now I'll not drink a - ny more.



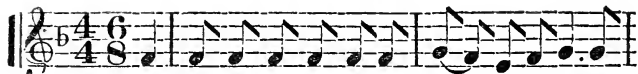
No, no, no, no, No, I'll not drink a - ny more.  
 No, no, no, no, No, I'll not serve thee a - gain.



No, no, no, no, Thou and I nev - er shall meet.



No, no, no, no, No, I'll not drink a - ny more.



1 Oh, pi - ty me, la - dy, I'm hungry and cold, Should



I all my sorrows to you un-fold, I'm sure your kind breast with com-



passion would flame, My father's a drunkard, *but I'm not to blame.*

2

My Mother's consumptive, and soon will depart—  
Her sorrows and trials have broken her heart,  
My poor little sisters are starving! oh shame!  
Our father's a drunkard—*but we're not to blame.*

3

Time was we were happy, with plenty and peace,  
And every day saw our pleasures increase;  
Oh, then with what kindness we'd lisp forth his name,  
But now he's a drunkard—*yet we're not to blame.*

4

Time was when each morning around the fireside,  
Our sire in the midst like a saint would preside,  
And kneel, and for blessings would call on God's name,  
But now he's a drunkard—*but we're not to blame.*

5

Our father then loved us, and all was delight  
Until he partook of this withering blight,  
And sunk his poor family in misery and shame—  
Oh yes, he's a drunkard—*but we're not to blame.*

6

My poor dying mother, must she feel the scorn?  
Must she be forsaken to perish forlorn?  
Oh grief when we call on that affectionate name,  
I might well ask the world—*can that saint be to blame.*

7

My sisters, poor orphans! Oh, what have they done?  
Why should you neglect them, or why will you shun?  
Let not foul disgrace be attached to their name,  
Though their father's a drunkard—*they are not to blame.*

[2\*]

## OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Words by J. S. FOWLER.

1. Oft in the stilly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound me,

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major (one flat) and 2/4 time. The second and third staves are the piano accompaniment. The lyrics '1. Oft in the stilly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound me,' are written below the vocal staff.

Sad mem'ry brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me ;

The second system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line. The lyrics 'Sad mem'ry brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me ;' are written below the vocal staff. The word 'FINE.' is written above the end of the first staff.

Those hearts so dear in youth's ca - reer Were

The third system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line. The lyrics 'Those hearts so dear in youth's ca - reer Were' are written below the vocal staff.

friendship's choicest treas-ure, Whose souls di-vine in -

-spired by wine, Were turn'd to love and pleas-ure. D. C.

2

The spark of fire, the fond desire,  
By beauty's eye was lighted,  
In woman's smile to beam awhile,  
But oh! how soon 'twas blighted.  
Oft in the stilly night, &c.

3

Those friends of yore, are now no more,  
In drunkard's graves they're sleeping,  
And those bright eyes which once we prized,  
Are dimm'd by tears unceasing.  
Oft in the stilly night, &c.

4

The sparkling spring will pleasure bring,  
A lasting bliss enjoying;  
But wine will prove the bane of love,  
Its purest flame destroying.  
Oft in the stilly night, &c.

## CRYSTAL SPRING.

From the "World of Music."

1. What is beau-ty's deadli-est foe? Tis the still, What sheds

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a common time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff using a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and the bottom staff using a bass clef. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and a fermata over the word 'still'.

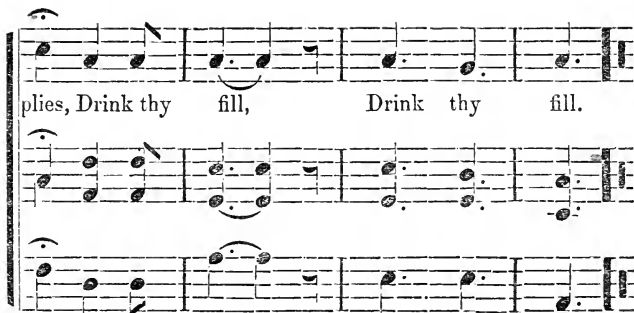
countless blessings round? Tis' the rill, See it spreads be-fore the

The second system of music continues the piece. It also consists of three staves. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features more complex rhythmic patterns, including sixteenth-note runs and chords. A fermata is placed over the word 'rill'.

eye, Beauties of a thousand dyes, O, 'tis sent in full sup -

The third system of music concludes the page. It follows the same three-staff format. The vocal line ends with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with rhythmic patterns similar to the previous systems, ending with a final chord.





## 2

What can mar the sweetest face ? Alcohol.  
 What can dress it up with grace ? Showers that fall.  
 See them on the landscape sink !  
 Paint the grass and deck the pink ;  
 Come ! O come with joy and drink. Great and small,  
 Great and small.

## 3

What can make us sick and poor ? Lots can tell.  
 What brings plenty to the door ? Water will.  
 Drink ! O drink it merrily.  
 'Twill a glorious treasure be,  
 Leaving all thy stores to thee, Growing still.

## 4

What brings vice and guilt below ? Strong drink brings.  
 What makes streams of virtue flow ? Crystal springs.  
 Stay no longer at your wine,  
 But partake the gift divine ;  
 Then you may in virtue shine, Queens and Kings.

1. Hark! o'er hill and dale is swell - ing,  
Hap - py wives and joy - ous chil - dren,

End.

One re-joic - ing general song, Triumph of fair  
Still the cheerful strain pro - long.

D. C.

Temp'rance tell - ing, On the breeze 'tis borne a - long ;

## 1

Hark! o'er hill and dale is swelling,  
 One rejoicing general song,  
 Triumph of fair Temp'rance telling  
 On the breeze 'tis borne along ;  
 Happy wives and joyous children,  
 Still the cheerful strain prolong.

## 2

We would lend our feeble voices,  
 On Columbia's favor'd shore ;  
 For our ev'ry heart rejoices,  
 And our tongues shall not give o'er ;  
 What, though few and weak our number,  
 If it make our efforts more !

## 3

Over ev'ry land and nation,  
 Has her banner wide been flung !  
 Men of ev'ry clime and station,  
 Have the praise of Temp'rance sung :  
 All have felt her happy influence,  
 Poor and wealthy—old and young.

## 4

Friends of Temp'rance be not sleeping,  
 Swiftly tread your glorious way !  
 Famished children—mothers weeping,  
 Call on you to haste the day,  
 When o'er all the wide creation,  
 Temp'rance shall her sceptre sway.

## 5

Lord, to Thee the praise we render,  
 For the good that has been done ;  
 Thou hast made the conscience tender ;  
 Thou hast softened hearts of stone !  
 Still assist us in our labor,  
 For we trust in Thee alone.

## THE LAMENT.

1. Where are the friends that to me were so dear, Long, long ago—long,  
long ago.

End.

Where are the hopes that my heart used to cheer? Long, long ago, long ago.  
I am degraded, for rum was my foe—Long, long ago—long a - go.

Close with 2d strain.

Friends that I loved in the grave are laid low—  
Hopes that I cherished have fled from me now—

## 2

Sadly my wife bowed her beautiful head—  
 Long, long ago—long, long ago.  
 Oh, how I wept when I knew she was dead!  
 Long, long ago—long ago.  
 She was an angel—my love, and my guide;  
 Vainly to save me from ruin she tried;  
 Poor broken heart! it was well that she died—  
 Long, long ago—long ago.

## 3

Let me look back on the days of my youth—  
 Long, long ago—long, long ago.  
 I was no stranger to virtue and truth,  
 Long, long ago—long ago.  
 Oh, for the hopes that were pure as the day!  
 Oh, for the joys that were purer than they!  
 Oh, for the hours that I've squandered away—  
 Long, long ago—long ago.

## SECOND HYMN.

- 1 Touch not the cup, it is death to thy soul,  
 Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;  
 Many I know who have quaffed from the bowl,  
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.  
 Little they thought that the demon was there,  
 Blindly they drank and were caught in the snare,  
 Then of that death dealing bowl, O beware;  
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.
- 2 Touch not the cup when the wine glistens bright,  
 Touch not the cup, touch not the cup,  
 Though like the ruby it shines in the light,  
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.  
 The fangs of the serpent are hid in the bowl,  
 Deeply the poison will enter thy soul,  
 Soon will it plunge thee beyond thy control;  
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.
- 3 Touch not the cup young man in thy pride,  
 Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;  
 Hark to the warning of thousands who've died,  
 Touch not the cup, touch it not;  
 Go to their lonely and desolate tomb,  
 Think of their death, of their sorrow and gloom,  
 Think that perhaps thou may'st share in their doom,  
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.

## OH THAT'S THE DRINK FOR ME.

1. The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl, Is not the drink for me,  
It kills the body and the soul, How sad a sight is he! }

But there's a drink that God has giv'n, Distilling in the show'rs of heav'n,

In meas - ures large and free; Oh, that's the drink for me.

In measures large and free; Oh, 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,  
 Forever dry he'll be.  
 But there's a stream so cool and clear,  
 The thirsty traveller lingers near,  
 Refreshed and glad is he ;  
 Oh, that's the drink for me.

## 3

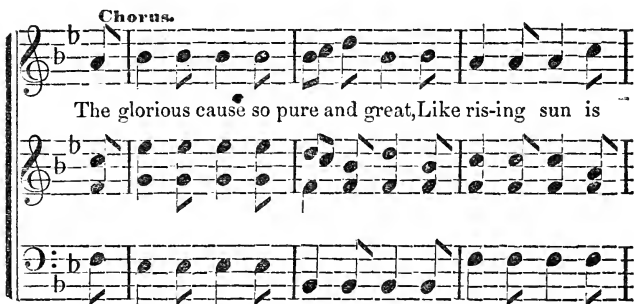
The wine-cup that so many prize  
 Is not the cup for me ;  
 The aching head, the bloated face,  
 In its sad train I see,  
 But there's a cup of water pure,  
 And he who drinks it may be sure  
 Of health and length of days ;—  
 Oh, that's the cup for me.



1. { The Temp'rance cause is go - ing on!  
 In the dear name of Wash - ing - ton,



Go - ing on! go - ing on!  
 Go - ing on! go - ing on!

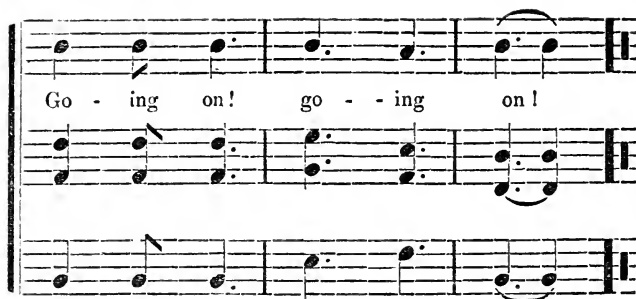


**Chorus.**  
 The glorious cause so pure and great, Like ris - ing sun is



melt - ing night, And grop - ing na - tions seek the light,





2

There is a Pledge in Heav'n above,  
 Angels sign! angels sign!  
 It is the bond of perfect love,  
 Angels sign! angels sign!  
 There is a Pledge on earth the same,—  
 It binds the heart with mutual flame  
 To rid mankind of sin and shame!  
 Pledge divine! pledge divine!

3

Then 'tis no wonder that this cause  
 Widely spreads! widely spreads!  
 So pure its origin and laws!  
 Widely spreads! widely spreads!  
 Then, scoffer, no more scoff at this;  
 An enemy to another's peace,  
 Thou art opposed to endless bliss!  
 Sign the pledge! sign the pledge!

4

Come, those who would Reformers be,  
 Sign the pledge! sign the pledge!  
 True patterns of sobriety,  
 Sign the pledge! sign the pledge!  
 Come, then, forsake the foul disgrace,  
 And be a blessing to your race,—  
 Come, at this time and in this place,  
 Sign the pledge! sign the pledge!

[3\*]

## THE TEMPERANCE CALL.

Words by J. S. FOWLER.

Music by J. PLYMPTON.

## Chorus.

For to us 'tis cheering, When we see our efforts crown'd;

Man to man en - dearing, And in friendship bound, For

love, and joy, and har - mo - ny, with us are found, For

**Fine.**

love, and joy, and har - mo - ny, with us are found.

Solo for 1st and 2d verses.

O, come and join our so - cial band, and leave the treacherous wine;  
We all in-vite to join our host, In accents loud and clear,

**D. C. in Chorus.**

O, come and join with heart and hand, Our temperance cause divine.  
For joy and hap - pi - ness we boast, With-out al - loy or fear.

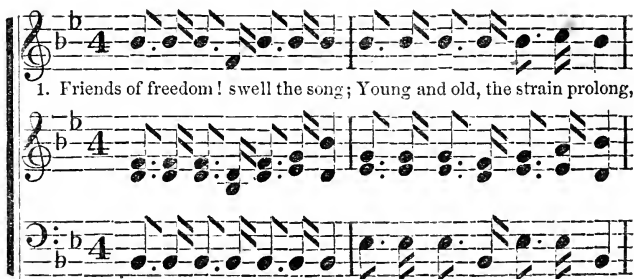
Solo for 3d verse.

Duo.

No long - er then re-ject-ed, Thus let our friendly warning fall;

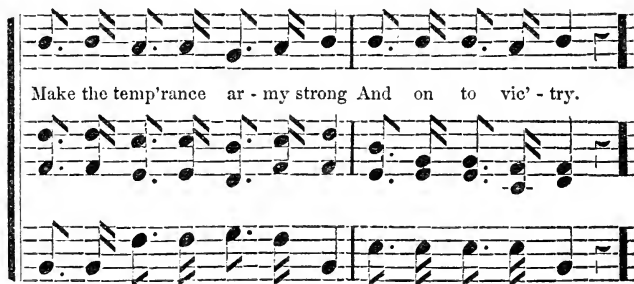
**D. C. in Chorus.****Solo.**

No long - er then re-ject - ed, The temperance call.



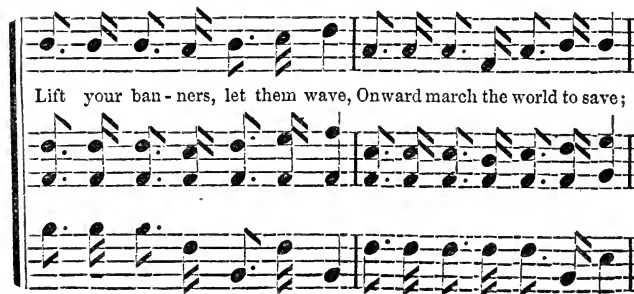
1. Friends of freedom! swell the song; Young and old, the strain prolong,

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The middle and bottom staves are bass clefs with the same key signature and time signature. The music is a march-like melody with a steady eighth-note accompaniment.



Make the temp'rance ar - my strong And on to vic' - try.

The second system of music consists of three staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are placed below the top staff.



Lift your ban - ners, let them wave, Onward march the world to save;

The third system of music consists of three staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are placed below the top staff.

Who would fill a drunkard's grave, And bear his in-famy?

## 2

Shrink not when the foe appears ;  
 Spurn the coward's guilty fears ;  
 Hear the shrieks, behold the tears  
     Of ruined families !  
 Raise the cry in every spot—  
 “*Touch not—Taste not—Handle not,*”  
 Who would be a drunken sot,  
     The worst of miseries ?

## 3

Give the aching bosom rest ;  
 Carry joy to every breast ;  
 Make the wretched drunkard blest,  
     By living soberly.  
 Raise the glorious watchward high—  
 “*Touch not—taste not—till you die !*”  
 Let the echo reach the sky,  
     And earth keep jubilee.

## 4

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

## THE TEMPERANCE LIFE BOAT.

As first arranged by S. H.

## Duo.

1. Ply the oar, broth-er, and speed the boat, Swift o-ver life's

glit - ter - ing wa - - ter's float; Then on - - ward bound, and

strive to save Brothers from fil - ling a drunkard's grave.

## Chorus.

Then pull a - way, haul a - way, row, boys, row, A

long pull, a strong pull, and off we go, off we

*Ad lib.*

go, off we go.

2

Loudly the heart-cheering temperance call  
 Sounds over the nations to welcome all ;  
 It sweetly swells from hill and grove,  
 Calling return unto all that rove.  
 Then pull away, &c.

3

Now o'er the ocean our good bark rides,  
 And safely in harbor she smoothly glides ;  
 But should the cry of help be heard,  
 Quickly to duty is our watchword.  
 Then pull away, &c.

# 36 COME HELP THE CAUSE ALONG.

Words by C. D. LINCOLN.

Tune—"O that will be joyful."\*

I. Come join the Temp'rance Watchmen, Ye young men bold and strong, }  
 And with a proud and cheerful zeal, Come, help the cause along. }

*\* Use the small notes in this measure at the repeat.*

Come help the cause a - long,      Come help the cause a - long,  
 When young men drink no more,      When young men drink no more.

**Fine.**

And with a proud and cheer-ful zeal, Come help the cause a - long,  
 'Tis then we'll sing and offerings bring, When young men drink no more.

\* This popular tune was first arranged by S. Hubbard, and is here inserted in its original form, as near as the words will admit.



O that will be joy - - ful, joy - ful, joy - - ful,

## D. C. 2d Strain.

O that will be joy - ful, When young men drink no more,

2 Come join the Temperance Watchmen,  
 Ye men of riper years,  
 And save your wives and children dear  
 From want, and bitter tears.  
 O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,  
 O that will be joyful, when strong men drink no more,  
 When strong men drink no more on all our happy shore ;  
 'Tis then we'll sing and offerings bring,  
 When strong men drink no more.

3 Come join the Temperance Watchmen,  
 Ye sons and daughters all,  
 Of this our own America,  
 Come at the friendly call.  
 O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,  
 O that will be joyful, when all shall proudly say—  
 When all shall proudly say, " Away the bowl, away,"  
 'Tis then we'll sing and offerings bring,  
 [4] When all shall own our sway.

1. { The last link is broken That bound us to thee, }  
 { The pledge is our tok-en, We from thee are free. }

Make the wide welkin ring, With farewell to the glass.

Then let us, let us shout and sing, And as onward we pass,

D. C.

2

We once thought thee useful,  
 That error is o'er.  
 We're better without thee,  
 We'll use thee *no more!*  
 Then let us, &c.

3

*No longer* we prize thee  
 For what thou hast been ;  
 Thou hast ruined the healths,  
 And made beasts of our men.  
 Then let us, &c.

4

In ranks with the drunkard,  
*No more* we appear ;  
 From demon Intemp'rance  
 We'll keep ourselves clear !  
 Then let us, &c.

Chorus.

Come, come, come, come take the temp'rance vow In harmony agree,

you who've de layed till now, Come, sign the pledge with me.

Solo.

1. The dawning star of light Bespeaks the dark-ness past, Of  
 2. Sweet is the gush-ing rill, Pleas ant its murm'ring sound— From

D. C.

dread in - temp'rance night And its foul with'ring blast.  
 ev' - ry vale and hill To bless the earth a - round.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>3. We banish from our board<br/>                 The wine cup and its mirth;<br/>                 And smile at joy restored<br/>                 To the nations of the earth;<br/>                 Come, come, &amp;c.</p> | <p>4. Yes, tuneful is the sound<br/>                 That comes o'er the whispering sea;<br/>                 Welcome's the news around<br/>                 Of millions now set free.<br/>                 Come, come, &amp;c.</p> |
|---|---|

## COME, COME AWAY.

J. H. AIKMAN.

Tune, "Near the Lake."

1 Haste ye to the temp'rance meeting, Leave the bright wine.

Hearts and voi - ces are en - treating, The pledge come sign.

Friends and kindred all u - nit-ing, Call on thee now;

Home and all its joys in - vit-ing, Come sign the vow.

## 2

Joyous eyes on thee are glancing,  
 How can'st thou stay ?  
 Hearts with hope are gaily dancing,  
 Come, come away.  
 Shame and sorrow may befall thee,  
 If you refuse ;  
 Then while all so kindly call thee,  
 Why longer choose.

## 3

Join ye in our happy chorus,  
 Sound it again ;  
 Heav'n is kindly smiling o'er us,  
 Blessing the strain.  
 Sing the joyous song forever,  
 Send, send it round ;  
 Shall it cease ? oh never, never,  
 Join all the sound.

[4\*]

42 A GLORIOUS DAY IS BREAKING.

1. A glorious day is breaking, Up - on our sin-ful earth,

Our land to life is wak - ing, With shouts of joy and mirth;

Our ar - my is pre - par - ing To meet the ris - ing sun,

On all its banners bear - ing The name of Wash - ing - ton.

2

We meet to-day in gladness :  
 As moves our host along,  
 No note of painful sadness  
 Is mingled with our song ;  
 This day renowned in story,  
 The day of freedom's birth,  
 We hail in all its glory,  
 We highly prize its worth.

3

The temp'rance flag is waving,  
 O'er valley, hill, and plain,  
 Where ocean's sons are braving,  
 The dangers of the main ;  
 The pledge, the pledge, is given  
 To float on every breeze,  
 Waft it propitious heaven,  
 O'er all the earth and seas.

4

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

## OUR FLAG.

Words by J. H. A., of N. Y.

1. Fling a - broad its folds to the cooling breeze, Let it

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 6/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the upper staff, and the accompaniment is on the lower staff.

float at the mast-head high, And gather around, all hearts resolve To sus -

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It consists of two staves in the same key signature and time signature.

tain it there or die, An emblem of peace and hope to the world, Un-

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. It consists of two staves in the same key signature and time signature.

stain'd let it ev er be. And say to the world where -

The fourth system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. It consists of two staves in the same key signature and time signature.

e'er it waves, Our flag is the flag of the free.

The fifth and final system of music concludes the piece. It consists of two staves in the same key signature and time signature, ending with a double bar line.



## 2

That banner proclaims to the listening earth,  
 That the reign of the tyrant is o'er ;  
 The galling chain of the monster Rum,  
 Shall enslave mankind no more.  
 An emblem of hope to the poor and lost,  
 O place it where all may see,  
 And shout with glad voice as you raise it high,  
 Our flag is the flag of the free.

## 3

Then on high, on high let that banner wave,  
 And lead us the foe to meet ;  
 Let it float in triumph o'er our heads,  
 Or be our winding sheet.  
 And never, O never, be it furled  
 Till it wave o'er earth and sea,  
 And all mankind shall swell the shout,  
 Our flag is the flag of the free.

## SECOND HYMN.

## TEMPERANCE EVENING HYMN.

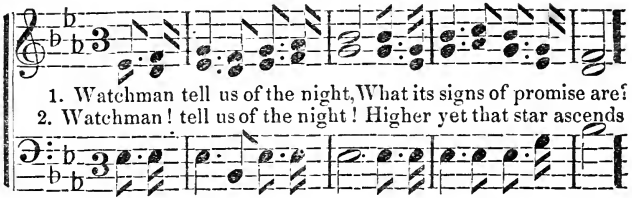
## 1

Oh Thou, whose never-sleeping eye  
 Regards us, night and day,  
 Whose watchful care is ever nigh,  
 To keep us in thy way ;  
 We praise thy name ; we bless thy love  
 That shields our souls from harm,  
 That leads our thoughts to soar above,  
 Where sins no more alarm.

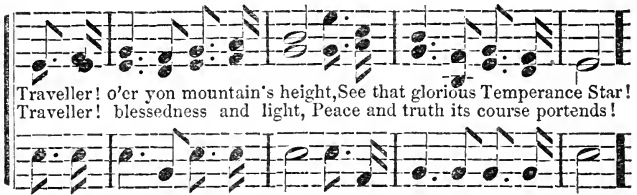
## 2

Be with us through the gloomy night,  
 Till morn unbars her gates,  
 And from the East, the dawning light  
 The darkness dissipates.  
 And while through life we heedless stray  
 Surrounded by thy care,  
 Oh keep us in the temp'rance way,  
 And save from every snare.

## THE TEMPERANCE STAR.



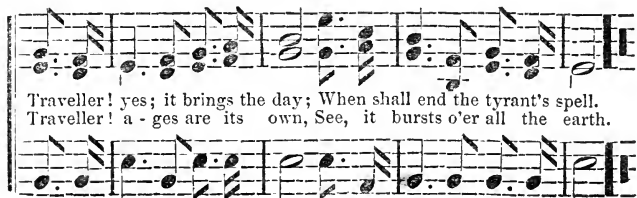
1. Watchman tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are!  
2. Watchman! tell us of the night! Higher yet that star ascends



Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height, See that glorious Temperance Star!  
Traveller! blessedness and light, Peace and truth its course portends!



Watchman! does its beauteous ray, Aught of hope or joy fore-tell?  
Watchman! will its beams a-lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?



Traveller! yes; it brings the day; When shall end the tyrant's spell.  
Traveller! a-ges are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

1. Hark! hark ye! O lis - ten the sorrow and weeping,  
To the howl of the winds a wild harmony keeping,  
Oh, what has so blasted that comfortless dwelling?

Fine.

Which rise from the hov - el where mis - e - ry reigns, }  
Which chills the warm life-blood that speeds thro' our veins! }  
The mon - ster Intemperance is ri - ot - ing there!

Sad, sad is the sto - ry those ac - cents are  
D. C.

tell - ing! Like the wail of the dying it pierces the air.

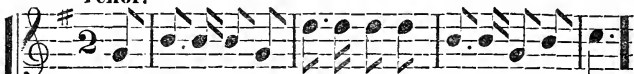
- 2 The wife worse than widowed, forlorn and heart broken,  
While hunger and want make her little ones cry:  
All trembling and pale, hears the terrible token  
Of anguish, the steps of her husband are nigh!  
Those sounds once she caught with unspeakable gladness,  
While lit with affection her eye brightly shone,  
Now sunken, her bosom o'erburdened with sadness,  
Like the funeral knell or the dirge's low moan!
- 3 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 mutters above;  
With oaths and reproaches he vents his displeasure,  
And smites the frail form he has vow'd to protect;  
Her tears and entreaties avail in no measure;  
He treats them with scorn or with cruel neglect.

# 48 SHALL ERE COLD WATER BE FORGOT.

Words by Rev. JOHN PIERPONT.

TUNE—"Auld Lang Syne."

**Tenor.**



1. Shall e're cold wat-er be forgot, When we sit down to dine. ?

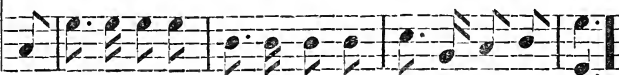
**Treble.**



**Bass.**

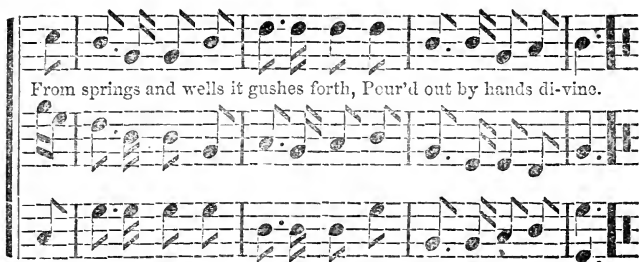


O no, my friends, for is it not Pour'd out by hands di - vine ?



Pour'd out by hands divine, my friends, Pour'd out by hands di vine ;





- 2 To Beauty's cheek, tho' strange it seems,  
 'Tis not more strange than true,  
 Cold Water, though itself so *pale*,  
 Imparts the rosiest hue ;  
 Imparts the rosiest hue, my friends,  
 Imparts the rosiest hue,  
 Yes, Beauty, in a water-*pail*  
 Doth find her rosiest hue.
- 3 Cold water too, (tho' wonderful,  
 'Tis not less true, again)—  
 The weakest of all earthly drinks,  
 Doth make the strongest men :—  
 Doth make the strongest men, my friends,  
 Doth make the strongest men ;  
 Then let us take that weakest drink,  
 And grow the strongest men.
- 4 The sturdy oak full many a cup  
 Doth hold up to the sky,  
 To catch the rain ; then drinks it up,  
 And thus the oak *gets high* ;  
 'Tis thus the oak *gets high*, my friends,  
 'Tis thus the oak *gets high* ;  
 By having water in its cups,  
 Then why not you and I ?
- 5 Then let cold water armies give  
 Their banners to the air ;  
 So shall the boys like oaks be strong,  
 The girls like tulips fair ;  
 The girls like tulips fair, my friends,  
 The girls like tulips fair ;  
 The boys shall grow like sturdy oaks,  
 The girls like tulips fair.

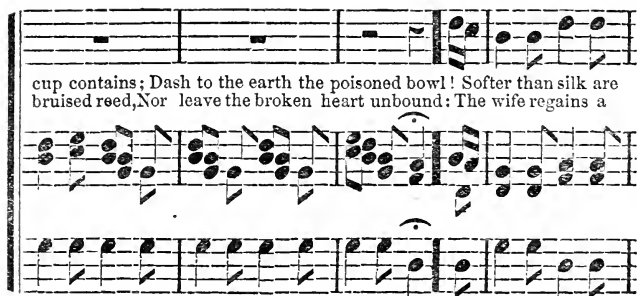
## THE EMANCIPATION.

Tune,—“Bonnie Doon.”

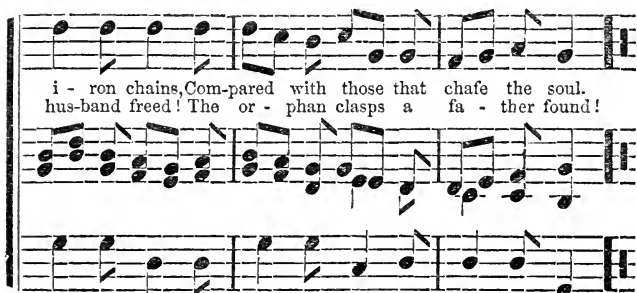
1. Before thy throne we boast the name Of Freemen—God, thy  
 2. Ho-sannas, Lord, to thee we sing, Whose pow'r the gi - ant

frown is just. Im - mor - tals, break your bond of shame! A -  
 fiend o - beys. What countless thousands trib - ute bring, For

rise, in - e - briate from the dust! Slavery and death the  
 hap - pier homes and bright - er days! Thou wilt not break the



cup contains; Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl! Softer than silk are  
bruised reed, Nor leave the broken heart unbound: The wife regains a



i - ron chains, Com-pared with those that chafe the soul.  
hus-band freed! The or - phan clasps a fa - ther 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.  
With nature's draught your goblets fill,  
And pledge the world that ye are free !  
God of eternal truth, WE WILL!  
Our cause is thine, our trust in thee !

## AWAKE! AWAKE!

From "Glees for the Million," by I. B. WOODBURY.

*Resoluto.*

1. A-wake! a-wake! and take the pledge, Without a fear or

2. O, take the pledge and break the cup That poi-sons all the

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 2/4. The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 3/4. The music is in a simple, rhythmic style with dotted notes and eighth notes.

doubt! 'Twill weave around your heart a hedge, To keep the demon out;

land! 'Twill sweetly come and raise you up, Where Honor waves her hand;

The second system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 2/4. The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 3/4. The music continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

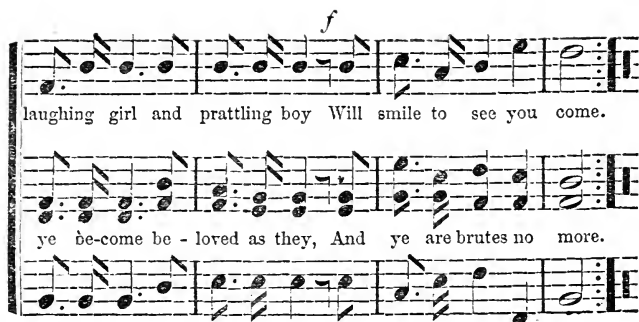
*f*

'Twill wake a thrill of heavenly joy In her who weeps at home; And

Twill wipe contempt and scorn away, Which all that knew ye bore, Till

The third system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 2/4. The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 3/4. The music concludes with a final cadence.





laughing girl and prattling boy Will smile to see you come.  
 ye be-come be-loved as they, And ye are brutes no more.

3

O, take the pledge, both old and young,  
 The resolution seal!  
 It would require an angel's tongue  
 To tell the joy ye'll feel.  
 Your heart will then the deed approve,  
 Though grovelling sense should frown;  
 And God himself will bend in love,  
 And send a blessing down.

## SECOND HYMN.

1

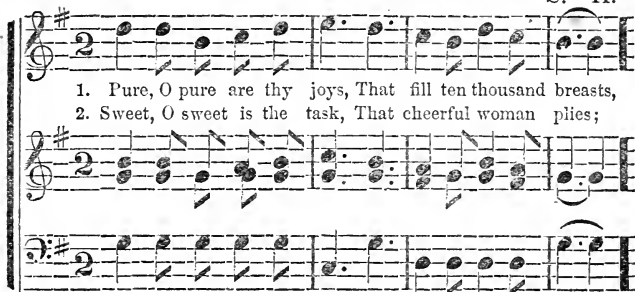
Our hardy ancestors of yore,  
 Came o'er the foaming wave,  
 Where they have gather'd bright renown,  
 As bravest of the brave.  
 Oh! ne'er should we forget our sires,  
 Wherever we may be,  
 They bravely won a gallant name,  
 As warriors of the free.

2

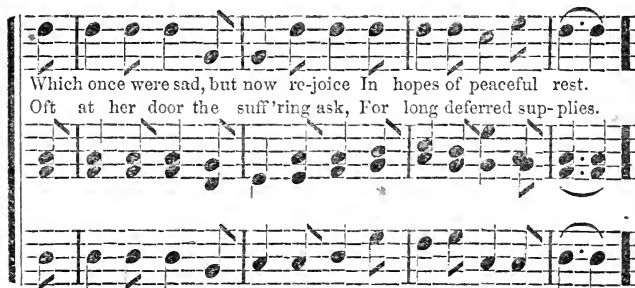
What tho' our power is stronger now,  
 Than it was wont to be,  
 When boldly forth our fathers sailed,  
 And crossed the stormy sea.  
 We still will sing their deeds of fame,  
 In thrilling harmony,  
 For they did win a gallant name,  
 As warriors of the free.

[5\*]


S. H.



1. Pure, O pure are thy joys, That fill ten thousand breasts,  
2. Sweet, O sweet is the task, That cheerful woman plies;



Which once were sad, but now re-joice In hopes of peaceful rest.  
Oft at her door the suff'ring ask, For long deferred supplies.



I've oft-en seen the si-lent glist'ning tear, Start  
Her rea-dy hand ad-min-is-ters the balm; She

from the eye, while accents sweet, fall gently on my ear;  
smooths the pillow of the sick; the mind she seeks to calm;

It was the tear of 'gratitude,' the words of hope,  
In virtue's path, she leads the young with mother's love,

Ad lib.

For he who'd bow'd at Bacchus's shrine, had banished far the cup.  
And in her hand she bears the *pledge*, with blessings from above.

## THE TEMPERANCE HORN.

## Solo.



1. Merrily the temp'rance horn is sounding o'er the sil - ver lake,

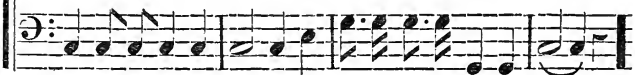
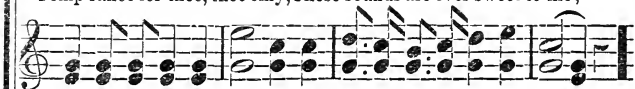


Cheeri - ly at ear - ly dawn Its swelling notes bid ech - o wake.

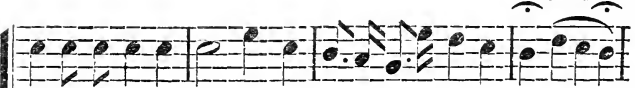
## Chorus.



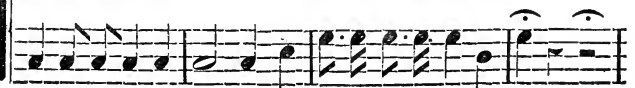
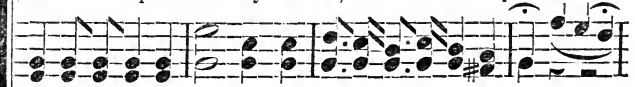
Temp'rance for thee, thee only, These sounds are ever sweet to me;



## Ad lib.



Each haunt of pleasure lonely Is found, when 'tis unblest by thee.....



A tempo.

Sound, sound, sound, sound the merry, mer-ry temp'rance horn.... At

close of eve, and morning's ear-ly dawn.

2

Cheerfully my harp I bring,  
 And wake a wilder, sweeter strain,  
 Joyously my songs I sing,  
 And bid th' inebriate smile again.  
 Temperance, &c.

3

Cheerily our footsteps stray,  
 Nor wait to think of danger near ;  
 Merrily at close of day,  
 We breathe the sweetest music here.  
 Temperance, &c.

# 58 WILL YOU COME TO THE SPRING?

Air, "Will you come to the bower?"

1. Will you come to the spring that is spark-ling and

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment with chords. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature.

light, Where the birds carol sweet-ly, the sun - set is bright?

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment with chords. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature.

Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the spring?

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment with chords. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature.

The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of three staves of music. The top staff is the melody, written in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second and third staves are accompaniment, written in a bass clef. The lyrics are written below the first staff. The music is in a common time signature (C) and ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the spring?

1

Will you come to the spring that is sparkling and light,  
Where the birds carol sweetly, the sun-set is bright?  
Will you, &c.

2

Then the cup runneth o'er with the purest of drink,  
And as sweet as the roses that bend from the brink.  
Will you, &c.

3

Let it flow, lovely stream, it will surely impart,  
Both a new glow to beauty and peace to the heart;  
Will you, &c.

4

When the gay flowrets droop in the noon-summer's heat,  
Or the bright dew descending restores every sweet;  
Will you, &c.

5

With new blessings of life, it forever o'erflows,  
It refreshes all nature wherever it goes.  
Will you, &c.

## OH SWIFTLY SPEEDS.

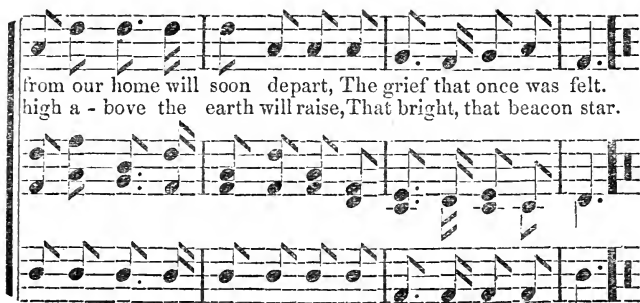
Tune, "Bonny Boat."

1. Oh swiftly speeds the cause we sing, It spreads from shore to shore,  
 2. We've left the once fa - miliar place, Where gather sons of mirth,

The mis' - ry that intemp'rance brings, Will soon be felt no more.  
 For now we know that deep disgrace, And shame have there their birth.

But joy will fill each happy heart, Where only sorrow dwelt, And  
 The pledge, the pledge, we'll ever praise, And spread its virtues far; And





## SECOND HYMN.

## 1

Let others quaff the ruby wine,  
I'll drink from gushing springs,  
Nor bow again at folly's shrine,  
For misery it brings.  
I'll seek no more the festal board,  
I'll drink from gushing springs,  
Nor bow again at folly's shrine,  
For misery it brings.

## 2

I'll seek no more the festal board,  
Where the midnight taper gleams ;  
Nor mingle with the drunken horde,  
But drink from mountain streams.  
The Temperance Pledge, I'll hold it strong,  
And bear the drunkard's jeers ;  
Nor sing the bacchanalian song,  
But dry a young wife's tears.

## 3

I'll spurn the blind, besotted crowd,  
I'll scorn the drunkard's sneers.  
And Temperance I'll proclaim aloud,  
And dry a mother's tears.  
The limpid nectar I will quaff  
From brooks, nor seek to roam  
Where rings the reveller's drunken laugh,  
But stay content at home.

1. { From the mountain top and valley, See the banner streaming high! }  
While the sons of temp'rance rally, To the widow's lonely cry. }

Sis ters weep - ing Bid us to the res - cue fly.  
No! dread mon ster, Here thy tri - umph soon shall end,

Sis - ters weep - ing, Bid us to the res - cue fly.  
No! dread mon - ster, Here thy tri - umph soon shall end.

3

Hear the trump of Temperance sounding,  
 Rouse ! ye freemen, why delay ?  
 Let your voices all resounding,  
 Welcome in the happy day  
 When that tyrant  
 Must resign his cruel sway.

4

Nor again shall he molest us,  
 Though he has oppress'd us sore,  
 Nor his poisonous breath infest us,  
 Soon we'll drive him from our shore :  
 All uniting,  
 Shout, " the monster's reign is o'er."

---

SECOND HYMN.

1

Sons of temperance joy around ye,  
 Sheds a bright enchanting beam,  
 Free from chains which long have bound ye,  
 Free from custom's foolish dream,  
 Fill'd with gladness,  
 Flowing in a purer stream.

2

See the world before you lying,  
 To intemp'rance still the slave,  
 All to you for help are crying,  
 From you their deliverance crave,  
 Come and save us,  
 Save us from a drunkard's grave.

3

Hope's bright star your path enlightens,  
 Sure success will crown your way,  
 Onward go, the prospect brightens,  
 Till you see the perfect day,  
 Then rejoicing,  
 Temp'rance ! all shall own thy sway.

## BRIGHT CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN.

1. From the bright crystal fountain that flows in beauty free

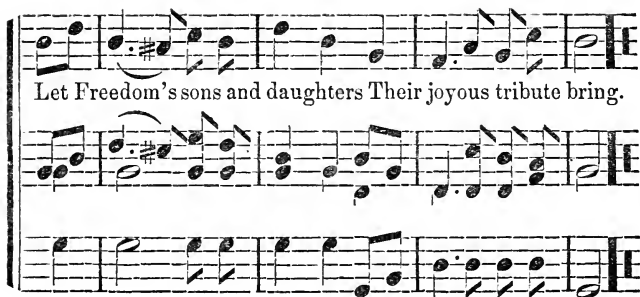
The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It contains the vocal melody. The middle staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a piano accompaniment. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a bass line. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

From shady hill and mountain Fill high the cup for me!

The second system of music consists of three staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

Sing of the sparkling waters, Sing of the cooling spring,

The third system of music consists of three staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the top staff.



## 2

From many a happy dwelling,  
 Late misery's dark abode,  
 Now the glad peal is swelling,  
 The hymn of praise to God.  
 Hear the glad song ascending,  
 From many thankful hearts ;  
 Hope, Joy, and Peace are blending;  
 And each its aid imparts.

## 3

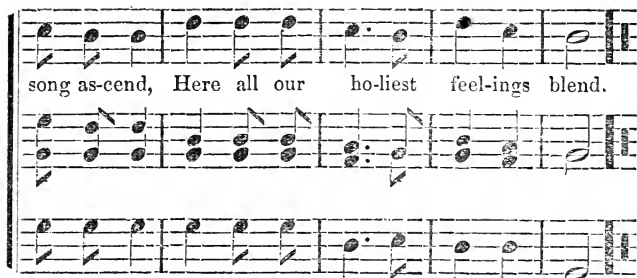
We'll join the tuneful chorus,  
 And raise our song on high ;  
 The cheering view before us  
 Delights the raptured eye ;—  
 The glorious cause is gaining  
 New strength from day to day,—  
 The drunkard host is waning,  
 Before cold water's sway.

S. H.

1. The Temperance pledge, the Temperance song, In tuneful

chorus let us sing; Here our proud banners wave a-long—

Our heart's best tribute we will bring; Here let the patriot's



- 2 'Tis Freedom's day—the favored day  
 To chant the hymn of Liberty,  
 And all our choicest offerings lay  
 Upon the altar of the free ;  
 To God our raptured voices raise,  
 The grateful homage of our praise.
- 3 Sing of the fount—the crystal stream  
 Whose sparkling waters ever flow ;  
 Revere the sacred, holy theme,  
 Which cheers the heart in joy or wo ;  
 The Temperance pledge, the Temperance theme,  
 The healing fount—the cooling stream.
- 4 Here, midst our ranks, with joy we view  
 The captive from his chains set free ;  
 His altered mien,—his feelings new,  
 We all with grateful pleasure see ;  
 No more he drains the deadly bowl ;  
 The healing fount hath made him whole.
- 5 Far o'er the land—far o'er the wave,  
 Our banners peacefully shall float ;  
 The young, the beautiful, and brave  
 To this great cause their lives devote ;  
 Then raise the Temperance shout on high,  
 And sing the fount that's never dry ?

1. { O say, can you see thro' the dark men-tal night, That  
 { Soon will it en-large, like the bright orb of light, A -

star in our pathway, so faint - ly now gleam-ing; }  
 wak-ing the soul that in dark-ness lies dream-ing, } Now it

catches the eye, as it darts from the sky, Bringing blessings and peace from [the



re - gions on high, 'Tis the bright star of Temp'rance,

long may it shine, Enlight'ning the soul with its radiance di - vine.

- 2 And where is that host by Intemperance led,  
 To virtue and truth breathing death and destruction?  
 Like chaff on the wings of the wind they have fled,  
 Or listen'd to Temp'rance's hallow'd instruction.  
 There's a refuge can save the intemperate slave  
 From the horror of Death and the criminal's grave:  
 'Tis the bright star of Temperance! long may it shine,  
 Enlight'ning the soul with its radiance divine.
- 3 Thus, be it ever, when mankind shall come  
 No longer base slaves in the drunkard's dominion:  
 They shall rise like the Phœnix, from ashes and gloom,  
 And rejoice as they float on glad Hope's airy pinion;  
 Then prosper they must, for their cause is most just,  
 And will aid them in splendor to rise from the dust;  
 And the bright star of Temperance o'er them shall shine,  
 Enlight'ning the soul with its radiance divine.

## THE RESCUE.

J. S. FOWLER.

Tune, "The Maltese Boatman's Song."

Arr. by J. Plimpton.

1st verse, Women's voices,

2d verse, Men's.

1. Come, brothers, come, to the res-cue come,      Cheerly now our  
2. Come, sisters, come, to the res - cue bring      Warned hopes on

cause goes on.      Hark! how the temp'rance warn - ing clear,  
beau-ty's wing.      Come, cheer us with your heav'n-ly smiles;

Sweet - ly    falls    up - - - on    the    ear.  
Rec - om - pense    for    all    our    toils.

**Chorus.**

Then, come, let us fight, 'till the bat - tle is o'er,    And

man shall yield to temp - ta - tion no more. Our strife and war-fare

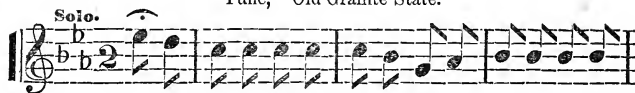
be - ing done, How sweet the cong'ror's wel - come home,

*ff* Home, home, home, the cong'ror's welcome home, Sweet, O sweet the *pp* [cong'ror's

*f* welcome home, *p* Welcome home, *ff* welcome home, wel - come home.

## WE'RE A BAND OF FREEMEN.

Tune, "Old Granite State."



1. The te - to - tal - lers are coming, The te - to - tal - lers are



coming, The te - to - tal - lers are coming, With the Cold Wa - ter Pledge!

**Chorus.**

We're a band of free - men, We're a

band of free - men, We're a band of

free - men, And we'll sound it through the world.

2

Hurrah for reformation,  
 By all in every station,  
 Throughout this wide creation ;  
 Take the Cold Water Pledge,  
 We're a band of freemen,  
 We're a band of freemen,  
 We're a band of freemen,  
 And we'll sound it through the world.

3

We will save our sisters, brothers—  
 And our fathers, sons, and mothers—  
 With our neighbors and all others  
 By the Cold Water Pledge.  
 We're a band, &c.

4

May no evil e'er betide us,  
 To sever or divide us ;  
 But the God of Mercy guide us,  
 With the Cold Water Pledge !  
 We're a band, &c.

## HARK! THE VOICE OF SONG.\*

Written by P. H. SWEETSER.

1. Hark! the voice of cho-ral song, Floats up - on the

breeze a - long; Chant-ing clear in joy - ful lays,  
Duo.

*f* Chorus.  
Man re - deem'd,— to God the praise. Chanting clear in

\* By permission of the Author, J. PLIMPTON.

joy - ful lays, Man re - deem'd, to God the praise.

## 2

Angels, strike the golden lyre,  
 Mortals catch the heav'nly fire ;  
 Thousands ransom'd from the grave,  
 Millions yet the pledge shall save.  
 Thousands ransom'd from the grave,  
 Millions yet the pledge shall save.

## 3

Save from sin's destructive breath,  
 Save from sorrow, shame and death,  
 From intemperance and strife,  
 Save the husband, children, wife.  
 From intemperance and strife,  
 Save the husband, children, wife.

## 4

Courage, then, let none despair,  
 Washington's the name we bear.  
 Forward, then, baptized in love,  
 Led by wisdom from above.  
 Forward, then, baptized in love,  
 Led by wisdom from above.

D

1. I once was fond of a so - - cial glass,

C D

So was I, So was I, My days and nights so

mer - ri - ly pass, but O next morning's mis - e - ry.

C

My head would ache, my hand would shake, My spirits quake, I

D

then would take, A ju - lep to make my fe - ver break, O

C

what a hor - rid bad mis - take. But now I shun my

D C

so - cial glass, So do I, So do I.



D &amp; C



Our days and nights so mer - ri - ly pass, with-



- out the drunk-ard's mis - - e - ry.

2

(D) I oft caught cold by steaming up | (C) so did I, | (D) so did I.  
To cure this cold, the red wine-cup I then would quaff un-  
ceasingly.

(C) And then the wine, it went so fine  
When out to dine, no cost of mine.

(D) So I take glasses to No. 9, the quantity I thought was fine.

(C) But now I shun my social glass, | (D) so do I, | (C) so do I.

(D & C) Our days and night so merrily pass, &c.

3

(D) I always drank at other's cost, | (C) so did I, | (D) so did I.  
For I had plenty of friends to boast, so I was often very dry.

(C) One night on a spree I happened to be, when a chap told me  
of a society,

(D) Which reformed the worthless debauchee, such people as we  
use to be.

(C) But now I shun my social glass, | (D) so do I, | (C) so do I.

(D & C) Our days and nights so merrily pass, &c.

4

(D) We signed and became as you see us here, | (C) temp'rance  
men, | (D) temp'rance men,  
We drink no brandy, rum, or beer,  
But a glass of water now and then.

(C) We never get blue, you know 'tis true,  
All over the town the news it flew,

(D) And all we can do to help you through,  
Shall soon be done I promise you.

(C) So now my friends come one and all,

And leave your rum before you fall. *This line sing small notes.*

(D & C) So now my friends come one and all, &c.

[7\*]

## THE TEMPERANCE SHOUT.

First arranged by S. HUBBARD, in 1843.

1. Shout, shout, your voi - ces rise, The rocks and hills with

ech - o ring; Shout a - loud un - til the skies Send back the joy - ful

sound. Let every tongue in eve - ry land, Join in the joy - ful

happy sound, While ev'ry happy temp'rance band, their tuneful notes pro -

long. Shout, shout for vic - to - ry; With cheer - ful hearts we

now are sing - ing. Shout a - loud, we now are free! Let

all the earth resound. Now no longer then shall our wives or mothers

mourn, Or widow's hearts be filled with woe, But now re - turn - ing

to their hap - py home, Yes, see thee now; re - formed ones go.

Hail, hail the glorious day,  
 When first the temperance banner  
 waving,  
 Hail, when the glorious lay,  
 First struck the drunkard's ear.  
 Then raise your banner to the breeze  
 A beacon unto all the world:  
 It brings the prisoner sweet release,  
 Where'er it is unfurled.  
 Hail, hail, the glorious day,

2  
 When first we signed the pledge of  
 freedom;  
 Now we join the glorious lay  
 Of temperance with a cheer.  
 Come now let us celebrate with  
 a joyful song,  
 The second day of our liberty,  
 When first we broke the tyrant's  
 cruel thong,  
 And joyful cry, we're free, were free.

## YE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

Words altered from the original.

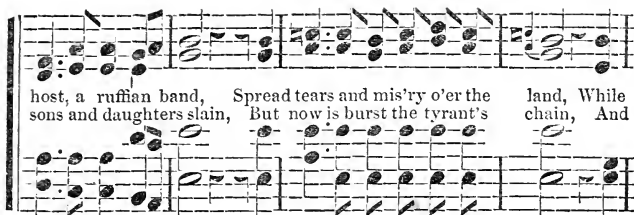
"Marseilles Hymn."

1. Ye sons of temp'rance, wake to glory, Hark! hark! what  
 2. Oh temp'rance, can man re-sign thee, Once hav-ing

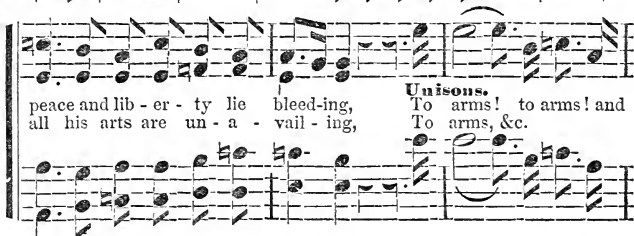
myriads bid you rise, Your children, wives, and grand-sires ho-a-ry,  
 signed the glorious deed? Not myriad hosts shall e'er con-fine thee,

**Unison.**  
 Behold their tears and hear their cries, Behold their tears, and hear their  
 From pole to farthest pole thou'lt spread, From pole to farthest pole thou'lt

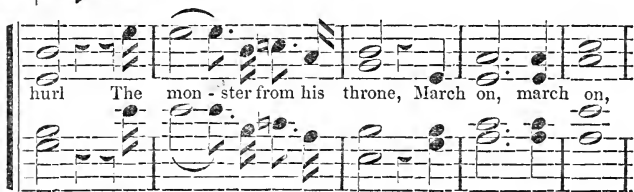
cries, Shall al-co-hol, foul mis-chief breed-ing, With hire-ling  
 spread, Too long our coun-try wept be-wail-ing, Her no-ble



host, a ruffian band, Spread tears and mis'ry o'er the land, While  
sons and daughters slain, But now is burst the tyrant's chain, And



peace and lib - er - ty lie bleed-ing, **Unisons.** To arms! to arms! and  
all his arts are un - a - vail - ing, To arms, &c.



hurl The mon - ster from his throne, March on, march on,



all hearts resolved, On vic - - to - ry a - - lone, march on! march



on, and strike the blow, For VIC - TO - RY 'A - LONE.

## THE VICTORY.

Arranged for this Work.

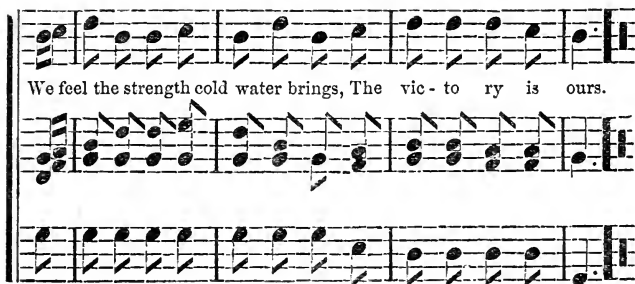
## Chorus or Solo.

1. With banner and with badge we come, An Army true and strong,

To fight a - gainst the hosts of rum, And this shall be our song:

## Chorus.

Clear cold Wa - ter, sup - plied in gen - tle show'rs,



1  
 With banner and with badge we come,  
 An Army true and strong,  
 To fight against the host of rum,  
 And this shall be our song :—  
 Clear cold water, &c.

2  
 "Cold Water Army," is our name—  
 O may we faithful be,  
 And so in truth and justice claim  
 The blessings of the free.  
 Clear cold water, &c.

3  
 Though others love their rum and wine,  
 And drink till they are mad,  
 To water we will still incline,  
 To make us strong and glad.  
 Clear cold water, &c.

4  
 I pledge to thee this hand of mine,  
 In faith and friendship strong ;  
 And, fellow-soldiers, we will join  
 The chorus of our song :  
 Clear cold water, &c.

## STAY, MORTAL, STAY!

AIR—"Oh no we never mention her."

1. Stay, mortal, stay! nor heedless thus Thy sure destruction seal;  
2. Go, view that prison's gloomy cells—Its pal-lid tenants scan;

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively, with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

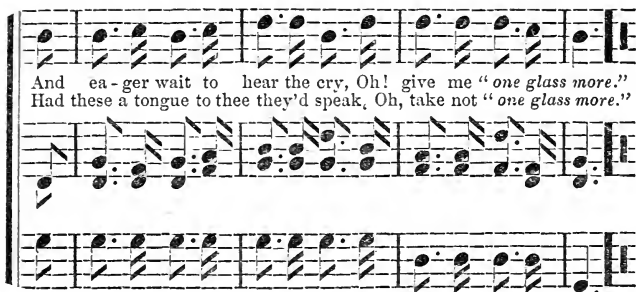
With - in that cup there lurks a curse, Which all who drink shall feel,  
Go, gaze up - on these earth-ly hells, And ask whence they began;

The second system of music continues the piece with three staves (vocal and piano accompaniment) and lyrics written below the vocal staff.

Dis - ease and death for ev - er nigh, Stand rea dy at the door,  
Had these a tongue—O, man! thy cheek Would burn with crimson o'er;

The third system of music concludes the piece with three staves (vocal and piano accompaniment) and lyrics written below the vocal staff.





- 3 Stay, mortal, stay! repent, return!  
 Reflect upon thy fate;  
 The poisonous draught indignant spurn,  
 Oh, spurn it ere too late;  
 Oh, fly the bar-room's horrid din,  
 Nor linger at the door,  
 Lest thou perchance shouldst enter in,  
 And die of "one glass more."

---

SECOND HYMN.

1

Stretch'd on a heap of straw—his bed!—  
 The dying drunkard lies;  
 His joyless wife supports his head,  
 And to console him tries:  
 His weeping children's love would ease  
 His spirit, but in vain:—  
 Their ill paid love destroys his peace;  
 He'll never smile again.

2

His boon companions—where are they—  
 Who shar'd his heart and bowl?  
 Yet come not nigh, to charm away  
 The horrors from his soul.  
 What have gay friends to do with those  
 Who press the couch of pain?  
 And HE is rack'd with mortal throes;—  
 He'll never speak again.

1. A beacon has been light-ed, Bright as the noonday's sun,

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains a single melodic line. The middle staff is a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature, providing harmonic accompaniment. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature, also providing harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are placed between the top and middle staves.

On worlds of mind be - night - ed, Its rays are pour-ing down.

The second system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature, containing a single melodic line. The middle staff is a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature, providing harmonic accompaniment. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature, also providing harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are placed between the top and middle staves.

Full many a shrine of er - ror, And many a deed of shame,

The third system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature, containing a single melodic line. The middle staff is a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature, providing harmonic accompaniment. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature, also providing harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are placed between the top and middle staves.

Dis-may'd has shrunk in ter - ror Be - fore the light-ed flame.

## 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 has prostrate hurl'd ;  
 And soon himself affrighted,  
 Shall hurry from this world.

## 3

Bold temperance untiring,  
 Strikes at the monster's heart ;  
 Beneath her blows expiring,  
 He dreads her well-aim'd dart.  
 Her blows we'll pray " God speed them,"  
 The darkness to dispel ;  
 And how we fought for freedom,  
 Let future ages tell.

## NEAL DOW, AT THE HELM.

Words by G. W. BUNGAY.

Music by B. F. BAKER.

1. In a wake of light, with can-vass as white As

foam on the waves of the sea, The Temperance Ship is

mak-ing her trip From Maine to all lands that are free.

## 2

A flag's tied fast to each tapering mast,  
 The flag of the free and the brave!  
 Shake earth with hussas for banners of stars,  
 And the good old ship on the way.

## 3

On the firm deck stands our musical bands,  
 With clarion, trumpet, and horn,  
 Mid canvass they crowd, like choirs in a cloud,  
 On a bright and beautiful morn.

## 4

Let billows o'erwhelm, with Dow at the helm  
 Our vessel outrides every gale; [shore,  
 Though thunders should roar and waves bite the  
 Not a thread will be torn from the sail.

## 5

A steamer moves off at the end of the wharf,  
 With the booming of cannon and drum:  
 She's arm'd for a fight, with sails that are white,  
 Her barrels are barrels of rum.

## 6

The battle is won, the steamer is gone  
 To the depth where such things should be,  
 With all hands on deck, all shot in the neck,  
 But our ship is the queen of the sea.

[8\*]

## 'TIS DONE.

1. I've sign'd the pledge! It is the bond Be -

tween my God and me, 'Tis done! I've broke th' enchanted wand;  
And what was once a cha-os vast,

I breathe, I live, I'm free! Darkness which was my  
End.  
Is har - mo - ny and peace!

Close with 2d Strain.

world, is past, And sounds of dis - cord cease;

2

And as I turn me to that home,  
 Once cheerless to my sight,  
 Seraphic voices seem to come,  
 With welcome of delight.  
 The very faces round my hearth  
 Are sweetly new to see,  
 And woman's love, and childhood's mirth  
 Are paradise to me.

3

O! glorious change! a beauteous world  
 Appareth now around,  
 The evening clouds seem flags unfurled,  
 With Gold and crimson bound:  
 The wood, the harvest field and hill,  
 With living splendor glow,  
 While ocean, river, stream and rill,  
 Give music as they flow!

4

O! that the vail were rent before,  
 That I might see these things,  
 And glad with gratitude adore  
 The power whence wisdom springs.  
 But mercy o'er life's pathway yet  
 Her lustre will display,  
 As suns in cloudless light will set,  
 Which led a stormy day.

# 92 OFT OUR STEPS HAVE STRAY'D.

S. HUBBARD.

1. Oft our steps have been astray, Reel-ing on the drunkard's way,

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a complex accompaniment of chords and moving lines. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a simple bass line.

Spreading round us wo and death, Mutt'ring curs-es with each breath,

The second system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 4/4 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a complex accompaniment. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a simple bass line.

Robbing wives of dai-ly bread, Mak-ing chil-dren hate and dread.

The third system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 4/4 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a complex accompaniment. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a simple bass line.



## 1

Oft our steps have been astray,  
 Reeling on the drunkard's way,  
 Spreading round us wo and death,  
 Muttering curses with each breath,  
 Robbing wives of daily bread,  
 Making children hate and dread.

## 2

Wives no more shall spend the night,  
 Weeping, trembling, till the light ;  
 Starving children vainly plead  
 Never more for bread they need ;  
 Ne'er again shall tempting wine  
 Quench in us the light divine.

## 3

By the truth that shines around,  
 By the chains that us have bound,  
 By the wine-cup's madd'ning flow,  
 By the wails of heart wrung wo,  
 PLEDGE we here, *as sober men*,  
 NEVER WILL WE DRINK AGAIN.

## 4

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

## THE TRUMPET.

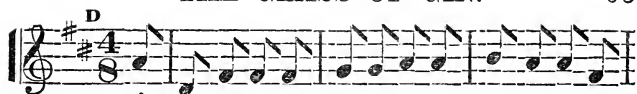
Tune, "Sweet Afton."

1. The trum - pet is sound - ing with notes full and clear,  
2. But the flag of temp'rance is rais'd to the sky,

To warn all the na - tions that dan - ger is near;  
Her brave le - gions deter - min'd to con - quer or die;

The mon - ster, In - - temp'rance, is wast - ing our land,  
That earth may be freed from this curse to our race,

Ten thousand are con - quer'd, and fall by his hand!  
And the soul - cheer - ing cause of temp'rance em - brace.



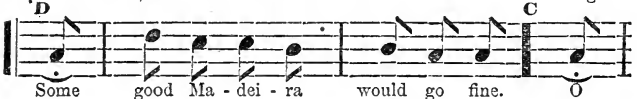
1. I wish I had a glass of gin, The way I love it  
Of all the drinks it is the best, now what I tell you



is a sin; is no jest. I Ja - cob leave your  
used to drink the



poi-son cup, I beg of you to give it up;  
poi-son stuff, But now I own I've had enough



Some good Ma - dei - ra would go fine. O



Ja - cob leave your poi - son wine. I wish I had a  
O Ja - cob leave your



glass of gin, The way I love it is a sin.  
poi - son gin, You know that drink-ing is a sin.

(D) Now when I'm sick, some brandy sling, to make me well it is the thing,  
It helps my victuals to digest, to have some now I think 'tis best.

(C) You labor under a mistake, so leave it off for pity sake,  
It will not help you to digest, no brandy, gin, nor all the rest.

(D) Some good Madeira, &c.

(D) Now when I have the stomach ache, some gin and peppermint I take,  
And when I'm cold it is no harm, to take some punch to make me warm,

(C) Now 'Jacob surely you must know, it's ruined many drinking so;  
O come this night and go with me, and sign the pledge and then be free  
Some good Madeira, &c.

(D) Now then since you have coaxed me so, to sign the pledge with you  
For I shall never get a wife, unless I lead a temperate life. [I'll go,

(C) O Jacob now I feel so fine, to think the temperance pledge you'll sign,  
And now you'll lead a happy life, and when you're married you'll have

(D) Some good cold water would go fine, [a wife.

(C) Much better than your poison wine.

(D) I now will leave my glass of gin, because I know it is a sin.

(C) You now will leave your glass of gin, because you know it is a sin.

## THE PEACEFUL BOWER.\*

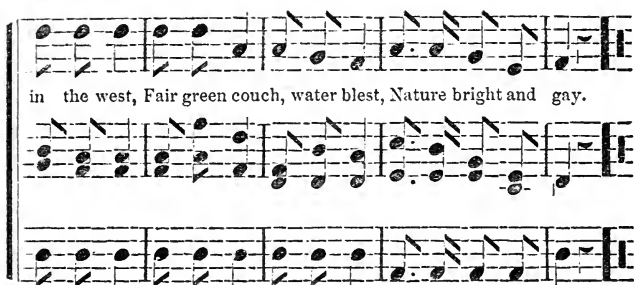
Words written for this work, by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

1. Come, come, come, to the fount clear and sweet,

Glid-ing gent - ly at our feet, Soft and bright, Ripples meet,

Mark the crystal spray; Here the weary trav'ler rests When the sun sinks

\* By permission of O. DITSON.



## 2

Hark! hark! hark! lo, a sound greets our ears;  
 'Tis the word, "To arms," we hear,

Watchmen bold,  
 Never fear!

Hail this glorious morn.

Weeping mother, see your child,  
 Once for guilt and crime reviled,  
 Yours again reconciled,  
 Newly, nobly born.

## 3

On, on, on, to the strife, firmly go;  
 Watchmen on, and strike the blow,

God our shield,  
 Face the foe,  
 Victory is ours.

Plant the laurel and the rose,  
 Where the sparkling fountain flows,  
 Bending vines, fragrant boughs,  
 Deck our peaceful bowers.

## THE COVENANT.

Tune, "Poor Wayfaring Man."

Music by Rev. G. COLES, N. Y.

1. As - sem - bled here, a broth - er band, Be -

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a chordal accompaniment. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a bass line. The lyrics '1. As - sem - bled here, a broth - er band, Be -' are written below the middle staff.

fore thy face, O Lord, we stand; Thy voice that marshalled

The second system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 4/4 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a chordal accompaniment. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a bass line. The lyrics 'fore thy face, O Lord, we stand; Thy voice that marshalled' are written below the middle staff.

ev - ry star, Has called thy ser - vants from a - far. We

The third system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 4/4 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a chordal accompaniment. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a bass line. The lyrics 'ev - ry star, Has called thy ser - vants from a - far. We' are written below the middle staff.

meet some temp'rance truths to gain, That we may spread abroad again, Our

counsels aid, to each in part, The sin - gle eye, the faith-ful heart.

## 2

We meet to feel the kindling glow  
 Of heaven in love on earth below ;  
 O, touch our lips with holy fire,  
 And all our thoughts with grace inspire !  
 We meet, O Lord, again to part !  
 But may each waiting brother's heart  
 Retain its glow, when parting's o'er,  
 Till we shall meet to part no more.

## ALL HAIL, THIS NIGHT.

Words by O. E. DODGE.

Tyrol Melody—Arr. for this Work.

**Tenor.**

1. All hail, this night, the ease we sing, Of the .

**Trebles.**

**Bass.**

temp'rance fame, proud be the name; May it cause the temp'rance

**Fine.**

halls to ring, Tra la la la la la la la la. We'll



give our hand to the temp'rance band, And all hearts to re - joice;

D. C.

We'll help the cause of the temp'rance boys, And spread our temp'rance <sup>[joys.</sup>

- 2 Proudly wave our flag o'er the temp'rance band,  
 For it is our pride, by each other's side,  
 To see that our banner waves o'er the land. Tra la, &c.  
 Let us all unite, in the glorious fight,  
 To turn all the toppers from rum;  
 And when they reform from drinking rum,  
 To the temperance halls they'll come.
- 3 When the war is o'er, and the victory won,  
 Without care or strife we will pass our life,  
 And happy we'll be at our temperance home. Tra la, &c.  
 It shall be our delight, as we pass each night,  
 While we all are singing with glee,  
 To talk of the wars of the temperance cause,  
 And tell of our victory.

## THE PURE STREAM.

Words by REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

Music written for this work by B. F. BAKER.

In Eden's green re - treats, A wa - ter brook that

play'd Between soft mossy seats, Beneath a plane-tree's shade,

Whose rustling leaves Danc'd o'er its brink, Was Adam's drink And also Eve's.

- 2 Beside the parent spring  
 Of that young brook, the pair  
 Their morning chant would sing ;  
 And Eve, to dress her hair,  
 Kneel on the grass  
 That fringed its side,  
 And made its tide  
 Her looking-glass.
- 3 And, when the man of God,  
 From Egypt led his flock,  
 They thirsted, and his rod  
 Smote the Arabian rock,  
 And forth a rill  
 Of water gushed,  
 And on they rushed,  
 And drank their fill.
- 4 Would Eden thus have smiled,  
 Had wine to Eden come ?  
 Would Horeb's parching wild  
 Have been refreshed with rum ?  
 And had Eve's hair  
 Been dressed in gin,  
 Would she have been  
 Reflected fair ?
- 5 Had Moses built a still,  
 And dealt out to that host,  
 To every man his gill,  
 And pledged him in a toast,  
 Would cooler brains,  
 Or stronger hands,  
 Have braved the sands  
 Of those hot plains ?
- 6 " Sweet fields beyond" death's flood  
 " Stand dressed in living green ;"  
 For, from the throne of God,  
 To freshen all the scene,  
 A river rolls,  
 Where all who will  
 May come and fill  
 Their crystal bowls.

## REJOICE, O REJOICE.

Words written for this work, by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

1. Re - joice, oh ! re - joice, our snowy flag waves o'er us, Its

pure white folds Our cause up - holds, re - joice, Oh re - joice.

Let men and maidens breathe a vow, Unheard in all our land till now, In

our just cause to bow, Re-joyce, oh, re - joice.

## 2

“The fields they are white, and ready to the harvest,”  
 With sickles bright,  
 And hearts aright,  
 Rejoice, oh rejoice.  
 Let temperance be the watchword given,  
 The chain that never can be riven,  
 That binds our souls to heaven,  
 Rejoice, oh rejoice !

## 3

Poor captive in bonds, your cry goes up before us,  
 And by the power  
 We feel this hour,  
 Your wrongs we'll redress ;  
 We'll shake Intemperance from his seat ;  
 Nay, more, we'll bind him hand and feet,  
 And thus our hopes complete,  
 And virtue possess.

## 4

Rejoice! oh rejoice! our snowy flag waves o'er us,  
 Its pure white folds,  
 Our names enroll,  
 Rejoice! oh rejoice!  
 Shout! shout! aloud from sea to sea,  
 Of temperance, peace and purity,  
 Till *all* our friends shall be,  
 Rejoice, oh rejoice !

1. Onward! onward! band victorious, Rear the temp'rance banner high! }  
 Thus far hath your course been glorious; Now your day of triumph's nigh. }

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. It contains a melodic line with quarter and eighth notes. The middle staff is also a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a chordal accompaniment of eighth notes. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a bass line with quarter and eighth notes. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Vice and er - ror flee be - fore you, As the darkness flies the sun;

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature, containing a melodic line with quarter and eighth notes. The middle staff is also a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a chordal accompaniment of eighth notes. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a bass line with quarter and eighth notes. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Onward, vict'ry hov - ers o'er you, Soon the bat - tle will be won!

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature, containing a melodic line with quarter and eighth notes. The middle staff is also a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a chordal accompaniment of eighth notes. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a bass line with quarter and eighth notes. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

2

Onward! onward! song and shouting  
 Ring to heaven's sublimest arch,  
 Whensoe'er your flag is floating,  
 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!  
 La, la, &c.

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!  
 La, la, &c.

4

To the venter 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's holy altar,  
 Death is yours, or VICTORY.  
 La, la, &c.

## I'M FREE, I'M FREE!

Words by C. D. LINCOLN.

1. I'm free, I'm free! I've burst the bands The tyrant forged

This system contains the first three staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

with cruel hands; Too long I've bowed at Bacchus' shrine, Too long have [quaffed the

This system contains the next three staves of music. The lyrics continue below the vocal staff, with the word 'quaffed' in brackets above the final measure of the first line.

ro - sy wine; My bo - dy and my mind are free From

This system contains the final three staves of music on the page. The lyrics continue below the vocal staff.



thee, thou tempt-ing fiend, from thee; I've spurn'd thee as a

worth-less thing That nought but pains and sor - row bring.

D. C.

## 2

I'm free, I'm free, and never more  
 Shall I be lured by the Syren's power,  
 Her smiling charms are nought to me;  
 I've signed the PLEDGE! I'm free, I'm free.  
 Come, all my worthy friends and see,  
 How sweetly passes life with me,  
 Since I, in temperance took a part,  
 And shouted FREE! with all my heart!

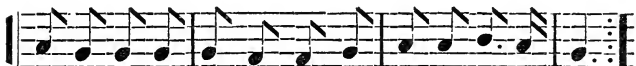
## CHEER UP, CHEER UP.

Words written for this work, by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER, and adapted  
to a popular Melody.

## Solo.

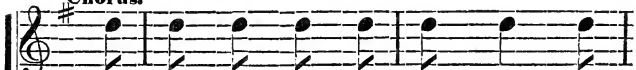


1. { Cheer up, cheer up, my brethren, a glorious day draws nigh, When  
When all the sons of darkness, that work the poor man's woe, With

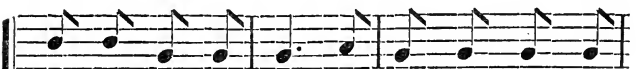
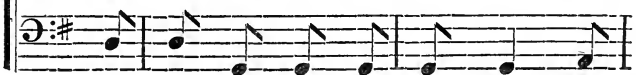


peace shall brood o'er this fair land, and wrong for - ev - er die; }  
trembling hands and sink - ing hearts shall reap whate'er they sow. }

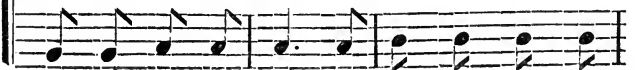
## Chorus.



Then raise o'er land and o cean, the



wel - come, wel - come cry, All hearts a - - gree— our



land is free, Shout, shout our vic - - to - - ry!

## 2

No more shall crime and bloodshed defile our pleasant walks ;  
 No more Intemperance like a fiend, abroad in daylight stalk :  
 Our homes they shall be sacred, our children free from stain,  
 And honest love, and virtuous joy, unite our souls again.

Then raise, &c.

## 3

Our barns shall teem with fulness, and plenty crown our boards,  
 The treasures of the boundless sea, whate'er the land affords,  
 Our nation's glorious eagle shall spread her pinions wide,  
 And mercy, like a gentle dove, beneath our roof abide.

Then raise, &c.

## 4

Cheer up, cheer up, my brethren, behold the crimson dawn  
 That heralds in, with bright array, the fair and blushing morn ;  
 Ere long the golden sunlight, shall burst o'er land and sea,  
 And nation join with nation in the shout of liberty.

Then raise, &c.

## OUR NOBLE BAND.

Tune, "Harvest Glee."

1. We sing the praise of wa-ter, Come, ev'-ry son and

2. Sweet is the light that quivers On water brooks and

Detailed description: This system contains the first two lines of the musical score. The first line is a vocal melody in G major (one flat) and 2/4 time, starting with a treble clef. The second line is a piano accompaniment in the same key and time, starting with a treble clef. The third line is a piano accompaniment in the same key and time, starting with a bass clef.

daugh - ter Of Freedom's happy land; of Freedom's happy

riv - ers; Fresh are the waving trees, Fresh are the wav-ing

Detailed description: This system contains the third and fourth lines of the musical score. The first line is a vocal melody in G major and 2/4 time, starting with a treble clef. The second line is a piano accompaniment in the same key and time, starting with a treble clef. The third line is a piano accompaniment in the same key and time, starting with a bass clef.

land; With such a theme be - fore us, Who will not join the

trees; And fresh the bloom that dress-es, These loose and fragrant

Detailed description: This system contains the fifth and sixth lines of the musical score. The first line is a vocal melody in G major and 2/4 time, starting with a treble clef. The second line is a piano accompaniment in the same key and time, starting with a treble clef. The third line is a piano accompaniment in the same key and time, starting with a bass clef.

cho - - rus of this our no - ble band? Of this our no-ble band,  
tres - ses, For ev'ning's cooling breeze, For ev'ning's cooling breeze,

\* The Tra la may, or may not, be sung, according to the pleasure of the choir. If not sung, end at the star.

Tra la la la la tra la la Of this our no-ble land.

\* Observe the hold at the repeat.

- 3 Grateful the cloud, that over  
Wide fields of blooming clover  
Swims, charged with gentle rain ;  
Grateful the rill, that gushes  
And down the hill-side rushes  
To bless the smiling plain,  
To bless the smiling plain. Tra la la, &c.
- 4 Streams of the wood-crowned mountain,  
Children of cloud and fountain,  
Who gaily dance and sing,  
Who gaily dance and sing,  
O'er snow-beds iced and glossy,  
Down paths all clean and mossy ;  
Your grateful tribute bring,  
Your grateful tribute bring. Tra la la, &c.
- [10\*]

## THE BUBBLING SPRING.

Arranged for this Work.

1. If one bright spot there is on earth, More love-ly than the

rest, One, which fond nature at her birth, With purest beauty blest; It

is the place where some cool fount Its crys - tal wa - ters fling! 'Mid

rocks and flow'rs that hide the fount, Gushes the bubbling spring, Gushes the

spring; Mid rocks and flow'rs that hide the fount, Gushes the bubbling spring.

- 2 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 ;  
 Pleasure that *reason* can enjoy—  
 Health from the bubbling spring.
- 3 Then fill the glass with water bright—  
 The nectar nature gave ;  
 Let faithful hearts round this unite,  
 A bleeding world to save :  
 For naught can soothe the woful wound,  
 And heal the viper's sting—  
 But pure and healthful water, found  
 Fresh in the bubbling spring.

## LET THE JOYS OF YOUTH.

Words by J. H. A.

Tune, "Here's a health to all good lasses."

1. Let the joys of youth ap-pear-ing, Let the joys of youth ap-  
2. Ban-ish ev'-ry care and sor-row, Ban-ish ev' ry care and

pear-ing, Let the joys of youth ap-pear-ing, Let the smiles of beau-ty  
sor-row, Ban-ish ev'-ry care and sorrow, Tho' to-day be dark, to

cheer-ing, Drive the curse of rum away; Drive the curse of rum a-way.  
morrow Joy will gild our path a-gain; Joy will gild our path a-gain.

Cheerful sing.....  
Raise your voi.....

Cheerful sing-ing live-ly meas-ure, Voi-ces  
Raise your voi-ces, sons and daughters, Earth re-



.....ing.  
 .....ces.

ringing Joy and pleasure, Bring a brighter, hap-pier day. Cheerful  
 joic-es, And the wa - ters Join the hap - py glorious strain. Raise your

sing-ing, Live - ly measure, Voices ring - ing Joy and pleasure, Cheerful  
 voi - ces Sons and daughters, Earth rejoices, And the waters, Raise your

singing Lively measure, Voi - ces ringing Joy and pleas-ure, Bring a  
 voices, Sons and daughters, Earth re-joic-es, And the wa - ters Join the

brighter hap - pier day, Bring a bright - er hap - pier day.  
 hap - py glo - rious strain, Join the hap - py glo - rious strain.

1. God of our fathers! Thee we praise; To-day, our grateful thanks ascend;  
2. Thy grace the wretched drunkard found Cast out and weltering in his [blood.]

Accept these thanks, our cheerful lays With organ's solemn chantings blend.  
Now from *his* tongue doth praise resound, He *owes* that praise to thee, O God!

- 3 Restored to virtue by thy hand,  
The father, brother, son, arise;  
From sin and woe reclaimed, they stand  
And swell thy praise with tearful eyes.
- 4 The mother, sister, daughter, too,  
With tears of gratitude and praise,  
Behold the change, and now, anew,  
Receive their friends to their embrace.
- 5 No longer poverty and shame—  
A sad inheritance—are theirs;  
Their altered looks aloud proclaim  
A happy change in their affairs.
- 6 Thanks, thanks, to thee, O God, we give!  
What better tribute can we pay?  
'Tis on thy bounties that we live;—  
We praise thee for this festal day!

From B. A. Collection.

1. I heard a bit - ter sigh Break from a mother's breast,  
2. Ye are my crown of hope, Dim not its peerless ray,

And knew it was my country's voice That thus her sons ad-drest.  
Ye are the sinews of my strength, Cast not that strength a - way.

3

There is a fiery cup,—  
Whose ministry of wo  
Can melt the spirit's purest pearl,  
And lay the mightiest low.

4

Turn from its treacherous tide,  
Repel its syren claim,  
Nor let me mid the nations blush,  
And mourn my children's shame.

5

And will ye, for the sake  
Of one brief poison-draught,  
The record of my fame debase,  
By blood and suffering bought?—

6

And will ye cast that stain  
Upon my banner's ray,  
Which all the rivers of your realm  
Can never wash away?"

Tune, "America."

As we are gathered here, Let us with souls sincere Our Pledge renew;

We make that Pledge our choice, Let us, with heart and voice,

In ev' - - ry hour re joice To hold it true.

## SECOND HYMN.

1  
My country! 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty—  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died;  
Land of the Pilgrim's pride;  
From every mountain side  
Let temp'rance ring.

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

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

4  
Our fathers' God! to thee—  
Author of liberty!  
To thee we sing:  
Long may our land be bright  
With temp'rance's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King.

# ASLEEP IN JESUS.

121

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Asleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep! From which none  
 2. Asleep in Je - sus! peace-ful rest! Whose waking

3. Asleep in Je - sus! time nor space De-bars this  
 4. Asleep in Je - sus! far from thee Thy kin-dred

ev - er wakes to weep; A calm and un - dis-turbed re -  
 is supremely blest; No fear, no woes shall dim that

pre-cious hid - ing place; On In-dian plains, or Lapland's  
 and their graves may be: But thine is still a bless-ed

pose, Un - brok-en by the dread of foes.  
 hour, Which man-i - - fests the Sa-viour's power!

snows, Be - liev - ers find the same re - - pose.  
 sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep.

## OPENING HYMN.

1. { Welcome, brothers, welcome here! Cheerful are our hearts to day, }  
 { Tell us, we would gladly hear, How our cause speeds on its way. }

Here we pledge us one and all We will drive him from our streets;

D. C.

Brothers, then the foe shall fall      When we take our father's seats,

2

'Tis on us the work depends,  
 On the young and rising race;  
 And we'll try to make amends  
 For our country's deep disgrace.  
 Here we pledge ourselves anew,  
 Not to touch the drunkard's drink;  
 Proving faithful, proving true,  
 We will make the demon shrink.

# THE HIDDEN FIEND.

123

Tune, "Woodstock."—Music by J. DUTTON, JR.

1. Oh! touch it not, for deep within, That ru-by-tint-ed bowl,

Lie hid-den fiends of guilt and sin, To seize your pre-cious 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.

## THE MAINE LAW.

Words by Rev. P. Stow, Boston.

**Duo.**

1. Hark, hear the people's voices ring, The Maine law is the

very thing To put the cruel tyrant down, And temp'rance, truth and virtue  
[crown.

**Chorus.**

Then shout, shout, your voices ring, The Maine law is the very thing To

put the cru-el tyrant down, And temp'rance, truth and virtue crown.



## 1

Hark, hear the people's voices ring,  
 The Maine law is the very thing  
 To put the cruel tyrant down,  
 And temperance, truth, and virtue crown.

Then shout, shout, your voices ring,  
 The Maine law is the very thing  
 To put the cruel tyrant down,  
 And temperance, truth, and virtue crown.

## 2

The Maine law is the very thing  
 To make the drunkard's wife to sing,  
 Restore her husband to her heart,  
 And bid the cloud of gloom depart.

Then shout, &c.

## 3

The Maine law is the very thing  
 To make the inebriate's children cling  
 Around their father's noble form,  
 Cheerful, happy, free from harm.

Then shout, &c.

## 4

The Maine law is the very thing  
 To rob the serpent of his sting,  
 And bid the anguish'd heart be glad,  
 While venders sigh, for they are sad.

Then shout, &c.

## 5

The Maine law is the very thing  
 To give the Death-bird speedy wing,  
 To fly and dwell where demons reign,  
 And never visit earth again.

[11\*] Then shout, &c.

Tune, "Lenox."

1. Speed, speed the temp'rance ship! Ye winds fill every sail, Be -

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature. The music begins with a whole note chord in the bass staff, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes in the treble staves.

hold her on the deep, Outriding every gale, The

The

The

The

The second system of music continues the melody. It features three staves. The top staff has a treble clef, one flat, and 4/4 time. The middle staff has a treble clef, one flat, and 4/4 time. The bottom staff has a bass clef, one flat, and 4/4 time. The lyrics are placed below the staves, with 'The' appearing at the end of the first line and below the second and third lines.

tempest's fury she outbraves, And hosts of death - less drunkards saves.

The

The third system of music concludes the piece. It consists of three staves. The top staff has a treble clef, one flat, and 4/4 time. The middle staff has a treble clef, one flat, and 4/4 time. The bottom staff has a bass clef, one flat, and 4/4 time. The lyrics are placed below the staves, with 'The' appearing below the first line.

## 1

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.

## 2

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.

## 3

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.

## 4

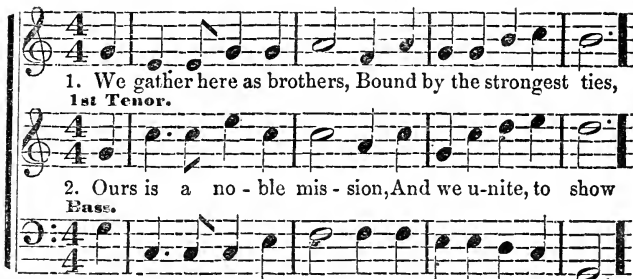
Speed, speed the Temperance ship !  
 Ye young and aged shout,  
 Behold her sailing o'er the deep !  
 With all her streamers out,  
 Bound for the true tee-total shore,  
 Where streams of death are drank no more.

Words by Mrs. J. W. MANSFIELD, Portland, Me.

Tune, "Morning light is breaking."

2d Tenor.

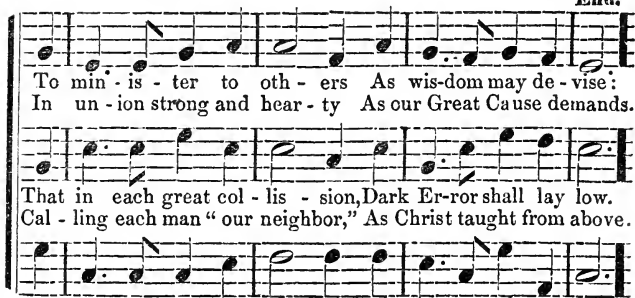
OPENING HYMN.



1. We gather here as brothers, Bound by the strongest ties,  
1st Tenor.

2. Ours is a no - ble mis - sion, And we u - nite, to show  
Ease.

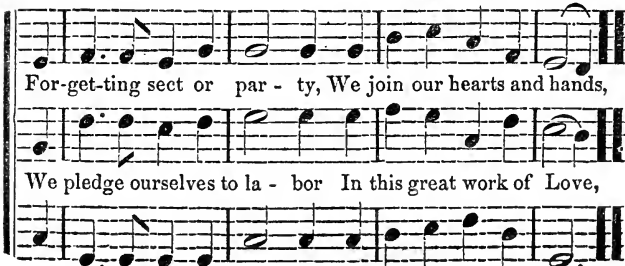
End.



To min - is - ter to oth - ers As wis - dom may de - vise:  
In un - ion strong and hear - ty As our Great Cause demands.

That in each great col - lis - sion, Dark Er - ror shall lay low.  
Cal - ling each man "our neighbor," As Christ taught from above.

Close with 2d Strain.



For - get - ting sect or par - ty, We join our hearts and hands,  
We pledge ourselves to la - bor In this great work of Love,

1. Press on, ye band who nobly brave A world's unpitying scorn;

Ye stand erect in virtue's cause, By virtue's strength upborne.

2

Can scorn unfix creation's base,  
Or shake the throne of God?  
Can taunts, however fierce, disarm  
Stern justice of her rod?

3

No, nor shall they daunt your zeal,  
Nor bend your souls to yield;  
But ye shall wave, exultingly,  
Your banners o'er the field.

4

No dying groans, no mother's shriek,  
Shall mar your triumph hymn,  
No blood shall stain your battle flag,  
No cloud your glories dim!

5

But there shall follow in your train  
A holy, happy throng,  
The wise and good will soon abstain,  
And join the conqueror's song.

Music by S. HUBBARD.

1. { Intemperance, like a raging flood, Is sweeping o'er the  
Its dire ef - fects, in tears and blood, Are trace'd on ev'-ry

2. { Al-migh-ty God! no hand but thine Can check this flowing  
Stretch out thine arm of pow'r divine, And bid the flood sub

The first system of music is written on three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a time signature of 2/4. The middle staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music consists of a melody in the top staff and accompaniment in the middle and bottom staves.

land; }  
hand. } It still flows on, and bears away Ten thousands to their doom:

tide; }  
side. } Dry up the source from whence it flows, Destroy its fountain head:

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It consists of three staves of music with lyrics written below the staves.

Who shall the mighty torrent stay, And dis - ap - point the tomb?

That dire In-temp'rance and its woes No more the earth o'er-spread.

The third system of music concludes the piece. It consists of three staves of music with lyrics written below the staves.

## CORONATION. C. M.

131

O. HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Abstinence, Let drunkards sound the call,  
 2. Save you who love the Temperance cause, The tippler from his fate;

3. O save them from so dread an end, 'Tis du-ty to your God!

Bring forth the Washingtonian pledge, And let us sign it all.  
 Now is the time to stop his course, Be-fore it be too late.

And in the rescued drunkard's thanks You'll find a sure re - ward.

Bring forth the Washingtonian pledge, And let us sign it all.  
 Now is the time to stop his course, Before it be too late.

And in the rescued drunkard's thanks You'll find a sure re-ward.

## STAY, FATHER, STAY.

S. HUBBARD.

1. Stay, fa - ther, stay, the night is wild,

2. Stay, fa - ther, stay, my moth - er's gone,

The first system of the musical score is written on three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The middle staff is an alto clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are placed below the staves, with the first line corresponding to the top staff and the second line to the middle staff.

O leave not now your dy - ing child!

And thou and I are left a - - lone;

The second system of the musical score continues on three staves. The top staff is a treble clef, the middle is an alto clef, and the bottom is a bass clef, all with a key signature of two flats and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are placed below the staves, with the first line corresponding to the top staff and the second line to the middle staff.

I feel the i - - cy hand of death,

And from her star - lit home on high,

The third system of the musical score continues on three staves. The top staff is a treble clef, the middle is an alto clef, and the bottom is a bass clef, all with a key signature of two flats and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are placed below the staves, with the first line corresponding to the top staff and the second line to the middle staff.



And short - er, short - er grows my breath.

She'll weep, that I a - lone must die.

O father, leave me not, O father, leave me not.

O father, leave me not, O father, leave me not.

3

Stay, father, stay, O leave, this night,  
 The mad'ning bowl, whose with'ring blight,  
 Has cast so dark a shade around  
 The home where joy alone was found.  
 O, father, leave me not, O, father, leave me not.

4

Stay, father, stay, once more I ask,  
 O count it not a heavy task,  
 To stay with me till life shall end,  
 My last, my only earthly friend.  
 O, father, leave me not, O, father, leave me not.  
 [12]

1. Let Temp'rance and her sons rejoice, And be their praises loud and long,

Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry voice Con-spire to raise a joy-ful 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 Temperance, like a cherish'd plant,  
 Beneath his fost'ring care shall grow.

# THE WELCOME, C. M.

135

Words by Mrs. J. W. MANSFIELD, Portland, Me.

Music by HASTINGS.

## 2d Tenor. INITIATION HYMN.

1. A wel - come, broth - ers, from each heart, A

2. Our mot - to is "Hu - man - i - ty, Pro -

3. A wel - come, then, to ev' - ry heart That

welcome deep and strong, We now in earnest faith impart Thro'

gress and Temperance," These, sin - gle and u - nit - ed - ly, Our

makes our cause its own, New efforts shall new strength impart, And

the true voice of song, Thro' the true voice of song.

ef - forts must ad - vance, Our ef - forts must ad - vance.

vict'ry shall be won, And vic' - try shall be won!

## BEFORE THY THRONE.

Music composed for this Work, by J. W. TURNER.

1. Be - fore thy throne we boast the name

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a 3/4 time signature, containing a melody of quarter and eighth notes. The middle staff is a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a 3/4 time signature, providing harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a 3/4 time signature, providing a bass line with quarter notes.

Of Free - men :—God, thy frown is just.

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff continues the melody from the first system. The middle staff continues the harmonic accompaniment. The bottom staff continues the bass line.

Im - mor - tals, break your bonds of shame!

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff continues the melody. The middle staff continues the harmonic accompaniment. The bottom staff continues the bass line.

A - - rise, in - e - - briates, from the dust!

2

Slavery and death the cup contains ;  
 Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl !  
 Softer than silk are iron chains,  
 Compared with those that chafe the soul.

3

Hosannas, Lord, to thee we sing,  
 Whose power the giant fiend obeys.  
 What countless thousands tribute bring,  
 For happier homes and brighter days !

4

Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,  
 Nor leave the broken heart unbanded :  
 The wife regains a husband freed !  
 The orphan clasps a father found !

5

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.

6

With nature's draught your goblets fill,  
 And pledge the world that ye are free !  
 God of eternal truth, WE WILL !  
 Our cause is thine, our trust in thee !

[12\*]

## FUNERAL HYMN.

1. Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb! Take this new treasure to thy trust,

And give these sacred relics room To seek a slumber in thy dust.

2

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,  
 Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes  
 Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,  
 While angels watch the soft repose.

3

So Jesus slept; God's dying Son  
 Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed;  
 Then rest, dear saint, till from his throne  
 The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4

Break from his throne, illustrious morn!  
 Attend, O earth, his sovereign word!  
 Restore thy trust! the glorious form  
 Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

# CONSTANCY.

139

Words by Mrs. J. W. MANSFIELD, Portland, Me

Music by B. F. BAKER.

## 2d Tenor. CLOSING HYMN.

1. Let us re - mem - ber, ere we part, To min - gle  
 1st Tenor.

2. To Him we look! fruit - less our toil, If his great  
 Bass.

3. Give us Thy bles - sing, God of peace! So that hence -

with the world a - - gain, That God who search - eth  
 bles - sing is un - sought; His Hand must still pre -  
 forth we walk a - - right— Let Goodness ev' - ry -

ev' - ry heart, Will know if we re - solve in vain.  
 pare the soil Or all in vain we shall have wrought.  
 where in - crease, Till Er - ror fade be - fore its light!

## CLOSING HYMN.

1. Heav'nly Father! give thy blessing, While we now this meeting end.

On our minds each truth impressing, That may to thy glo-ry tend.

2

May the arm of God enfold us  
 Thro' the darksome hours of night,  
 And his pow'r divine uphold us,  
 'Till the day's returning light.

3

Gracious Father, hear our pleading,—  
 Gratitude our bosoms swell;  
 Guard us with thy holy keeping;  
 Bless our parting word, farewell.



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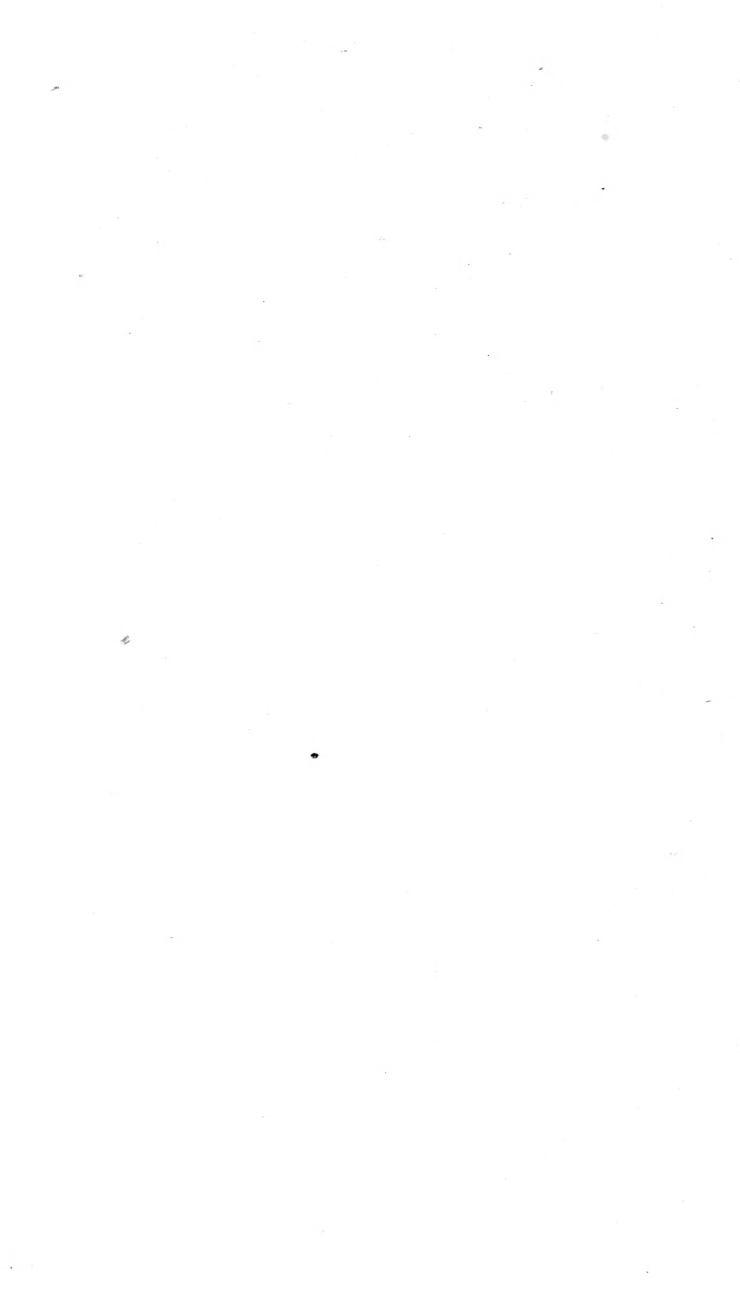
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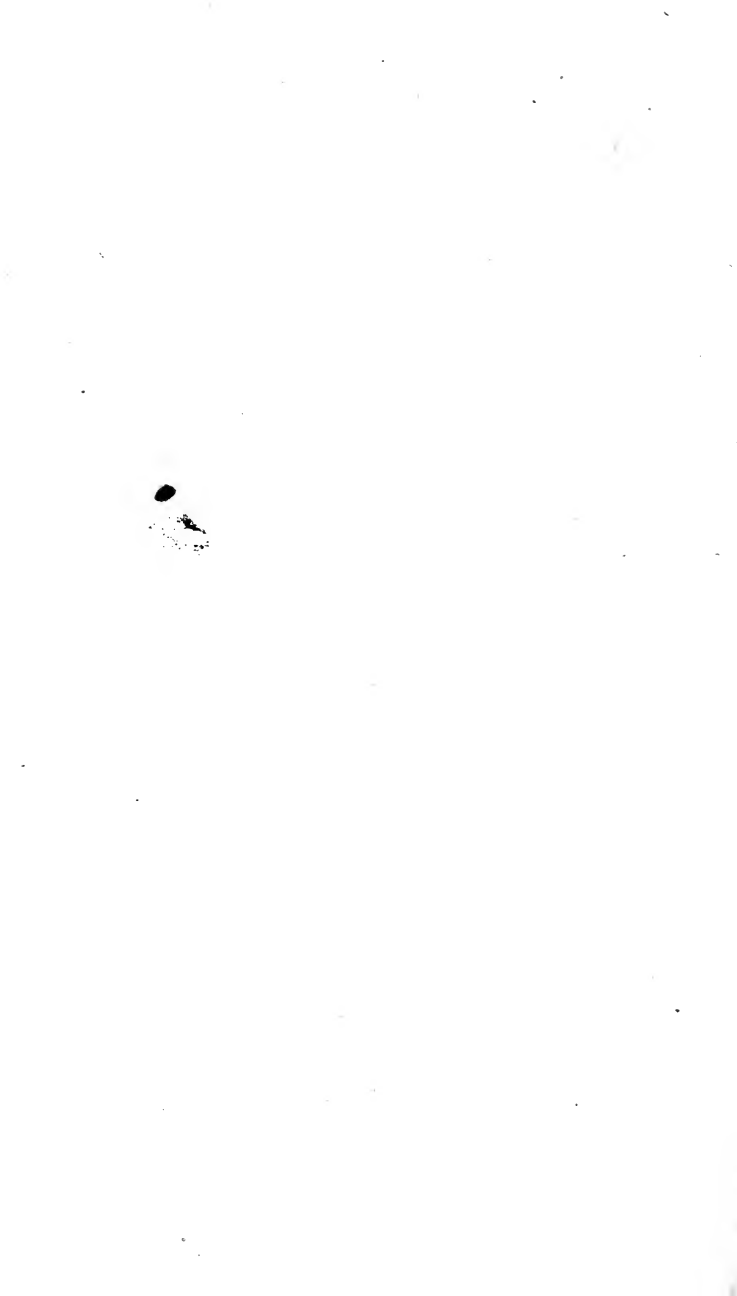
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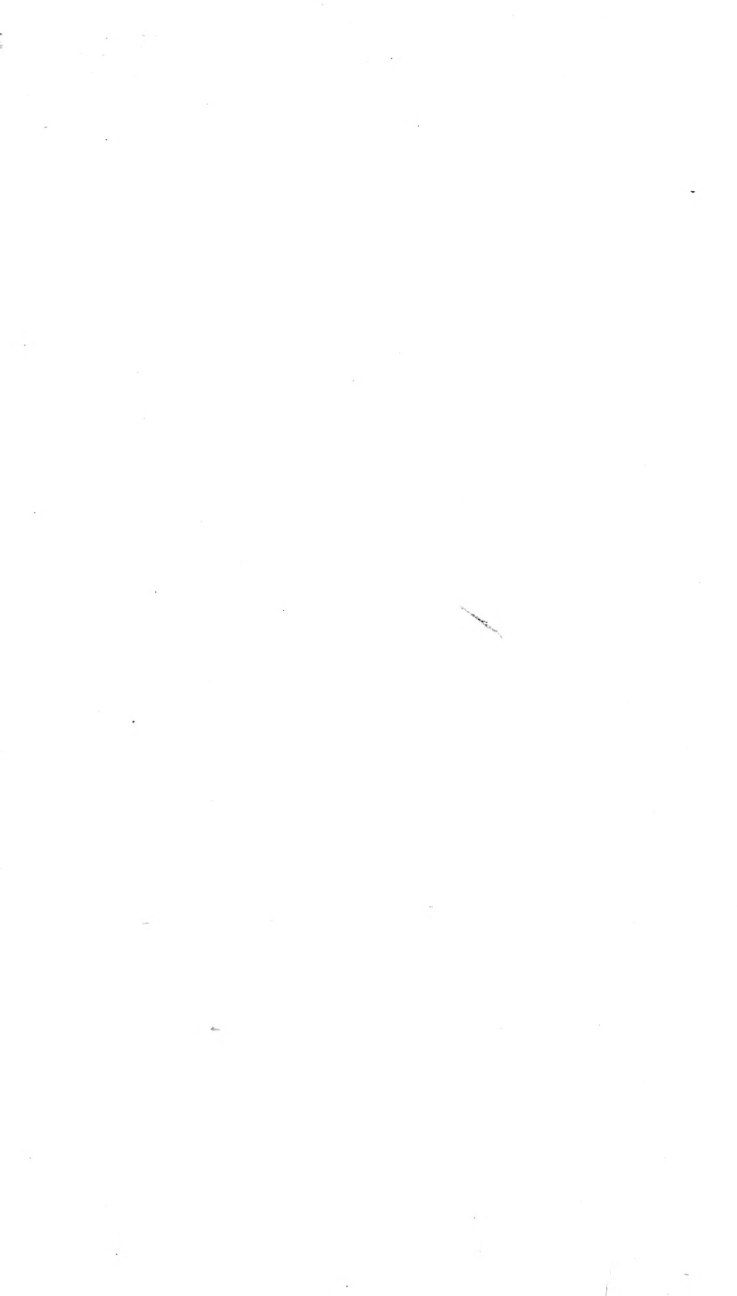












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