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THE STANDARD BOOK OF SONG.

THE

STANDARD BOOK OF SONG

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THE

STANDARD BOOK OF SONG

FOR

Temperance Meetings and Home Use.

ARRANGED BY

T. BOWICK.

MUSICAL EDITOR,

JAMES A. BIRCH.

GENTLEMAN OF H. M. CHAPELS ROYAL.

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PREFACE.

"Is there a heart that Music cannot melt?"—BEATTIE.

THE Temperance Movement owes much to the power of Song. It has itself produced Song-writers of no mean order, specimens of the compositions of the majority of whom appear in this collection. No effort has been made (even in the section which is devoted to the Temperance Question) to limit the selection to the writings of those who are identified with the cause, for we do not, as Abstainers, forfeit our right to share in the entire heritage of Poetry. Wherever, therefore, a piece of sufficient merit has appeared, and which has seemed to us to be in harmony with our principles, it has been gladly appropriated.

Among the earliest Temperance Singers must be named the Rev. Paxton Hood (who is still happily spared to us, and several examples of whose sparkling verses we have given); the Rev. Jabez Tunnicliff, who is said to have written the first Band of Hope melody; Dr. Jabez Burns, whose pen was also very fertile; Edwin Morris, of cherished memory; the Rev. R. Grey Mason, whose voice reached almost every hamlet of the land; and many Scotch authors.

In Parts II. and III. will be found some of the choicest compositions—for singing—in the English tongue. We trust they will be enjoyed at many a fireside, will be helpful to noble aspirations and efforts, and prove

"An amulet
That may be worn o'er hearts that toil and plod."

We desire to pay a tribute of thanks to former collectors for their labours, and also to acknowledge with gratitude the kindness of authors in so generously placing their writings at our service. Among these may be named

Dr. Horatius Bonar, Rev. Dawson Burns, M.A., Charles Mackay, LL.D., Dr. W. C. Bennett, John Anderson, Rev. Dr. Maguire, M.A., Rev. Charles Garrett, J. H. Raper, Joseph Malins, G.W.C.T., C. Sheard, Benjamin Gough, Samuel Bowly, Thomas Knox, Rev. G. M. Murphy, Lawrence Gane, W. J. Harvey, T. H. Evans, Mrs. Tomkins ("Hymns for Quiet Hours"), Mrs. Townsend, Miss Hankey, Marianne Farningham, Frederick Sherlock, and Robert Semple.

Publishers, also, have given us their cordial co-operation, and we offer them our heartfelt thanks—specially Messrs. Hatchard, Messrs. Morgan & Scott, Messrs. C. Kegan Paul & Co., Messrs. Jarrold & Sons, Messrs. Richardson, Messrs. Boosey & Co., the Publisher of the "*World's Minstrelsy*," Mr. Guest, the British Temperance League, the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, the Sunday School Union, Messrs. Nicholson & Sons, and others.

The Principal Librarian of the British Museum has afforded us more than official attention, and has helped us in our efforts to verify original editions and accurate versions.

If in any case, through oversight, any copyright has been infringed, respectful apologies are tendered, and due acknowledgment will be made in future editions.

That the Master may accept this little effort, and that the Cause may be greatly helped by it, is our special desire.

T. BOWICK.

Bedford, 1878.

The MUSICAL EDITOR desires to acknowledge with grateful thanks the valuable assistance he has received from the following composers, all of whom have contributed original settings to the following pages: E. Bandey, W. A. Barrett, Mus. Bac. Oxon, Theodore Barth, G. Benson, Mus. Bac. Cam., Fred. C. Bevan, W. H. Bonner, Carey Bonner, J. Baptist Calkin, J. G. Callcott, J. H. Casson, M.D., John Cornwall, J. Spencer Curwen, A.R.A.M., R. DeLacy, Theodore Distin, Cecil Goodall, Robert Griffiths, Henry Guy, Malcolm Heywood, A. E. Izard, C. S. Jekyll, Harper Kearton, Alfred Kenningham, John B. Lott, Mus. Bac. Oxon., G. C. Martin, Mus. Bac. Oxon., Frank L. Moir, Edwin Moss, Samuel Sims, Montem Smith, John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc. Oxon., C. E. Tinney, L. C. Venables, Fred. Walker, Thomas Warr, and William Winn.

The following have most generously placed their several valuable copyrights at our service:—

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The greatest possible care has been taken that no copyright has been inserted in the book without permission; but if the rights of anyone have been inadvertently infringed, the editor trusts his sincere apologies will be accepted, coupled with an undertaking that due acknowledgment shall be made in all future editions. Special thanks are accorded to C. S. Jekyll, composer to H.M. Chapels Royal, for much invaluable assistance and advice, also to John Cornwall, Henry Guy, W. H. Bonner, Fred. C. Bevan, Carey Bonner, and Thomas Duckett, for most serviceable suggestions and help.

It will be found, on examination, that the book contains upwards of sixty original compositions, and about fifty new arrangements; and also that a number of the tunes are comparatively new, having been previously issued only in books but little known. The book has been arranged to supply the

need of all assemblies where song is used. Sacred, temperance, public and private gatherings, and the home circle have been catered for, and Band of Hope choirs and singing classes generally may use the book with advantage.

It is not by any means perfect, however, but it is our earnest desire that it may be found helpful to the great Cause of Temperance.

JAMES A. BIRCH.

Hammersmith, October, 1880.

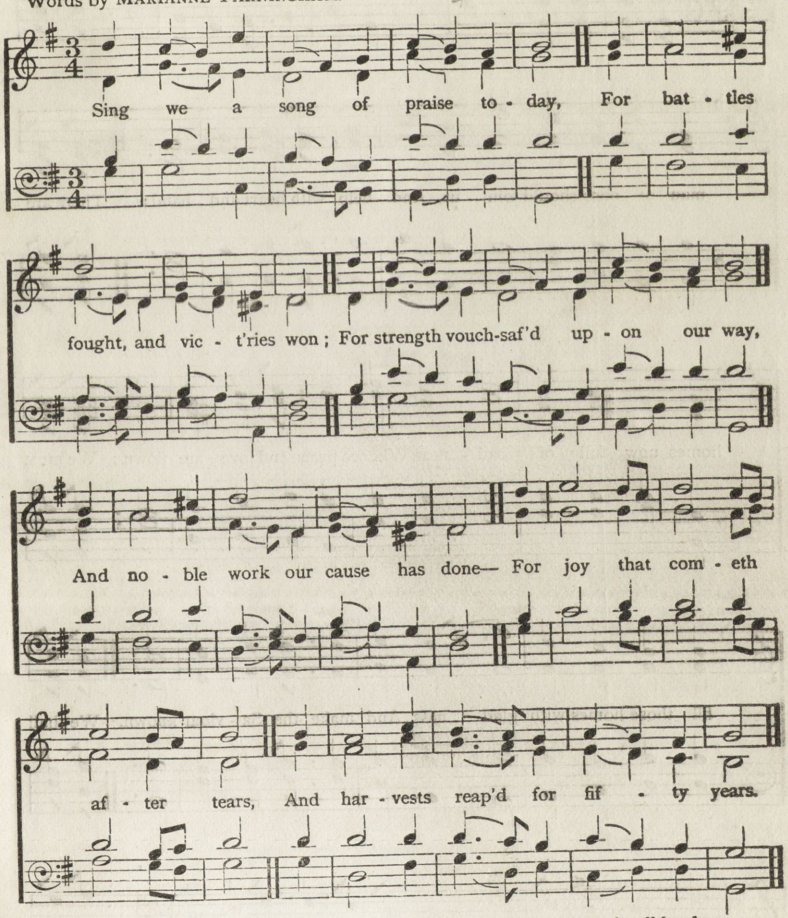
THE STANDARD BOOK OF SONG

FOR

TEMPERANCE MEETINGS AND HOME USE.

1 Carey's.

Words by MARIANNE FARNINGHAM. Music by HENRY CAREY.



2 The God of love we praise and bless,
For lives endangered that are saved,
For homes no longer comfortless,
For strong, true hearts that ill have braved—
And for devoted lives well given,
To works of mercy and to Heaven.

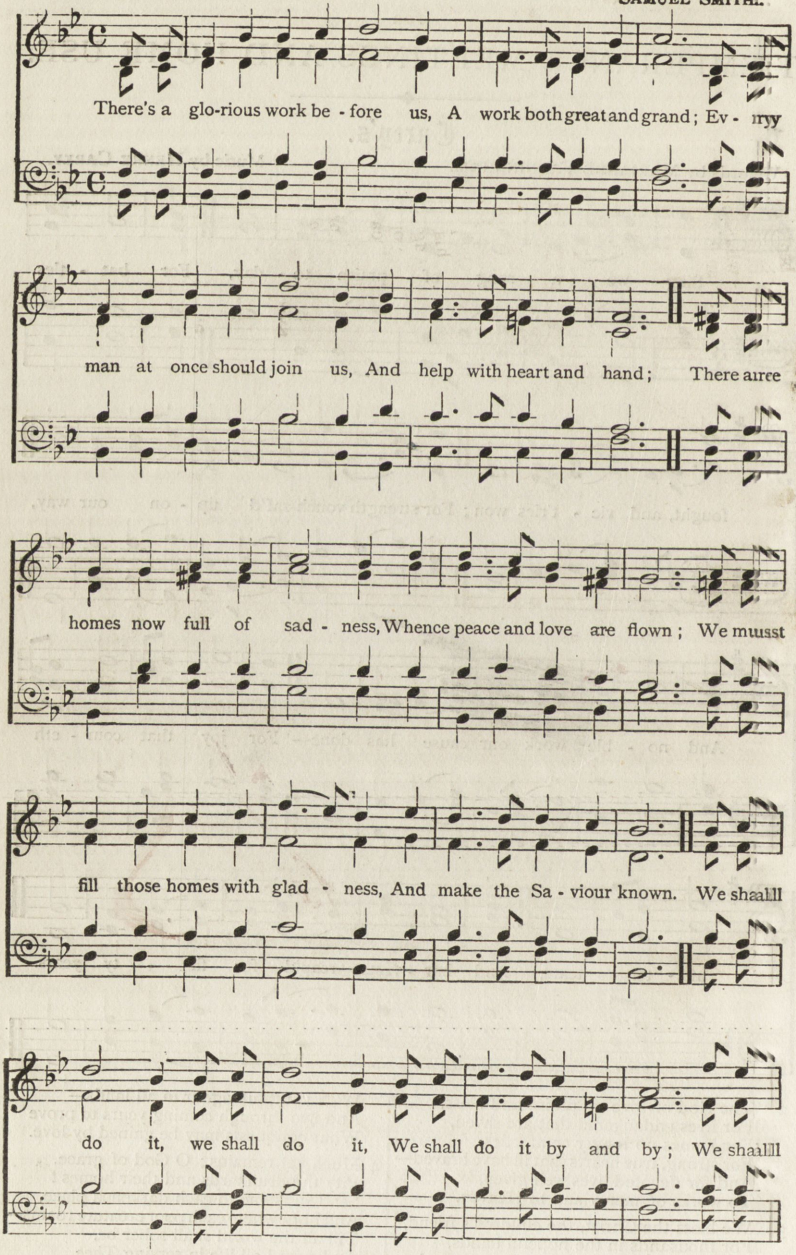
3 We bless the Christ, the children's friend,
For thousands in the hopeful bands,
Who will the Temperance cause defend
With youthful vigour in all lands—
And live through coming years to prove
What conquests may be gained by love.

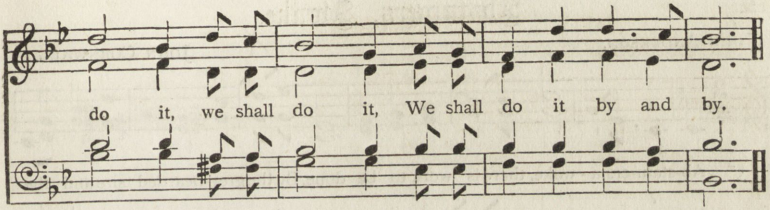
4 Much yet remains; O God of grace,
Pity the drunkards and their homes!
Send sunshine to each darkened place,
And hope where each poor creature roams—
Till all the world shall sober be,
And spend all life in serving Thee.

2

Siloam.

CHARLES GARRETT. SAMUEL SMITH.





2 There are drink-bound slaves around us,
Who writhe in hopeless woe;
We must snap the bonds that bind them,
And lay the tyrant low:
There are wives and mothers weeping,
Whose hearts are cold and sad;
We must give them joyous greeting,
And bid them yet be glad.

We shall do it by and by.

3 There are crowds of little children
Deep sunk in sin and night;
We must raise them from their darkness,
And lead them up to light;
There are good men filled with sorrow
O'er seed they've sown in vain;
We must show them the destroyer,
And urge them to abstain.

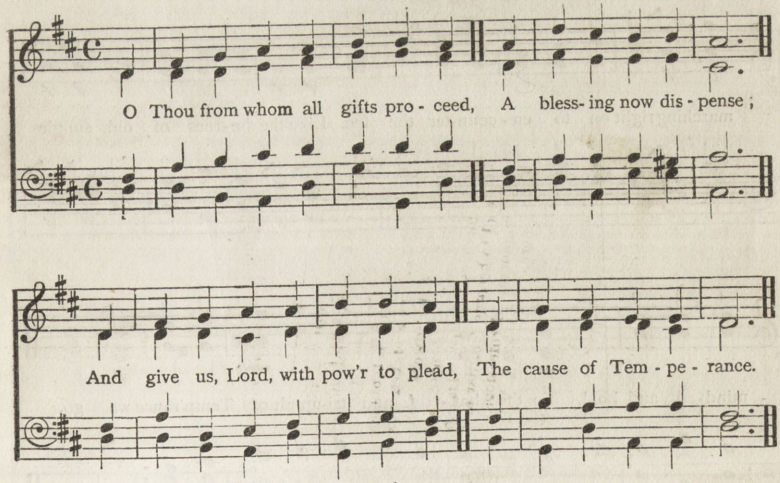
We shall do it by and by.

4 There's the huge and cursed system
Of drink, and sin, and fraud;
We must cast it forth with loathing,
Abhorred by man and God;
Let us, then, gird on our armour,
And God our strength will be;
He our hosts is onward leading
To certain victory.

We shall do it by and by.

3 Tallis's Ordinal.

TALLIS.



2 With wisdom, charity, and zeal,
May we its blessings trace;
That all to whom we shall appeal,
Those blessings may embrace.

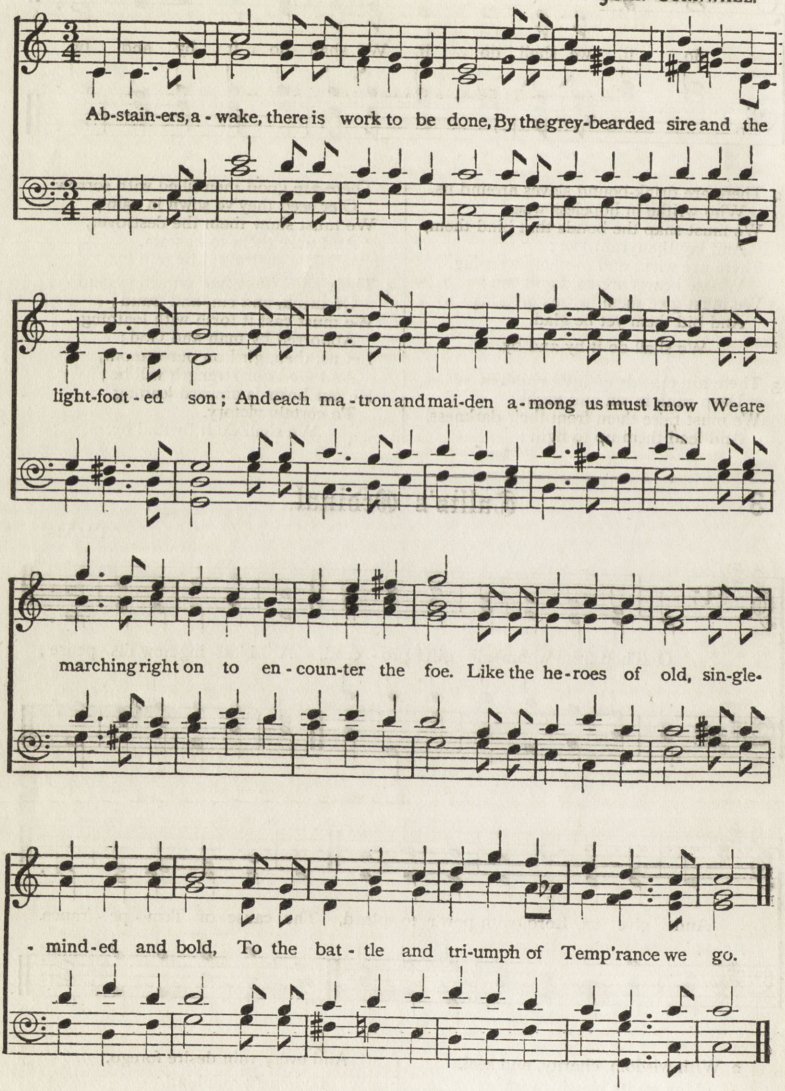
3 That self-denial may we show,
Which men of old enjoined,
And every vain desire forego,
To benefit mankind.

4 That which offends a brother's eye,
Or gives another pain,
May we in love ourselves deny,
And from its use abstain.

4

Abstainers, Awake.

JOHN ANDERSON. JOHN CORNWALL.



2 Abstainers, awake, it is fatal to sleep,
While drink's tyrants and vassals such vigilance keep.
As you hear their defiance above and below,
Let it strengthen your heart to encounter the foe:
Like the heroes of old, single-minded and bold,
To the battle and triumph of Temperance we go.

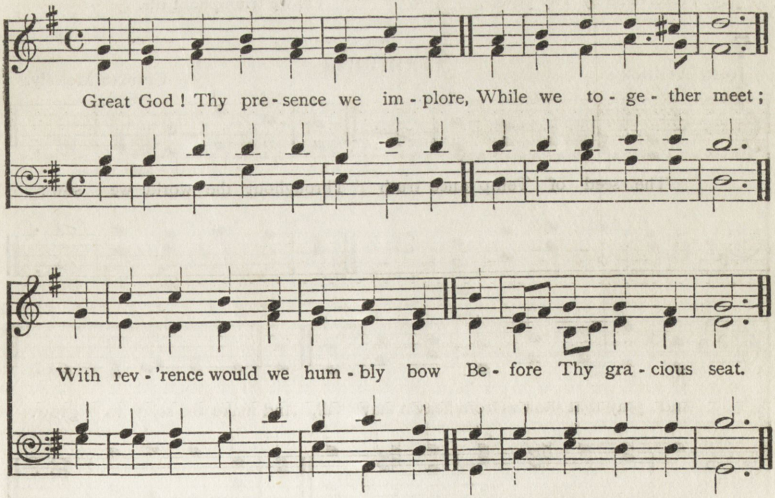
3 Abstainers, awake, not one moment delay,
Or the fight may be lost by the loss of a day;
While defeat and disaster bring death to the slow,
When they're marching in arms to encounter the foe.
Like the heroes of old, single-minded and bold,
To the battle and triumph of Temperance we go.

4 Abstainers, awake, 'tis humanity calls,
From her homesteads deserted and desolate halls;
See, her gardens are trampled, her bulwarks laid low;
And she asks you in tears to encounter the foe.
Like the heroes of old, single-minded and bold,
To the battle and triumph of Temperance we go.

5 Abstainers, awake, in the interests of Heaven,
By the *manes* of the dead and the weal of the living,
Press forward undaunted with blow upon blow,
As you march in God's name to encounter the foe.
Like the heroes of old, single-minded and bold,
To the battle and triumph of Temperance we go.

5 Farrant.

DR. JABEZ BURNS. Arranged from RICHARD FARRANT. 1585.



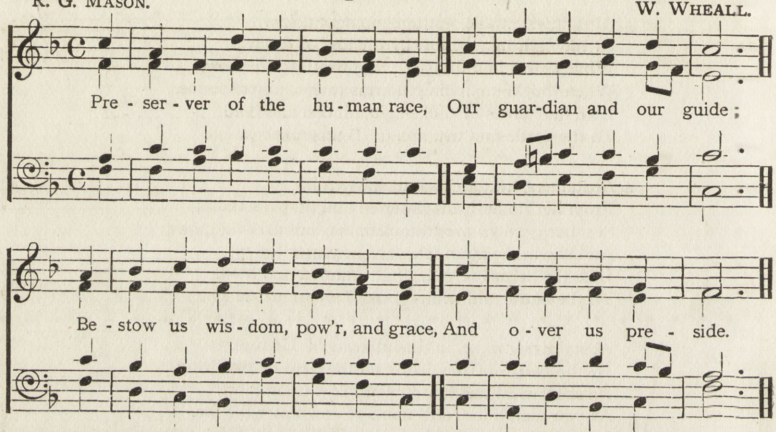
2 Let truth and Temperance prevail,
Throughout our favoured land;
And may a numerous host come forth,
And join our growing band.

3 Let Christian churches now awake,
And for poor drunkards care;
And, by their bright example, help
To break the tempter's snare.

4 Let young and old, let rich and poor
Their energies unite;
Until all people, climes, and tongues,
In Temperance delight.

6 Bedford.

R. G. MASON. W. WHEALL.



2 Increase our zeal, disperse our fears,
And make us firmly bold,
To stem the drunkard's mad career,
And bring him to Thy fold.

3 Help us to rescue and preserve
The young and rising race,
Secure the sober ere they swerve,
And sink into disgrace.

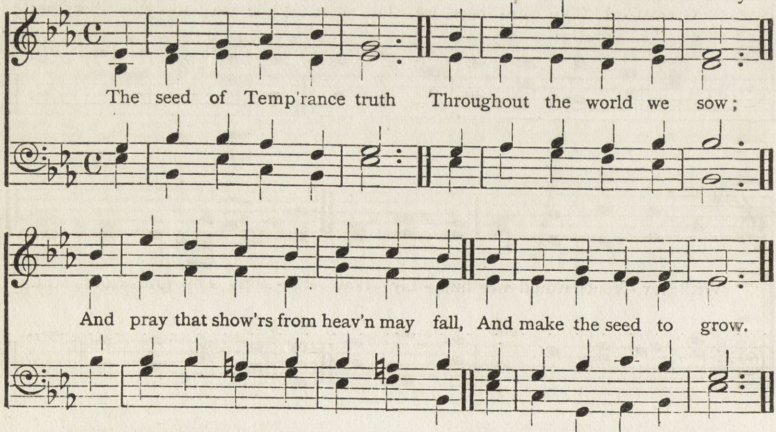
4 God of the ancient Rechabite!
Preserve us by Thy power,
Inflame our hearts with love and light,
And guard us every hour.

5 Give us a sympathetic glow,
A generous mind impart,
To share the joy and soothe the woe
Of every brother's heart.

6 Our foes forgive, our cause defend,
Our numbers multiply;
And keep us faithful to the end,
Till we triumphant die.

7 Franconia.

JOHN ATKINSON. German Melody.



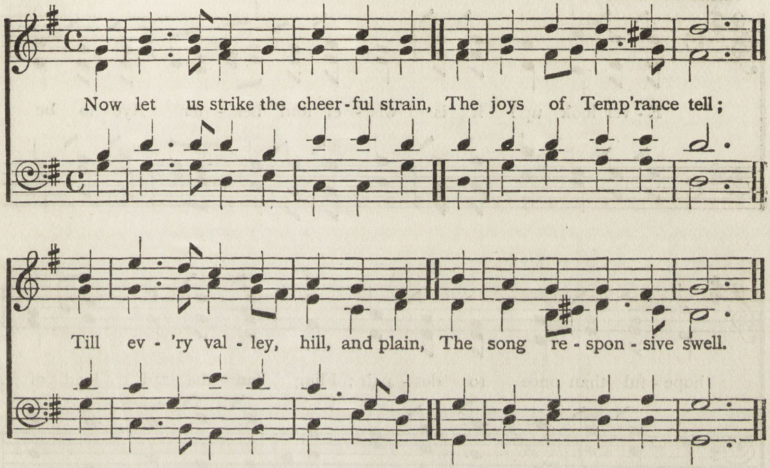
2 We look, O Lord, to Thee,
For Thou alone canst bless;
To toil and plant like Paul we may,
But Thou must give success.

3 Inspire our statesmen, Lord,
With wisdom from above;
Inflame their hearts with holy zeal,
This evil to remove.

4 And then through all our land,
Abundantly would grow
The peaceful fruits of honest toil,
To lessen human woe.

8 Winchester Old.

"Alison's Psalter."

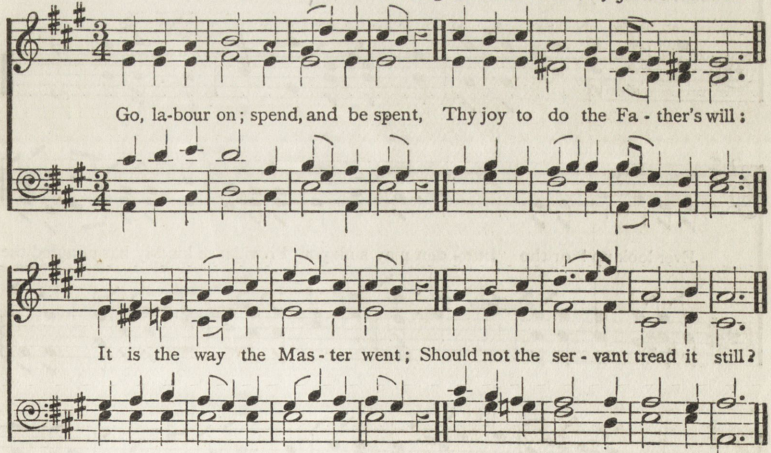


2 Loud be the strains in virtue's praise,
While we the notes prolong:
Let thousands turn from sinful ways,
And join the happy throng.

3 Soon may we see throughout the land,
Blessings without alloy:
Come sign the pledge with heart and hand,
And swell the tide of joy.

9 Otterbourne.

Arranged from HAYDN, by JAMES TURLE.



2 Men die in darkness at thy side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

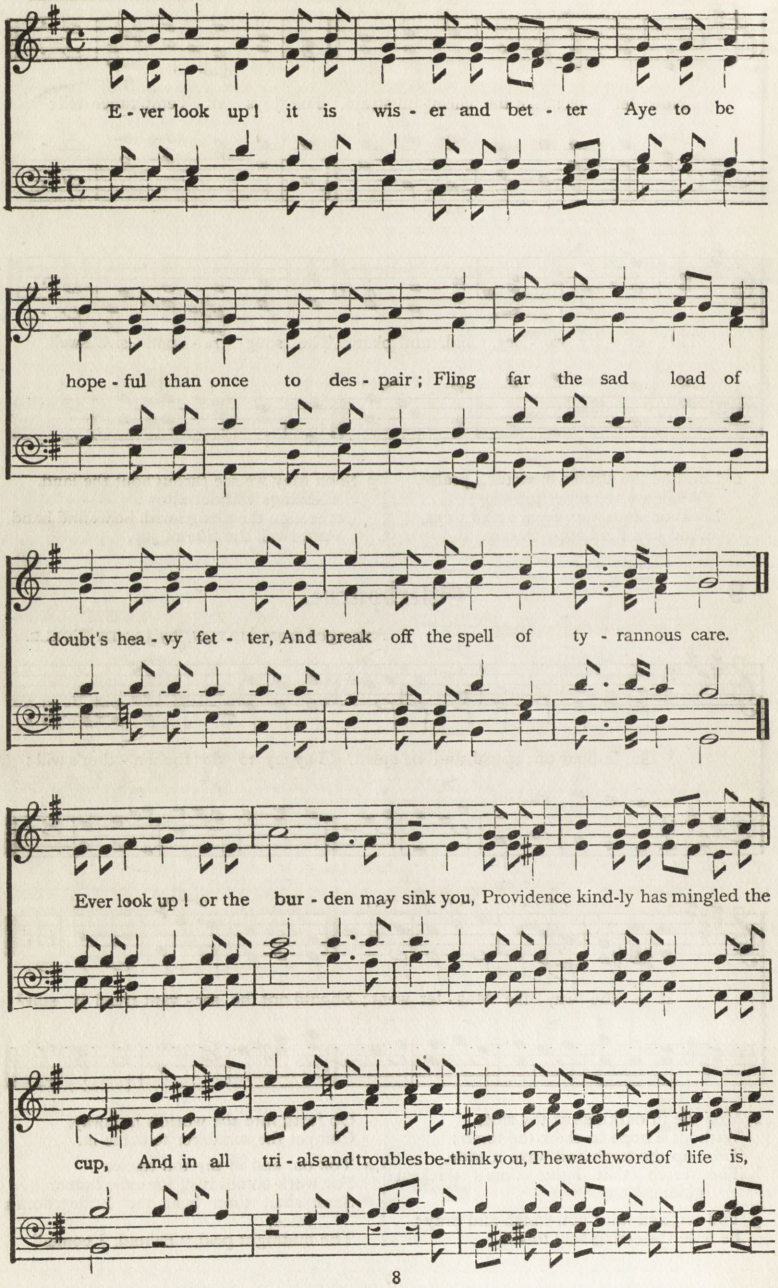
3 Toil on, and faint not, watch and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

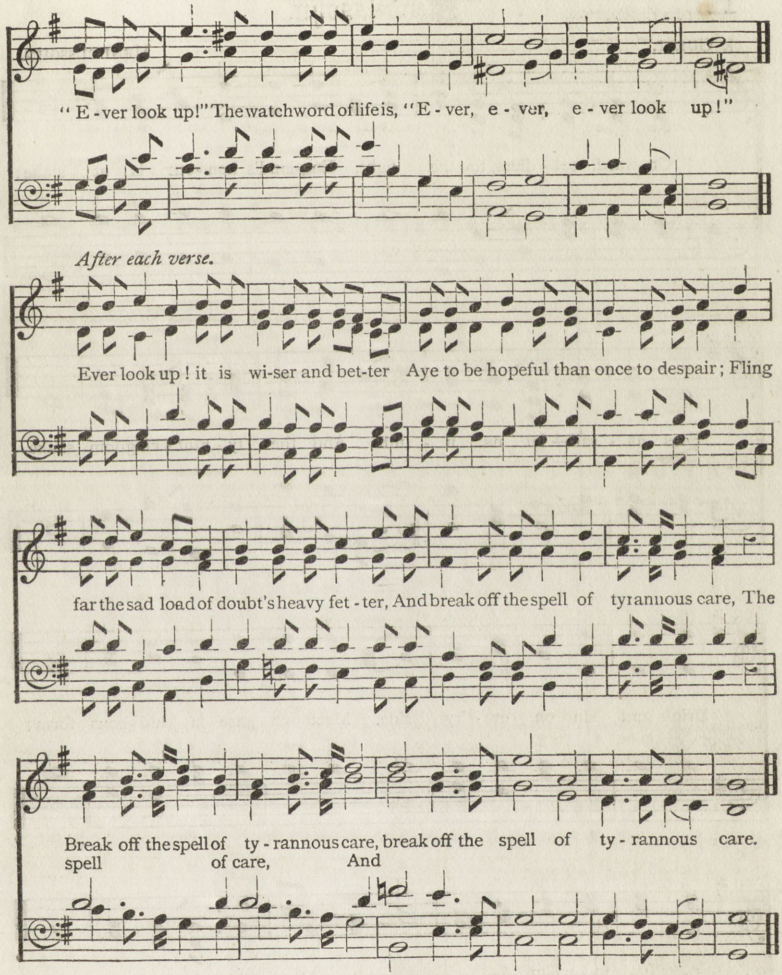
4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice:
For work comes rest, for exile home,
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come."

10

Ever Look Up.

MARTIN F. TUPPER. G. BENSON.



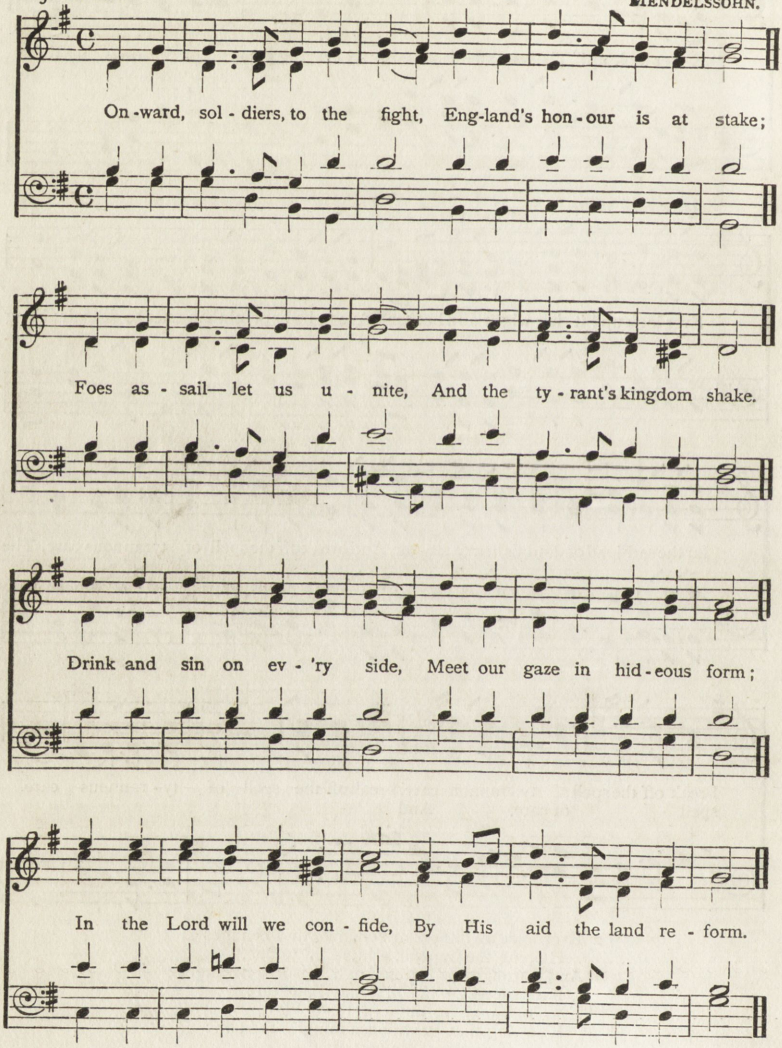


2 Ever look up! there are chances and changes
Helping the hopeful, a hundred to one,—
And, through the chaos, High Wisdom arranges
Ever success,—if you'll only hope on:
Ever look up! for the wisest is boldest,
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup:
And of all maxims, the best, as the oldest,
Is the true watchword, of "Ever look up!"

3 Ever look up! though the grape-shot may rattle,
Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst;
Stand like a rock, and the storm or the battle
Little shall harm you, though doing their worst:
Ever look up! if adversity presses,
Providence wisely has mingled the cup;
And the best counsel, in all your distresses,
Is the stout watchword, of "Ever look up!"

11 Mendelssohn.

J. GUEST. MENDELSSOHN.



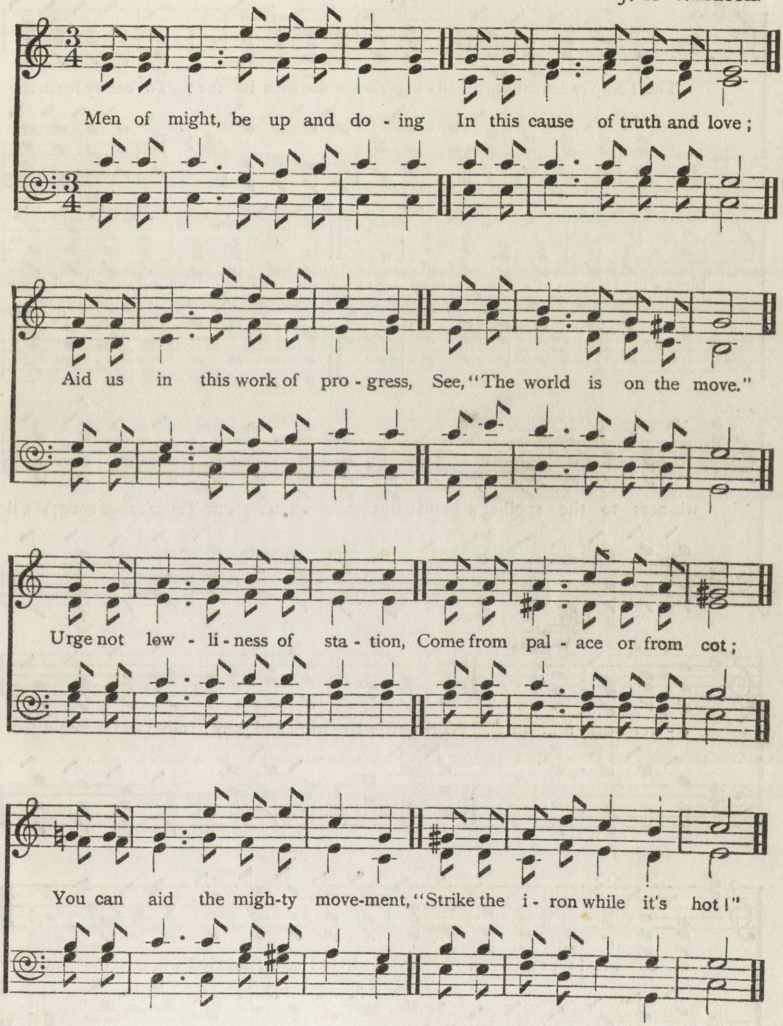
2 Hear ye not those cries of grief,
From the drunkard's home so drear!
Onward go to give relief,
Trust in God and never fear.
Gird on strength, and win you must,
Wield the sword of truth and right;
With this watchword—God we trust,
None can rout you in the fight.

3 Soon the reign of drink will end,
Soon no drunkard's home be found;
Songs of praise shall sweetly blend,
Hills and vales with shouts resound.
Brothers, let your banners wave,
Let the world your colours view;
Fight like men your land to save,
To the pledge be firm, be true.

12

Fahen.

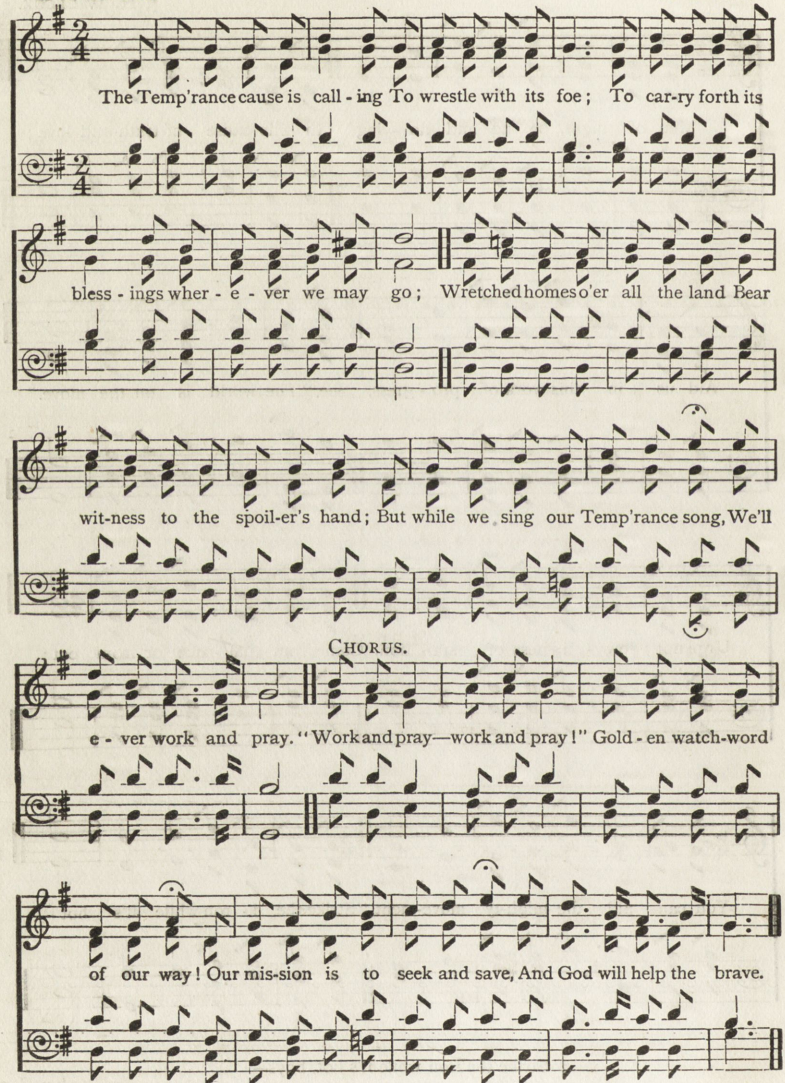
J. H. WILLCOX.



2 Strike the iron while it's hot, boys—
Strike it while ye've yet a chance—
Strike it with a steady nerve, boys,
Lest your blow should glide askance:
Hit it home—ay, hit it stoutly;
Till a victor, quit it not;
It must yield beneath your prowess—
"Strike the iron while it's hot!"

13 Work and Pray.

E. A. BARNES. R. LOWRY.

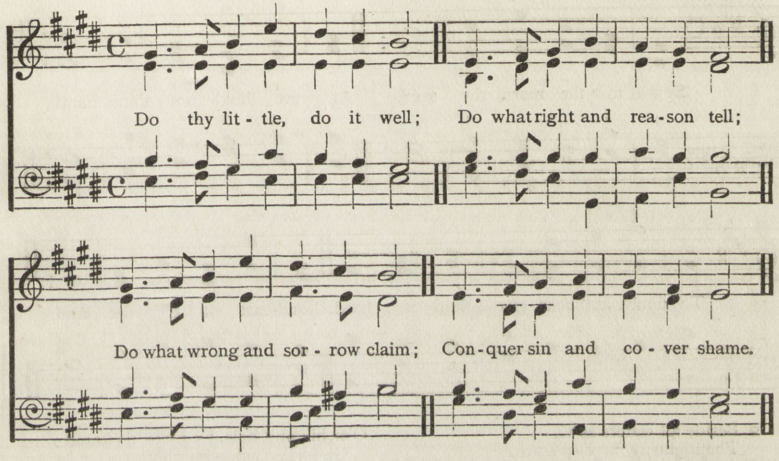


2 The Temperance cause is calling
To shed its light around,
To plead for right and justice,
Where error now is found;
Bitter are the tears that flow,
That mark the footsteps of our foe;
But while we sing our Temperance song,
We'll ever work and pray.
"Work and pray," &c.

3 The Temperance cause is calling
To swell its noble band,
Till all who wear its banner
May triumph in our land;
Souls are drawing near the brink,
Made fearful by the love of drink;
But while we sing our Temperance song,
We'll ever work and pray.
"Work and pray," &c.

14 Innocents.

Origin unknown.



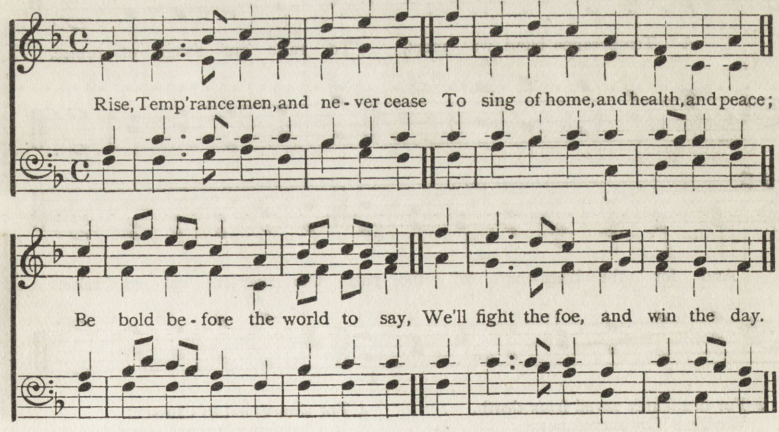
2 Do thy little, though it be
Dreariness and drudgery;
They whom Christ apostles made,
"Gathered fragments" when He bade.

3 Do thy little; never mind
Though thy brethren be unkind;
Though the men who ought to smile,
Mock and taunt thee for a while.

4 Do thy little, never fear
While thy Saviour standeth near;
Let the world its javelins throw,
On thy way undaunted go.

15 Samson.

From HANDEL.



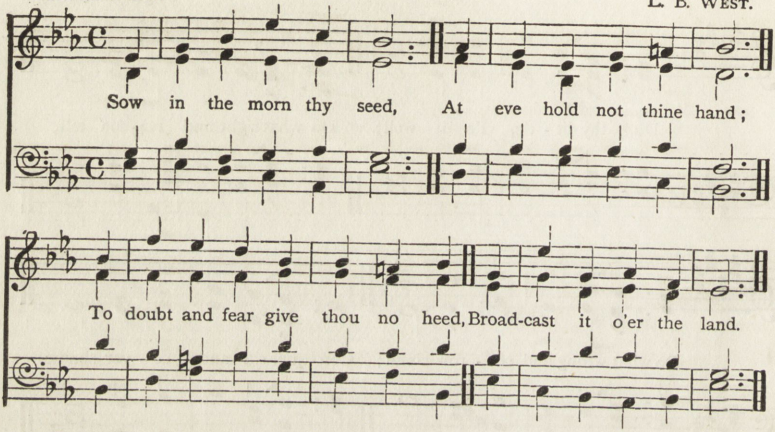
2 We'll meet and work, and ne'er refrain
To teach the drinkers to abstain;
We'll visit all—for all we'll pray,
That they, like us, may win the day.

3 To rich and poor, to young and old,
We'll gentle be, and kind, and bold;
If others halt—*we'll* lead the way,
And truth and zeal shall win the day.

4 This heaven-born cause we will defend
With all our might, till life shall end:
We fear no foe, for come what may,
We'll trust in God, and win the day.

16 Tytherton (Prague).

MONTGOMERY. L. B. WEST.



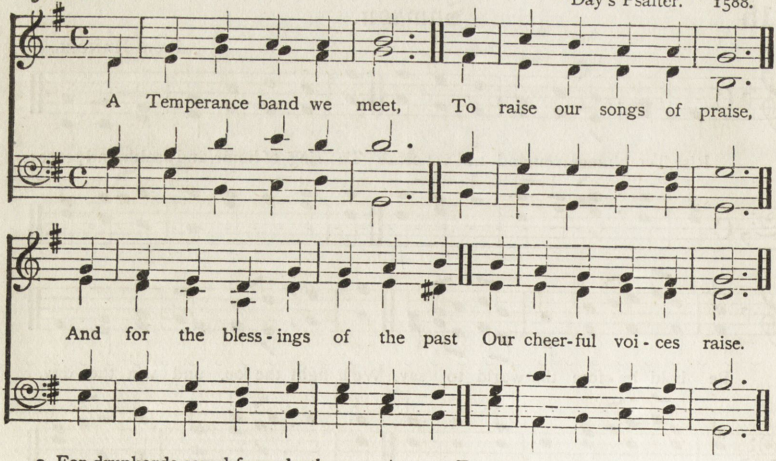
2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there,
O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found;
Go forth then everywhere.

4 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear;
And the full corn at length.

17 St. Michael.

J. BURNS. "Day's Psalter." 1588.



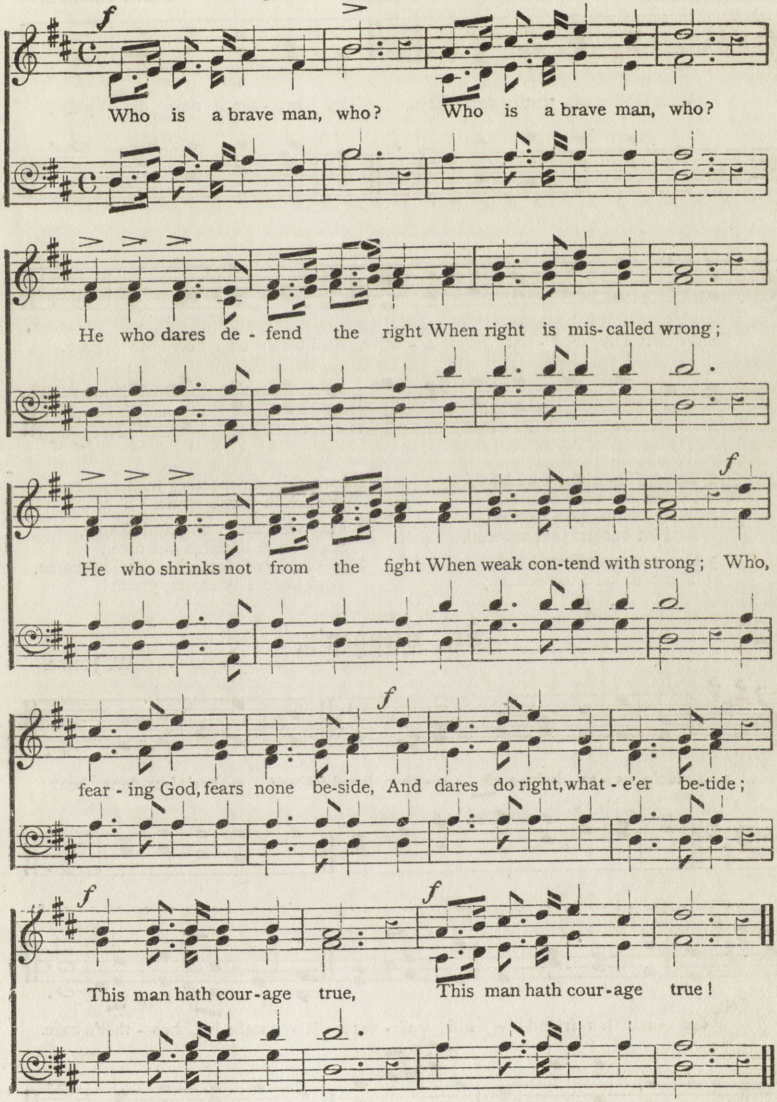
2 For drunkards saved from death,
We bless Thy sacred name;
For those preserved from drunkenness,
Thy goodness we proclaim.

3 For happy hearths and homes,
Through Temperance obtained,
And blessings every day enjoyed,
Which multitudes have gained.

4 For sinners led to Christ,
In Christian churches found;
For all the tokens of Thy grace
Our praises shall abound.

5 O let our cause prevail,
Throughout our favoured land;
Thy richest blessing, Lord, bestow,
On this our Temperance band.

18 Who is a Brave Man?

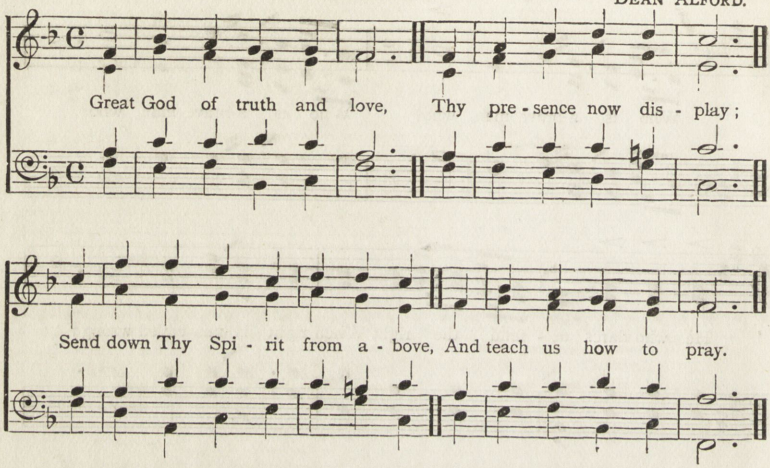


2 Who is a free man, who?
He who finds his chief delight
In keeping God's commands;
He who loves whate'er is right,
And hath to sin no bonds:
From every law but one set free,—
The perfect law of liberty;
This man hath freedom true!

3 Who is a noble man?
He who scorns, or words, or deeds,
That are not just and true;
He whose heart for suffering bleeds
Is quick to feel and do;
Whose noble soul will ne'er descend
To treacherous act towards foe or friend,
This is a noble man!

19 Rochastle.

DEAN ALFORD.



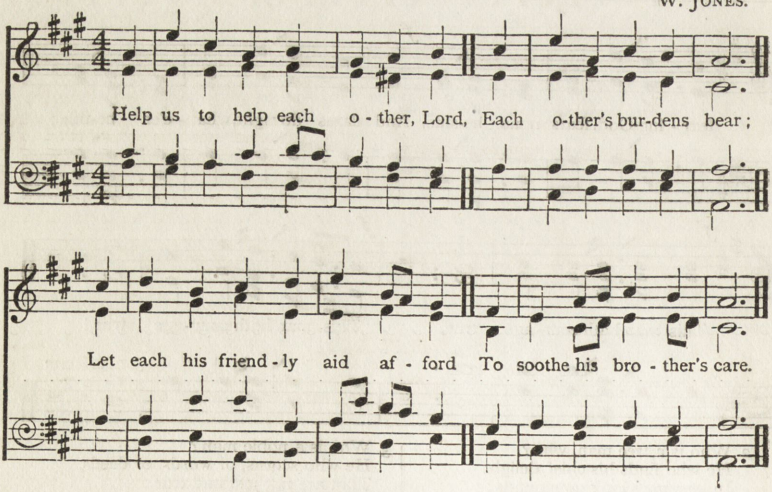
2 Before Thy throne we bow,
In this our time of need;
In mercy look upon us now,
And let our prayers succeed.

3 Our various efforts bless,
The drunkard to reclaim;
Crown this our meeting with success,
We ask in Jesu's name.

4 May vice, and want, and shame,
Soon cease to curse our race;
May drunkards learn to fear Thy name,
And taste Thy saving grace!

20 St. Stephen's.

W. JONES.

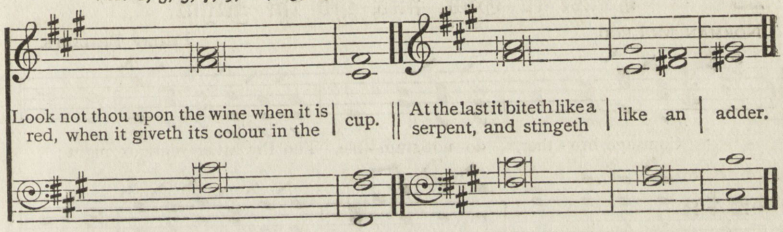


2 Help us to build each other up;
Help us ourselves to prove;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

Responses.

* Ver. 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, 15.

Ver. 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14.



3 "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night till wine inflame | them."—Isa. v. 11.

4 "*For while they be folded together as thorns, and while they are drunken as drunkards, they shall be devoured as stubble | fully | dry.*"—Nahum i. 10.

5 "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that puttest thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken al- | so."—Hab. ii. 15.

6 "*Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle | strong | drink.*"—Isa. v. 22.

7 "The drunkard and the glutton shall come to pov- | erty."—Prov. xxiii. 21.

8 "*Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revelers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the king- | dom of | God.*"—1 Cor. vi. 10.

9 "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made | weak."—Rom. xiv. 21.

10 "*Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby | is not | wise.*"—Prov. xx. 1.

11 "Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with | thee."—Lev. x. 9.

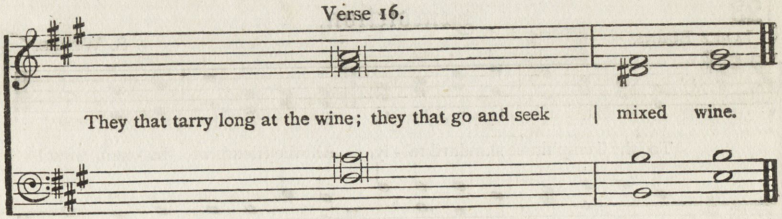
12 "*Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and | pass a- | way.*"—Prov. iv. 15.

13 "They shall not drink wine with a song; strong drink shall be bitter to them that drink | it."—Isa. xxiv. 9.

14 "*Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled | with the | Spirit.*"—Eph. v. 18.

15 "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of | eyes?"

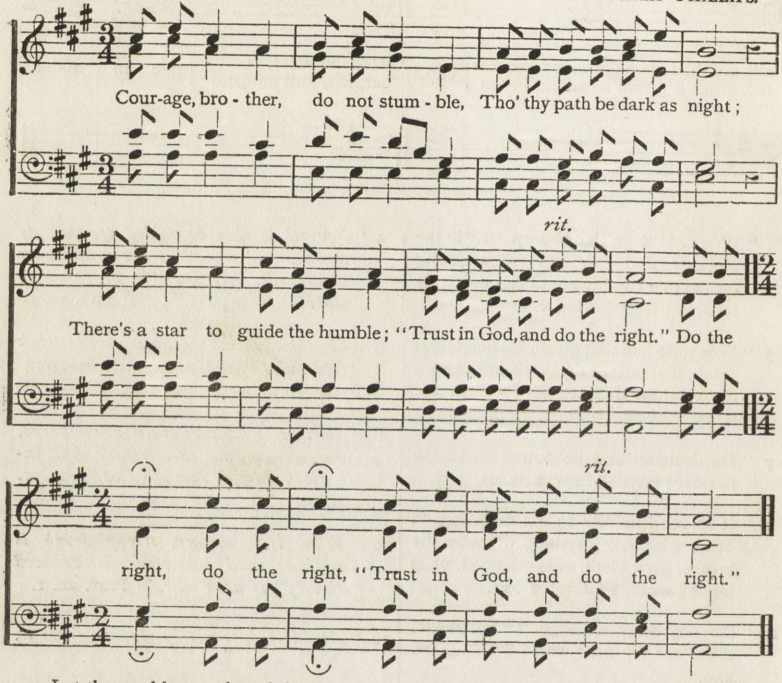
Verse 16.



* The odd verses may be taken by one voice, the even ones in harmony.

22 Trust in God, and Do the Right.

NORMAN McLEOD. PHILIP PHILLIPS.



2 Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely, strong or weary,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

3 Perish policy and cunning!
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

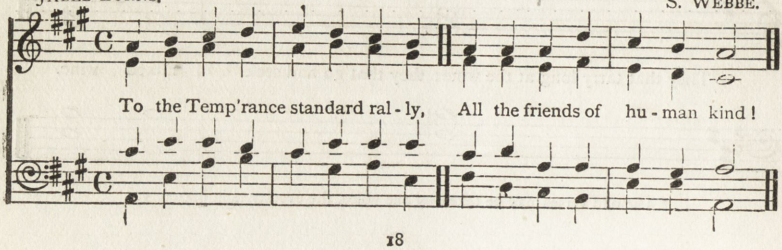
4 Trust no party, sect, or faction;
Trust no leaders in the fight;
But in every word and action,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

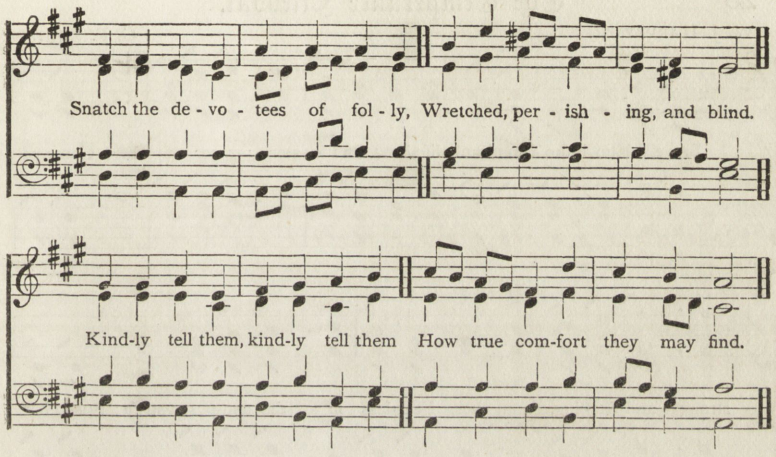
5 Simple rule, and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

6 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

23 Benediction.

JABEZ BURNS. S. WEBBE.



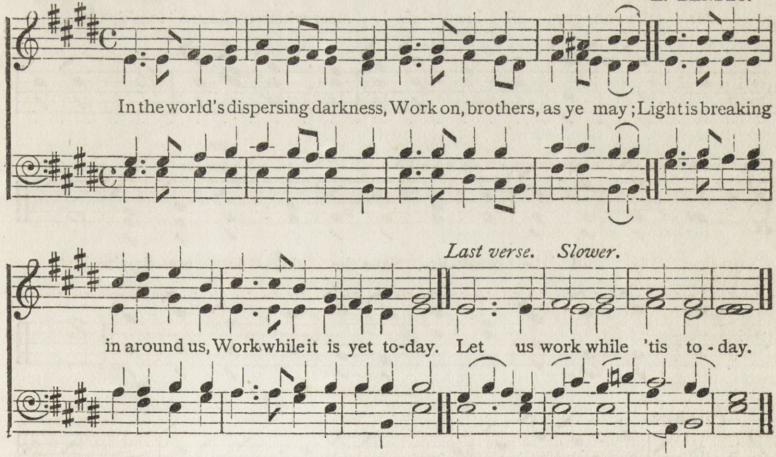


2 Bear the blissful tidings onward,
Bear them all the world around,
Let the myriads thronging downward,
Hear the sweet and blissful sound.
And obeying,
In the path of peace be found.

3 Plant the Temperance standard firmly,
Round it live, and round it die,
Young and old defend it sternly,
Till you gain the victory.
And all nations
Hail the happy jubilee!

24 The Grove.

GEORGE HUME. E. BANDEY.



2 Through the shadows disappearing,
Shines the peaceful, future cheering,
All things whisper in our hearing,
Work while it is yet to-day.

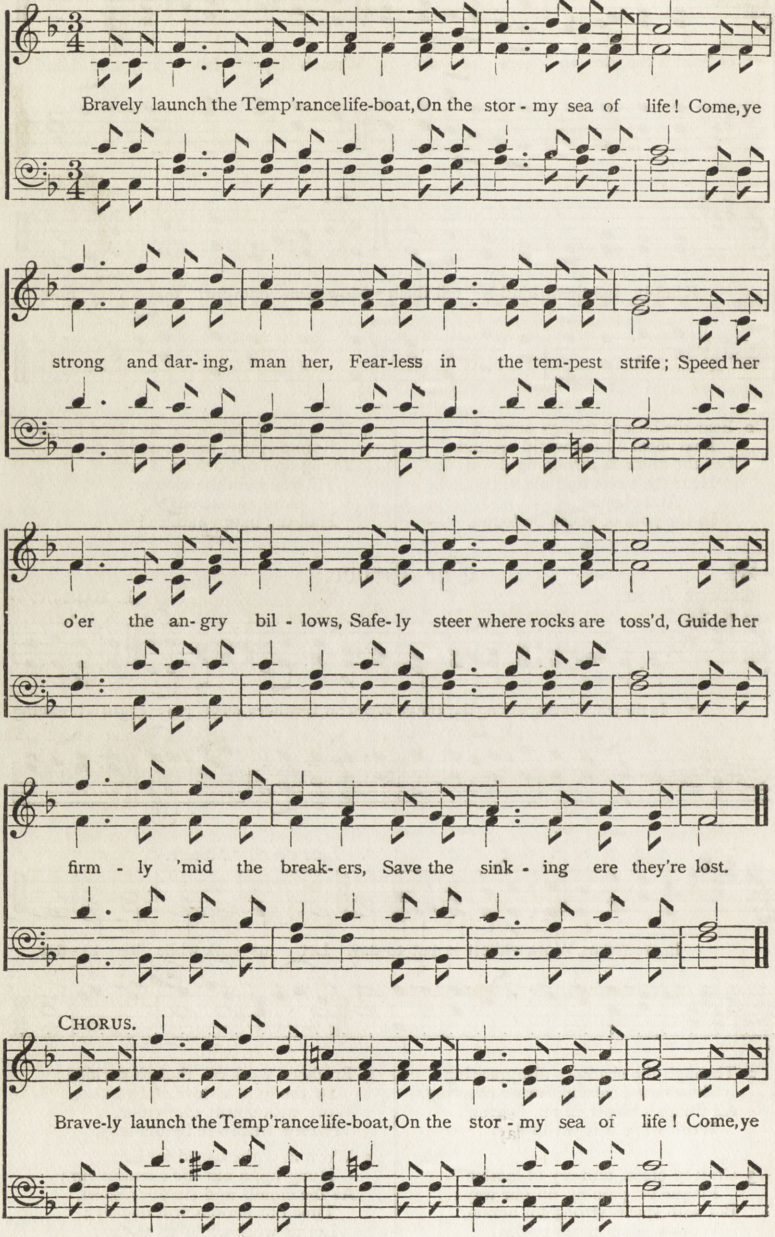
3 Craft of creed, and cry of faction
Plague us, pain us, on our way;
But with spirits strong for action,
Work while it is yet to-day.

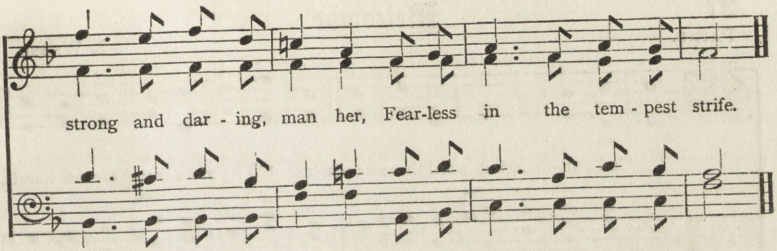
4 Brothers, work on, though derided;
By the light of love still guided,
Work with spirits undivided,
Sacred truth will be our stay.

5 Work as if the world for ever
Hung upon our life's endeavour;
As the clouds and shadows sever,
Time our actions will display;
Let us work while 'tis to-day.

25 The Temperance Lifeboat.

W. J. HARVEY. G. F. ROOT.



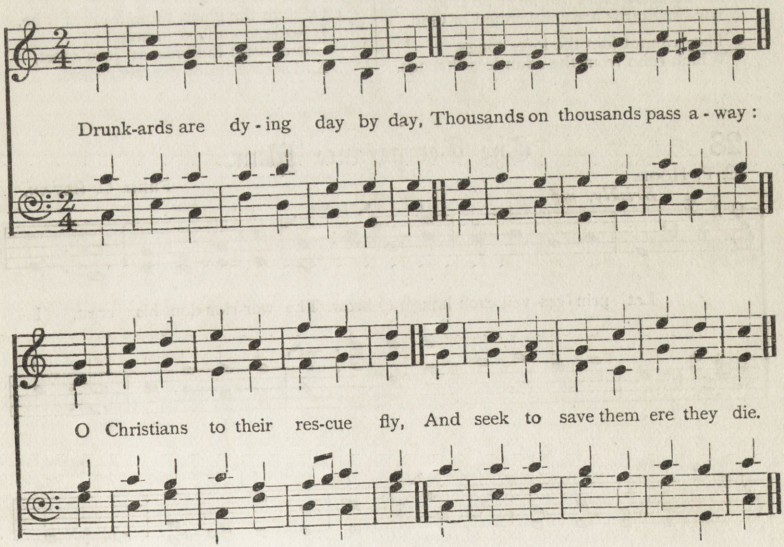


2 Men of every age and station
Struggle in the foaming tide,
If you haste not to their rescue,
If their ruin you deride,
Who will help, and what can save them
From the dark engulfing wave?
Onward speed the Temperance lifeboat,
Precious souls from death to save!
Bravely launch, &c.

3 You are brave, and wise, and gifted,
You can row both safe and fast,
You can steer amid temptation,
Sunken rock, or stormy blast;
Kindle too the lighthouse beacon,
Flash its rays across the wave;
You may warn and guide the drifting,
Save the drunkard, save, Oh save!
Bravely launch, &c.

26 Winchester.

CRASSELIUS.

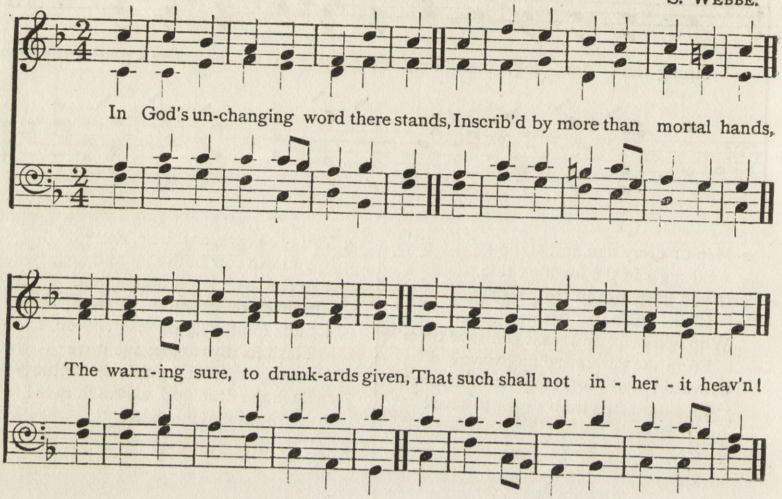


2 Wealth, labour, talents freely give
That those now perishing may live;
What hath your Saviour done for you,
And what for them will ye not do?

3 O Spirit of the Lord, go forth,
Call in the south, awake the north;
In every clime, from sun to sun,
May drunkards to Thy fold be won.

27 Melcombe.

PAYNE. S. WEBBE.



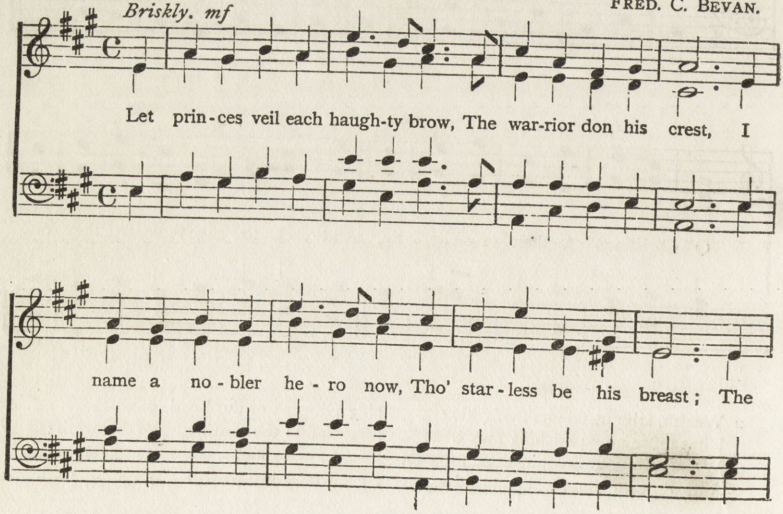
2 For them no guardian spirit waits,
To lead to its refulgent gates;
Its street by them can ne'er be trod,
For drunkards are condemned of God.

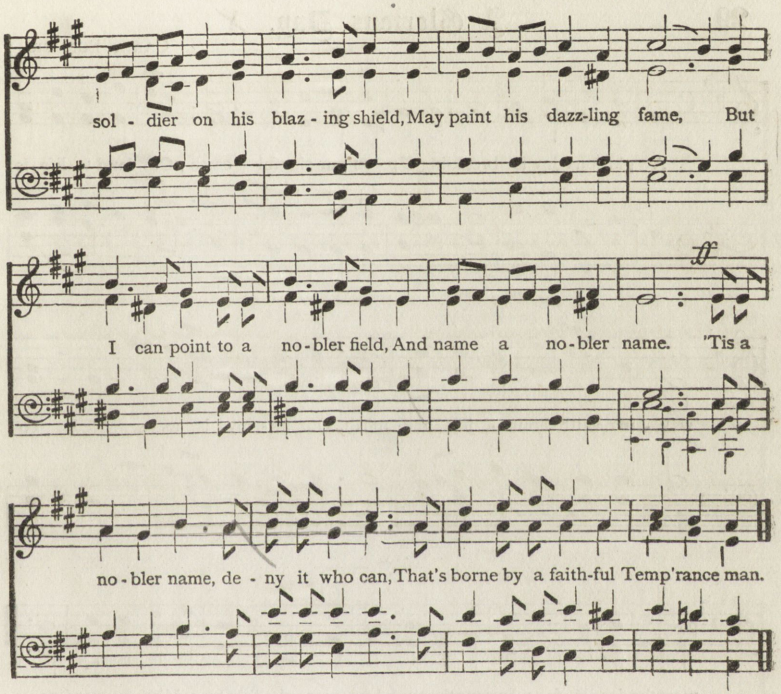
3 They cannot join the lofty songs,
Which echo from the countless throngs,
Who round the throne adoring fall,
And hail their Saviour, Lord of all!

4 O, shun the glass, though loved it be,
It leads to endless infamy!
Come, bend the knee at Jesu's feet,
And seek Him at the mercy-seat.

28 The Temperance Man.

E. P. HOOD. FRED. C. BEVAN.





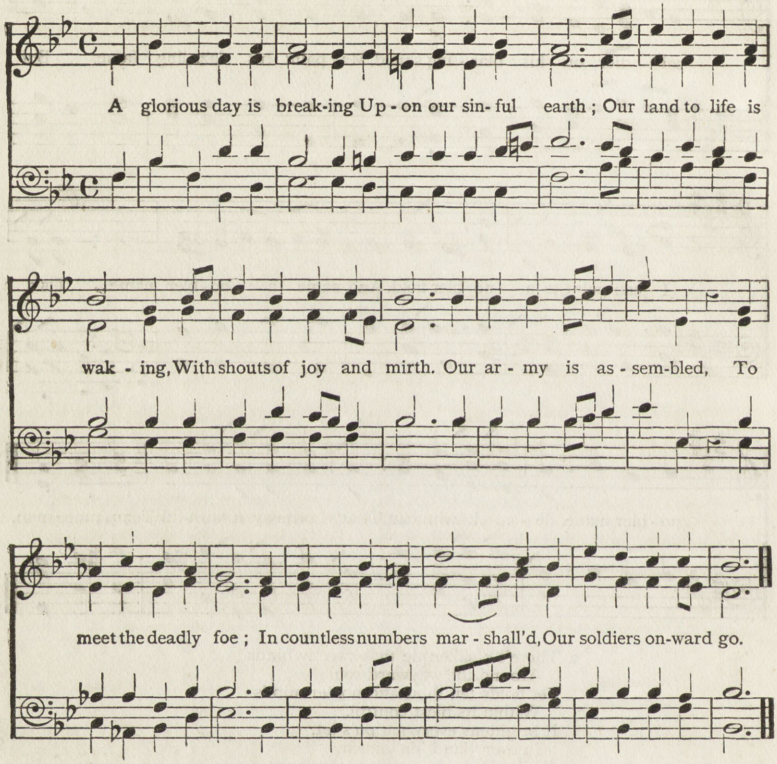
2 There's a silken tie that sweetly binds
Around the wayward soul;
Yet holds ten thousand nobler minds
Within its blest control.
It brightens every nation's lot,
In every land 'tis known,
And while it owns the peasant's cot,
It props the monarch's throne.
'Tis a glorious pledge, deny it who can,
That's borne by a faithful Temperance man.

3 There's a home, a gay and smiling home,
Where all the virtues reign,
Where love, and peace, and goodness come
To their own bright domain.
The heart that beats, the feet that tread
That sweet domestic ground,
Through virtue's safest paths are led,
To pour their light around.
'Tis a glorious home, deny it who can,
That's filled by a faithful Temperance man.

4 Our work is glorious, let us move,
The trampled heart to raise,
To fill the earth with notes of love,
And heaven with notes of praise.
And worlds to come shall bless the light
The Temperance teacher gave;
And those who sought his name to blight,
Shall bless his humble grace.
'Tis a glorious work, deny it who can,
The work of a faithful Temperance man.

29 A Glorious Day.

CAREY BONNER.

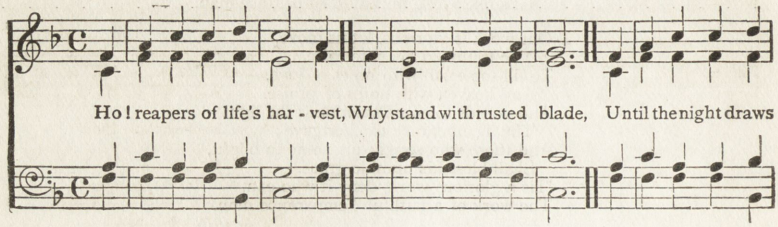


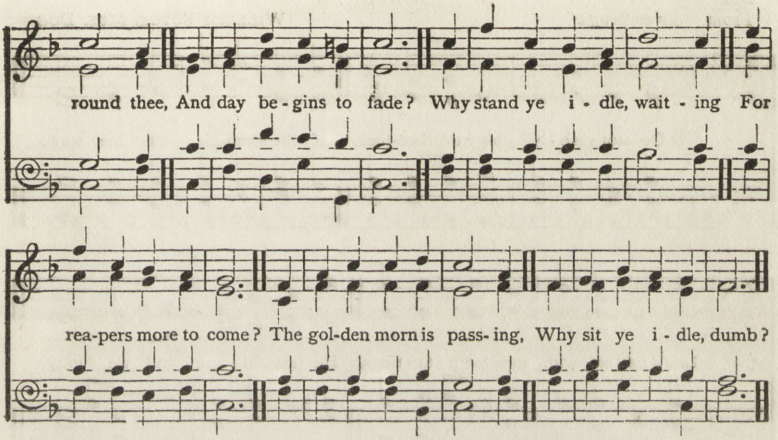
2 The Temperance flag is waving
O'er valley, hill, and plain,
Where ocean's sons are braving
The dangers of the main.
The pledge, the pledge is given,
To float on every breeze,
Waft it, propitious heaven,
O'er all the earth and seas.

3 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.

30 Missionary.

LOWELL MASON.





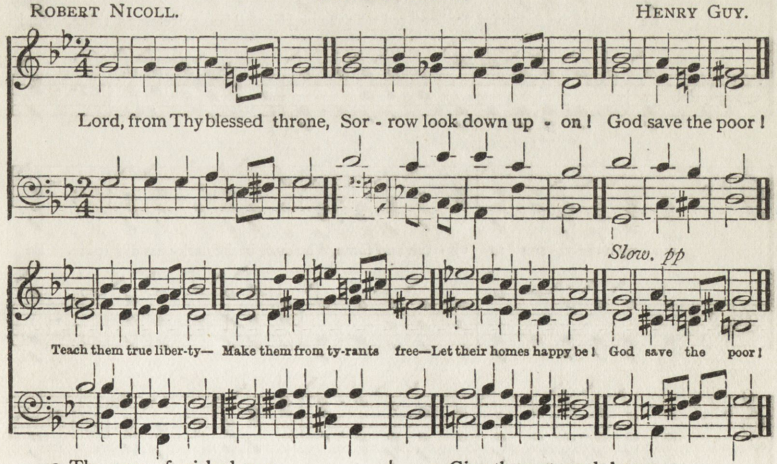
2 Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
And gather in the grain;
The night is fast approaching,
And soon will come again;
The Master calls for reapers,
And shall He call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
And waste upon the plain?

3 Come down from hill and mountain
In morning's ruddy glow,
Nor wait until the dial
Points to the noon below;
And come with the strong sinew,
Nor faint in heat or cold,
And pause not till the evening
Draws round its wealth of gold.

4 Mount up the heights of Wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of thy Lord;
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward.

31 Wilberforce.

ROBERT NICOLL. HENRY GUY.

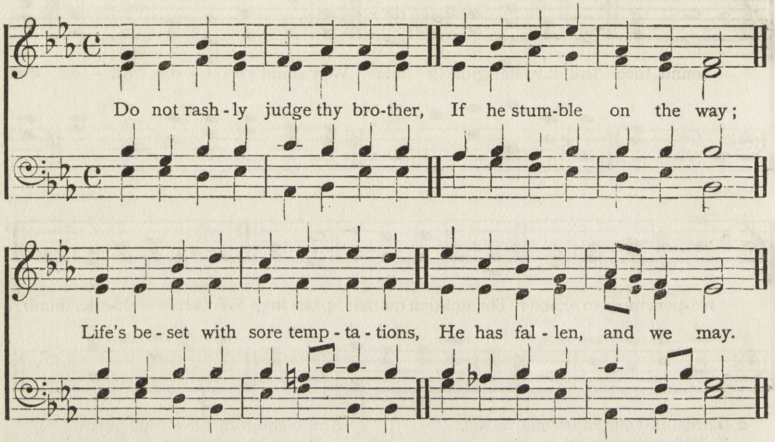


2 The arms of wicked men
Do Thou with might restrain—
God save the poor!
Raise Thou their lowliness—
Succour Thou their distress—
Thou whom the meanest bless!
God save the poor!

3 Give them staunch honesty—
Let their pride manly be—
God save the poor!
Help them to hold the right;
Give them both truth and might,
Lord of all life and light!
God save the poor!

32 Sharon.

From "Silver Songs." WILLIAM BOYCE, MUS. DOC.



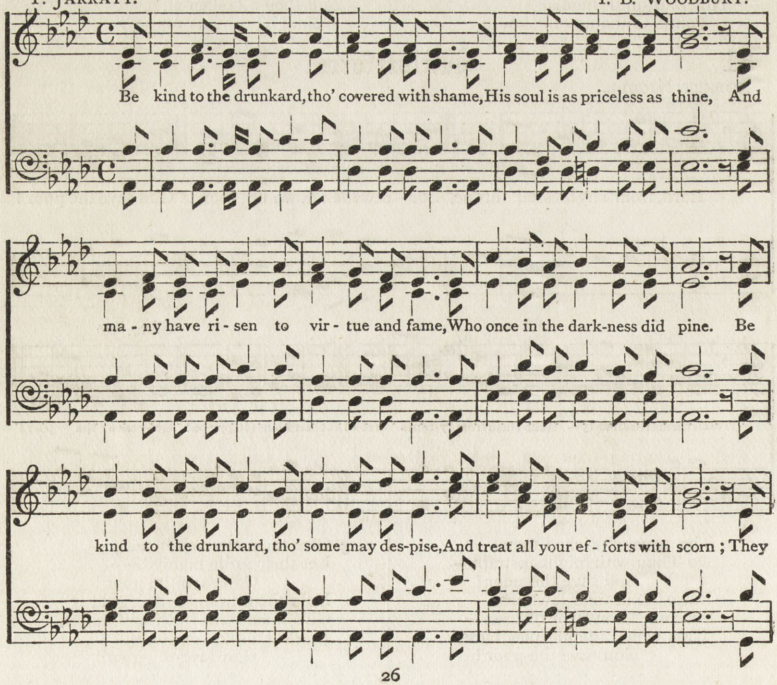
2 Let us rather kindly help him
To regain the pathway lost;
Gentle words are never wasted;
Freely give, they little cost.

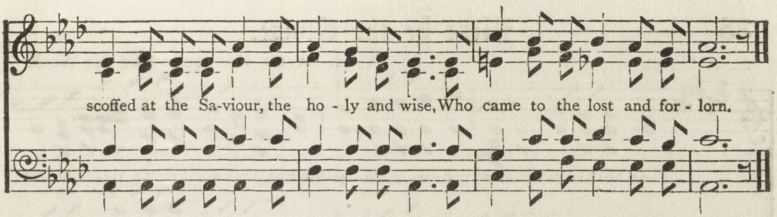
3 Take good heed unto thy footsteps,
Round thy path lurks many a snare!
If like him thou shouldst be tempted,
Oh, my brother; watch! beware!

4 For we grope our way but blindly
Through the darksome shades of life,
And the best will err so often,
Mid its tumult, toil, and strife.

33 Be Kind to the Drunkard.

T. JARRATT. I. B. WOODBURY.

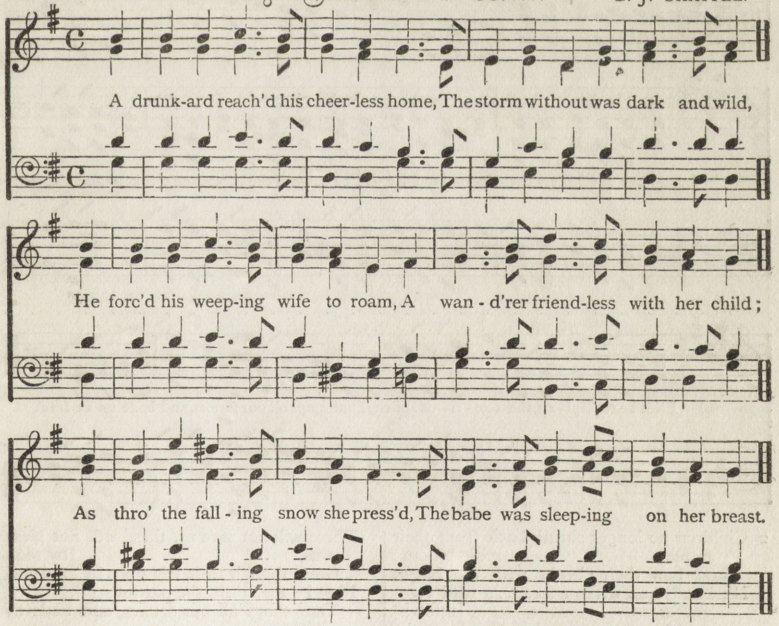




2 Be kind to the drunkard, no harshness employ—
You know not the power of his sin;
And peace, like a river—unspeakable joy—
Will flow to you both if you win.
Be kind to the drunkard, and soon you will find
Your efforts will not be in vain, [blind,
For poor wretched sinners, despairing and
Shall virtue and comfort regain.

3 Be kind to the drunkard, nor ever despair,
But win him by heart-stirring love;
Remember, thy patient, compassionate care,
Is seen by Jehovah above. [shall fall
Be kind to the drunkard, and blessings
Upon thee like rain from the sky;
And when life is ended, the Master will call
His servants to mansions on high.

34 The Drunkard's Wife. G. J. CHAPPLE.



2 And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifted snow, [gone,
Her limbs were chilled, her strength was
"O God!" she cried in accents wild,
"If I must perish, save my child!"

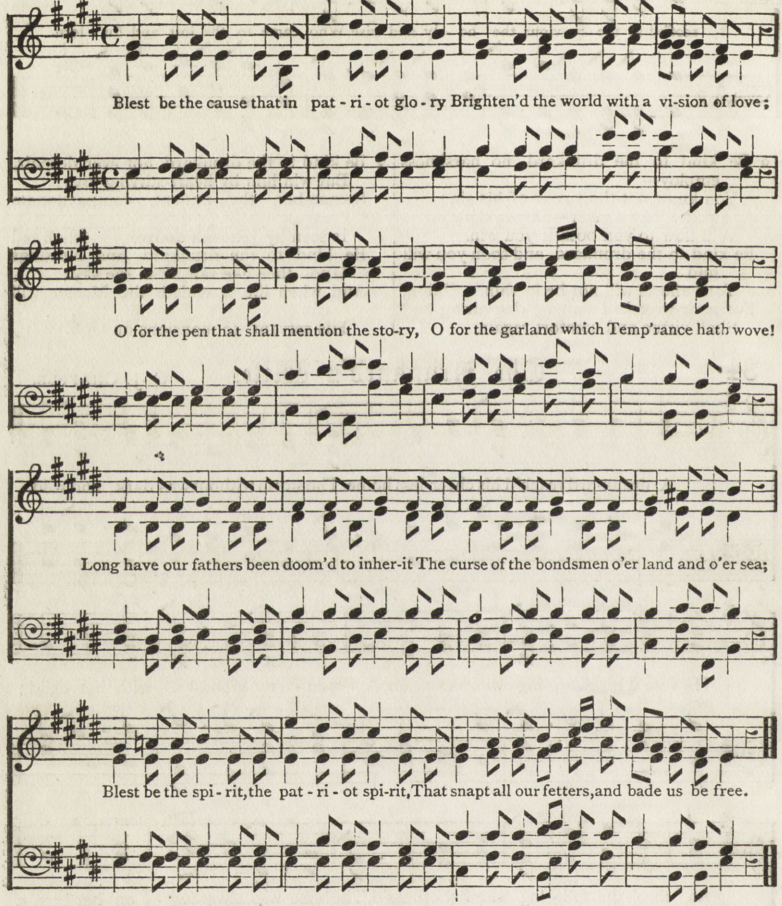
3 She stripped the mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm;
As round the child she wrapped the vest,
She smiled to think that it was warm.
With one cold kiss, a tear of grief,
The broken-hearted found relief.

4 At morn her cruel husband passed,
And saw her on her snowy bed,
Her tearful eyes were closed at last,
Her cheek was pale, her spirit fled;
He raised the mantle from the child,
The babe looked up and sweetly smiled.

5 Shall this sad warning plead in vain?
Poor thoughtless one, it speaks to you;
Now break the tempter's cruel chain,
No more your dreadful way pursue:
Renounce the cup, to Jesus fly—
Immortal soul, why will you die?

35 Blest be the Cause.

E. P. HOOD. T. H. BAYLY, Harmonised for this Work.



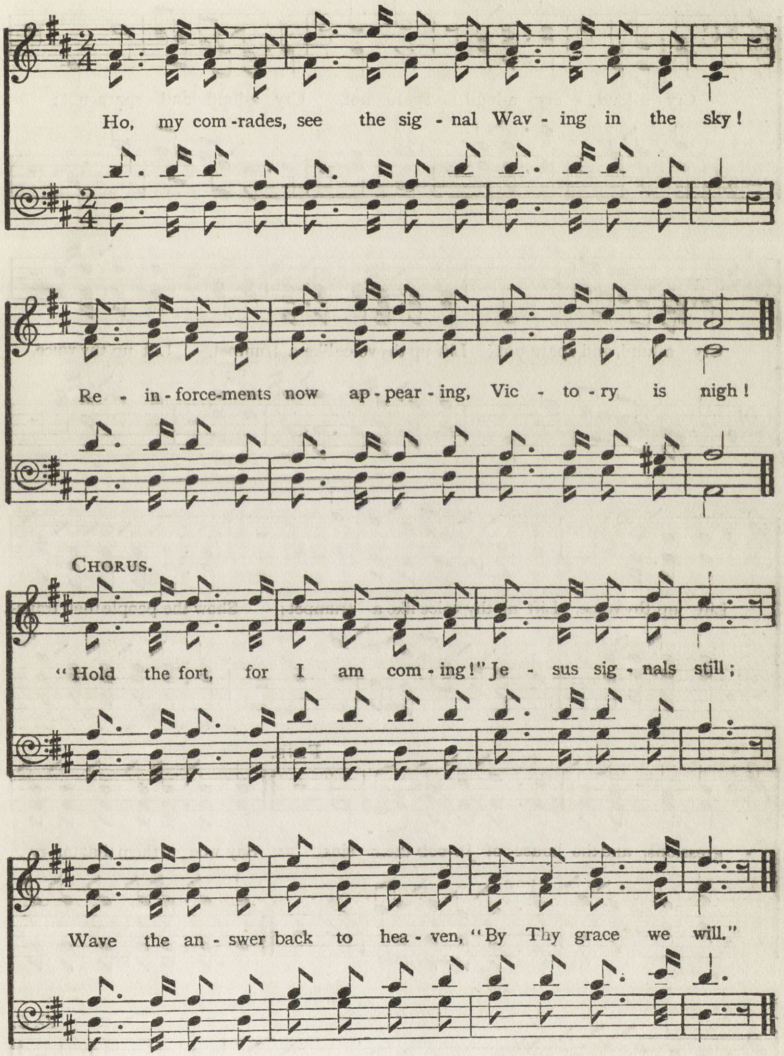
2 Children no longer shrink back from their father, [roses bloom;
Lo! how their cheeks with the bright
Husbands and wives all earth's wild roses gather, [tomb;"
"And beauty immortal awakes from the
Thus then combining, beauty entwining,
Far round the world in its glory we see;
Blest be the spirit, the patriot spirit,
That snapt all our fetters, and bade us be free.

3 Say, shall we offer our praise to the warrior? [gore;
Lo! how his laurels are dripping with
Say, shall we offer our praise to the merchant, [store.
Where gold fills his coffers with riches in
These will not save us, these will not bless us, [by sea;
Great though their triumphs by land and
Blest be the spirit, the patriot spirit,
That snapt all our fetters, and bade us be free.

4 Twine then the myrtle, the holly, the laurel,
Raise high the shout on the festival day;
The tempest is over, the storm and the battle,
And far o'er the mountain behold the glad ray;
Onwards again on the glad path of duty,
Onwards a joy and a blessing to be;
And blest be the spirit, the patriot spirit,
That snapt all our fetters, and bade us be free.

36 Hold the Fort.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.



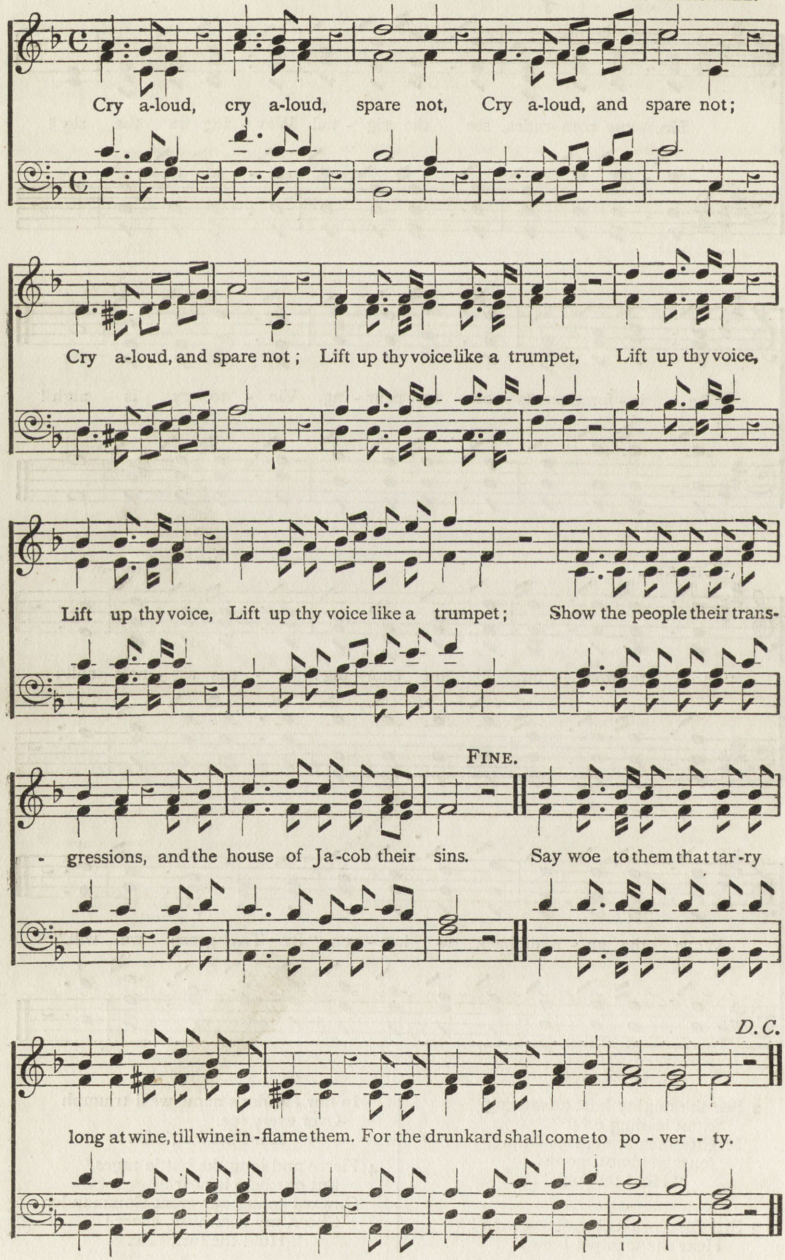
2 See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on;
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone!
"Hold the fort," &c.

3 See the glorious banner waving!
Hear the trumpet blow!
In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe.
"Hold the fort," &c.

4 Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our help is near:
Onward comes our great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!
"Hold the fort," &c.

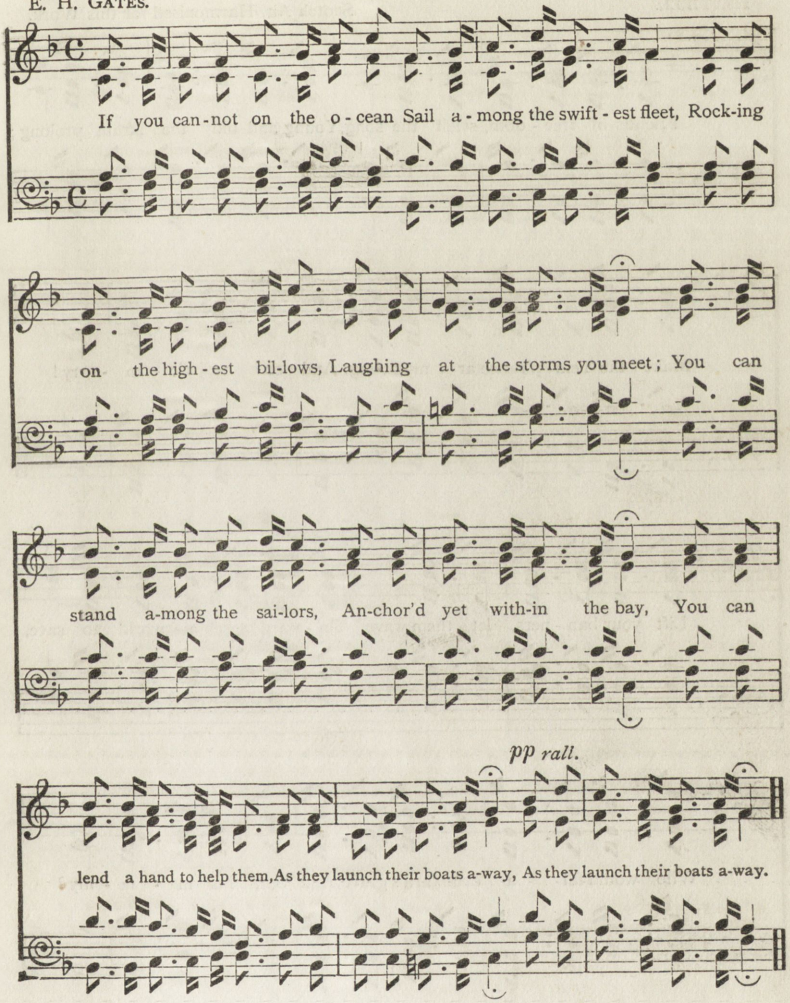
37 Temperance Anthem.

L. MARSHALL.



38 Your Mission.

E. H. GATES. S. M. GRANNIS.



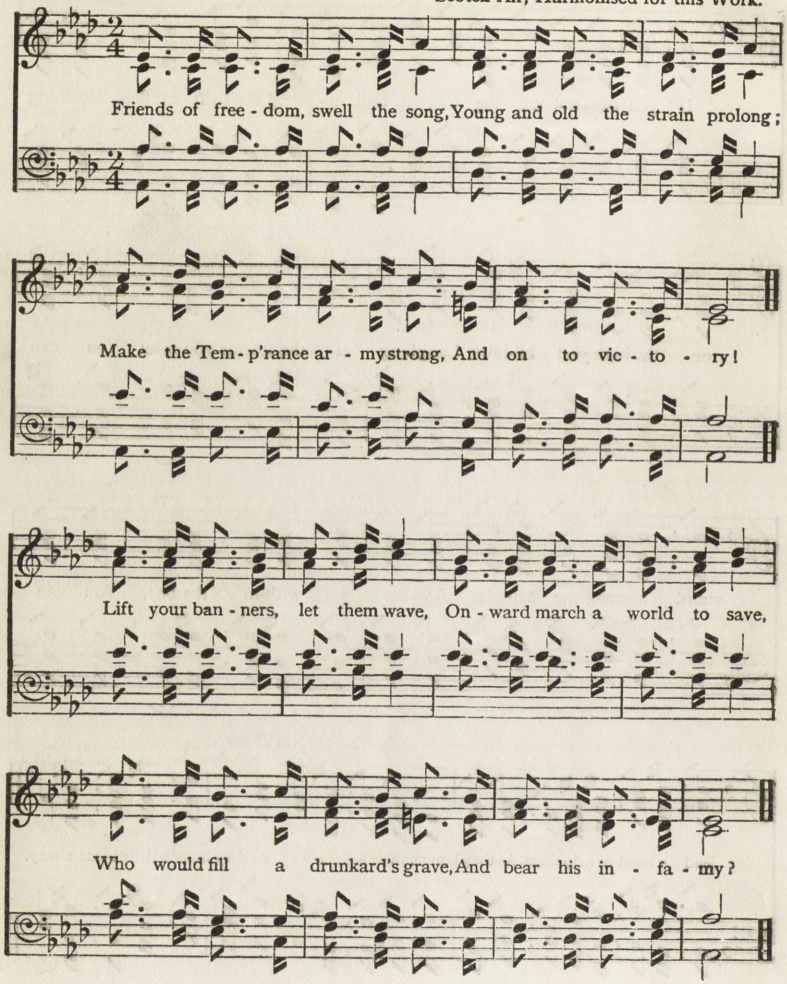
2 If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready at command;
If you cannot to the needy
Reach an ever open hand;
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep;
You can be a true disciple
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

3 If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true—
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battle field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

4 Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Oh, improve each passing moment,
For these moments may be few.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do no fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labour,
You can find it anywhere.

39 Friends of Freedom.

HATFIELD. Scotch Air, Harmonised for this Work.



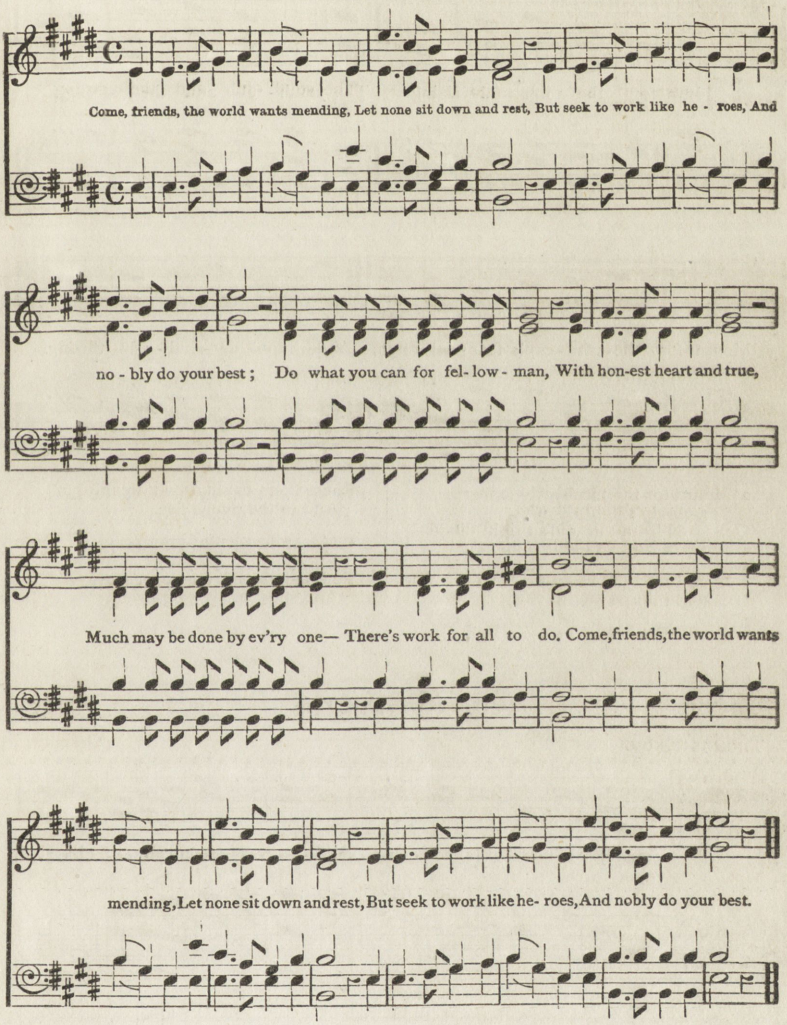
2 Shrink not when the foe appears,
Spurn the coward's guilty fears:
Hear the shrieks, behold the tears
Of ruined families.
Raise the cry in every spot,
"Touch not, taste not, handle not:"
Who would be a drunken sot,
The worst of miseries?

3 Give the aching bosom rest,
Carry joy to every breast;
Make the wretched drunkard blest,
By living soberly.
Raise the glorious watchword 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.
Haste, O haste the happy day,
When beneath its gentle ray
Temperance all the world shall sway,
And reign triumphantly.

40 There's Work for All to Do.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

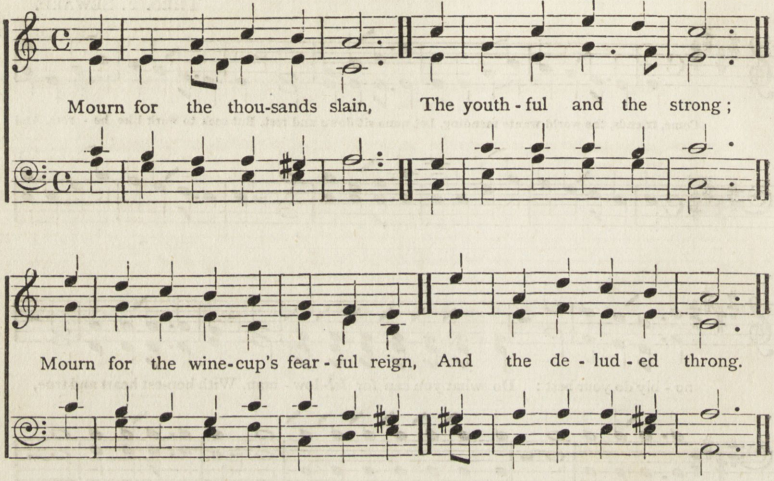


2 Though you can do but little,
That little's something still;
You'll find a way for something,
If you but have the will.
Now bravely fight for what is right,
And God will help you through;
Much may be done by every one—
There's work for all to do.
Come, friends, &c.

3 Be kind to those around you,
To charity hold fast;
Let each think first of others,
And leave himself till last.
Act as you would that others should
Act always unto you;
Much may be done by every one—
There's work for all to do.
Come, friends, &c.

41 St. Bride.

SAMUEL HOWARD.



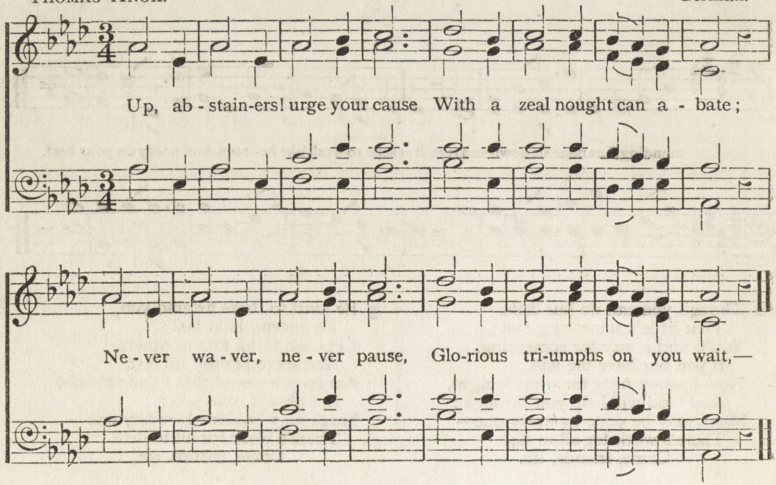
2 Mourn for the tarnished gem—
For reason's light divine,
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God had bid it shine.

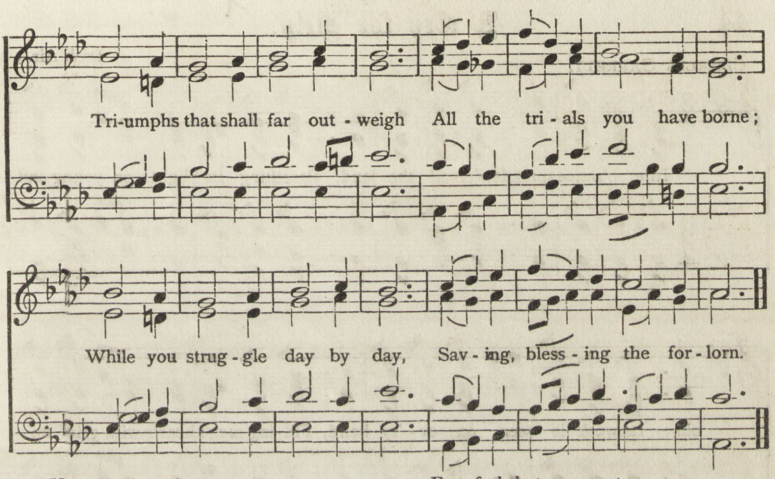
3 Mourn for the lost, but call,
Call to the strong, the free,
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall;
And to the refuge flee.

4 Mourn for the lost, but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show His saving love.

42 Up, Abstainers!

THOMAS KNOX. German.





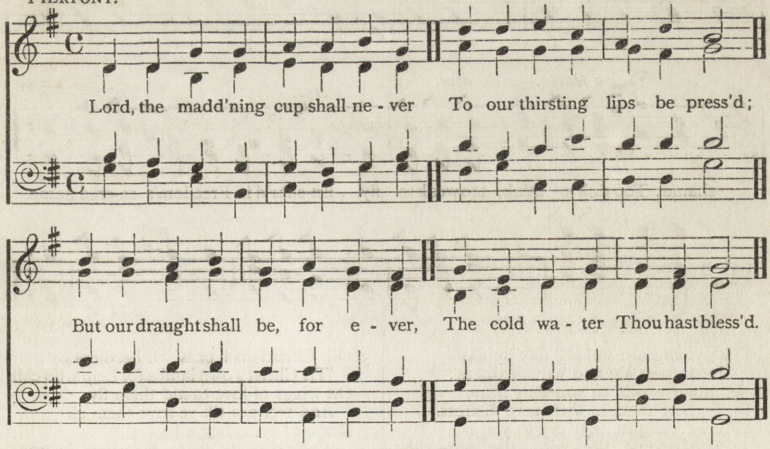
2 Up, abstainers! outcast poor,
Drink-accursed victims save;
Let us make temptations fewer
Which delude men to the grave.
Watch, abstainers! aye be found
Girdled with a purpose pure;
Vice hath vassals all around,
Spreading still the subtle lure.

3 Work, abstainers! never ask
Who have joined our noble band;
Spring with fondness to the task,
Thus men's sympathies command.
Ever feel that you are true
To conviction, head, and heart;
Devotion must be stamped on you
Ere an impulse you impart.

4 Wait, abstainers! every year
Magnifies our virtuous plan;
Time rewards each pioneer
Clearing higher paths for man.
Faster, faster, true men gather
Round our standard all unfurled,
Youthful son and hoary father
Vow to bear it round the world.

43 Stuttgart.

PIERPONT. German Chorale.

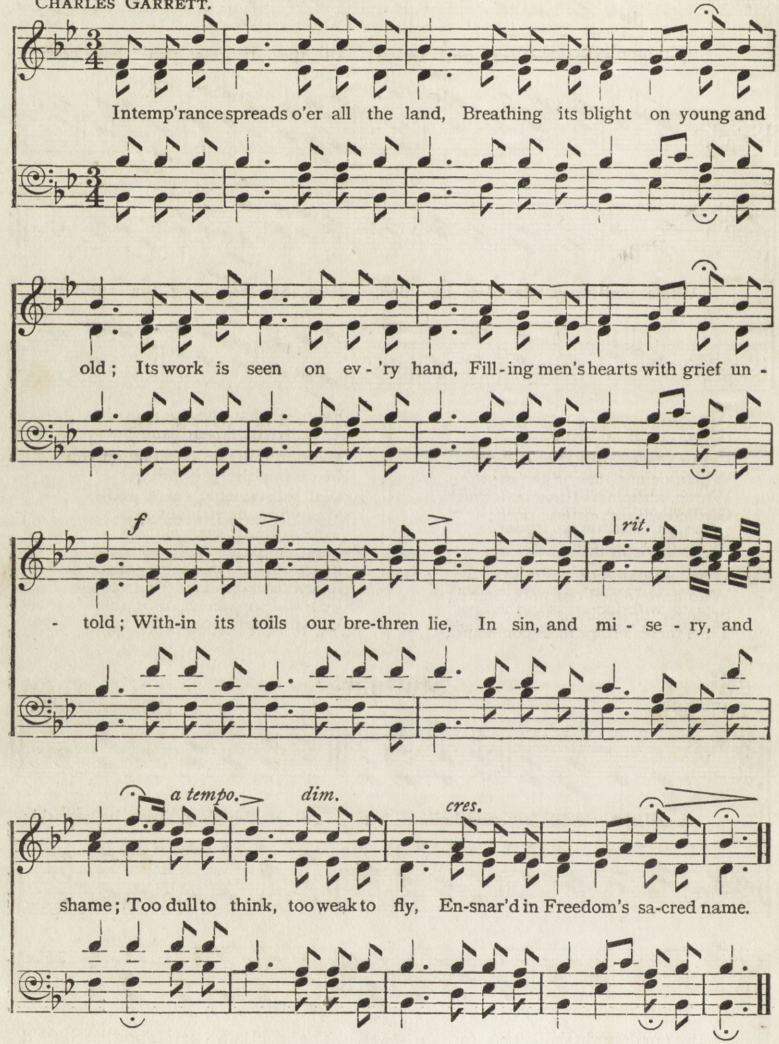


2 This shall give us strength to labour,
This make all our stores increase;
This with Thee, and with our neighbour,
Binds us in the bonds of peace.

3 For the lake, the well, the river,
Water-brook, and crystal spring,
Do we now, to Thee, the Giver,
Thanks, our daily tribute bring.

44 A Cry for Help.

CHARLES GARRETT. Irish Air.

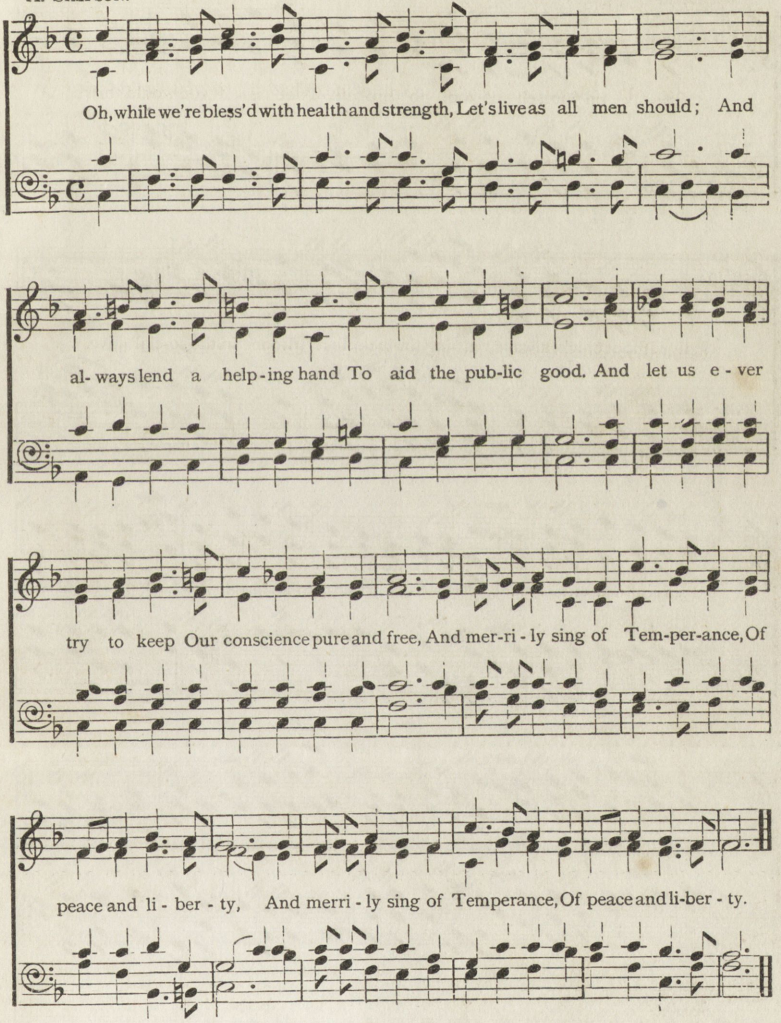


2 The young are sinking day by day
In deepest sin and wretchedness;
In anguish wild to you they pray,
To help them in their sore distress.
They cry aloud, they cry to you—
The strong, the wise, the pure, the good—
You, who such sorrows never knew,
And in such danger ne'er have stood.

3 Oh, Christians! pass not heedless by;
'Tis Christ's own lambs for help who call,
On wings of love to aid them fly,
And rest not till ye save them all.
Begin at once, begin to-day,
Their sorrows chase, the cause destroy.
Each home shall then be pure indeed,
And filled with light, and peace, and joy.

45 Merrily Sing of Temperance.

A. SIMPSON. W. A. BARRETT, MUS. BAC.



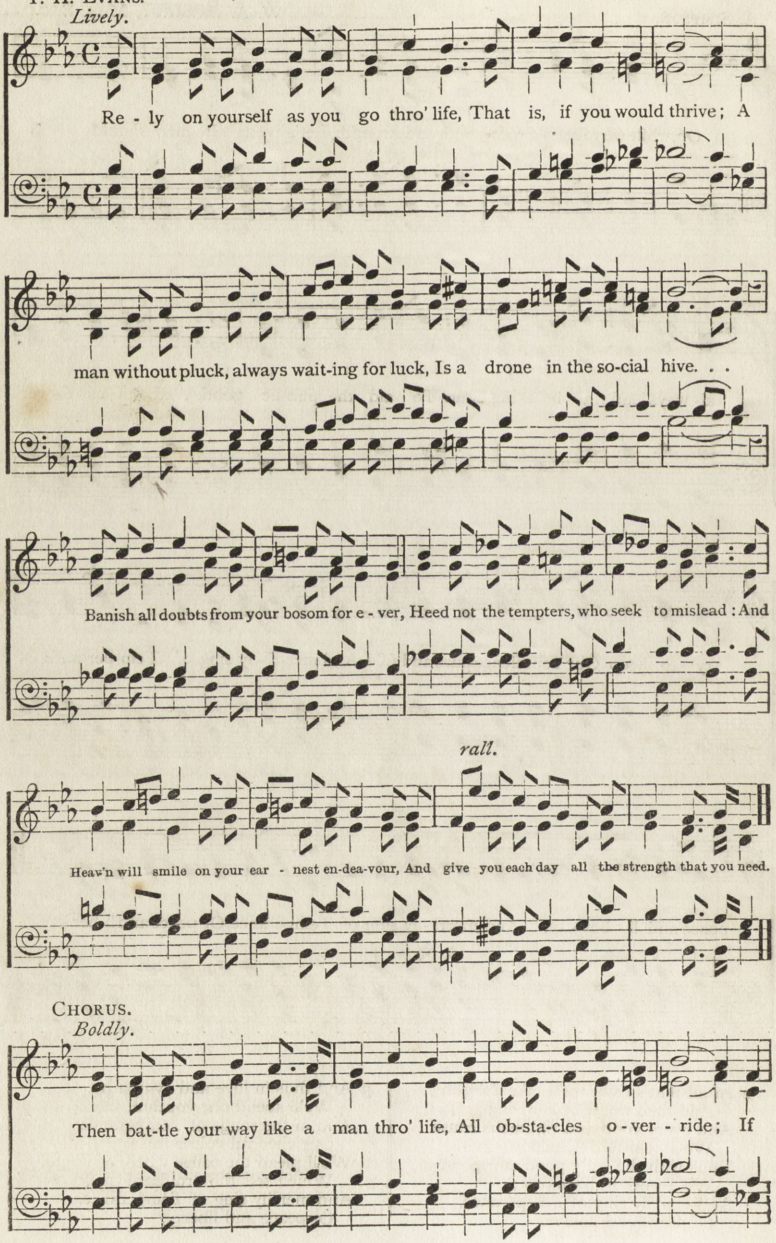
2 In all that's right we'll take delight,
And hate whate'er is wrong;
And every good and righteous cause
We'll help to push along;
Thus with the truly good and great
We'll work in harmony;
And merrily sing of Temperance,
Of peace and liberty.

3 And thus in love and sympathy,
We'll spend our youthful days,
And in the songs of Temperance
Our cheerful voices raise.
We'll plead the cause where'er we go,
Which sets the drunkard free,
And merrily sing of Temperance,
Of peace and liberty.

46 Rely on Yourself.

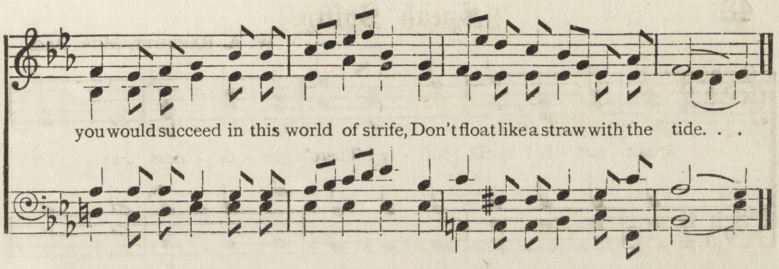
T. H. EVANS. MALCOLM HEYWOOD.

Lively.



CHORUS.

Boldly.



2 Now "Pluck" is a man with an iron will,
Who quaffs the crystal cup;
While "Luck" is a drone who will linger until
Some fortunate chance turns up.
Steadfastly, then, to your purpose continue,
If either fame or position you'd win;
For hardships bring out the good that's within you,
Remember, 'tis cowards alone who give in.

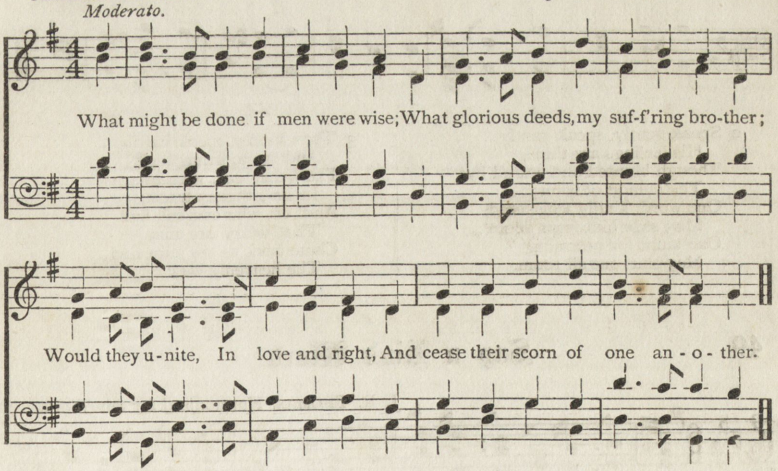
3 This life is so full of the tempter's wiles,
That some are sure to fall;
Remember, amid all its numberless smiles,
That "strong drink" is the worst of all.
Bacchus may proffer the goblet of pleasure,
Count, ere you sip it, the risk and the cost; [treasure,
All those rich gifts that in manhood we
May, through the bright death-dealing wine-cup, be lost.

4 Then always be true in the noblest sense,
Whatever be your lot; [tence,
And seek not to dazzle with show and pre-
Do not seem to be what you're not.
Fairy-like tempters may try to beguile you,
Falsehood with truthfulness cunningly blend;
Be not discouraged though some may revile you, [end.
Uprightness will always prove best in the

47 What Might be Done.

CHARLES MACKAY. J. STAINER, MUS. DOC.

Moderato.



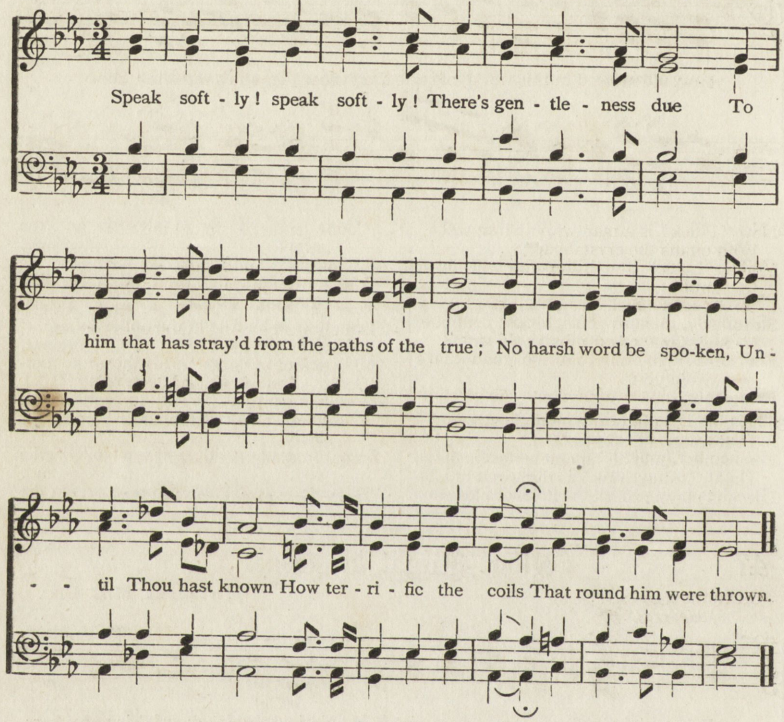
2 All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs;
All vice and crime might die together;
And fruit and corn,
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

3 The meanest wretch that ever trod;
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow
Might stand erect,
In self respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

4 What might be done?—This might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother—
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung,
If men were wise, and loved each other.

48 Speak Softly.

W. A. BARRETT, MUS. BAC.

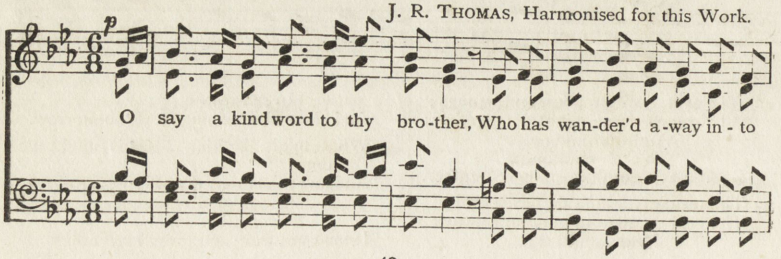


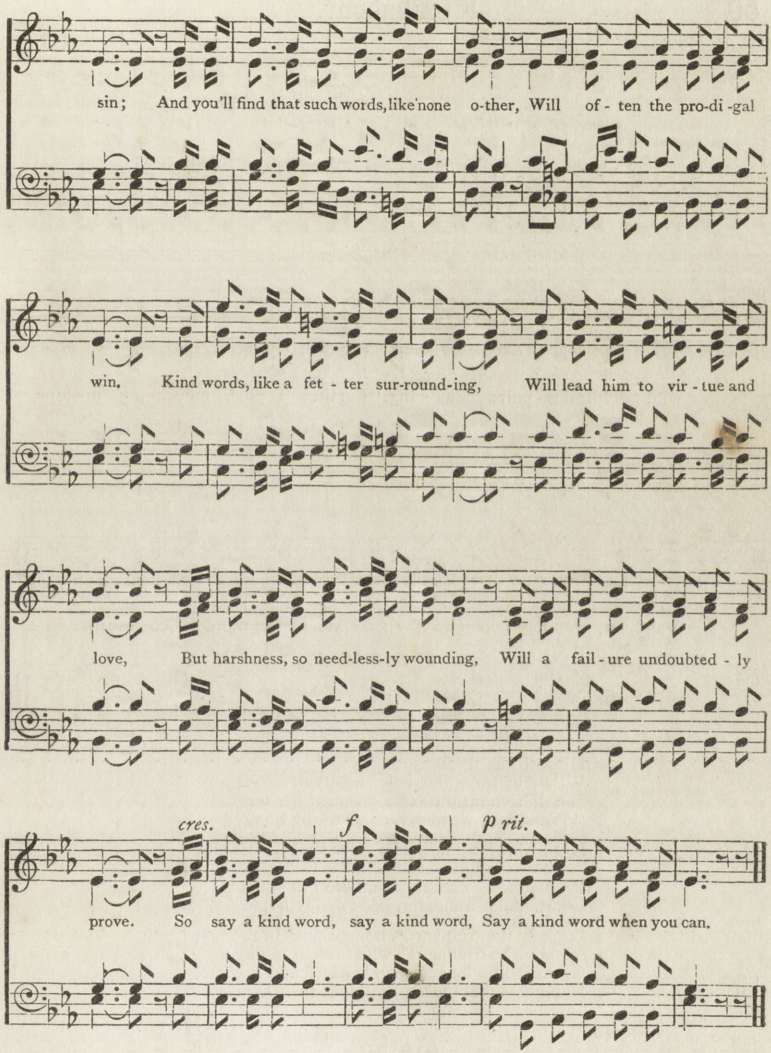
2 Speak gently, speak gently,
His feelings are thine,
Though blunted and seared by
The demon of wine ;
One word, kindly whispered,
May save him from doom ;
One taunt for returning
May shut out all room.

3 Then kindly, speak kindly,
And try to bring back
The weary one, wandering
In sin's thorny track ;
And, oh, who can tell, but
That weary one may
Come back to the pure and
The heavenly way.

49 Say a Kind Word.

J. R. THOMAS, Harmonised for this Work.

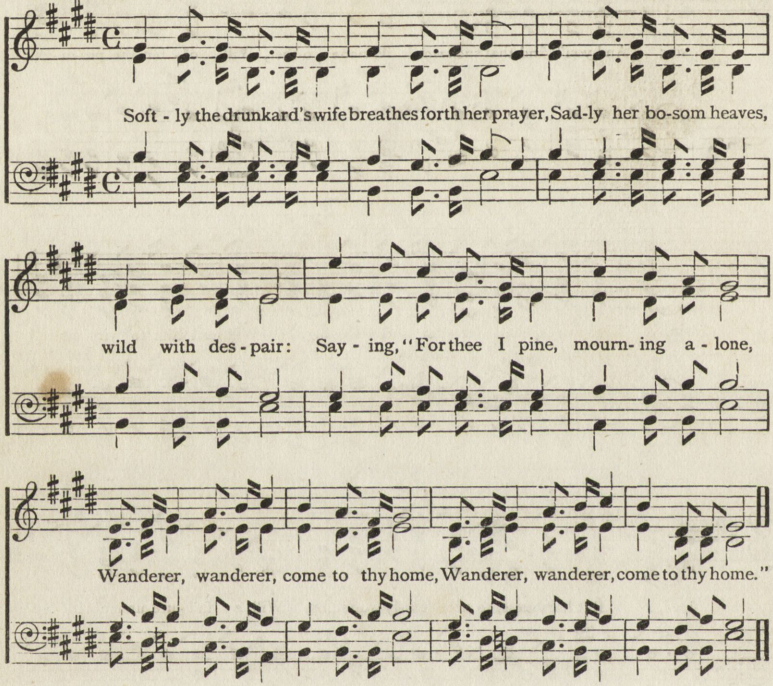




2 O say a kind word to the fearful,
The doubting, the trembling, the sad;
For a smile and a look from the cheerful,
Oft causes the heart to be glad;
And who has such cause for rejoicing
As those from intemperance free;
Then banish the wine-cup enticing,
And join in this chorus with me.
So say a kind word when you can.

50 Troubadour.

E. P. Hood. T. H. Bayly.



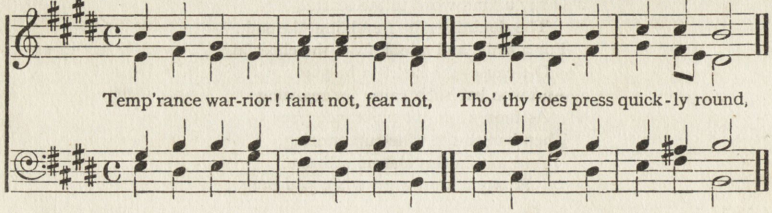
2 He with the revellers merrily sung,
Wildly he raised his voice madly in song.
She, in a mournful voice, blended her tone,
"Wanderer, wanderer, come to thy home."

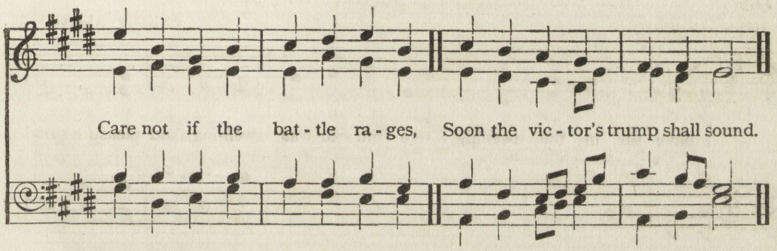
3 Hark! 'tis her husband's voice rings in her ear,
See how the upturned eye melts with a tear;
"Wife of my bosom! see, here I am come,
Come, like a wanderer, back to my home."

4 Brightly the drunkard's home shines in the ray,
Sweetly the drunkard's wife smileth to-day;
Drunkard no longer now, her husband is come,
Happiness, happiness, brightens their home.

51 Gotha.

H.R.H. the Prince Consort.



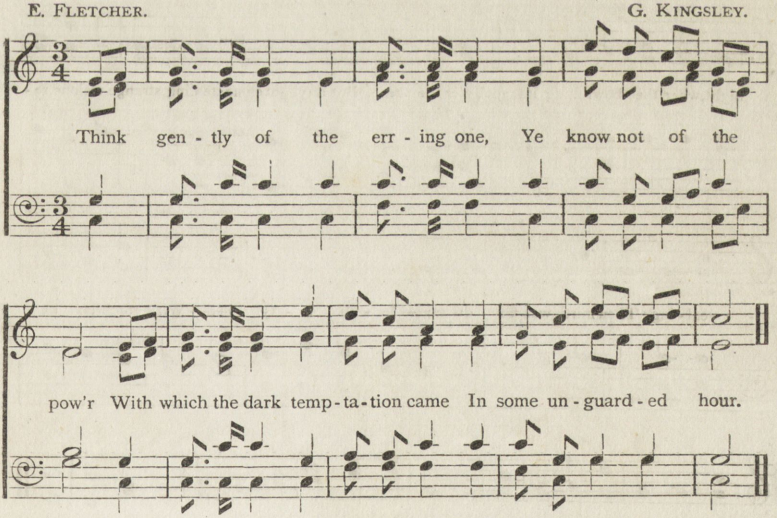


2 Trust thy God—He will support thee,
Fighting in His sacred cause;
Drunkenness will fall before thee,
Thou shalt triumph o'er thy foes.

3 Lo, the clouds of darkness clearing,
Foes are waxing faint and few;
Liberated souls are cheering,
Give to God the praises due.

52 Think Gently of the Erring One.

E. FLETCHER. G. KINGSLEY.



2 Ye may not know how earnestly
He struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came,
And sadly then he fell.

3 Think gently of the erring one!
Oh, do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet.

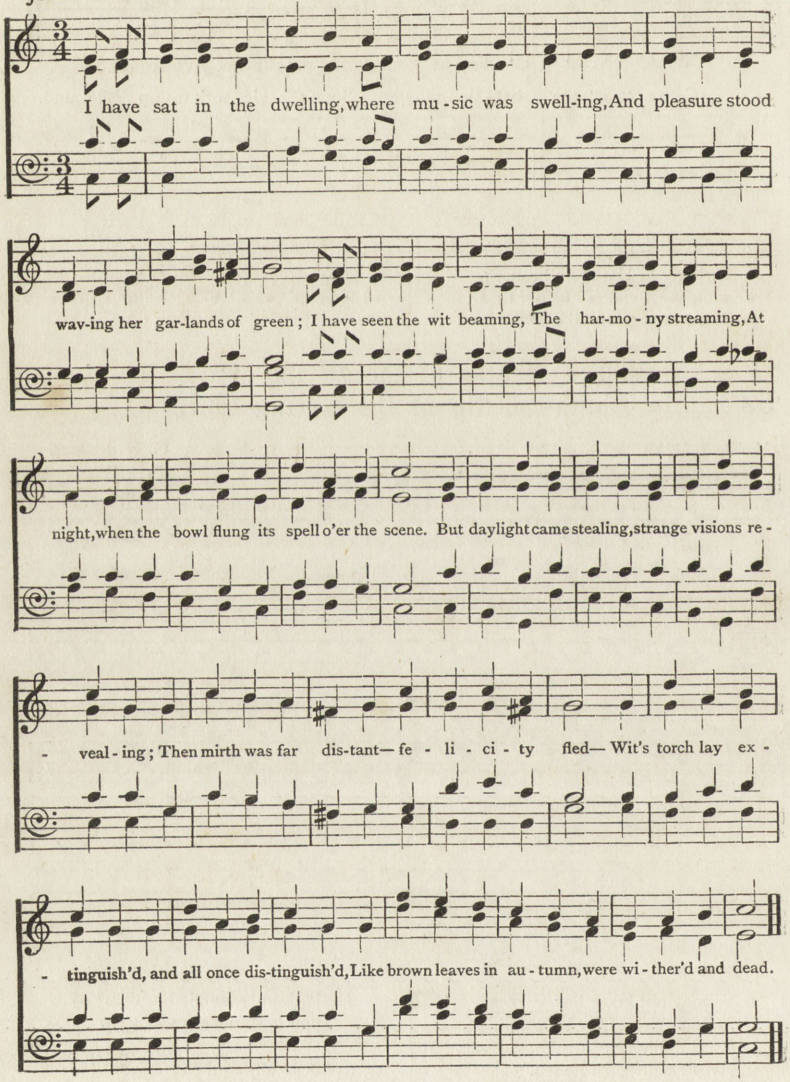
4 Heir of the self-same heritage,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the road
Thou hast in weakness trod.

5 Speak kindly to the erring one!
And thou mayest lead him back,
With holy words and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.

6 Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet may be—
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God has dealt with thee.

53 Hymn of Reflection.

JOHN ANDERSON. FRED WALKER.

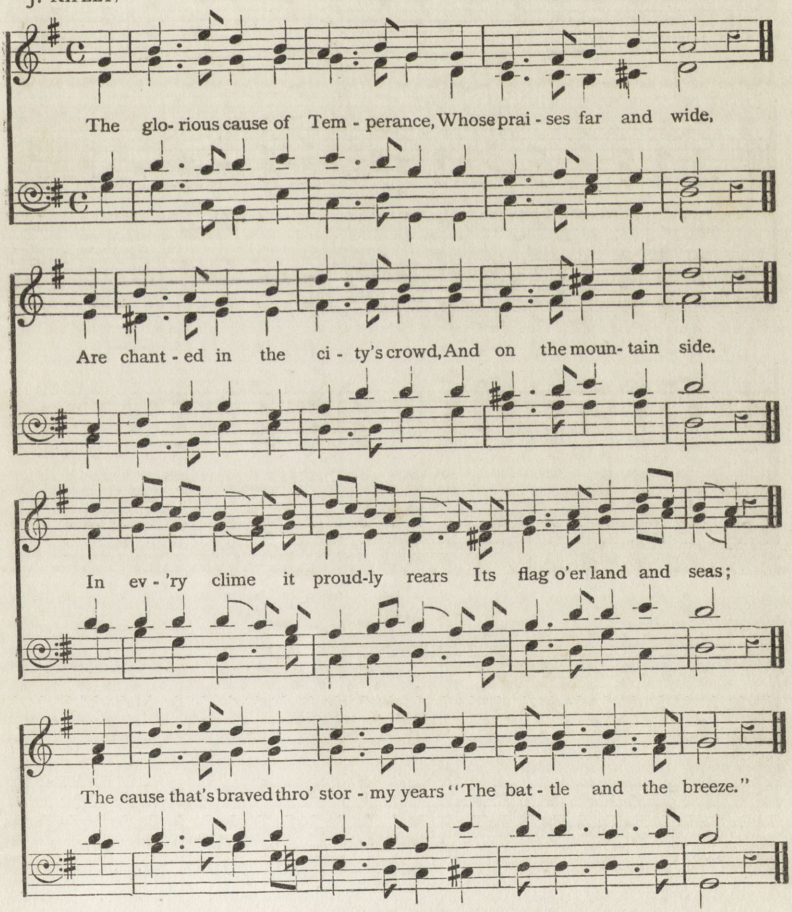


2 I have joined in the chorus, whose melodies bore us
Away on their pinions to regions of light;
I have felt the appealing of friendship's fond feeling
At night, when the bowl was the source of delight.
But day-dawn returning, saw nothing but mourning,
Then friendship, deep wounded, lay bleeding in thrall;
And the eyes, lately glowing, with salt tears were flowing,
While bosoms so happy were flooded with gall.

3 I have heard the wise teaching, the lovely beseeching,
In accents as sweet as the voices of May :
I have seen the grave merry, the mourners more cheery
At night, when the bowl put their passions in play.
But, ah me ! in the morning the sages lay scorning,
And furies held rule where the graces had sway ;
Then bright beauty had vanished, and wisdom was banished,
And darkness came on with the dawn of the day !

54 The Battle and the Breeze.

J. RIPLEY. EDWIN MOSS.

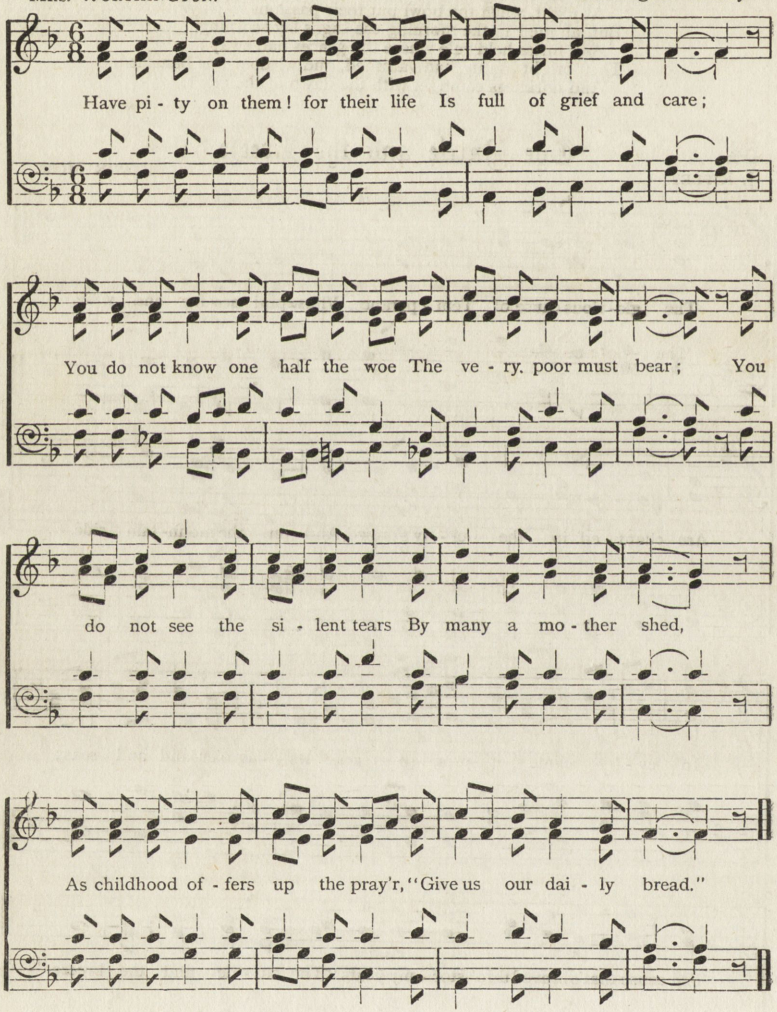


2 Its foes may treat it with disdain,
Or vent their direst spleen ;
But firmly fixed it shall remain,
As it has ever been ;
Then courage, friends, away your fears,
And let your minds have ease,
Our cause will brave through stormy years
"The battle and the breeze."

3 Its power shall purge the drunkard's name,
No matter how defiled,
And brighten up his home of shame,
And bless his cheerless child.
His grateful wife, with streaming tears,
Shall pray on bended knees
For the cause that's braved through stormy years
"The battle and the breeze."

55 The Poor.

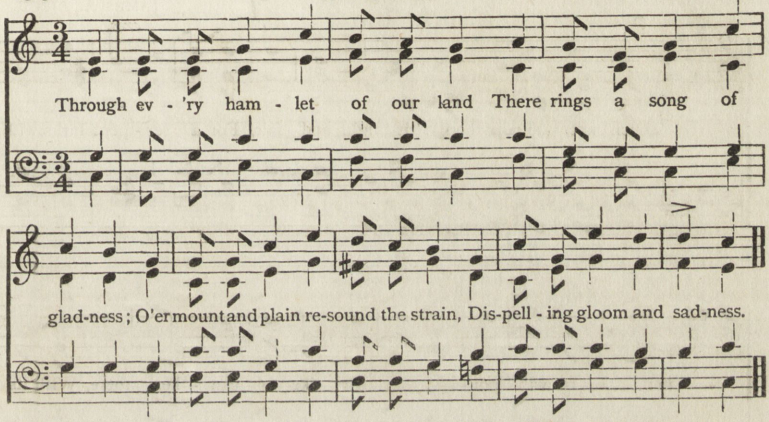
MRS. WORTHINGTON. Old English Melody.



2 Their lot is made of misery,
More hopeless day by day,
And through the long cold winter nights
Nor light nor fire have they;
But little children, shivering, crouch
Around the cheerless hearth,
Their young hearts weary with the want
That drags the soul to earth.

3 Deal gently with these wretched ones,
Whatever wrought their woe;
The poor have much to tempt and test
That you can never know;
Then judge them not, for hard indeed
Is their dark lot of care;
Let Heaven condemn, but human hearts
With human faults should bear.

56 Cambria. ROBERT GRIFFITHS.



2 Glad are the notes from tuneful throats,
The praise of Temperance telling;
And through the land, on every hand,
The joyful song is swelling.

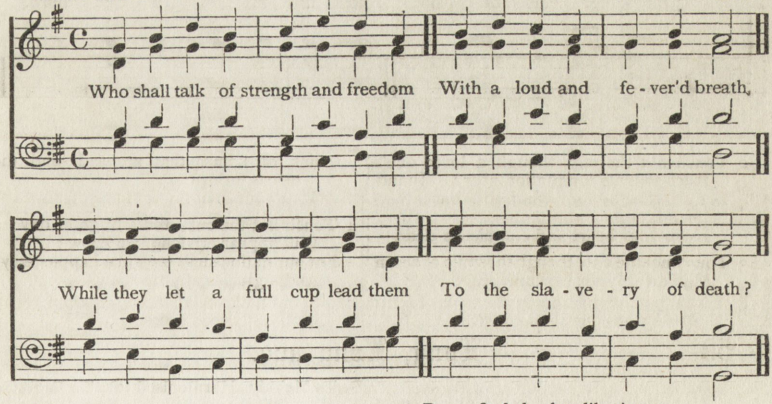
3 As, on the wings of morning bright,
Around the world 'tis flying;
Its notes are sung by many a tongue,
A concert never dying.

4 Far o'er th' Atlantic billows wide
The joyous theme is ringing;
In cheerful songs ten thousand tongues
Its glorious strains are singing.

5 Soon may intemperance cease to reign,
And from his throne be driven—
His galling chain be broke in twain,
And every link be riven.

57 Bethlehem (Avignon).

ELIZA COOK. TRILLER. 1559.



2 Men of labour, wake to thinking,
Shout not with a reeling brain!
Lips that argue o'er deep drinking
Ever yield more chaff than grain.

3 Bravery that needs inspiring
By the grape and barley-corn,
Only gives the random firing
Cunning folks may laugh to scorn.

4 Do ye hope to march the faster
To the summit of your claim,
While ye let such tyrant master
Strike your limbs in staggering shame?

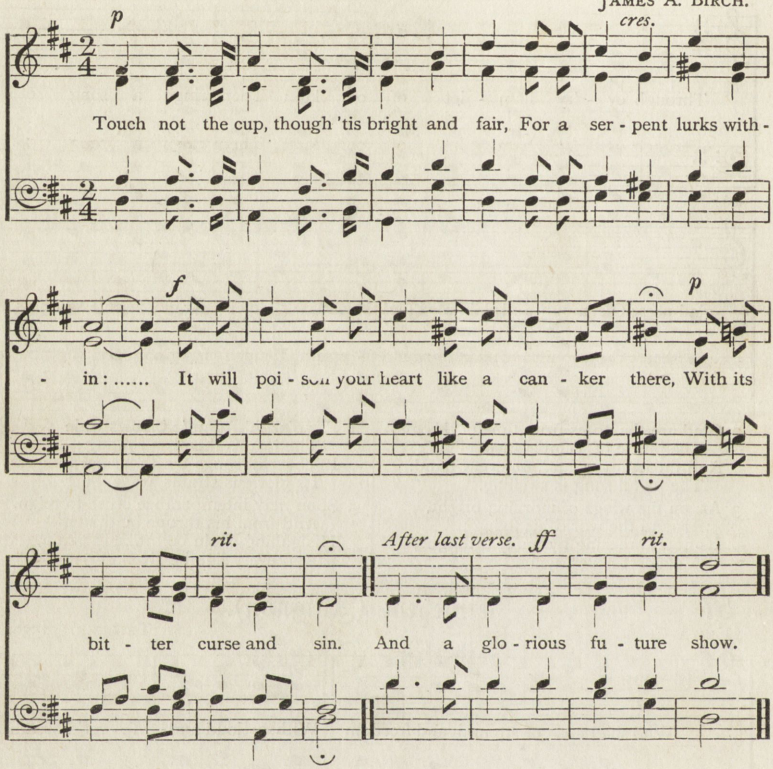
5 Do ye find the hot libation,
Pour'd so wildly on the heart,
Make it fitter for its station,
Whatsoe'er may be its part?

6 "Be ye sober!"—they who struggle
For the better lot below,
Must not let the full cup juggle
Soul and body into woe.

7 Shun the "dram" that can but darken,
When its vapour-gleam has fled.
Reason says, and ye must hearken,
"Lessen'd drink brings doubled bread."

58 Touch Not the Cup.

JAMES A. BIRCH.



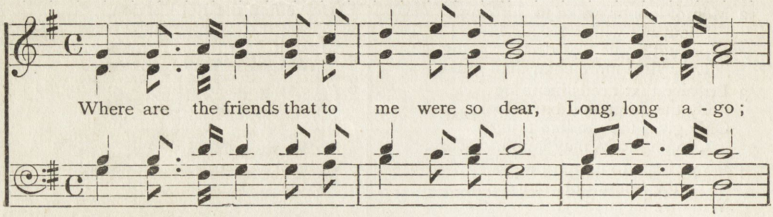
2 Touch not the cup, though a loved one's hand
Place the vile temptation near;
For the sake of your home and your father-land,
Keep your heart and conscience clear.

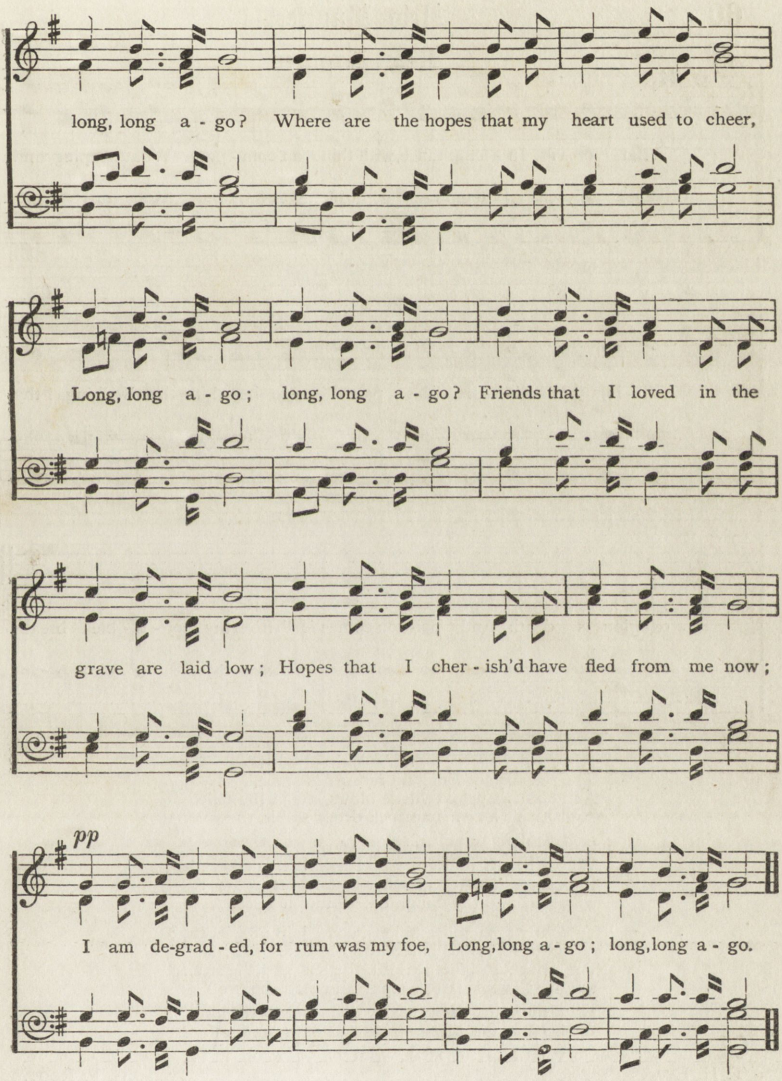
3 Touch not the cup, though the smile of scorn
May await your constant zeal;
Think of homes that are sad, and the hearts forlorn,
That your loving words may heal.

4 Touch not the cup, and a brighter day
Will appear ere long, we know;
For our nation shall walk in a happier way,
And a glorious future show.

59 Long, Long ago.

Swiss Melody, Harmonised for this Work.



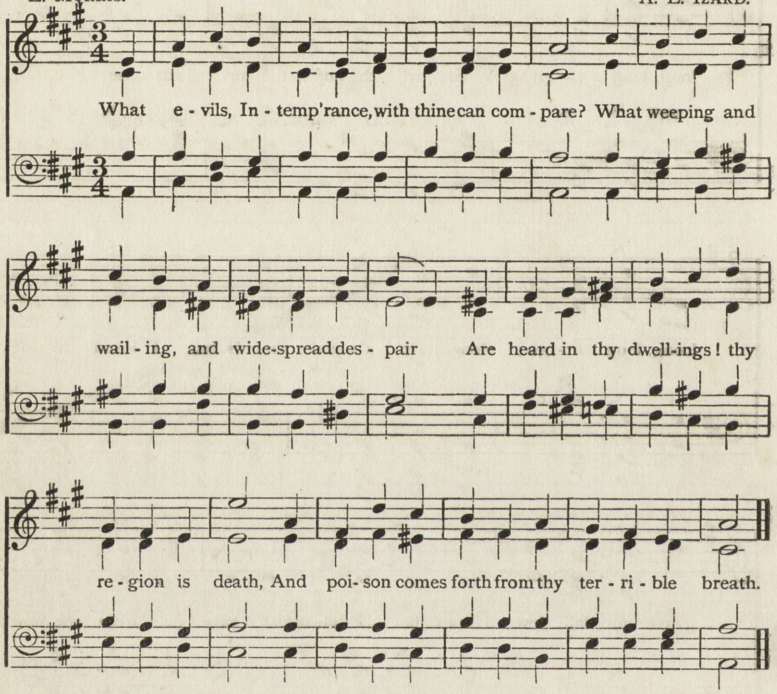


2 Sadly my wife bowed her beautiful head,
Long, long ago; long, long ago;
Oh! how I wept when I knew she was dead,
Long, long ago; long, long ago.
She was an angel, my love and my guide,
Vainly to save me from ruin she tried;
Poor, broken heart, it was well that she died,
Long, long ago; long, long ago.

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, 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 I have squandered away!
Long, long ago; long, long ago.

60 A New Banner.

E. MORRIS. A. E. IZARD.



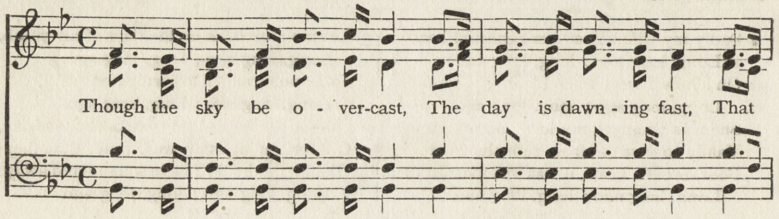
2 Ah, cruel deceiver! thou'st smitten our isle,
The red rose of England refuses to smile,
And Scotia's proud thistle blows low in the gale,
And Erin's loved shamrock drops sad in the vale.

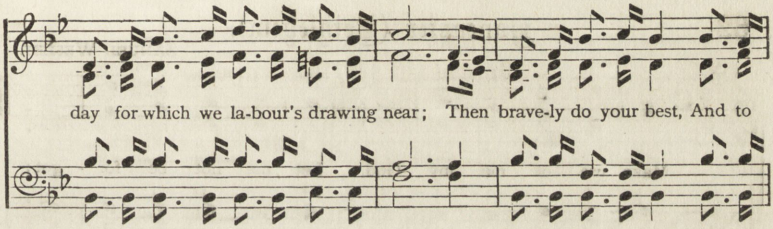
3 But see! a new banner is lifted on high,
Whose beauty and glory gild Britain's fair sky;
O Temperance! this banner is precious to thee:
Thy sons and thy daughters around it I see.

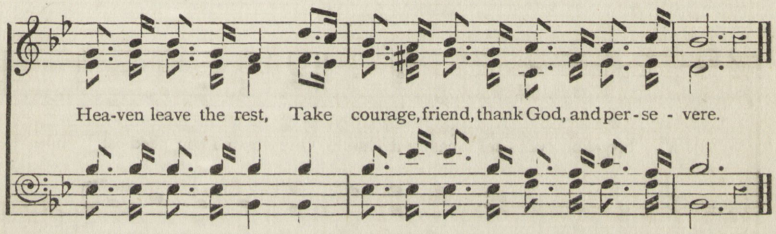
4 Ye young men and maidens, come join in this war;
Around this bright banner all parties repair;
The prince and the peasant, the son and the sire,
We need in this battle—may all catch the fire!

61 Thank God, and Persevere.

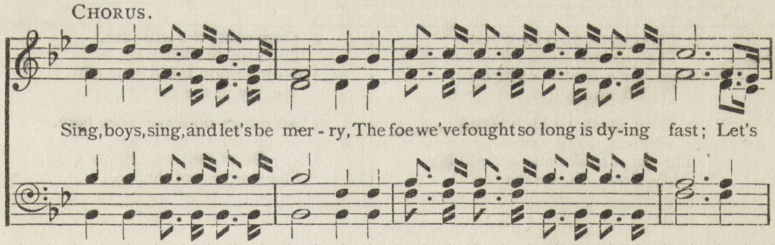
T. H. EVANS. G. F. ROOT.

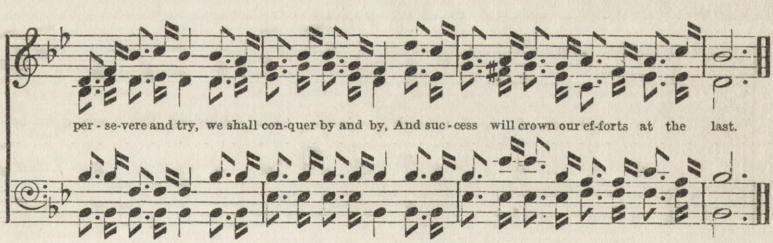






CHORUS.





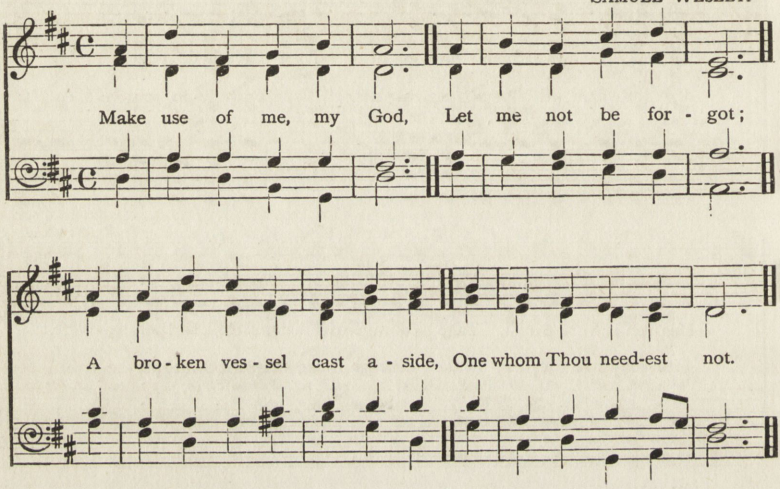
2 Fear not, whate'er betide,
For we've truth upon our side,
And in our ranks, the peasant and the peer,
The pulpit and the press,
Are both helping more or less.
Take courage, then, thank God, and persevere.
Sing, boys, sing, &c.

3 Though Heaven fail to bless
All your efforts with success,
Let hope your hearts still animate and cheer
Discouragements you'll find,
But work on and never mind, [severe.
Take courage, friend, thank God, and per-
Sing, boys, sing, &c.

4 Then be foremost in the fight,
Bravely battle for the right,
Although the world reward you with a sneer;
So nobly do your best,
And to Heaven leave the rest; [severe.
Take courage, friend, thank God, and per-
Sing, boys, sing, &c.

62 Doncaster (Bethlehem).

SAMUEL WESLEY.



2 Thou usest all Thy works,
The weakest things that be;
Each has a service of its own,
For all things wait on Thee.

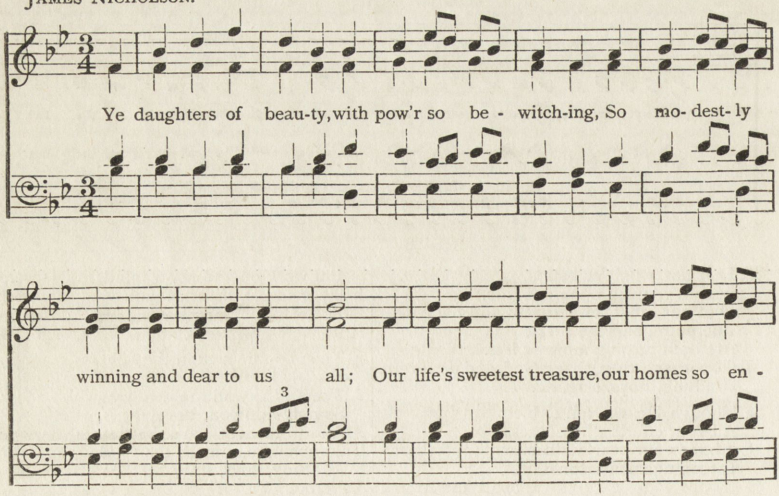
3 Thou usest the high stars,
The tiny drops of dew,
The giant peaks and little hills;
My God! oh use me too.

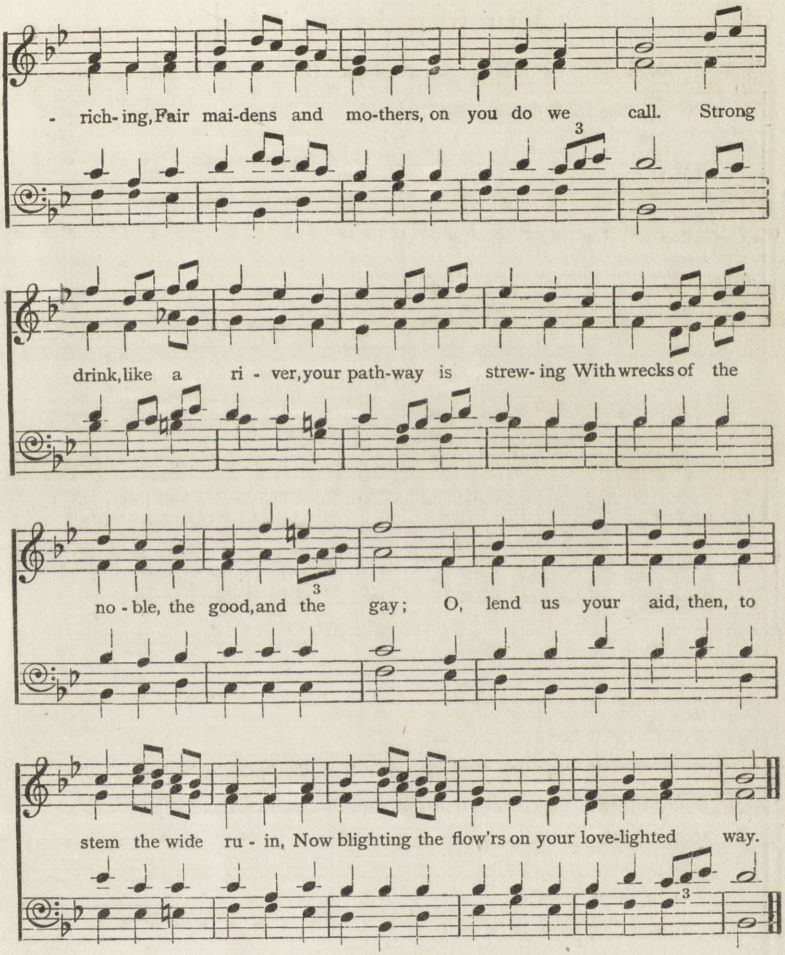
4 Thou usest the wide sea,
The little hidden lake,
The pine upon the Alpine cliff,
The lily in the brake.

5 All things do serve Thee here,—
All creatures, great and small;
Make use of me—of me, my God,
The meanest of them all.

63 How Noble Your Mission.

JAMES NICHOLSON.



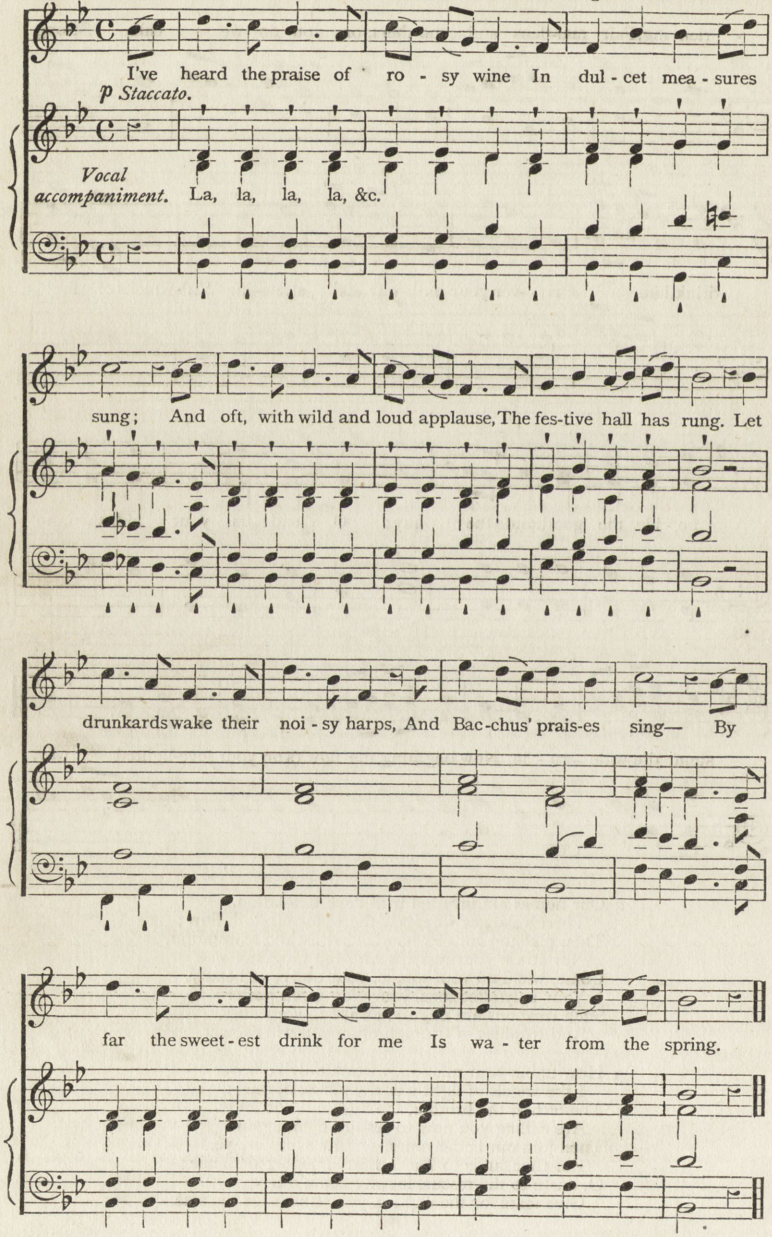


2 Our homes are invaded with dark desolation,
There's danger wherever the wine-cup doth flow;
Then pledge your fair hands to resist the temptation,
Nor strain your red lips with the waters of woe.
Come, wield all your magic, your dowry of beauty,
Your holy affections, your God-given power;
Such weapons are mighty, awake to your duty,
And trophies of triumph upon you will shower.

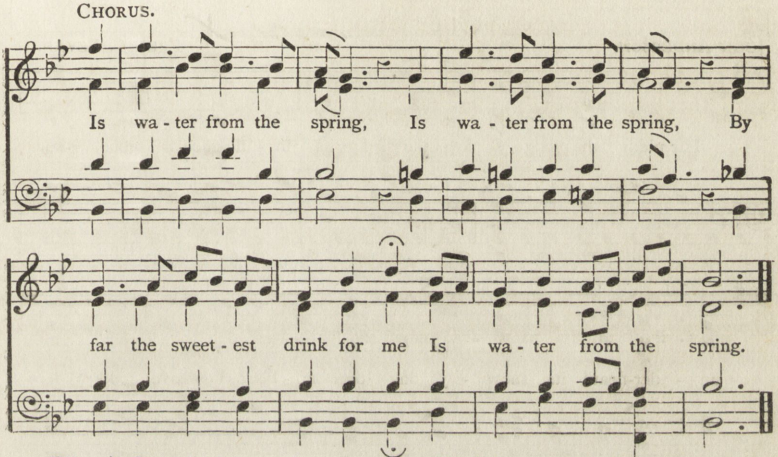
3 How noble your mission, when kindly ye hover
Like angels of light o'er the pillow of pain;
The father, the brother, the husband, the lover,
Are calling you now to restore them again!
Then join our endeavours, again we implore ye,
For thousands to Bacchus are bending the knee;
O, haste to the rescue, let pity come o'er ye,
Give tears for the captive, your smiles for the free.

Water from the Spring.

SOLO. Air by S. NELSON, Arranged for this Work.



CHORUS.

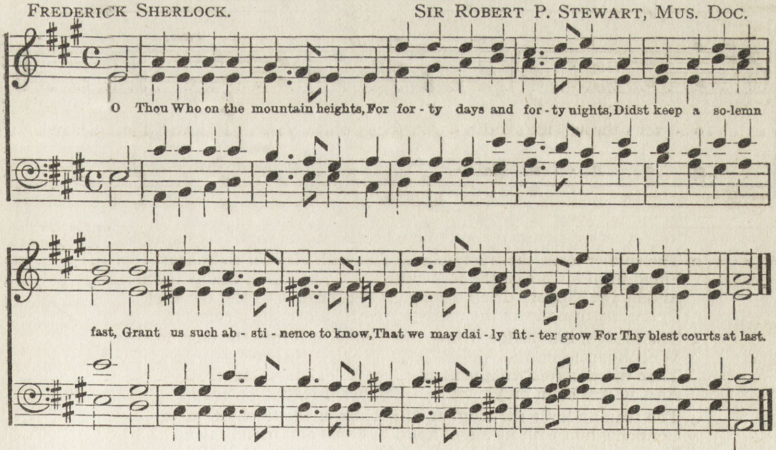


2 Whene'er I wander from my home,
How distant, far, or wide,
I fear no danger on my way,
While Temperance is my guide;
With her my course I fearless steer,
Secure beneath her wing,
And health and happiness enjoy
By water from the spring.
By water from the spring, &c.

3 She shelters me from all the ills
The drunkard knows and feels;
The bruised reed she does not break,
The wounded spirit heals;
And when at last life's journey's o'er,
That sweet repose she'll bring—
Life infants' sleep—as sweet and pure
As water from the spring.
As water from the spring, &c.

65 A Hymn for Abstainers.

FREDERICK SHERLOCK. SIR ROBERT P. STEWART, MUS. DOC.



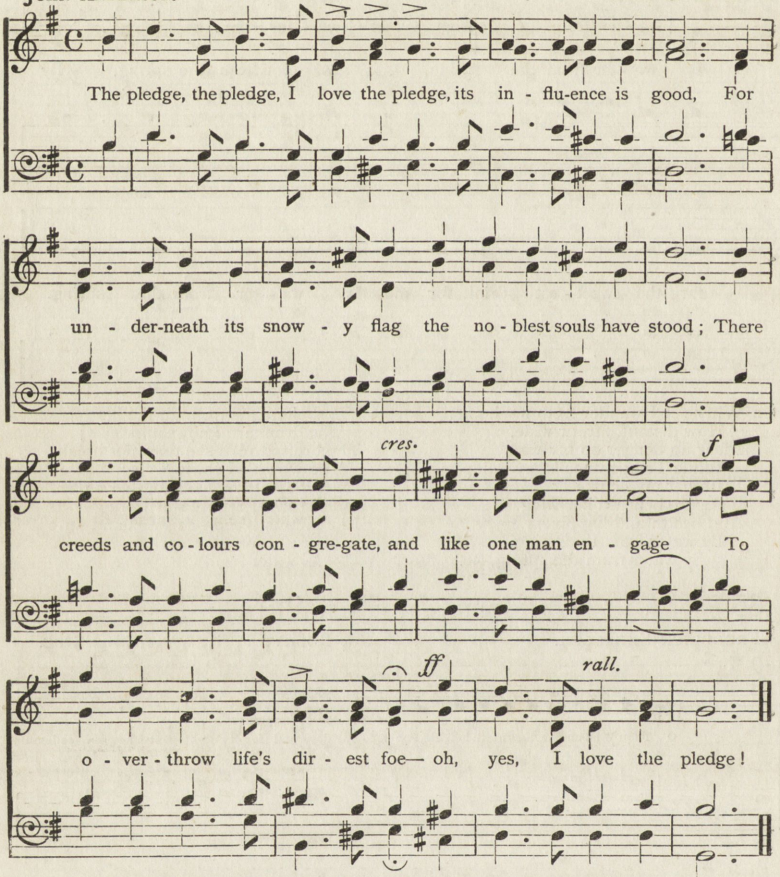
2 Strong drink makes many to offend,
We therefore on Thine arm depend
To help us to abstain;
Confirm our good resolves, we pray,
That we may boldly, day by day,
From its dread power refrain.

3 Vouchsafe to us Thy strengthening grace;
Help us, dear Lord, in every place
To put our trust in Thee;
So shall we confidently stand,
Assured that Thy protecting Hand
Will make the tempter flee.

4 We sing, with all the ransomed host,
"To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Be glory evermore;"
Our thankful hearts shall daily raise
A joyful strain of grateful praise,
Unceasingly adore!

66 The Pledge.

JOHN ANDERSON. FRED C. BEVAN.



2 The soldier loves the trusty blade, that with his own right arm
Flung from his breast the well-aimed blow, so full of deadly harm;
And as the slippery drink o'ercomes the brave man and the sage,
I prize my armour all the more—oh, yes, I love the pledge!

3 The pledge, the pledge, I love the pledge, it brings the days to view
When man to nature's wise designs o'er all the earth was true;
Then life was free from artifice down to its latest stage,
And all was calm and beautiful—oh, yes, I love the pledge!

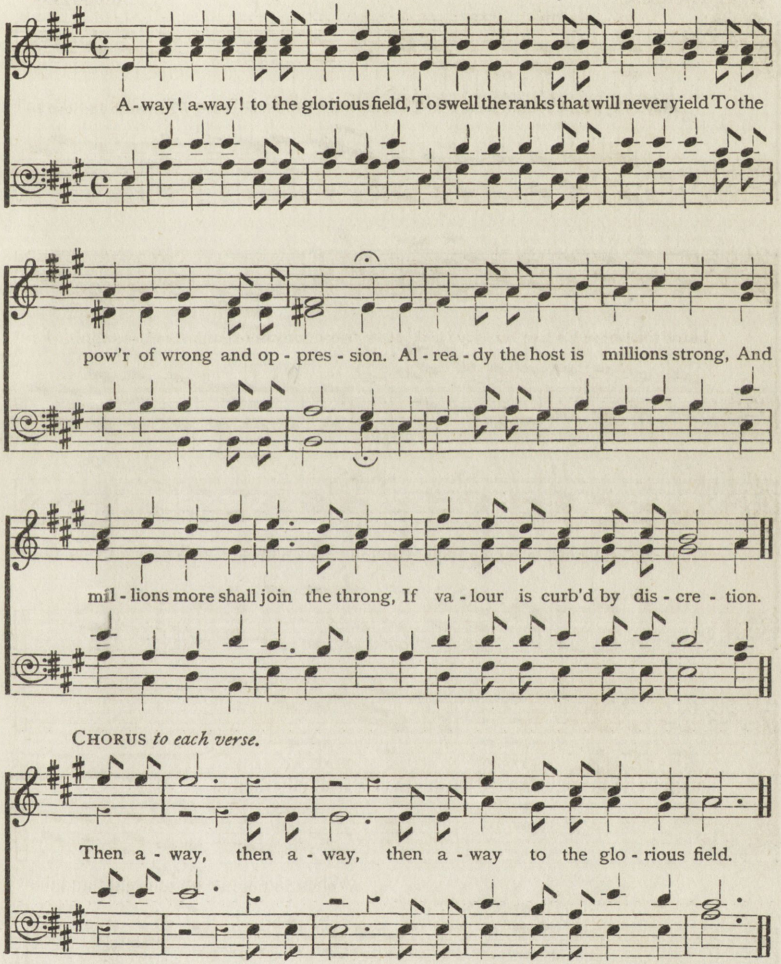
4 The seaman loves the magnet star that o'er the trackless main
Conducts him with its angel hand to home and friends again;
Now when the howling storms of drink with tempest fury rage,
I like my pilot in the blast—oh, yes, I love the pledge!

5 The pledge, the pledge, I love the pledge, for it has been to me
The power that broke drink's galling chain, the hand that set me free;
And as I see the thousands still in fettered bondage rage,
I like the freedom I have won—oh, yes, I love the pledge!

6 The peasant hails the curling smoke that from his cot ascends,
It smiles to meet him in the glen, as home his course he wends;
Then let us hail this star of joy, this beacon of the age,
That shines to bless the human race—oh, yes, I love the pledge!

67 Away to the Glorious Field.

SAMUEL BOWLY. J. SPENCER CURWEN.



2 Their bugle sound is the voice of truth,
To arms! to arms! it calls our youth—
The arms of a Christian nation:
Not cannon, nor ball, nor glittering steel;
But words which the spirits of men shall feel,
Of every age and station.

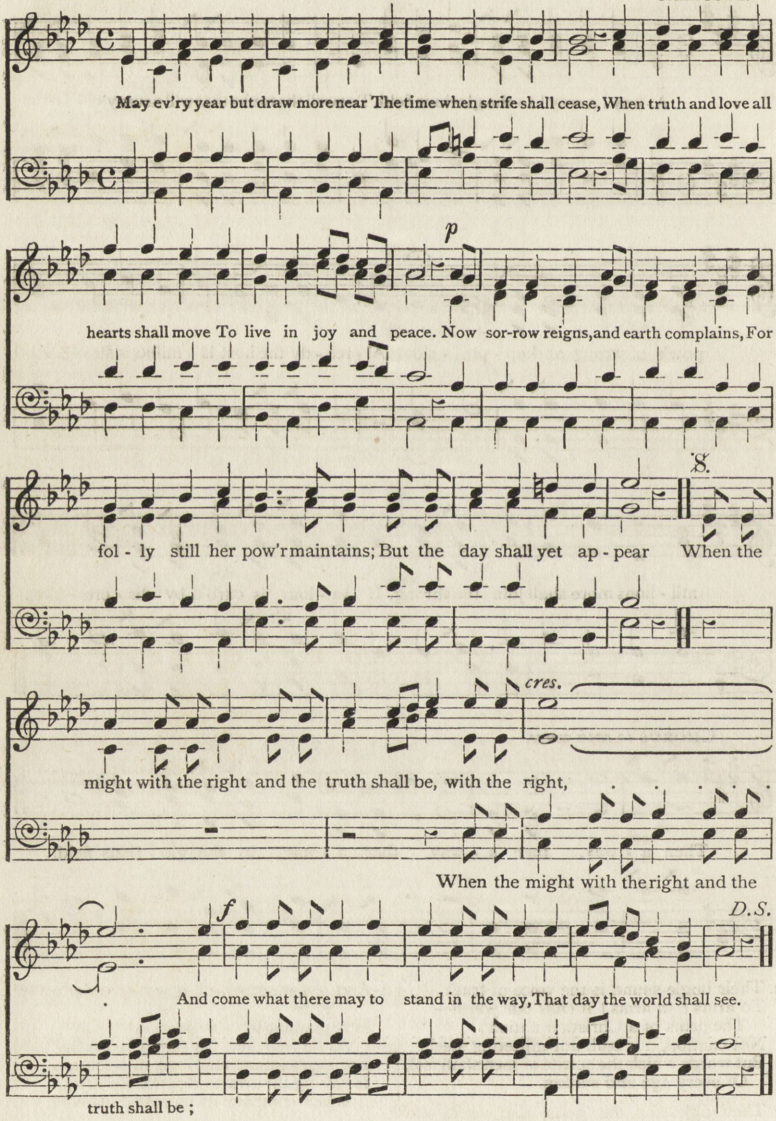
3 They fight for the poor, the weak, and oppressed,
Wherever humanity's form is distressed,
Irrespective of clime or condition;
And marching on in their moral power,
Oppressors shall faint, and bigots cower,
And tyrants bow in submission.

4 And the monarch of ignorance, dark and grim,
Is beginning to tremble in every limb,
As he feels that his power is waning;
For every infant that lisps in a school,
Is raising an arm to dispute his rule,
When complete in its moral training.

5 Then away! away! to the glorious field,
To swell the ranks that will never yield
To the powers of wrong and oppression:
The word of truth is a mighty power,
And from earliest youth to our latest hour
Be it ours to give it expression.

68 Might with the Right.

W. E. HICKSON. CALLCOTT.



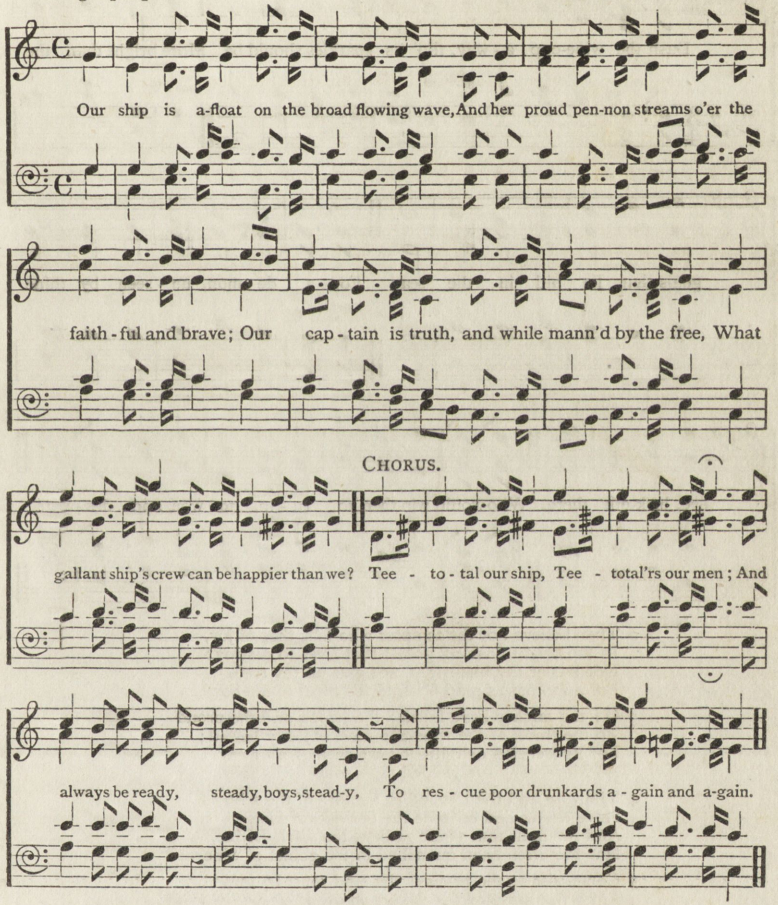
2 Though interest pleads that noble deeds
The world will not regard,
To noble minds, when duty binds,
No sacrifice is hard:
In vain and long, enduring wrong,
The weak have striven against the strong,
But the day shall yet appear.

3 Let good men ne'er of truth despair,
Though humble efforts fail;
Oh give not o'er until once more
The righteous cause prevail.
The brave and true may seem but few.
But hope has better things in view,
And the day shall yet appear.

69 Our Ship is Afloat.

E. P. HOOD.
Allegro pomposo.

Air by DR. BOYCE.
Harmonised by GEO. OAKEY.



2 To the ends of the earth, then, our vessel shall go,
With Light at her keel, and Goodwill at her prow:
Her foes shall retire as they see how she flies,
Like a bird when it spreadeth its wings to the skies.—Teetotal our ship, &c.

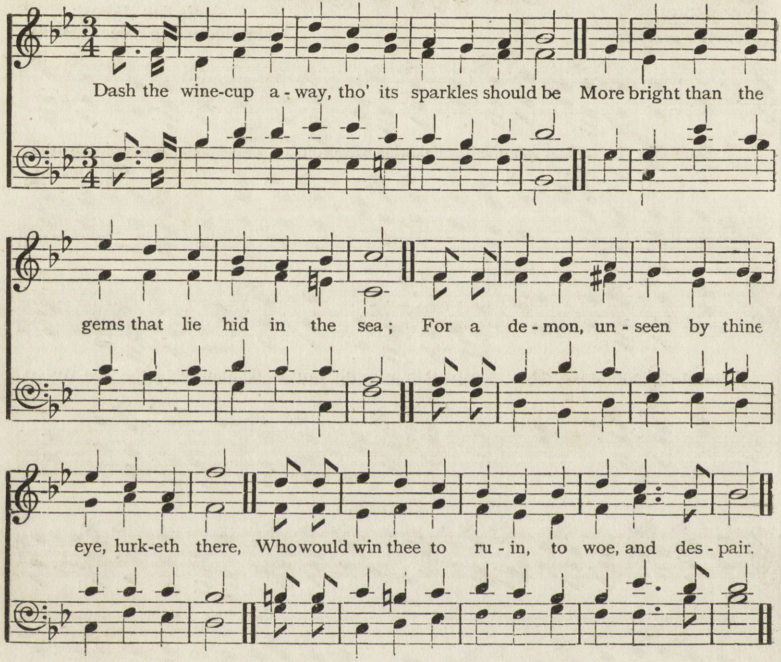
3 They told us that soon, when the battle came on,
Her colours she'd strike, and her courage be gone;
They knew not how proudly her war-flag she'd rear,
Nor a bosom on board her indulge in a fear.—Teetotal our ship, &c

4 Though the tempest roars loud as she floats on her way,
She breasts the dread billows, though fiercely they play;
And proudly she rides o'er the wild foaming wave,
To scare the destroyer, the helpless to save.—Teetotal our ship, &c.

5 Come on board her to-night, there is plenty of room;
Lo, the pledge-book is hoisted, a light at her boom;
The breezes of heaven, how softly they play,
And the cheers of the brave speed our ship on her way.—Teetotal our ship, &c.

70 Dash the Wine-cup Away.

FRED WALKER.



2 Then believe not the tempter who tells thee of joy,
In the bright flashing goblet that lures to destroy:
Nor barter thy birthright, nor give up thy soul,
For a moment's mad bliss, to the fiend of the bowl.

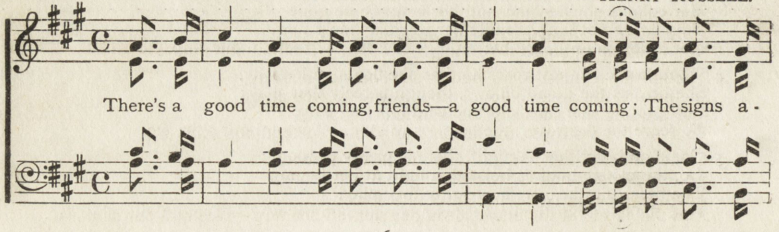
3 O! the mighty have fallen: the strong and the proud
To the thrall of the wine-cup have abjectly bowed;
For its frenzied delights thrown their glory away,
And insanely have yielded their souls as its prey.

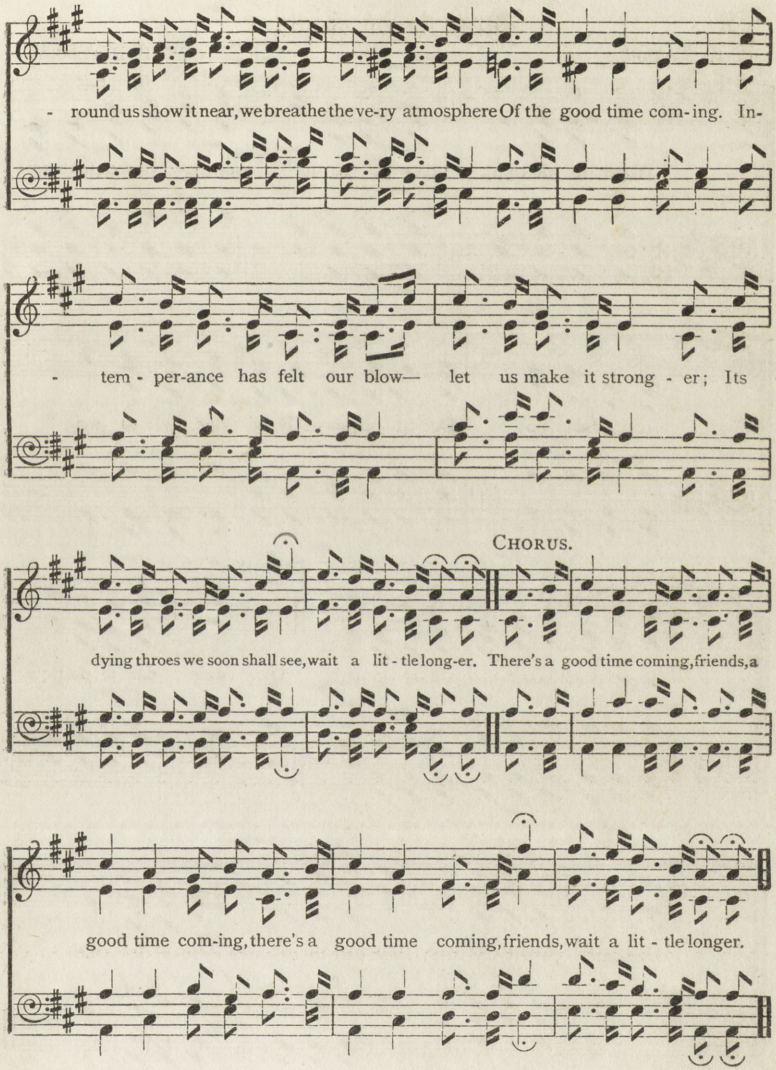
4 The wise and the learned in the lore of the schools,
Have drunk and become the derision of fools;
And the light that made radiant the spirit Divine,
Has too often been quenched in the goblet of wine.

5 Come, rise to the rescue! the land must be torn
From the grasp of the demon whose fetters we've worn;
Our homes by his touch be no longer profaned,
And our souls in his thraldom no longer enchained.

71 There's a Good Time Coming.

HENRY RUSSELL.



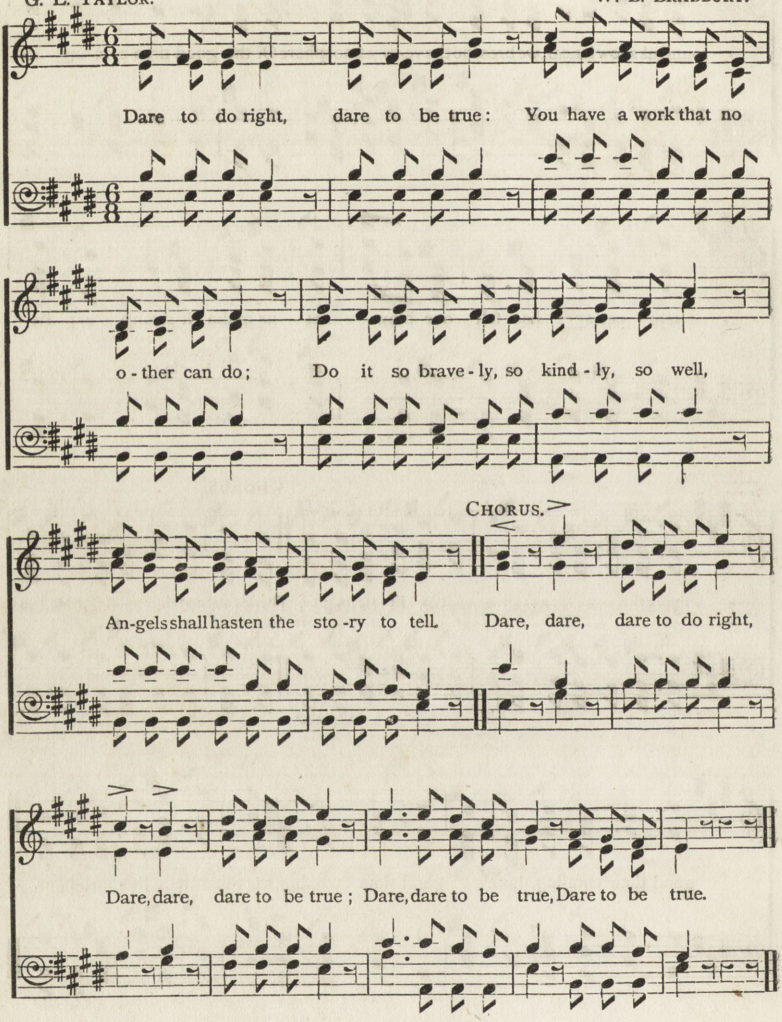


2 There's a good time coming, friends—a good time coming;
The churches have been waked at last, Temperance facts are telling fast
Of the good time coming.
Abstinence is gaining ground—faith in it grows stronger;
And though prejudice yet lives—wait a little longer.

3 There's a good time coming, friends—a good time coming;
The days of progress now appear, the seeds are sown, the harvest near,
Of the good time coming.
Slavery, war, intemperance, cannot now grow stronger;
Love and justice shall prevail—wait a little longer.

72 Dare to do Right.

G. L. TAYLOR. W. B. BRADBURY.



2 Dare to do right, dare to be true:
Other men's failures can never save you.
Stand by your conscience, your honour, your faith:
Stand like a hero and battle till death.

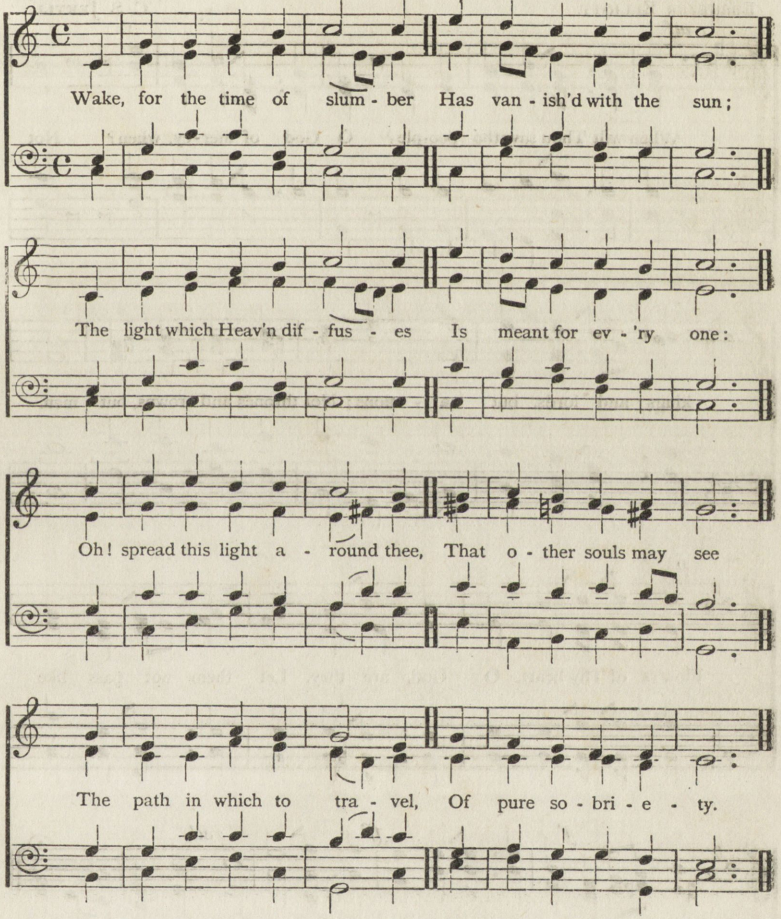
3 Dare to do right, dare to be true:
Keep the great judgment-day always in view;
Look at your work as you'll look at it then,
Scanned by Jehovah, and angels, and men.

4 Dare to do right, dare to be true:
God, who created you, cares for you too,
Wipes off the tears that His striving ones shed,
Counts and protects every hair of their head.

5 Dare to do right, dare to be true:
Cannot Omnipotence carry you through?
City, and mansion, and throne all in sight,
Cannot you dare to be true and do right?

73 St. Theodulph (Cruger).

DAWSON BURNS. MELCHIOR TESCHNER.



2 Pray, for the time of silence
No longer may endure;
And God, who dwells in glory,
Will swiftly hear, and sure;
And whilst thou art beseeching
That Temperance may abound,
All joyfully around thee
The answers will be found.

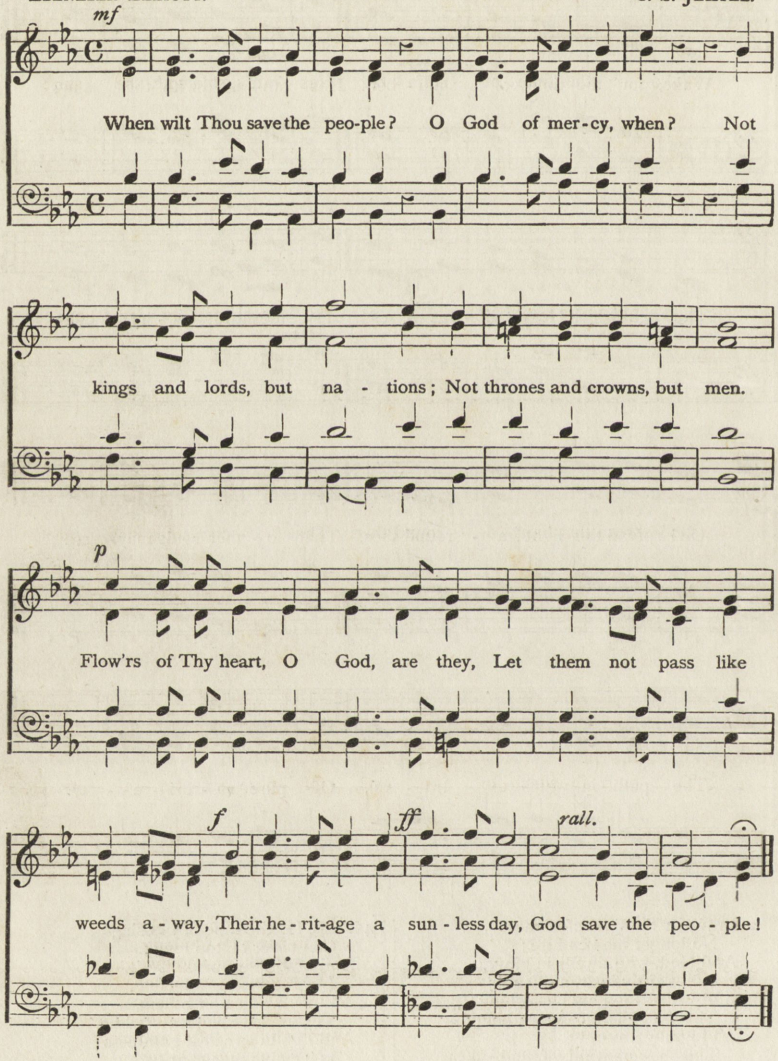
3 Work, for the time of working
Is gliding fast away;
Abundant rest will follow
The busy hours of day.
The Temperance cause invites thee
To labour with thy might,
Remembering thou art standing
Full in the Master's sight.

4 Bless, for the time of blessing
Can never be too long;
And unto those who give it,
Love's token will belong.
All they who water others,
Themselves shall watered be,
And rich in sweetest goodness
Is Temperance charity.

5 Wake, pray, work, bless, then, wisely,
In earnestness of soul;
Let obstacles not daunt thee;
Press stoutly to the goal.
Strive that from vile intemperance
The world may soon be free;
And God, thy zeal approving,
Will aid and prosper thee.

74 When Wilt Thou Save the People?

EBENEZER ELLIOTT. C. S. JEKYLL.

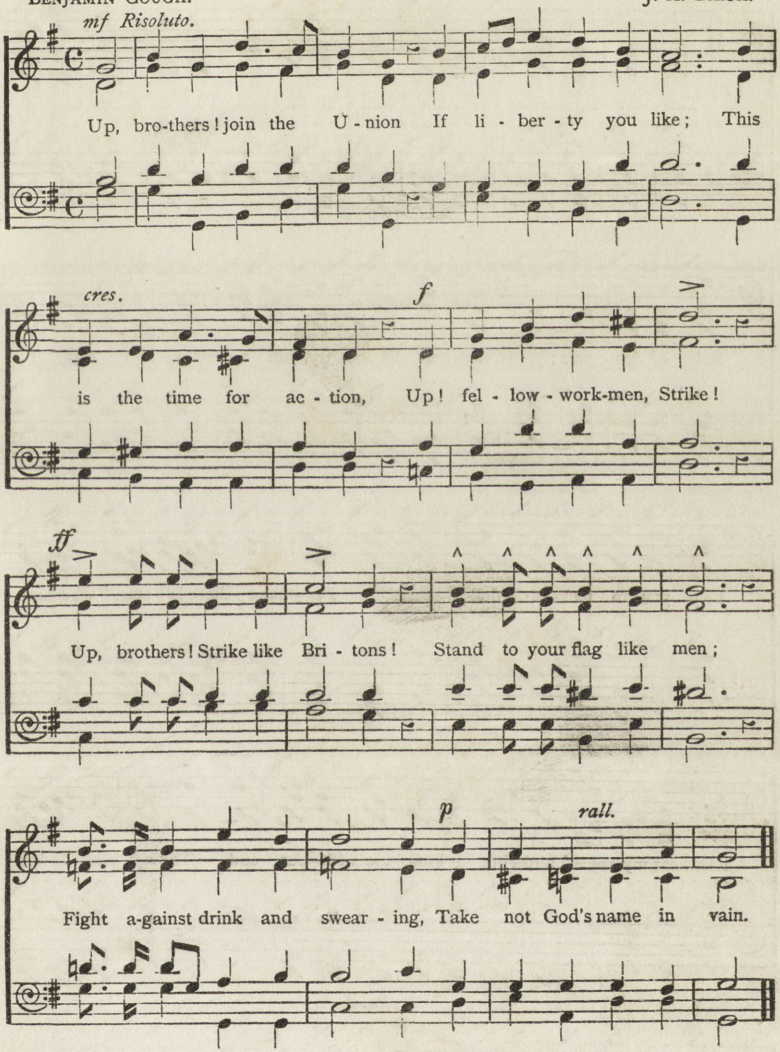


2 Shall crime breed crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it Thy will, O Father,
That men shall toil for wrong? [skies,
"No," say Thy mountains, "No," Thy
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs be heard instead of sighs,
God save the people!

3 When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God save the people! Thine they are,
Let them be like Thine angels fair,
Save them from bondage and despair,
God save the people!

75 Come, Brothers, Join Us.

BENJAMIN GOUGH. J. A. BIRCH.

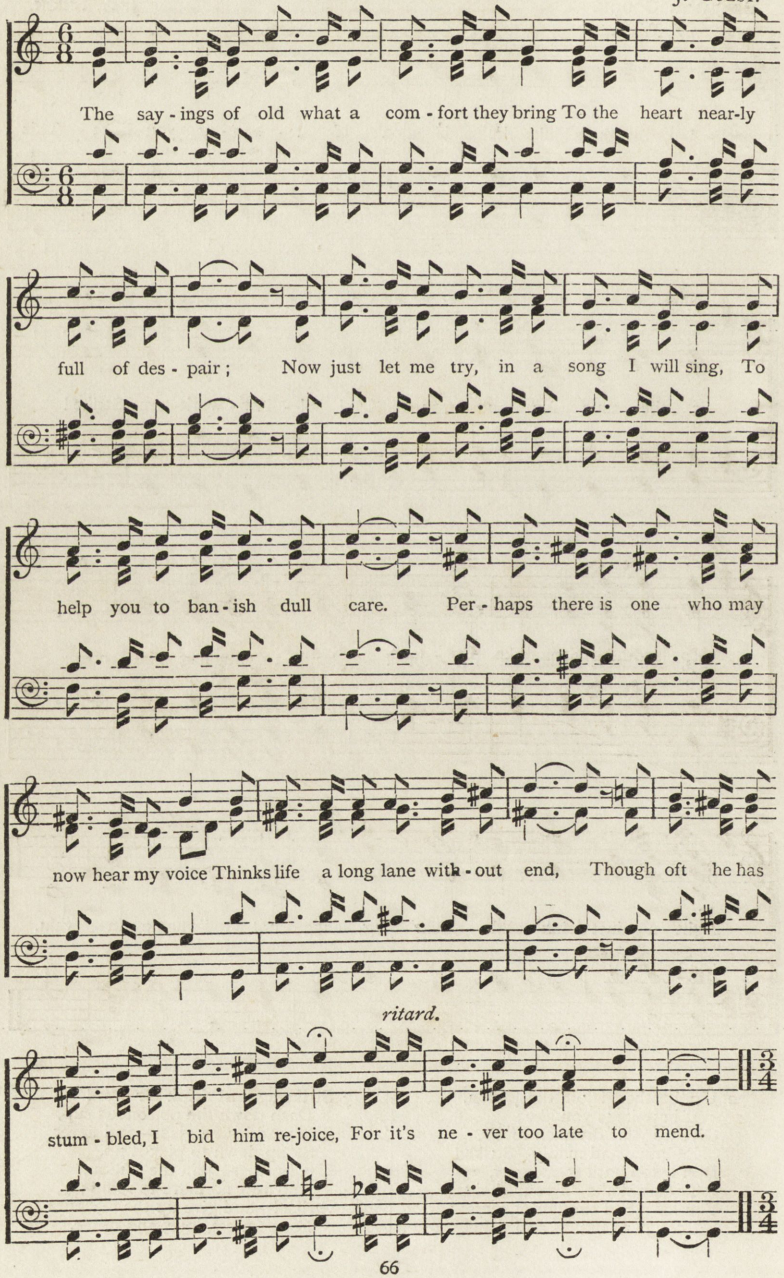


2 Up, brothers! join the Union,
If happiness you like;
Give up your drunken revels,
Be brave and manly—Strike!
Don't stop until to-morrow,
To-day shake off your chains;
You have had enough of sorrow,
Enough of brawls and pains.

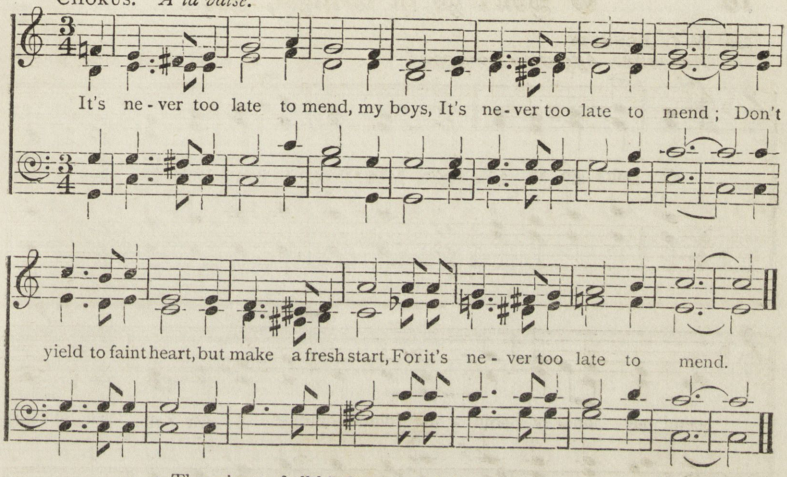
3 Strike against drink for ever!
Dash down the poisonous cup,
The maddening glass—and never
Stoop down to pick it up.
Up, brother! join the Union,
And vow no more to roam;
Strike!—and give up the alehouse
For comfort, love, and home.

76 It's Never Too Late to Mend.

J. GUEST.



CHORUS. *A la valse.*



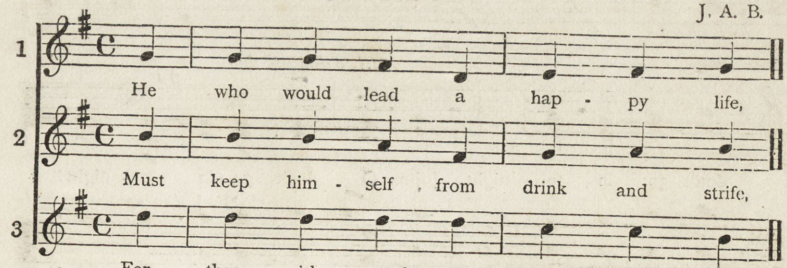
2 The crimes of all kinds let us boldly condemn,
And take justice and truth as our guide;
But still let us pity our poor fellow-men
Who only can swim with the tide.
The slanderer's falsehood we ever should spurn,
Nor ear to the gossiper lend;
Let's rather endeavour the erring to turn,
For it's never too late to mend.—For it's never, &c.

3 In the struggle of life, if you've failed to succeed,
Don't say you will never more try,
But screw up your courage, to battle proceed,
And victor you'll be by and by.
Examine the past and look well for the cause
Which made failure your efforts attend,
Do right and fear none, heed not frown nor applause,
For it's never too late to mend.—For it's never, &c.

4 A word of advice and encouragement too,
To the victim of drink I would give;
My brother, no longer your habits pursue,
Be sober, and once again live.
Your jolly companions care only for you
As long as you've money to spend;
So take my advice and now bid them adieu,
For the present's the time to mend.—For it's never, &c.

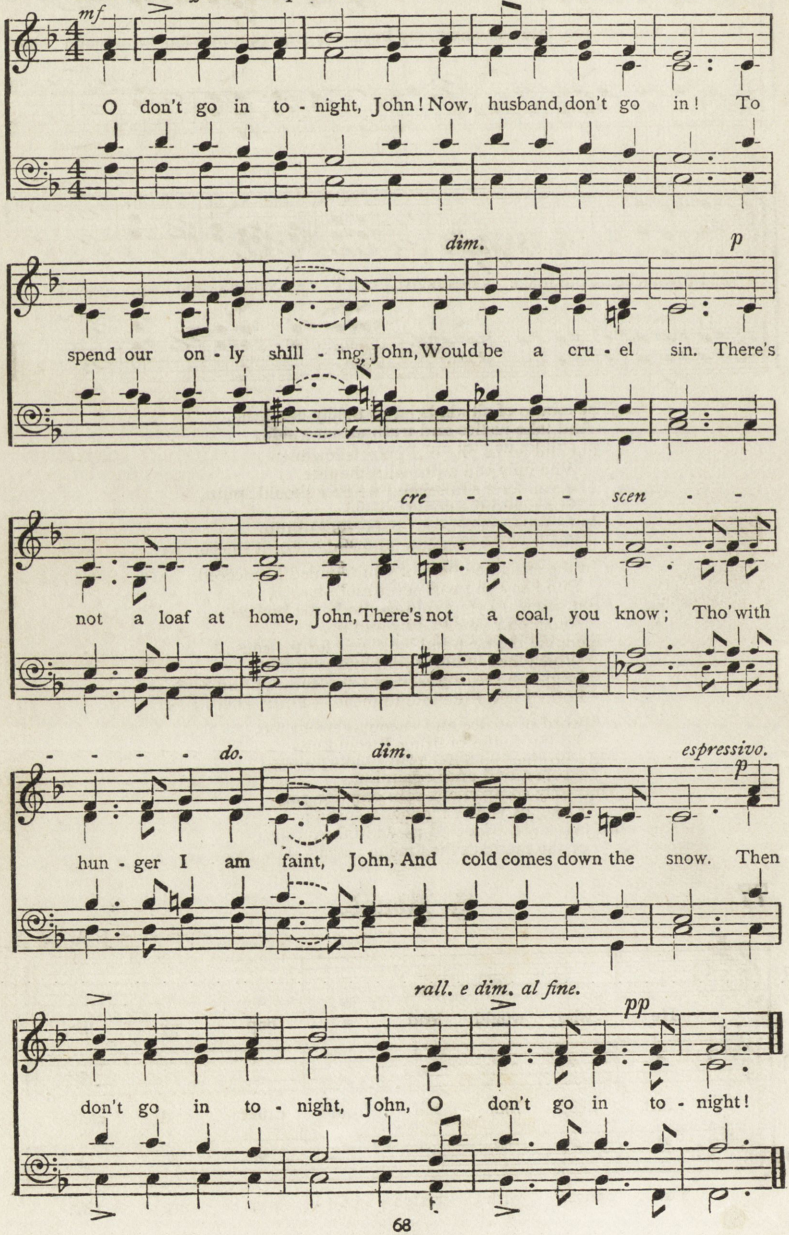
77 A Round.

J. A. B.



78 O Don't go in to-night, John.

DR. W. C. BENNETT. *Andantino. Affetuoso e espressivo.* G. C. MARTIN, MUS. BAC.



2 Ah, John, you must remember,
And, John, I can't forget,
When never foot of yours, John,
Was in the alehouse set;
Ah, those were happy times, John,
No quarrels then we knew,
And none were happier in our lane,
Than I, dear John, and you.
Then don't go in to-night!

3 You will not go? John, John, I mind,
When we were courting, few
Had arm as strong, or step as firm,
Or cheek as red as you.
But drink has stolen your strength, John,
And paled your cheek to white,
Has tottering made your young firm tread,
And bow'd your manly height.
You'll not go in to-night!

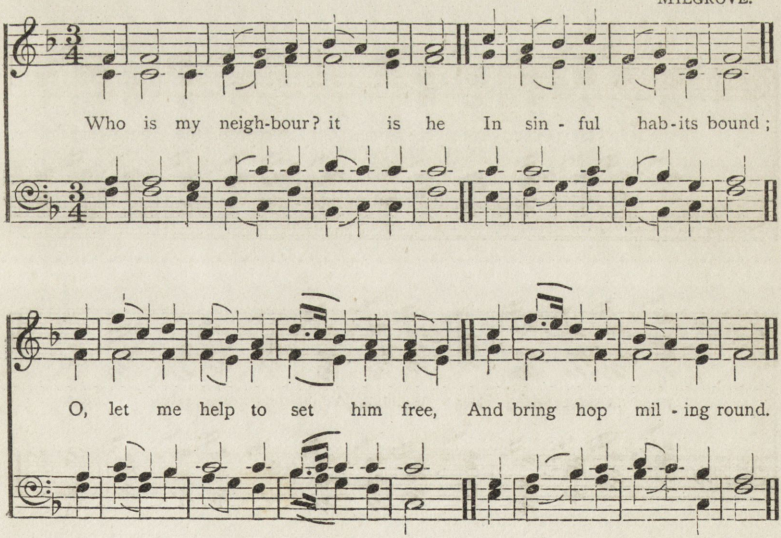
4 You'll not go in? Think on the day
That made me, John, your wife,
What pleasant talk that day we had
Of all our future life!
Of how your steady earnings, John,
No wasting should consume;
But weekly some new comfort bring
To deck our happy home.
Then don't go in to-night!

5 To see us, John, as then we dressed,
So tidy, clean, and neat,
Brought out all eyes to follow us
As we went down the street.
Ah, little thought our neighbours then,
And we as little thought,
That ever, John, to rags like these,
By drink we should be brought.
You won't go in to-night!

6 And will you go? If not for me,
Yet for your baby stay!
You know, John, not a taste of food
Has passed my lips to-day.
And tell your father, little one,
'Tis mine your life hangs on;
You will not spend the shilling, John?
You'll give it him? Come, John,
Come home with us to-night!

79 Irish.

MILGROVE.



2 My neighbour—'tis the willing slave
To drink, and shame, and sin;
Be this my aim, in duty brave,
His erring soul to win.

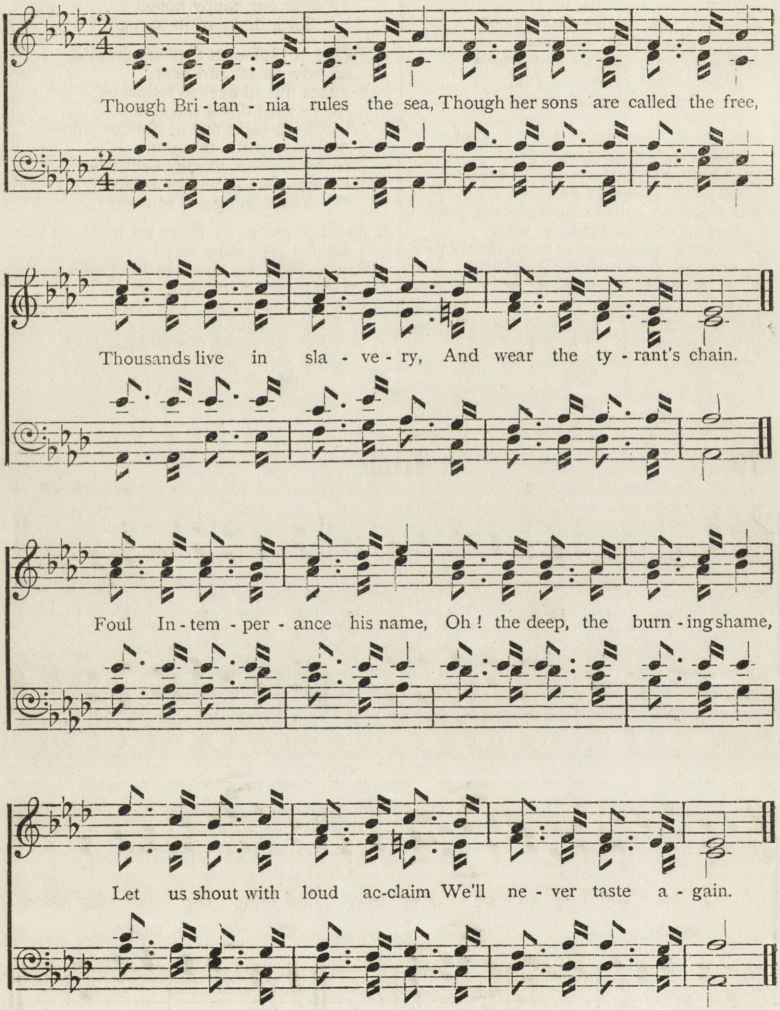
3 My neighbour—'tis the heart decoyed
From virtue's peaceful reign;
Be all my energies employed
To bring him back again.

4 My neighbour—'tis the thoughtless child
Who treads a dangerous way;
A word of warning, firm, yet mild,
May now his footsteps stay.

5 My neighbour—'tis my fellow-man
In trouble, pain, or woe;
'Tis mine to aid him all I can,
And true affection show.

80 Never Drink Again.

Scotch Air, Harmonised for this Work.

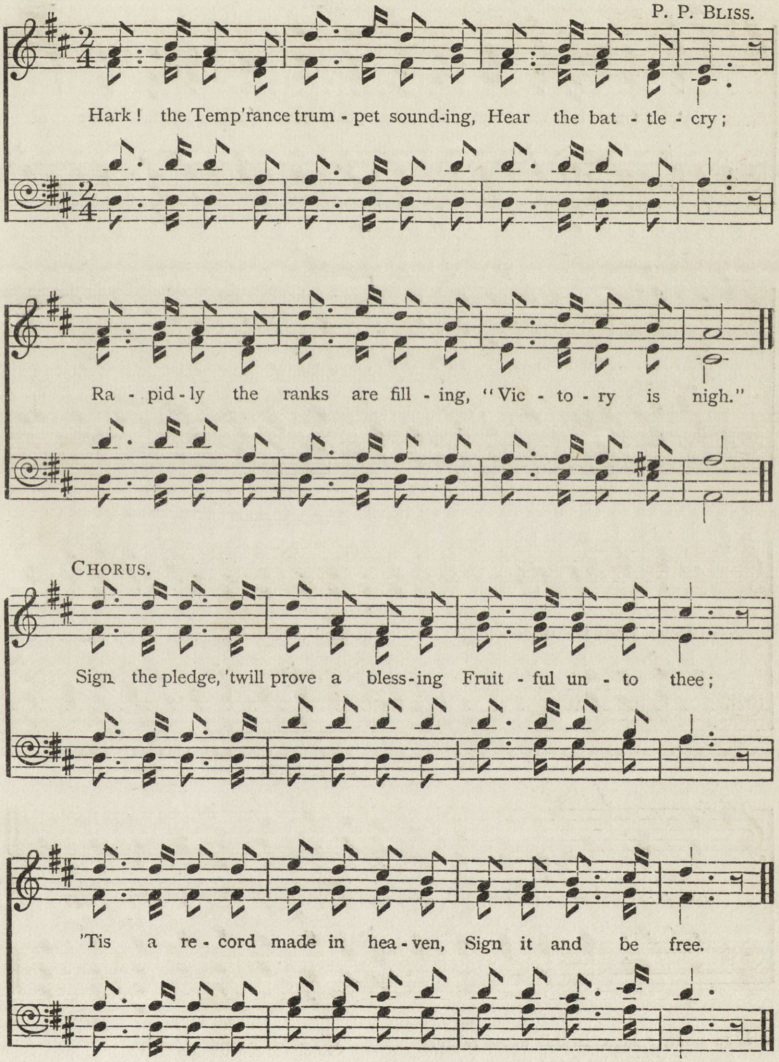


2 See the clouds of ruin lour!
Now's the day, and now the hour,
Break the fell destroyer's power,
O, never taste again!
On the brink of ruin pause,
Join our noble Temperance cause,
Bind yourself by wholesome laws,
And never drink again!

3 By the most endearing ties;
By the famished children's cries,
By the wife's heart-rending sighs,
We charge you to abstain!
Dash the poisoned cup aside,
Now to sign our pledge decide,
In Almighty strength confide,
And never taste again!

81 The Temperance Banner.

P. P. BLISS.



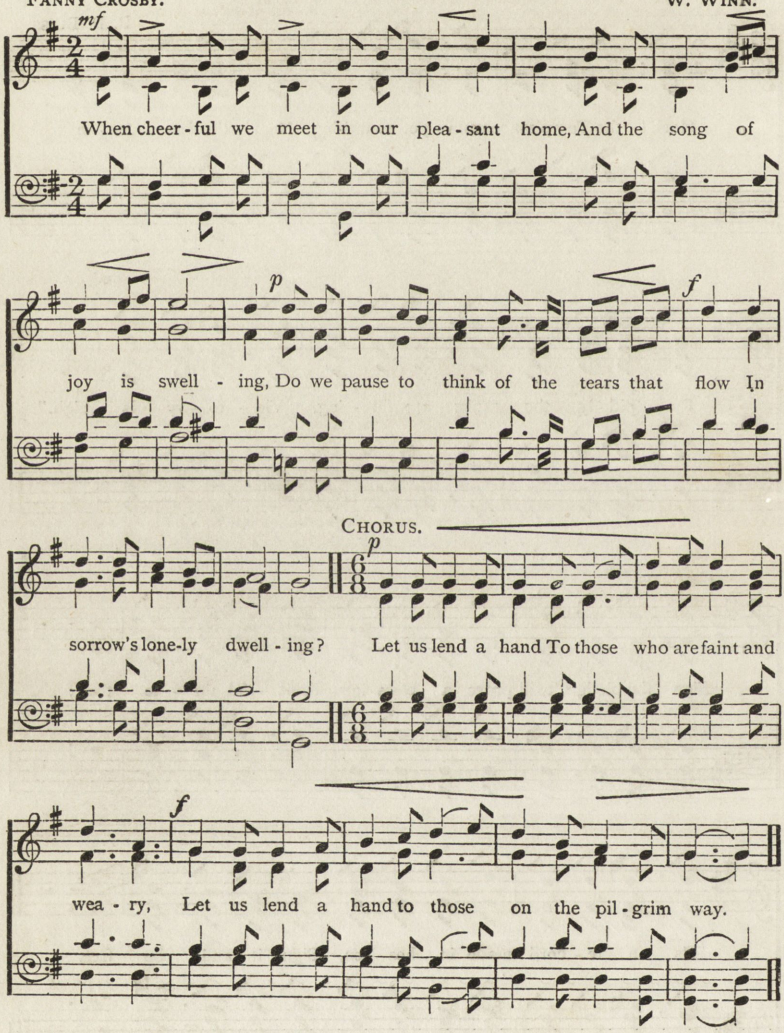
2 Many a brother, tried and tempted,
Needs our help once more;
Fling aloft the Temperance signal,
Wave him toward the shore.

3 Reach the land to save the fallen,
Thousands need our aid;
Speak a word the weak to strengthen,
Urge, constrain, persuade.

4 Wave aloft the Temperance banner,
Wave it high and higher;
Keep the signal brightly flashing,
Like a beacon fire.

82 Lend a Helping Hand.

FANNY CROSBY. W. WINN.



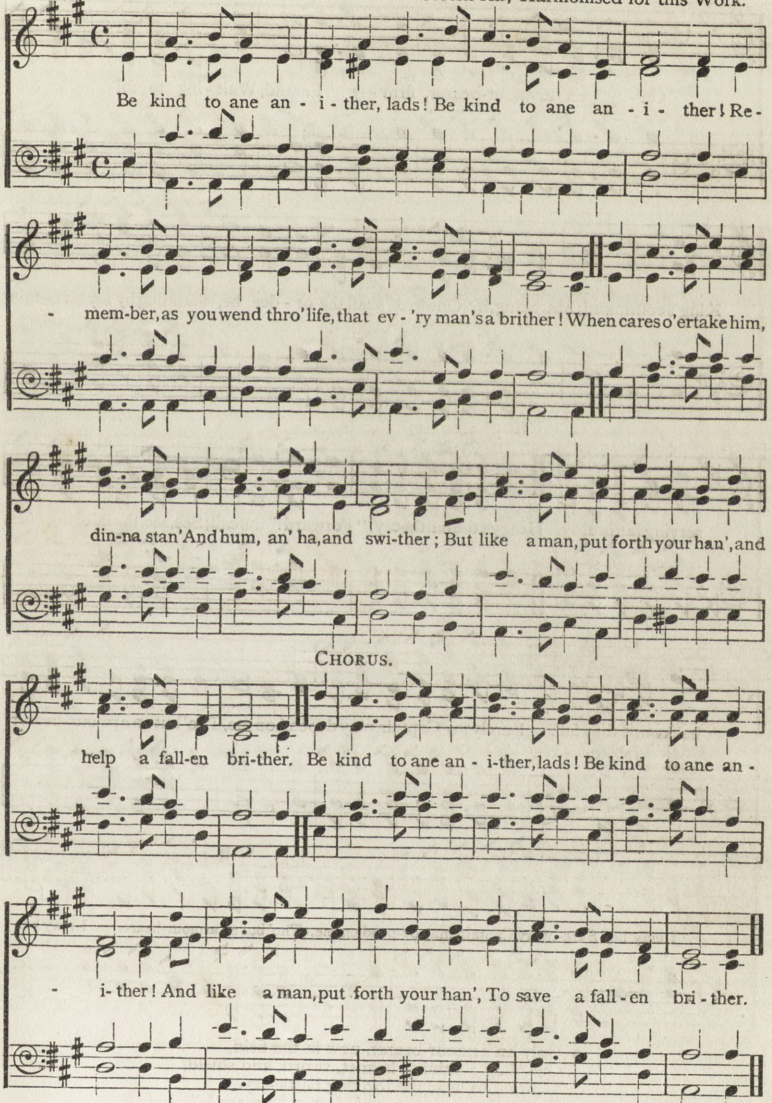
2 How many a heart in this world of ours,
That is chilled by want and sadness,
Could be warmed to love by a genial word,
Or a welcome smile of gladness!
Let us lend a hand, &c.

3 Be willing to stand, with an out-stretched hand,
To relieve a weary brother;
And the store we have, be it e'er so small,
Go share it with another.
Let us lend a hand, &c.

4 Remember the poor, was the great command
Of the Gentle, Pure, and Holy;
For the choicest fruit, and the richest grain,
Are found among the lowly.
Let us lend a hand, &c.

83 Be Kind to Ane Anither.

HELEN ACQUAROFF. Scotch Air, Harmonised for this Work.

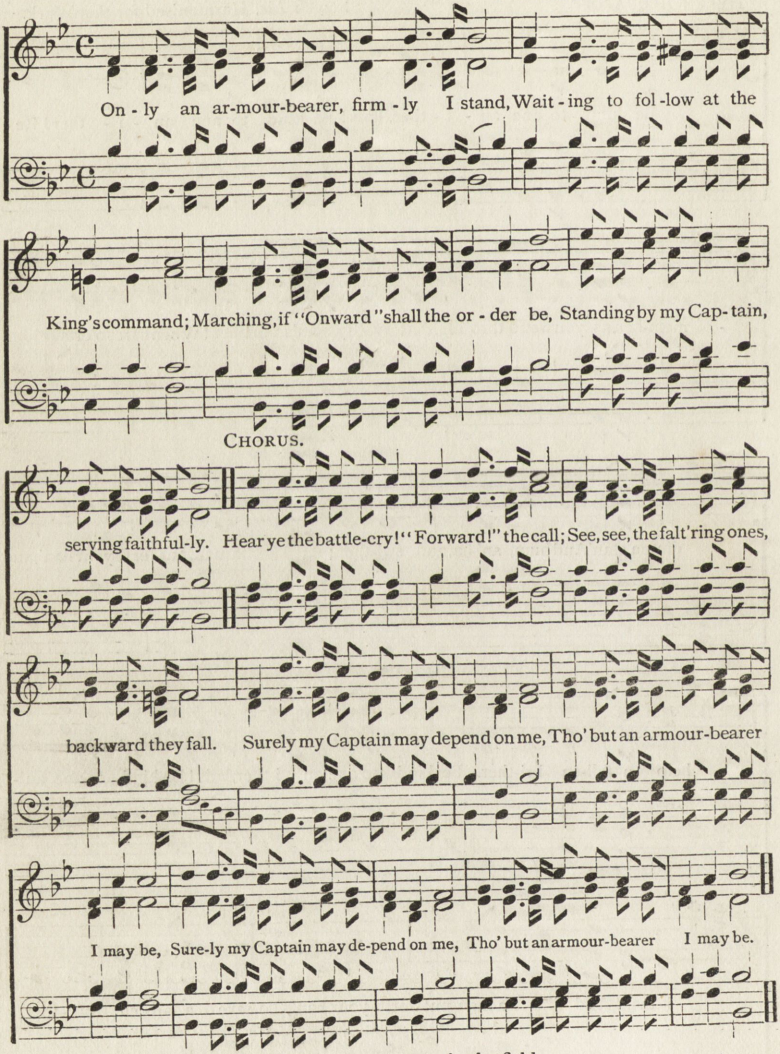


2 An honest heart may whiles gae wrang,
The wisest head may blunder!
But when you tell them o' their faults,
It need na be wi' thunder.
The lightning glance o' angry looks,
A gentle heart may wither;
But put him richt with wisdom's light—
Be kind to ane anither. Be kind, &c.

3 When travelling o'er life's rugged road,
A friend may sigh in sadness,
But try to help him wi' his load,
And cheer his heart wi' gladness.
And guard wi' care the souls we love,
In maiden, wife, or mither;
And like a man, put forth your han',
To save a fallen brither. Be kind, &c.

84 Only an Armour-Bearer.

Words and Music P. P. BLISS.

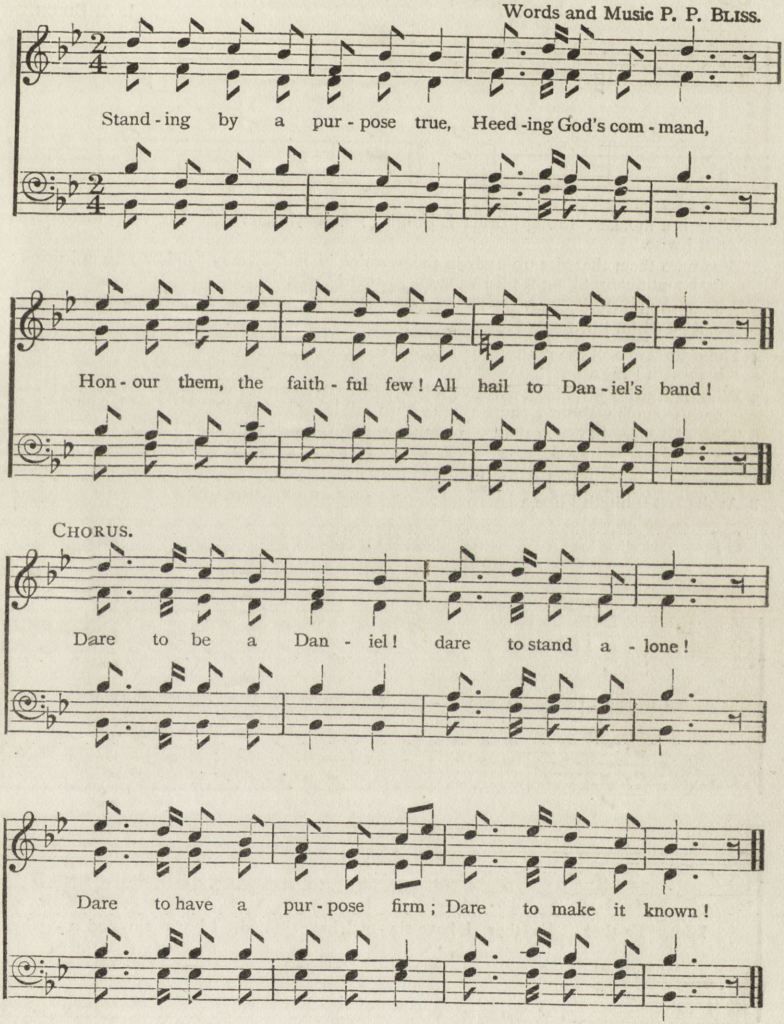


2 Only an armour-bearer, now in the field,
Guarding a shining helmet, sword, and shield,
Waiting to hear the thrilling battle-cry,
Ready then to answer, "Master, here am I."
Hear ye the battle-cry, &c.

3 Only an armour-bearer, yet may I share
Glory immortal, and a bright crown wear;
If in the battle to my trust I'm true,
Mine shall be the honours in the Grand Review.
Hear ye the battle-cry, &c.

85 Dare to be a Daniel.

Words and Music P. P. BLISS.



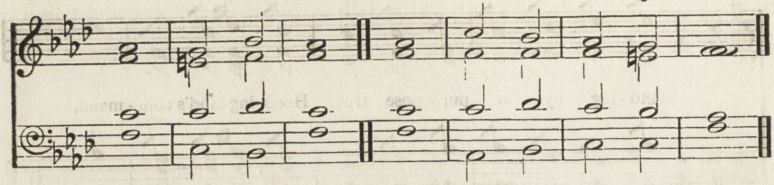
2 Many mighty men are lost,
Daring not to stand,
Who for God had been a host,
By joining Daniel's Band.
Dare to be a Daniel! &c.

3 Many giants, great and tall,
Stalking through the land,
Headlong to the earth would fall,
If met by Daniel's Band!
Dare to be a Daniel! &c.

4 Hold the gospel banner high!
On to victory grand!
Satan and his host defy,
And shout for Daniel's Band!
Dare to be a Daniel! &c.

86 Wine is a Mocker.

J. A. BIRCH.



1 Wine is a mocker, strong | drink is | raging; and whosoever is deceived | thereby | is not | wise.

2 Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may | follow strong | drink: that continue until night till | wine in- | flame | them.

3 Woe unto him that giveth his | neighbour | drink; that puttest thy bottle to him, and makest | him | drunken | also.

4 The drunkard and the glutton shall | come to | poverty; and drowsiness shall | clothe a | man with | rags.

5 Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? | who hath | babbling: who hath wounds without a cause? | who hath | redness of | eyes?

6 They that tarry | long at the | wine: they that go to | seek | mixed | wine.

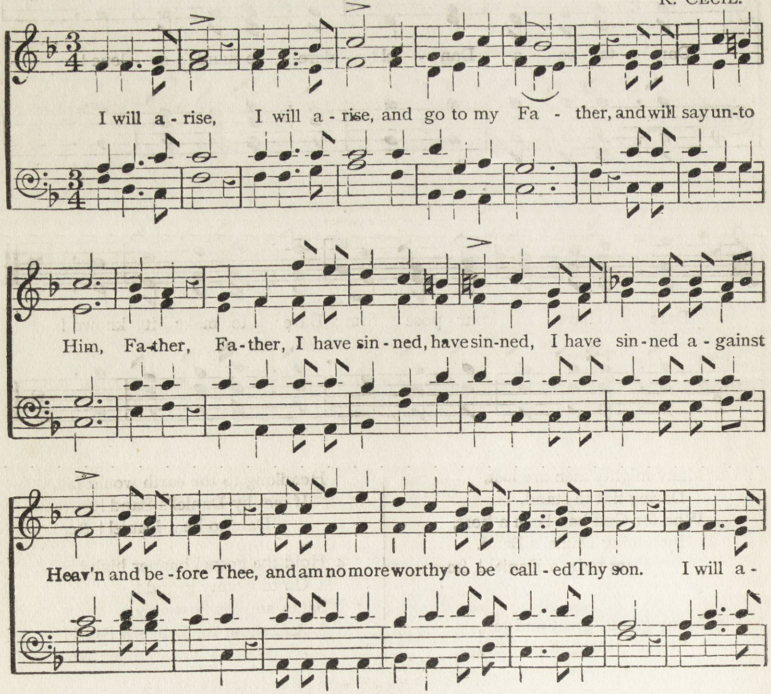
7 Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour | in the | cup; when it | moveth it- | self a- | right.

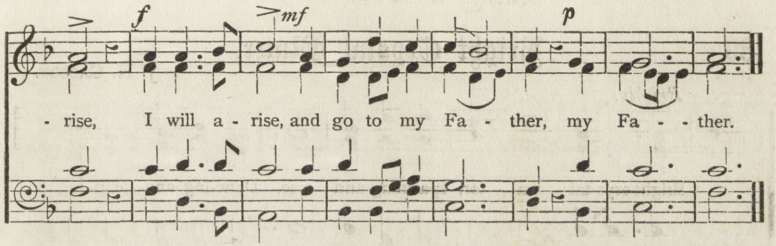
8 At the last it biteth | like a | serpent: and | stingeth | like an | adder.

87 I Will Arise.

[THE DRUNKARD'S RESOLVE.]

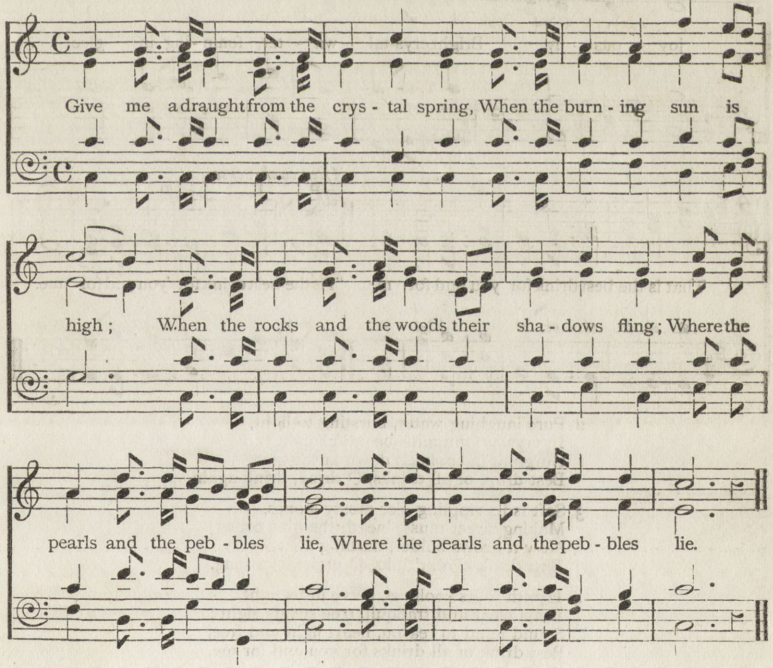
R. CECIL.





88 The Crystal Spring.

Words and Music T. HASTINGS.



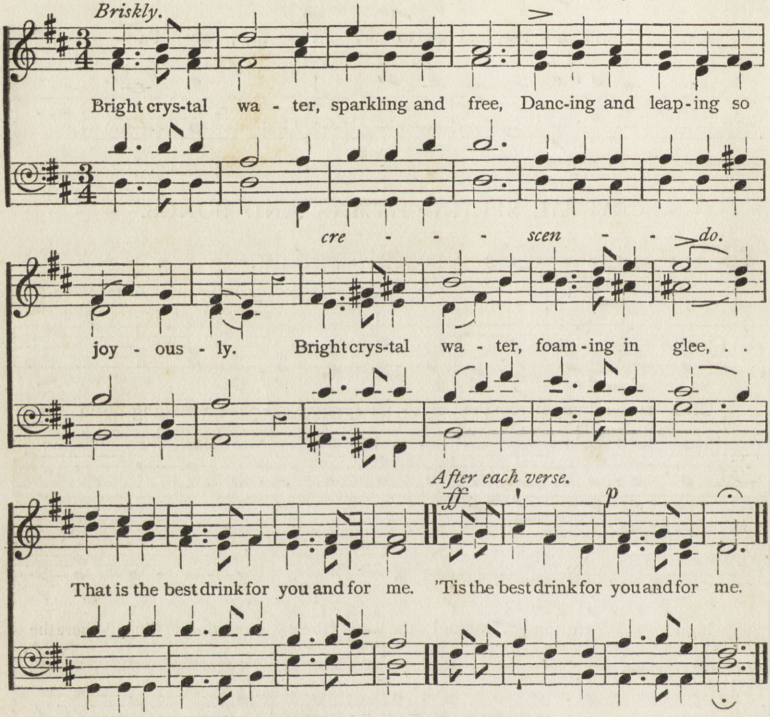
2 Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the cooling breezes blow;
When the leaves of the trees are withering,
From the frost and the fleecy snow.

3 Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the wintry winds are gone;
When the flowers are in bloom, and the echoes ring
From the woods o'er the verdant lawn.

4 Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the ripening fruits appear;
When the reapers the song of the harvest sing,
And plenty has crowned the year.

89 Bright Crystal Water.

J. H. CASSON.



2 Pure laughing water, bursting to light,
In crystal fountain—beautiful sight!
Gurgling in coolness down in the glen,
Best drink of all drinks, O drink, drink again.

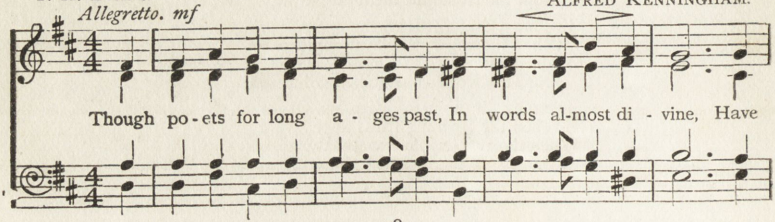
3 Soft is its rippling o'er mossy stones,
Making sweet music 'neath the pine cones;
Now it grows bolder, dashing along—
Best drink of all drinks, O praise it in song.

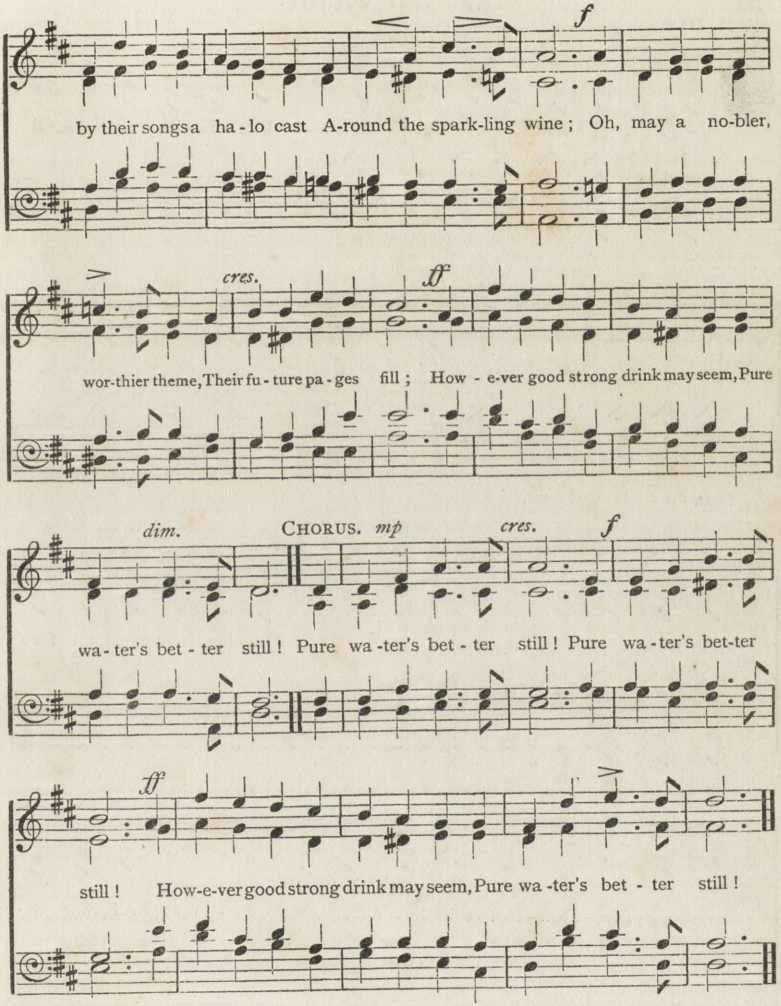
4 Health in its coolness, nerve in its light,
Brain clear and tranquil, true steady sight;
Sound mind to reason, heart light and free,
Best drink of all drinks for you and for me.

90 Pure Water's Better Still.

T. H. EVANS.

ALFRED KENNINGHAM.





2 A foolish man is he who sings
In praise of drink to day:
Deception round the wine-cup clings—
It leads mankind astray;
Then touch it not, if you'd be free,
'Twill paralyze your will;
However good strong drink may be,
Pure water's better still.
Pure water's better still, &c.

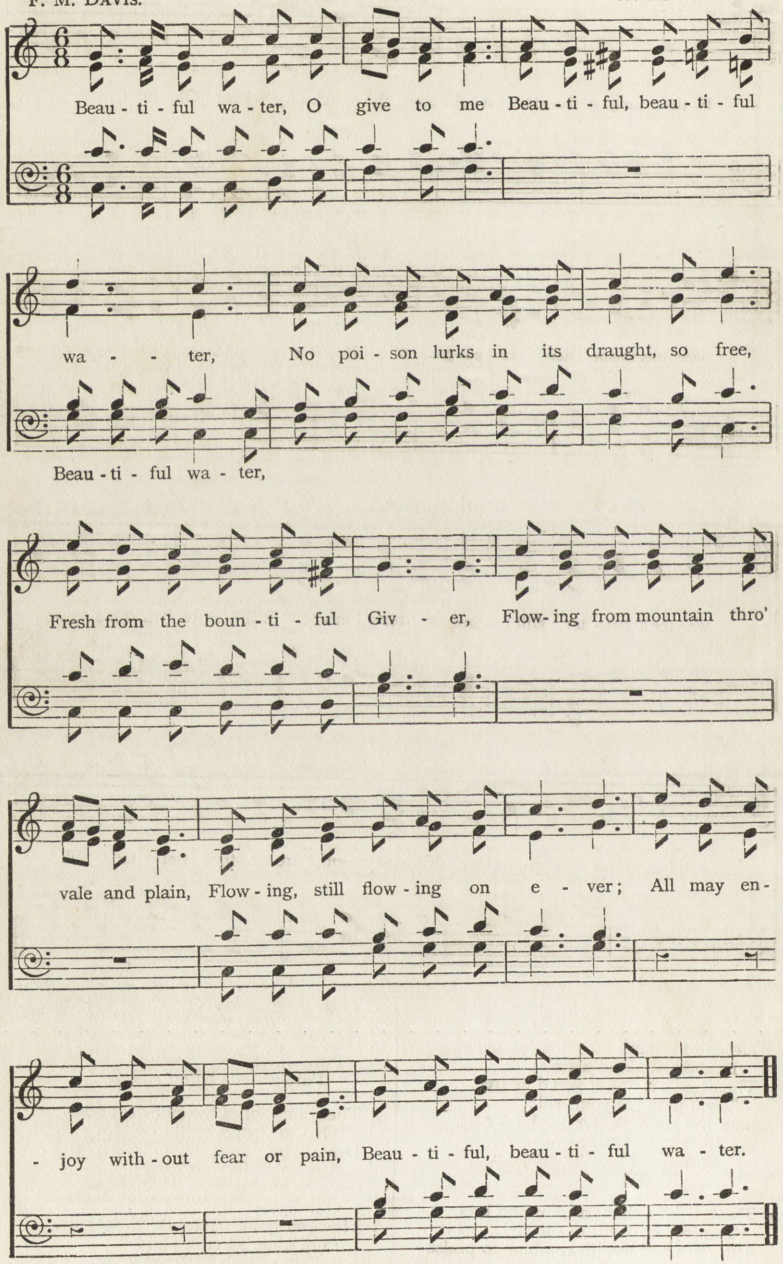
3 Though folly chant a thousand lays,
The joys of drink to show,
And rank and wealth combine to praise
The ruby wine-cup's glow;
Their songs possess no charms for me,
Despite their matchless skill;
However good strong drink may be,
Pure water's better still!
Pure water's better still, &c.

4 Then sing not of the transient bliss
That to strong drinks belong,
Unless you put—remember this—
A warning in your song;
But with fair nature's wine of glee,
Our crystal cups let's fill:
However good strong drink may be,
Pure water's better still!
Pure water's better still, &c.

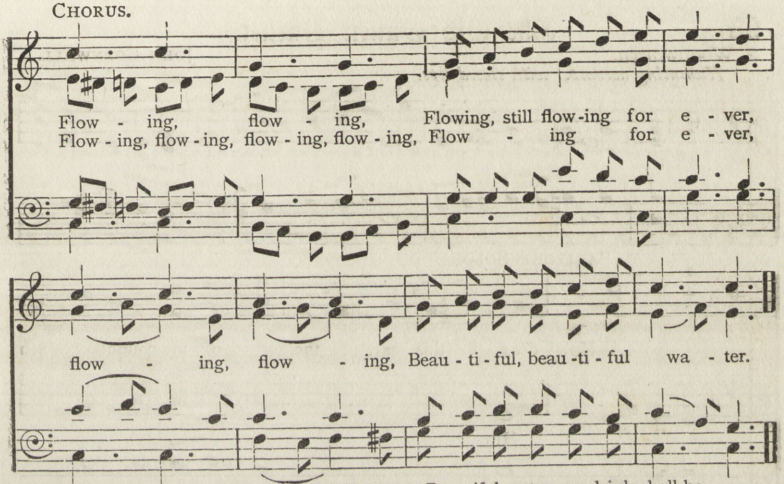
91

Beautiful Water.

F. M. DAVIS. W. H. BONNER.



CHORUS.

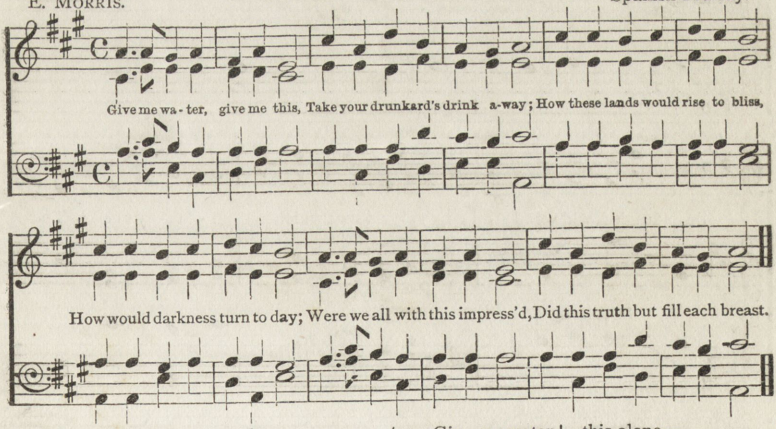


2 Water, pure water, from heaven distilled,
Beautiful, beautiful water, [filled,
Drink of the health-giving draught, be
Nothing is purer or better.
You who do worship at Bacchus' shrine,
Thinking to find in it pleasure;
Leave your potations of deadly wine,
Drink of the beautiful water.

3 Beautiful water my drink shall be,
Beautiful, beautiful water,
Sparkling as bright in its purity,
Making life joyous for ever.
Strength we will find in the water bright,
Ne'er the brain will it bewilder;
Drink as it gleams in the golden light,
Drink of the beautiful water.

92 Water, Best for All.

E. MORRIS. Spanish Melody.



2 Give me water! it can cheer
Pilgrim lorn, in desert wild;
Rushing, bubbling, cool and clear,
Best for maiden, man, or child:
Should it fail on land or sea,
Where would man for succour flee?

3 Give me water!—when in health,
It will joy and peace impart;
Friend of virtue, freedom, wealth,
Solace of a wounded heart.
Britain! see the mountain streams
Sparkling pure in sunlit beams.

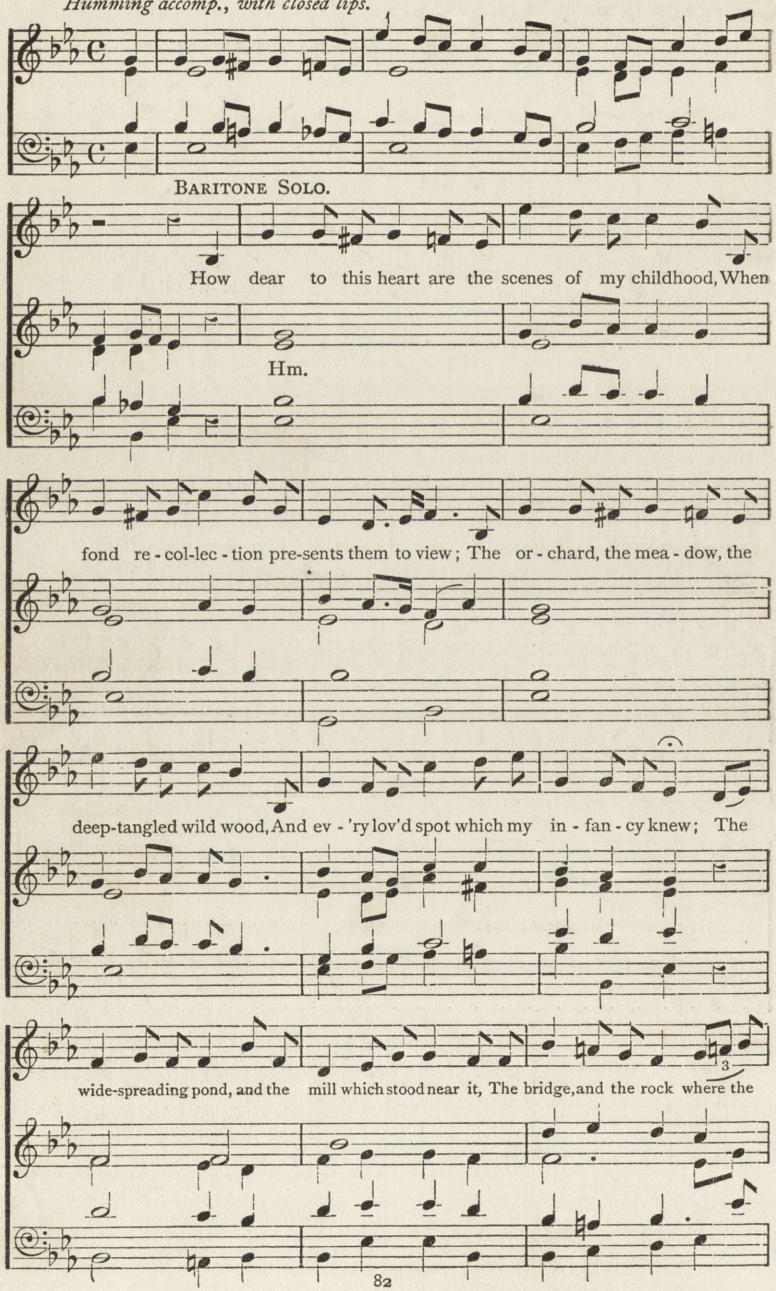
4 Give me water!—this alone—
From the glorious crystal tide;
How can words its worth make known,
Frisking in its summer pride!
Let me quench my thirst from thee—
Fountain—flowing bright and free!

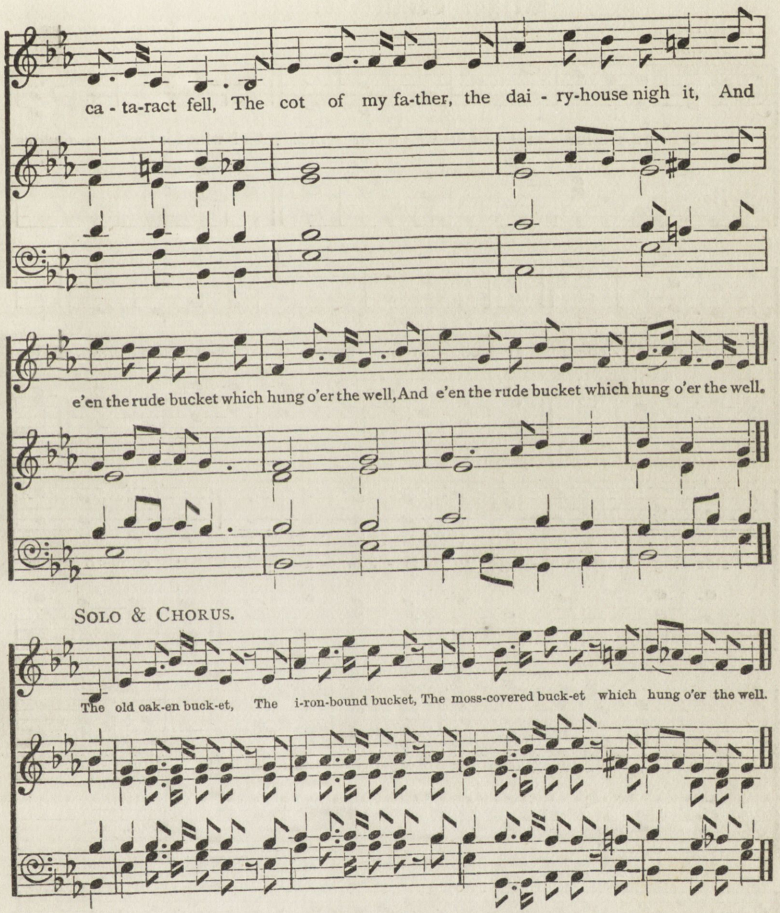
5 Give me water!—friend of man—
Friends of Temperance firmly stand,
Teach mankind your simple plan,
It will save a drunken land.
Let your motto ceaseless be—
"Water! water! best for me."

93 The Old Oaken Bucket.

S. WOODWORTH. JOHN CORNWALL.

Humming accomp., with closed lips.





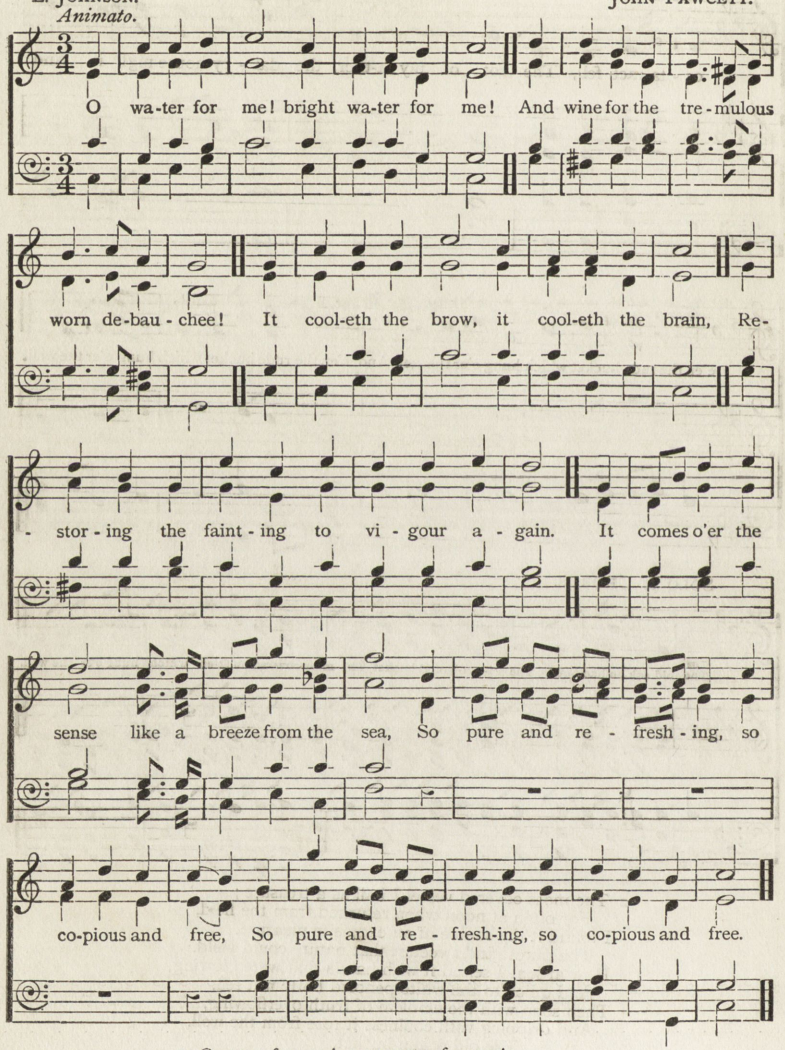
2 The moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often at noon when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature could yield.
How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon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

3 How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips;
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs o'er the well.
The old oaken bucket,
The iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs o'er the well.

94 Bright Water for Me.

E. JOHNSON. JOHN FAWCETT.

Animato.



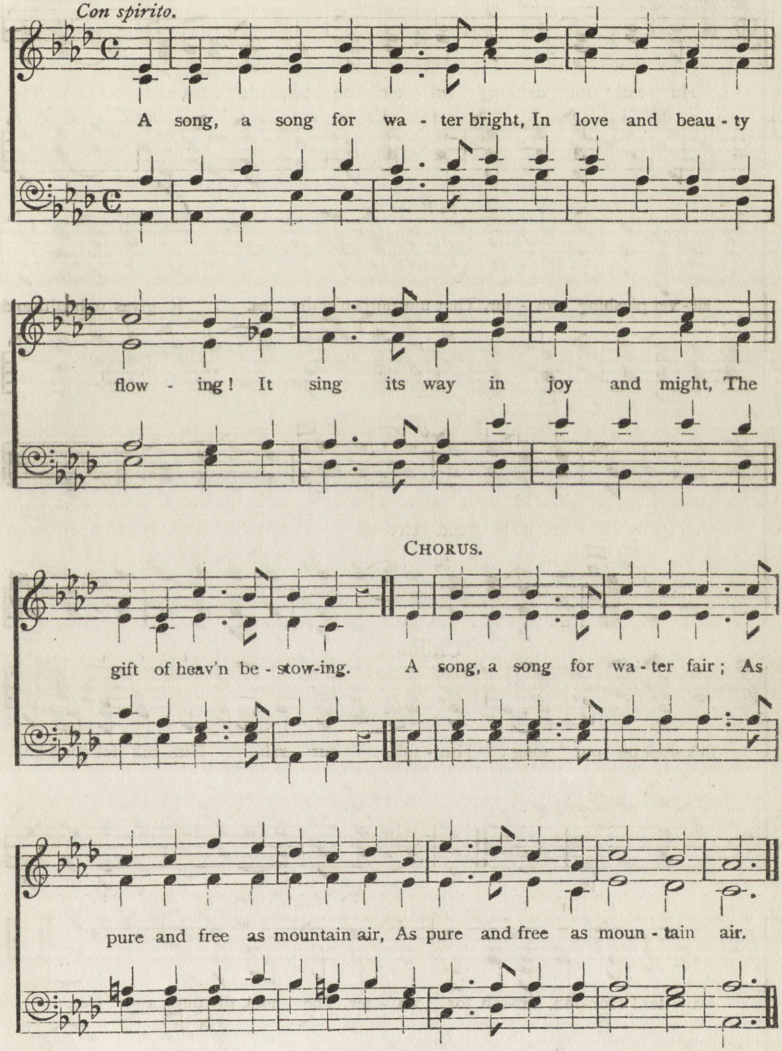
2 O water for me! pure water for me!
Reviving to leaf, and to flower, and tree;
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight,
'Tis grateful as beams of the first dawning light;
It gives to the strong ones an increase of strength,
The days of the aged receive from it length.

3 Fill up to the brim! fill up to the brim,
And let the bright crystal swell over the rim;
For sure is my hand, my eye, too, is true,
Since I, like the flowers, drink nothing but dew.
O! water, bright water's a rich mine of wealth,
The ores that it yields me are vigour and health.

95 A Song for Water.

GEORGE COOPER. W. F. SHERWIN.

Con spirito.



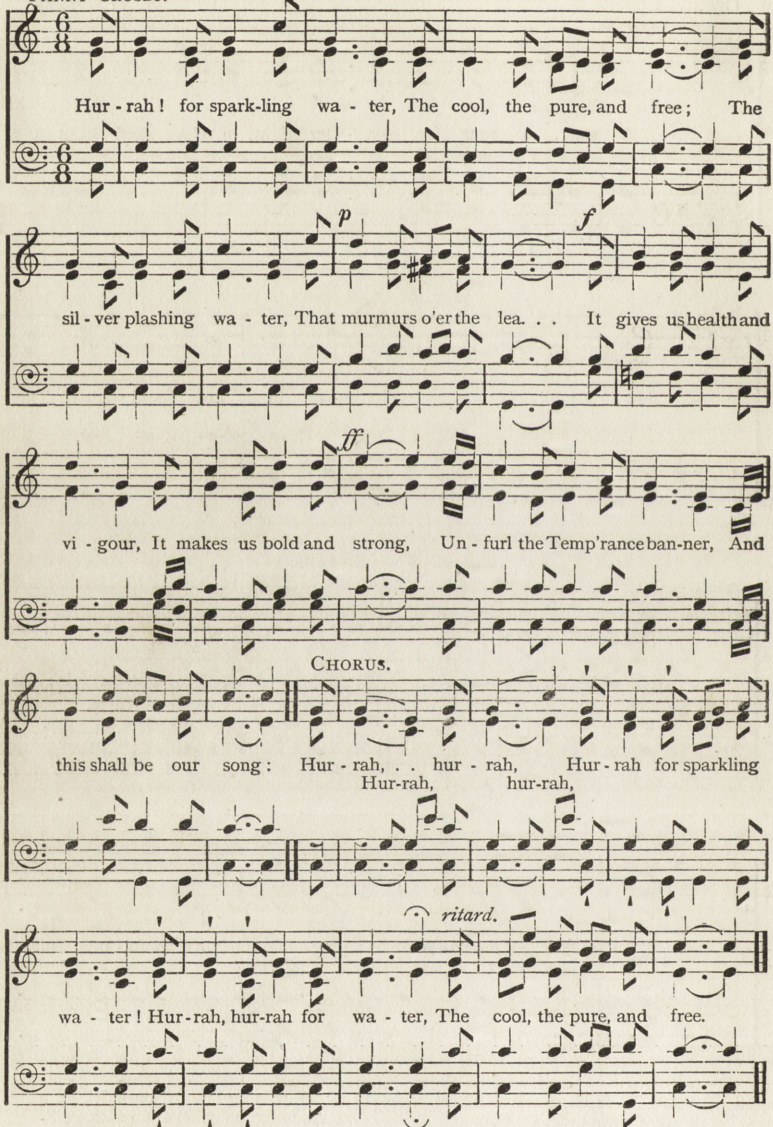
2 There's balm in every sparkling drop,
In every wave there's pleasure;
In diamond spray it leaps away,
A lovely boon and treasure.
A song, a song, &c.

3 It nerves the hand to deeds of might,
It wakes the heart to gladness!
It breathes a psalm of pure delight,
And charms us all from sadness!
A song, a song, &c.

4 From every vale, and glade, and hill,
It speaks of nature's kindness!
Oh, may we heed the lesson still,
Nor shun it in our blindness!
A song, a song, &c.

96 Hurrah for Sparkling Water.

FANNY CROSBY. H. P. MAIN.



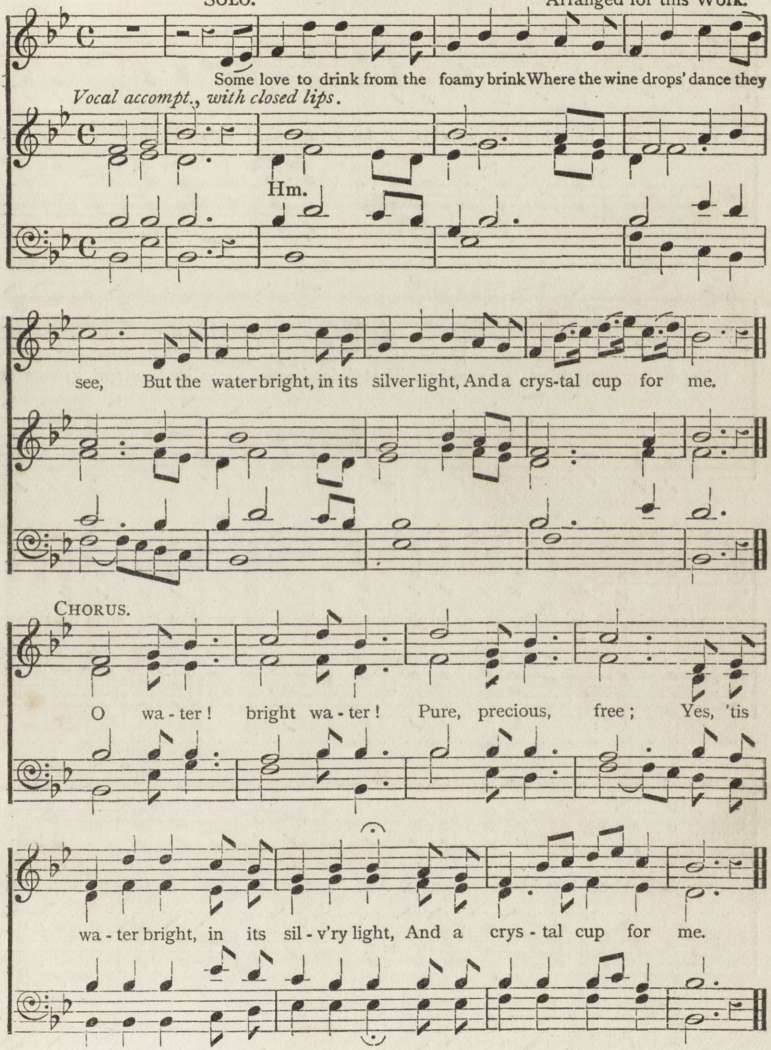
2 Hurrah! for sparkling water,
We love the pearly rill
That glides along the valley,
Beside the woodland hill.
The merry laughing water,
We hail it with delight,
It fills our hearts with gladness,
And makes our dwelling bright.
Hurrah, &c.

3 As stream with stream uniting,
In beauty wend their way,
To seek the mighty ocean,
And mingle with its spray;
So may our growing numbers
Our strength and union prove,
Till all shall reach the haven
Of joy, and peace, and love.
Hurrah, &c.

97

A Crystal Cup.

SOLO. Arranged for this Work.



2 O, a goodly thing is the cooling spring,
'Mong the rocks where the moss doth grow; [music beside
There's health in the tide, and there's
In the brooklet's bounding flow.
O water, &c.

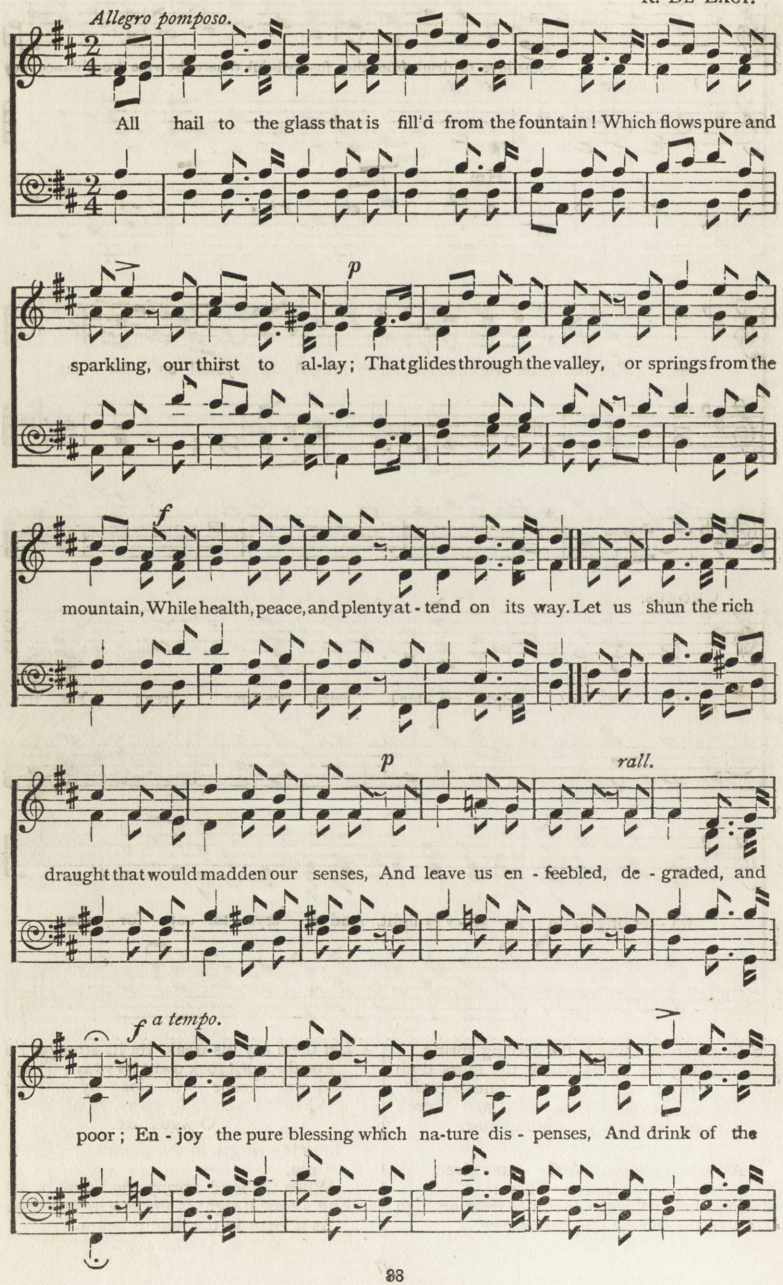
3 As pure as Heaven is the water given,
'Tis for ever fresh and new;
Distilled in the sky, it comes from on high
In the shower and gentle dew.
O water, &c.

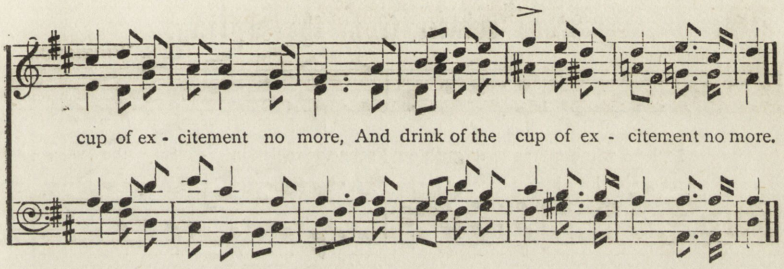
4 Let them say 'tis weak, yet its strength I'll
For the worn rock owns its sway; [seek,
And we're borne swift along by its wing
When it riseth to fly away. [so strong,
O water, &c.

5 There is strength in the glee of the mighty sea,
When the loud stormy wind doth blow!
And a fearful sight is the cataract's might,
As it leaps to the depths below.
O water, &c.

Filled from the Fountain.

R. De Lacy.



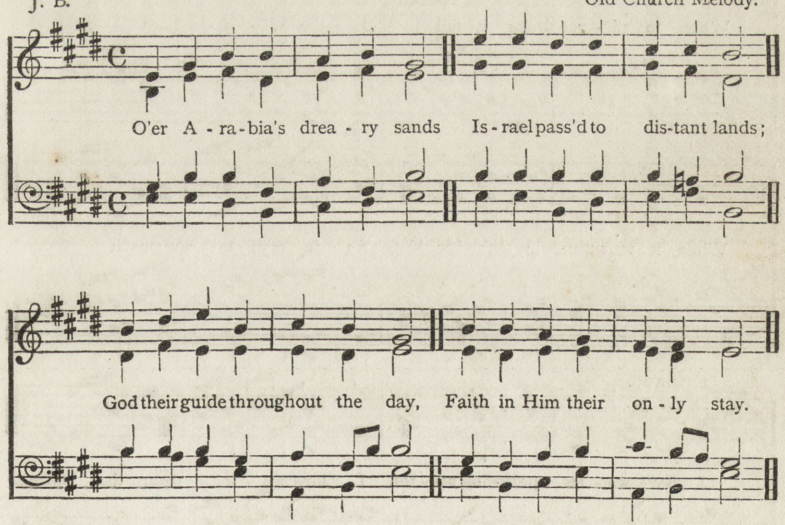


2 Let us strive the poor drunkard from vice to deliver,
And ask him to join in the abstinence plan,
Till all drinking customs are banished for ever,
No more to destroy the best interests of man.
May the "cup of cold water" draw down a rich blessing
On all who present it with feelings of love;
And may we partake of those times of refreshing,
Which come from the life-giving Fountain above.

99 Culbach.

J. B.

Old Church Melody.



2 Mercies, day by day renewed,
Raised the hymn of gratitude;
While 'neath pearly dewdrops spread,
Lay around their daily bread.

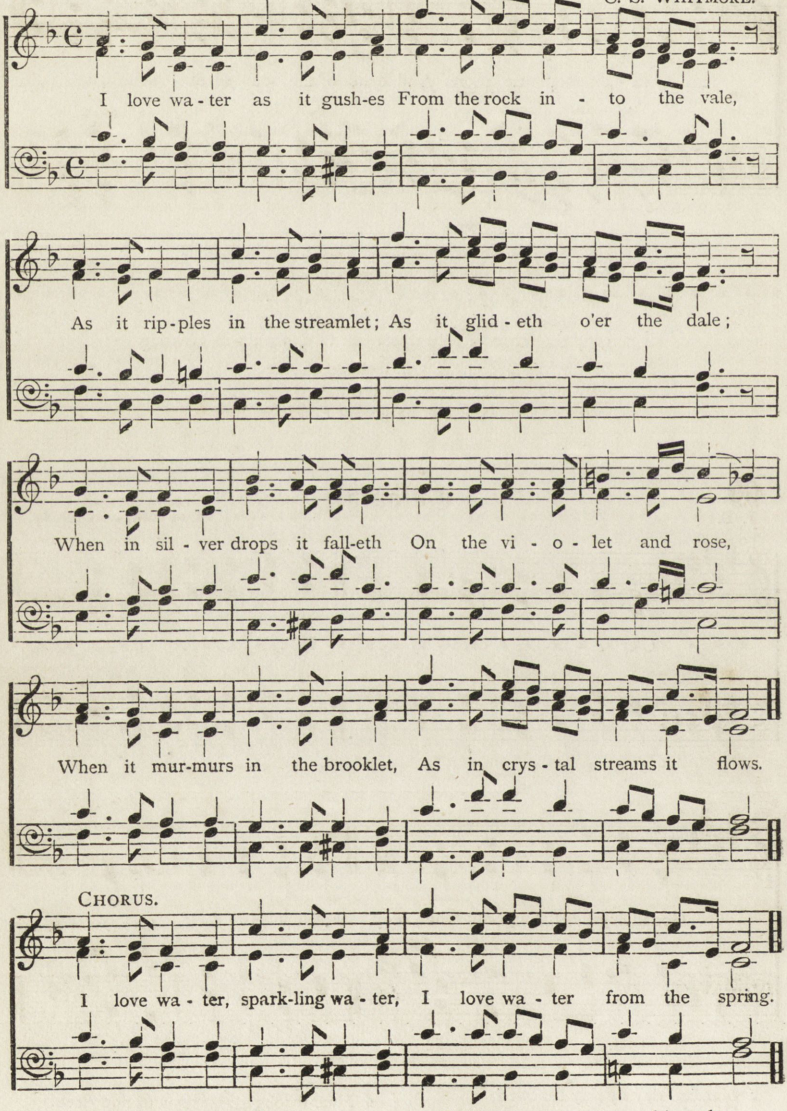
3 Crystal streams from Horeb's side,
Each returning want supplied,
Ever flowing to impart
Motives for a grateful heart.

4 Thus through deserts wild and drear,
Manna, and the streams so clear,
Form their only meat and drink,
At whose frown e'en nations shrink.

5 Christians! learn a lesson here,—
Israel's God for ever near,
Doth both health and strength bestow,
Where no maddening liquors flow.

100 I Love Water from the Spring.

C. S. WHITMORE.

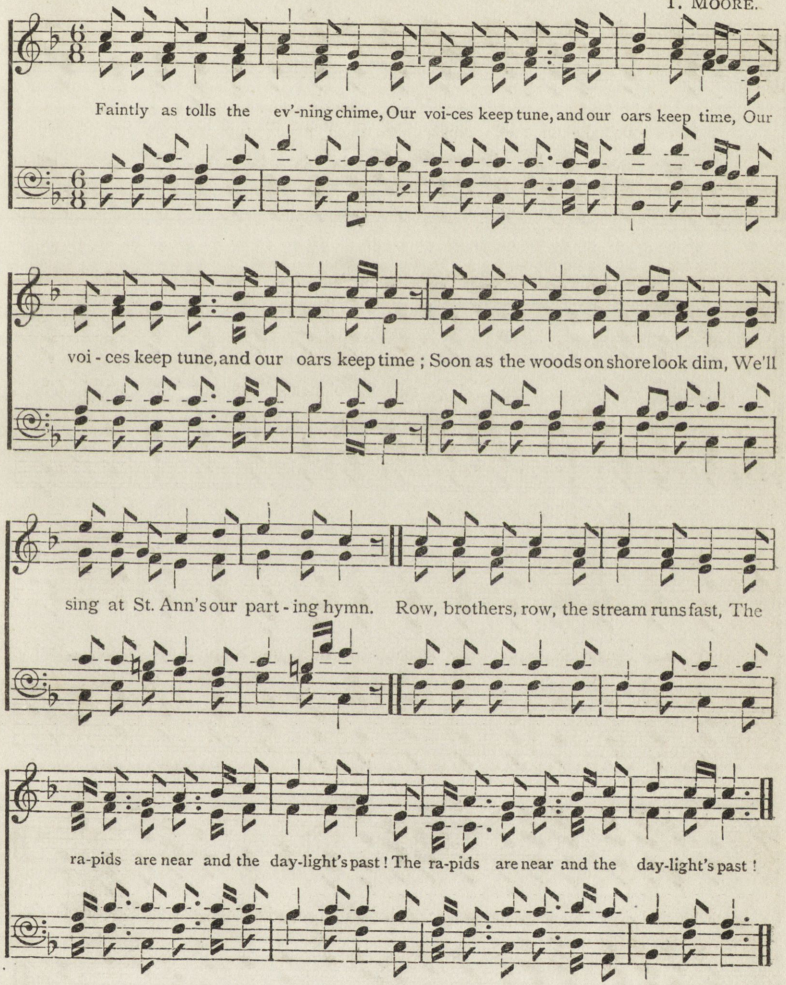


2 I love water as it danceth
On the little pebbly strand,
Always playing, smiling, singing,
In the sunlight looking grand.
How I love to see it springing
In the tiny mossy well,
Where the maiden with the bucket,
Thither wends through mead and dell.
I love water, &c.

3 Take away your wine and brandy,
I want nought but water pure,
It will give me strength and vigour,
And my ailments it will cure.
Oh that all men would be sober,
And adopt the Temperance plan,
And with me, drink sparkling water,
Nature's choicest gift to man.
I love water, &c.

101 Canadian Boat Song.

T. MOORE.

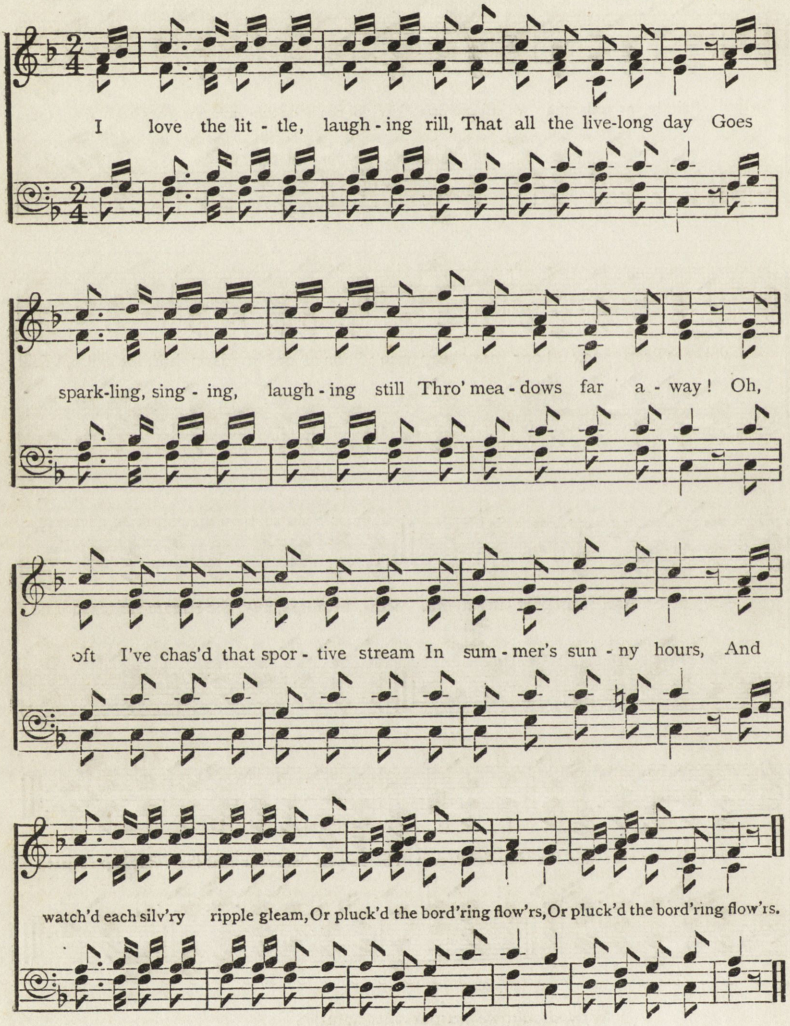


2 Why should we yet our sails unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue waves to curl ;
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh ! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past !

3 Otawa's tide ! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle ! hear our prayers,
O ! grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

102 The Little, Laughing Rill.

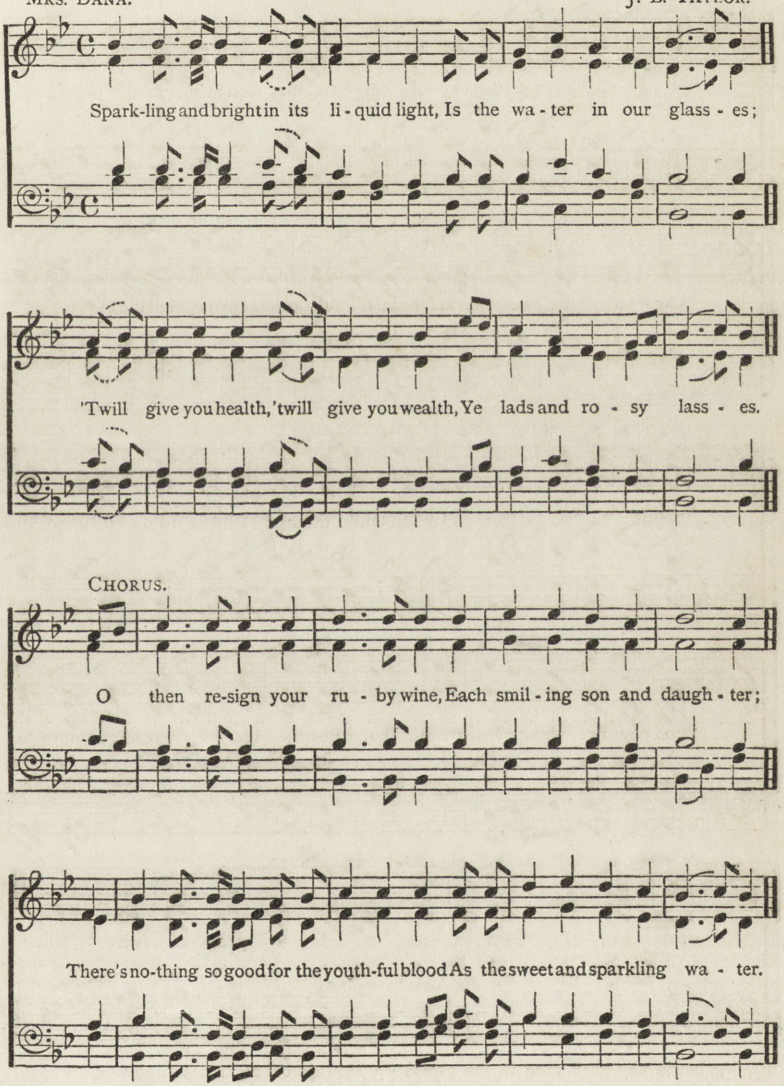
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



2 And still I love to stand and gaze
Along its winding shore,
And dream of happy, happy days
That will return no more.
But life, like thee, flows on, sweet rill;
And I, like thee, must haste
Each day to do my Father's will,
Nor turn one hour to waste,
Nor turn one hour to waste.

103 Sparkling and Bright.

MRS. DANA. J. B. TAYLOR.

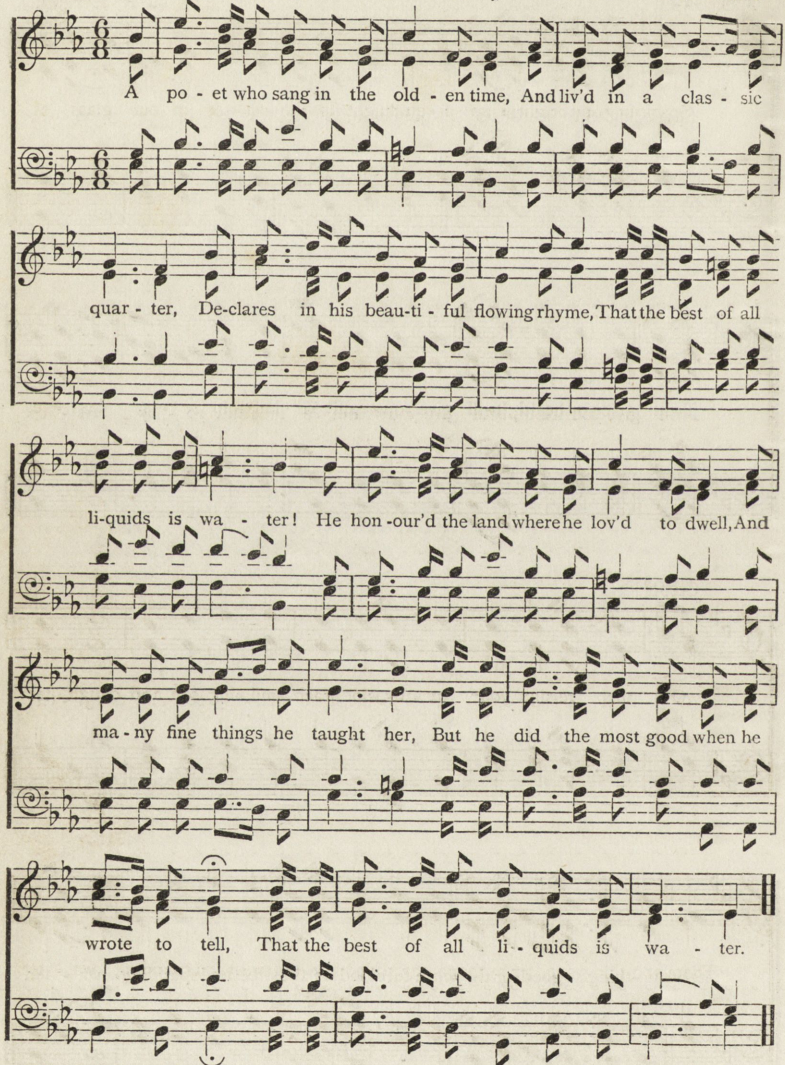


2 Better than gold is the water cold,
From the crystal fountain flowing;
A pure delight, both day and night,
On old and young bestowing.
O then resign, &c.

3 Sorrow hath fled from the heart that bled,
From the weeping wife and mother;
They have given up the poisoned cup,
Son, husband, daughter, brother.
O then resign, &c.

104 The Best of all Liquids.

T. WARR.

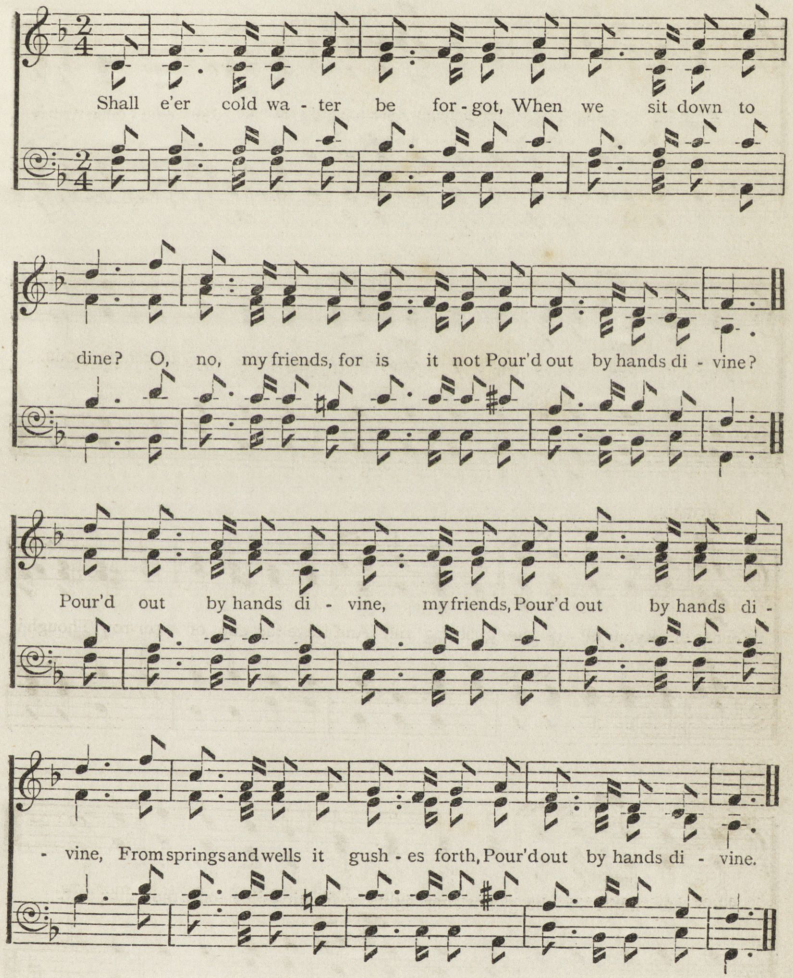


2 Other bards may have sung in the praise of wine,
And its sparkling be echoed by sages;
While oft anon doth its praises shine,
In both ancient and classic pages;
But a laurel we'll wreathe for the poet's brow,
Who risked fame tho' he wooed and sought her;
At the shrine of his genius and truth we'll bow,
Who sang in the praise of pure water.

3 It keeps the head clear, and keeps it cool,
It is good for both son and daughter;
Of health and of strength it's the golden rule,
That the best of all liquids is water!
Then patriots hold fast to the Temperance cause,
Nor your teetotal principles barter,
But say without doubting, or fearing, or pause,
That the best of all liquids is water!

105 Poured out by Hands Divine.

Scotch Air.



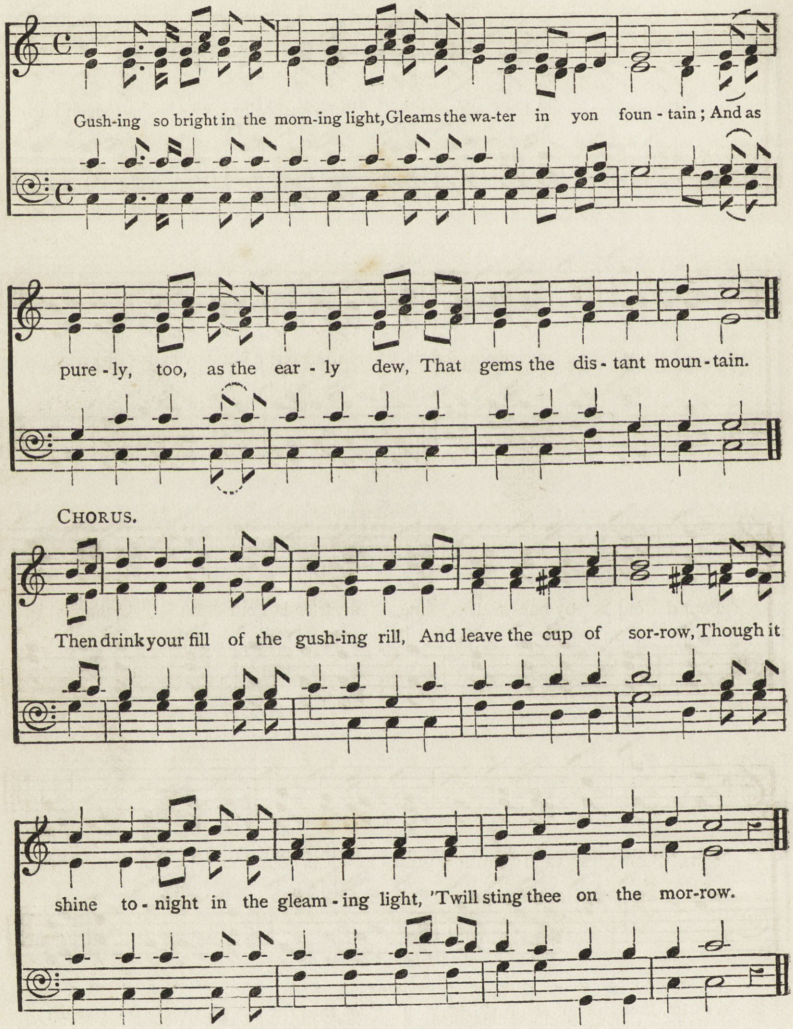
2 Cold water, though so much despised,
Reviled by voice and pen,
The weakest of all earthly drinks,
Doth make the strongest men:
Doth make the strongest men, my friends,
Doth make the strongest men;
Then let us take the strongest drink,
And grow the strongest men.

3 The sturdy oak full many a cup
Doth hold up to the sky,
To catch the rain, then drink 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?

4 Can abstinence be now forgot,
And never brought to mind;
Can abstinence be now forgot,
And mercy to mankind?
With all that's true, and kind, and dear,
With freemen true and kind,
We'll join the ranks of abstinence,
And mercy to mankind.

106 The Sparkling Rill.

W. B. BRADBURY.



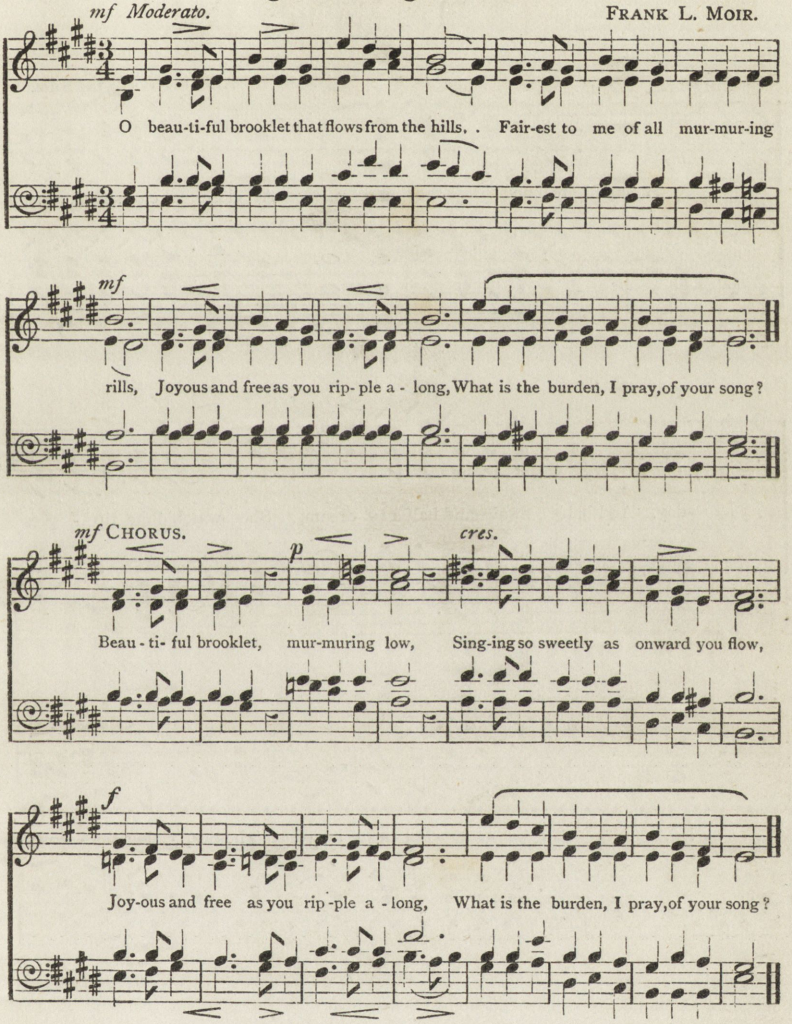
2 Quietly glide in their silvery tide,
Pearly brooks from rocks to valley;
And the flashing streams, in the broad sunbeams,
Like banner'd armies rally.
Then drink your fill, &c.

3 Touch not the wine tho' it brightly shine,
When a purer draught is given;
A gift so sweet our wants to meet,
A beverage bright from heaven.
Then drink your fill, &c.

4 O fountain clear, with a heart sincere,
We will praise thy glorious Giver,
And when we rise to our native skies
We'll drink of life's bright river.
Then drink your fill, &c.

107 Beautiful Brooklet.

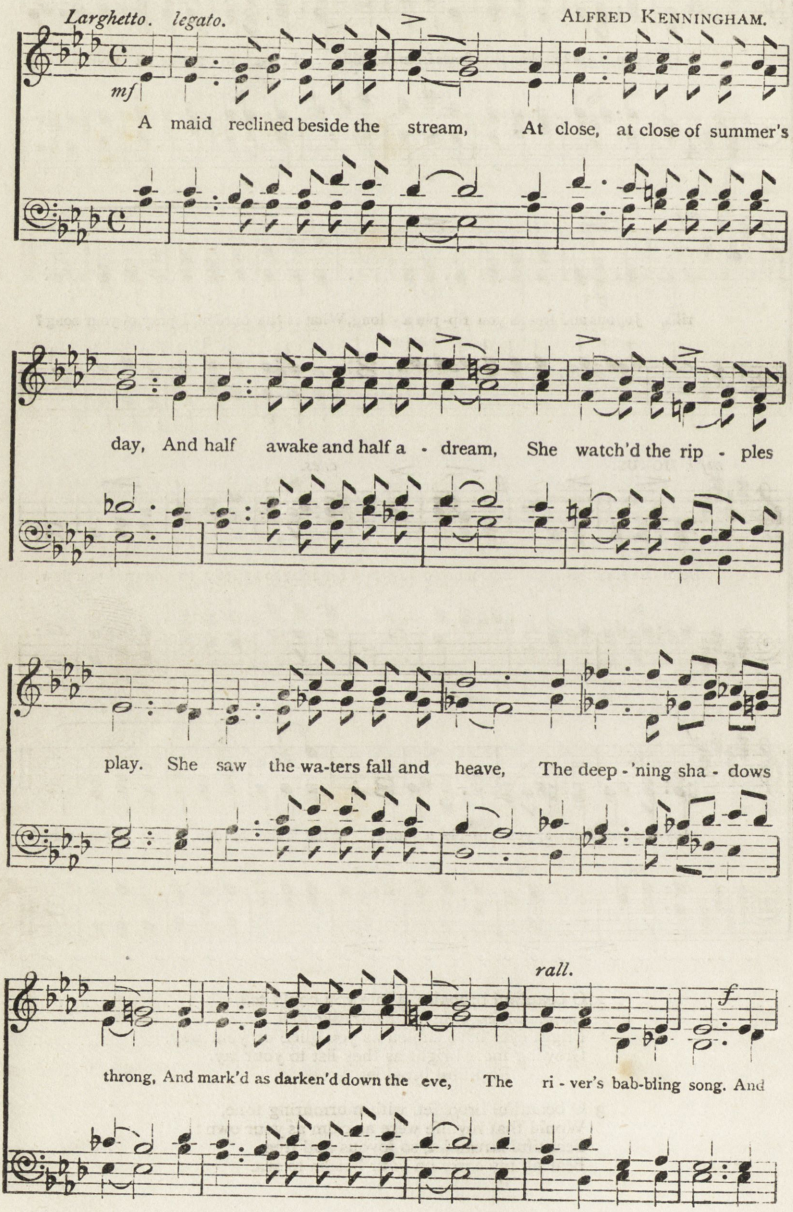
mf Moderato. FRANK L. MOIR.

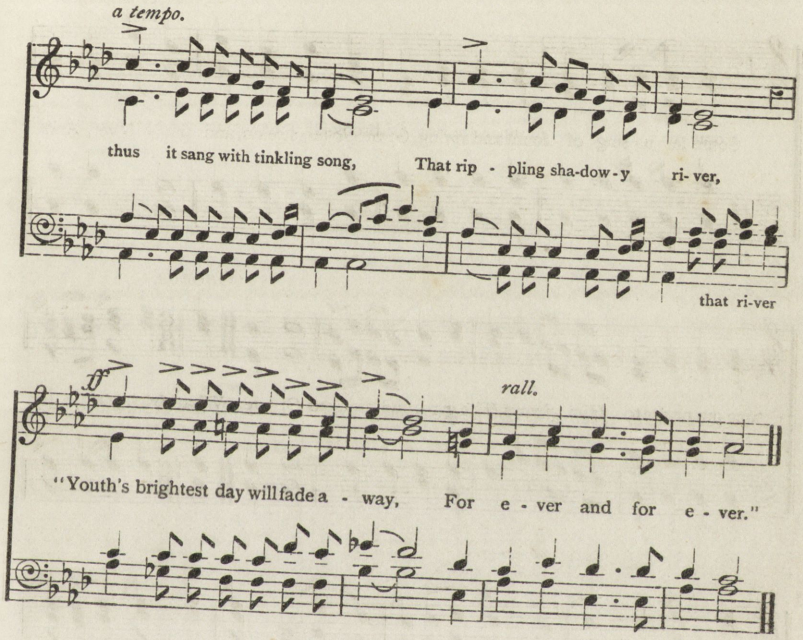


2 O beautiful brooklet, a tale you could tell,
Lovers oft meet in your fairylike dell,
Bright eyes have smiled as you glide on your way,
Growing more bright as they list to your lay.
Beautiful brooklet, &c.

3 O beautiful brooklet, with murmuring tone,
Would that my life were as calm as your own;
Beautiful streamlet, so joyous and free,
Bear all my cares on your bosom to sea.
Beautiful brooklet, &c.

A Maid Reclined.

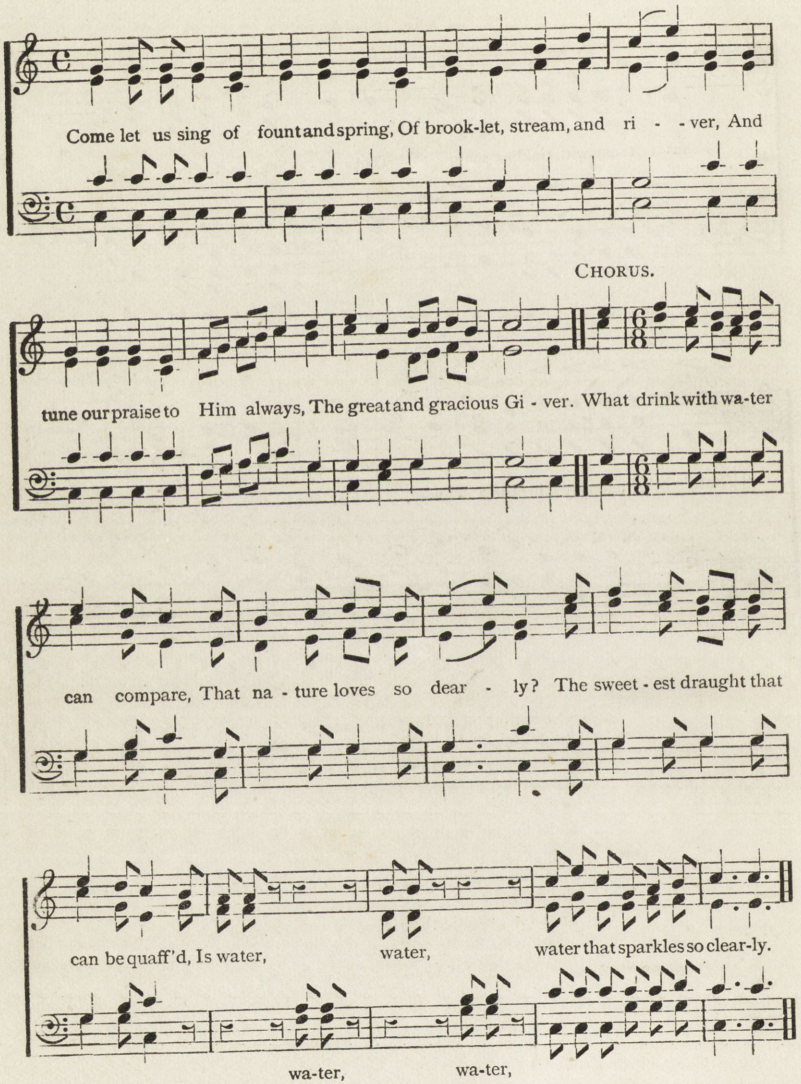




2 The evening past, the gentle moon
Rose broadly on the night,
The wavelets shone beneath her beams,
As wrought in silver bright.
The heaving waters glide along,
But mingled with their voice,
The nightingale now pours his song,
And makes the wood rejoice.
And thus he sang with tuneful tongue,
That bird beside the river;
"Tho' youth be gone, true love shines on,
For ever and for ever."

109 Sparkling Water.

T. F. SEWARD.



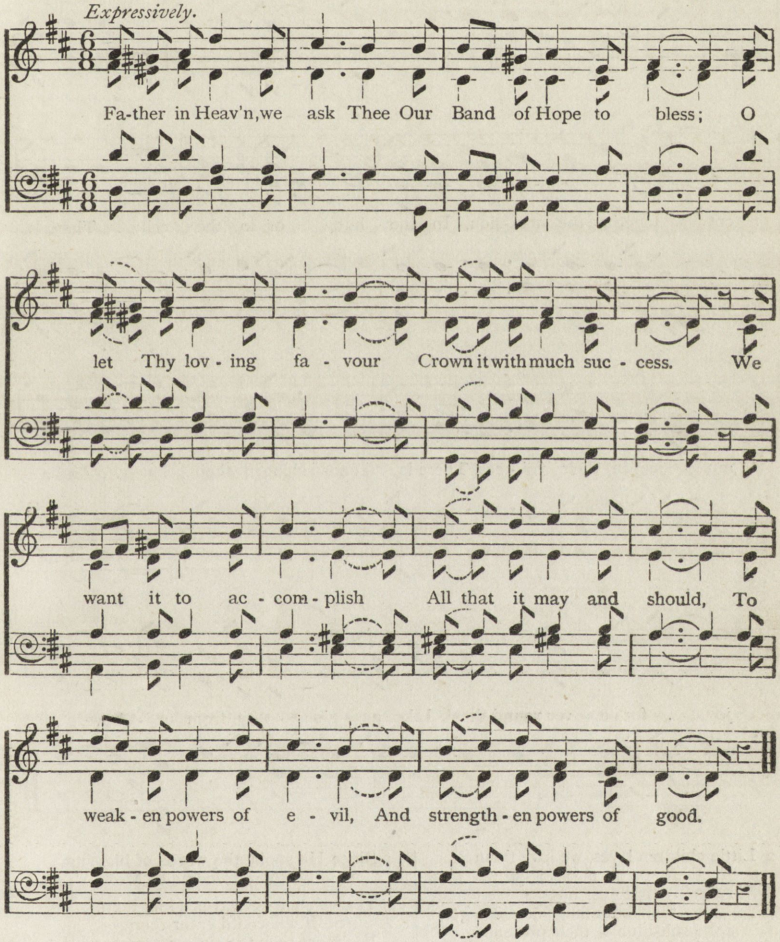
2 Down fall the showers to feed the flowers,
And in the summer nightly,
The blossoms sip with rosy lip
The dewdrops gleaming brightly.
What drink, &c.

3 Each little bird whose song is heard,
Thro' grove and meadow ringing,
At streamlet's brink will blithely drink,
To tune its voice to singing.
What drink, &c.

110 Father in Heaven.

L. W. P. W. H. BONNER.

Expressively.



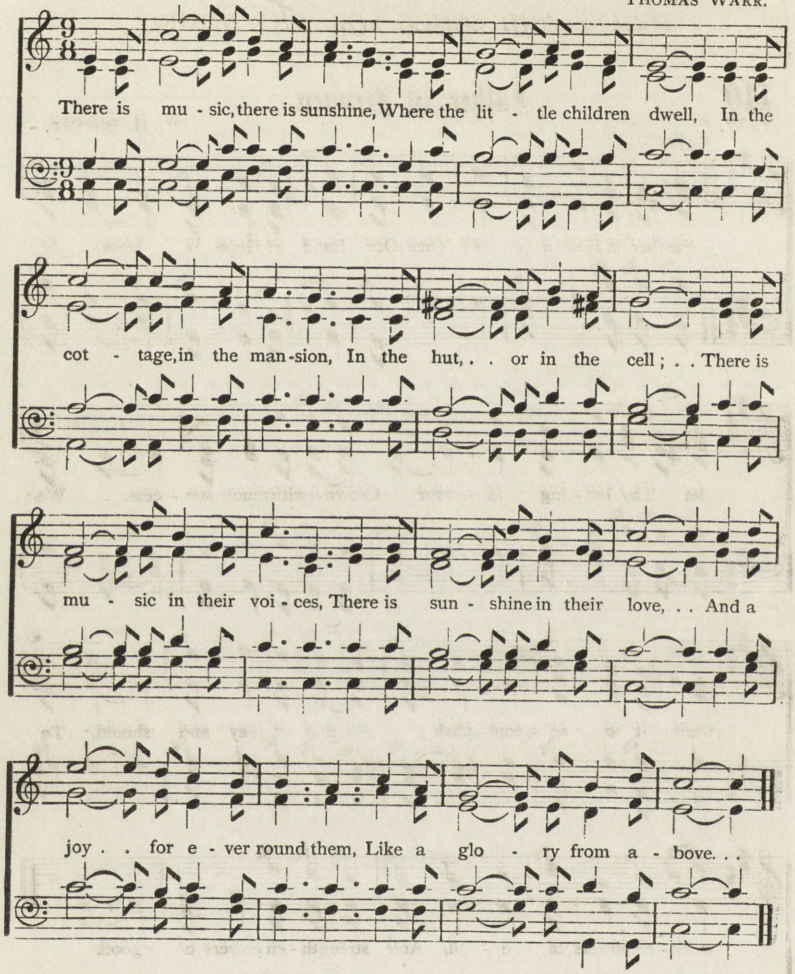
2 And so we ask Thy blessing
O send us not away
Without a gracious answer
Even this very day.
Bless every single member,
And may they look to Thee
For strength to keep their promise
From all strong drink to flee.

3 Give to the boys true courage
That, as to men they grow,
And drinking comrades tempt them,
Firmly they'll answer "No!"
And keep the girls all steadfast,
And may they help to win,
By love and good examples,
Many from paths of sin.

4 Hear us, O hear us, Father,
For Jesu's own dear sake,
Give us a rich, full blessing,
And each a blessing make.
And Thine shall be the glory,
We'll yield Thee all the praise,
Nor wilt Thou spurn the tribute,
Our Band of Hope shall raise.

Little Children.

THOMAS WARR.



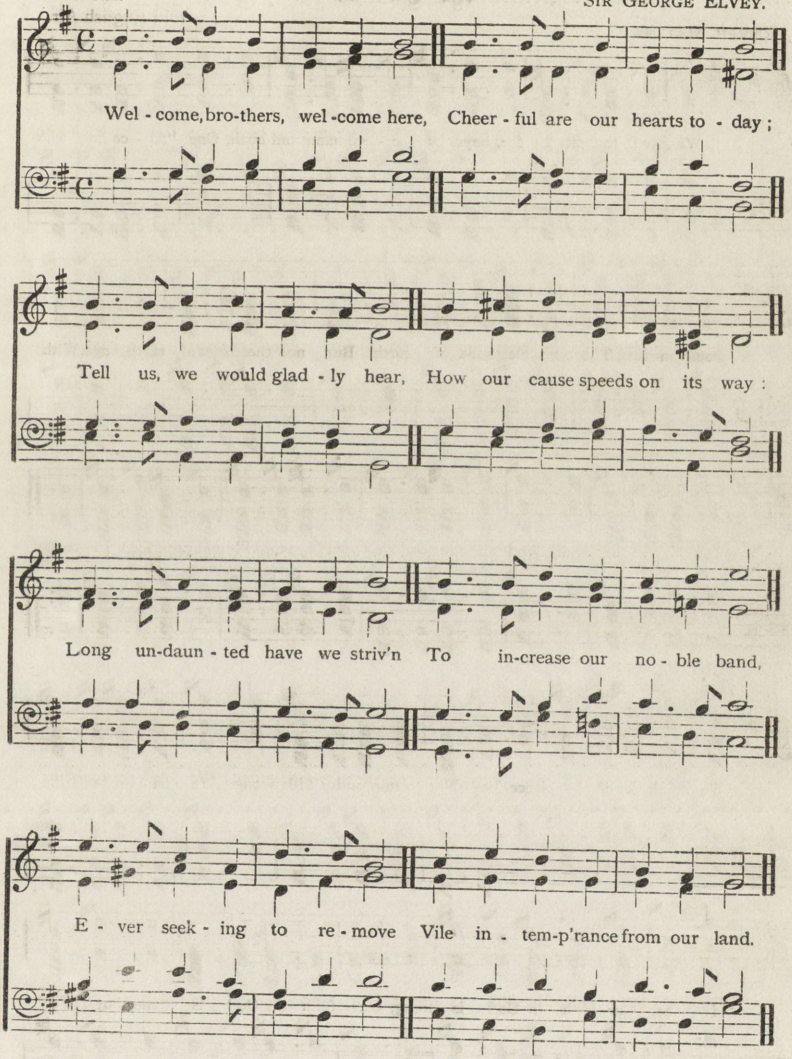
2 Little children! yes, we love them
For their spirit's ceaseless flow,
For the joy that ever lingers
Where their bounding footsteps go;
'Tis the sunshine of their presence
Makes the lowly cottage fair,
And the palace is a prison
If no little one is there.

3 Oh! I wonder not the Saviour,
He, the beautiful, the meek,
To the precious little children
Tender, loving words did speak.
'Tis a pleasant thing to teach them
Unto Him to bend the knee,
Since He spoke the words of blessing,
"Suffer them to come to Me."

4 Yea, of such is heaven's kingdom,
And if we would enter there,
We must seek the sinless garment
Which the little child doth wear.
Father, bless the little children,
Bless them everywhere they dwell—
In the palace, in the mansion,
In the hut, or in the cell;
May the clouds of sin and sorrow
Never darken o'er their way,
And in heart may we be like them,
Pure and innocent as they.

112 St. George.

American. SIR GEORGE ELVEY.



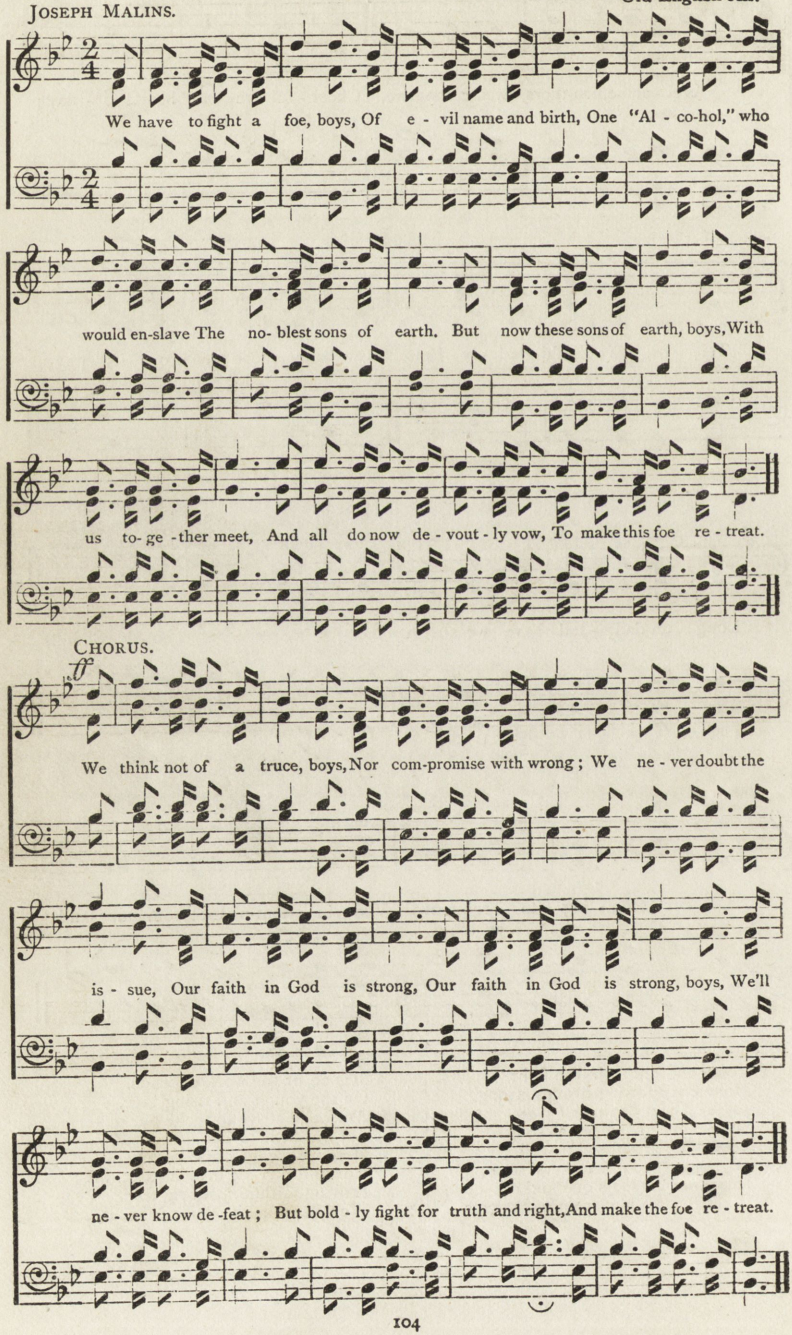
2 Come and aid us in the fight,
Make our growing armies strong,
Joyfully with us unite,
Swelling the triumphant song.
Then the foe will swiftly fall,
When we take our fathers' seats,
Here we pledge us one and all,
We will drive him from our streets.

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

113 We'll make the Foe retreat, Boys.

Old English Air.

JOSEPH MALINS.



2 The horny-handed workmen,
The ploughmen from the farms,
And diggers from the gold mines
Have come to shoulder arms.
With us they shoulder arms, boys,
While drums—by quakers beat—
Shall cheer us on, till victory won,
We see the foe retreat.
We think not, &c.

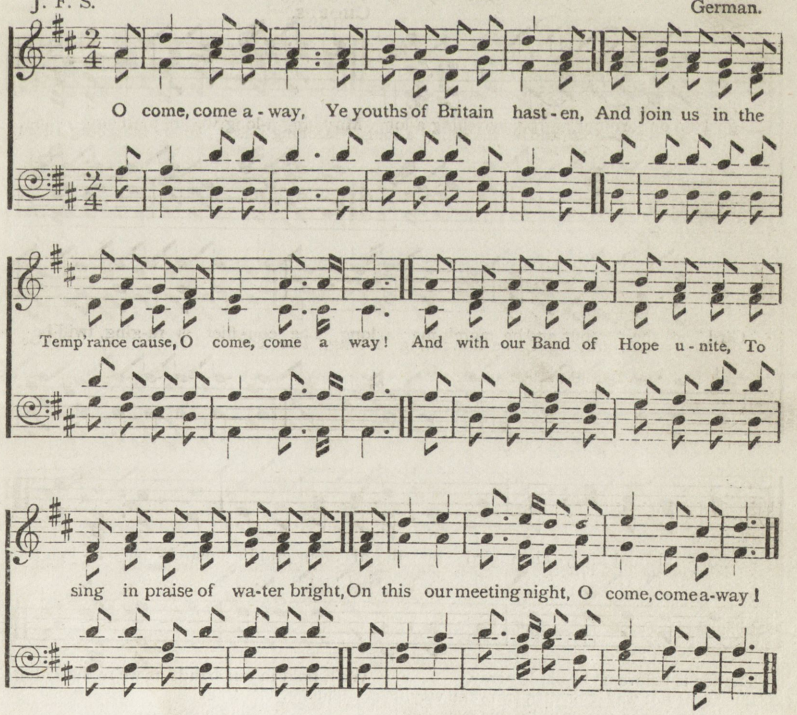
3 We know not sect or nation,
Our field is all the world!
On land and on the ocean
Our flag is now unfurled.
And now it is unfurled, boys,
Beneath its folds we greet
Both Indian red and "Woolly-head,"
To make the foe retreat.
We think not, &c.

4 We know in every battle
Some useful lives are lost;
But though our task is mighty,
We've counted up the cost.
Yes, counted all the cost, boys;
And though it will be great,
We'll pay the bill, with right good will,
To make the foe retreat.
We think not, &c.

5 For life we have enlisted,
And free from doubt and fear,
We sight the hostile forces,
And give a hearty cheer!
We give a ringing cheer, boys!
And rush with footsteps fleet
Upon the foe, with blow on blow,
To force him to retreat.
We think not, &c.

114 O Come, Come Away.

J. F. S. German.

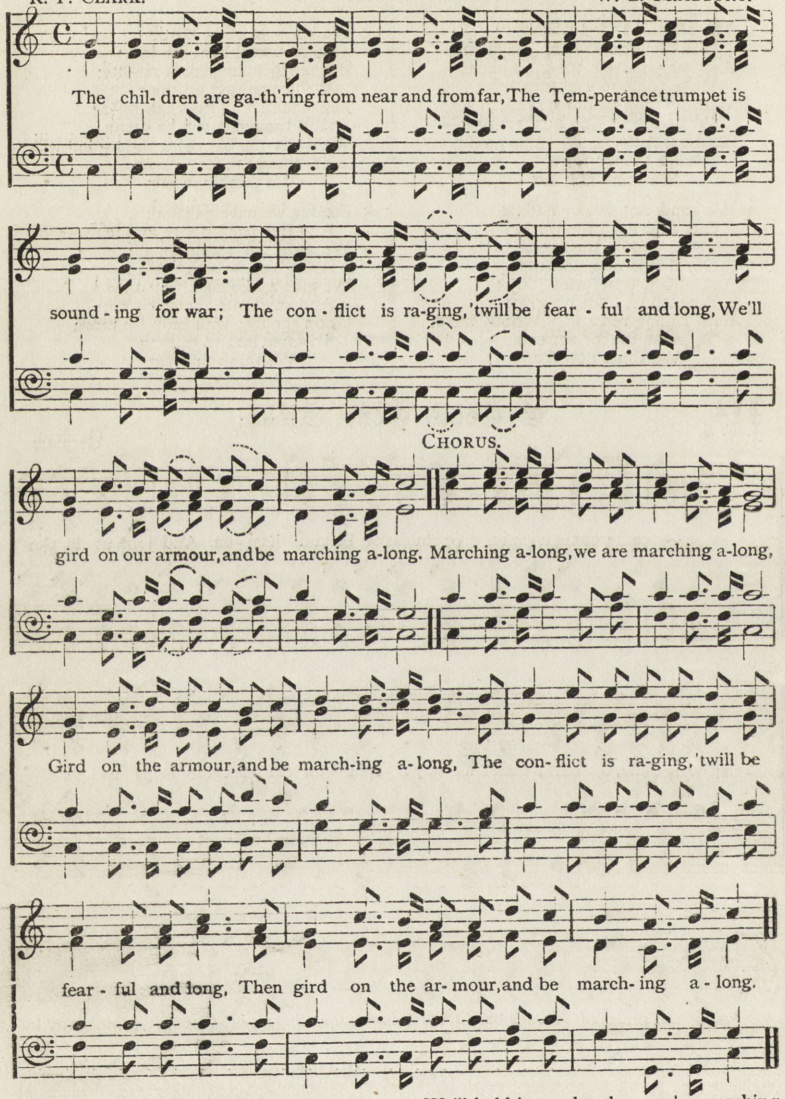


2 O come, come and sign,
The pledge to keep for ever;
Drink not strong drink, be wise and think,
O come, come and sign.
'Twill save you from a thousand snares,
From want, and woe, and pining cares;
While grief the drunkard shares,
O come, come and sign.

3 Arise, then, arise!
Ye youths of Britain join us,
The "Good Time Coming," let us aid—
O come, come and sign: [peace,
When Temperance, love, health, joy, and
Shall mankind's happiness increase,
And hateful strife shall cease—
O come, come and sign.

115 Gird on Your Armour.

R. P. CLARK. W. B. BRADBURY.



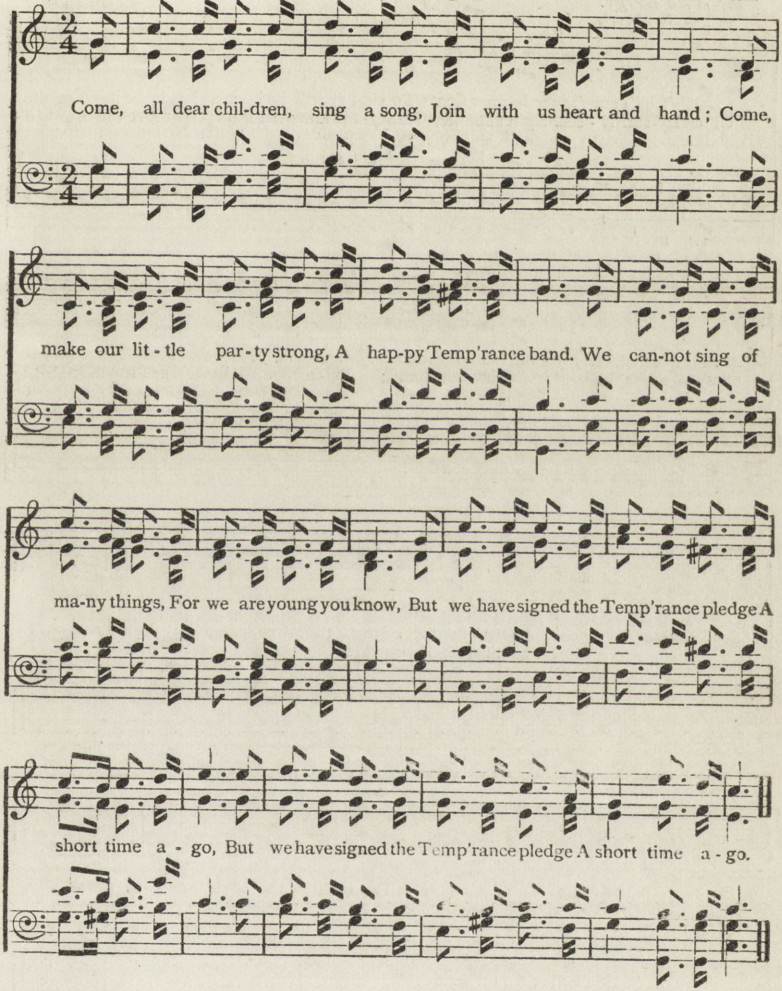
2 The foe is before us in battle array,
But let us not waver or turn from the way,
The Lord is our strength, be this ever our song, [along.
With courage and faith we are marching
Marching along, &c.

3 We've taken the pledge, and will stand by it true, [rue;
With Christ as our Captain, we never shall
The "Sword of the Spirit," both trusty and strong,
We'll hold in our hands as we're marching along.
Marching along, &c.

4 Thro' conflicts and trials our crowns we must win, [sin;
For here we contend 'gainst temptation and
But one thing assures us, we cannot go wrong, [along.
If trusting our Saviour while marching
Marching along, &c.

116 Come, all Dear Children.

J. TUNNICLIFF. Old English Air, Harmonised for this Work.



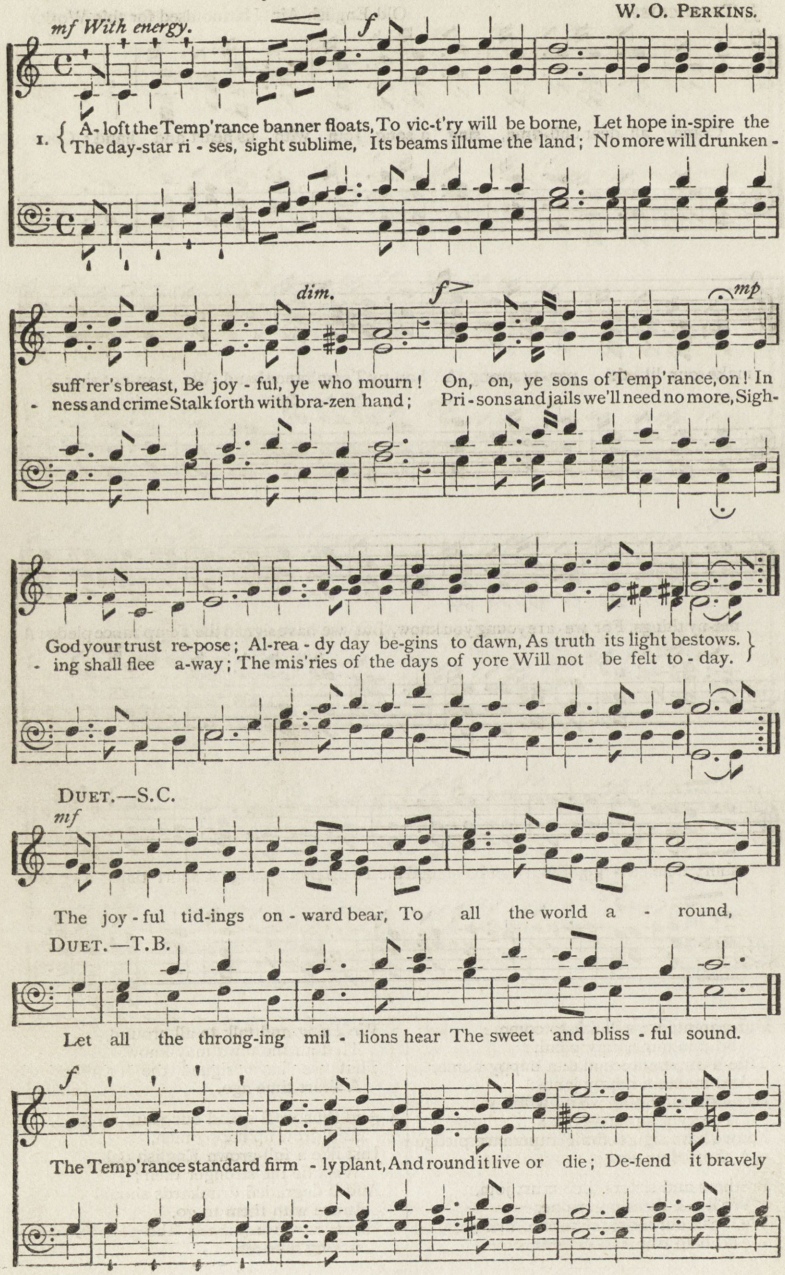
2 Our parents we will ask to come,
And join our happy band,
True Temperance makes a happy home,
And makes a happy land.
By God's kind help we all will say
To every tempter—NO,
For we have signed the Temperance pledge
A short time ago.

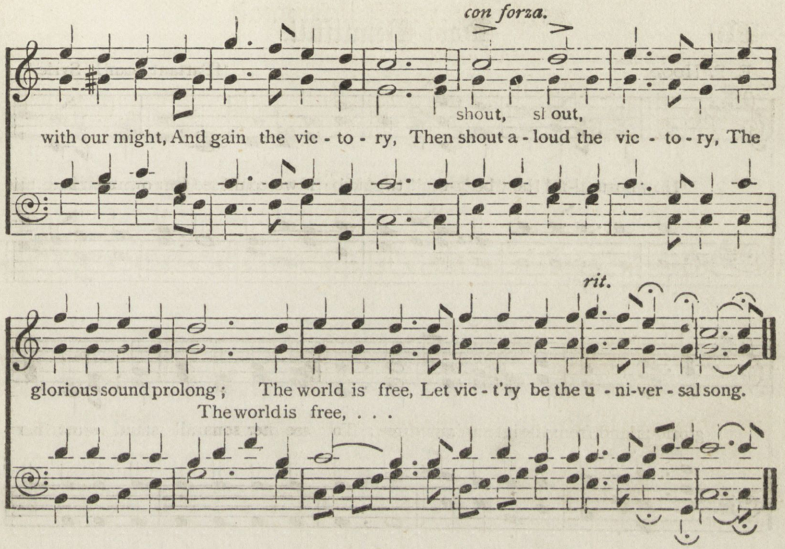
3 Brothers and sisters then must join,
We'll ask them every one,
We'll ask our neighbours too, to sign,
And help true Temperance on.
We'll sing and talk to all around,
That all the town may know,
That we have signed the Temperance
A short time ago. [pledge

4 And thus we'll spend our youthful days,
And grow up happy men,
Just like a full-grown English oak,
We'll be the stronger then;
And if degraded drunkards should
Invite with them to go,
We'll say we signed the Temperance
A long time ago. [pledge

117 The Temperance Banner.

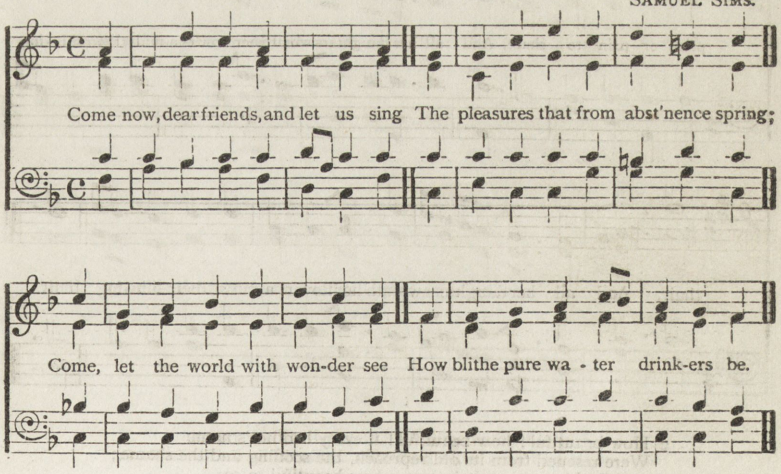
W. O. PERKINS.





118 Come Now, Dear Friends.

SAMUEL SIMS.



2 The lovely clouds on high behold,
Flying like birds with wings of gold,
From river, lake, and mighty sea:
The clouds pure water drinkers be.

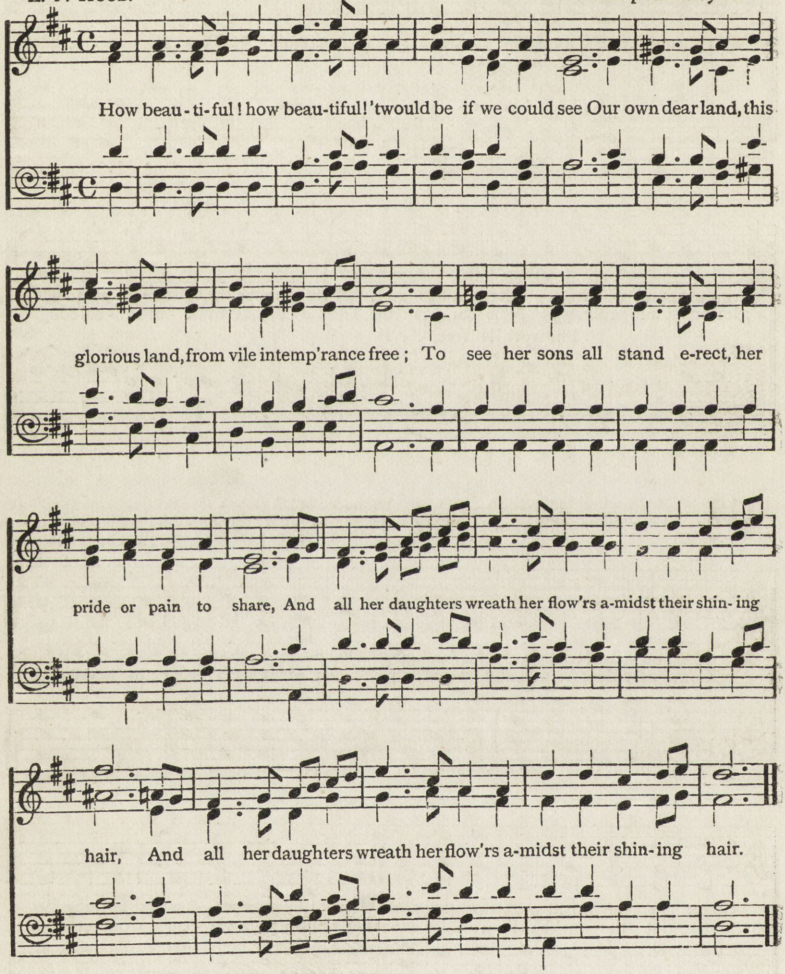
3 Behold the woods, how gladly opes
Each bursting bud to drink sweet drops
Of early dew—bright, falling free:
The woods pure water drinkers be.

4 See, see, how merrily the flowers
Quaff gentle summer's welcome showers—
How fresh, how fair, how full of glee!
The flowers pure water drinkers be.

5 When God such boundless bounty showers
On clouds, and hills, and woods, and flowers,
And little birds—why should not we,
His children, water drinkers be?

119 How Beautiful.

E. P. HOOD. "Partant pour la Syrie."



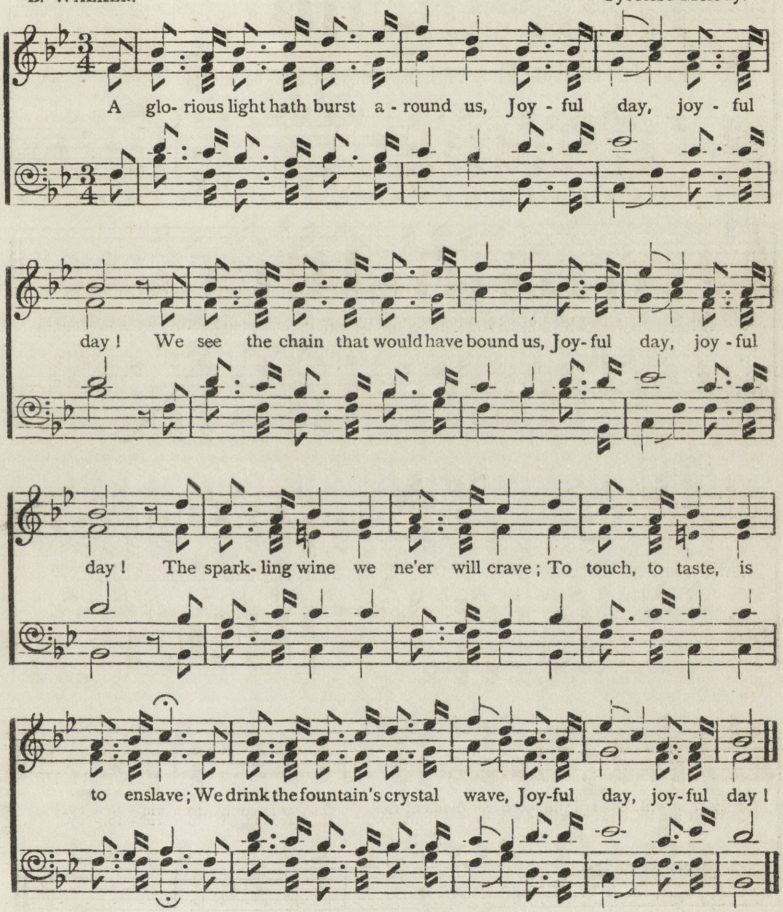
2 How beautiful! how beautiful! if every brother's name
Were rescued from its old reproach, the scoffing and the shame;
And dashing every chain away, how beautiful to see
The drunkard starting to the man, the noble, and the free!

3 How beautiful! how beautiful! if through this ocean isle
Each village wore the sunny gleam of a redeeming smile;
Then should the bulwarks of the State erect in glory stand,
And hope relight her dying torch, to brighten up the land.

4 Ah, beautiful! yes, beautiful! and shall we never see
This land, our own dear native land, from vile intemperance free?
Yes, all her sons shall stand erect, the Temperance cause to bear,
And all her daughters wreath its flowers amidst their shining hair.

120 Joyful Day.

B. WALKER. Tyrolese Melody.

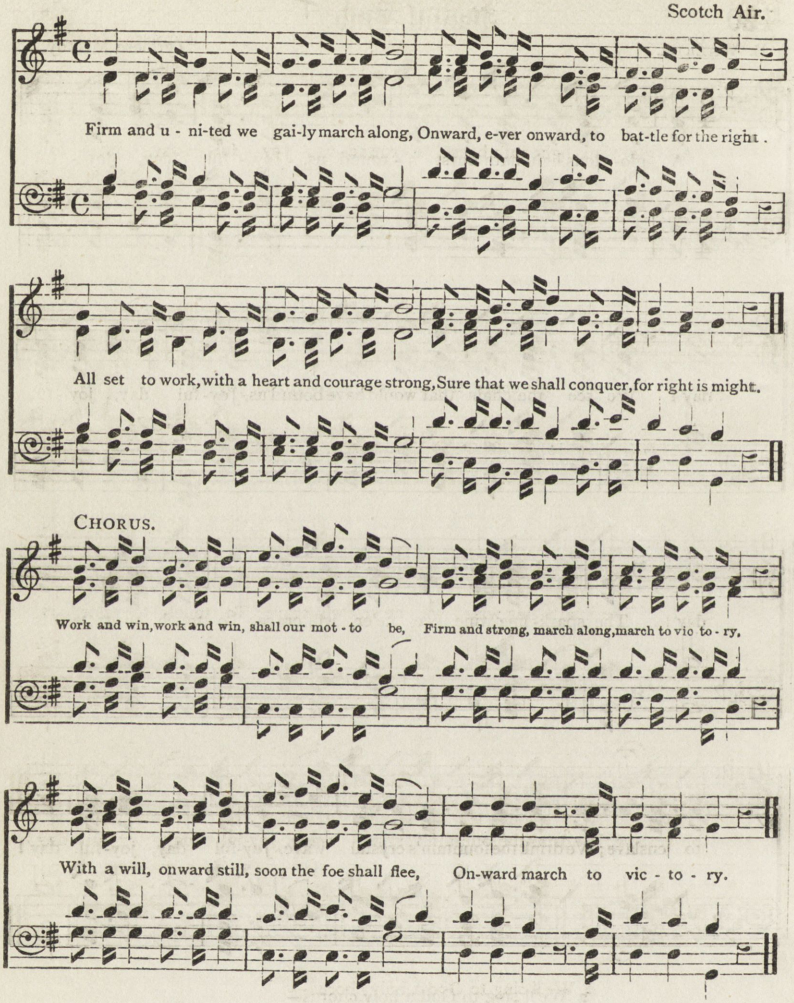


2 We'll sing to God a holy chorus—
Joyful day, joyful day !
Truth shines in radiant brightness o'er us—
Joyful day, joyful day !
A firm and dauntless host we stand,
Ye millions join our Temp'rance band,
And plenty then shall bless our land—
Joyful day, joyful day !

3 The young and old come forth to hear us—
Joyful day, joyful day !
The isles across the ocean cheer us—
Joyful day, joyful day !
We'll spread the truth where man is found,
Bear it to earth's remotest bound,
Till every wind shall catch the sound—
Joyful day, joyful day !

121 Work and Win.

Scotch Air.



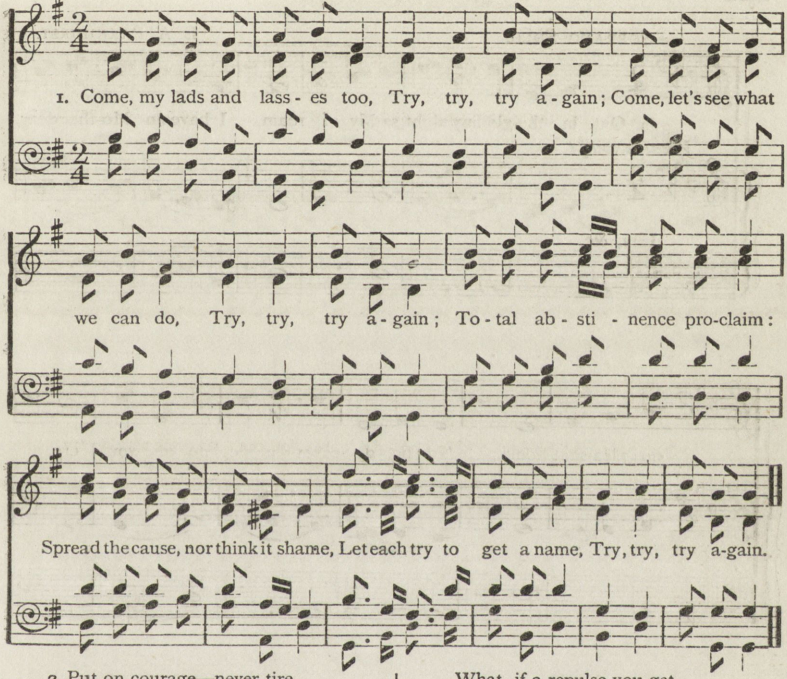
2 Foes all around us may strive to bar the way;
Friends may say we're hasty, and bid us wait awhile,
Firm in our purpose, we heed not what they say,
Till our cause has triumphed, we still must toil.
Work and win, &c.

3 Up with the standard and bear it far and wide,
Onward, ever onward, o'er all the battle field;
Heav'n is our helper, and so whate'er betide,
In the mighty conflict we'll never yield.
Work and win, &c.

122

Try Again.

J. TUNNICLIFF. Air, "Duncan Gray."



2 Put on courage—never tire,
Try, try, try again;
Let the cause your heart inspire,
Try, try, try again;
Raise your banner, raise it high,
For recruits then loudly cry;
They will muster by and by,
Try, try, try again.

3 If at first your luck be bad,
Try, try, try again;
Good success may soon be had,
Try, try, try again;
What, if a repulse you get,
Persevere, you'll prosper yet,
Then your toil you'll not regret,
Try, try, try again.

4 List as many as you can,
Try, try, try again;
On the safe teetotal plan,
Try, try, try again;
That our army may embrace
Every member of our race,
Emptying the drunkard's place,
Try, try, try again.

123

1 'Tis a lesson you should heed,
Try, try, try again;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again;
Duty's path is straight and clear,
Trust in God and persevere,
On, abstainers! never fear;
Try, try, try again.

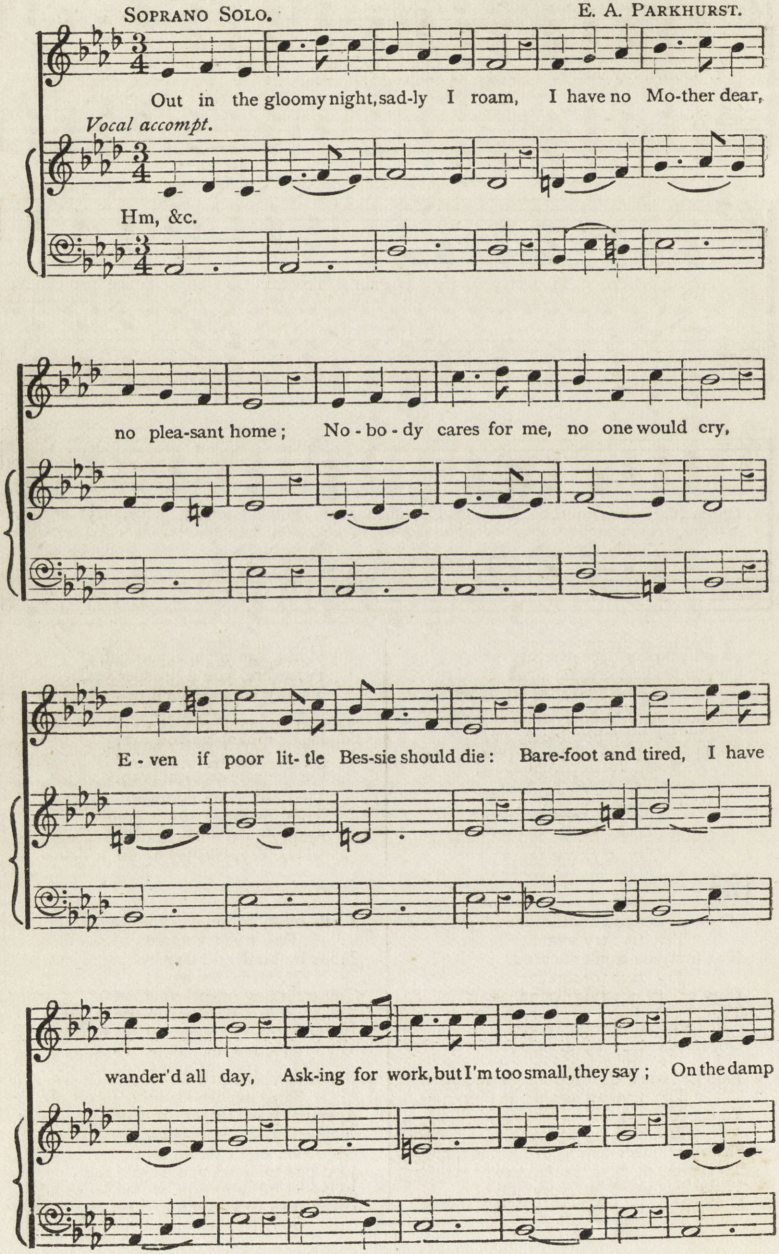
2 Pass the word through street and lane,
Try, try, try again;
Young and old, let all abstain,
Try, try, try again;
Say what harm strong drink has done
To father, mother, sister, son;
Wake and rise! let every one
Try, try, try again.

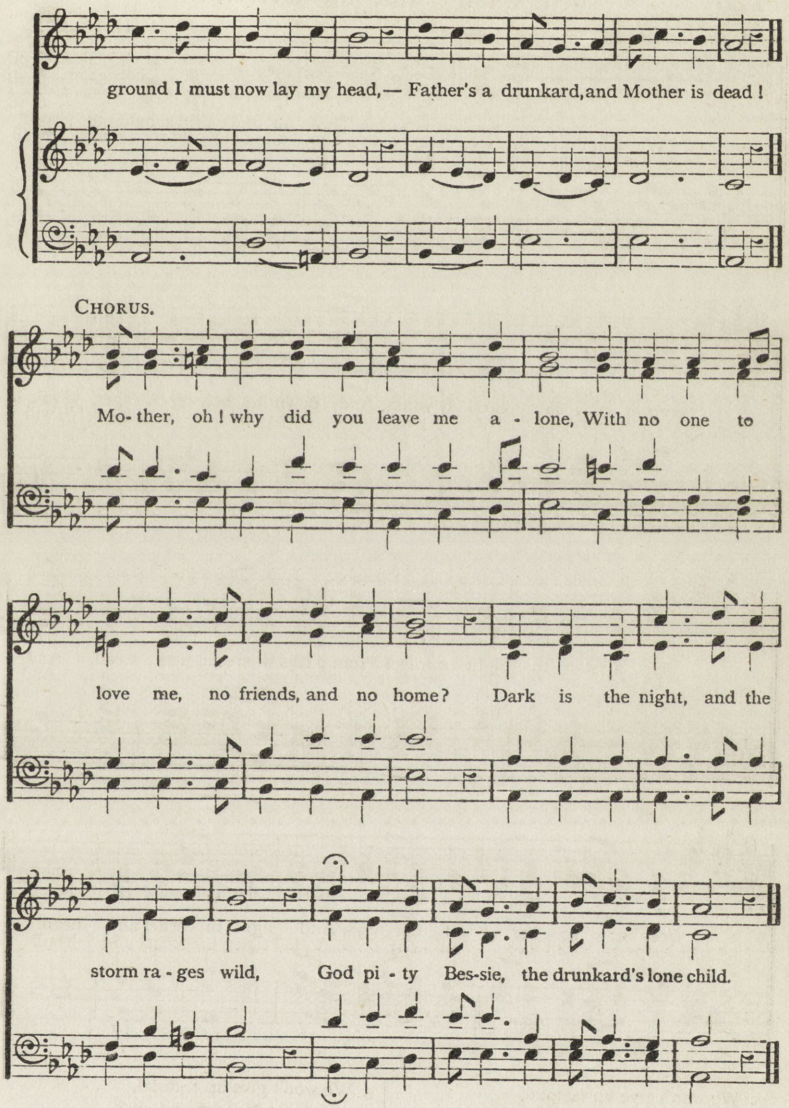
3 Little ones, come lead the way,
Try, try, try again;
Hour by hour and day by day,
Try, try, try again;
Tell each boy or girl you meet,
At home, at school, or in the street,
We want them all, the foe to beat;
Try, try, try again.

4 Public-houses must be closed,
Try, try, try again;
Abstaining is the plan proposed,
Try, try, try again;
Oh, never enter them at all,
Lest like millions you should fall,
Away with them both great and small,
Try, try, try again.

Poor Bessie.

SOPRANO SOLO. E. A. PARKHURST.



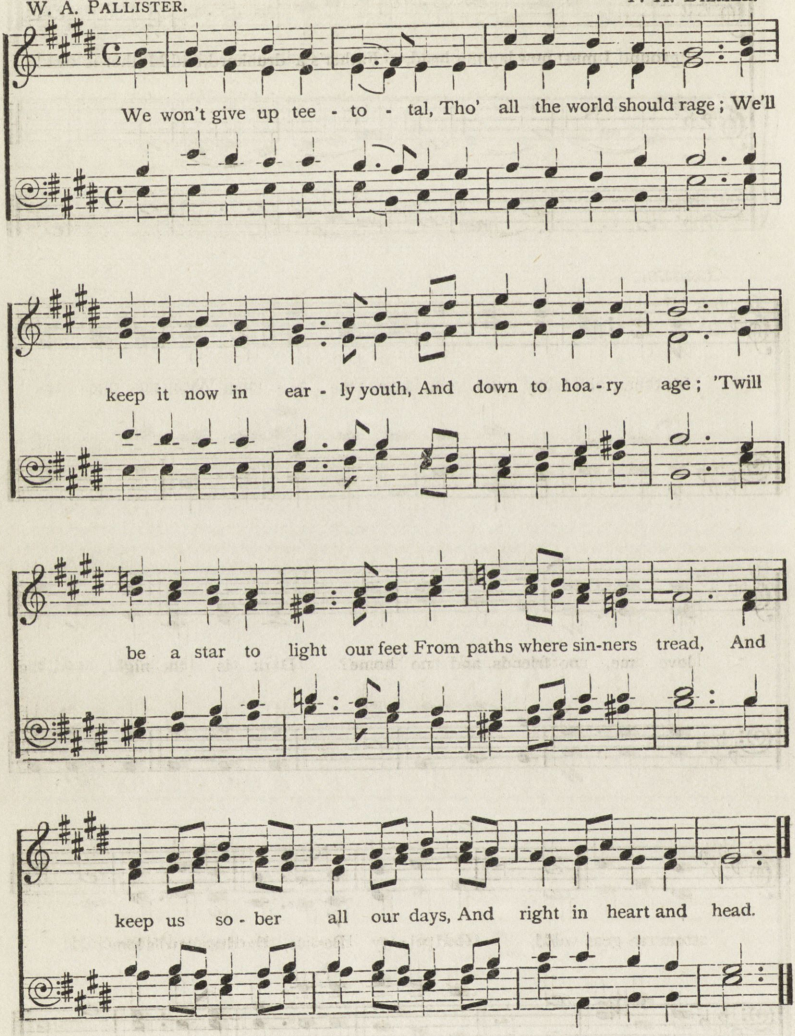


2 We were so happy till Father drank rum,
Then all our sorrow and trouble begun;
Mother grew paler, and wept ev'ry day,
Baby and I were too hungry to play;
Slowly they faded, and one summer's night
Found their dear faces all silent and white;
Then with big tears slowly dropping I said:
Father's a drunkard, and Mother is dead!
Mother, oh! why, &c.

3 Oh, if the Temp'rance men only could find
Poor wretched Father, and speak very kind;
If they could stop him from drinking—why,
Soon I should be very happy again; [then,
Is it too late? men of Temp'rance please try,
Or little Bessie may soon starve and die;
All the day long I've been begging for bread,
Father's a drunkard, and Mother is dead!
Mother, oh! why, &c.

125 We Won't give up Teetotal.

W. A. PALLISTER. P. H. DIEMER.

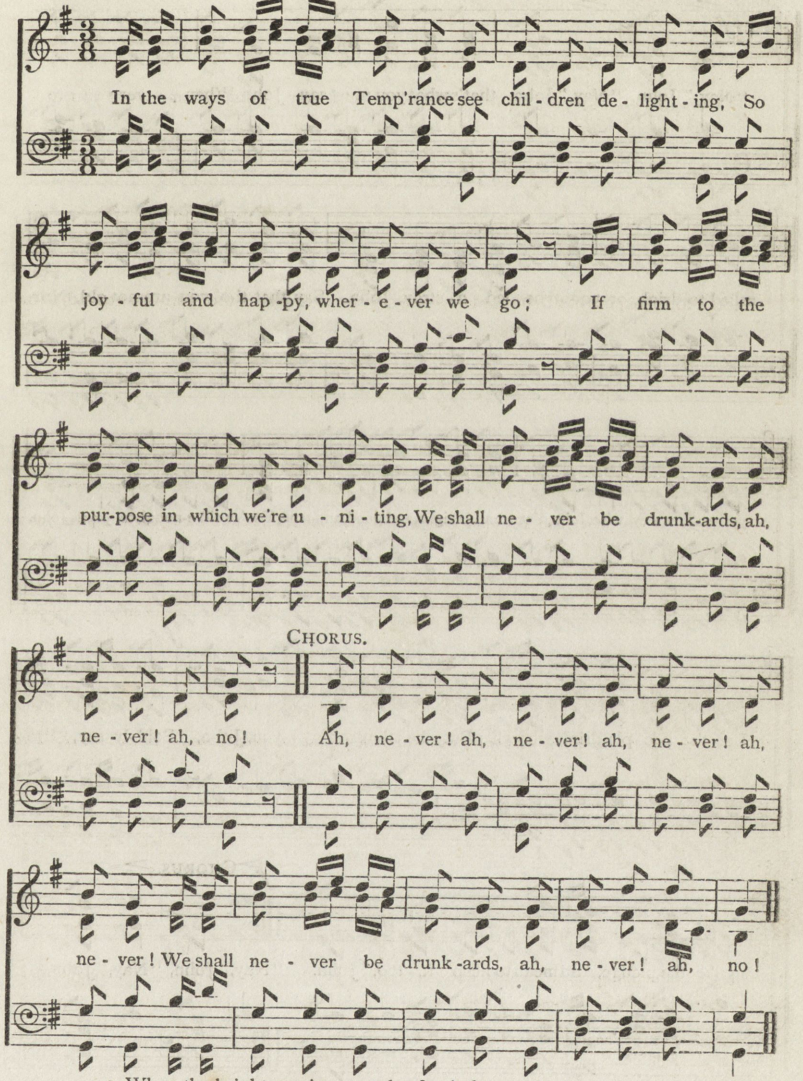


2 We won't give up teetotal,
For pleasure or for pain;
We'll buy the truth and sell it not,
For all that we may gain.
Though men should try to take our prize,
By guile or cruel might,
We'd suffer all that men could do,
And "God defend the right."

3 We won't give up teetotal,
But spread it far and wide,
Until its cheering truth be heard
Beyond the rolling tide;
Till all shall know its mighty power,
And with one voice and heart,
Resolve that from this glorious cause,
We'll never, never part.

126 In the Ways of True Temperance.

JABEZ TUNNICLIFF. Old English Air.



2 When the bright sun is up, and soft winds are blowing,
We'll go to the woods where the sweet flowers grow,
And we'll drink where the streams ever copious are flowing,
And never be drunkards, ah, never! ah, no!—Ah, never, &c.

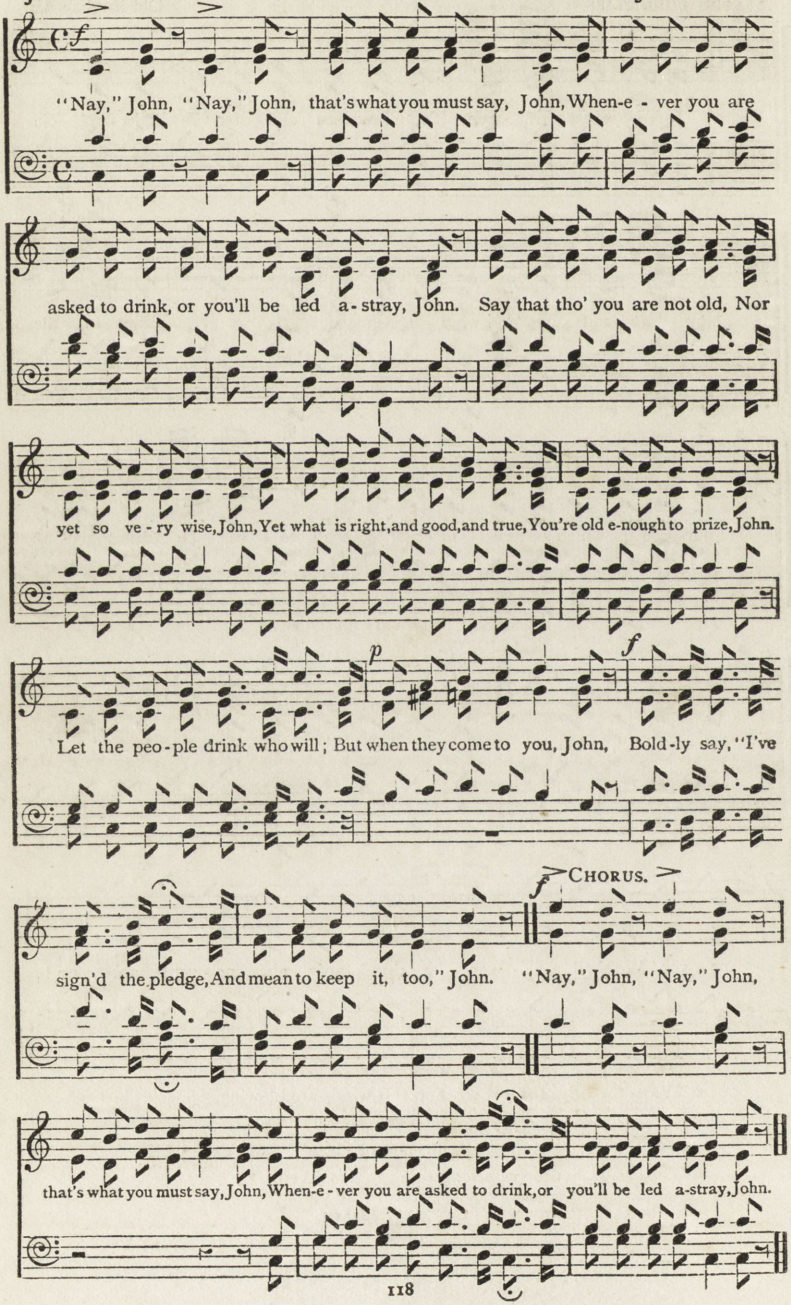
3 The first little drop of strong drink that is taken,
Leads many to sadness and sorrow, we know;
If the first little drop be in earnest forsaken,
We shall never be drunkards, ah, never! ah, no!—Ah, never, &c.

4 The pledge we have taken will never be broken,
If we stand by our Temp'rance wherever we go:
Then let us remember the words we have spoken,
And never be drunkards, ah, never! ah, no!—Ah, never, &c.

127

Nay, John, Nay, John.

JOHNSON BARKER. J. FAWCETT.



2 Think, John, think, John, what a thing is drink, John,
From bad to worse it often leads to death and ruin's brink, John.
You know your uncle Robert had
As nice a house as mine, John;
But years ago, you know as well,
He swallowed it in wine, John.
His trade is dead, his shop is shut,
'Twas drink that made him fail, John;
He started with a single glass,
And now he's in the gaol, John.
"Nay," John, &c.

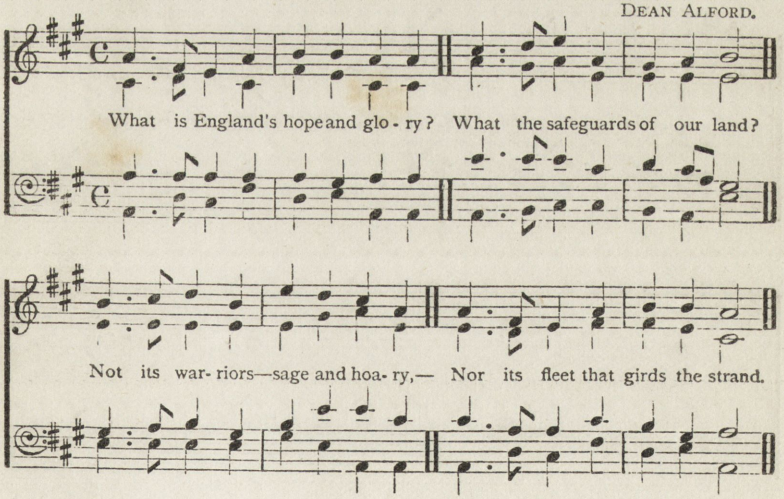
3 Use, John, use, John, winks at this abuse, John,
And when you recommend the pledge, will patch up some excuse, John.
Many drink because they're cold,
And some because they're hot, John;
Many drink because they're old,
And some because they're not, John;
Many drink because they're thin,
And some because they're stout, John;
Many drink because they're in,
And some because they're out, John.
"Nay," John, &c.

4 "Nay," John, "Nay," John—whatever they may say, John,
Never touch and never taste, but always answer "Nay," John.
If they ask you only just
To taste a little drop, John;
Say you would if you knew where
The "little drop" would stop, John.
Tell them that by gin and rum,
By wine, and malt, and hops, John,
That life, and health, and peace, and fame,
Are drowned in "little drops," John.
"Nay," John, &c.

5 O, John, O, John, I'll tell you what I know, John:
A drunken man, o'er all the world, has most of grief and woe, John.
Then on the land or on the sea,
In seasons hot and cold, John,
Keep the pledge when you are young,
And keep it when you're old, John.
Let the people drink who will,
But when they come to you, John,
Boldly say, "I've signed the pledge,
And mean to keep it too," John.
"Nay," John, &c.

128 What is England's Hope and Glory?

DEAN ALFORD.



2 On the future—Hope is casting
Anchor,— there it can abide;
Energies more strong and lasting
In our temperate youth reside.

3 While the aged are retiring,
Youth is springing into life;
Ardour, all its spirit firing
In the great—the moral strife.

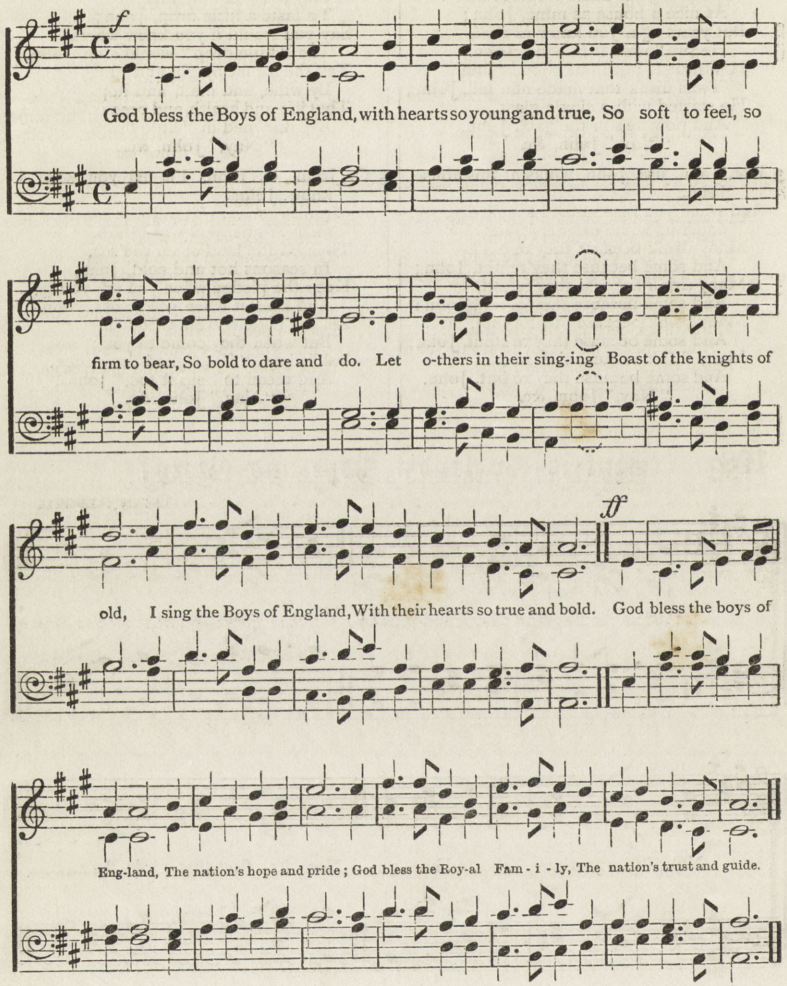
4 See the friends of Temperance waging
Warfare, with a powerful foe;
Are the young with us engaging?
Then to victory sure, we go.

5 See their banner waving o'er us,
"Band of Hope" the name it bears;
Blooming youth,—come join the chorus,
Place your name along with theirs.

6 Reason dictates,—"Wait no longer,
Lest the foe should lead astray;
Lest temptation's power be stronger,
And ye *cannot* turn away."

129 The Boys and Girls of England.

DR. R. MAGUIRE. J. STAINER, MUS. DOC.

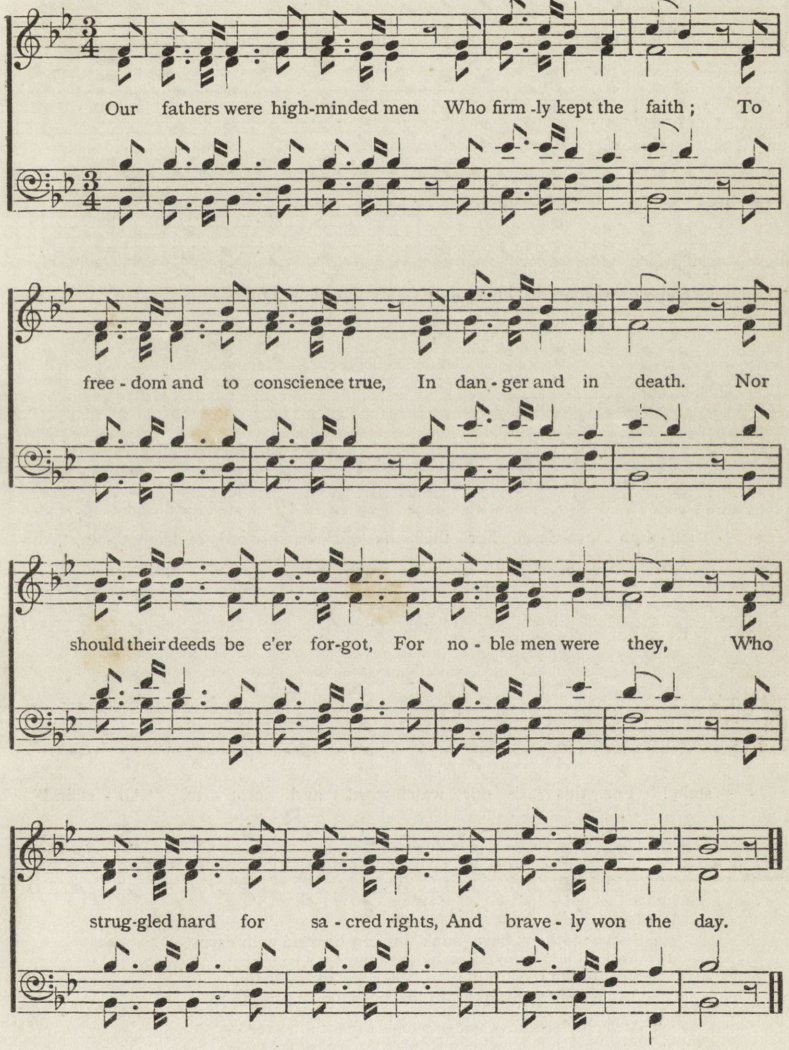


2 God bless the Girls of England,
So gentle, true, and mild,
God bless each bride and mothers all,
God bless each little child.
Pray heartily, ye parents,
To guide your children right,
To Him, our gracious Saviour,
Our Hope, our Life, our Light.
God bless the Girls of England,
All widows sorely tried;
O God, preserve our gracious Queen,
And be her constant guide.

3 The Boys and Girls of England
Have gone from many a home,
To avenge the foul and deadly wrong,
To succour those who roam.
Let us pray for those at home,
And tell the deeds they do;
Our Boys and Girls of England,
With their hearts so good and true.
God bless old merry England,
With hearts of love serene; [world,
Send love and peace through all the
And bless our gracious Queen.

130 Our Fathers were High-minded Men. †

H. M. GUNN. Norwegian Air.

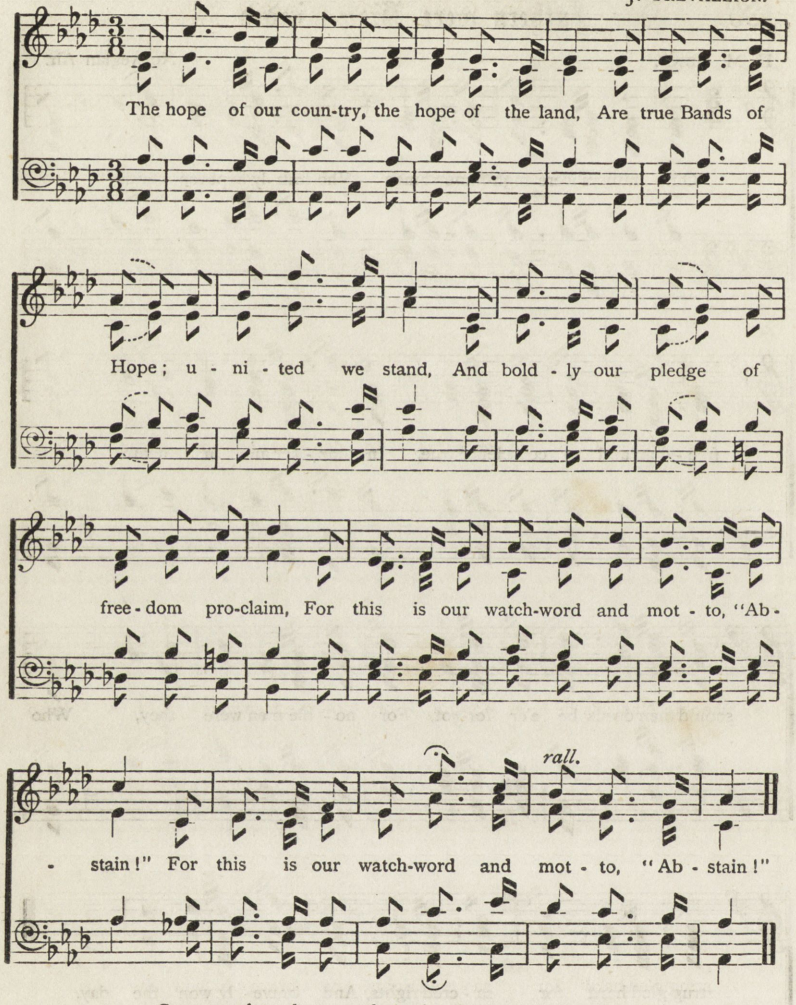


2 For all they suffered, little cared
Those earnest men and wise;
Their zeal for Christ, their love of truth,
Made them the shame despise.
Great names had they, but greater souls,
True heroes of their age,
That, like a rock in stormy seas,
Defied opposing rage.

3 And such as our forefathers were,
May we their children be,
And in our hearts their spirit live,
That baffled tyranny.
O we will bear and we will do
Whatever must be done,
Till for this good old cause of truth,
The victory shall be won.

131 This is our Watchword.

J. TREVALLION.



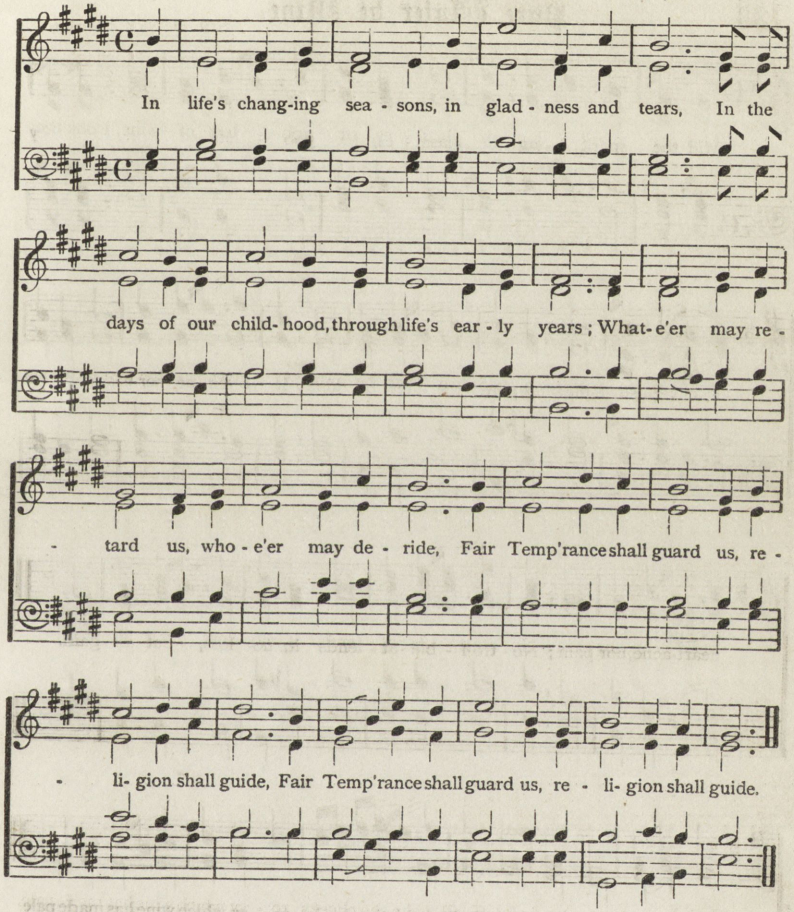
2 Some mothers have sunk broken-hearted with care,
And fathers have fallen by the tempter's snare;
Now nobly they're joining, the right to maintain,
And this is our watchword and motto—"Abstain!"

3 And children have felt our foe's dreadful power,—
Yes, children have seen drink's dark clouds lower;
We never will touch, but sober remain,
Our watchword and motto's—"Abstain, Abstain."

4 Come, brothers and sisters, come, shout for the right:
Come, brothers and sisters, come join us to-night;
With head and with hand help our hope to sustain,
Our watchword and motto is ever "Abstain!"

132 Religion shall Guide.

J. A. Birch.



2 Though parents caress us, the wine-cup to quaff—
Though companions shall press us, and bad men may laugh;
Whoe'er may discard us, by our pledge we'll abide,
Fair Temp'rance shall guard us, religion shall guide.

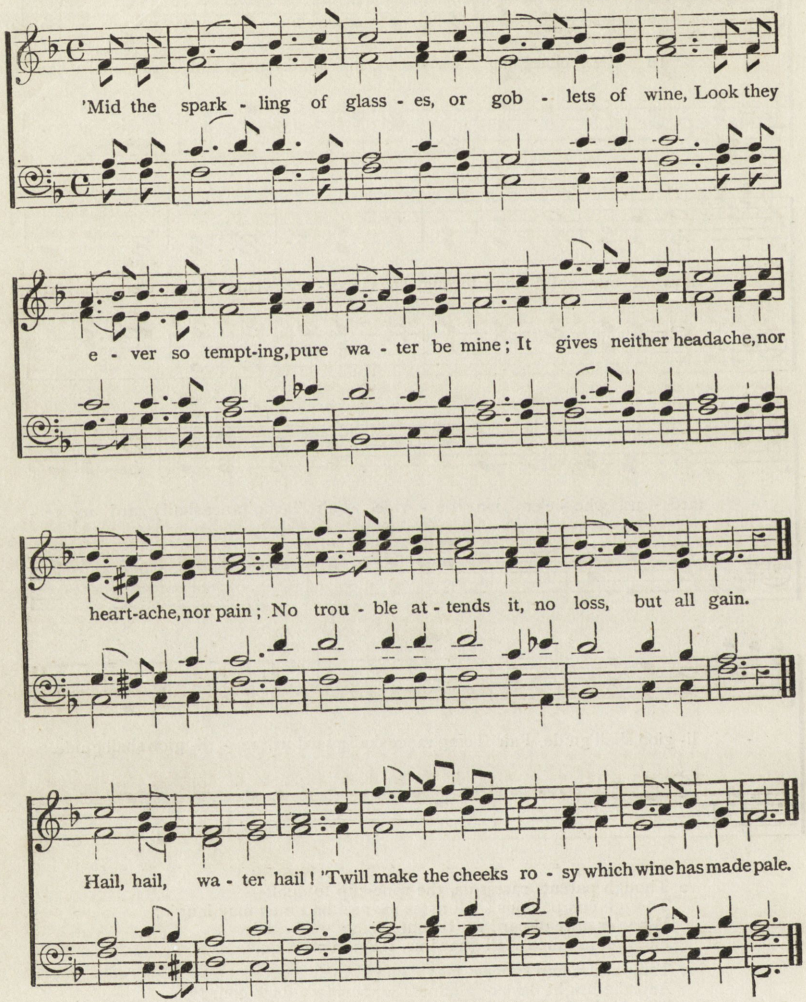
3 Temptation and sadness may come in their power;
And the bright days of gladness, or sorrow's dark hour;
Though health is debarr'd us, and wealth be denied;
Still Temp'rance shall guard us, religion shall guide.

4 Should life's changes tear us from kindred and home,
And the wild ocean bear us in far lands to roam;
E'en o'er the broad waters, we'll nobly decide
That Temp'rance shall guard us, religion shall guide.

5 When time with its sorrow and joys we resign,
To welcome a morrow which ne'er shall decline;
To life's closing story shall Temp'rance abide,
And to bright realms of glory religion shall guide.

133 Pure Water be Mine.

SIR HENRY BISHOP.

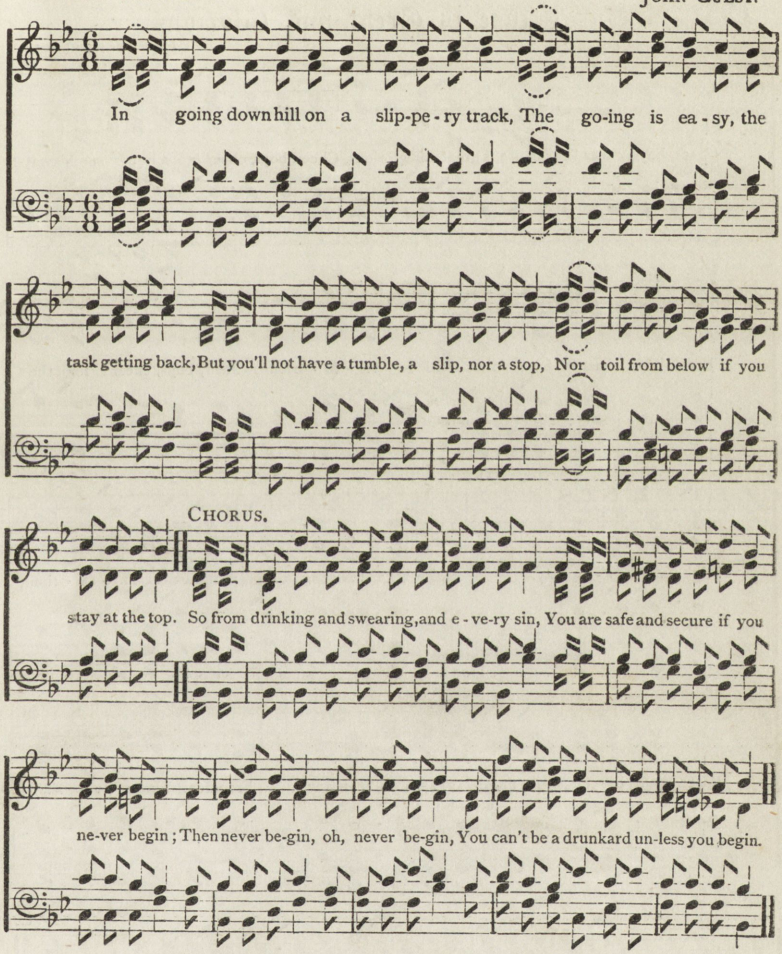


2 For wine, rum, or brandy no charm have for me;
In their fumes or their colour no beauty I see;
My drink is transparent, sent down from above,
Gushing forth from the mountain, directed by love.
Drink, drink, water drink,
Nor swallow more poison, but now stop and think.

3 It will strengthen and purify body and mind;
Make the careless one thoughtful, the cruel more kind;
'Twill give you more leisure to read, think, and pray;
Sobriety, surely's the happier way.
Water give me:
'Tis simple, 'tis wholesome, and God sends it free.

134 Never Begin.

EDWARD CARSWELL. JOHN GUEST.



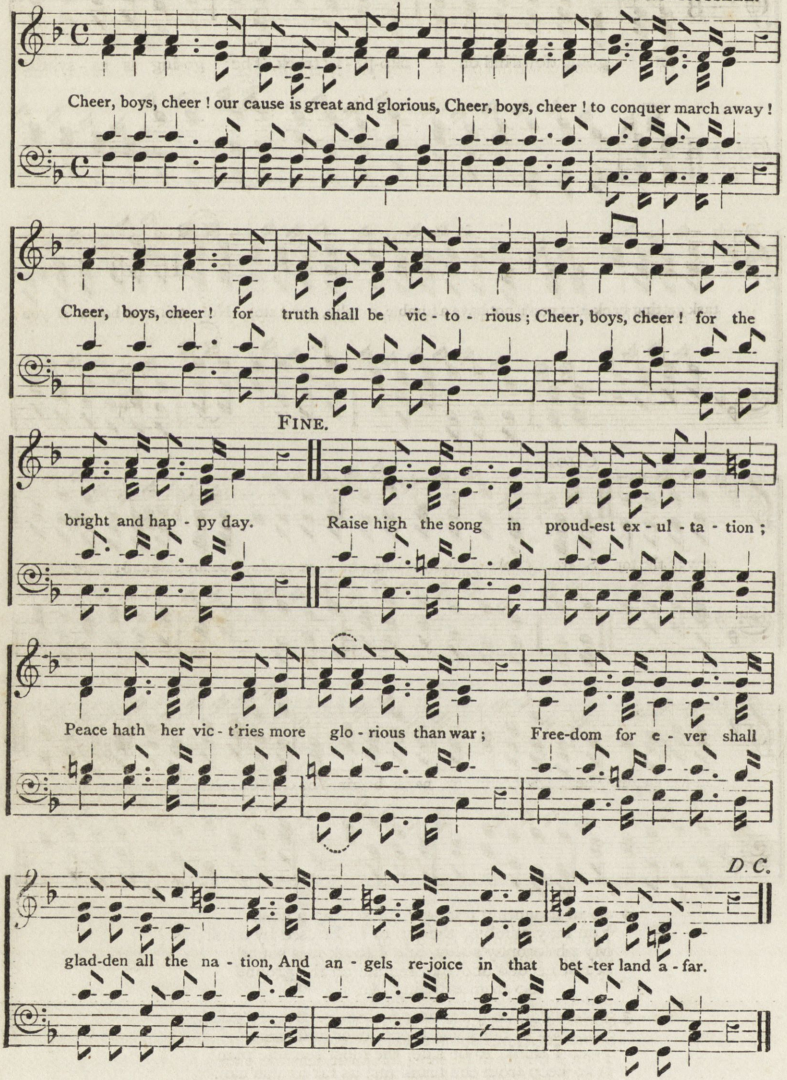
2 So in mounting a ladder, or scaling a wall,
You may climb to the top or be bruised by a fall;
My philosophy's this, and I think it is sound,
It not needed above to remain on the ground.
So from drinking, &c.

3 Some boast they can stand on the cataract's brink,
Some do it, but some topple over and sink;
Then I think, to be safe, the most sensible plan
Is to keep from the brink just as far as you can.
So from drinking, &c.

4 In a journey you may have to make a descent;
By climbing, a danger to others prevent;
You may rescue the child from the rock's giddy shelf;
But never save sinners by sinning yourself.
So from drinking, &c.

135 Our Cause is Great and Glorious.

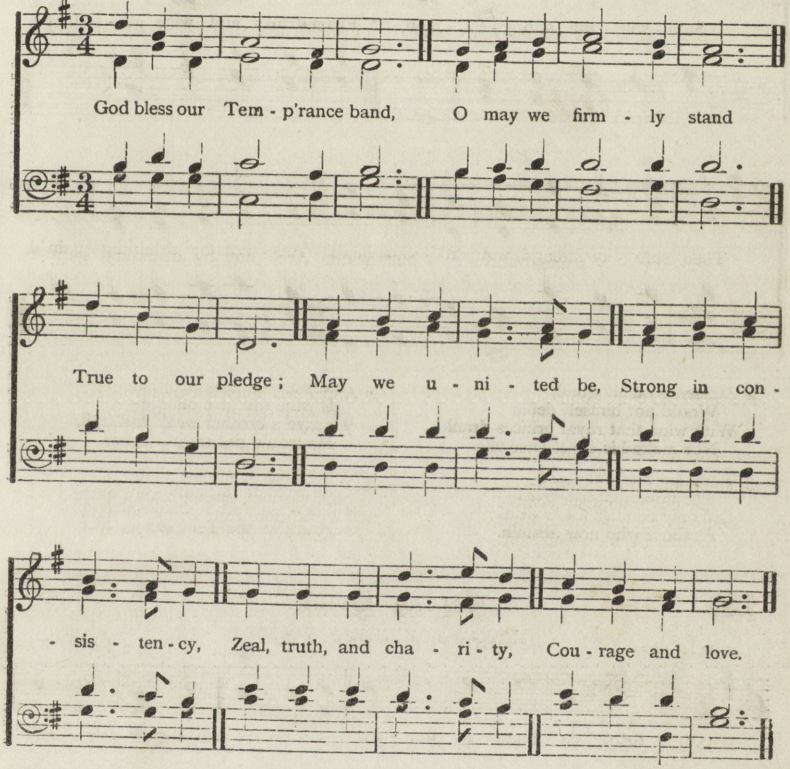
HENRY RUSSELL.



2 Cheer, boys, cheer ! the flag of freedom's waving,
Far o'er the mountain, the valley, and the plain,
Onward for ever, the sons of Britain saving ;
Onward, ye brave, till the drunkard shall abstain ;
All that is holy for ever let us cherish ;
Faithful and strong is He that goes before :
Trust yet in Him and Britain's foe shall perish,
And glory transcendent shall spread from shore to shore.
Cheer, boys, cheer ! &c.

136 God Bless our Temperance Band. †

F. GIARDINI. 1760.

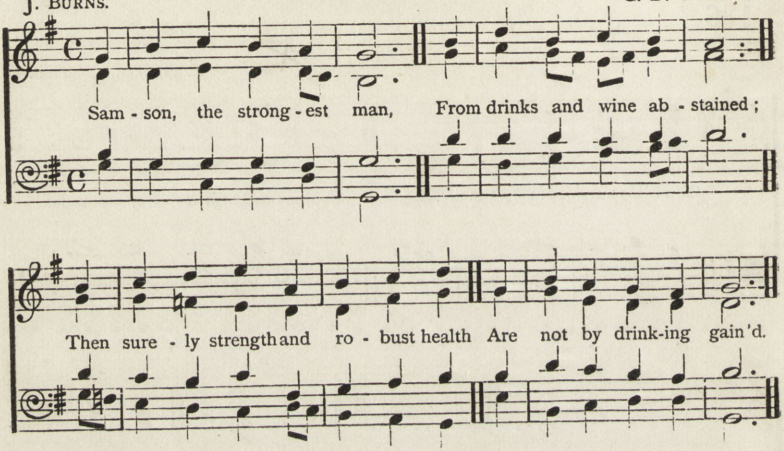


2 May we for drunkards feel,
Labour with constant zeal;
God bless our work.
And we His aid implore
To help us more and more,
Until, from shore to shore,
All shall abstain.

3 May Britain's children stand
A noble Temperance band,
Their country's hope.
And may our cause extend
Until all people blend,
And one great shout ascend,
The world is free!

137 Great Abstainers.

J. BURNS. G. D. WILSON.



2 *Daniel*, so truly good,
Would not himself defile
With wine that royal princes drank,
Nor make his conscience vile.

3 The herald of our Lord—
The noble baptist, *John*—
Did only cooling water drink,
As those who now abstain.

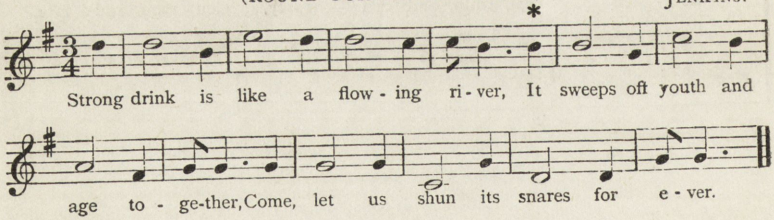
4 And *Paul* himself avowed,
If wine did give offence—
To save a brother weak and frail,
He would not taste it hence.

5 With these examples then,
Of wisdom, strength, and grace;
I'll evermore from drinks abstain,
And join the Temperance race.

138 Strong Drink.

(ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.)

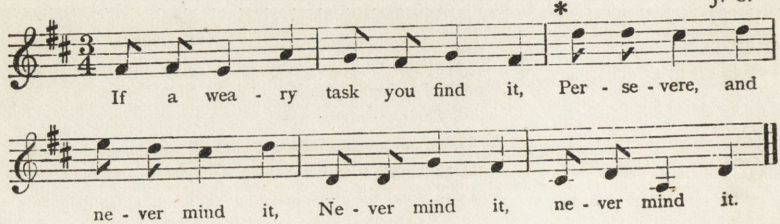
JENKINS.



139 Persevere.

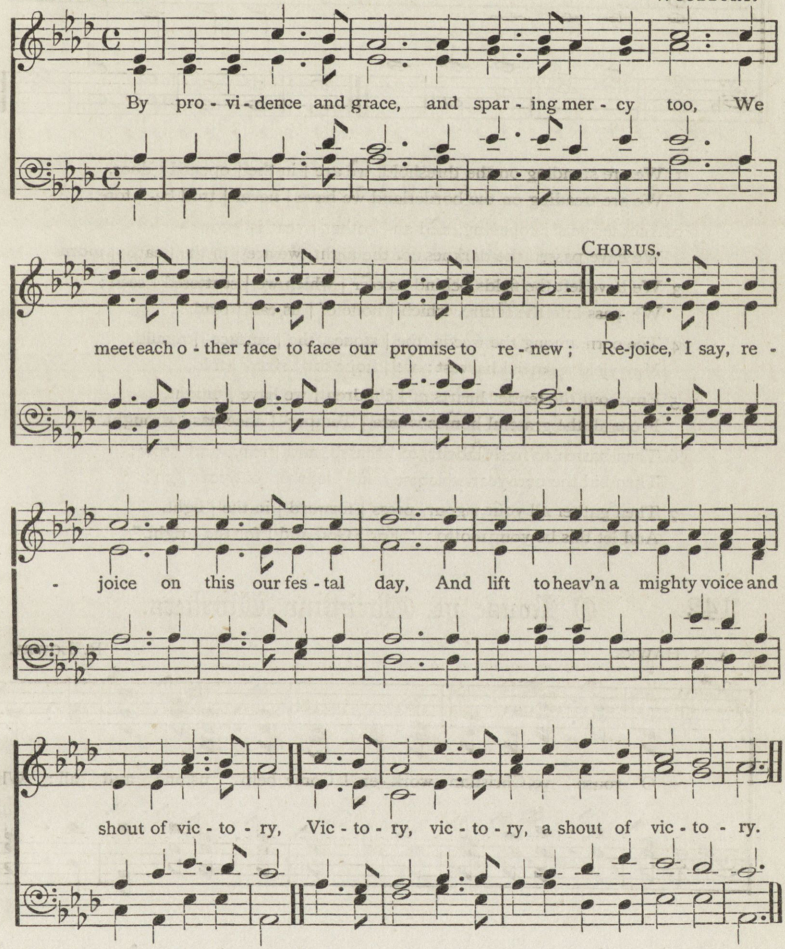
(ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.)

J. C.



140 Victory.

R. MAGUIRE. WOODBURY.

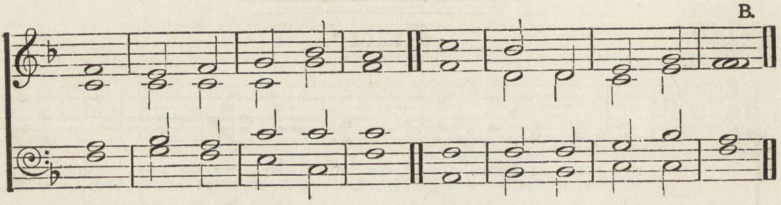


2 Another course is run, another year is past,
Another onward stage begun, and this may be the last.
Rejoice, &c.

3 Lord, give us large increase—cast down the giant foe,
And let Thy servants never cease, but ever onward go.
Rejoice, &c.

4 For Thee, O God, we fight, may we be strong in Thee,
Receiving needful strength and might for final victory.
Rejoice, &c.

141 The New Year.



1 We are standing on the threshold, we are | in the | opened | door,
We are treading on the borderland we have | never | trod be- | fore;

2 Another year is opening, and an- | other | year is | gone—
We have passed the darkness of the night, we are | in the | early | morn.

3 We have left the fields behind us o'er | which we | scattered | seed;
We pass into the future, which | none of | us can | read.

4 The corn among the weeds, the | stones, the | surface- | mould,
May yield a partial harvest; we | hope for | sixty- | fold,

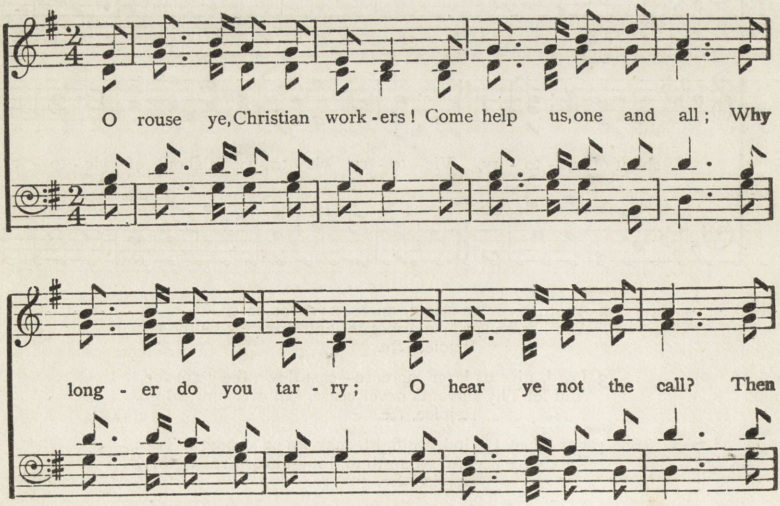
5 From out the tender hearts of | children | we have | taught,
From all the grateful homes where | Temper- | ance has | wrought.

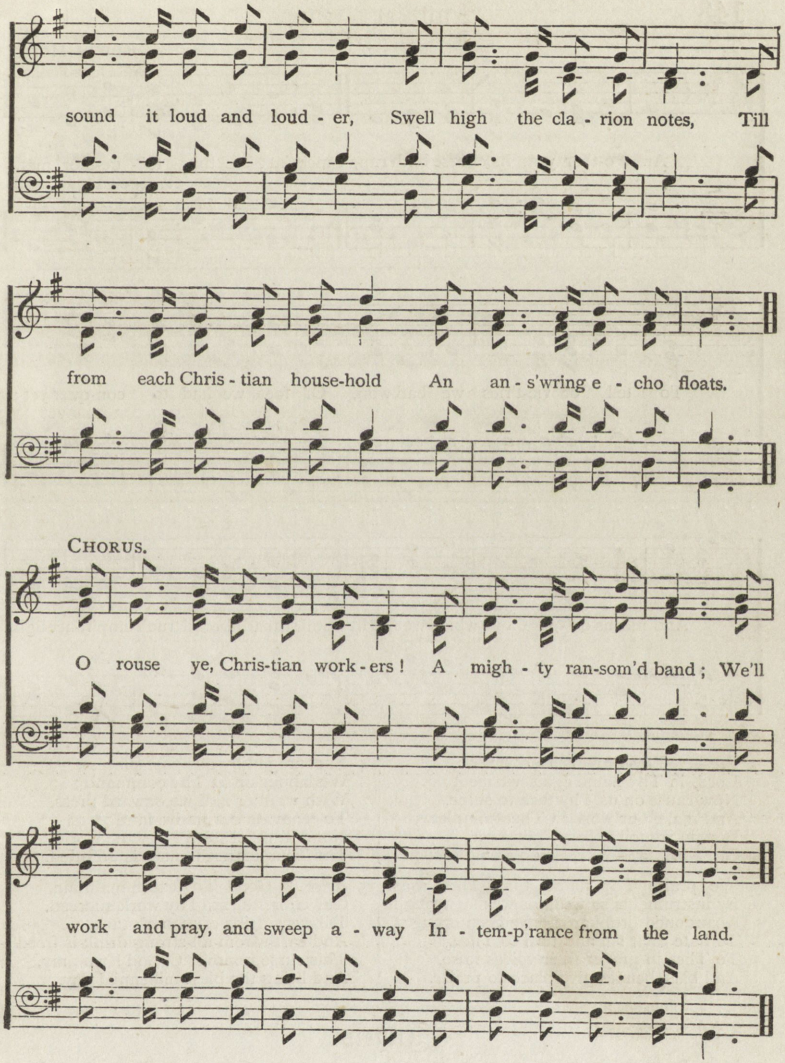
6 Then hasten to fresh labour, to | thrash, and | reap, and | sow;
Then bid the new year welcome, and | let the | old year | go;

7 Then gather all your vigour, press | forward | in the | fight,
And let this be your motto: "For | God and | for the | right."

142 O Rouse ye, Christian Workers.

A. S. HAWKS. R. LOWRY.



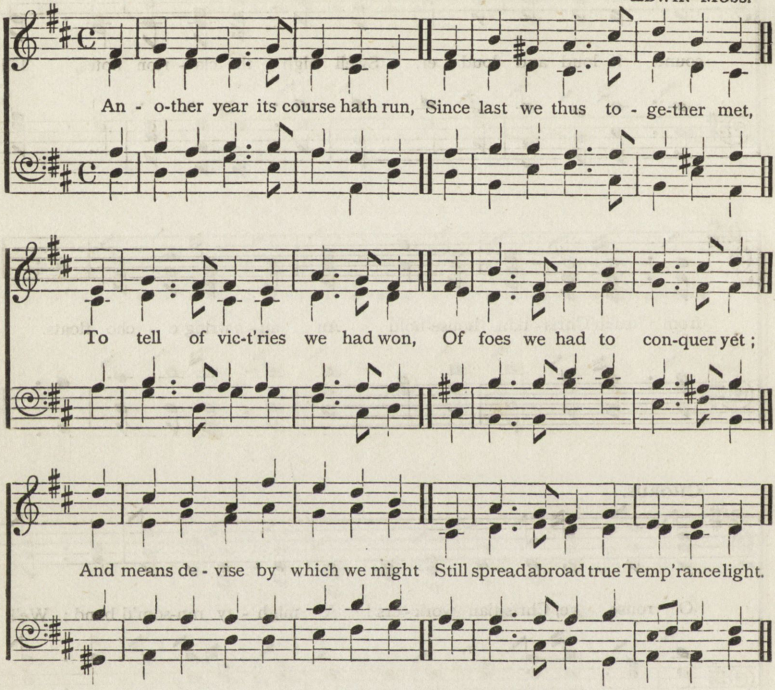


2 This wave the Lord uprolleth;
Seek not to stay the tide;
The work that He upholdeth
For ever shall abide:
It is the Lord who calleth;
The victory shall be won;
And faith and Prayer the armour
He bids you now gird on.
O rouse ye, &c.

3 O will ye longer tarry,
Just at the outer gate;
While sorrowing hearts in silence
For their deliverance wait?
Come, sisters, to the rescue,
Come, brothers, close the ranks;
In God's own time we'll conquer,
And at His feet give thanks.
O rouse ye, &c.

143 Another Year.

T. B. EDWIN MOSS.



2 Preserved by Providence divine,
Lord, in Thy name again we meet;
Now cause on us Thy face to shine,
And make our work in Thee complete;
In vain we toil unless Thou own
Our work, and with Thy blessing crown.

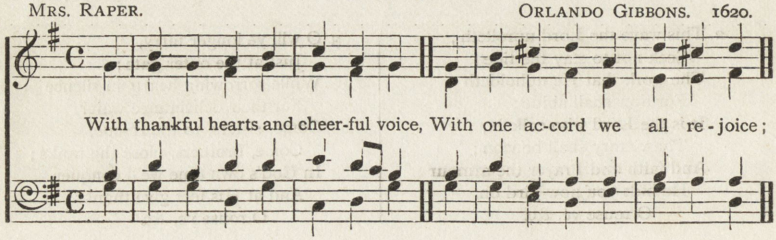
3 We praise Thy name that Thou hast
By instruments so weak as we; [wrought
Abandoned drunkards have been brought
To hate their sin and turn to Thee,
To Thee in prayer their voices raise,
And blasphemies give place to praise.

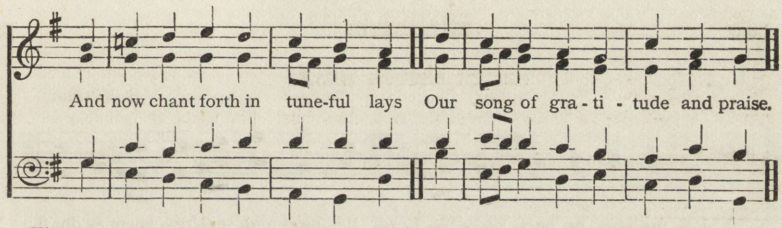
4 Encouraged by our past success,
We labour on at Thy command;
With warmer zeal we onward press,
To renovate our native land;
Nor will we cease till o'er the world
The Temperance banner is unfurled.

5 Arise, O God! Thy cause maintain,
Our efforts bless, Thy work succeed,
Till every tribe of man abstain,
And earth from all strong drink is freed;
This curse remove, O God! we pray,
And bring the blest millennial day.

144 Angels.

MRS. RAPER. ORLANDO GIBBONS. 1620.





2 The song of joy, that here to-night,
Within this hall so fair and bright,
Hundreds of life teetotalers meet,
With gladsome hearts their friends to greet.

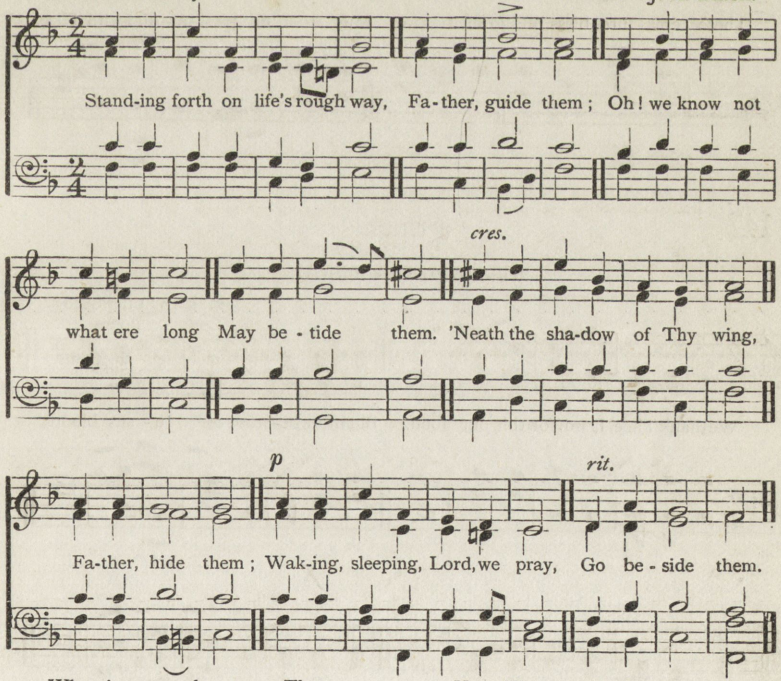
3 The song of joy, that matron fair,
'Mid anxious thought and household care,
With winning grace, this truth maintains,
Strong drink destroys, and ne'er sustains.

4 The song of joy, that rosy youth,
With mantling cheek and look of truth;
With buoyant glee, and agile limb,
Disdains strong drink as not for him.

5 The rich, the poor, the old, the young,
All join in one triumphant song;
And may our God, our strength, our tower,
Preserve us to life's latest hour.

145 Prayer for our Children.

"Mother's Treasury." J. A. BIRCH.



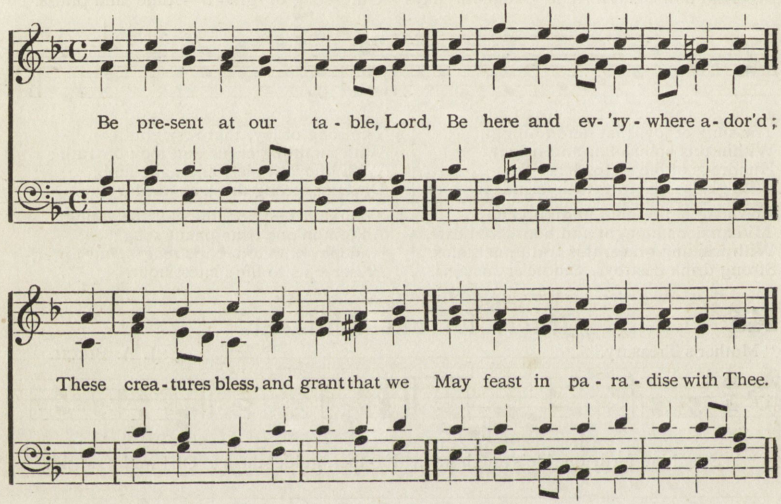
2 When in prayer they cry to Thee,
Thou wilt hear them;
From the stains of sin and shame
Thou wilt clear them.
'Mid the quicksands and the rocks
Thou wilt steer them!
In temptation, trial, grief,
Be Thou near them.

3 Unto Thee we give them up;
Lord, receive them;
In the world we know must be
Much to grieve them;
Many striving oft, and strong,
To deceive them;
Trustful in Thy hands of love,
We must leave them.

146 Melcombe.

(GRACE BEFORE MEAT.)

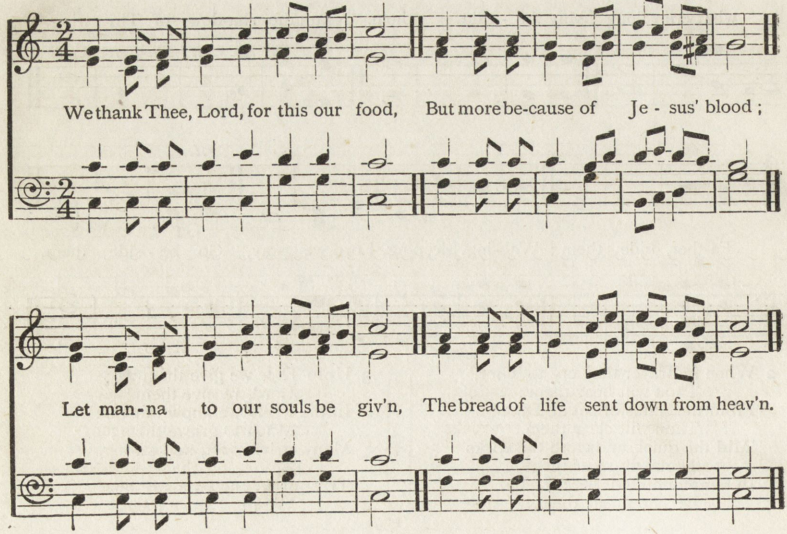
S. WEBBE.



147 Ernan.

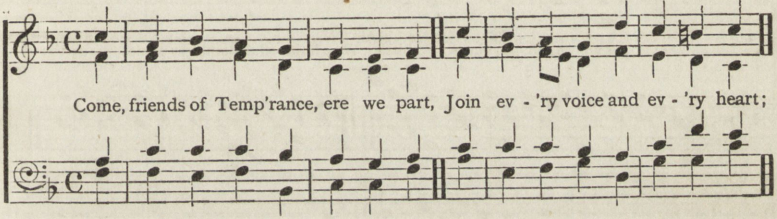
(GRACE AFTER MEAT.)

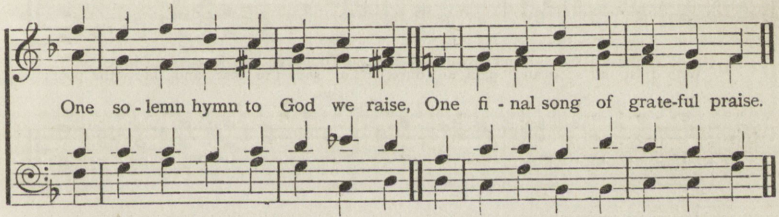
DR. LOWELL MASON.



148 Kingston.

G. D. WILSON.

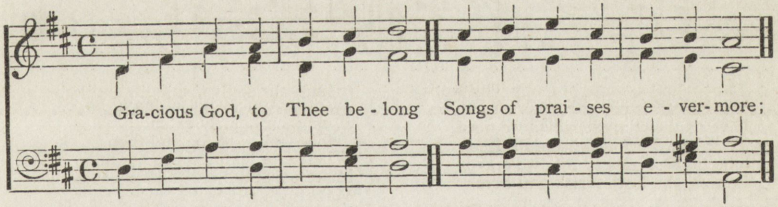


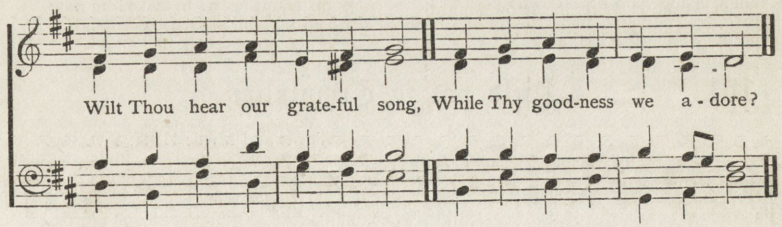


2 Together we may meet no more;
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
May we for ever meet again.

149 Lubeck.

German Chorale.





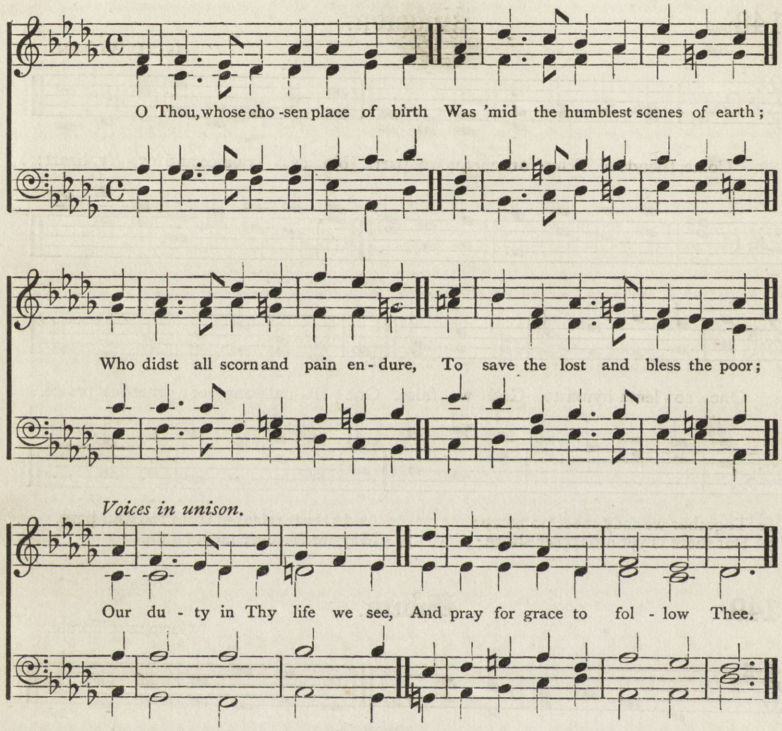
2 Thou hast kindly deigned to bless
Every effort we have made;
Crowned our labours with success,
And the course of evil stayed.

3 Fervent praise we give to Thee,
Thou, our counsellor and friend;
Wilt Thou still our guardian be,
Still Thine aid and blessing lend?

4 Ordered by Thy sovereign will,
Guided by Thy mighty hand,
May the cause of Temperance still
Spread triumphant through our land.

150 Magdalen.

DR. STAINER.



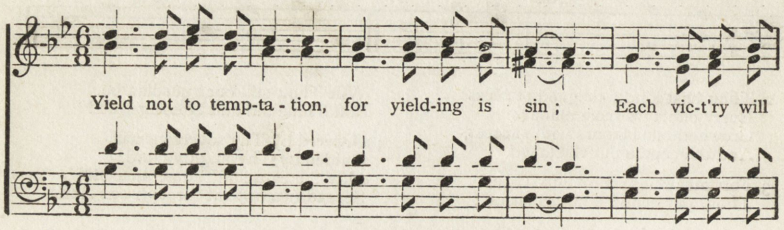
2 Thou who hast taught us by Thy word,
'The servant's not above his lord,
Give us the courage which we need,
To follow Thee in word and deed;
The highest honour that we crave,
Be this, the lost to seek and save.

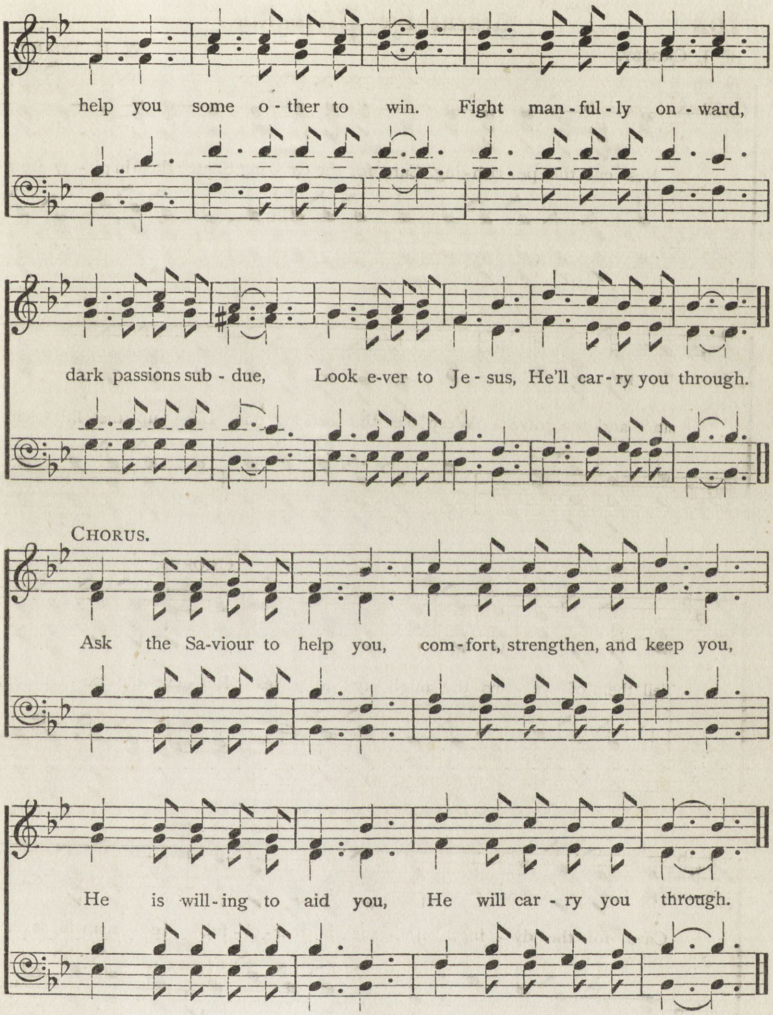
3 Where'er the wine-cup's deadly blight
Has shrouded hearts in sorrow's night,
Our eyes to all its evils ope;
Inspire our souls with faith and hope,
And may our charity extend
As Thine—alike to foe and friend.

4 Where'er a tempted brother falls,
Make quick our ear to hear his calls,
Make swift our feet to reach the spot,
Make true our hearts to leave him not;
Make strong and willing every hand,
To lift him up and help him stand.

151 Yield not to Temptation.

Words and Music H. R. PALMER.



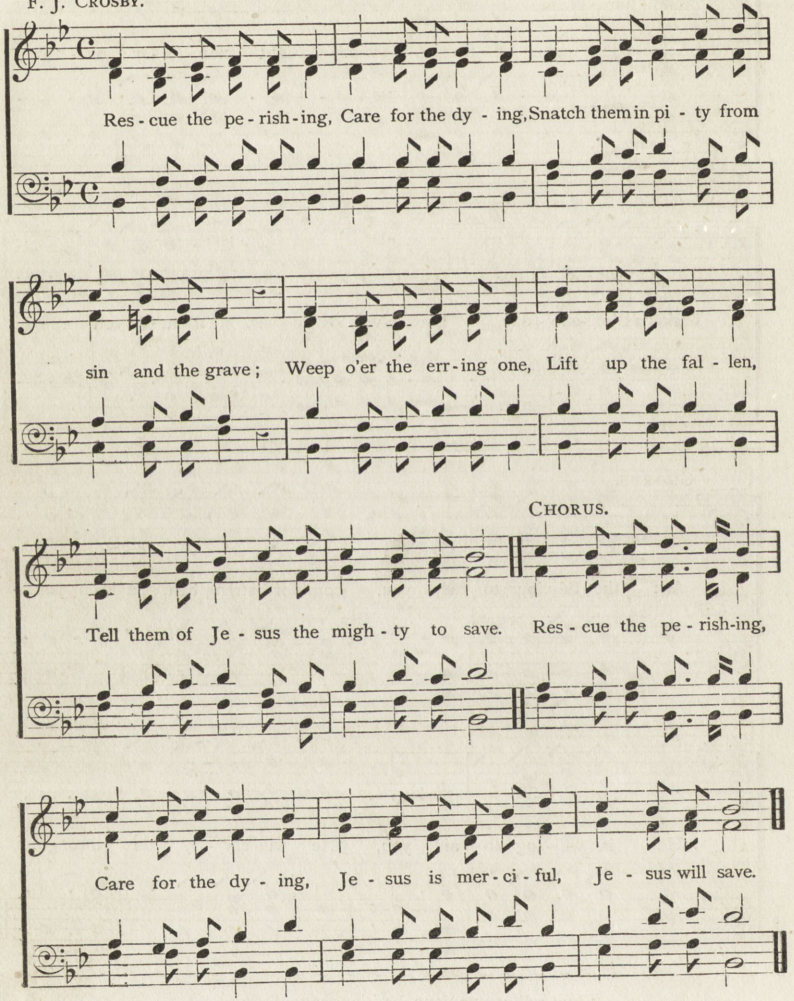


2 Shun evil companions, bad language disdain,
God's name hold in reverence, nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.
Ask the Saviour, &c.

3 To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown,
Thro' faith we shall conquer, though often cast down;
He who is our Saviour our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.
Ask the Saviour, &c.

152 Rescue the Perishing.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



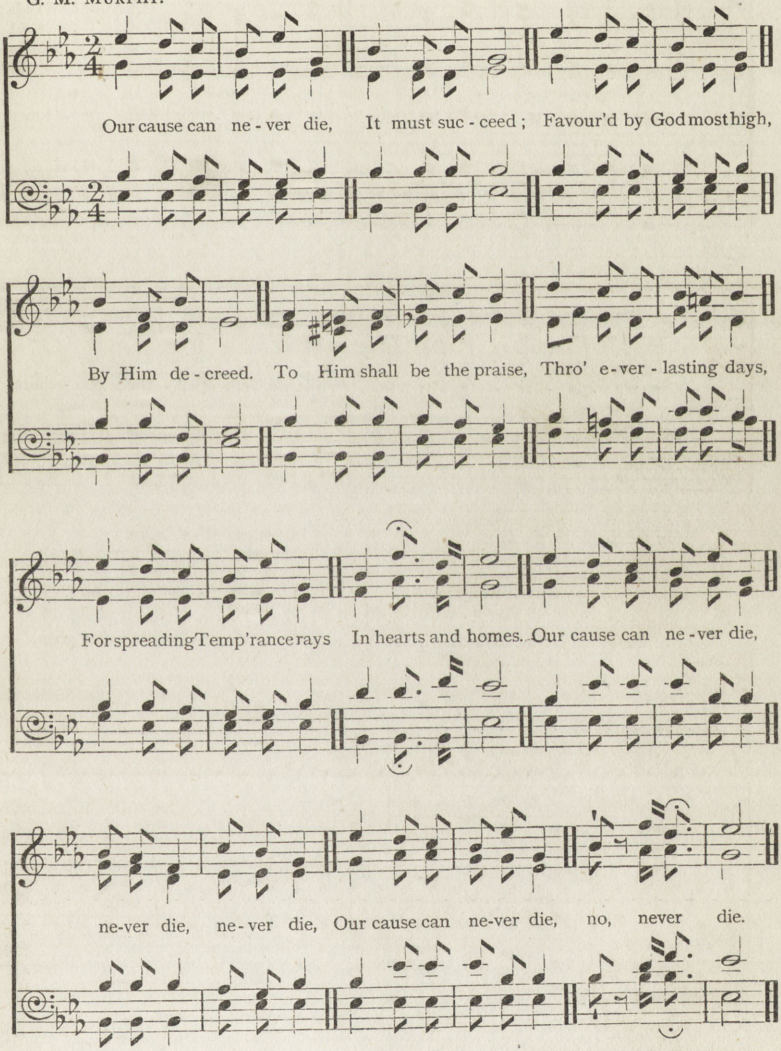
2 Though they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe.
Rescue the perishing, &c.

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

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

153 Our Cause Can Never Die.

G. M. MURPHY. ABBY HUTCHINSON.

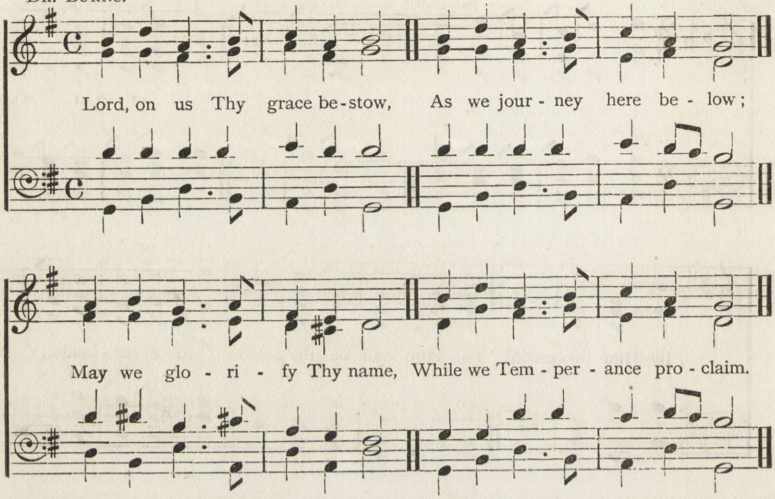


2 Our cause can never die,
Though foes may frown ;
On Heaven we rely
To cast them down.
For this our prayers ascend
To the reclaimed ones' Friend,
To keep us to the end,
And guard us still.
Our cause, &c.

3 Our cause can never die,
Though Satan rage ;
We will his arts defy
From age to age.
Intemp'rance must decay,
Strong drink be swept away,
In that resplendent day
When Jesus reigns.
Our cause, &c.

154 German Hymn.

DR. BURNS. IGNACE PLEYEL.



2 May we never turn aside,
But with Temperance abide;
Steadfastly the *pledge* maintain,
Till the joys of heaven we gain.

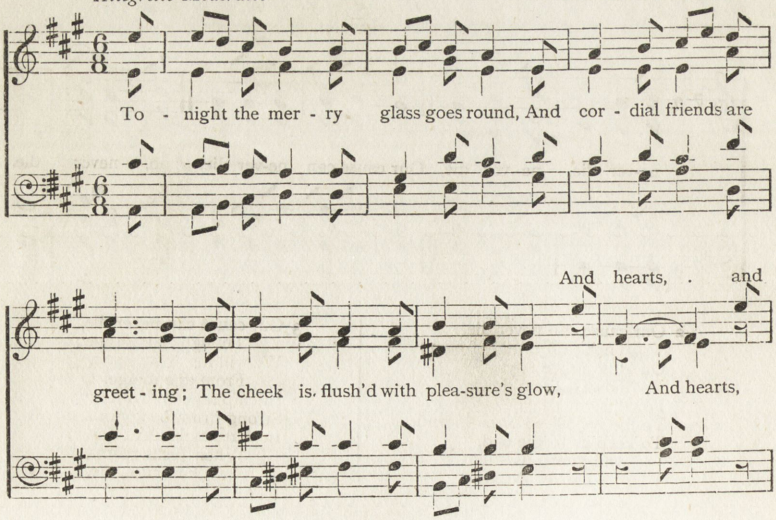
3 Let not abstinence suffice:
Give the streams that take their rise
In the paradise above,
From the Saviour's dying love.

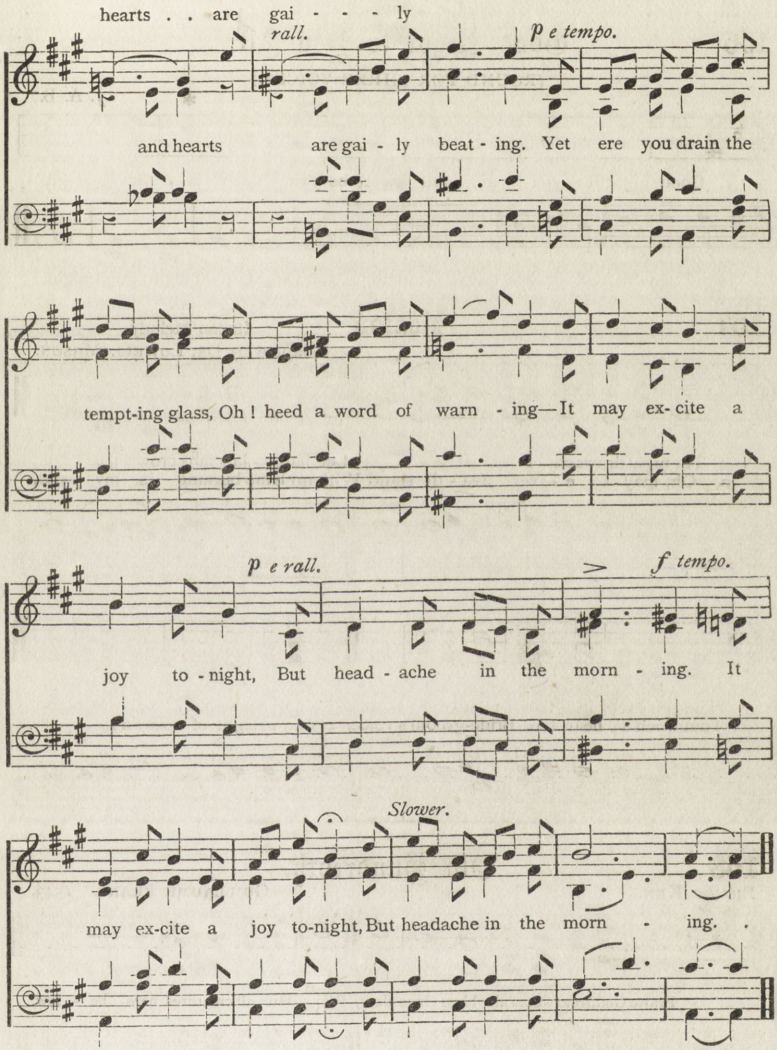
4 Living waters now impart
Unto every thirsty heart;
May we drink of these and live,
Now Thy gracious blessing give!

155 A Word of Warning.

LAWRENCE GANE. CHARLES E. TINNEY.

Allegretto Moderato.





2 To-night the song will leap from lips
In merry tones of gladness ;
The sparkling jest will pass around,
And banish thoughts of sadness.
Yet ere you quaff the siren draught,
All counsel gaily scorning,
Remember artificial joy
Will vanish in the morning.

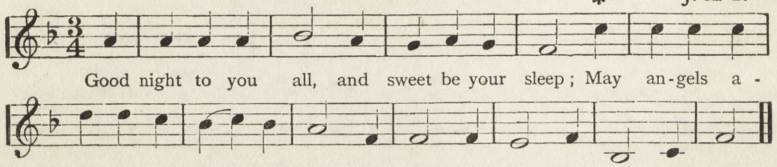
3 To-night you may say words that you
Would blush to say to-morrow,
And do such deeds of sin as long
Shall cause you shame and sorrow.
You see no danger lurking near,
And loudly laugh at warning ;
Beware ! such mirth will surely cause
The heart-ache in the morning.

4 Then if you feel you love the glass,
Resolve the tie to sever ;
Arise in all your manly strength,
Renounce it now for ever.
Defy your wary, deadly foe,
His temptings proudly scorning ;
One short, sharp struggle, and you rise
A victor in the morning.

156 Good Night to You All.

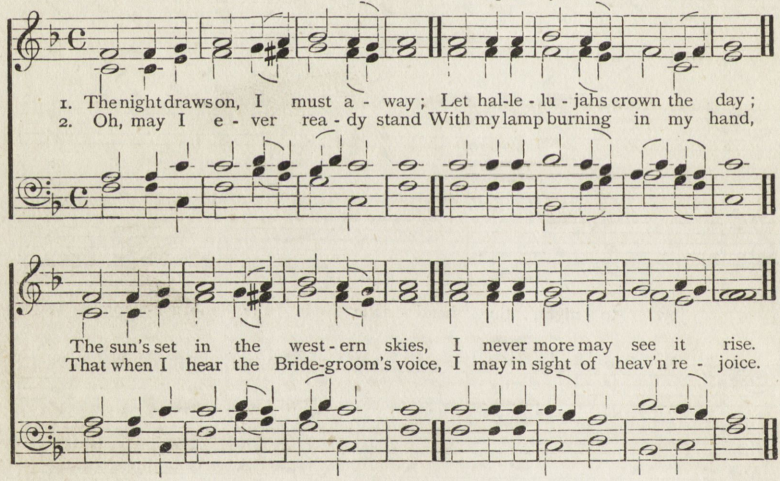
(ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.)

J. A. B.



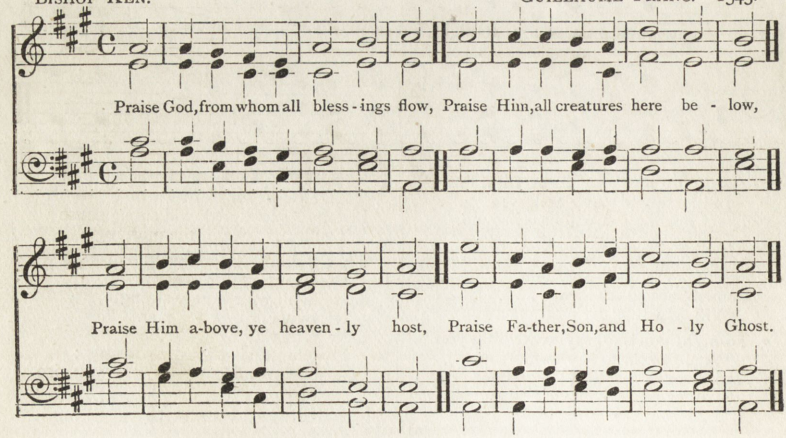
157 Boston.

Italian Melody,
Adapted by DR. LOWELL MASON.



158 Old Hundredth.

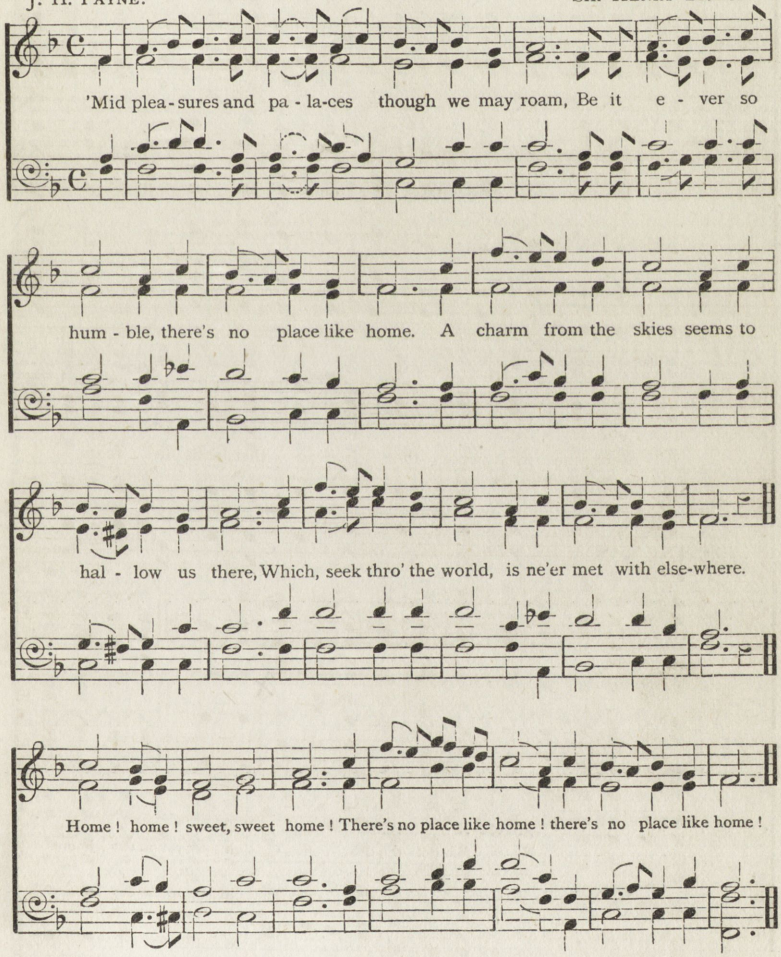
BISHOP KEN. GUILLAUME FRANC. 1543.



HOME AND FRIENDSHIP.

159 **Home, Sweet Home.** +

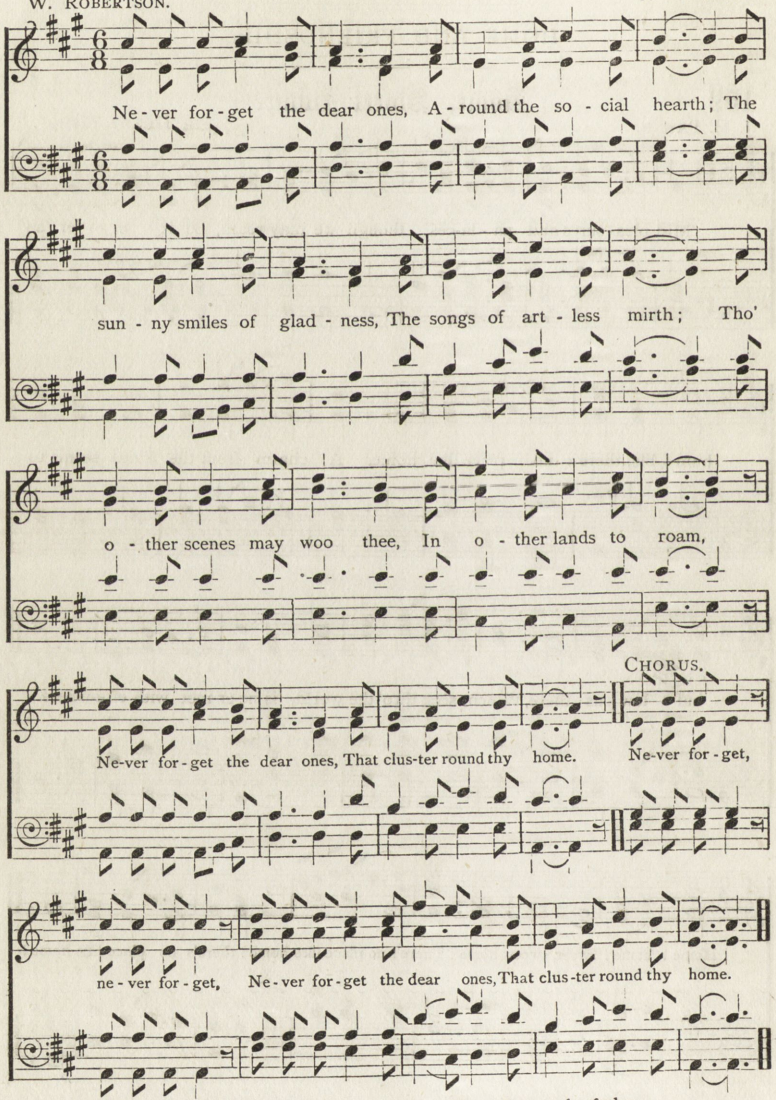
J. H. PAYNE. SIR HENRY BISHOP.



2 An exile from home splendour dazzles in vain—
Oh ! give me my lowly thatched cottage again !
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,
Give me them, with the peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !
There's no place like home ! there's no place like home !

160 Never Forget the Dear Ones.

W. ROBERTSON. G. F. ROOT.

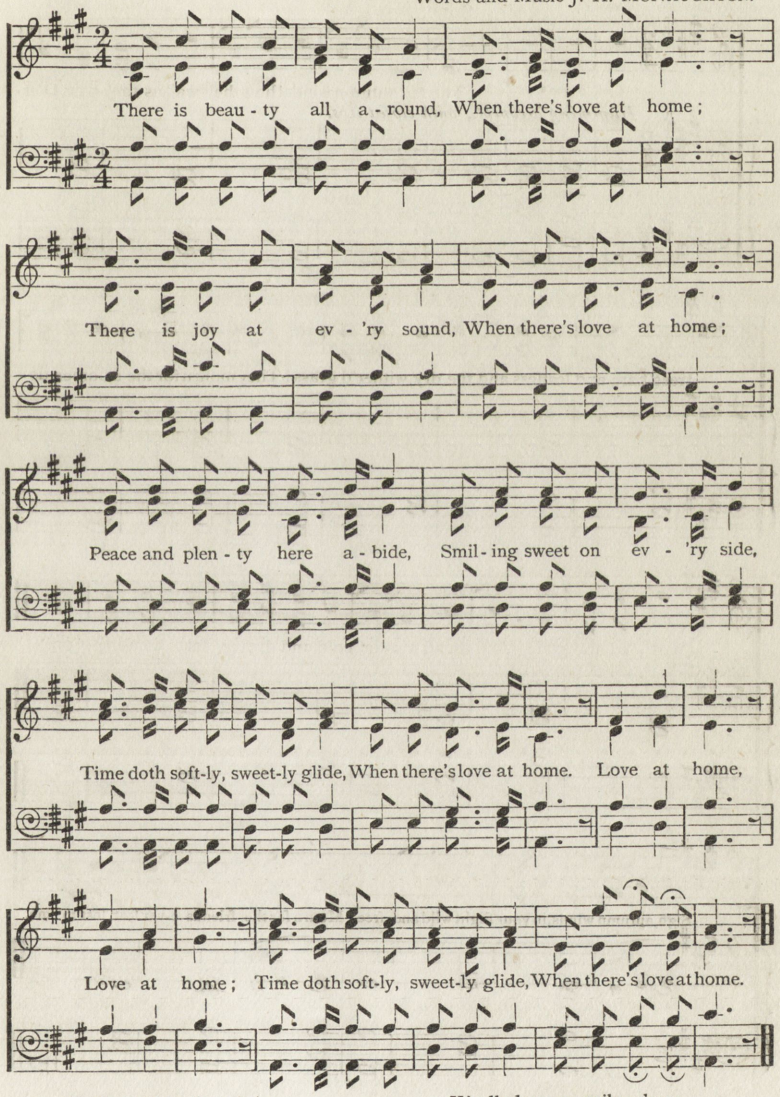


2 Ever their hearts are turning
To thee when far away,
Their love, so pure and tender,
Is with thee on thy way.
Wherever thou mayst wander,
Wherever thou mayst roam,
Never forget the dear ones
That cluster round thy home.
Never forget, &c.

3 Never forget thy father,
Who, cheerful, toils for thee;
Within thy heart may ever
Thy mother's image be.
Thy sister dear, and brother,
They long for thee to come;
Never forget the dear ones
That cluster round thy home.
Never forget, &c.

161 There is Beauty all Around.

Words and Music J. H. McNAUGHTON.

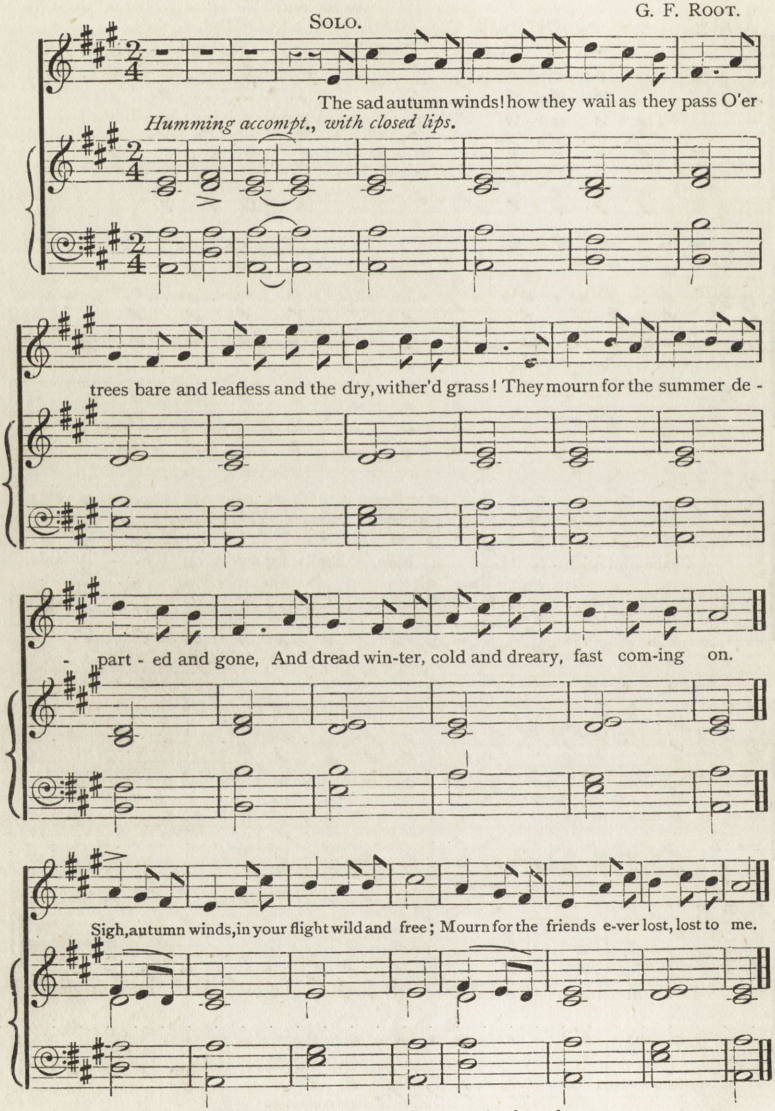


2 In the cottage there is joy
When there's love at home;
Hate and envy ne'er annoy,
When there's love at home.
Roses blossom 'neath our feet,
All the earth's a garden sweet,
Making life a bliss complete,
When there's love at home.

3 Kindly heaven smiles above,
When there's love at home;
All the earth is fill'd with love,
When there's love at home.
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky,
Oh, there's One who smiles on high,
When there's love at home.

162 Autumn Winds.

G. F. ROOT.

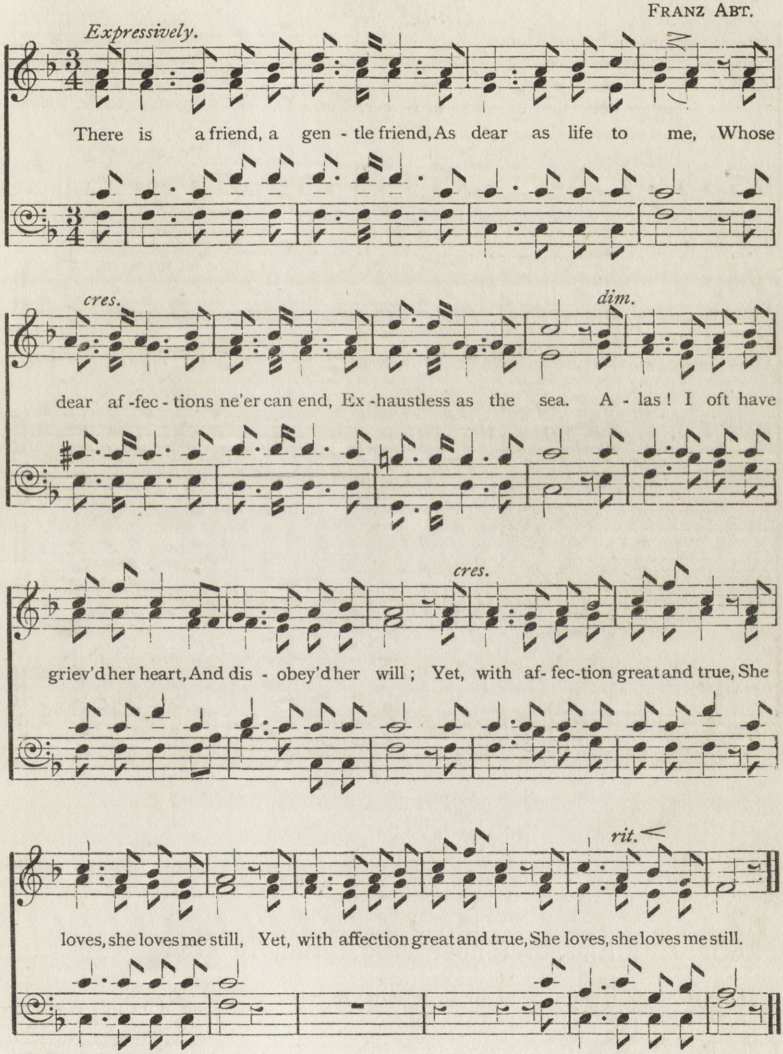


2 The song-bird has flown from her nest in the vale,
The sweet-scented blossoms that perfume the soft gale
Have left me in sadness their flight to deplore;
I call, but their gentle voices answer no more.—Sigh, &c.

3 The summer will come in its beauty arrayed,
The song-bird will carol in the green forest shade,
But loved ones departed they cannot restore;
I call, but their gentle voices answer no more.—Sigh, &c.

163 A Mother's Love.

FRANZ ABT.

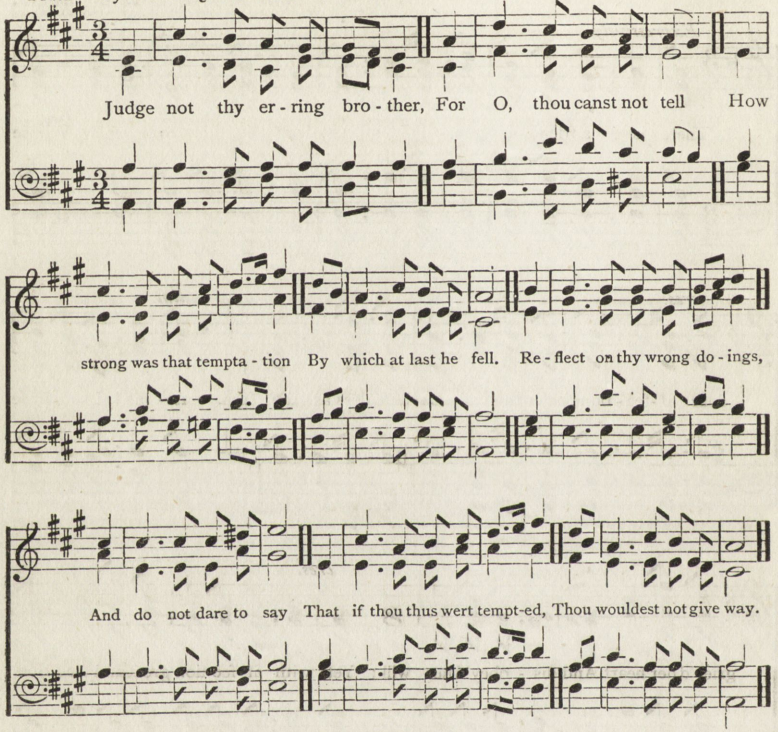


2 With watchful care and kindly hand,
My infant years she blessed;
At morn to clothe, to feed, to teach,
At night to soothe my rest.
In future, as the past, she strives
My welfare to fulfil,
While every hour and act shall prove
She loves, she loves me still.

3 This precious friend, this constant friend,
With love's undying flame,
Is found in every perfect home,
And bears a mother's name;
I'll ne'er forget—whate'er may come
My own warm heart to chill— [death,
Through time and change, through life and
I'll love, I'll love her still.

164 Judge Not.

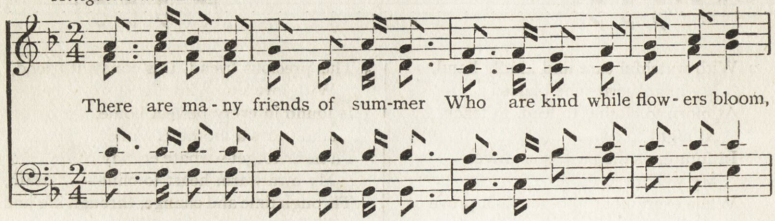
From "Hymns for Quiet Hours." Adapted from HAYDN.

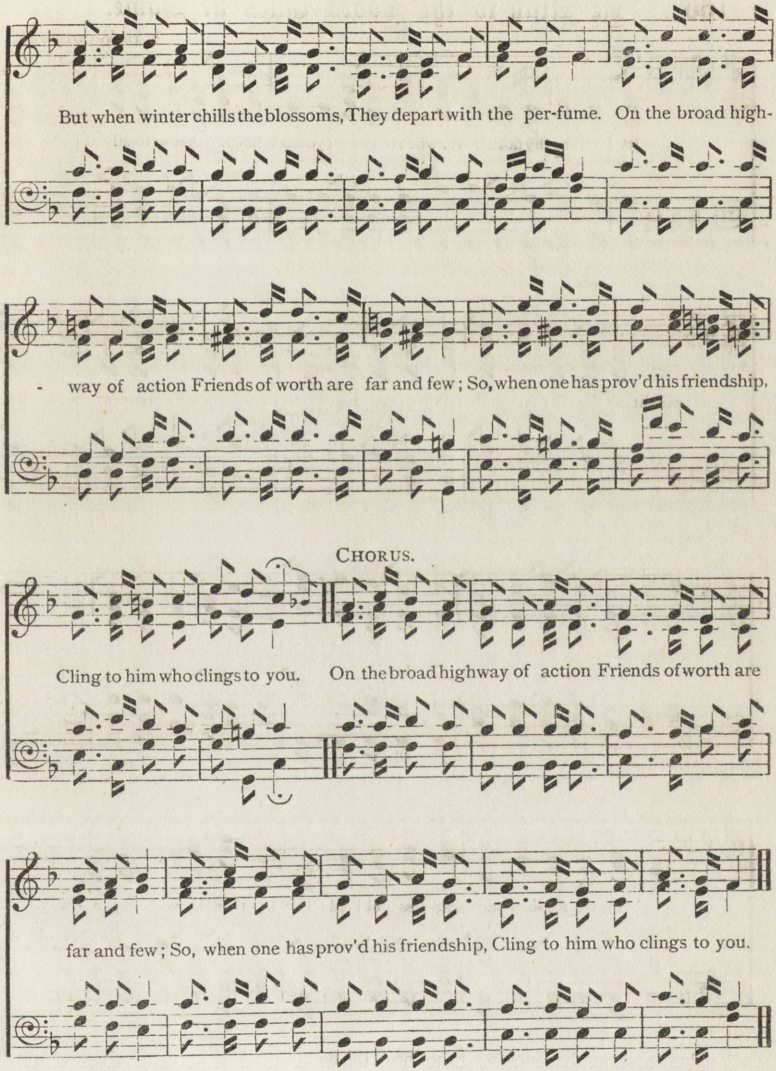


2 Thy brother's sins and failings
To every one are known;
His deep and true repentance
Is seen by God alone.
Then cover his transgressions
With tender charity;
And judge not thou thy brother,
As thou unjudged wouldst be.

165 Cling to Those who Cling to You.

D. SMITH. E. N. CATLIN.
Allegretto moderato. Harmonised for this Work.



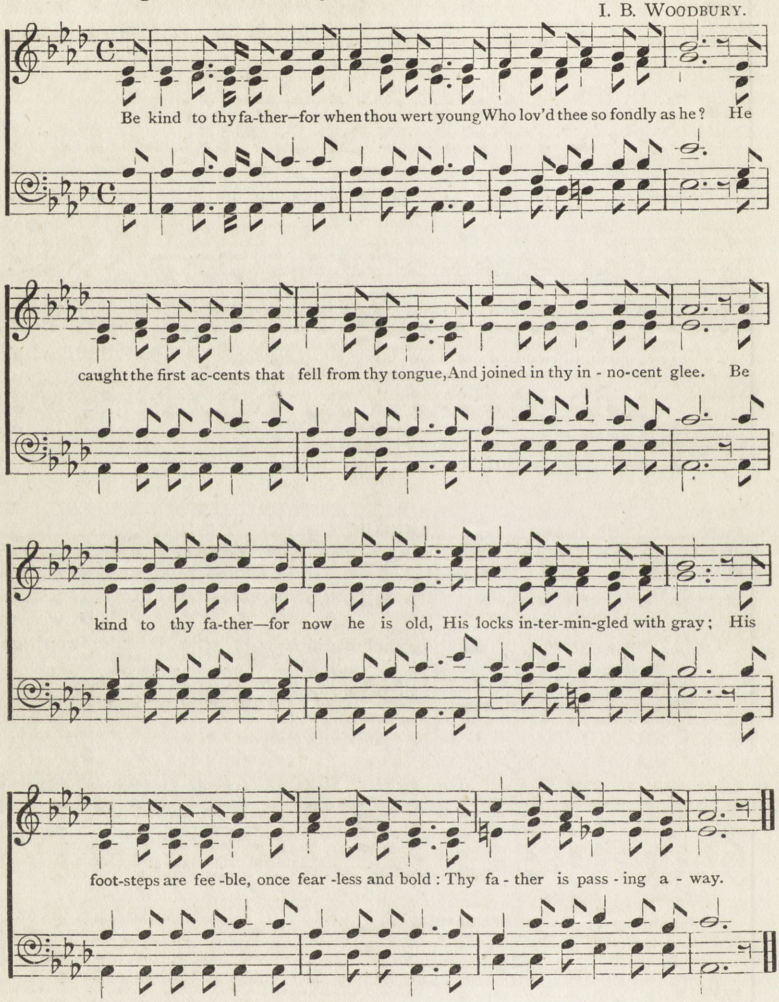


2 Do not harshly judge your neighbour,
Do not deem his life untrue;
If he make no great pretensions,
Deeds are great, though words are few;
Those who stand amid the tempest,
Firm as when the skies are blue,
Will be friends while life endureth:
Cling to those who cling to you.
On the broad highway, &c.

3 When you see a worthy brother
Buffeting the stormy main,
Lend a helping hand fraternal
Till he reach the shore again;
Don't desert the old and tried friend
When misfortune comes in view,
For he then needs friendship's comfort—
Cling to those who cling to you.
On the broad highway, &c.

166 Be Kind to the Loved Ones at Home.

I. B. WOODBURY.



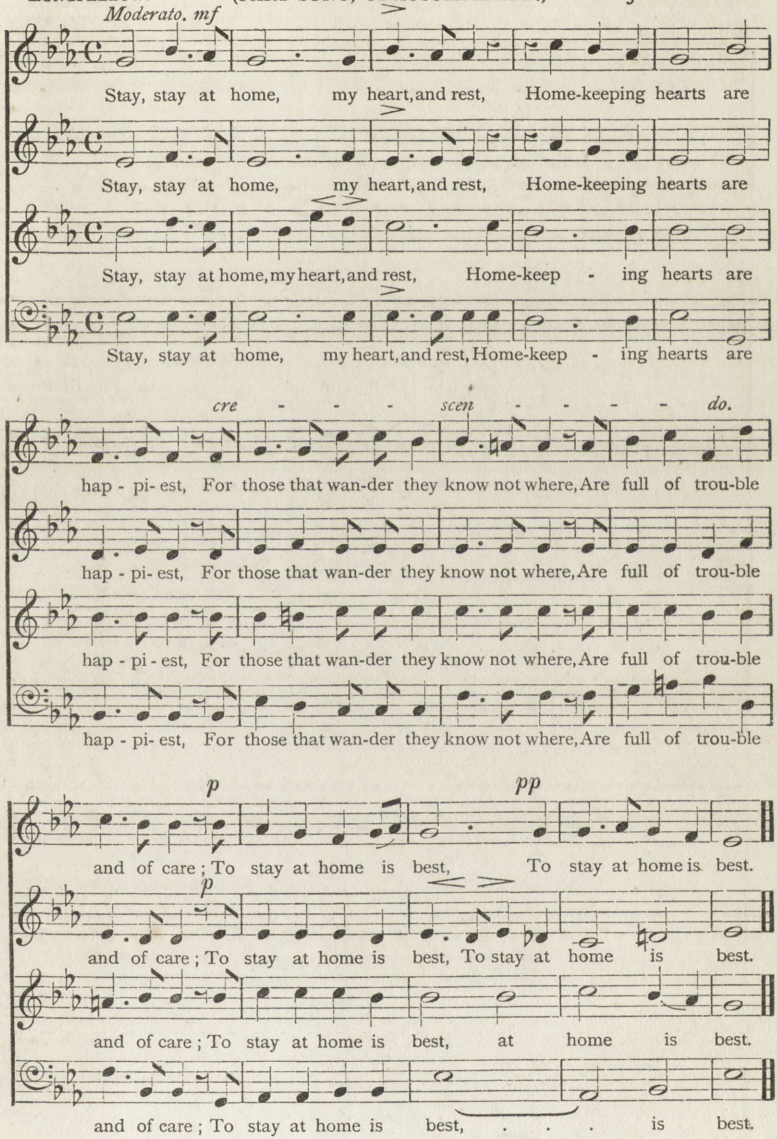
2 Be kind to thy mother—for lo! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen! [now,
Oh! well mayst thou cherish and comfort her
For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy mother—for thee she will pray,
As long as God giveth her breath! [way,
With accents of kindness, then, cheer her lone
E'en to the dark valley of death.

3 Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have dearth,
If the smile of thy love be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.
Be kind to your brother—wherever you are,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

4 Be kind to thy sister—not many may know
The depths of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above. [hours
Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet
And blessings thy pathway to crown;
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers
More precious than wealth or renown.

167 Stay at Home.

LONGFELLOW. (PART SONG, UNACCOMPANIED.) J. H. CASSON.

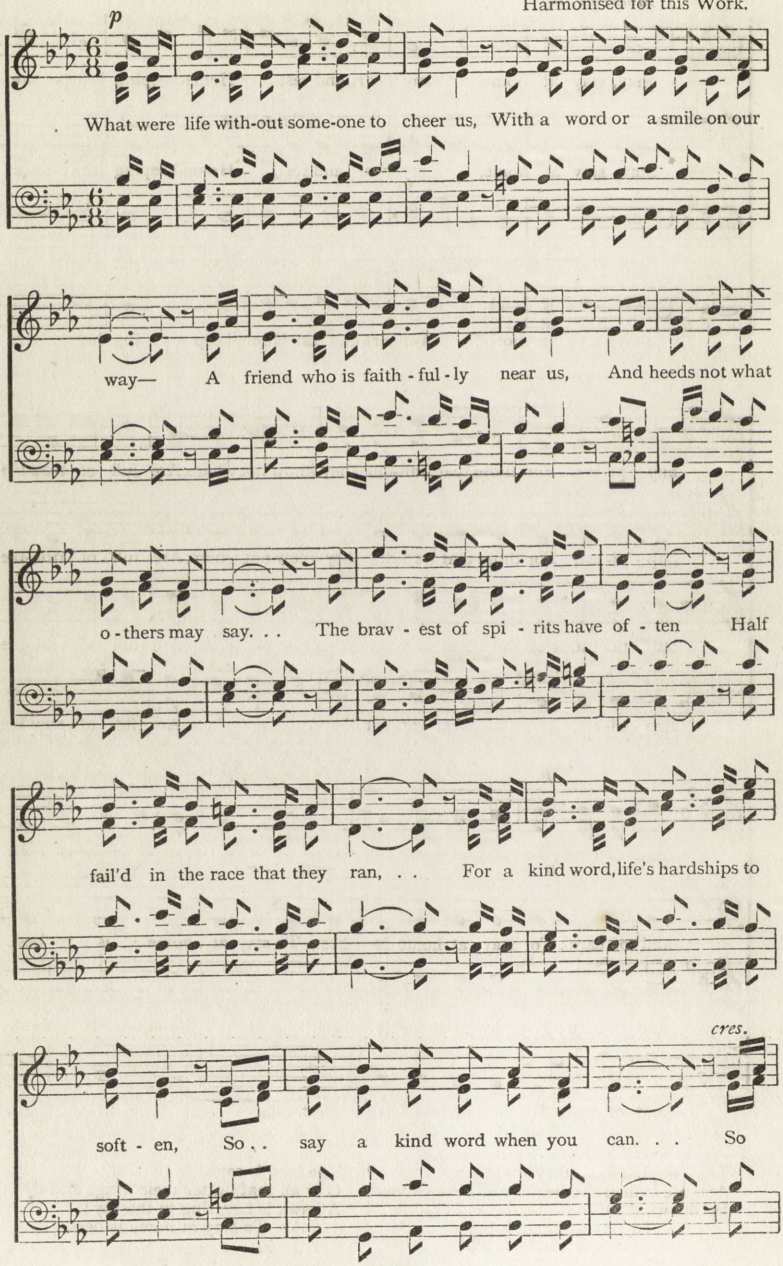


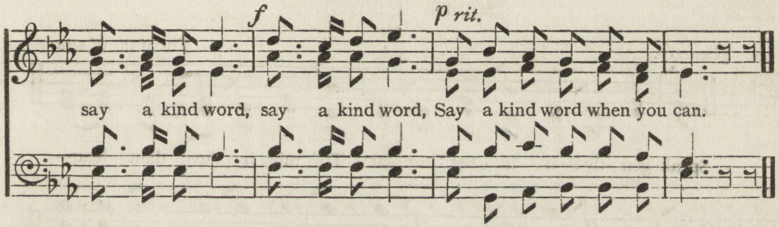
2 Weary and home-sick and distressed,
They wander east, they wander west,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;
To stay at home is best.

3 Then stay at home, my heart, and rest,
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky;
To stay at home is best.

A Kind Word.

J. R. THOMAS.
Harmonised for this Work.



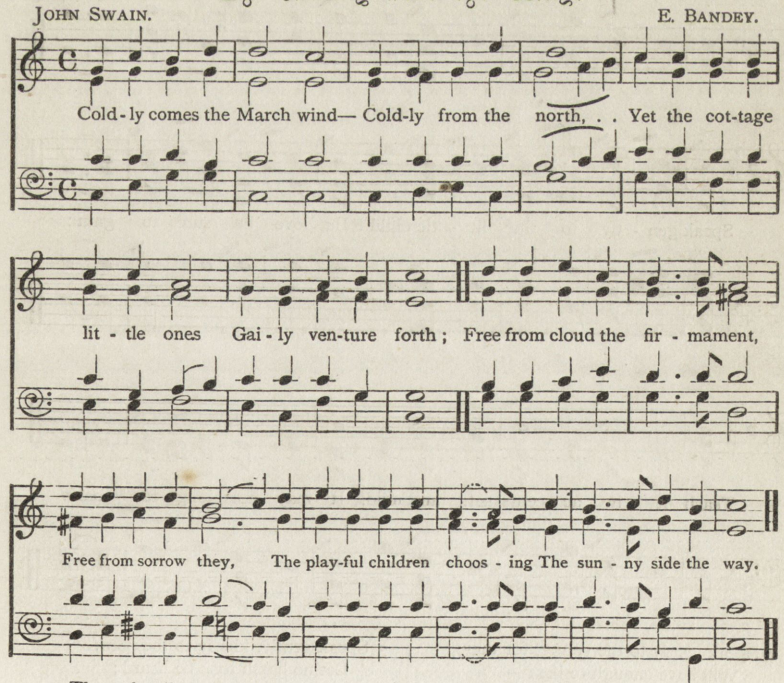


2 Each one of us owns to some failing, [rest;
Though some may have more than the
But there's no good in heedlessly railing
'Gainst those that are striving their best.
Remember, a word spoke complaining
May blight every effort and plan, [ing,
Which a bright word would help in attain-
So say a kind word when you can.
So say a kind word, &c.

3 Oh! say a kind word then, whenever
'Twill make the heart cheerful and glad,
But, chiefly, forget it oh never,—
To the one that is hopeless and sad;
For there's no word so easy in saying,
So begin if you have not began,—
And never in life be delaying
To say a kind word when you can.
So say a kind word, &c.

169 The Sunny side the Way.

JOHN SWAIN. E. BANDEY.

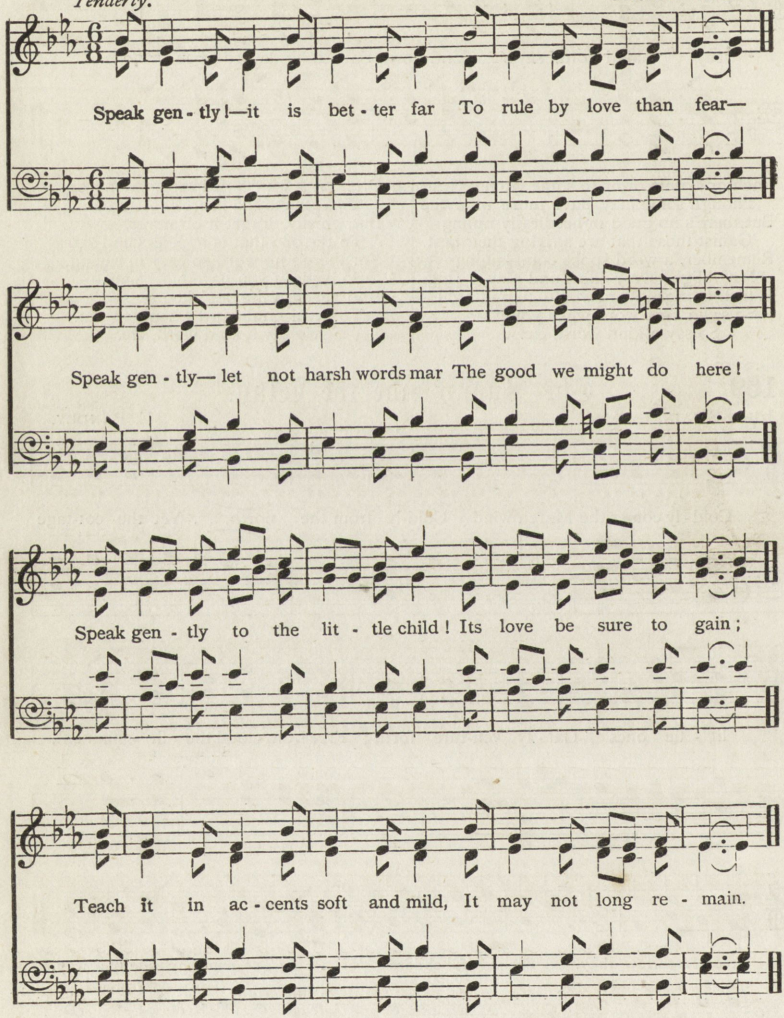


2 There the silvery snowdrop,
Daffodils like gold,
Primroses and crocuses
Cheerfully unfold.
Poor, those cottage little ones?
Poor! no—rich are they,
With their shining treasures on
The sunny side the way.

3 Coldly oft the winds blow
On the way of life,
Spreading in the wilderness
Care, and pain, and strife;
Yet the heart may shelter have,
Cold though be the day,
Choosing, like the little ones,
The sunny side the way.

170 Speak Gently.

Tenderly. THOMAS WARR.



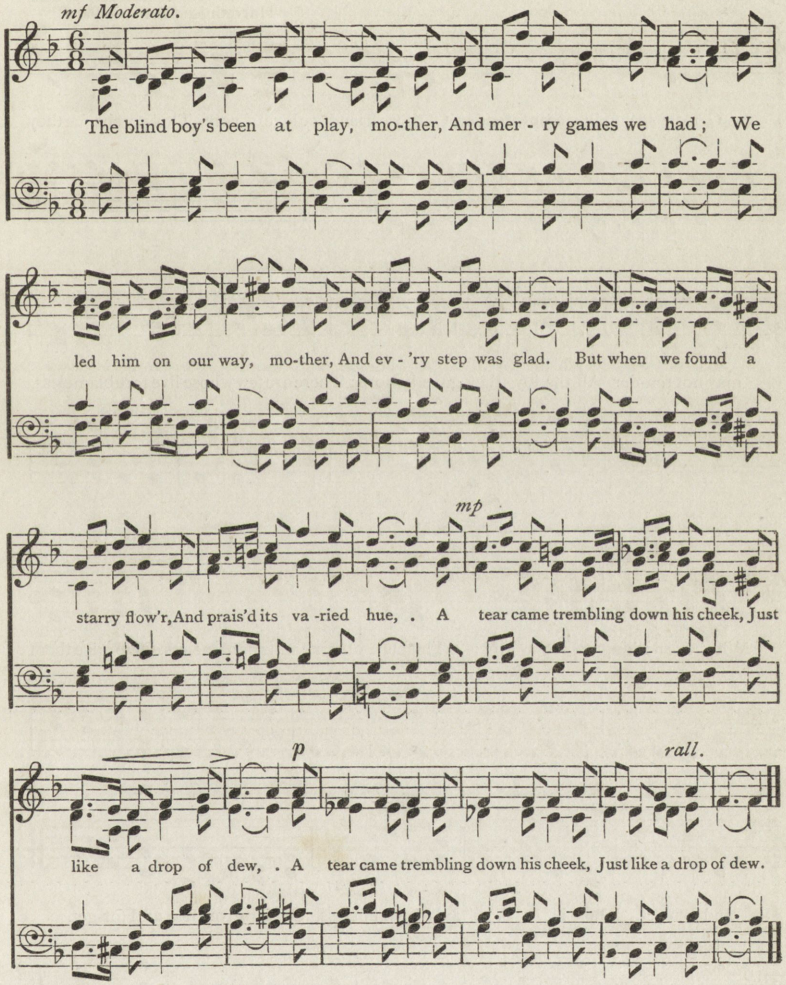
2 Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear—
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care!
Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart,
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart!

3 Speak gently, kindly to the poor,
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word!
Speak gently to the erring—know
They may have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again!

171 The Blind Boy.

ELIZA COOK. L. C. VENABLES.

mf Moderato.



2 We took him to the mill, mother,
Where falling waters made
A rainbow o'er the rill, mother,
As golden sun-rays played;
But when we shouted at the scene,
And hailed the clear blue sky;
He stood quite still upon the bank,
And breathed a long, long sigh.

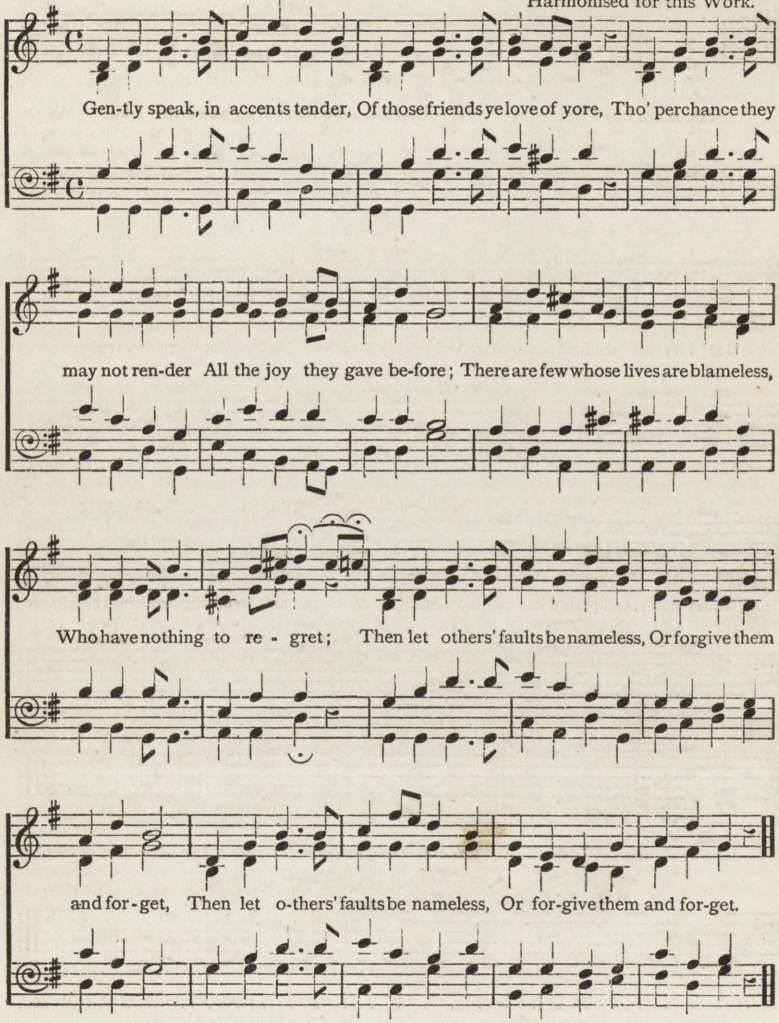
3 We asked him why he wept, mother,
Whene'er we found the spots
Where periwinkle crept, mother,
O'er wild forget-me-nots:
"Ah me!" he said, while tears ran down,
As fast as summer showers;
"It is because I cannot see
The sunshine and the flowers.'

4 Oh, that poor sightless boy, mother,
Has taught me I am blest!
For I can look with joy, mother,
On all I love the best:
And when I see the dancing stream,
And daisies red and white,
I'll kneel upon the meadow grass,
And thank my God for sight.

172 Forgive and Forget.

J. W.

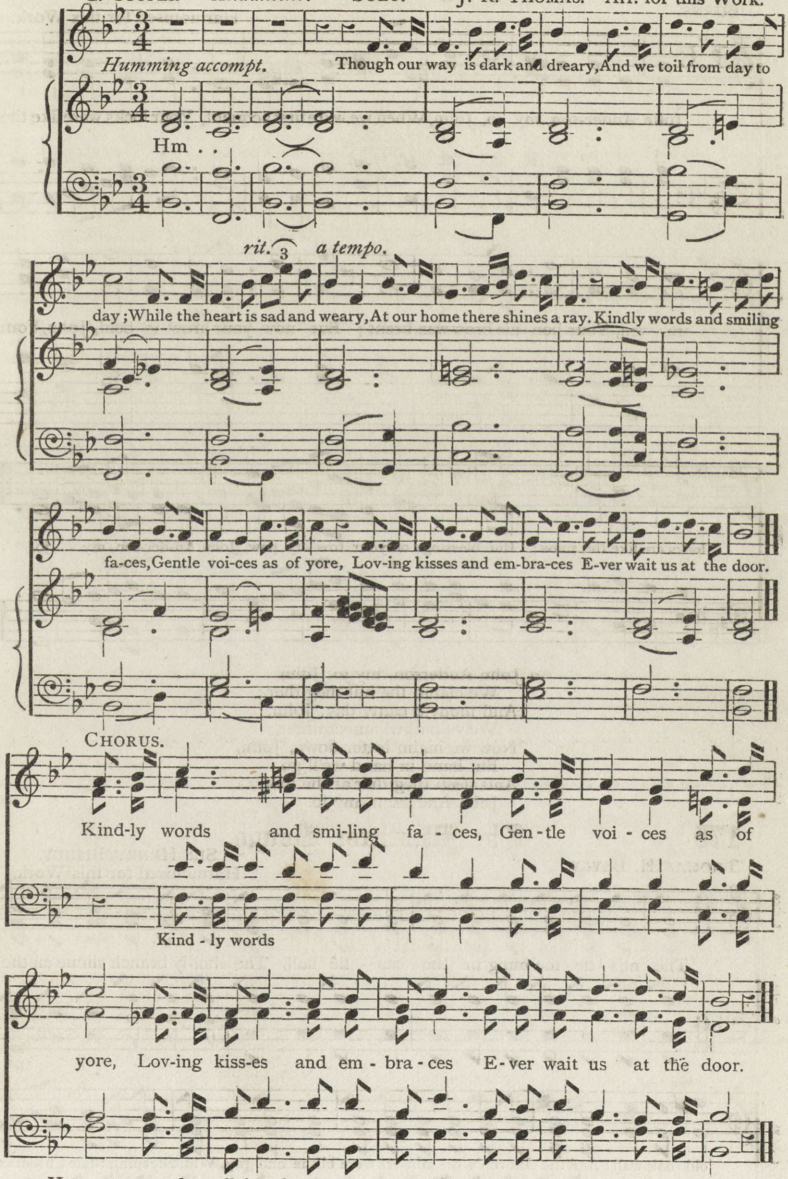
F. BUCKLEY.
Harmonised for this Work.



2 'Tis no trifle that we cherish,
When we find and prove a friend,
One whose fealty will not perish,
Growing stronger to the end;
But should dark clouds overshade thee,
And old friends grow cold—oh, yet
Think how happy once they made thee,
Then forgive, but ne'er forget.
Think how happy, &c.

173 Kindly Words and Smiling Faces.

G. COOPER. *Andantino.* SOLO. J. R. THOMAS. Arr. for this Work.

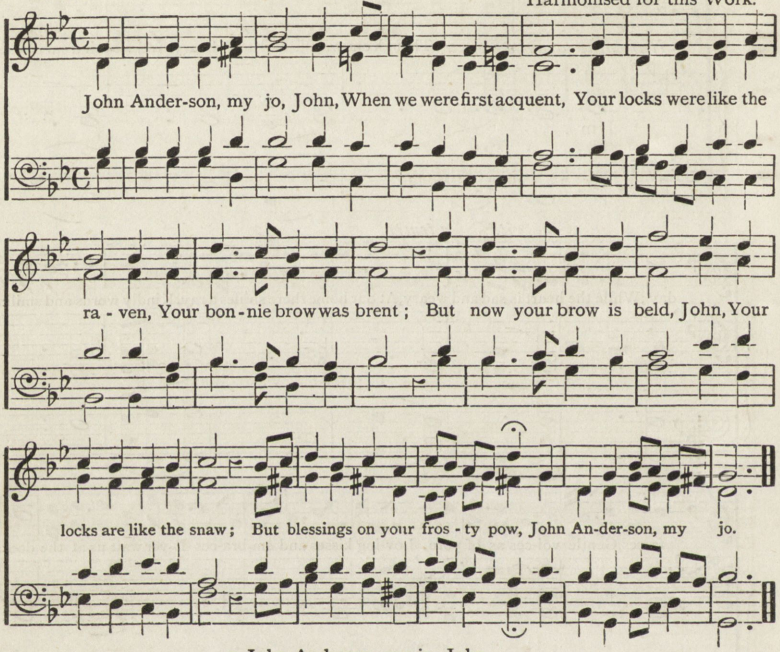


2 Here we turn when all forsake us—
Here we never look in vain,
For the soothing tones that wake us
Back to joy and peace again.
Kindly words, &c.

3 Though we err, yet in our sadness,
Here's a shelter from the storm,
Just as in our days of gladness,
Here the hearts are true and warm.
Kindly words, &c.

174 John Anderson, my Jo.

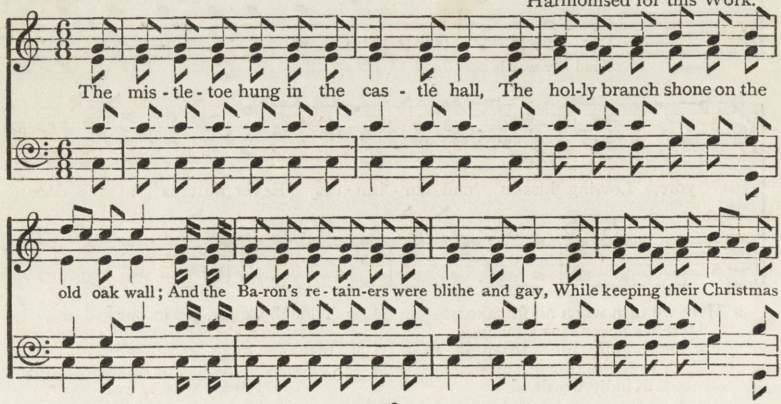
BURNS. Scotch Air. Harmonised for this Work.

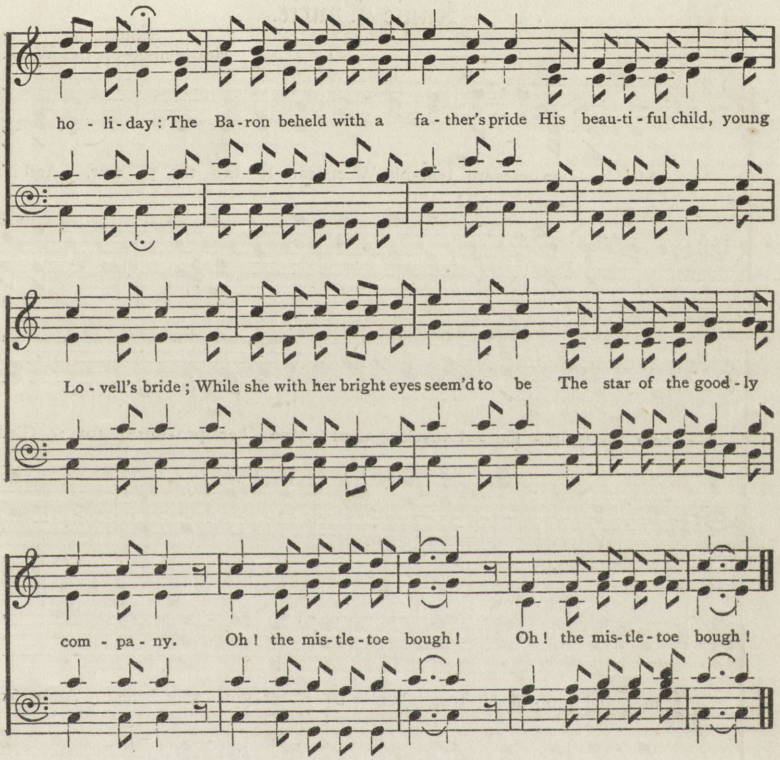


2 John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither ;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither ;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

175 The Mistletoe Bough.

THOMAS H. BAYLY. SIR HENRY BISHOP. Harmonised for this Work.





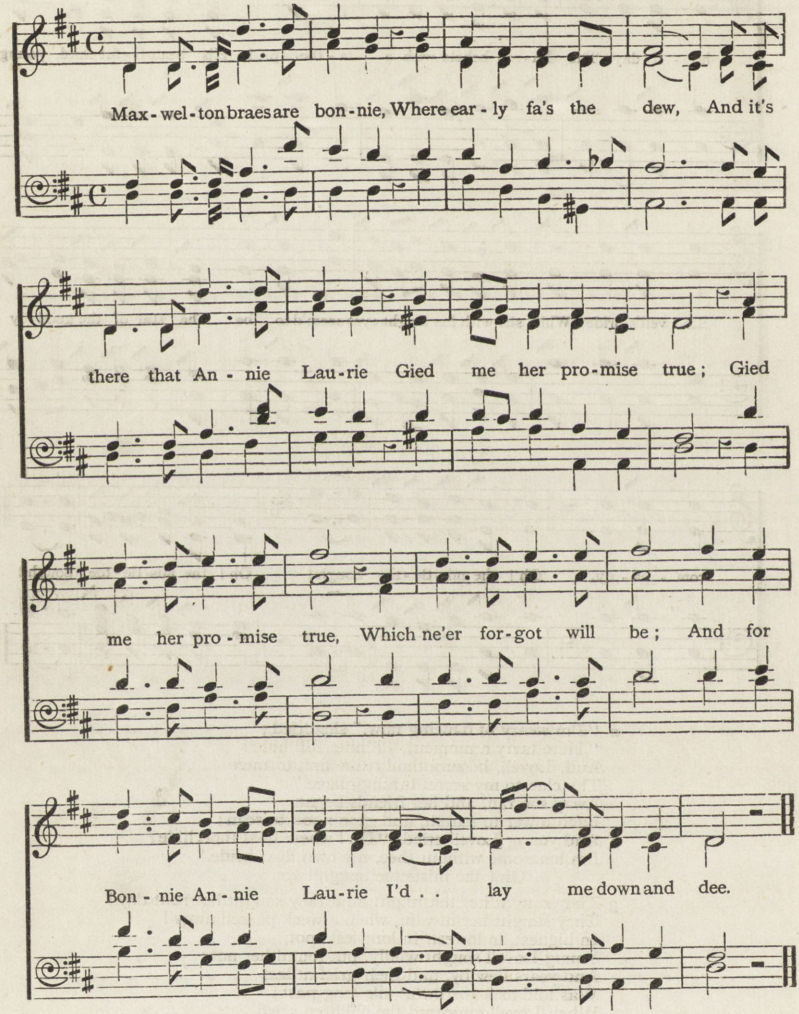
2 "I'm weary of dancing now," she cried;
"Here tarry a moment, I'll hide, I'll hide!
And, Lovell, be sure thou'rt the first to trace
The clue to my secret lurking-place."
Away she ran, and her friends began
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan;
And young Lovell cried, "Oh! where dost thou hide?
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."
Oh! the mistletoe bough! &c.

3 They sought her that night, and they sought her next day!
They sought her in vain, when a week passed away!
In highest, in lowest, in loneliest spot,
Young Lovell sought wildly, but found her not;
And years flew by, and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;
When Lovell appeared the children cried,
"The old man weeps for his fairy bride."
Oh! the mistletoe bough! &c.

4 At length an oak chest that had long laid hid,
Was found in the castle—they raised the lid—
A skeleton form lay mouldering there,
In the bridal wreath of the lady fair!
Oh! sad was her fate, in sportive jest
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest,
It closed with a spring, and the bridal bloom
Lay withering there in a living tomb.
Oh! the mistletoe bough! &c.

176 Annie Laurie.

Scotch Air.
Harmonised for this Work.



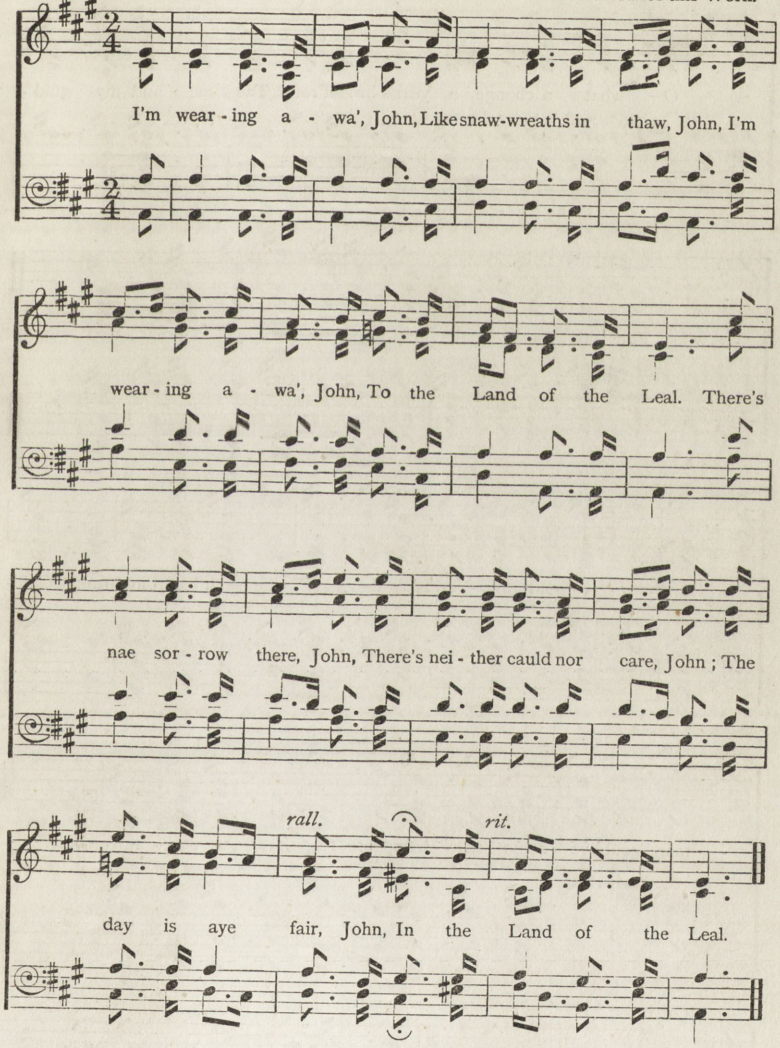
2 Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her throat is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on;
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

3 Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet;
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

177 The Land of the Leal.

BARONESS NAIRNE.

Scotch Air,
Harmonised for this Work.

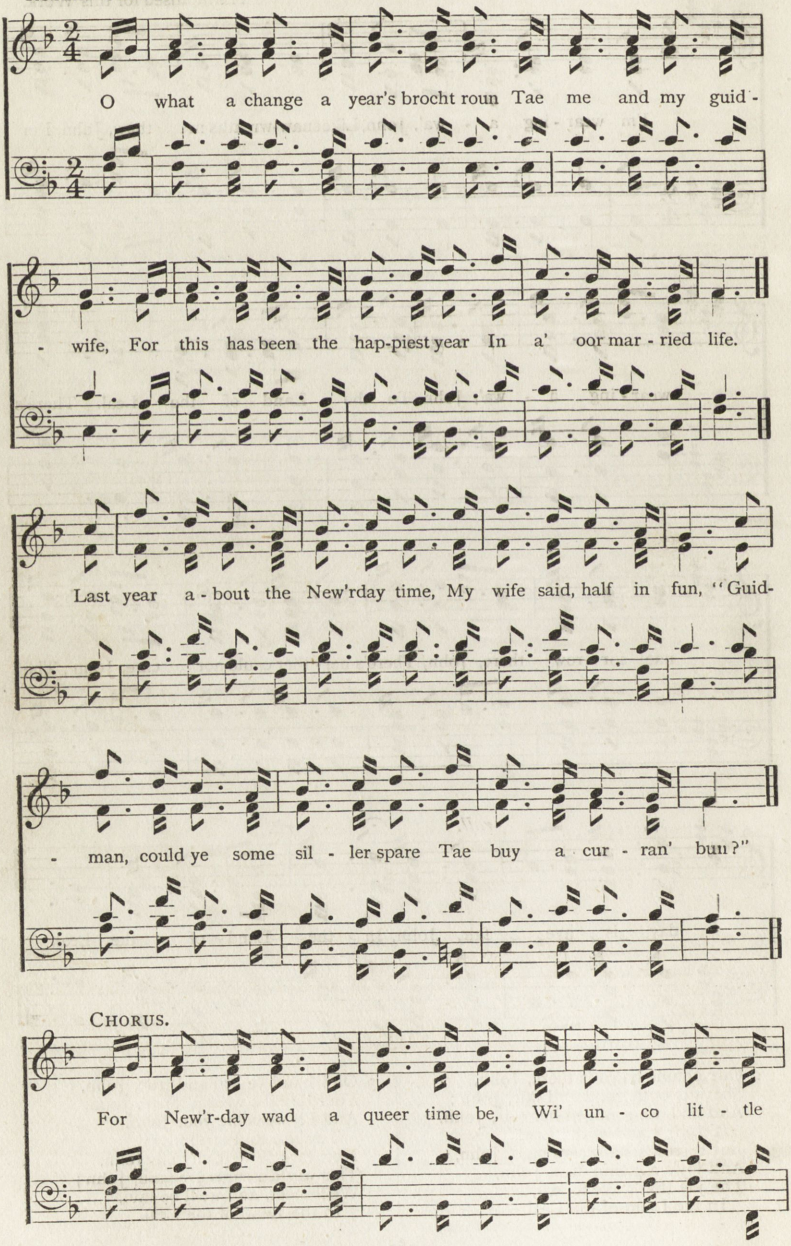


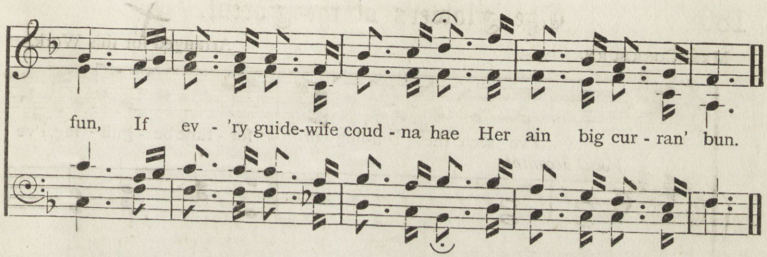
2 Our bonnie bairn is there, John,
She was both good and fair, John ;
And oh ! we grudged her sair, John,
To the Land of the Leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy's a comin' fast, John,
The joy that's aye to last,
In the Land of the Leal.

3 Oh ! haud ye leal and true, John,
Your day it's wearin' thro', John,
And I'll welcome you, John,
To the Land of the Leal.
Now fare ye well, my ain John,
This world's cares are vain, John ;
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
In the Land of the Leal.

178 The New'rday Curran' Bun.

ROBERT SEMPLE. Scotch Air.





2 "Guidwife," quo I, "you're jokin noo,
But I the truth maun tell;
I hae nae siller for a bun,
I'm needin't a' mysel.
For I maun fill the whisky jar,
Before the year is run,
It's wiser-like tae hae oor dram,
Than ony curran' bun.
For New'rday, &c.

3 "Guidman," said she, "jist think a wee
On what you're gaun tae dae,
You're surely daft tae gang awa',
An' spend your siller sae.
Hoo happy wad we be next year,
If ye the drink would shun—
Then leave the jar, and gang an' buy
Oor New'rday curran' bun."
For New'rday, &c.

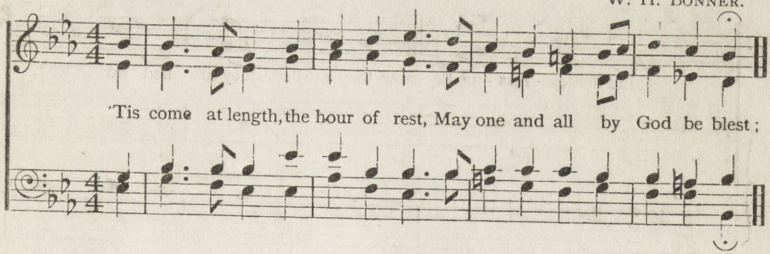
4 Unheeded fell her warnin' words,
I think on't noo wi' shame;
I filled mysel' as weel's the jar,
Then tried tae start for hame.
But on the street the jar an' me
Cam' tumblin' tae the groun',
I lost my whisky, broke the jar,
An' got nae curran' bun.
For New'rday, &c.

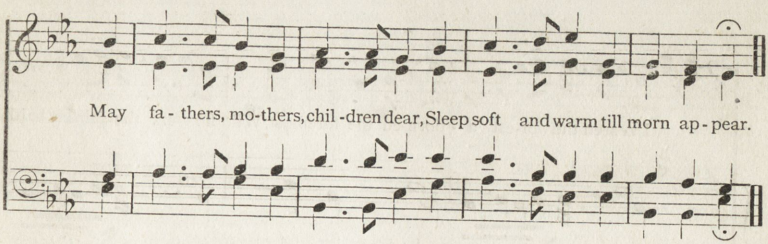
5 But noo I've turned anither leaf,
Nae drink oor pleasures mars,
The signin' o' the Temperance pledge
Has banished family jars.
An' at the end o' this auld year,
When I my pay have won,
Wi' my guidewife I'll gang and buy
A thumpin' curran' bun.
For New'rday, &c.

179 Evening Song.

Translated from the Romaunsch
by MRS. TOWNSEND.

W. H. BONNER.



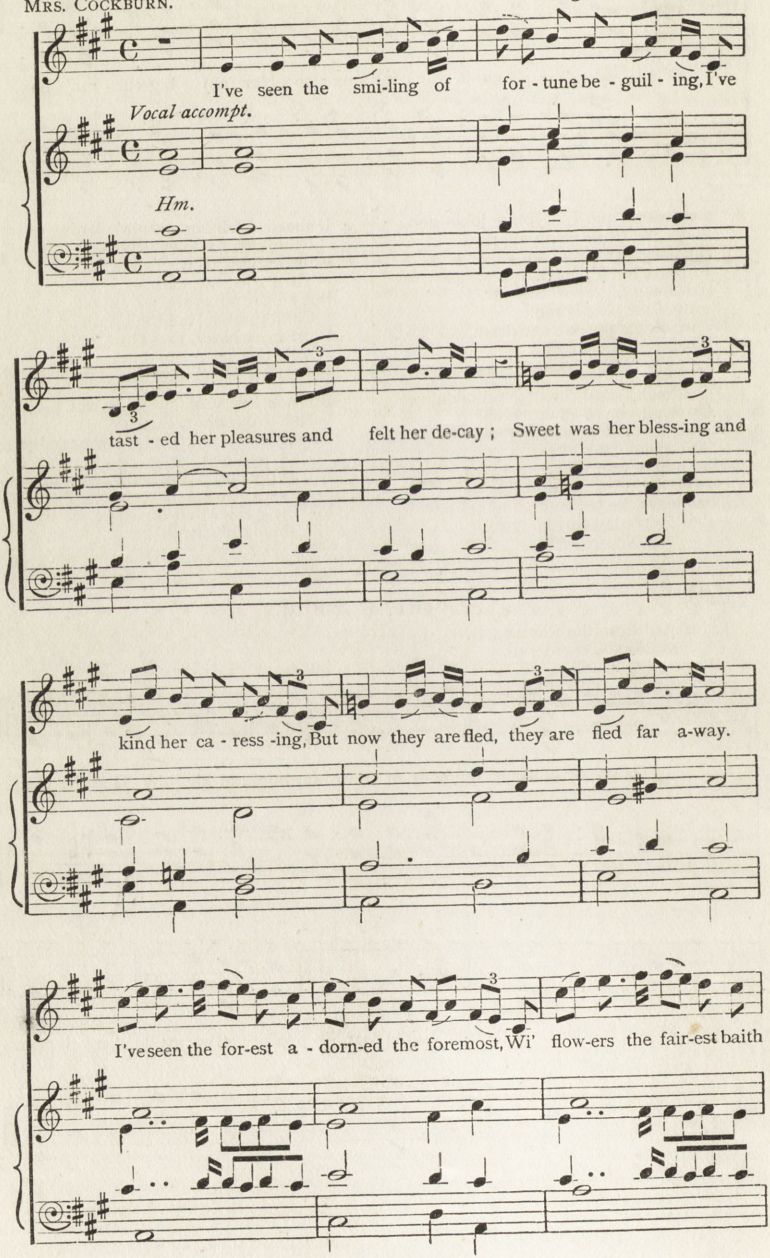


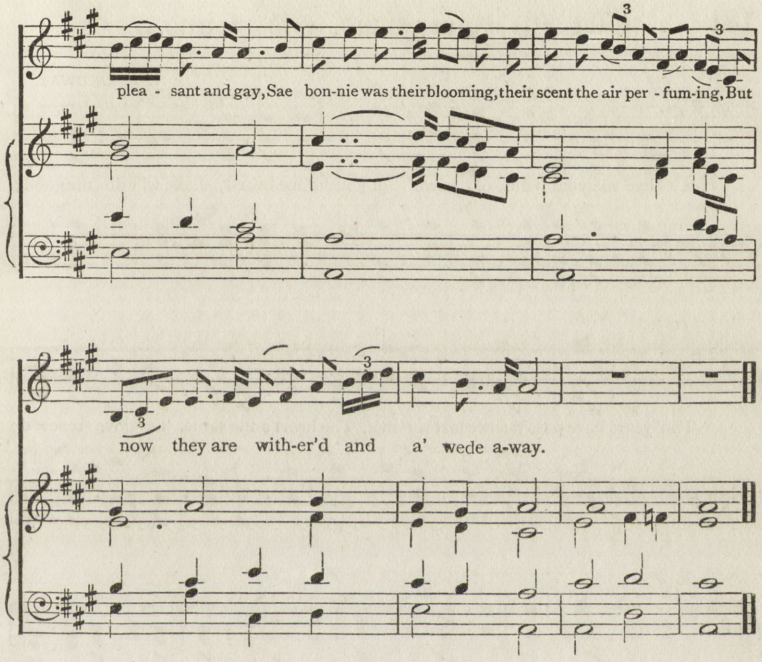
2 But, ere we all to bed retire,
We'll guard with care the kitchen fire;
We'll bar the doors, put out the light,
May God protect each one to-night.

3 And for the suffering we will pray
That God will be their help and stay,
Will comfort them in sickness sore,
Then grant them joy for evermore.

180 The Flowers o' the Forest.

MRS. COCKBURN. Arranged for this Work.

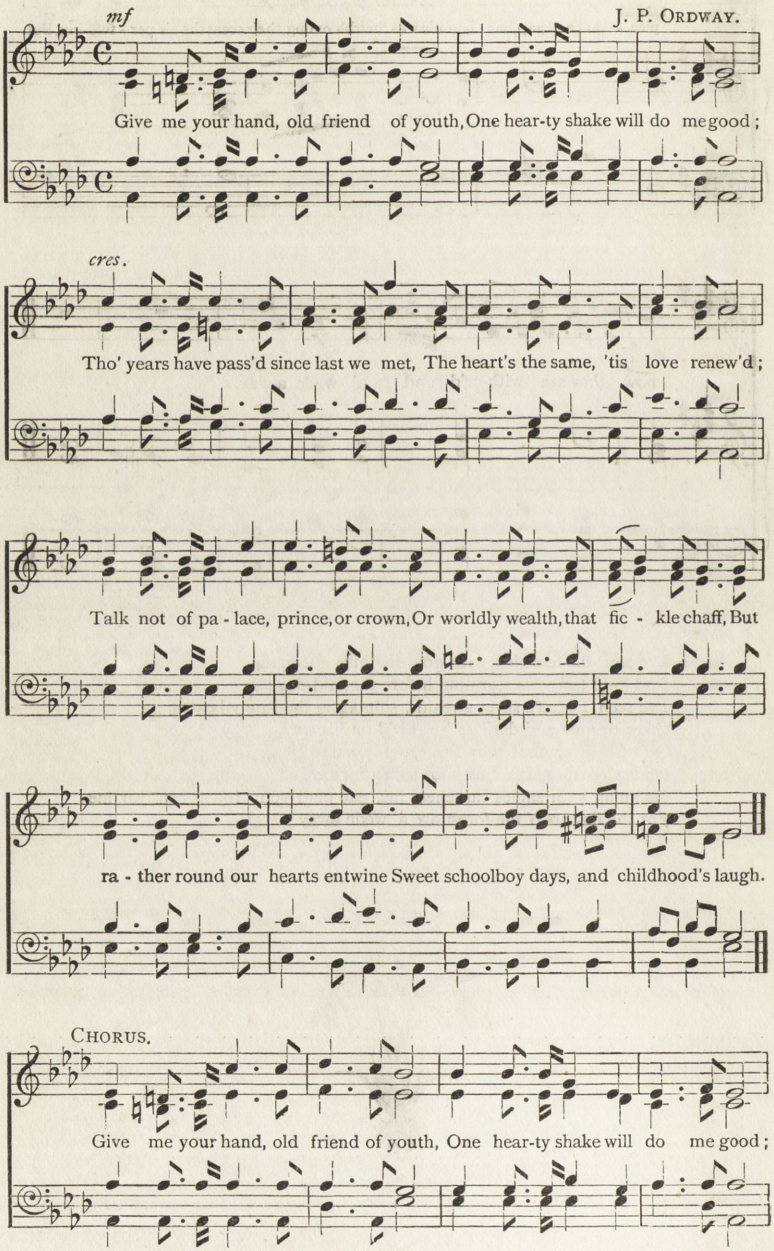


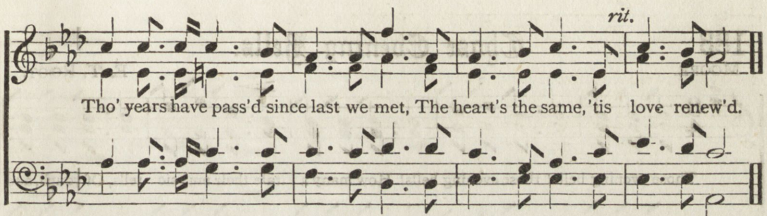


2 I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempests storming before the mid-day;
I've seen Tweed's silver streams, shining in the sunny beams,
Grow drumly and dark as he row'd on his way.
Oh! fickle fortune! why this cruel sporting?
Oh! why still perplex us poor sons of a day?
Nae mair your smiles can cheer me, nae mair your frowns can fear me;
For the flowers o' the forest are a' wede away.



181 Give Me Your Hand, Old Friend.





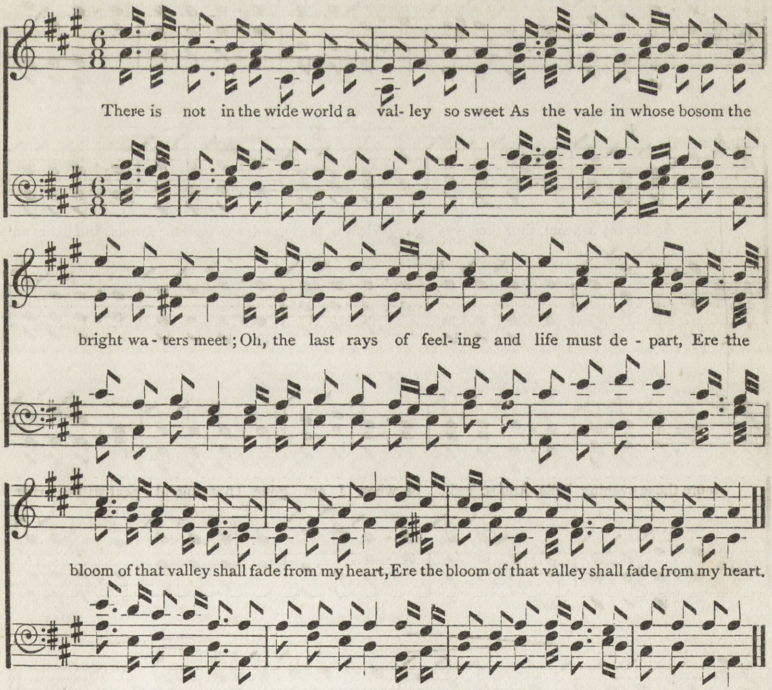
2 Give me your hand, old friend of youth,
Tho' wrinkles on your brow are seen;
Those eyes grow dim, but speak the words
Of love—tho' years have rolled between.
We've met the world with all its change,
And sought its pleasures—felt its pain;
Now the bright moments come at last,
Of early days—we're young again.
Give me your hand, &c.

3 Give me your hand, old friend of youth,
Gray tho' we've grown, old Time keeps pace,
Brothers are we in love and truth—
No fear have we to end the race.
Here's happiness to friends of old,
Affection's urn brim full of love;
Soon will it blossom and unfold
A glorious flower in realms above.
Give me your hand, &c.

182 Sweet Vale of Avoca.

(THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.)

From "Moore's Irish Melodies."



2 Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas *not* the soft magic of streamlet or hill;
Oh! no,—it was something more exquisite still.

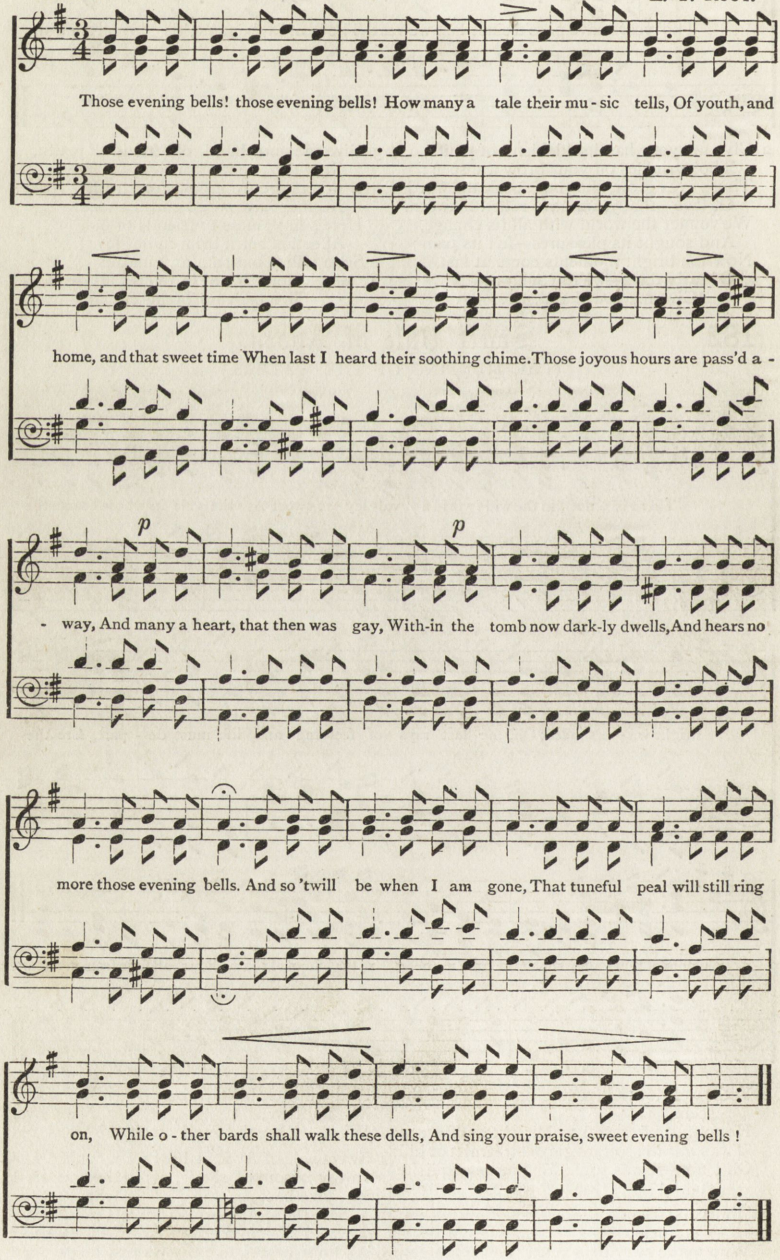
3 'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made ev'ry dear scene of enchantment more dear;
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

4 Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best;
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

183

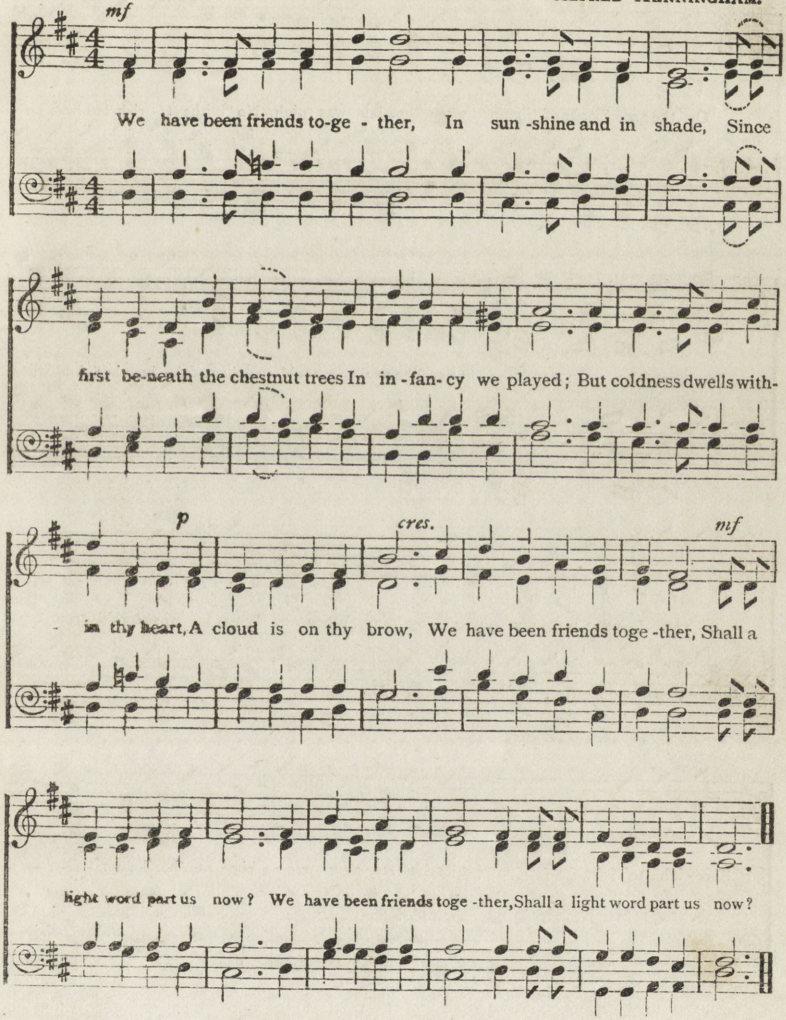
Those Evening Bells.

MOORE. E. T. ROOT.



184 We have been Friends together.

HON. MRS. NORTON. ALFRED KENNINGHAM.



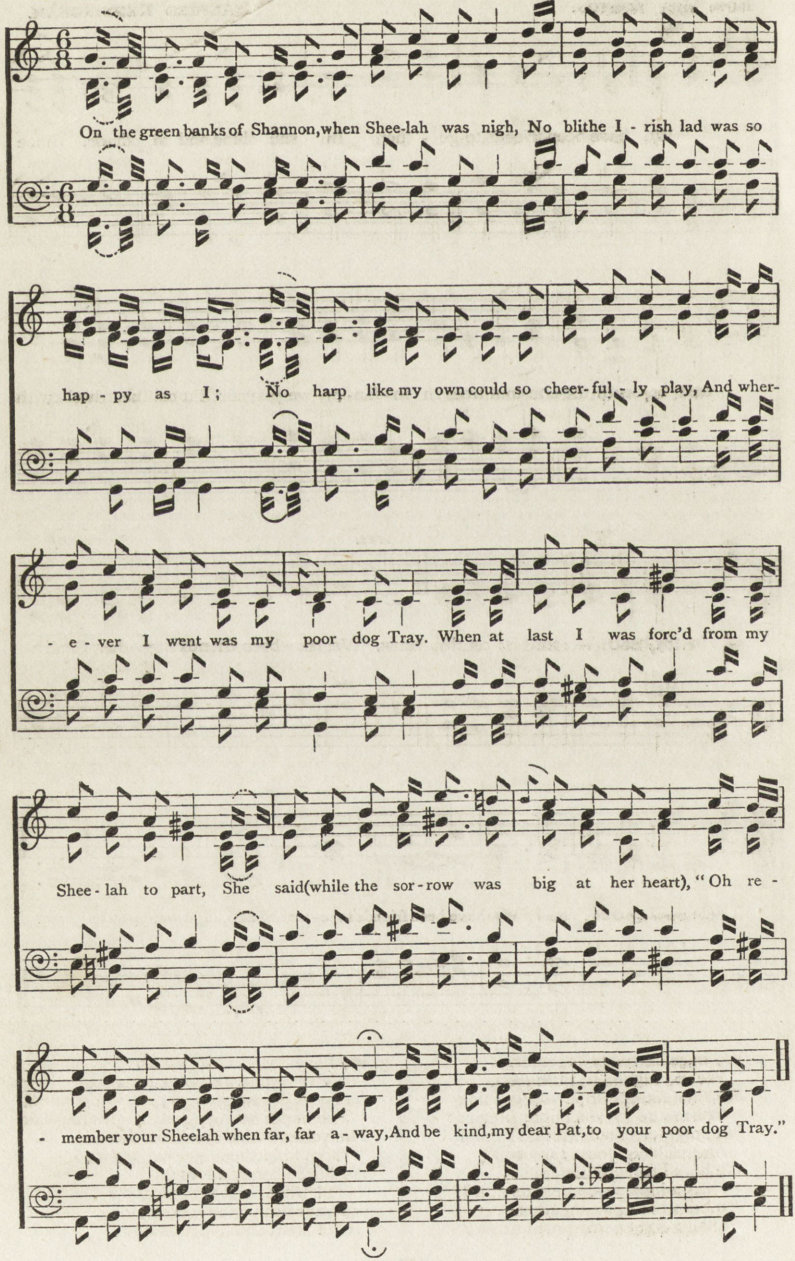
2 We have been gay together,
We've laughed at little jests,
For the fount of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts:
But laughter now hath fled thy lip
And sullen glooms thy brow;
We have been gay together,
Shall a light word part us now?
We have been gay together,
Shall a light word part us now?

3 We have been sad together,
We've wept with bitter tears
O'er the grass-green graves where moul-
The hopes of early years. [dering laid
The voices which are silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been sad together,
Oh! what shall part us now?
We have been sad together,
Oh! what shall part us now?

185

Poor Dog Tray.

THOMAS CAMPBELL. JOHN WHITAKER.

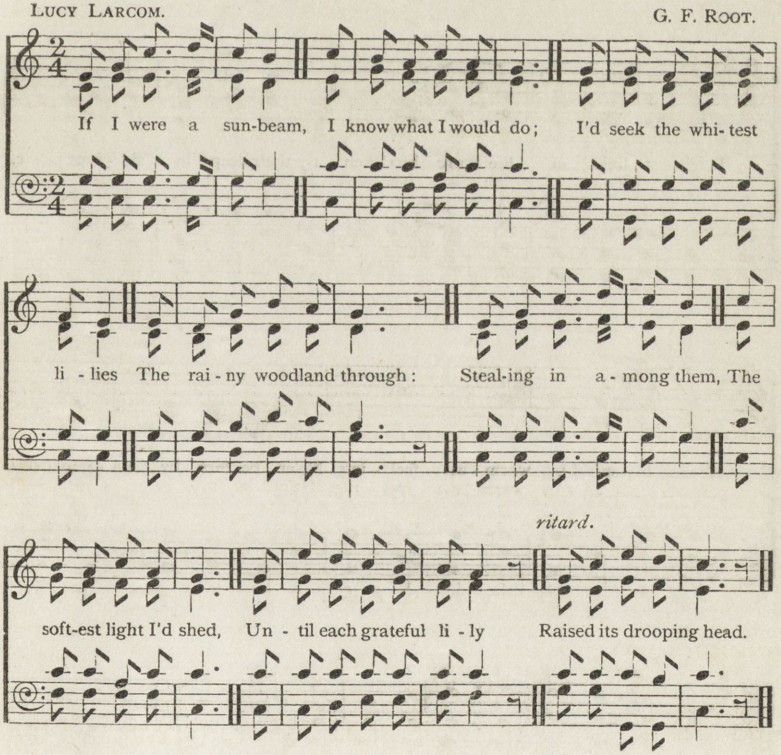


2 Poor dog, he was faithful and kind, to be sure,
And constantly loved me, although I was poor;
When the sour-looking folks sent me heartless away,
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.
When the road was so dark, and the night was so cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of grey,
And he licked me for kindness, my poor dog Tray.

3 Though my wallet was scant, I remembered his case,
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face;
But he died at my feet, on a cold winter day,
And I played a lament for my poor dog Tray.
Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind?
Can I find one to guide me so faithful and kind?
To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
I can never return, with my poor dog Tray.

186 If I were a Sunbeam.

LUCY LARCOM. G. F. ROOT.

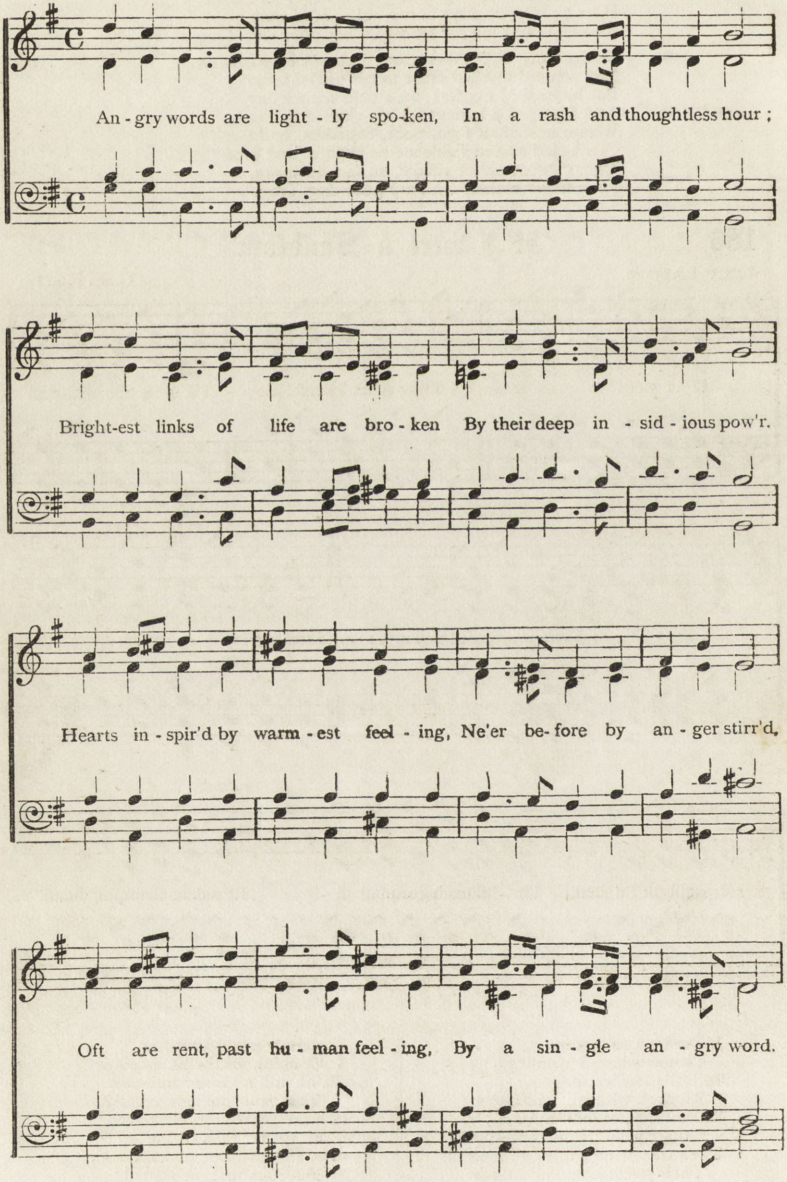


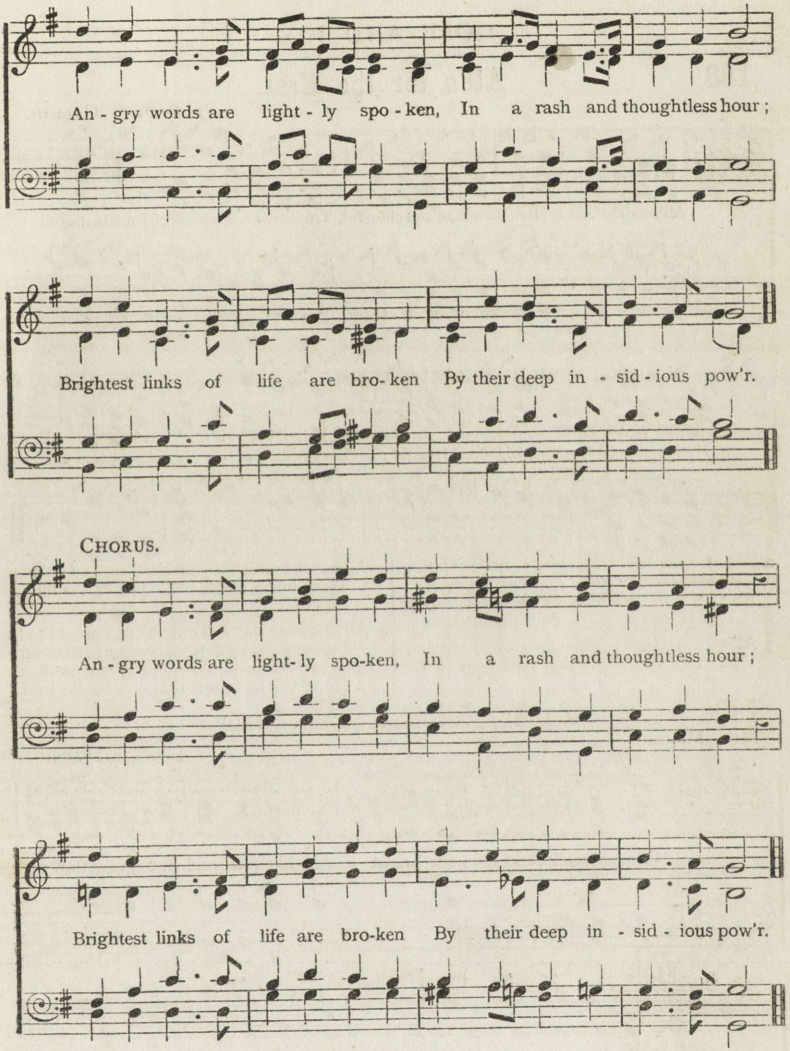
2 If I were a sunbeam,
I know where I would go;
Into the lowliest hovels,
All dark with want and woe;
Till sad hearts look upward,
I there would shine and shine!
Then they would think of heaven,
Their sweet home and mine.

3 Art thou not a sunbeam,
O child, whose life is glad,
With still an inner radiance
That sunshine never had?
As the Lord hath blest thee,
O scatter rays divine!
For there can be no sunbeam,
But must die, or shine!

187 Angry Words.

F. Buckley.
Harmonised for this Work.

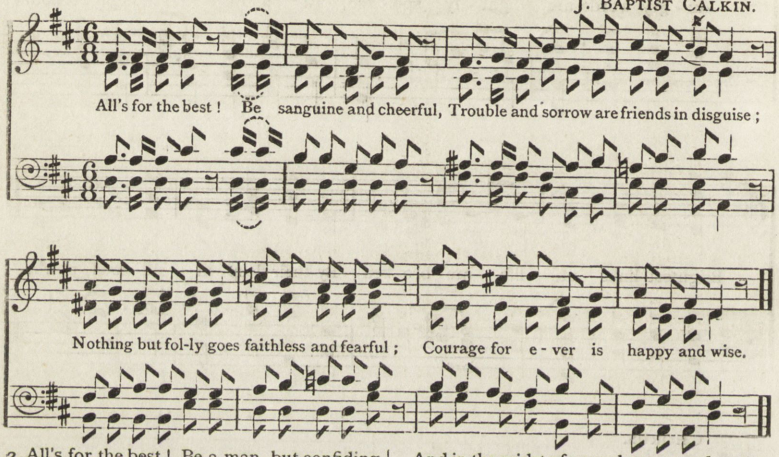




2 Poison-drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison-drops are they—
Weaving for the coming morrow
Saddest mem'ries of to-day.
Angry words; oh! let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip,
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them ere they soil the lip.
Angry words, &c.

188 All's for the Best.

J. BAPTIST CALKIN.



2 All's for the best ! Be a man, but confiding,
Providence tenderly governs the rest,
And the frail bark of His creature is guiding
Wisely and warily. All's for the best !

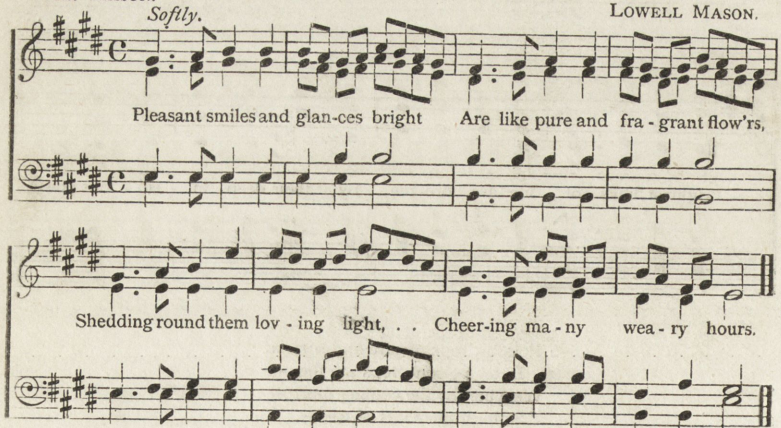
3 All's for the best ! Then fling away terrors,
Meet all your fears and your foes in the van,
And in the midst of your dangers and errors,
Trust like a child, while you strive like a man.

4 All's for the best! For unbiassed, unbounded,
Providence reigns from the east to the west,
And by His wisdom and mercy surrounded,
Hope and be happy that all's for the best !

189 Looks, Words, and Deeds.

MRS. MASON.

LOWELL MASON.



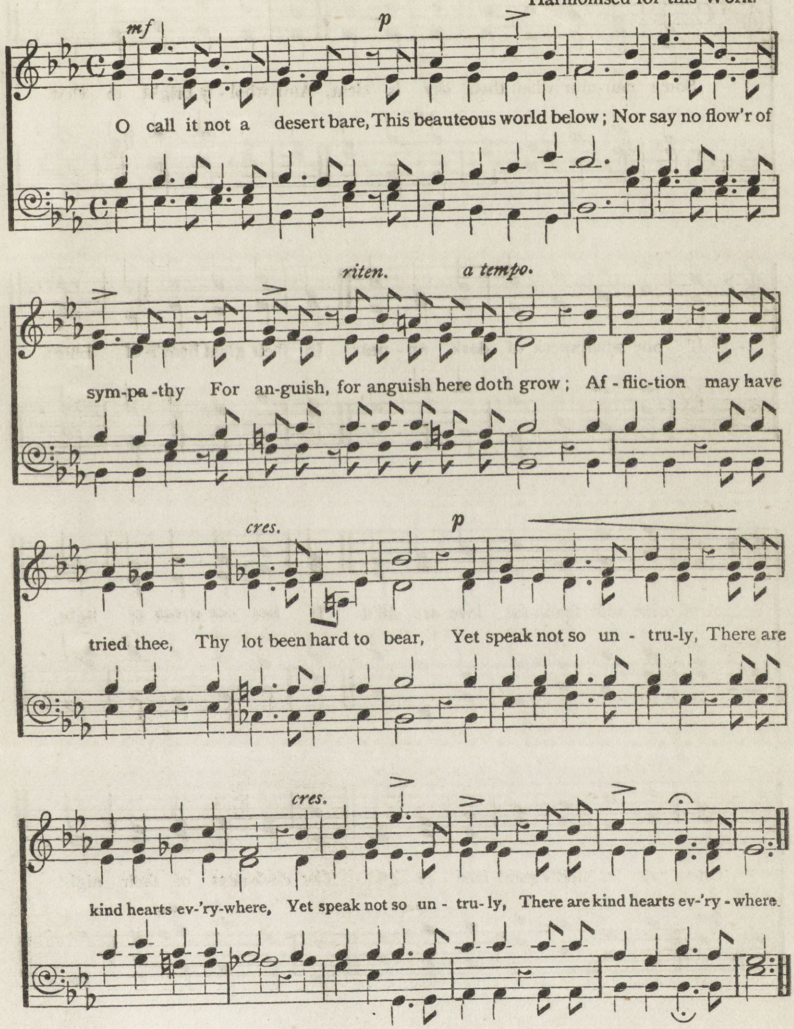
2 Words of love from hearts sincere,
In this world of care and woe,
Are like springs in deserts drear,
Giving life where'er they flow.

3 Deeds of kindness done in love
Diamonds are in settings rare ;
In the realms of bliss above,
These the gems the blessed wear.

4 Looks, and words, and deeds of love,
Let us cherish then with care ;
Travelling to our home above,—
Each his brother's burden bear.

190 There are Kind Hearts Everywhere.

J. R. THOMAS.
Harmonised for this Work.

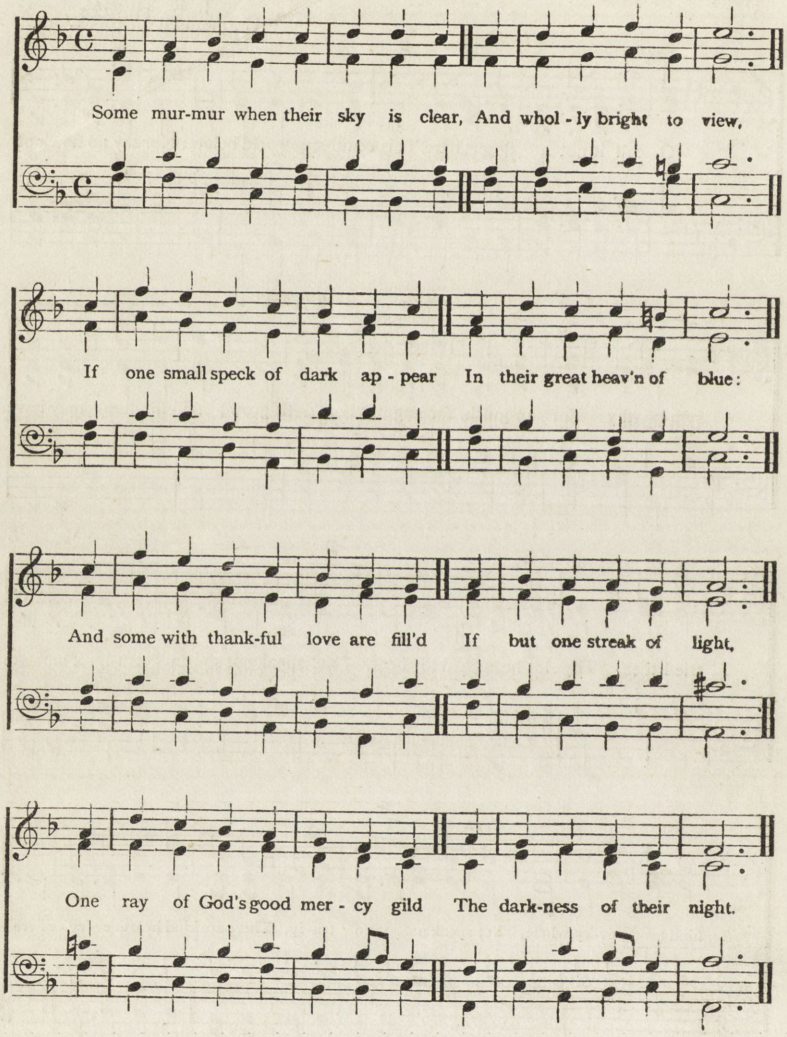


2 This world might be a Paradise,
And life made bright with love,
Could each the other try to serve,
And friendship seek to prove;
Be patient, ever patient,
And joy will be thy share;
So judge not too severely,
There are kind hearts everywhere.
So judge not, &c.

3 O call it not a mockery,
This beauteous world of ours,
Though full of lovely hopes that bloom
To perish like its flow'rs;
Though dark clouds gather o'er thee,
Ne'er yield thee to despair,
This life hath still its sunshine,
There are kind hearts everywhere.
This life hath still, &c.

191 Some Murmur when their Sky is Clear.

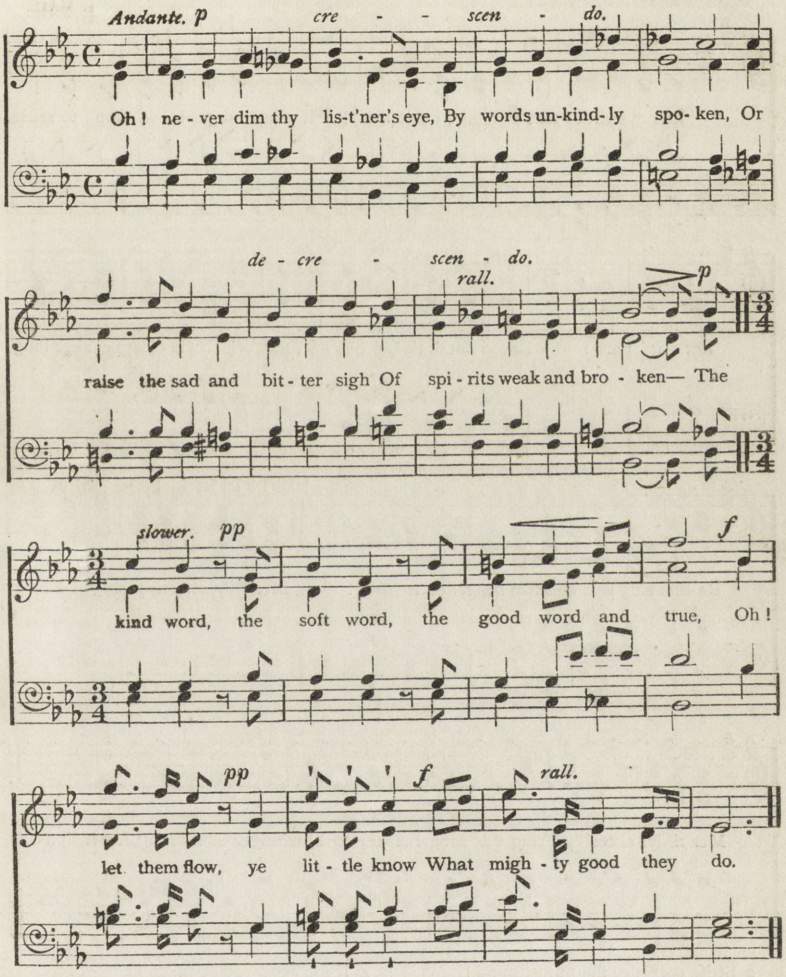
ARCHBISHOP TRENCH. MARTIN LUTHER.



2 In palaces are hearts that ask
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied;
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire),
Such rich provision made.

192 The Kind Word.

HENRY GUY.



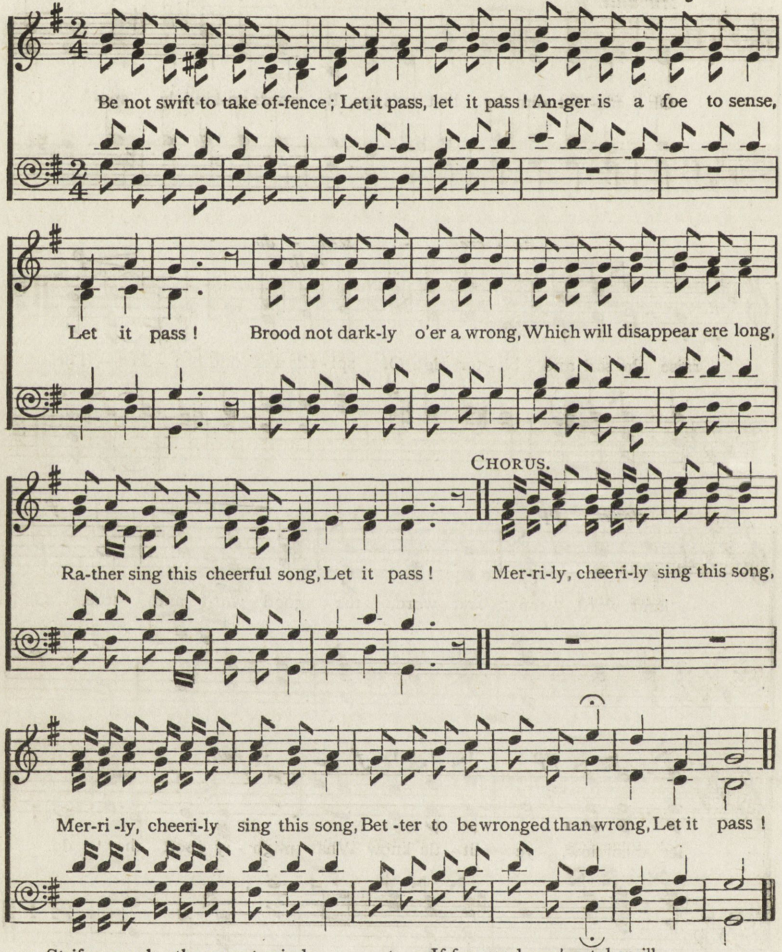
2 As sunshine on a gloomy day
Will cheer each drooping flower,
So gentle words will shed a ray,
E'en through the darkest hour.
The kind word, the soft word, the good word and true,
Oh! use them well,
For who can tell
The mighty good they do.

3 Speak to thy erring fellow man,
But not in anger—blindly;
For he will learn the better plan
If you but tell him kindly.
The soft word, the kind word, the good word and true,
Are streams of love,
Sent from above,
A mighty good to do.

4 So if with gentleness ye speak
Thou'lt raise a crown above thee·
No richer blessing ye could seek,
For every one will love thee. [and true,
The kind word, the soft word, the good word
Let them increase,
And never cease,
Till mighty good they do.

193 Be not Swift to take Offence.

S. J. VAIL.



2 Strife corrodes the purest mind;
Let it pass!
As the unregarded wind,
Let it pass!
Any vulgar souls that live
May condemn without reprieve;
'Tis the noble who forgive.
Let it pass!
Merrily, &c.

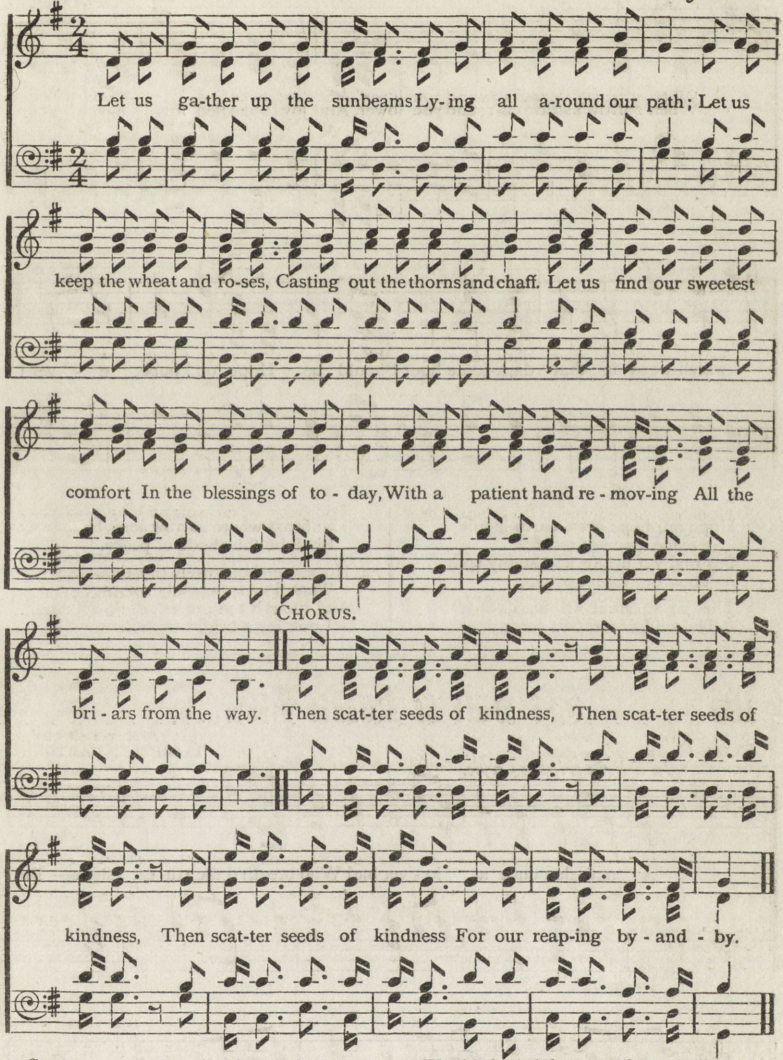
3 Echo not an angry word,
Let it pass!
Think how often you have erred;
Let it pass!
Since our joys must pass away
Like the dewdrops on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?
Let them pass!
Merrily, &c.

4 If for good you've taken ill,
Let it pass!
Oh! be kind and gentle still;
Let it pass!
Time at last makes all things straight;
Let us not resent, but wait,
And our triumph shall be great.
Let it pass!
Merrily, &c.

5 Bid your anger to depart,
Let it pass!
Lay these homely words to heart,
"Let it pass!"
Follow not the giddy throng!
Better to be wronged than wrong!
Therefore sing the cheery song—
Let it pass!
Merrily, &c.

194 Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

A. SMITH. S. J. VAIL.



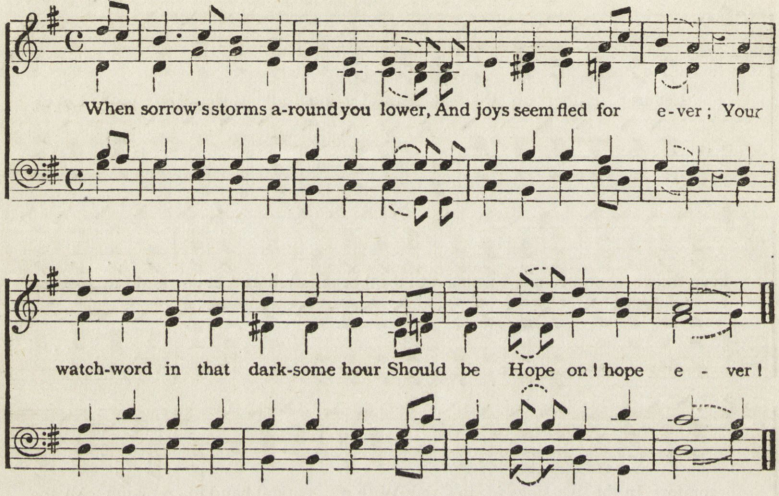
2 Strange, we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown!
Strange, that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone!
Strange, that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one half so fair,
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air!
Then scatter, &c.

3 If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window-pane
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?
Then scatter, &c.

4 Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
For our reaping by-and-by!
Then scatter, &c.

195 Hope on, Hope ever.

J. A. BIRCH.



2 Hope on, hope ever, earth is not
A scene alone of tears;
For many a bright and sunny spot
Along our path appears.

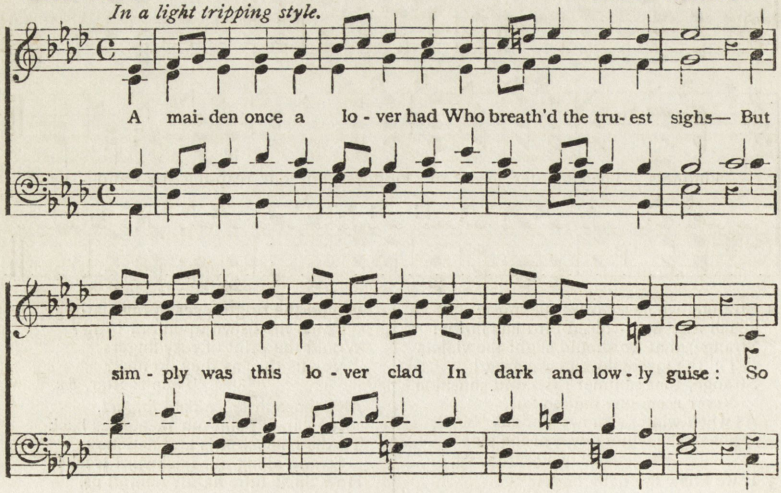
3 The darkest hour will pass away,
The wildest tempest cease;
The heart where sorrow long held sway
Shall be the abode of peace.

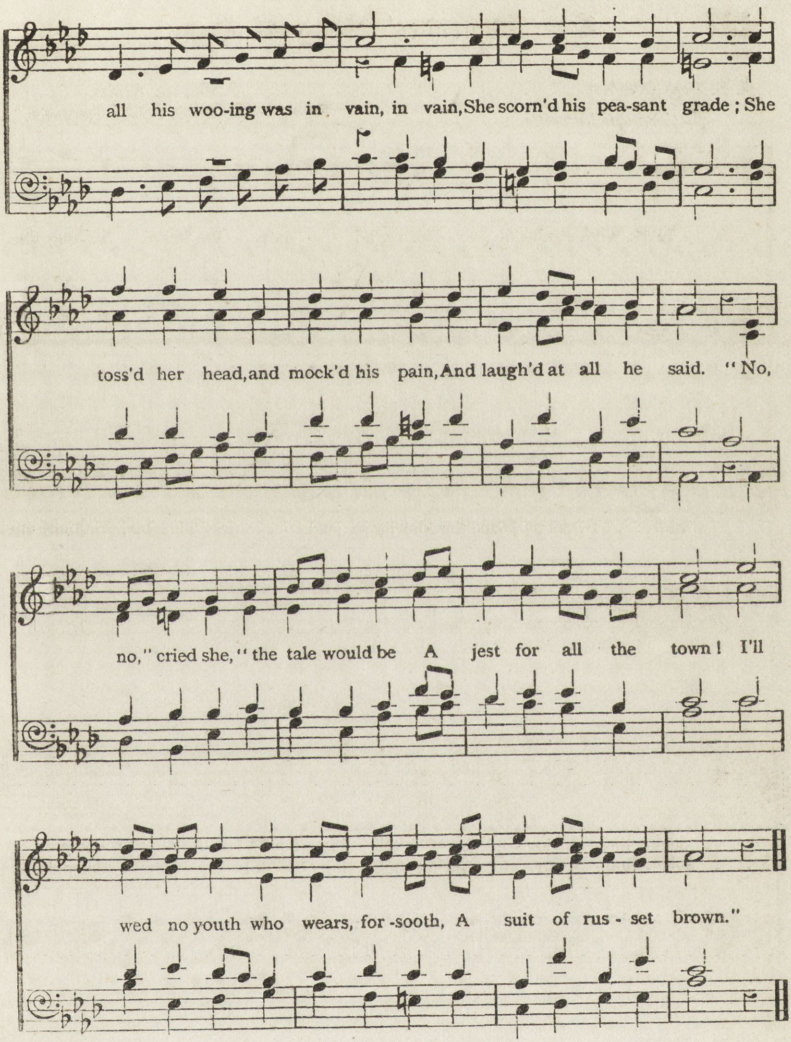
4 Hope on—hope ever, dry those tears,
That flow for earthly sorrow;
And though the present dark appears,
Look for a bright to-morrow.

196 The Suit of Russet Brown.

ELIZA COOK. HARPER KEARTON.

In a light tripping style.





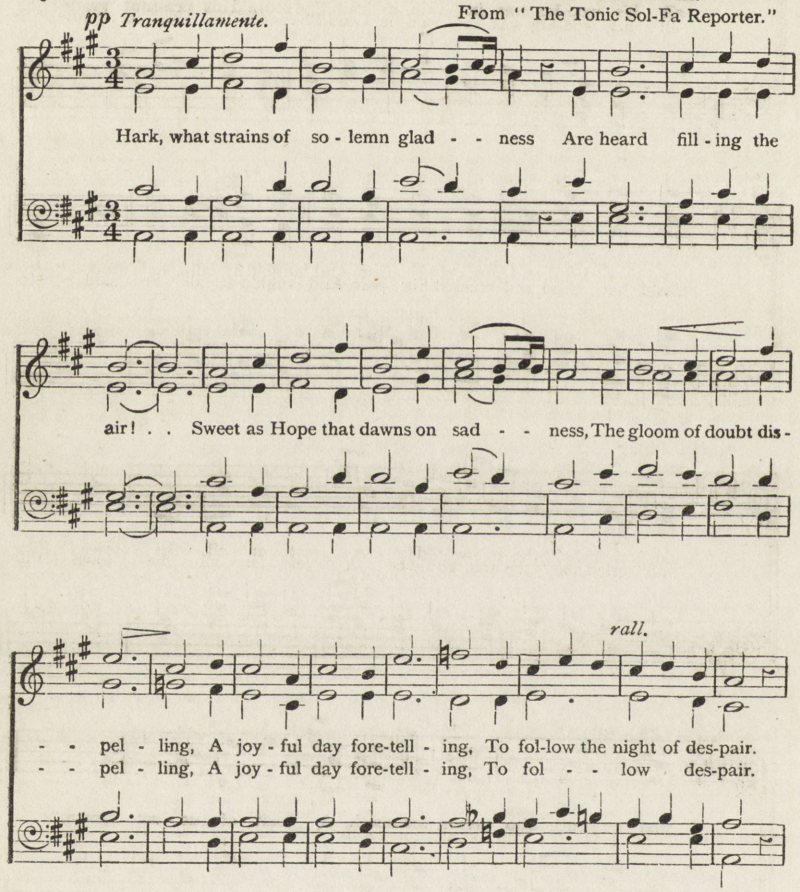
2 He offered her a gentle bird,
Whose plumage, it was true,
Gave forth no sheen of glossy green,
No scarlet, gold, or blue:
She look'd upon it with an eye
That flash'd with kindling pride;
With head uplift, she scorn'd the gift,
And thrust the cage aside.
"No, no," cried she, with pompous airs,
"Such boon I would not own;
For, like yourself, it only wears
A suit of russet brown."

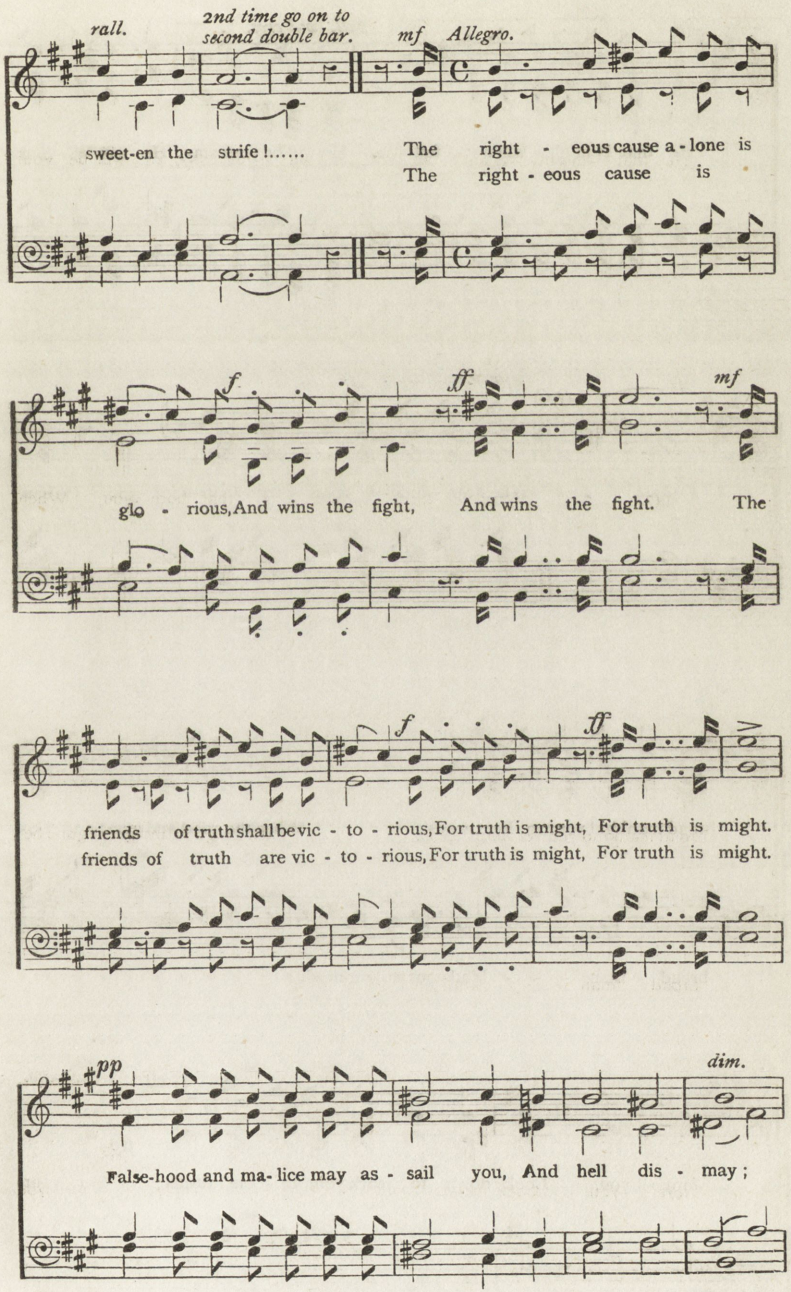
3 When next she met the youth, he wore
A doublet of brave cost;
The bird's rich song was heard to pour—
But youth and bird were lost.
The maiden then bewail'd her fate,
She rued her scornful mirth; [late,
And thought, but ah! she thought too
"Plain garbs may cover worth."
Then ladies, list—this lesson learn—
Be wary how ye frown;
Think twice ere once ye rudely spurn
A suit of russet brown.

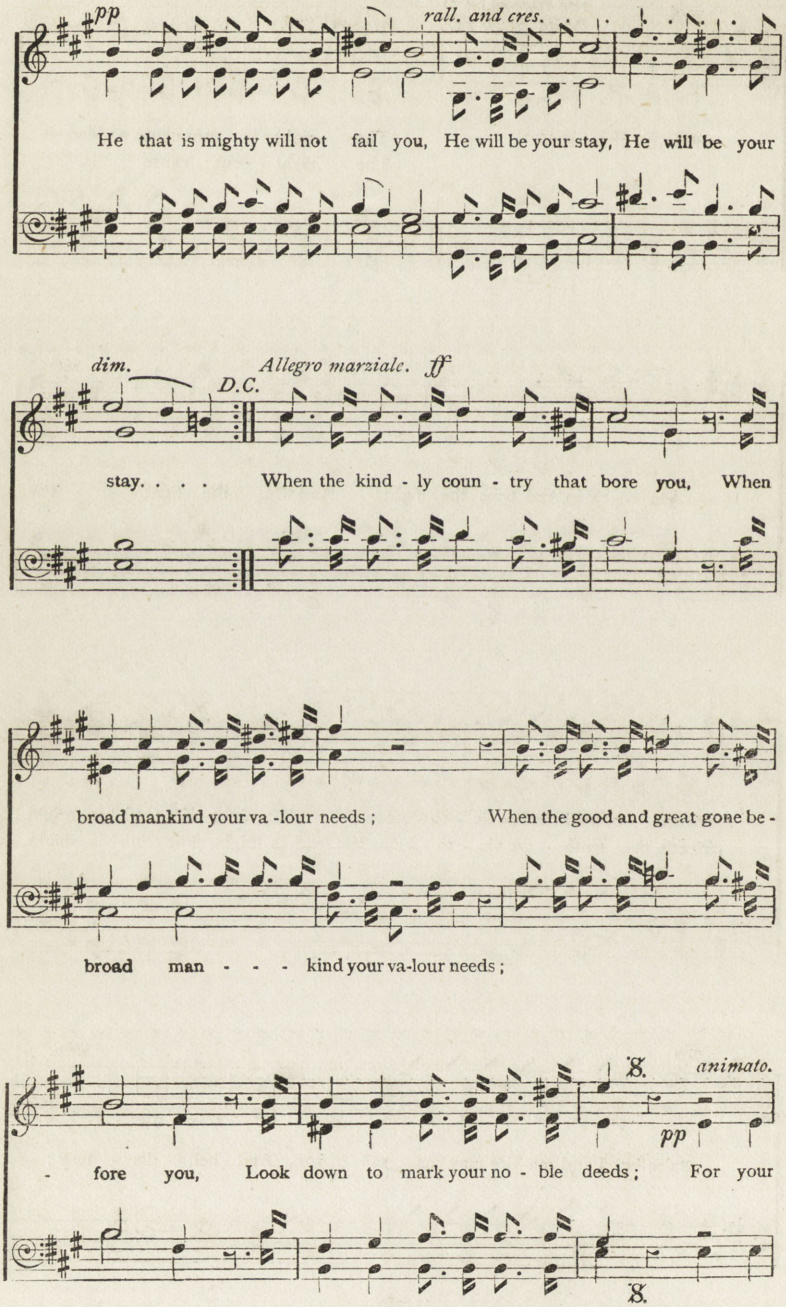
197 The Comrades' Song of Hope.

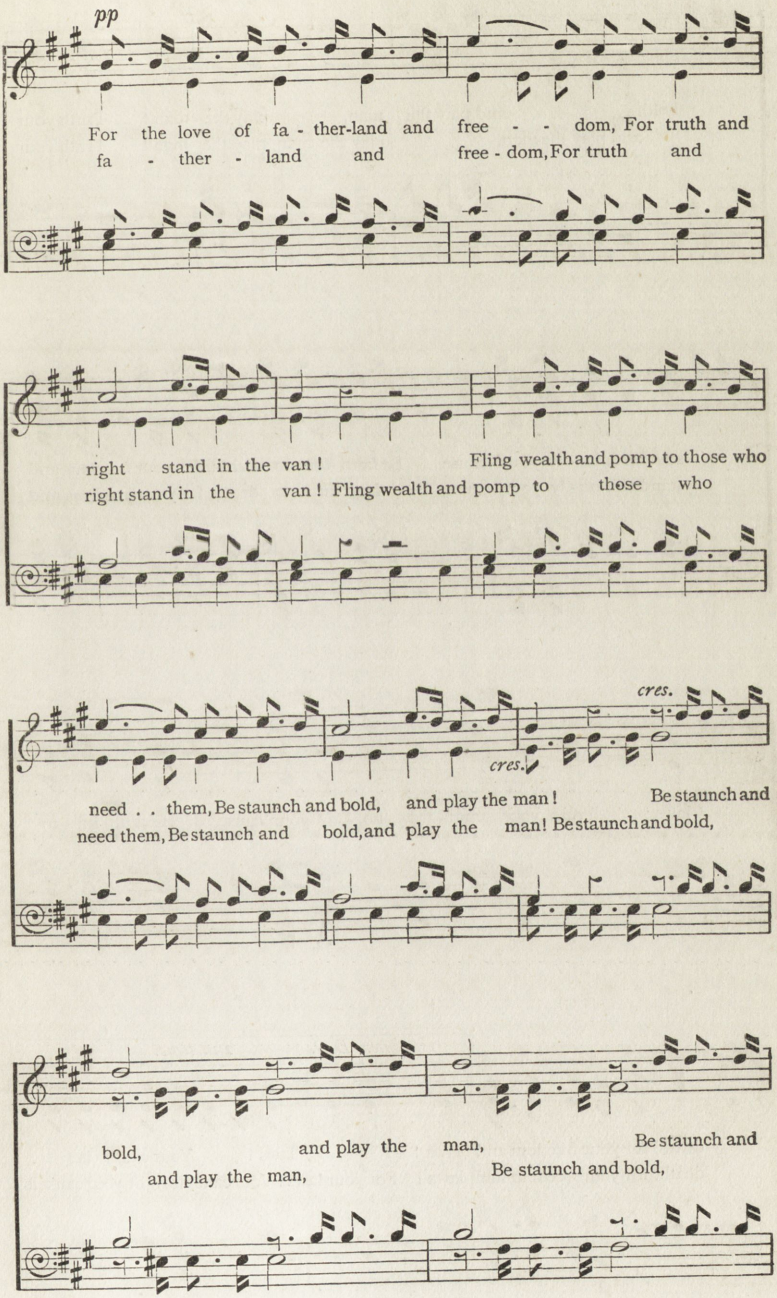
J. S. STALLYBRASS. ADOLPHE ADAM.

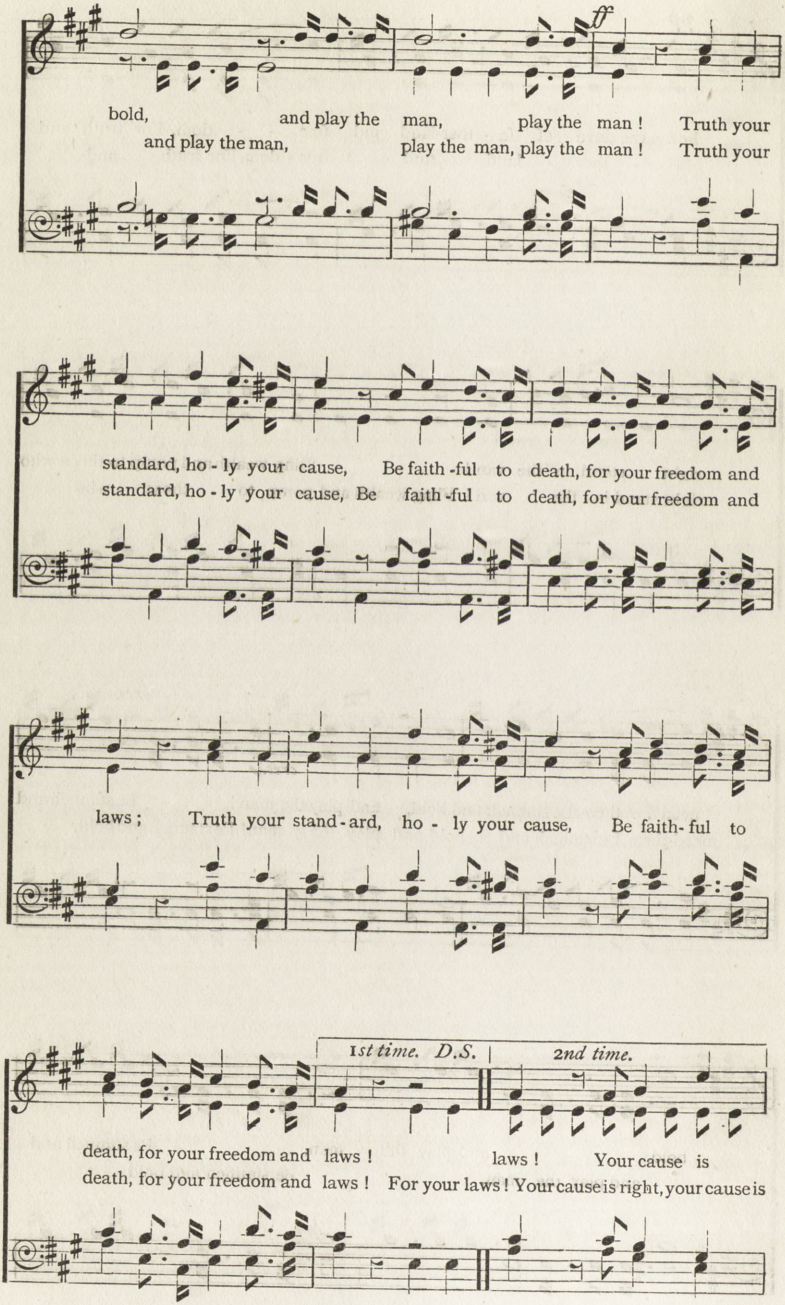
From "The Tonic Sol-Fa Reporter."

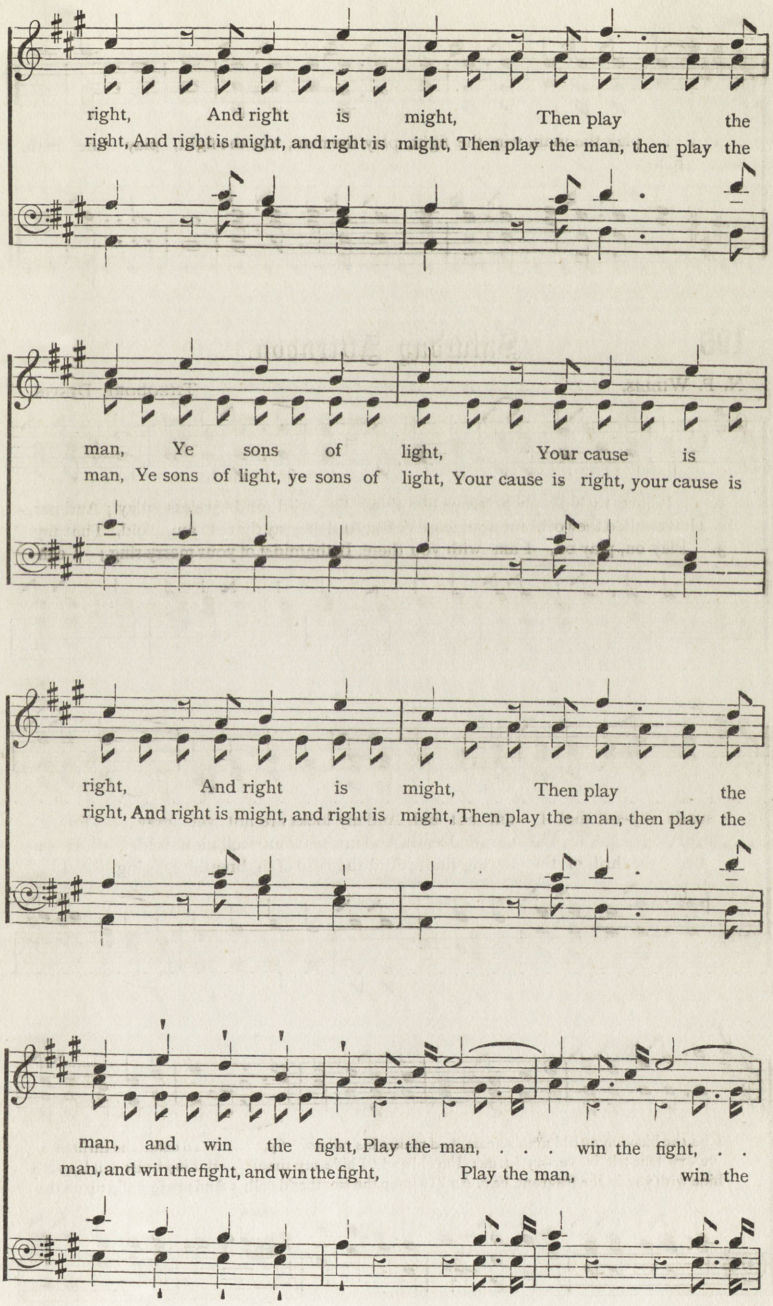


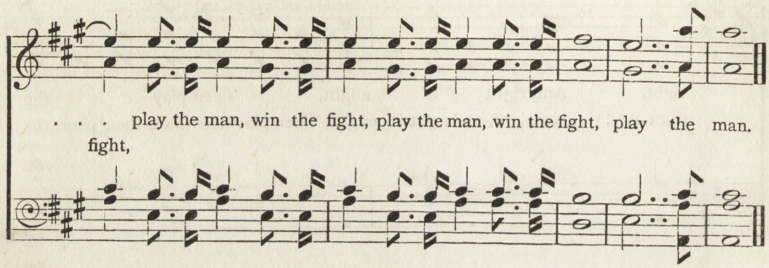

rall.
2nd time go on to second double bar.
mf
Allegro.
sweet-en the strife !.....
The right - eous cause a - lone is
The right - eous cause is
f
ff
mf
glo - rious, And wins the fight, And wins the fight. The
f
ff
friends of truth shall be vic - to - rious, For truth is might, For truth is might.
friends of truth are vic - to - rious, For truth is might, For truth is might.
pp
dim.
False-hood and ma - lice may as - sail you, And hell dis - may;


pp
rall. and cres.
He that is mighty will not fail you, He will be your stay, He will be your
dim.
D.C.
Allegro marziale.
ff
stay. . . . When the kind - ly coun - try that bore you, When
broad mankind your va -lour needs ; When the good and great gone be -
broad man - - - kind your va-lour needs ;
8.
animato.
pp
- fore you, Look down to mark your no - ble deeds ; For your
8.


pp
For the love of fa - ther-land and free - - dom, For truth and
fa - ther - land and free - dom, For truth and
right stand in the van ! Fling wealth and pomp to those who
right stand in the van ! Fling wealth and pomp to those who
cres.
cres.
need . . them, Be staunch and bold, and play the man ! Be staunch and
need them, Be staunch and bold, and play the man ! Be staunch and bold,
bold, and play the man, Be staunch and
and play the man, Be staunch and bold,

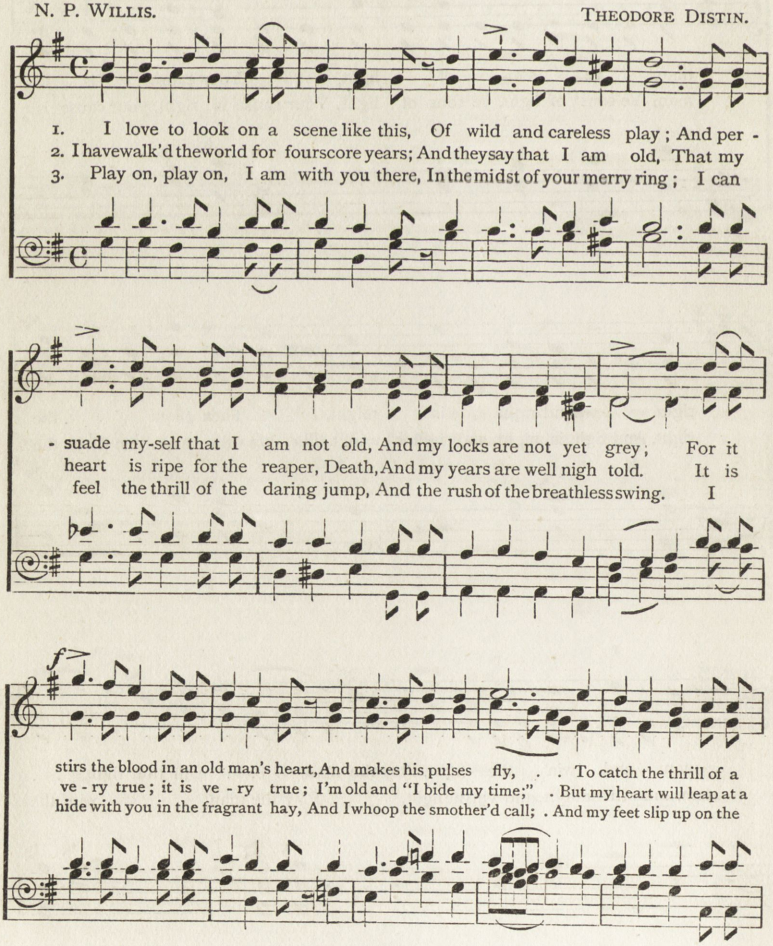

ff
bold, and play the man, play the man ! Truth your
and play the man, play the man, play the man ! Truth your
standard, ho - ly your cause, Be faith -ful to death, for your freedom and
standard, ho - ly your cause, Be faith -ful to death, for your freedom and
laws ; Truth your stand - ard, ho - ly your cause, Be faith- ful to
1st time. D.S.
2nd time.
death, for your freedom and laws ! laws ! Your cause is
death, for your freedom and laws ! For your laws ! Your cause is right, your cause is

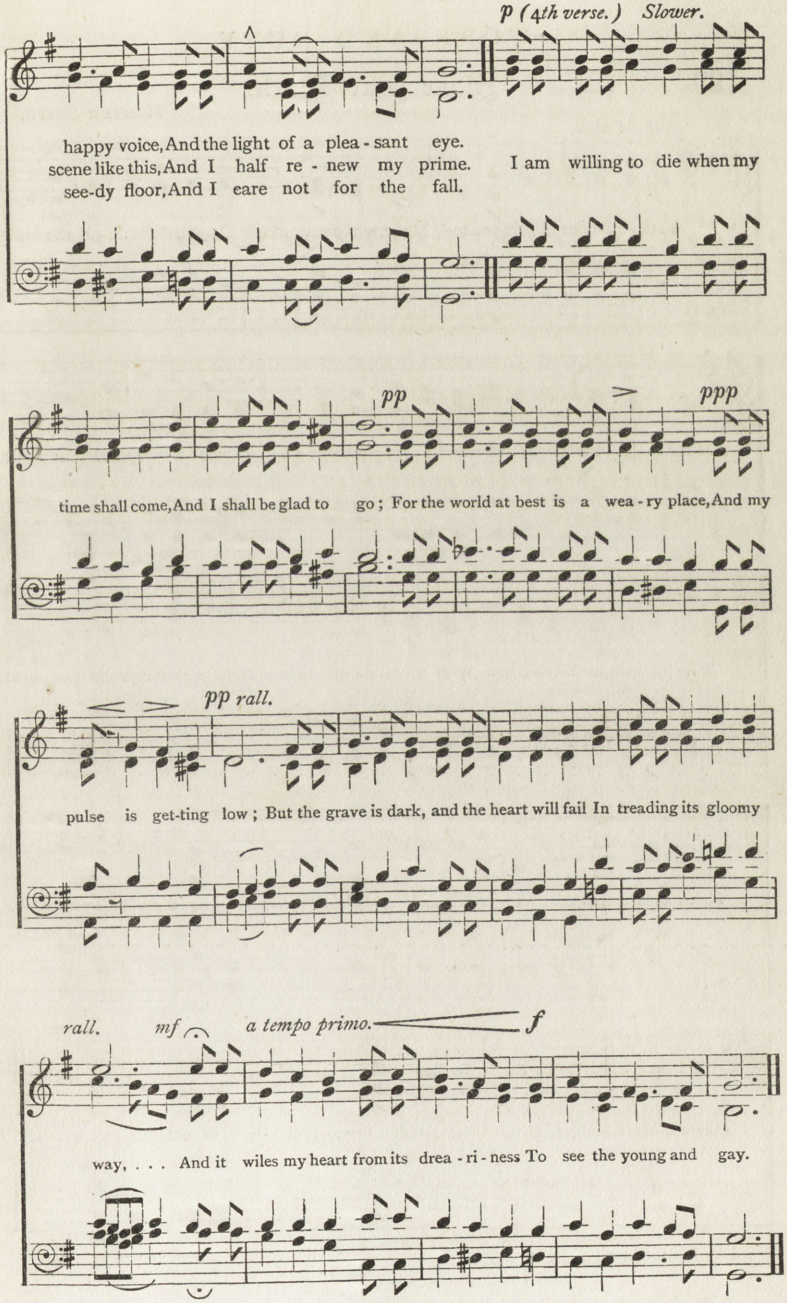

right, And right is might, Then play the
right, And right is might, and right is might, Then play the man, then play the
man, Ye sons of light, Your cause is
man, Ye sons of light, ye sons of light, Your cause is right, your cause is
right, And right is might, Then play the
right, And right is might, and right is might, Then play the man, then play the
man, and win the fight, Play the man, . . . win the fight, . .
man, and win the fight, and win the fight, Play the man, win the



198 Saturday Afternoon.

N. P. WILLIS. THEODORE DISTIN.

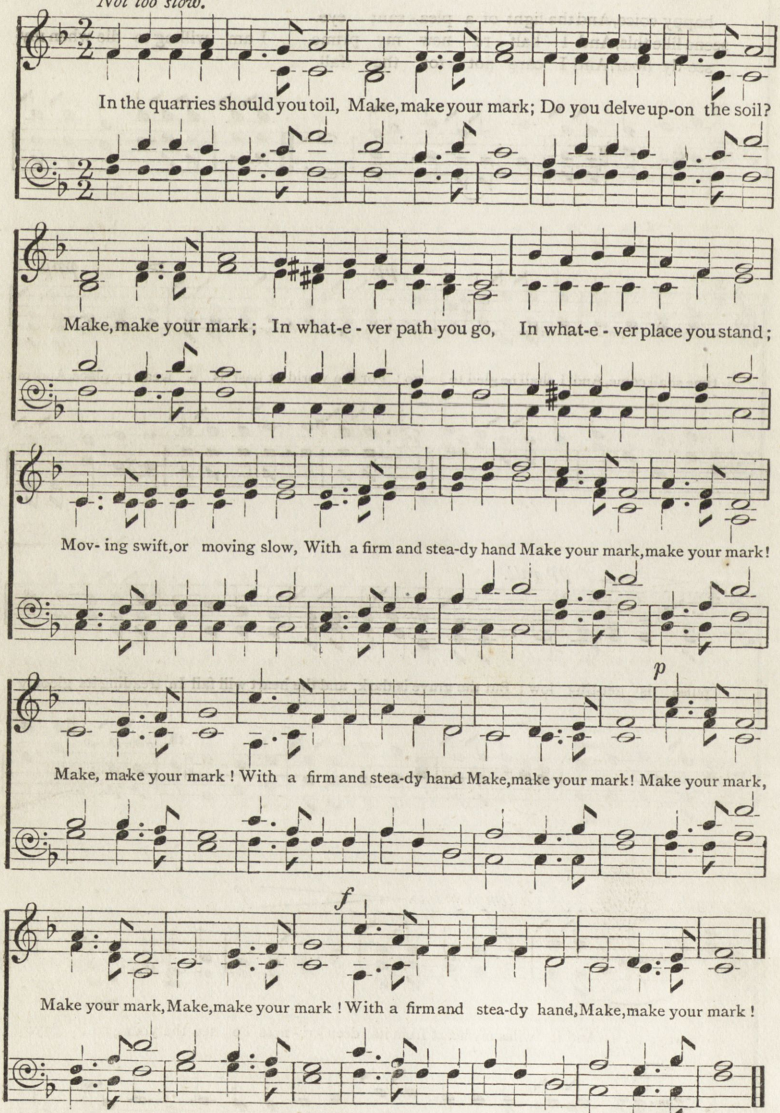



p (4th verse.) Slower.
happy voice, And the light of a plea - sant eye.
scene like this, And I half re - new my prime. I am willing to die when my
see-dy floor, And I care not for the fall.
pp
ppp
time shall come, And I shall be glad to go; For the world at best is a wea - ry place, And my
pp rall.
pulse is get-ting low; But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail In treading its gloomy
rall.
mf
a tempo primo.
f
way, . . . And it wiles my heart from its drea - ri - ness To see the young and gay.

199 Make your Mark.

MONTEM SMITH.

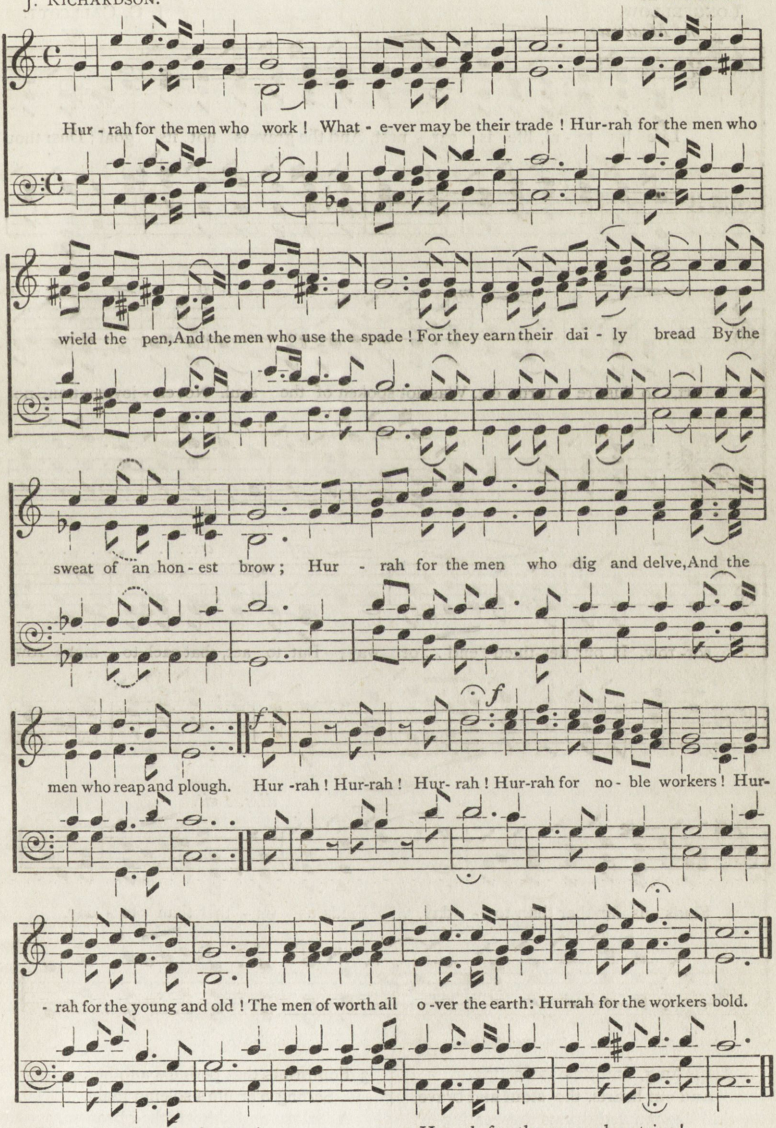
Not too slow.



2 Life is fleeting as a shade,
Make your mark;
Marks of some kind must be made,
Make your mark;
Make it while the arm is strong,
In the golden hours of youth;
Never, never make it wrong,
Make it with the stamp of truth;
Make your mark!

200 Hurrah for the Men who Work!

J. RICHARDSON. A. RHODES.

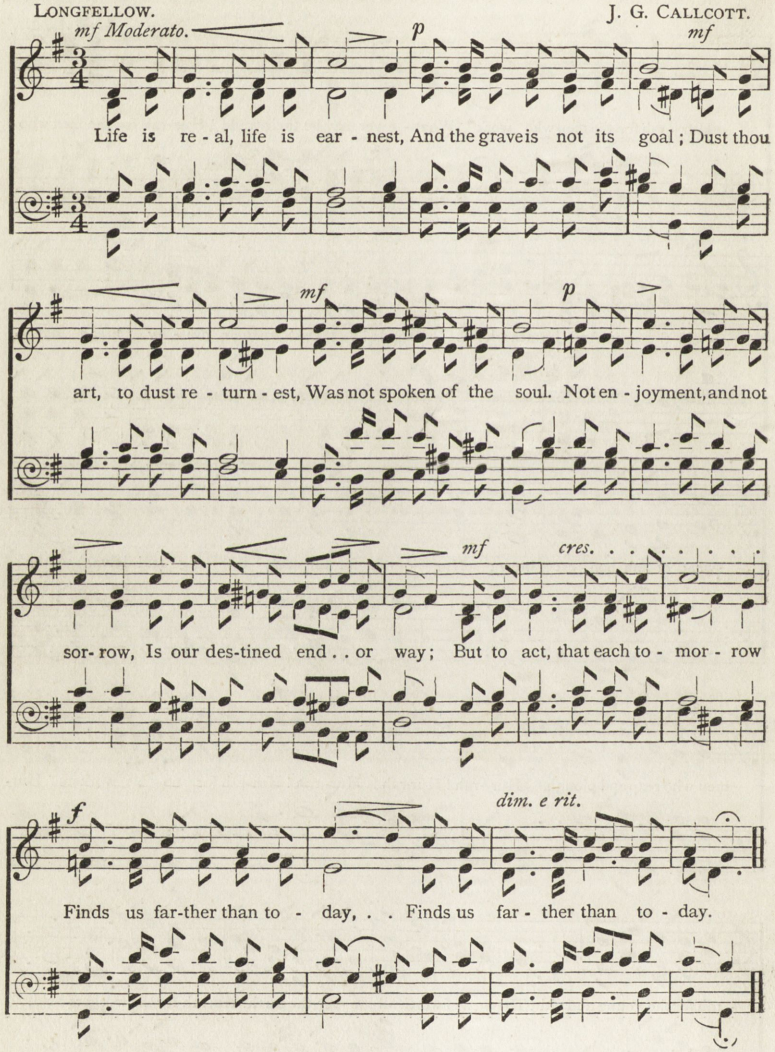


2 Hurrah for the sturdy arm!
Hurrah for the steady will!
Hurrah for the hand that guides the plough,
And the hand that drives the quill!
Hurrah for the open heart!
Hurrah for the noble aim!
Hurrah for the joy of peaceful homes!
Hurrah for an honest name!

3 Hurrah for the men who strive!
Hurrah for the men who save!
Hurrah for the men who earn their bread,
And will not stoop to crave!
Hurrah for the men that work,
And the trade that suits them best!
Hurrah for the days of honest toil,
And the one of blessed rest!

201 Life is Earnest.

LONGFELLOW. J. G. CALLCOTT.

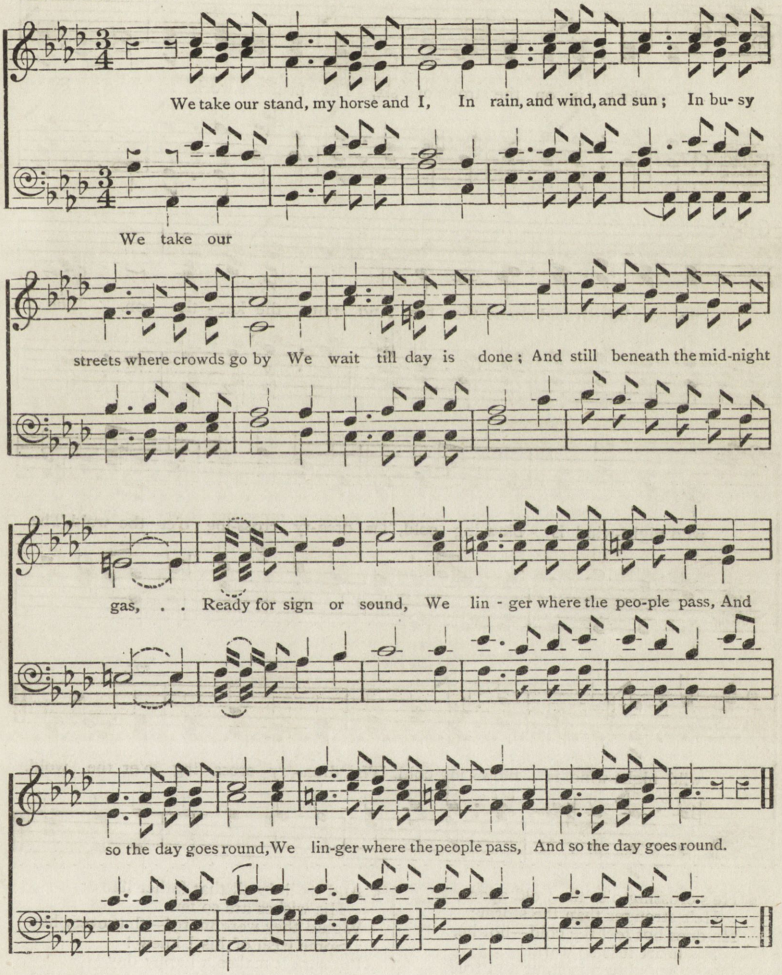


2 Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, tho' stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.
Lives of good men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

3 Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.
Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

202 The Cabman's Song.

A. M. BROWNE. THEODORE W. BARTH.



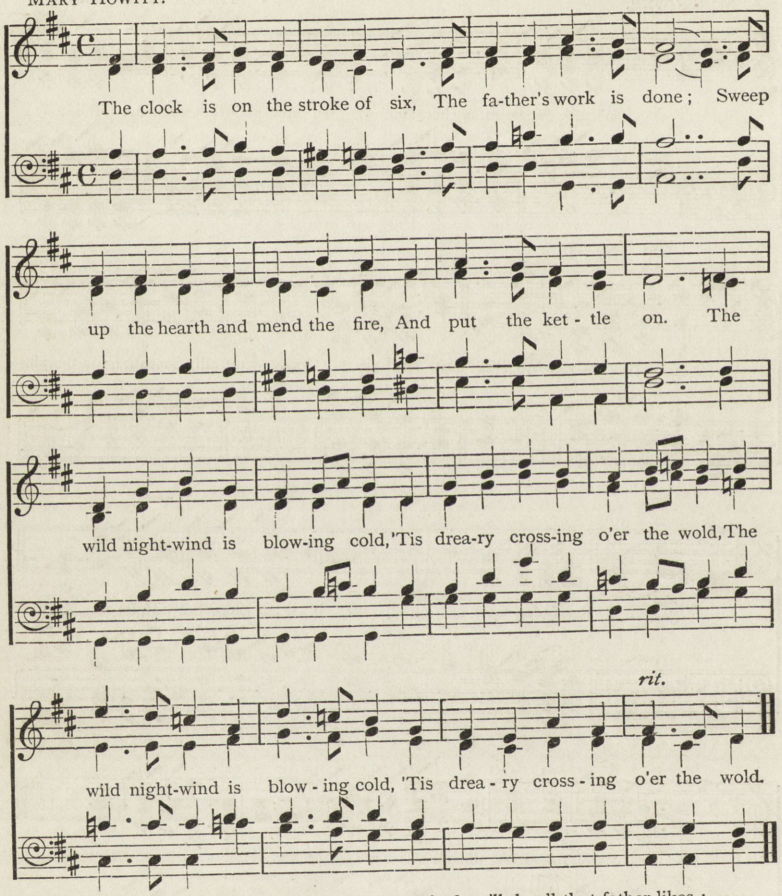
2 My horse and I, good friends are we
Through storm, and rain, and shine;
Each turn of luck alike we see,
And his distress is mine.
Woe to the man who drives by blows
And gives no friendly sound—
My willing horse his master knows,
And so the day goes round.

3 Talk not to me of country scenes,
I love the busy street,
Far from tall trees and village greens,
Where toil and pleasure meet.
I take the merchant to his gold,
Soldier to bugle sound,
The lover where his love is told—
And so the day goes round.

4 Little they think of me the while!
And yet 'twere good and kind
To leave a pleasant word and smile
Besides the fare, behind.
For kindness helps the weary tread,
And "makes the crown a pound,"
And while I win the children's bread
It helps the day go round.

203 Father is Coming.

MARY HOWITT. FRED. C. BEVAN.



2 He's crossing o'er the wold apace,
He's stronger than the storm;
He does not feel the cold—not he,
His heart it is so warm.
For father's heart is stout and true,
As ever human bosom knew.

3 He makes all toil, all hardship light:
Would all men were the same!
So ready to be pleased, so kind,
So very slow to blame!
Folks need not be unkind, austere,
For love hath readier will than fear.

4 Nay, do not close the shutters, child;
For far along the lane
The little window looks, and he
Can see it shining plain.
I've heard him say he loves to mark
The cheerful firelight through the dark.

5 And we'll do all that father likes;
His wishes are so few.
Would they were more!—that every hour
Some wish of his I knew!
I'm sure it makes a happy day
When I can please him any way.

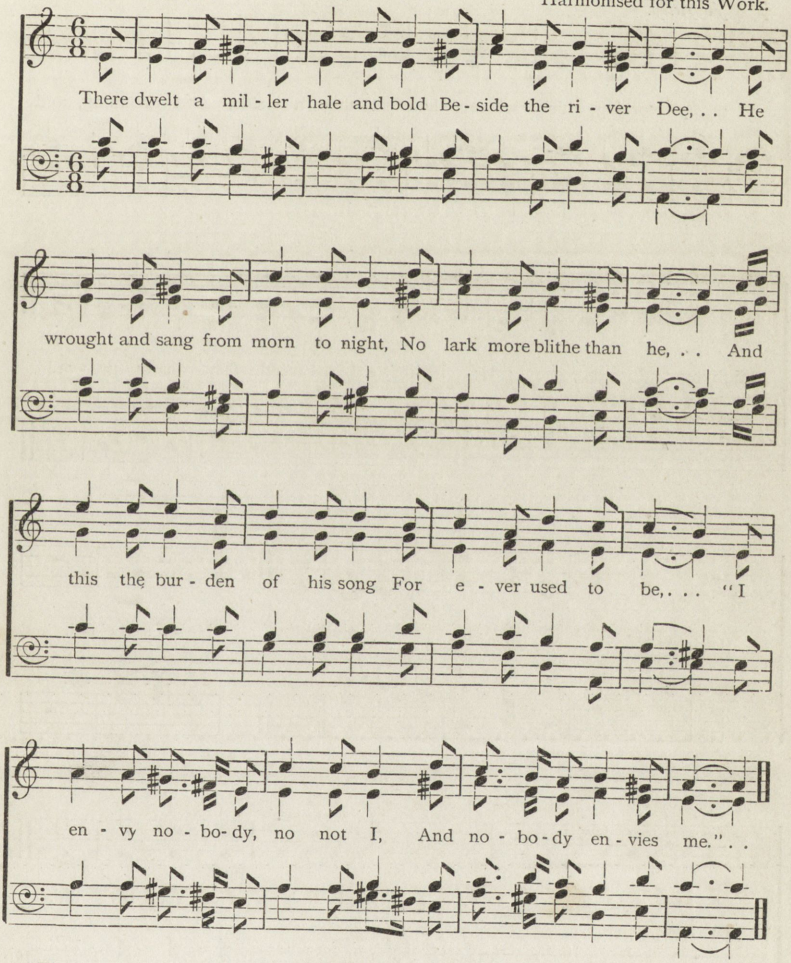
6 I know he's coming by this sign,
The baby's almost wild;
See how he laughs, and crows, and stares!
Heaven bless the merry child!
He's father's self in face and limb,
And father's heart is strong in him.

7 Hark! hark! I hear his footsteps now,
He's through the garden gate.
Run, little Bess, and ope the door,
And do not let him wait.
Shout, baby, shout, and clap thy hands,
For father on the threshold stands!

204 The Miller of the Dee.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Old English Air.
Harmonised for this Work.

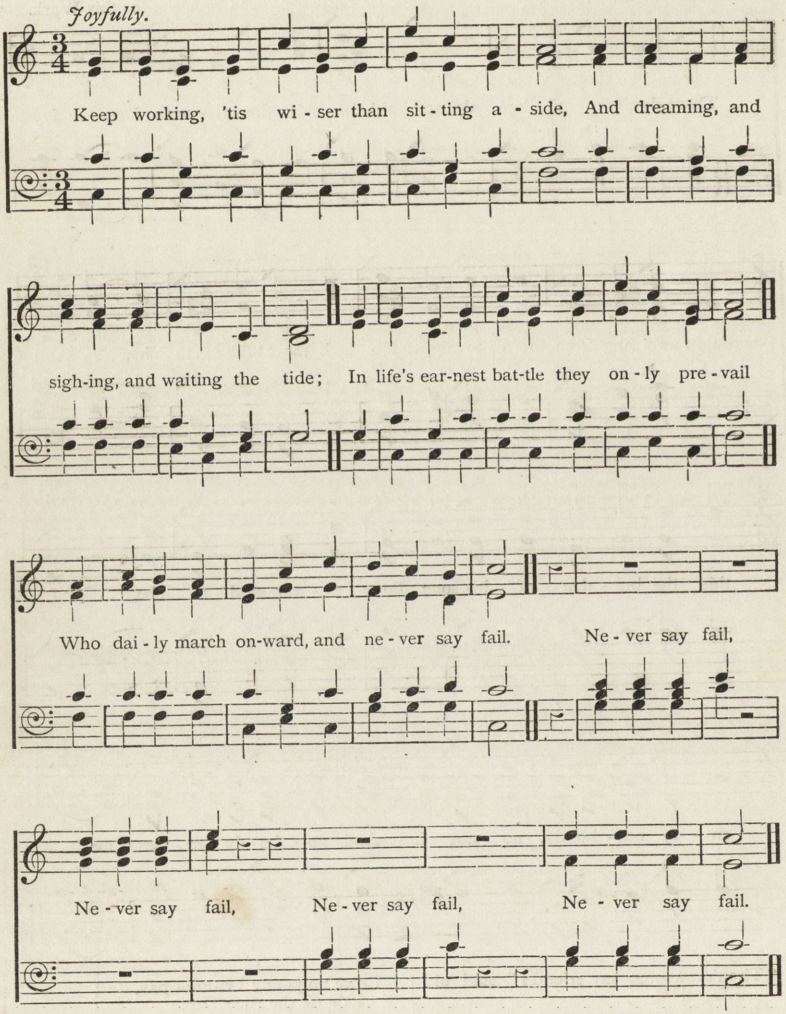


2 "Thou'rt wrong, my friend!" said old
King Hal,
"Thou'rt wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now what makes thee sing
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the King,
Beside the river Dee?"

3 The miller smiled, and doffed his cap,
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friends,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay,
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn,
To feed my babes and me."

4 "Good friend!" said Hal, and sighed the
while,
"Farewell! and happy be;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee.
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,—
Thy mill my kingdom's fee!
Such men as thou art England's boast,
O miller of the Dee!"

205 Never say Fail!

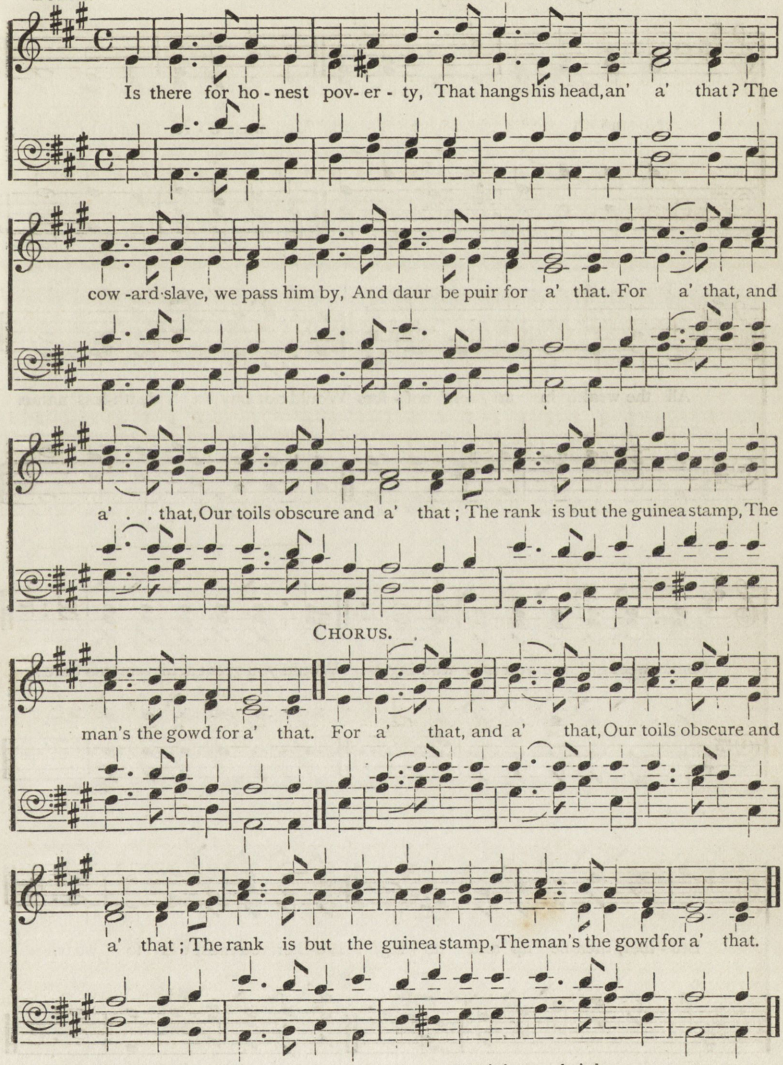


2 With eye ever open, and tongue that's not dumb,
And heart that will never to sorrow succumb,
You'll battle and conquer though thousands assail,
Make sure of succeeding, and never say fail.

3 In life's rosy morning, in manhood's firm pride,
Let this be the motto your footsteps to guide;
In storm or in sunshine, whatever assail,
Push onward and conquer, and never say fail.

206 A Man's a Man for a' that.

BURNS. Scotch Air, Harmonised for this Work.

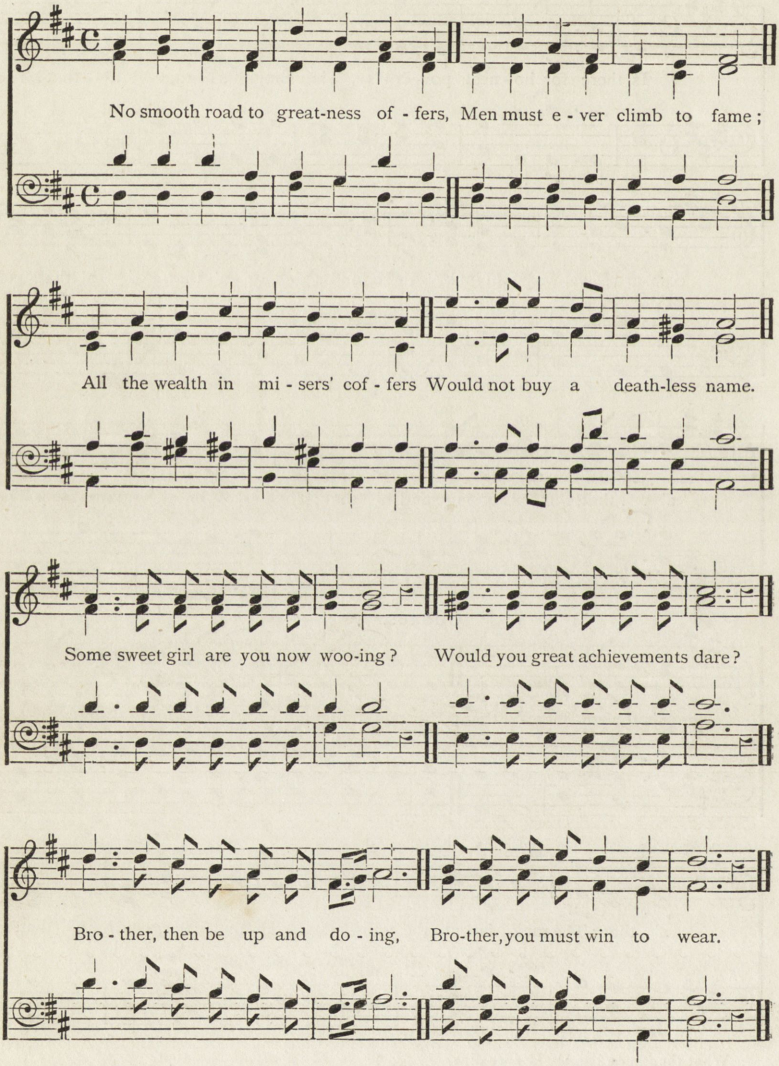


2 What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin-gray, and a' that,
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that,
The honest man, though e'er sae puir,
Is king o' men for a' that.

3 A king can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his micht,
Gude faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, the pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

4 Then let us pray, that come it may,
As come it will, for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that;
It's coming yet, for a' that;
When man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that.

207 No Smooth Road to Greatness.

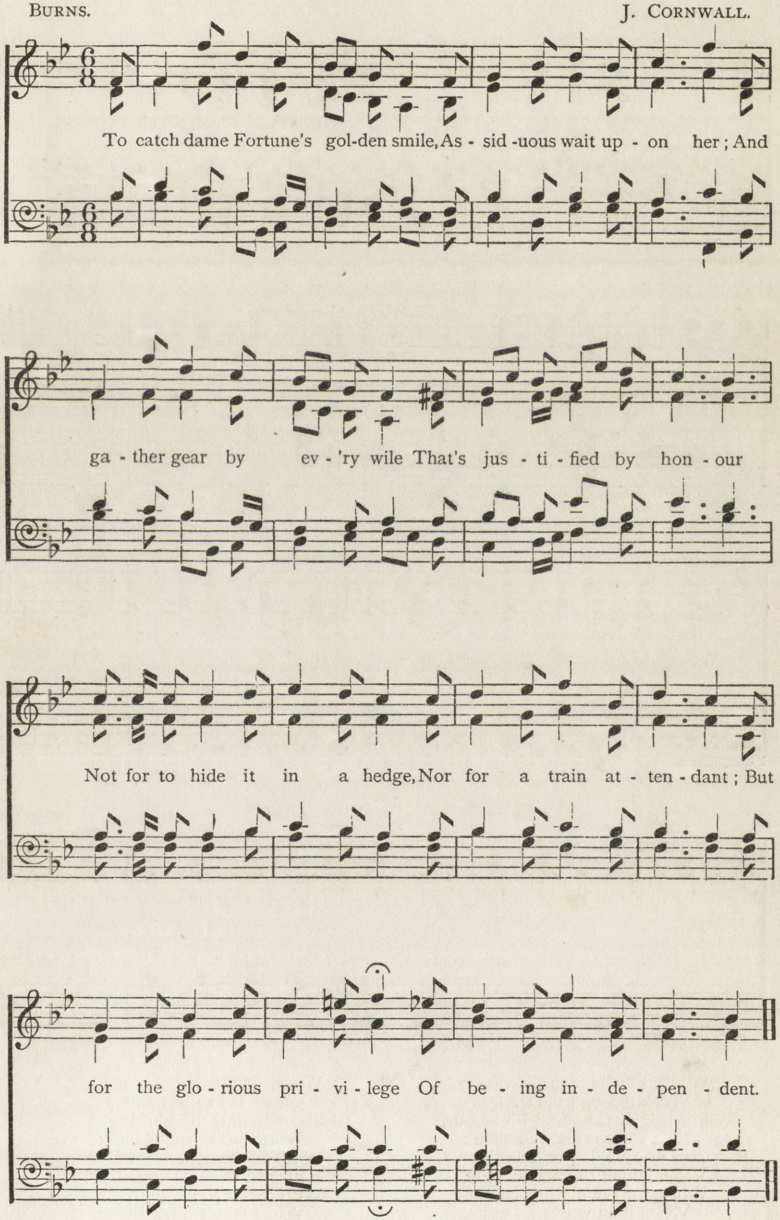


2 Toil and labour, never stopping
Till you make the prize your own;
For you know 'tis constant dropping
Wears away the hardest stone.
Never slack your high endeavours,
Nor 'mid cheerless toil despair;
If you'd rise above your fellows,
Brother, you must "win to wear."

3 'Tis the lesson nature teaches
All throughout her wide domain,
And the text from which she preaches
Is—that labour leads to gain.
Manly worth and honest merit,
Brightest crowns e'en kings can wear;
These you never can inherit—
Brother, these you "win, to wear."

208 The True Value of Wealth.

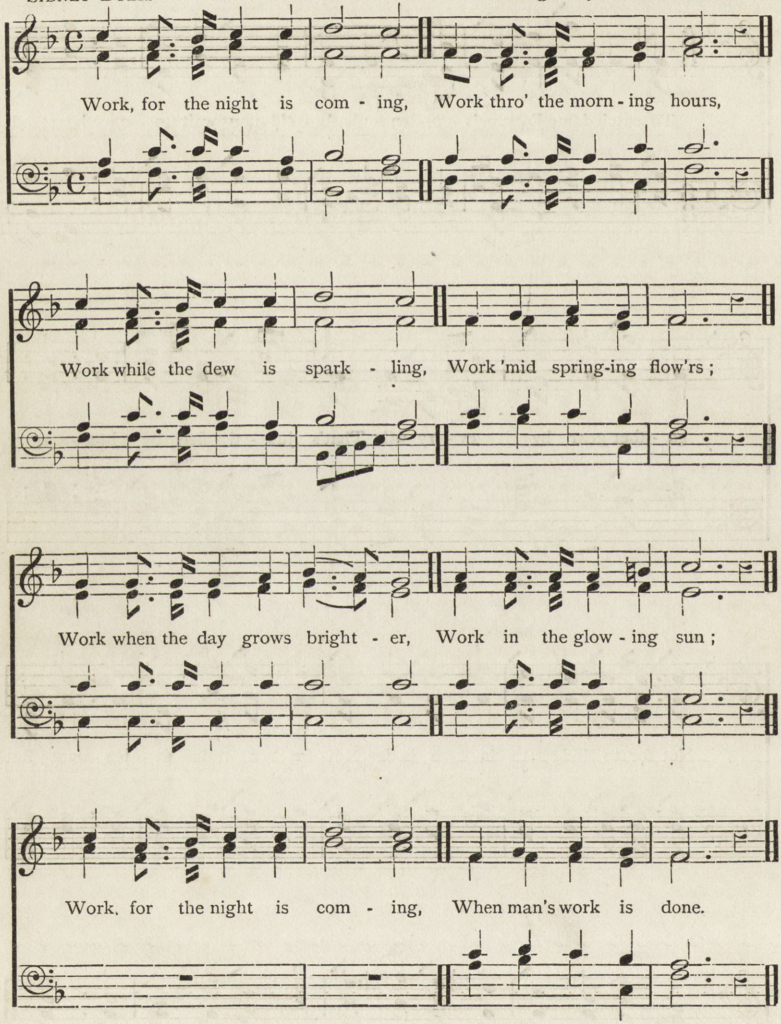
BURNS. J. CORNWALL.



209 Work, for the Night is Coming.

SIDNEY DYER.

DR. LOWELL MASON.
Arranged by W. H. BONNER.

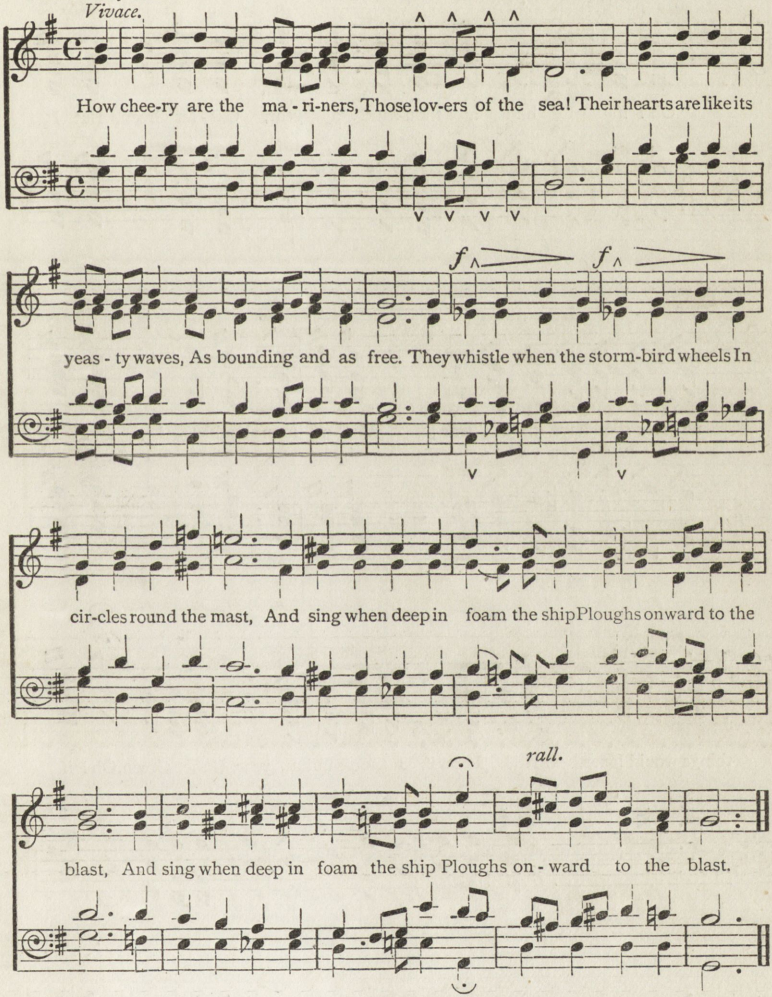


2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labour,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

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

210 How Cheery are the Mariners.

PARK BENJAMIN. CECIL GOODALL.



2 What care the mariners for gales?
There's music in their roar,
When wide the berth along the lee,
And leagues of room before.
Let billows toss to mountain-heights,
Or sink to chasms low,
The vessel stout will ride it out,
Nor reel beneath the blow.

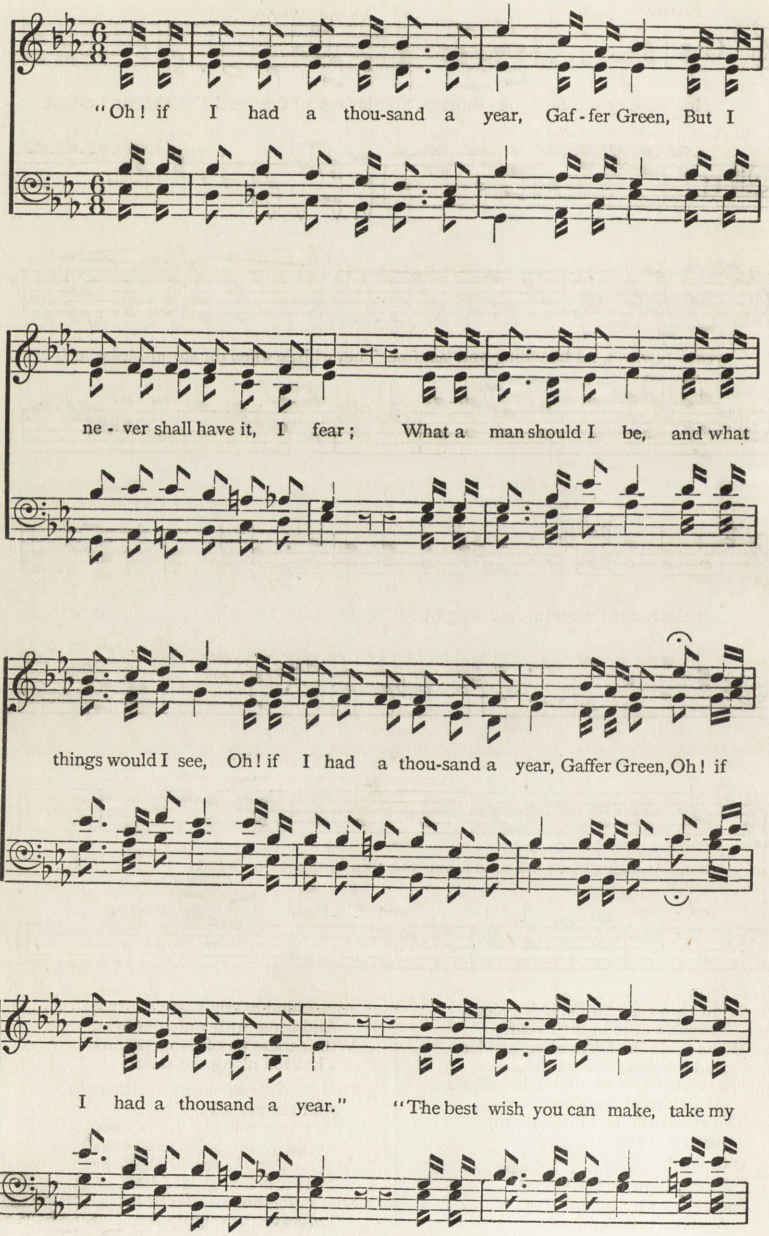
3 With streamers down and canvas furled,
The gallant hull will float
Securely, as on inland lake
A silken tasselled boat:
And sound asleep some mariners,
And some with watchful eyes,
Will fearless be of dangers dark
That roll along the skies.

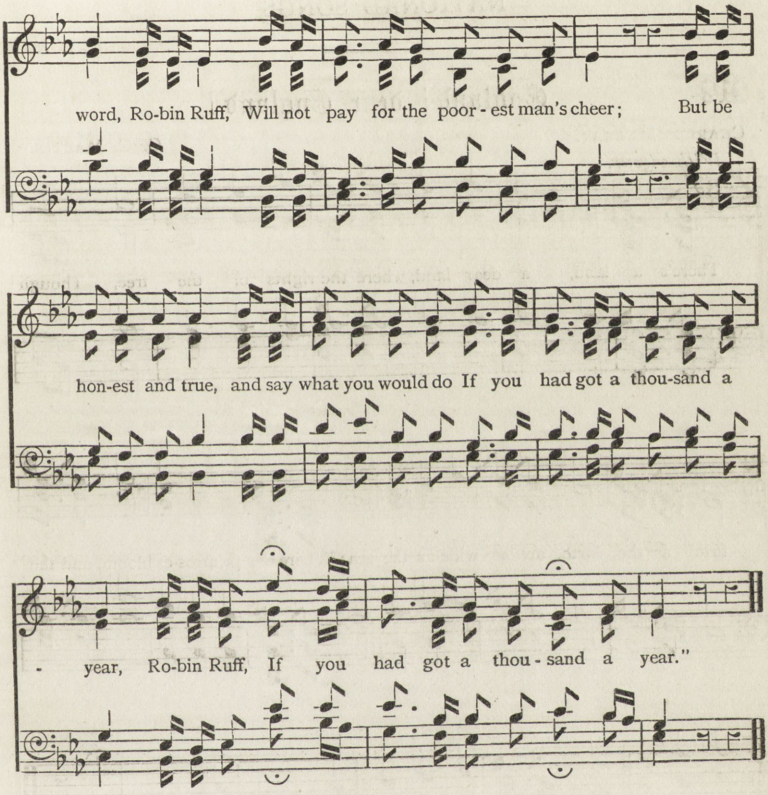
4 God keep those cheery mariners!
And temper all the gales
That sweep along the rocky coast
To their storm-shattered sails.
And men on shore will bless the ship
That could so guided be,
Safe in the hollow of His hand,
To brave the mighty sea.

211

A Thousand a Year.

MILLARD.
Harmonised for this Work.





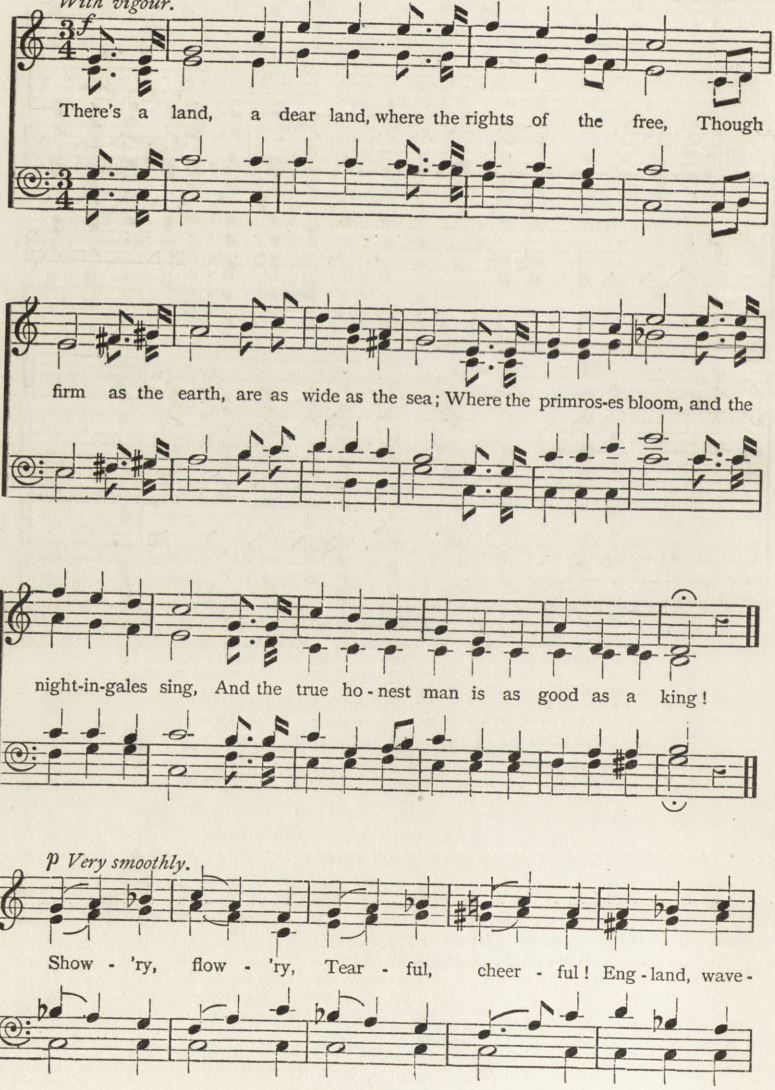
2 "I would do then, I cannot tell what, Gaffer Green,
I would go to, I hardly know where;
I would scatter the chink, and leave others to think,
While I lived on a thousand a year, Gaffer Green,
While I lived on a thousand a year."
"And when you are aged and grey, Robin Ruff,
And the day of your death should draw near,
What, 'midst all your pains, would you do with your gains,
If you then had a thousand a year, Robin Ruff,
If you then had a thousand a year?"

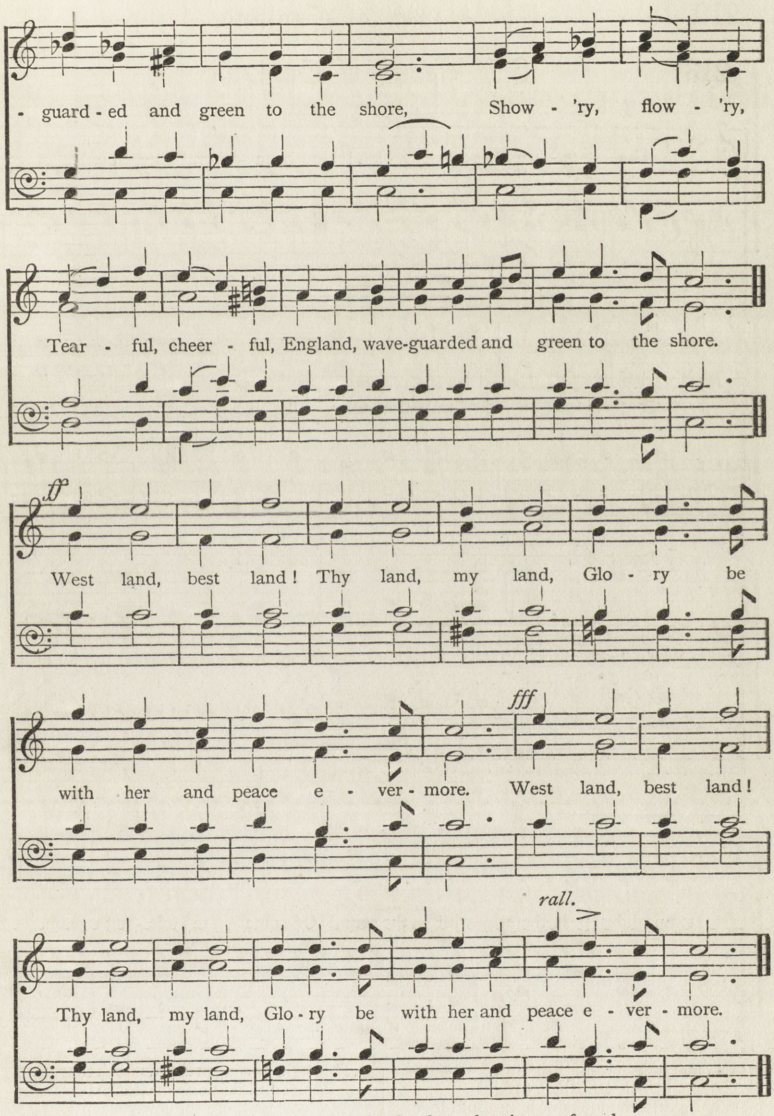
3 "I never can tell what you are at, Gaffer Green,
For your questions are always so queer,
But as other folks die, I suppose so must I."
"What, and give up your thousand a year, Robin Ruff,
What, and give up your thousand a year?
There's a world that is better than this, Robin Ruff,
And I hope in my heart you'll go there,
Where the poor man's as great, though he'd here no estate,
Aye, as if he'd a thousand a year, Robin Ruff,
Aye, as if he'd a thousand a year."

212 England! dear England!

CHARLES MACKAY. G. C. MARTIN.

With vigour.

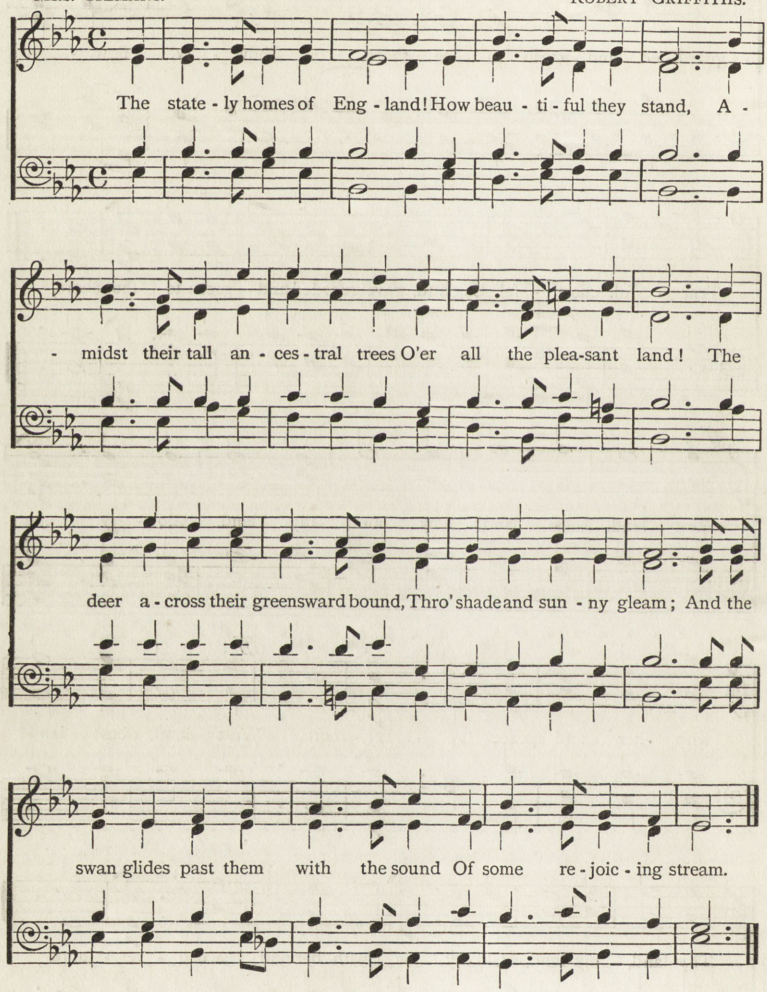




2 There's a land, a dear land, where the vigour of soul
Is fed by the tempests that blow from the Pole:
Where a slave cannot breathe or invader presume
To ask for more earth than will cover his tomb.
Sea land, free land!
Fairest, rarest,
Home of brave men and the girls they adore;
Fearless, peerless,
Thy land, my land,
Glory be with her and peace evermore.

213 The Homes of England.

MRS. HEMANS. ROBERT GRIFFITHS.



2 The merry homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

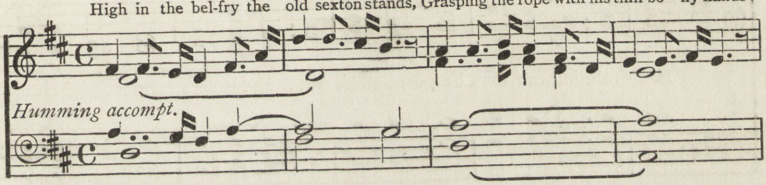
3 The cottage homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves;
And fearless there the lowly sleep
As the bird beneath their eaves.

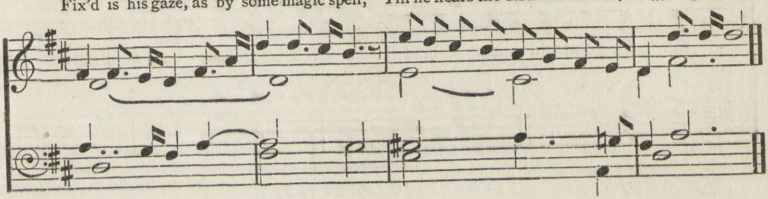
4 The free, fair homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God.

214 Ring the Bell, Watchman.

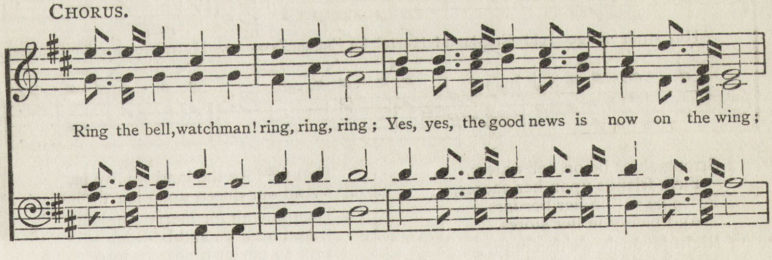
H. C. WORK.

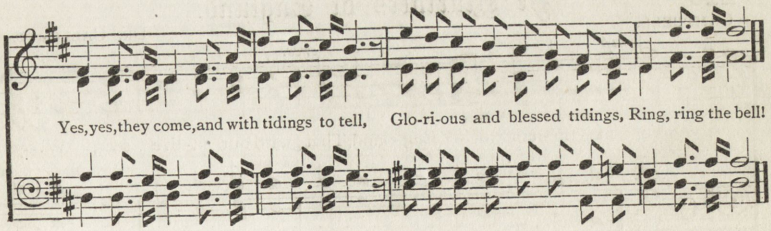
Soprano Solo.





CHORUS.





2 Baring his long silver locks to the breeze,
First for a moment he drops on his knees;
Then, with a vigour that few could excel,
Answers he the welcome bidding,—Ring, ring the bell.

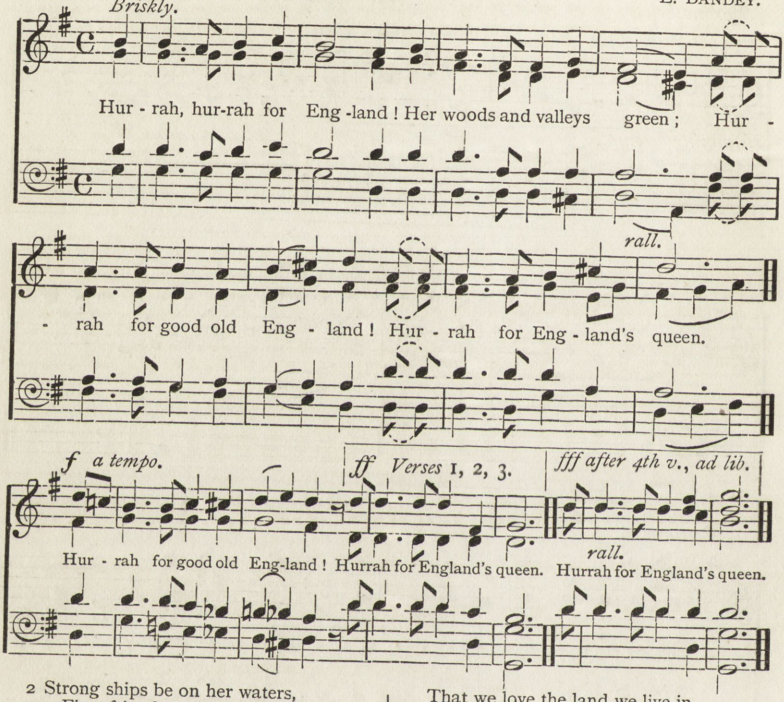
3 Hear! from the hill-top the first signal gun
Thunders the word that some great deed is done;
Hear! through the valley the long echoes swell, [bell.
Ever and anon repeating,—Ring, ring the

4 Bonfires are blazing, and rockets ascend—
No meagre triumphs such tokens portend;
Shout, shout, my brothers, for "all, all is well," [bell.
'Tis the universal chorus,—Ring, ring the

215 Hurrah for England!

M. A. STODART. E. BANDEY.

Briskly.



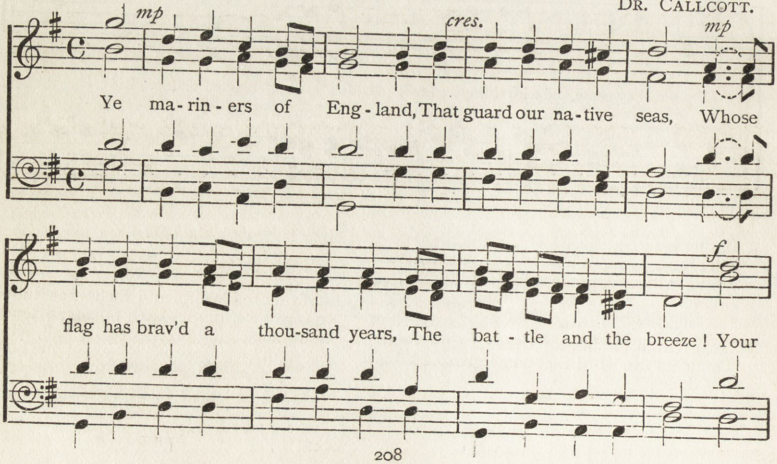
2 Strong ships be on her waters,
Firm friends upon her shores,
Peace be within her borders,
And plenty in her stores.

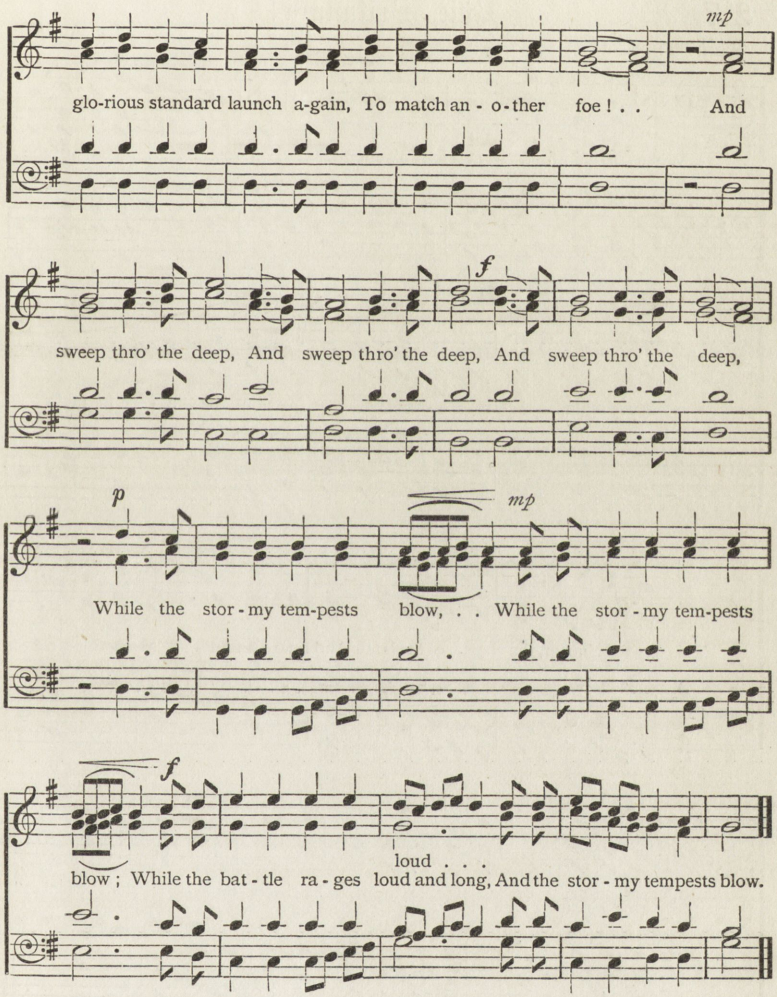
3 Right joyously we're singing,
We're glad to make it known
That we love the land we live in,
And our queen upon her throne.

4 Then hurrah for merry England,
And may we still be seen
True to our own dear country,
And loyal to our queen.

216 Ye Mariners of England.

CAMPBELL. DR. CALLCOTT.





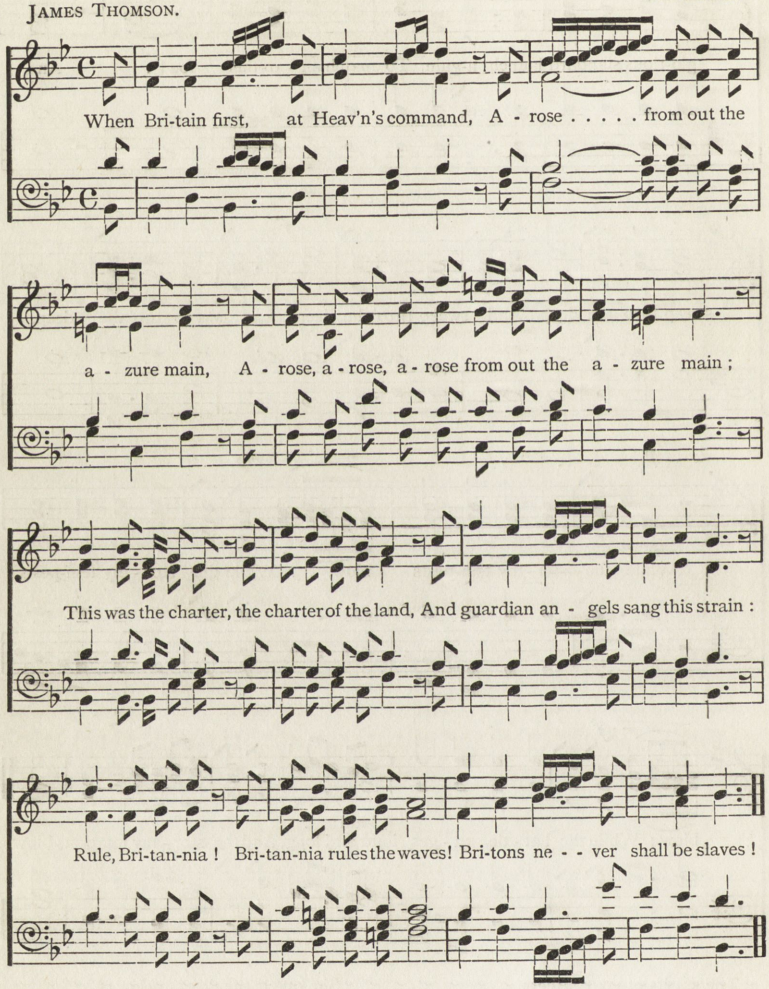
2 The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave;
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

3 Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below;
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

4 The meteor-flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

217 Rule, Britannia!

JAMES THOMSON. DR. ARNE.



2 The nations not so blest as thee
Must, in their turn, to tyrants fall;
While thou shalt flourish, great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

3 Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful for each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

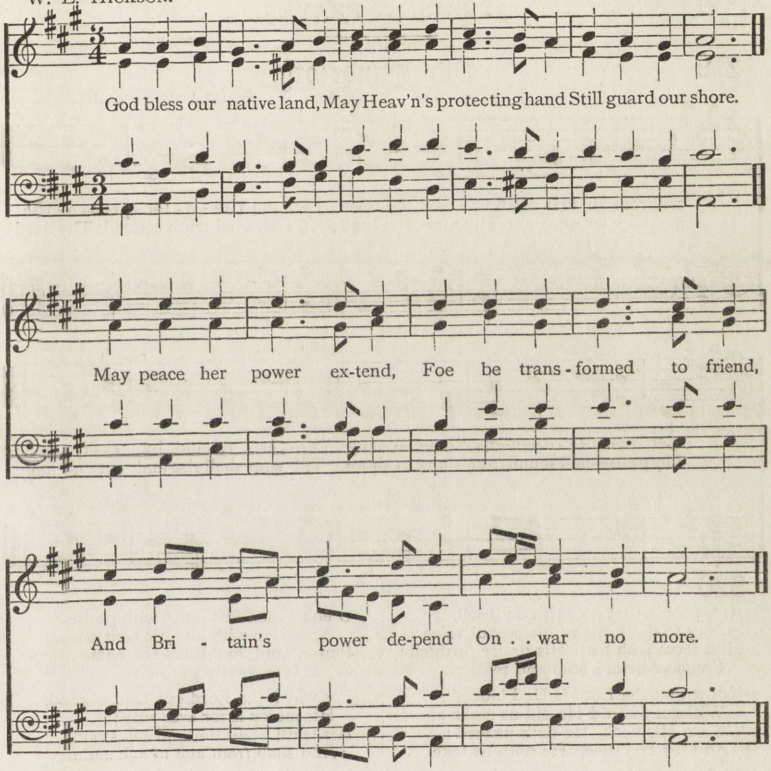
4 Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to pull thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe and thy renown.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

5 To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

6 The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coasts repair,
Blest isle, with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

218 National Anthem.

W. E. HICKSON. DR. BULL.



2 Through every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve our Queen;
Long may she reign.
Her heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above;
And in a nation's love
Her throne maintain.

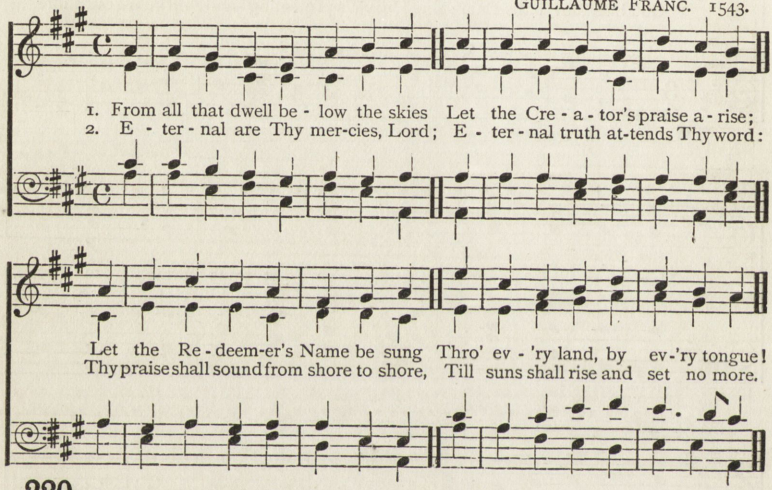
3 May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our isle.
Home of the brave and free,
The land of liberty,
We pray that still on thee
Kind Heaven may smile.

4 And not this land alone,
But be Thy mercies known
From shore to shore.
Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide world o'er.

PRAISE & PRAYER.

219 Old Hundredth.

GUILLAUME FRANC. 1543.



220

1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, His praise forthtell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

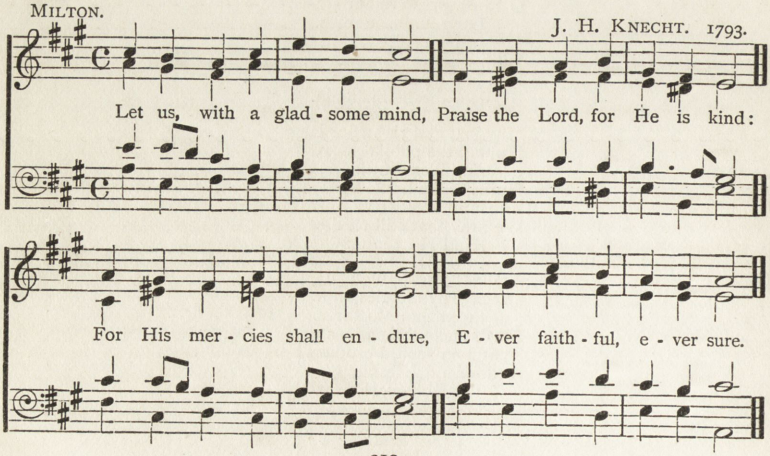
2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed;
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise;
Approach with joy His courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

221 Vienna.

MILTON. J. H. KNECHT. 1793.



2 Let us sound His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

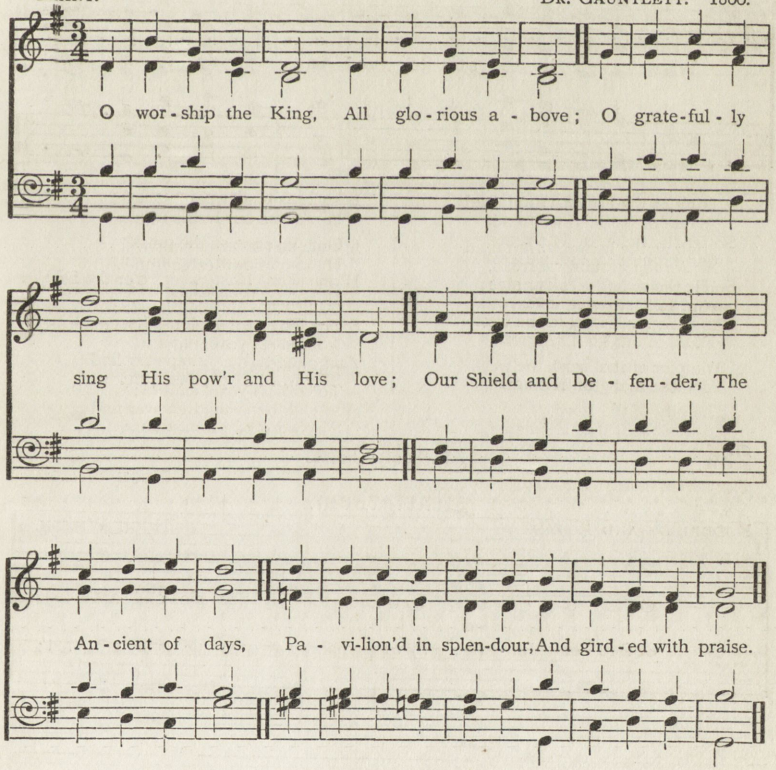
4 All things living He doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

222 Houghton.

GRANT. DR. GAUNTLETT. 1860.



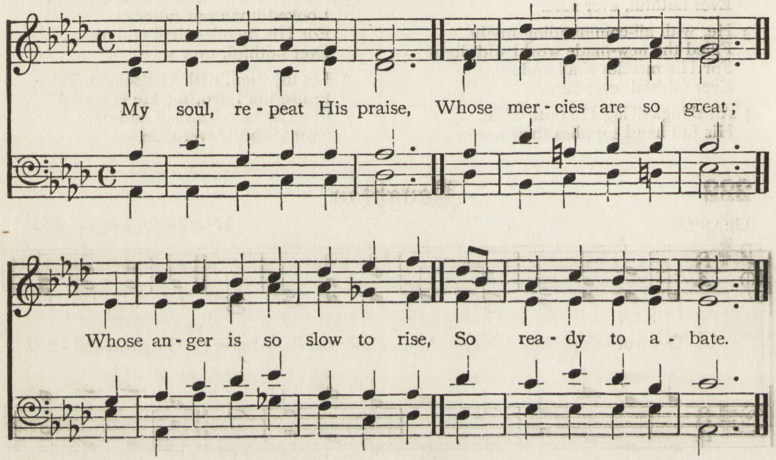
2 O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath
Deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light;
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender!
How firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend!

223 Weston.

WATTS. From HAYDN.



2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins;
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

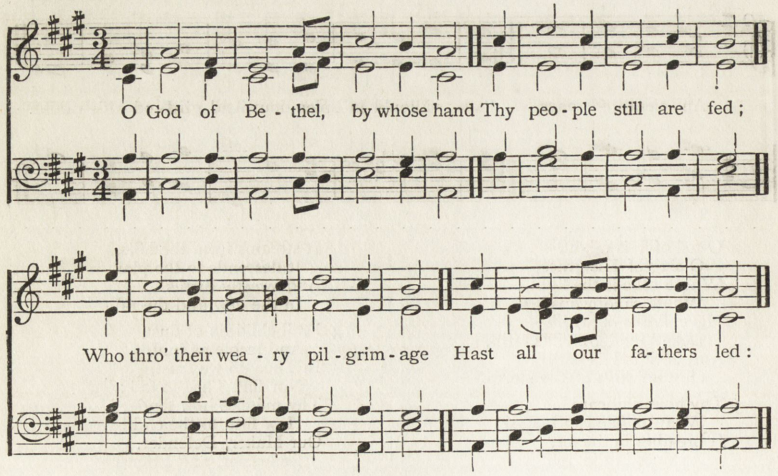
4 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower:
If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

6 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy word of promise sure.

224 Martyrdom.

DODDRIDGE AND LOGAN. HUGH WILSON.



2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present,
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our Fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

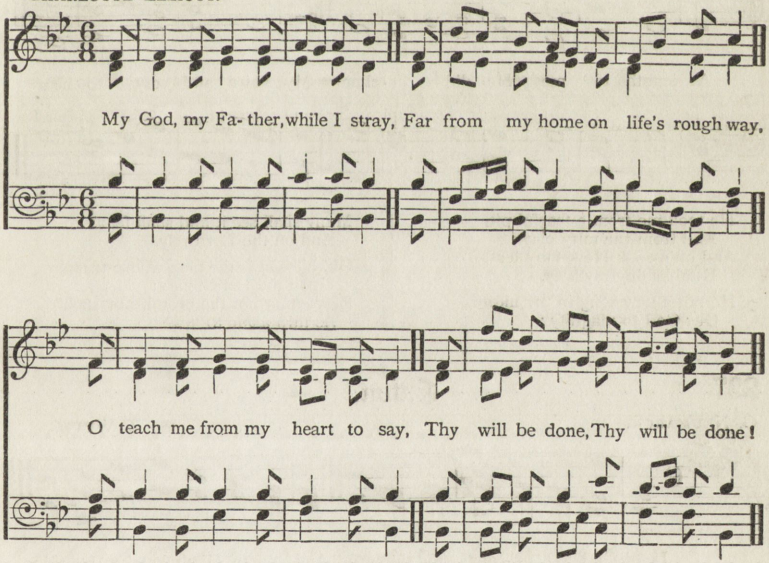
3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread Thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace!

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

225 Thy Will be Done.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.



2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done!

3 Though Thou hast call'd me to resign
What most I priz'd, it ne'er was mine.
I have but yielded what was Thine;
Thy will be done!

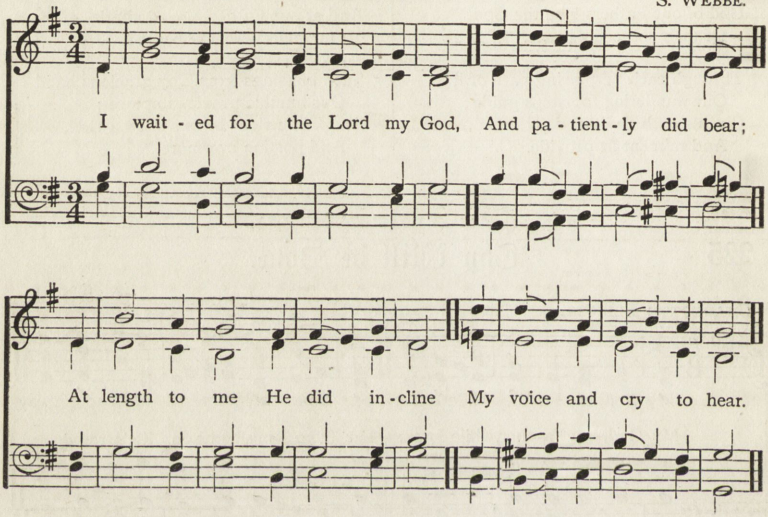
4 Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father! still I strive to say,
Thy will be done!

5 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine; and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done!

6 Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer, oft mix'd with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done!

226 Belmont.

S. WEBBE.



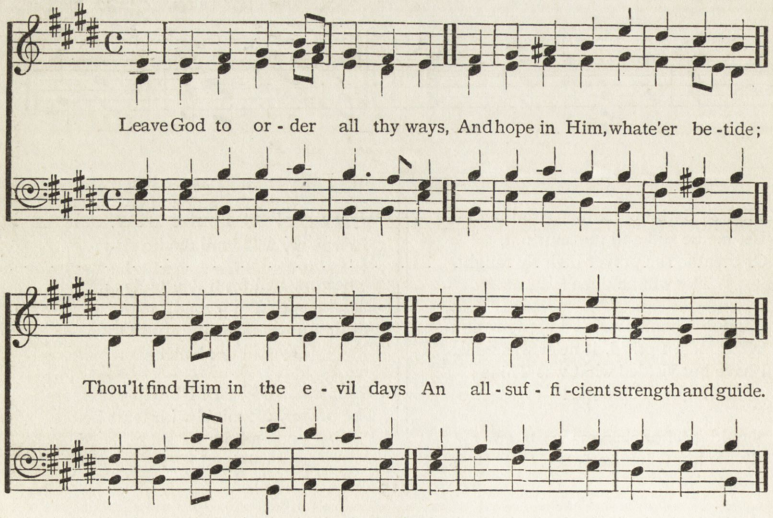
2 He took me from a fearful pit,
And from the miry clay;
And on a rock He set my feet,
Establishing my way.

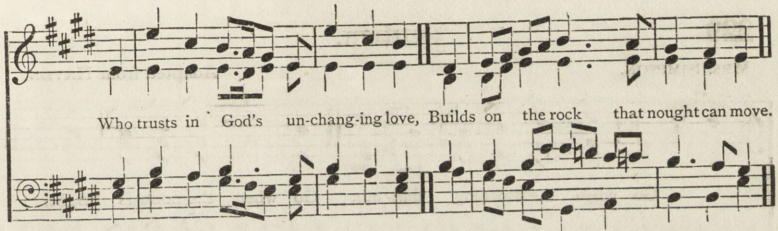
3 He put a new song in my mouth,
Our God to magnify;
Many shall see it and shall fear,
And on the Lord rely.

4 Oh, blessed is the man whose trust
Upon the Lord relies;
Respecting not the proud, nor such
As turn aside to lies.

227 Eaton.

G. NEUMARCK. Z. WYVILL.





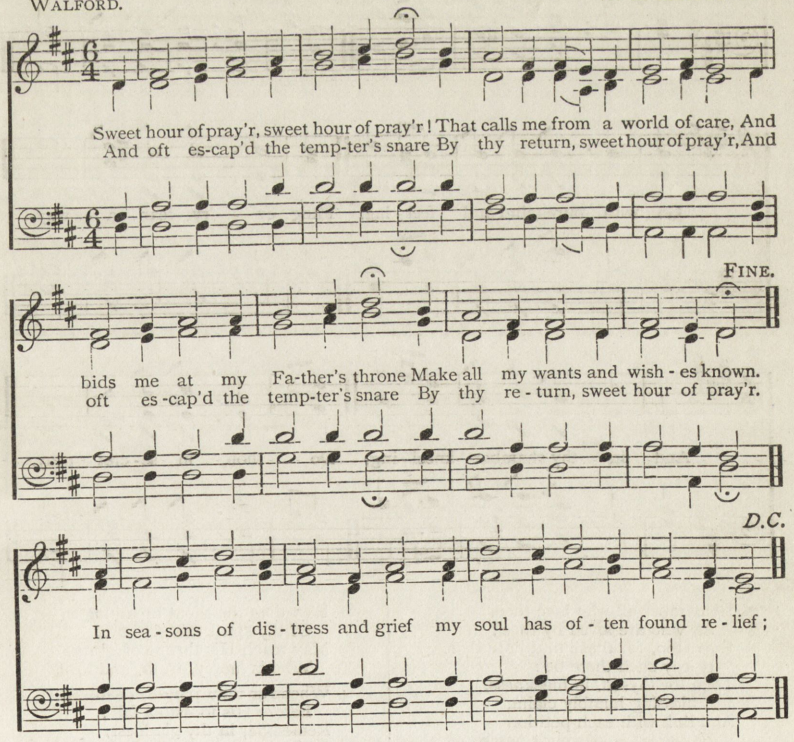
2 What can these anxious cares avail,
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help us to bewail
Each painful moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

3 Only your restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope, content
To take whate'er His gracious will,
His all-discerning love hath sent;
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.

4 He knows when joyful hours are best,
He sends them when He sees it meet;
When thou hast borne its fiery test,
And now art freed from all deceit,
He comes to Thee all unaware,
And makes thee own His loving care.

228 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

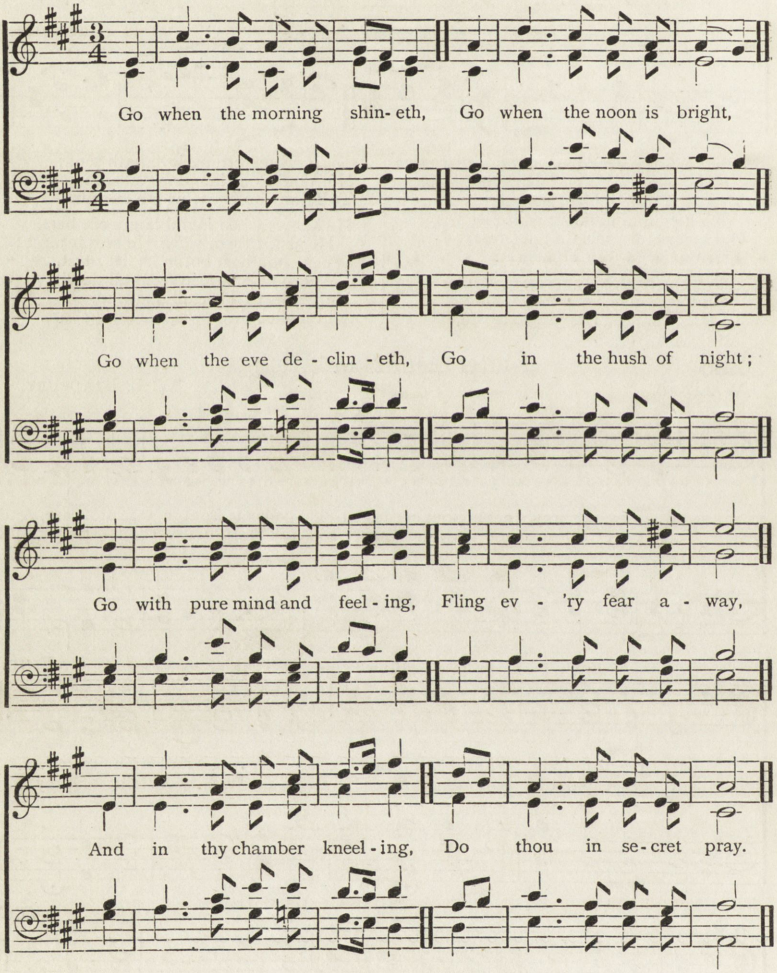
WALFORD. W. B. BRADBURY.



2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

229 Petition.

MRS. SIMPSON. Adapted from HAYDN.



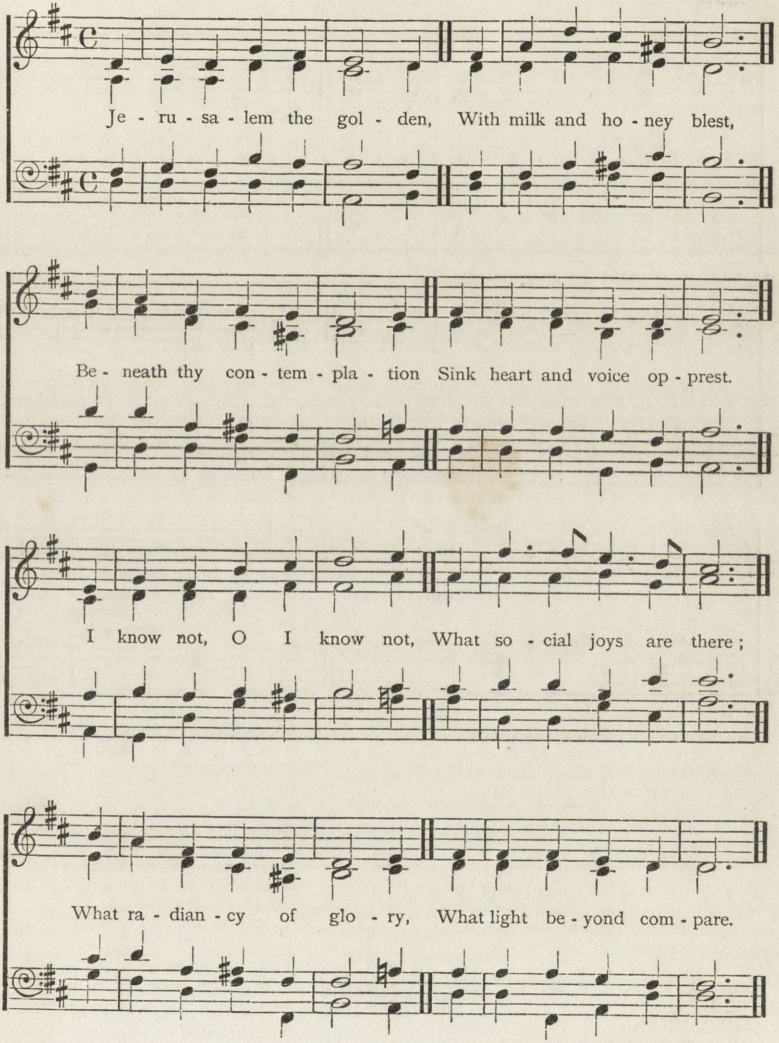
2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those that hate thee,
If any such there be:
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above,
May reach His throne of glory,
Who is mercy, truth, and love.

4 Whene'er thou pinest in sadness,
Before His footstool fall;
Remember in thy gladness,
His grace who gave thee all:
Oh, not a joy or blessing
With this we can compare—
The power that He hath given us
To pour our souls in prayer.

230 Ewing.

Translator, DR. NEALE. ALEXANDER EWING.

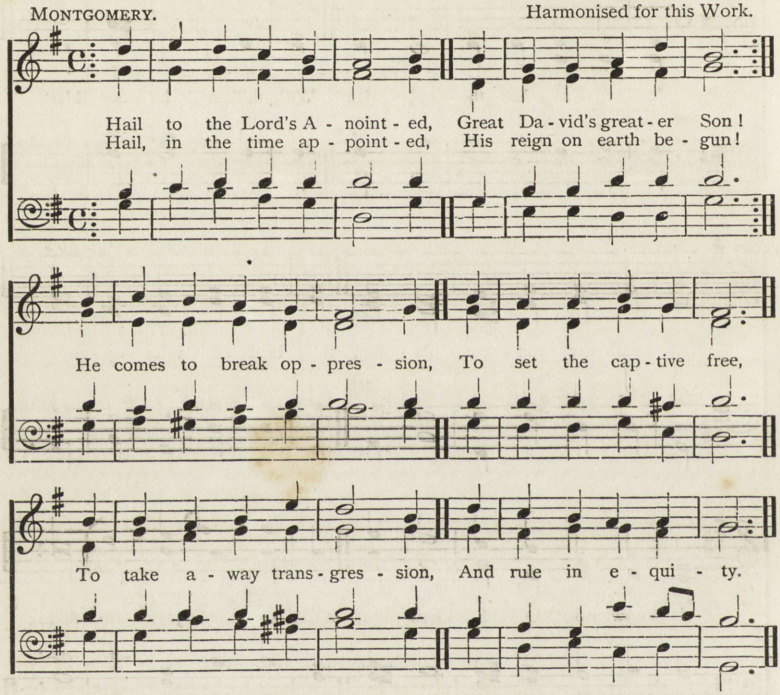


2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
Conjubilant with song,
And, bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the Blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast.
And they, who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

231 Cruger.

MONTGOMERY. German. Harmonised for this Work.



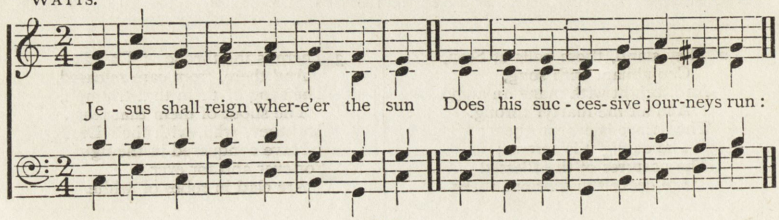
2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth;
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

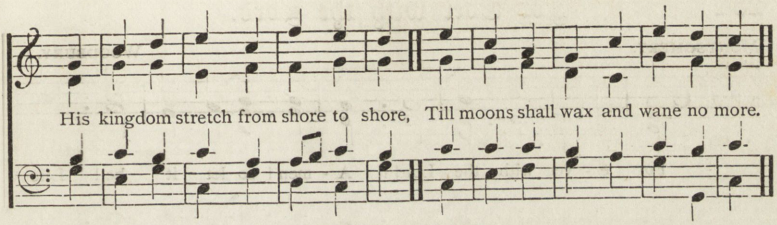
3 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore;
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing, can soar.

4 O'er every foe victorious
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,
That Name to us is Love.

232 Winchester.

WATTS. CRASSELIUS.





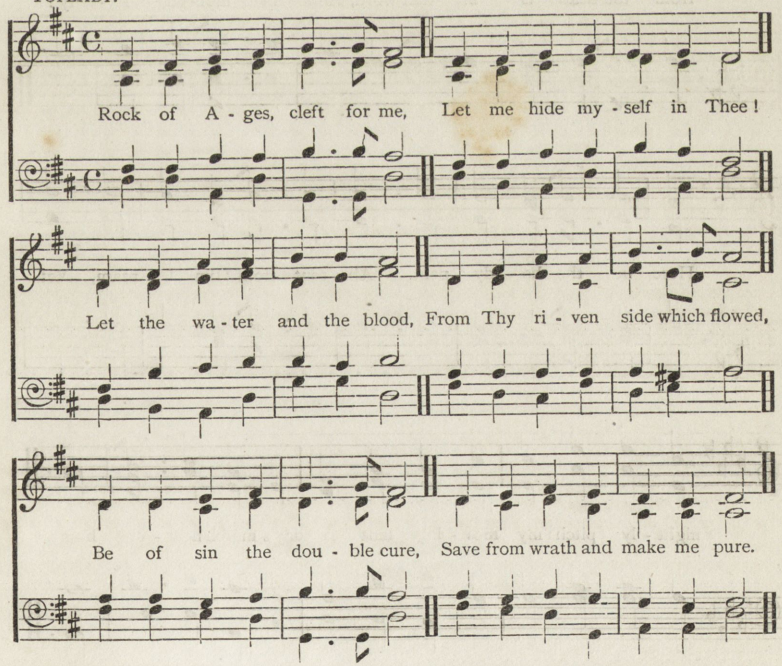
2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His Head:
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns:
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blessed.

233 Rock of Ages.

TOPLADY. R. REDHEAD. (No. 76.)



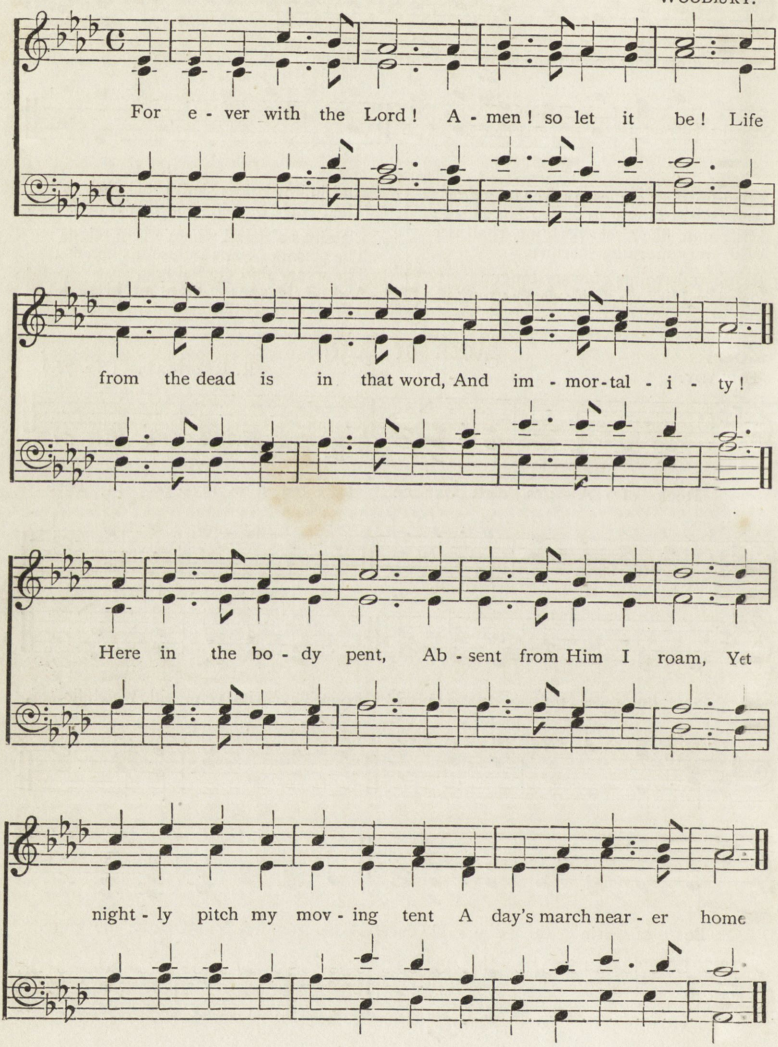
2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

234 For Ever with the Lord.

MONTGOMERY. WOODBURY.

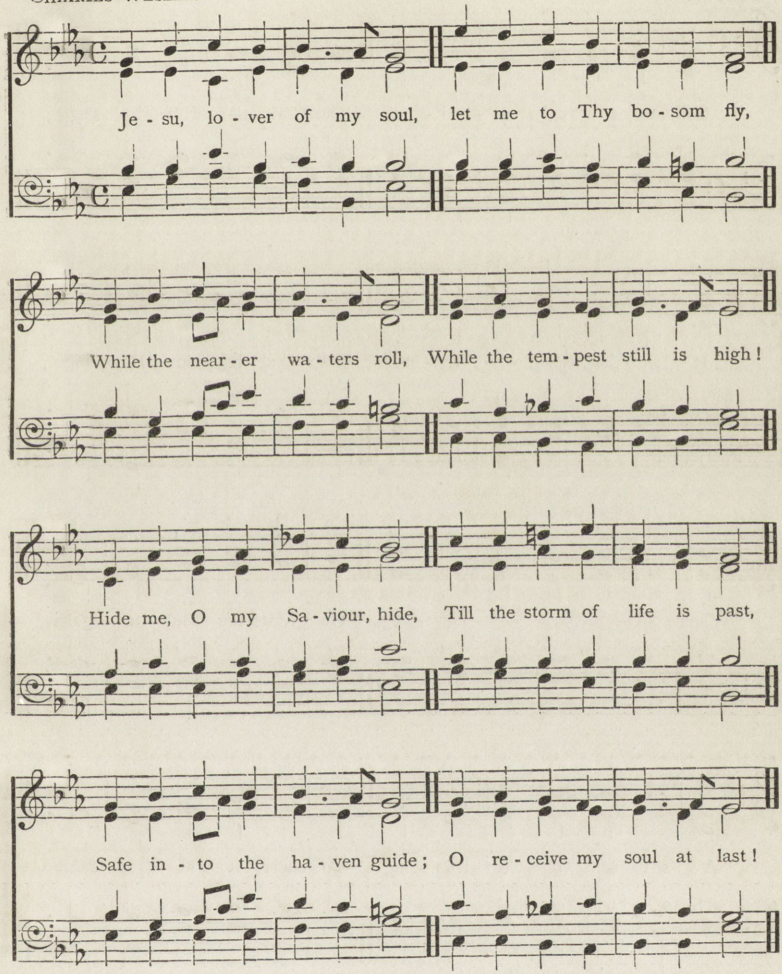


2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

3 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.
Then, then I feel, that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

235 **Hollingside.**

CHARLES WESLEY. J. B. DYKES.



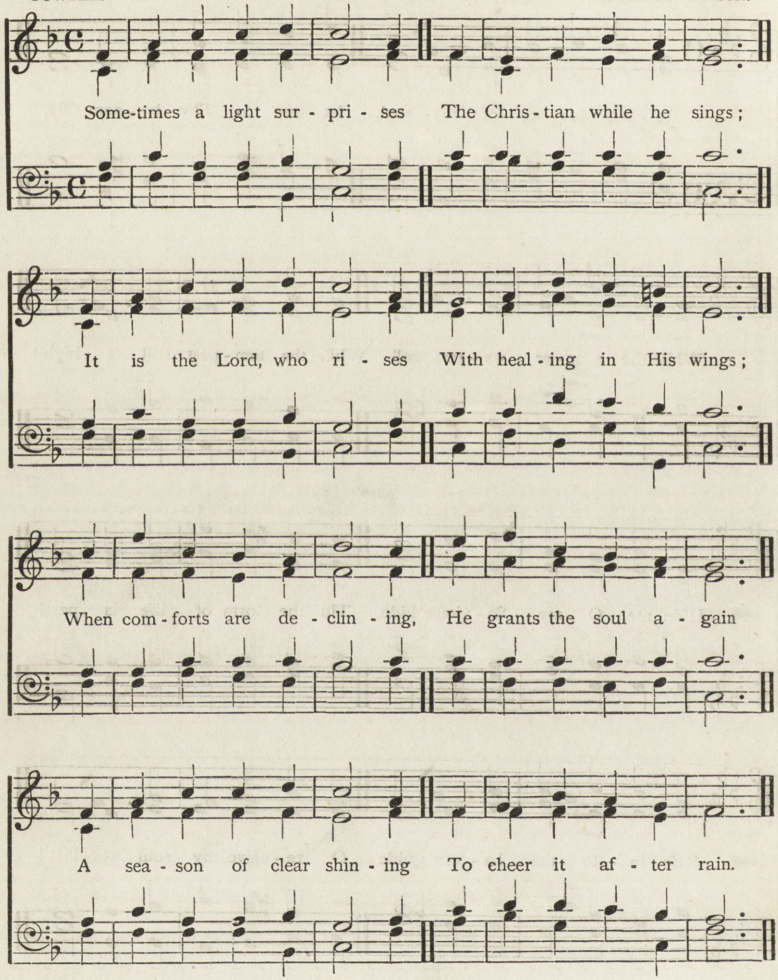
2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind!
Just and holy is Thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within!
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart!
Rise to all eternity!

236 Missionary.

COWPER. LOWELL MASON.



2 In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He, who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

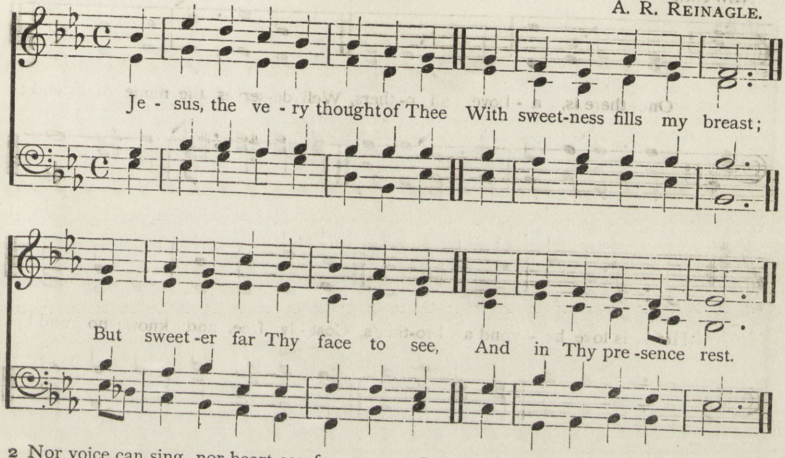
4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

237

BERNARD.

St. Peter's.

A. R. REINAGLE.



2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek;
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus,—what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

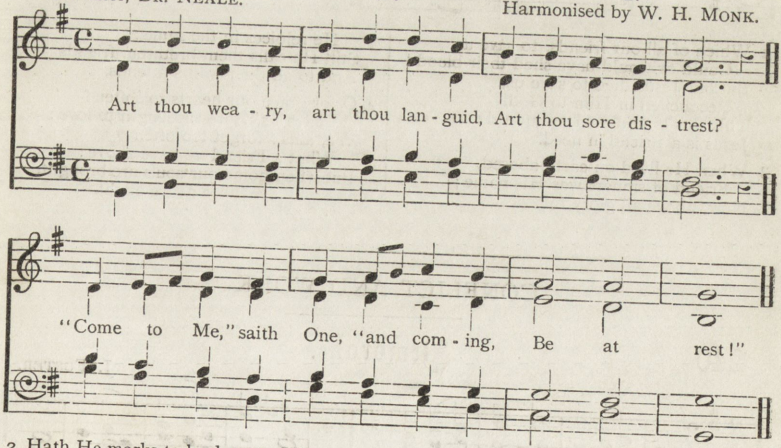
5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our crown wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now
And through eternity.

238

Translator, DR. NEALE.

Stephanos.

B.
Harmonised by W. H. MONK.



2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound prints,
And His side."

3 Hath He diadem as monarch
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns!"

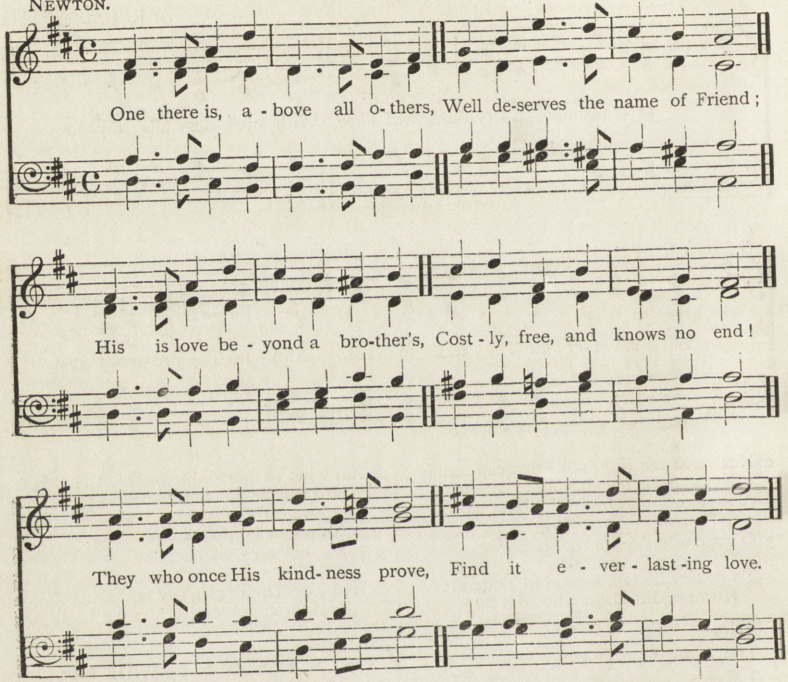
4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

239 Eastbourne.

NEWTON. EDWIN MOSS.



2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed their blood!
But our Jesus died to save us,
Reconciled in Him to God.
This was boundless love indeed;
Jesus is a Friend in need.

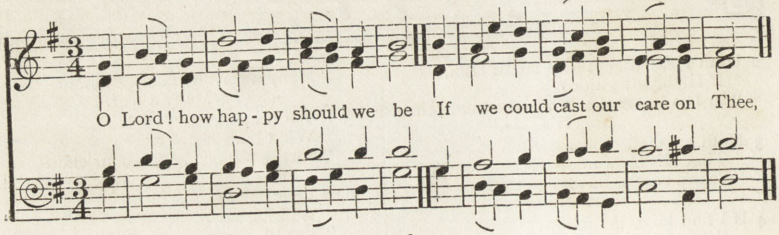
3 When He lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same:
Still He calls them brethren, friends
And to all their wants attends.

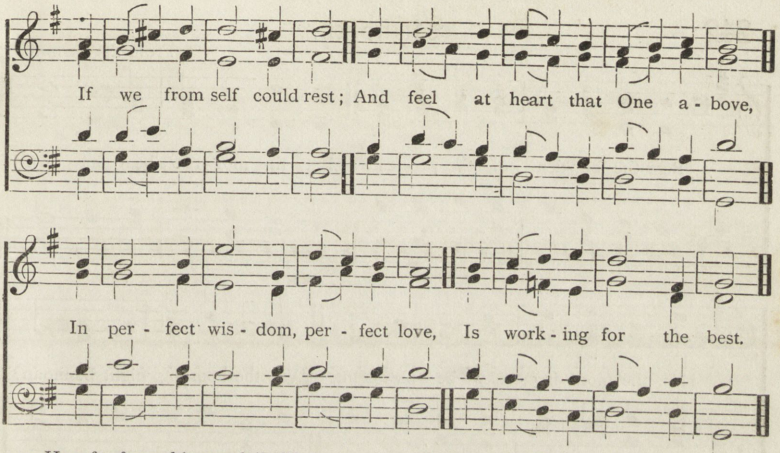
4 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love:
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

CONFLICT AND WORK.

240 Pembroke.

J. FOSTER.





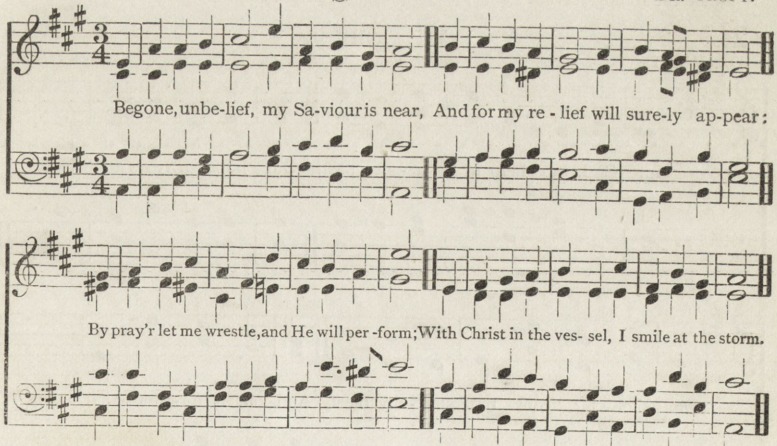
2 How far from this our daily life!
Ever disturb'd by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms;
O could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thy Almighty arms!

3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer,
Sure that the Father who is nigh
To still the famish'd raven's cry
Will hear, in that we fear.

4 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers,
Make them from self to cease;
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
E'en in affliction peace.

241

NEWTON. **Hanover.** DR. CROFT.



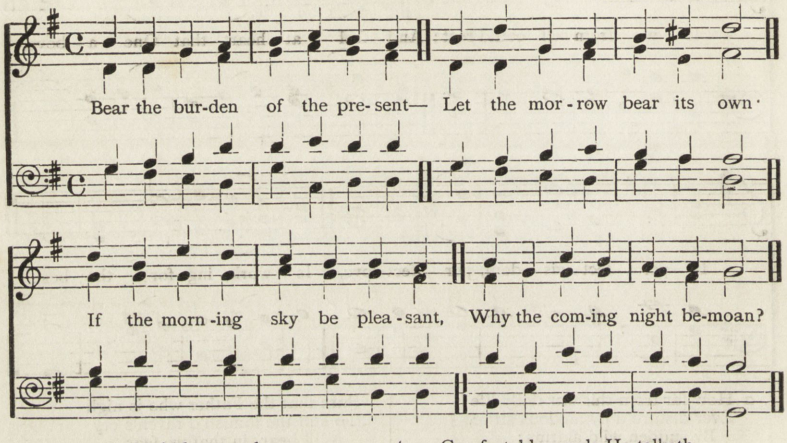
2 His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite through.

3 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain? He told me no less:
The heirs of salvation, I know from His word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

4 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song!

242 Steinbach.

From the German.



2 If the darken'd heavens lower,
Wrap thy cloak around thy form;
Though the tempest rise in power,
God is mightier than the storm.

3 Stedfast faith and hope unshaken
Animate the trusting breast;
Step by step the journey's taken,
Nearer to the land of rest.

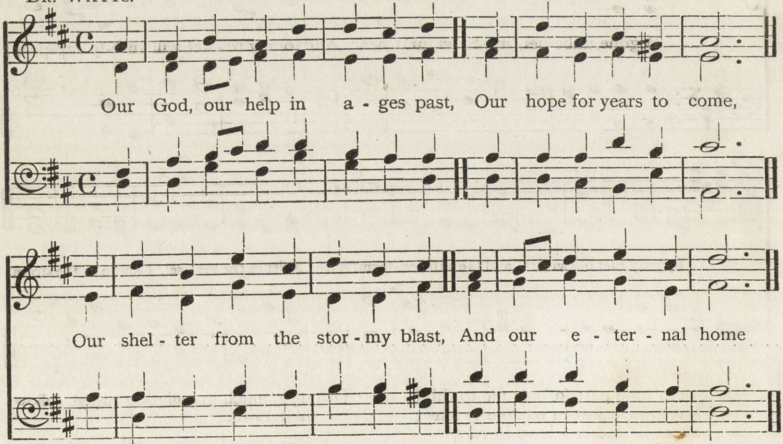
4 All unseen, the Master walketh
By the toiling servant's side;
Comfortable words He talketh,
While His hands uphold and guide.

5 Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow
Rends thy breast to Him unknown,
He to-day and He to-morrow
Grace sufficient gives His own.

6 Holy strivings nerve and strengthen:
Long endurance wins the crown;
When the evening shadows lengthen,
Thou shalt lay the burden down.

243 St. Ann's.

Dr. Watts. Dr. Croft.



2 Under the shadow of Thy Throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

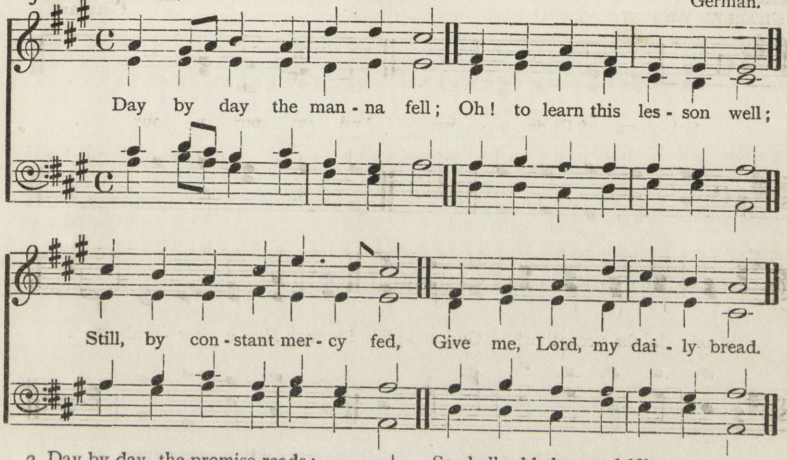
3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Our God, our help in ages past;
Our hope for years to come:
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home!

244 Dix.

JOSIAH CONDER. German.



2 Day by day, the promise reads;
Daily strength for daily needs:
Cast foreboding fears away,
Take the manna of to-day.

3 Lord, my times are in Thy hand;
All my sanguine hopes have planned
To Thy wisdom I resign,
And would make Thy purpose mine.

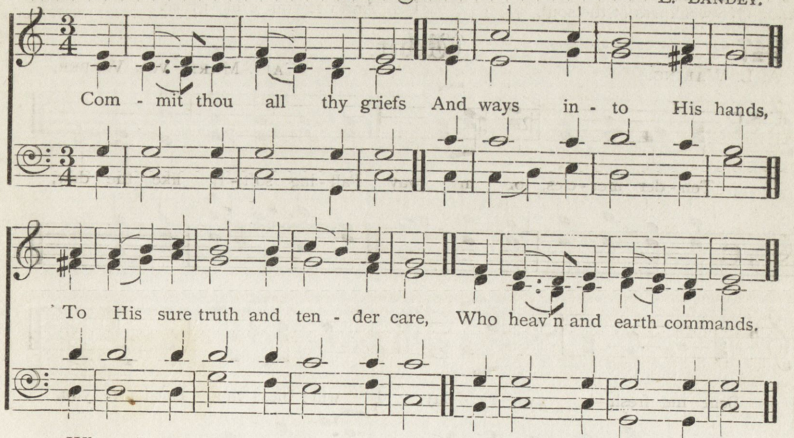
4 Thou my daily task shalt give:
Day by day to Thee I live:
So shall added years fulfil
Not mine own—my Father's will.

5 Fond ambition, whisper not;
Happy is my humble lot.
Anxious, busy cares, away!
I'm provided for to-day.

6 Oh! to live exempt from care
By the energy of prayer;
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude.

245 St. Jude.

E. BANDEY.



2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

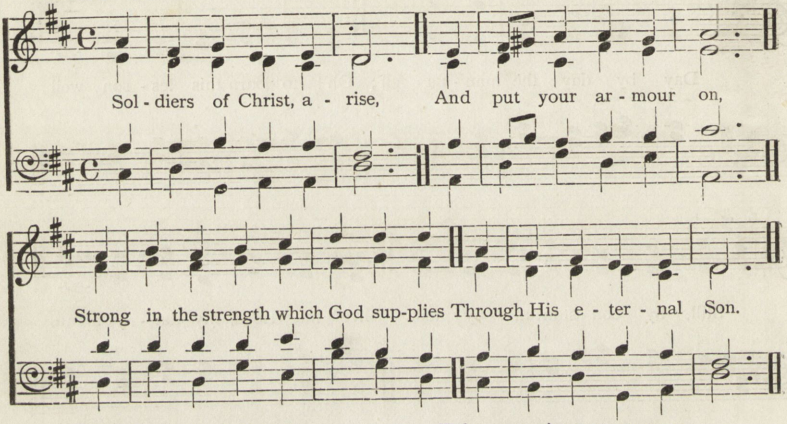
3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy stedfast eye,
So shall Thy work be done.

4 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed:
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

5 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou His time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

246 Swabia.

CHARLES WESLEY. German.



2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

5 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul,
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.

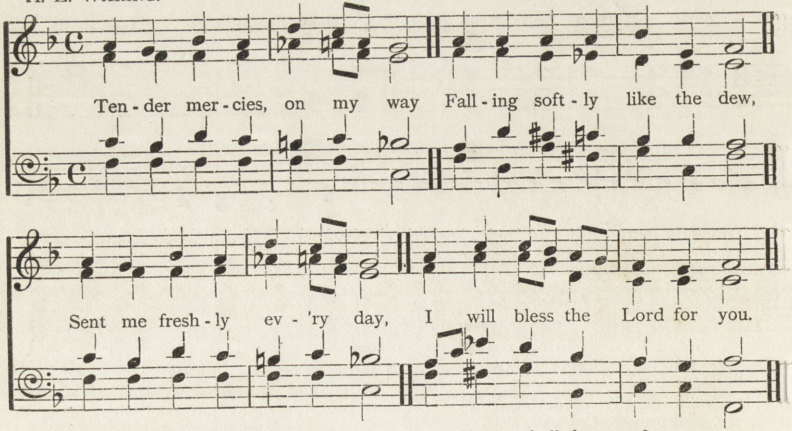
6 Indissolubly joined,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ, your Head.

7 To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.

8 Ready for all alarms,
Stedfastly set your face,
And always exercise your arms
And use your every grace.

247 Weber.

A. L. WARING. CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

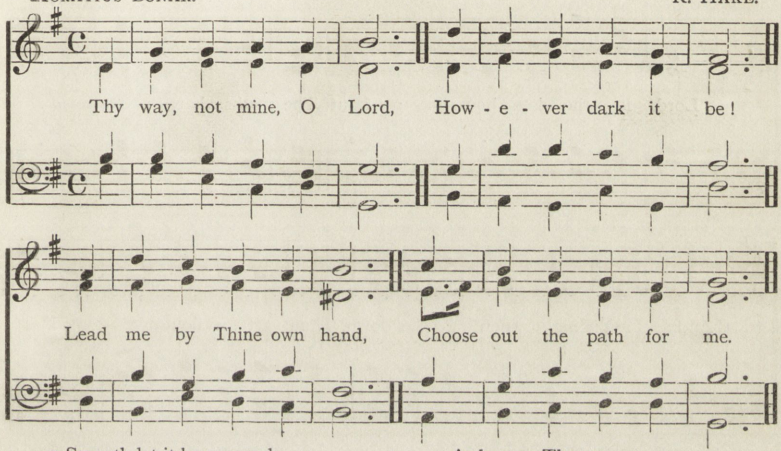


2 Though I have not all I would,
Though to greater bliss I go,
Every present gift of good
To eternal Love I owe.

3 Source of all that comforts me,
Well of joy for which I long,
Let the song I sing to Thee
Be an everlasting song.

248 Beaumont.

HORATIUS BONAR. R. HAKE.



2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

3 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine;
Else I must surely stray.

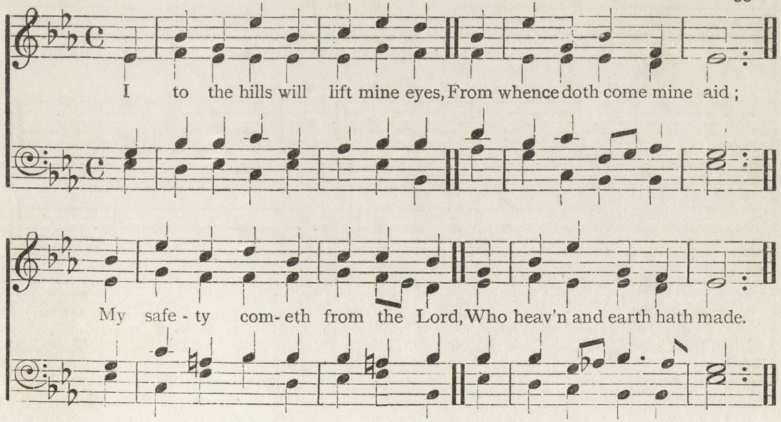
4 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill;

5 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

6 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all!

249 London New.

"Scotch Psalter." 1635.



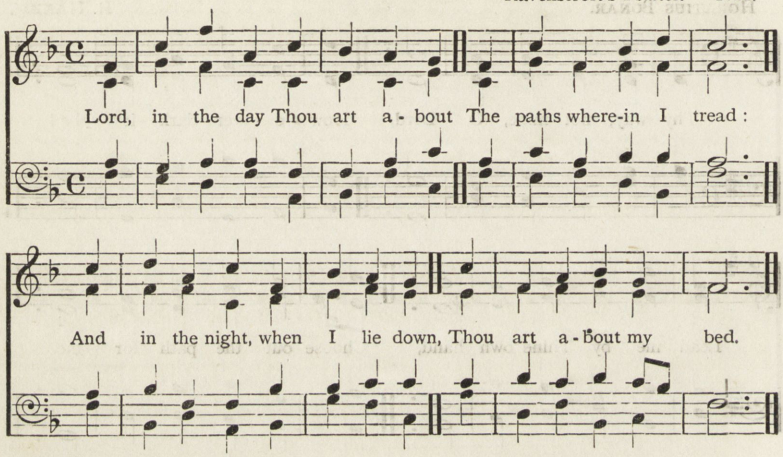
2 Thy foot he'll not let slide, nor will
He slumber that thee keeps.
Behold, He that keeps Israel,
He slumbers not, nor sleeps.

3 The Lord thee keeps, the Lord thy shade
On thy right hand doth stay;
The moon by night thee shall not smite,
Nor yet the sun by day.

4 The Lord shall keep thy soul: He shall
Preserve thee from all ill;
Henceforth thy going out and in
Good keep for ever will.

250 St. David.

"Ravenscroft's Psalter." 1621.



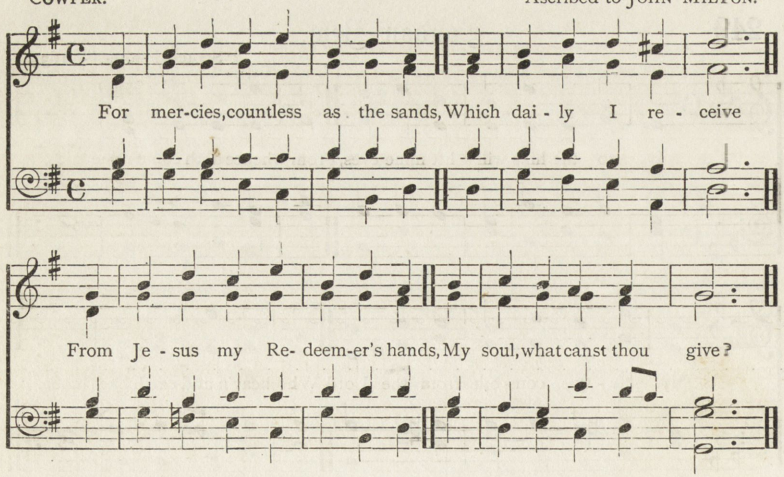
2 While others in God's prisons lie,
Bound with affliction's chain,
I walk at large, secure and free
From sickness and from pain.

3 'Tis Thou dost crown my hopes and plans
With good success each day;
This crown, together with myself,
At Thy blest feet I lay.

4 O let my house a temple be,
That I and mine may sing
Hosanna to Thy Majesty,
And praise our heavenly King!

251 York.

COWPER. Ascribed to JOHN MILTON.



2 Alas! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring Him forth?
My best is stained and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.

3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all He has bestowed;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

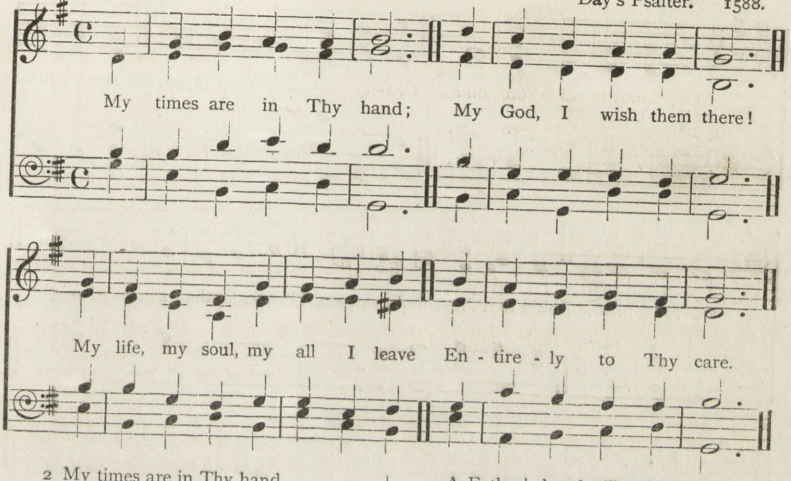
4 The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from His gifts to draw a plea,
And ask Him still for more.

252

W. F. LLOYD.

St. Michael.

"Day's Psalter." 1588.



2 My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3 My times are in Thy hand;
Why should I doubt or fear?
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

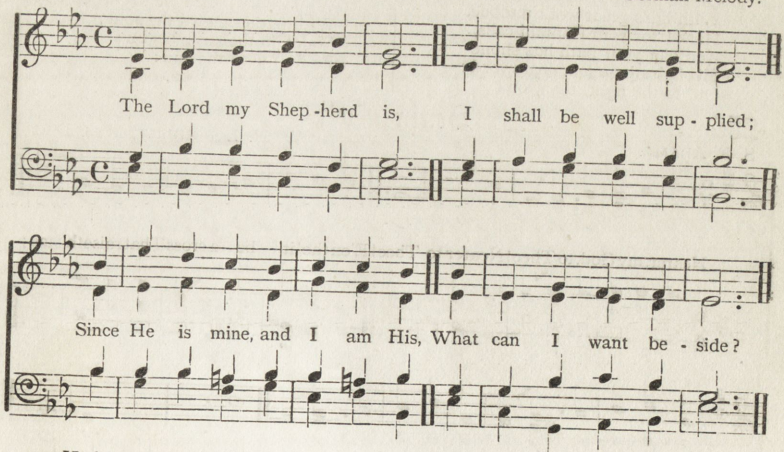
4 My times are in Thy hand,
I'll always trust in Thee,
Till I possess the promised land,
And all Thy glory see.

253

DR. WATTS.

Franconia.

German Melody.



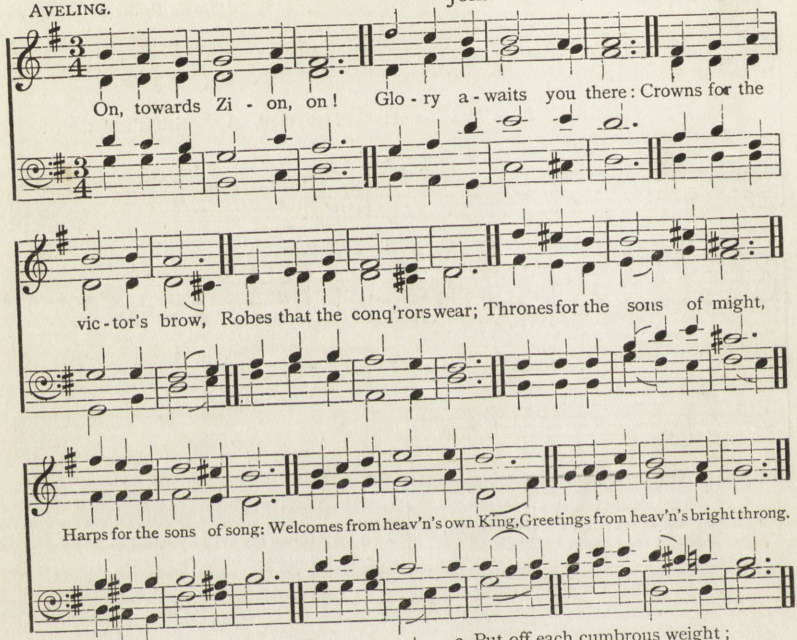
2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in His own right way
For His most holy Name.

4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

254 Excelsior.

AVELING. JOHN B. LOTT, MUS. BAC., OXON.

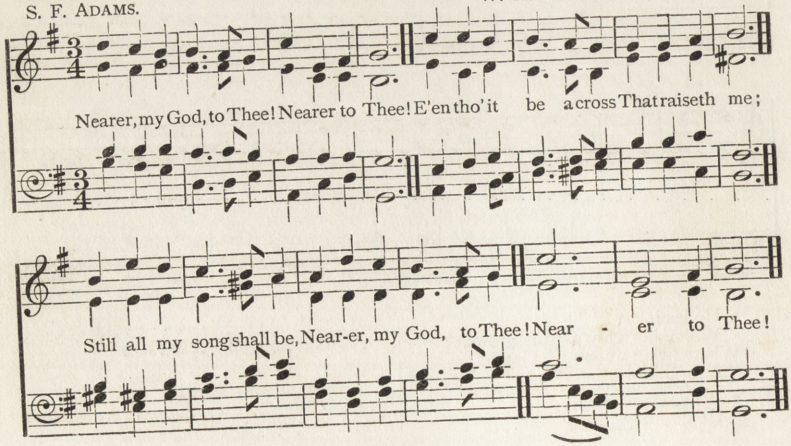


2 On, for ye now must wage
The warfare, life begun;
Or see life's day decline,
With life's great work undone.
Hark! for your Captain calls,
And o'er your path has shone
His lightning-gleaming sword:—
On, to the fight, then, on!

3 Put off each cumbrous weight;
Renounce each darling sin;
He must be free as air,
Who would faith's victory win.
With patience gird the soul;
Maintain the strife begun;
Be firm unto the end:—
On, to the foe, then, on!

255 Scala Cœli.

S. F. ADAMS. W. H. LONGHURST, MUS. DOC.



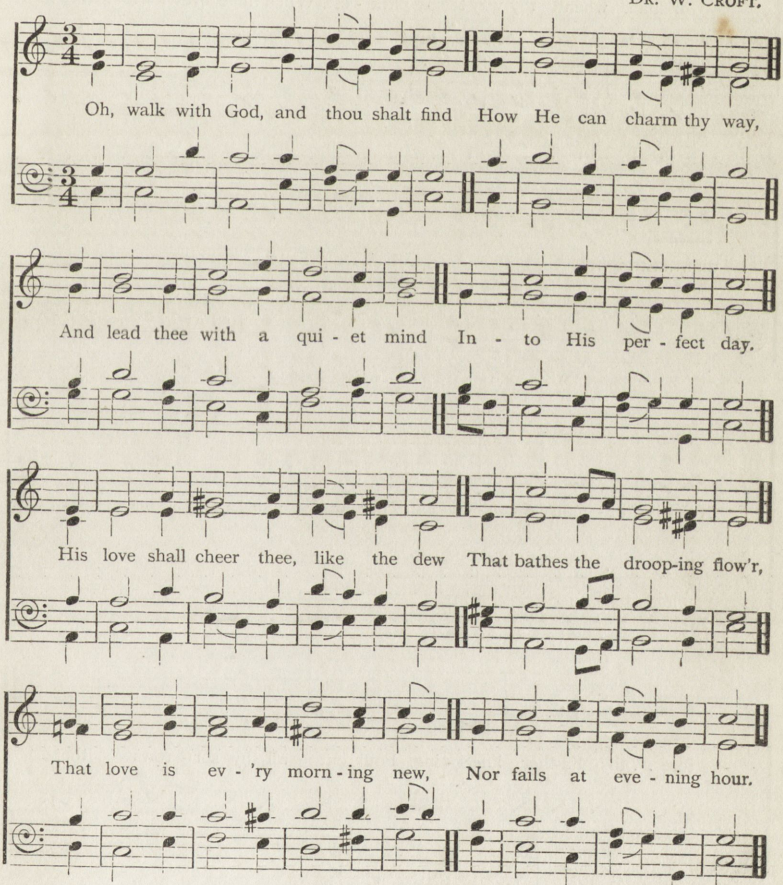
2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

3 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

256 St. Matthew.

A. CLEVELAND COXE.

DR. W. CROFT.



2 Oh, walk with God, and thou with smiles
Shalt tread the way of tears,
His mercy every ill beguiles,
And softens all our fears.
No fires shall harm thee, if, alas!
Through fires He bids thee go;
Through waters when thy footsteps pass,
Thou shalt not overflow.

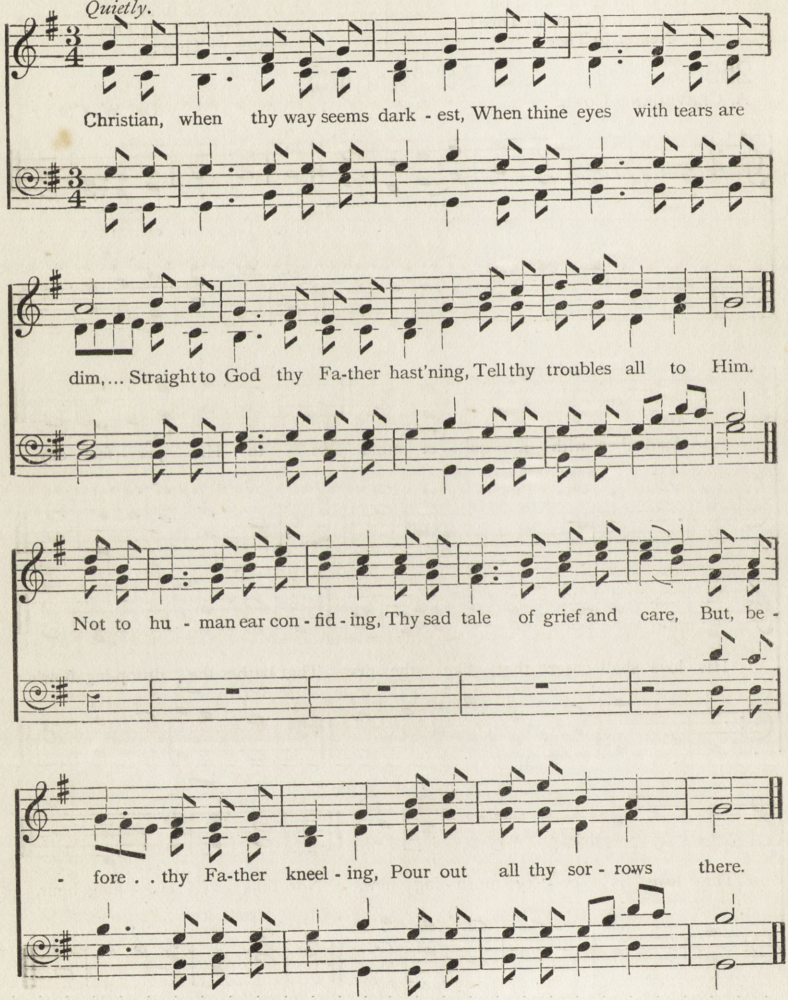
3 Oh, walk with God, while thou on earth
With pilgrim's steps must fare,
Content to leave the world its mirth
And claim no dwelling there.
A stranger, thou must seek a home
Beyond the fearful tide,
And if to Canaan thou wouldst come,
Oh, who but God can guide!

4 Oh, walk with God, and thou shalt go
Down death's dark vale in light,
And find thy faithful walk below
Hath reach'd to Zion's height!
Oh, walk with God, if thou wouldst see
Thy pathway thither tend:
And, lingering though thy journey be,
'Tis heaven and home at end!

257 Words of Cheer.

"Hymns for Quiet Hours." Arranged for this Work.

Quietly.



2 All thy griefs by Him are ordered,
Needful is each one for thee;
Every tear by Him is counted,
One too much there cannot be;
And, if whilst they fall so thickly
Thou canst own His way is right,
Then, each bitter tear of anguish
Precious is in Jesu's sight.

3 Far too well thy Saviour loves thee
To allow thy life to be
One long, calm, unbroken summer,
One unruffled, stormless sea.
He would have thee fondly nestling
Closer to His loving breast;
He would have that world seem brighter,
Where alone is perfect rest.

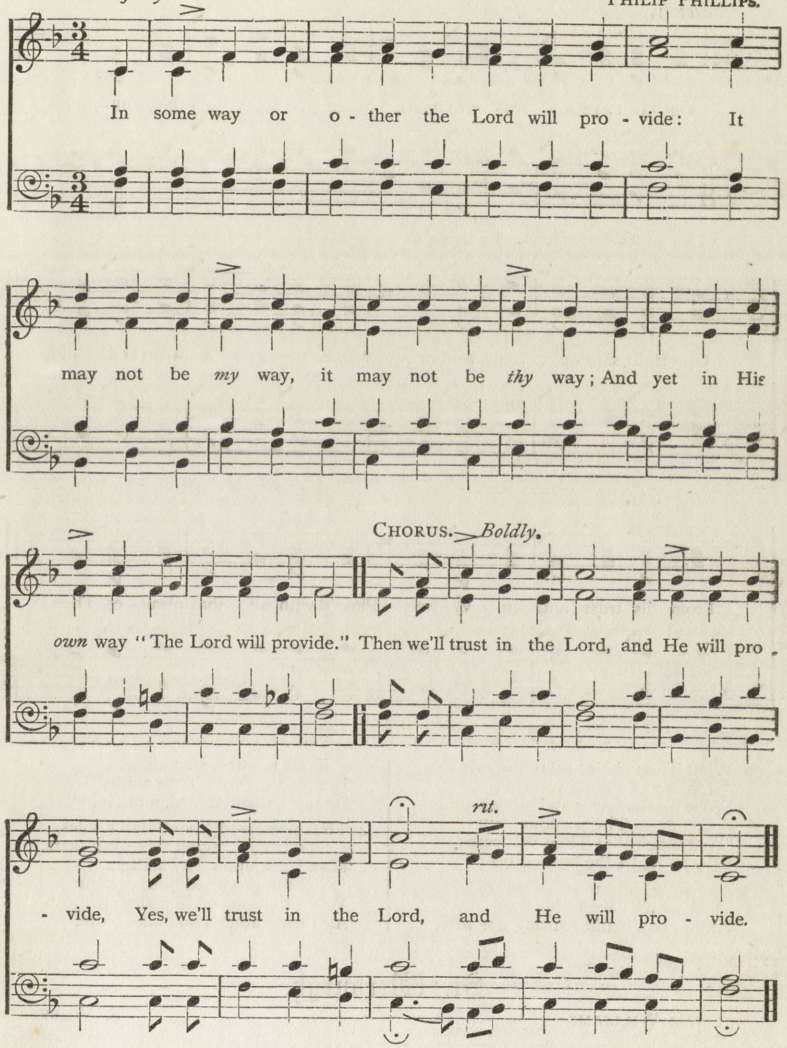
4 Though His wise and loving purpose
Clearly yet thou mayst not see,
Still believe, with faith unshaken,
All will work for good to thee.
Therefore, when thy way is gloomy,
And thine eyes with tears are dim,
Straight to God thy Father hastening,
Tell thy sorrows all to Him.

258 The Lord will Provide.

MRS. COOK.

Cheerfully.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



2 At some time or other the Lord will provide: [time;
It may not be *my* time, it may not be *thy*
And yet in His *own* time, "The Lord will provide."—Then we'll trust, &c.

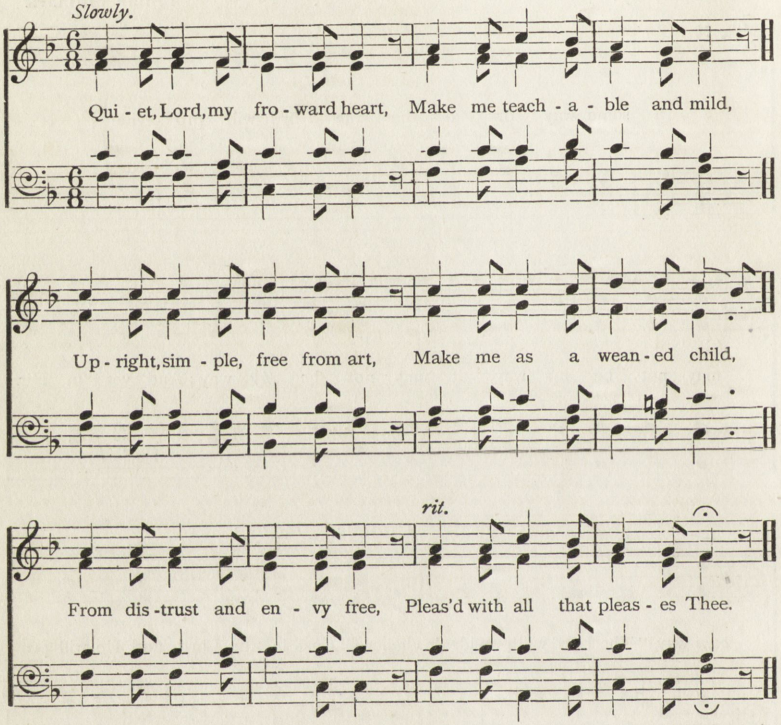
3 Despond then no longer, the Lord will provide; [spoken
And this be the token—no word He hath
Was ever yet broken: "The Lord will provide."—Then we'll trust, &c.

4 March on, then, right boldly, the sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious, with shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus, "The Lord will provide."—Then we'llt rust, &c.

259 Martyn.

NEWTON. S. B. MARSH.

Slowly.



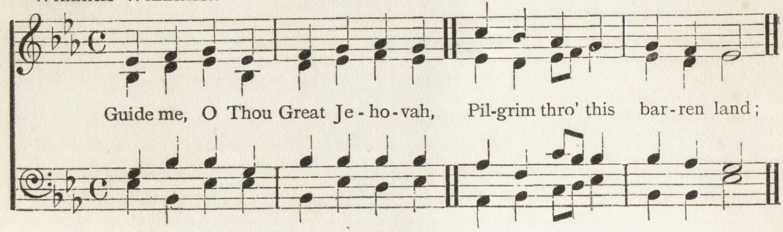
2 What Thou shalt to-day provide
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

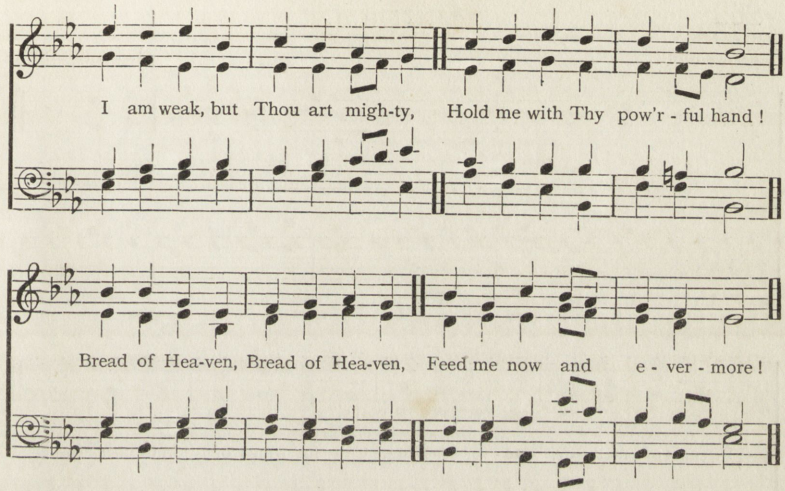
3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone,
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

260 St. Werburgh.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS. S. WEBBE.

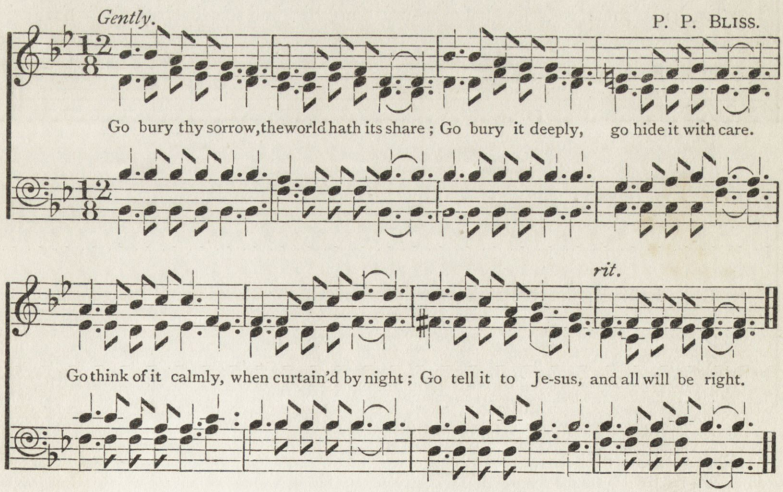




2 Open now the crystal Fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield!

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of Death, and Hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee!

261 Go, Bury Thy Sorrow.

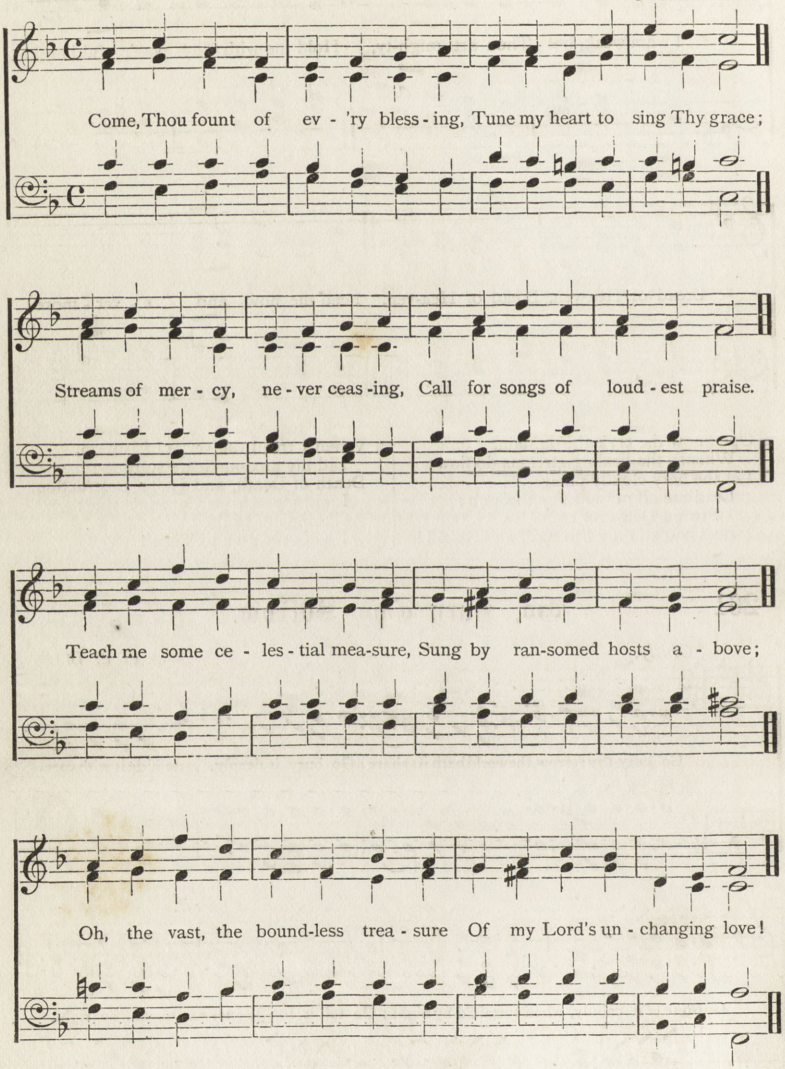


2 Go tell it to Jesus, He knoweth thy grief;
Go tell it to Jesus, He'll send thee relief;
Go gather the sunshine He sheds on the way; [pray.
He'll lighten thy burden—go weary one,

3 Hearts growing a-weary with heavier woe
Now droop 'mid the darkness—go, comfort them, go!
Go bury thy sorrow, let others be blest;
Go give them the sunshine, tell Jesus the rest.

262 Deerhurst.

ROBINSON. J. LANGRAN.

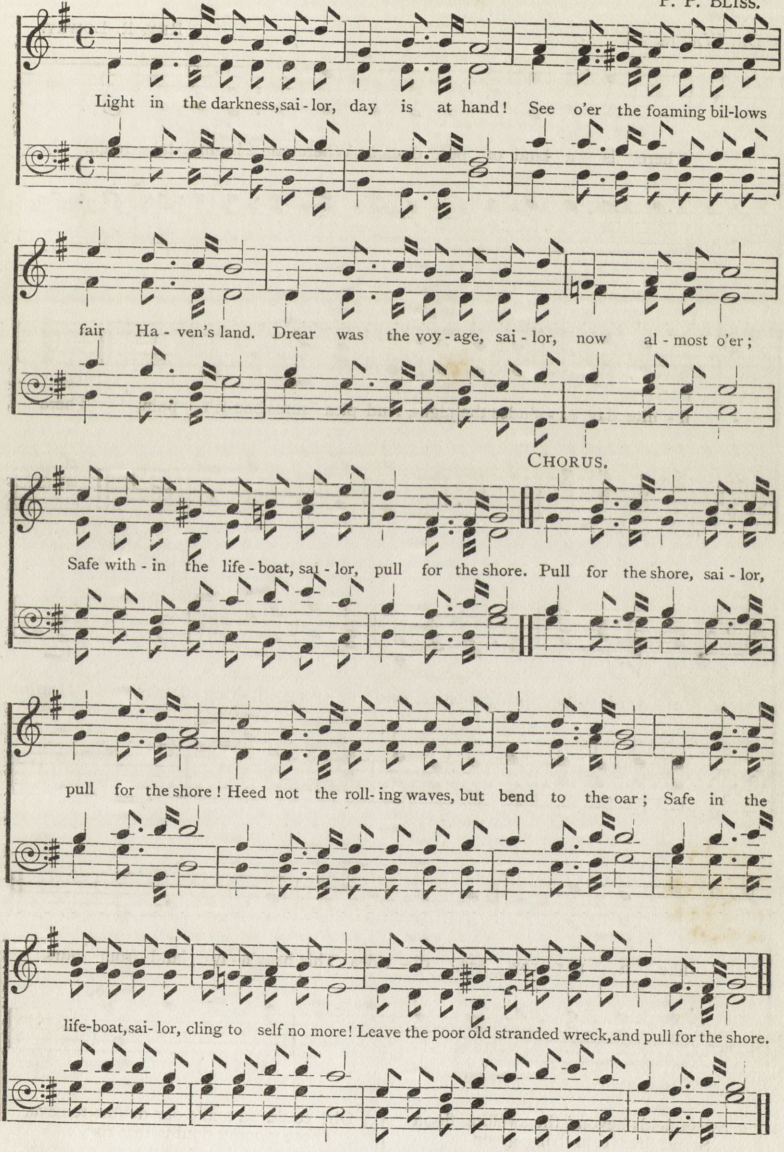


2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Take my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above!

263 Light in the Darkness.

P. P. BLISS.

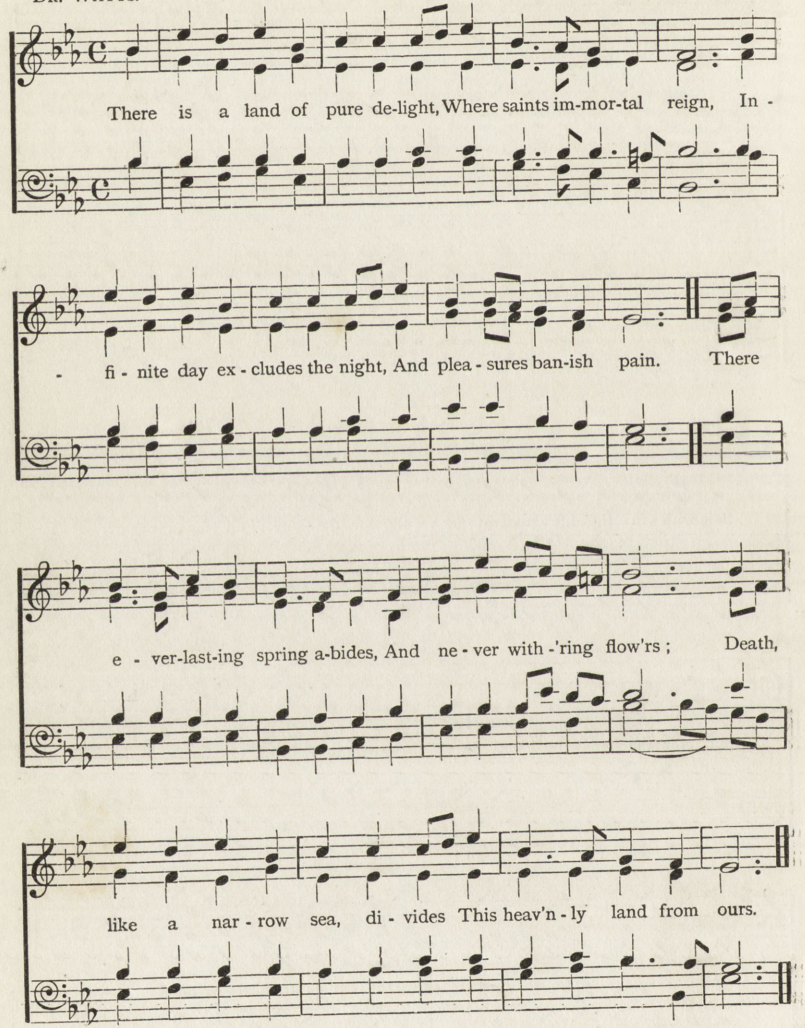


2 Trust in the life-boat, sailor; all else will fail; [gale.
Stronger the surges dash and fiercer the
Heed not the stormy winds, though loudly they roar; [pull for the shore.
Watch the "Bright and Morning Star," and

3 Bright gleams the morning, sailor, uplift the eye; [nigh!
Clouds and darkness disappearing, glory is
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, sing evermore,
"Glory, glory, hallelujah!" Pull for the shore.

264 There is a Land.

DR. WATTS. REV. R. LOWRY.

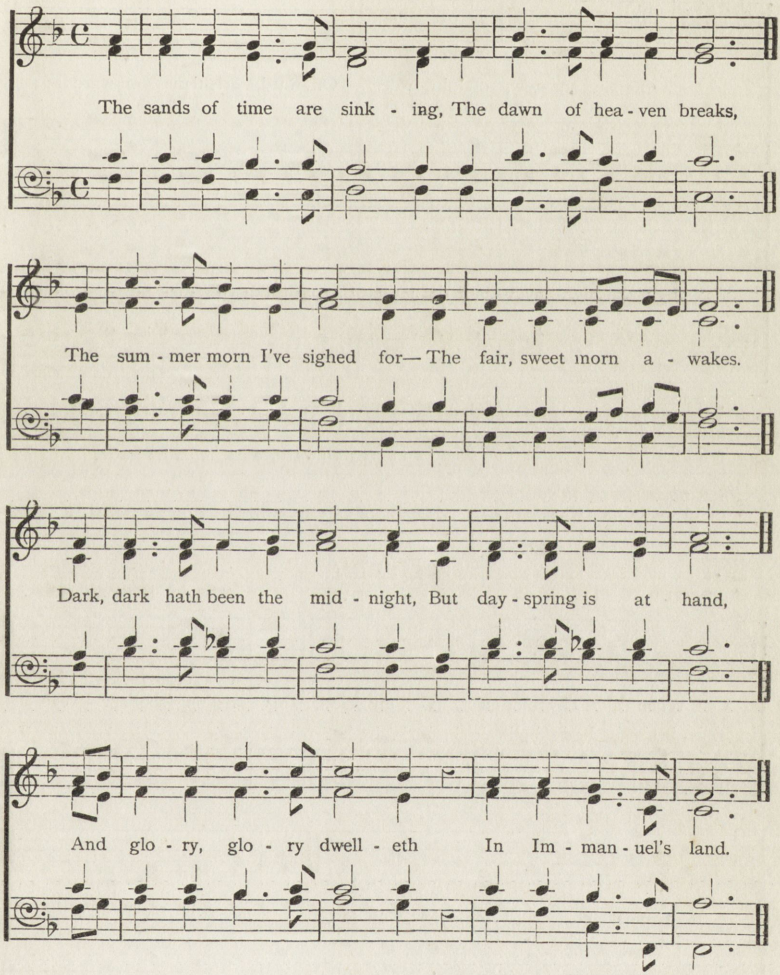


2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

265 Immanuel's Land.

MRS. A. R. COUSIN. MONS. D'URHAN.



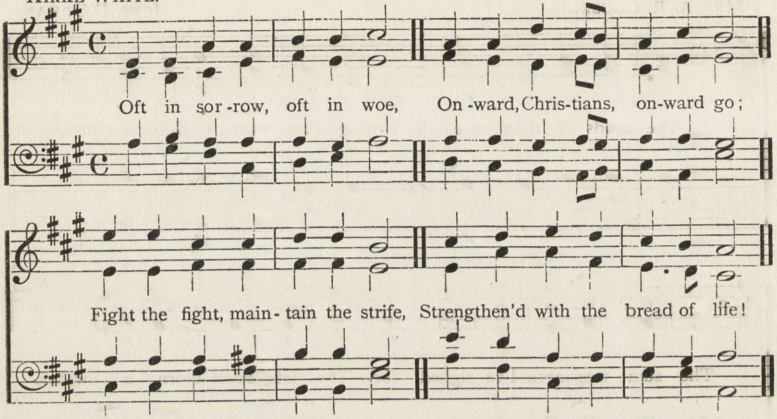
2 I've wrestled on t'ward heaven,
'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide,
Now, like a weary trav'ller
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
From Immanuel's land.

3 Deep waters crossed life's pathway,
The hedge of thorns was sharp;
Now these lie all behind me—
Oh, for a well tuned harp!
Oh, to join the Hallelujah
With yon triumphant band!
Who sing, where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

4 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustered with His love;
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

266 Harts.

KIRKE WHITE. MILGROVE.



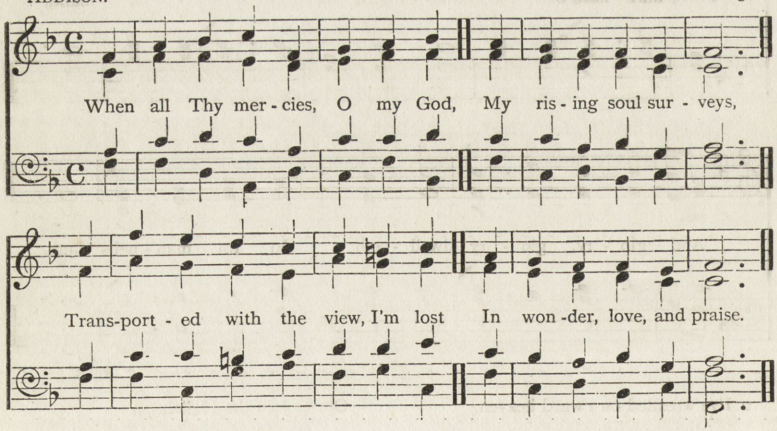
2 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armour clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song:

3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength if great your need.

4 Onward, then, in battle move,
More than conqu'rors ye shall prove
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

267 Dundee.

ADDISON. "Scotch Psalter." 1615.



2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whence these comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

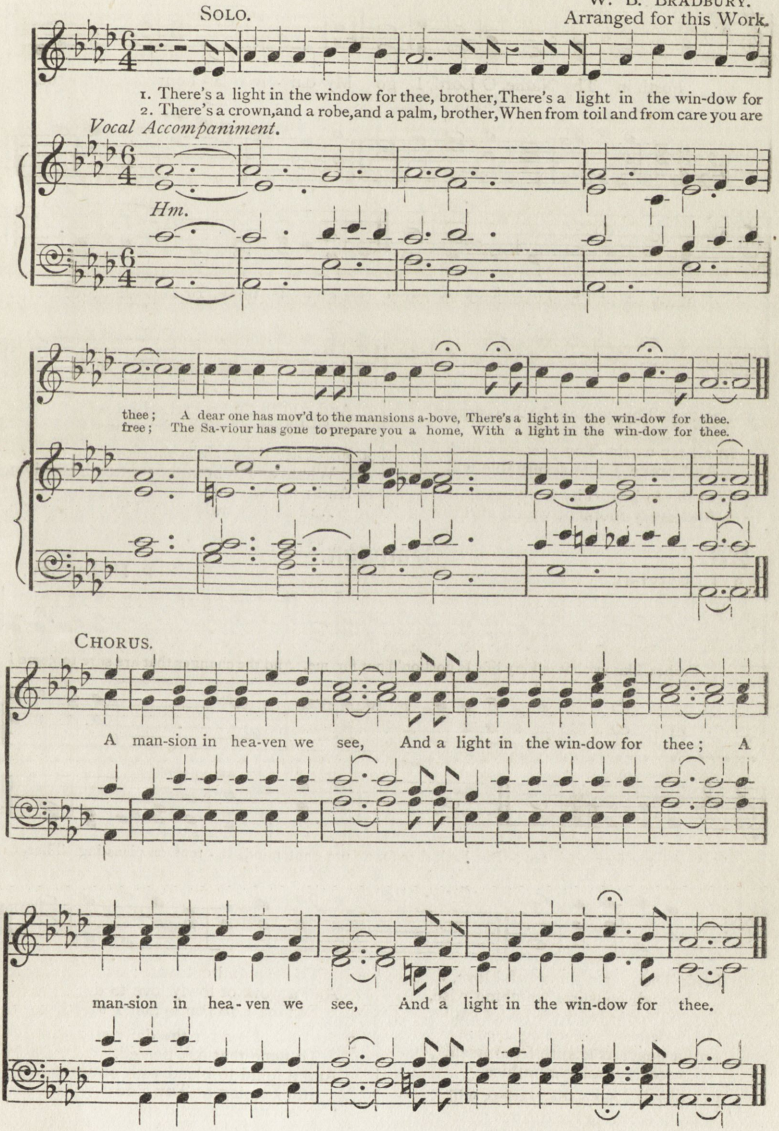
4 Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

5 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk
Revived my soul with grace.

6 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

268 A Light in the Window.

W. B. BRADBURY.
Arranged for this Work.

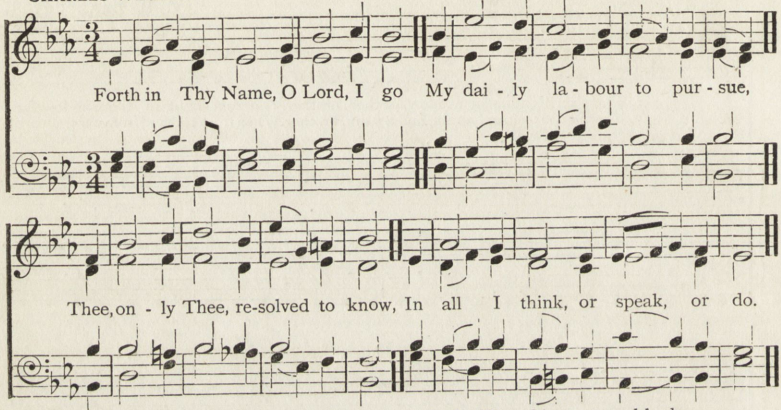


3 Oh, watch, and be faithful, and pray, brother,
All your journey through life's troubled sea;
Though afflictions assail you, and storms beat severe,
There's a light in the window for thee.
A mansion in heaven, &c.

4 Then on, perseveringly on, brother,
Till from conflict and suffering free;
Bright angels now beckon you over the stream,
There's a light in the window for thee.
A mansion in heaven, &c.

269 Rockingham.

CHARLES WESLEY. DR. E. MILLER.



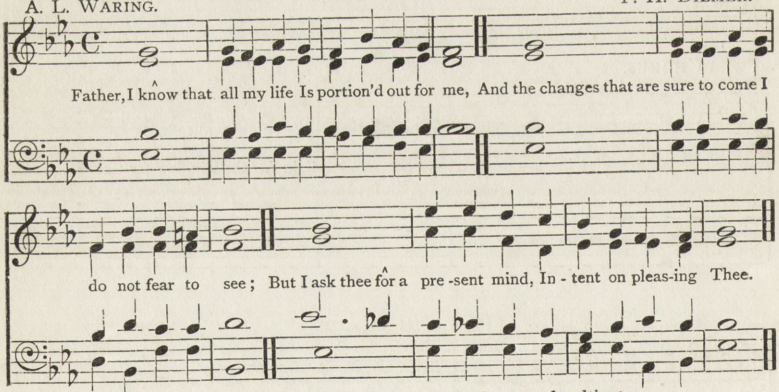
2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thine acceptable will.

3 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.

4 For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath giv'n,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to Heav'n.

270 Kempson.

A. L. WARING. P. H. DIEMER.



2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

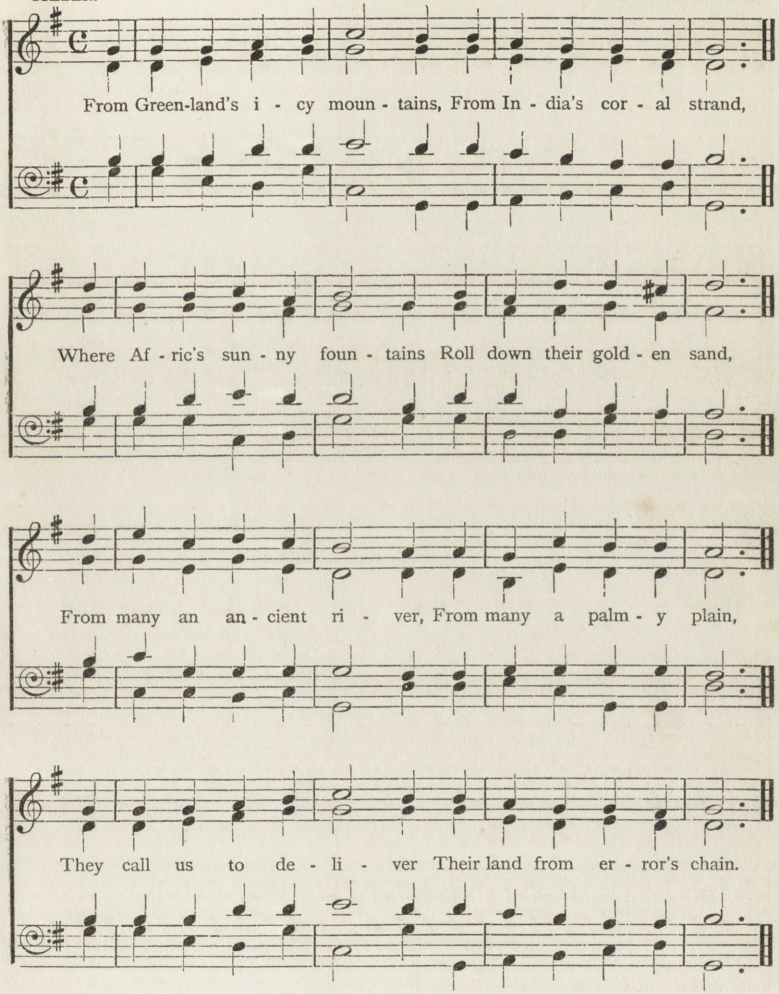
4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

5 So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
Still keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space
If Thou be glorified.

6 And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be;
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee,
More careful not to serve Thee much
But to please Thee perfectly.

271 Ceylon.

HEBER. LEON SCHRÖTER.



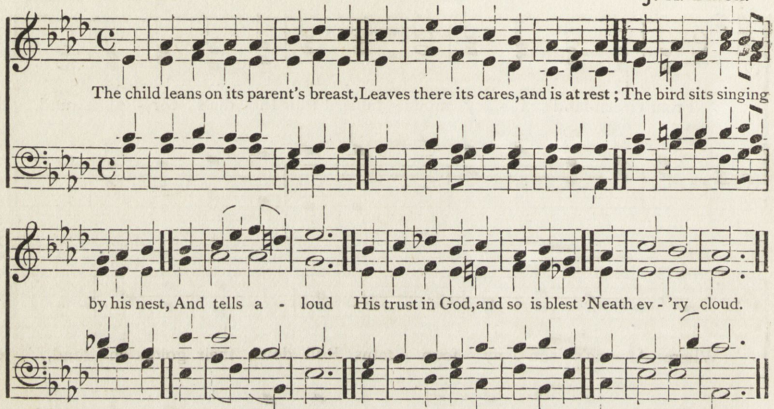
2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

272 Craven.

ISAAC WILLIAMS. J. A. BIRCH.



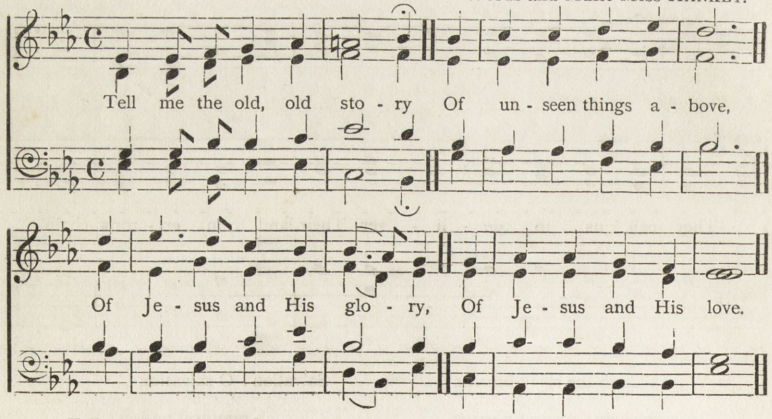
2 He has no store, he sows no seed ;
Yet sings aloud, and doth not heed ;
By flowing stream or grassy mead
He sings to shame
Men, who forget, in fear of need,
A Father's Name.

3 The heart that trusts for ever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings ;
A well of peace within it springs :
Come good or ill,
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will.

FOR THE YOUNG.

273 The Old, Old Story.

Words and Music MISS HANKEY.



2 Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

3 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.

4 Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon,
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

5 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner,
Whom Jesus came to save.

6 Tell me that story always,
If you would really be
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

7 Tell me the same old story
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.

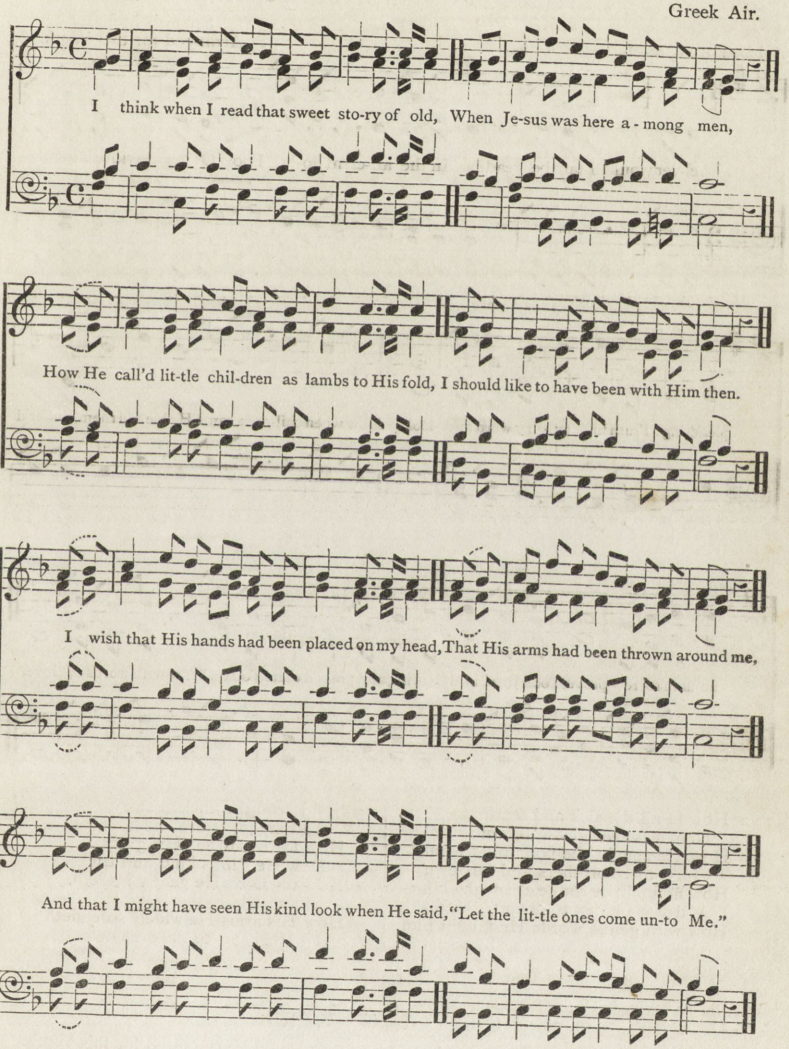
8 Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story ;
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

274

The Sweet Story of Old.

MRS. LUKE.

Greek Air.



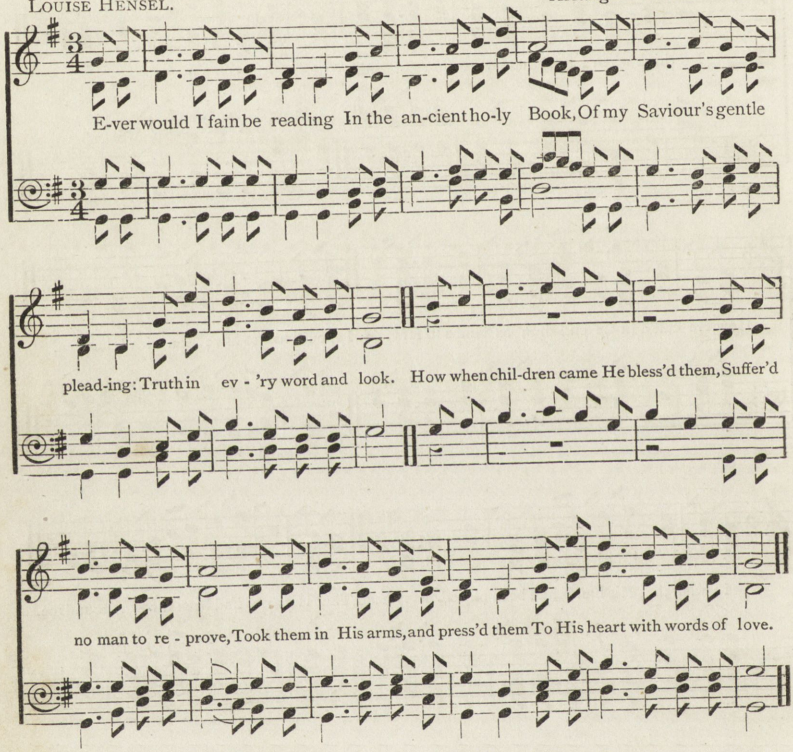
2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,
In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

3 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for that blessed and glorious time,
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

275 Ever would I fain be Reading.

Spanish Melody,
Arranged for this Work.

LOUISE HENSEL.



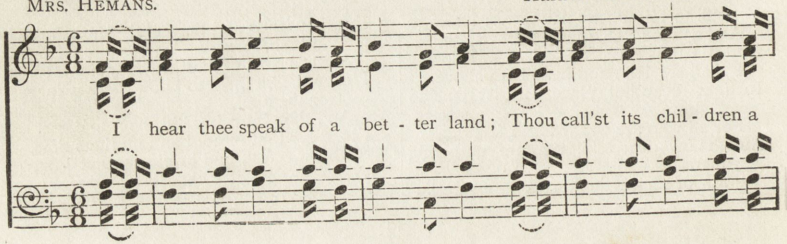
2 How to all the sick and tearful
Help was ever gladly shown;
How He sought the poor and fearful,
Call'd them brothers and His own.
How no contrite soul e'er sought Him,
And was bidden to depart,
How with gentle words He taught him,
Took the death from out his heart.

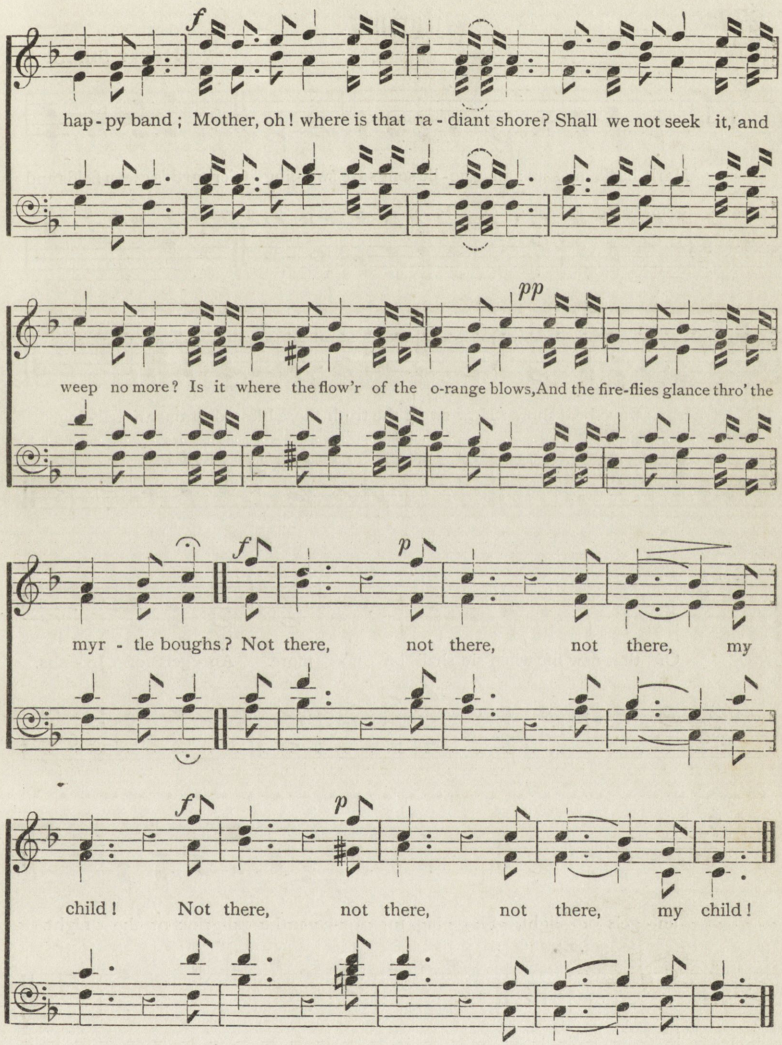
3 Still I read the ancient story,
And my joy is ever new,
How for us He left His glory,
How He still is kind and true.
How the flock He gently leadeth,
Whom His Father gave Him here·
How His arms He widely spreadeth
To His heart to draw us near.

276 The Better Land.

MRS. HEMANS.

Harmonised for this Work.





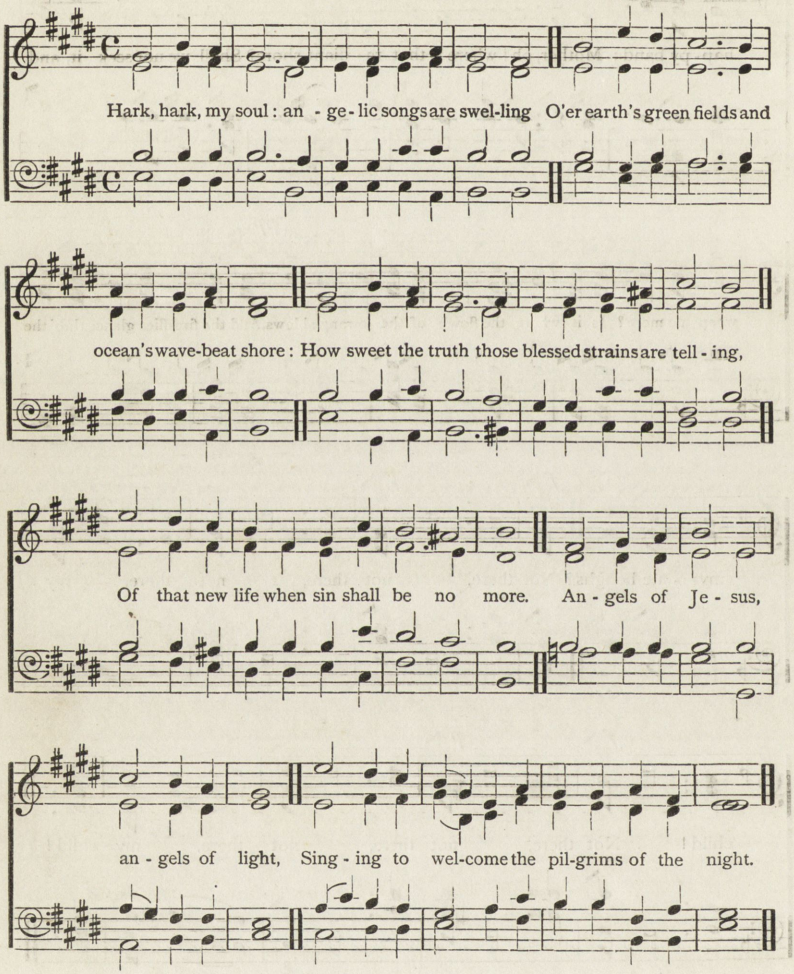
2 Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,
Or 'mid the green islands of glitt'ring seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?
Not there, not there, my child !

3 Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?
Is it there, dear mother, that better land?
Not there, not there, my child !

4 Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy ;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair ;
Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child !

277 Pilgrims.

FABER. HENRY SMART.



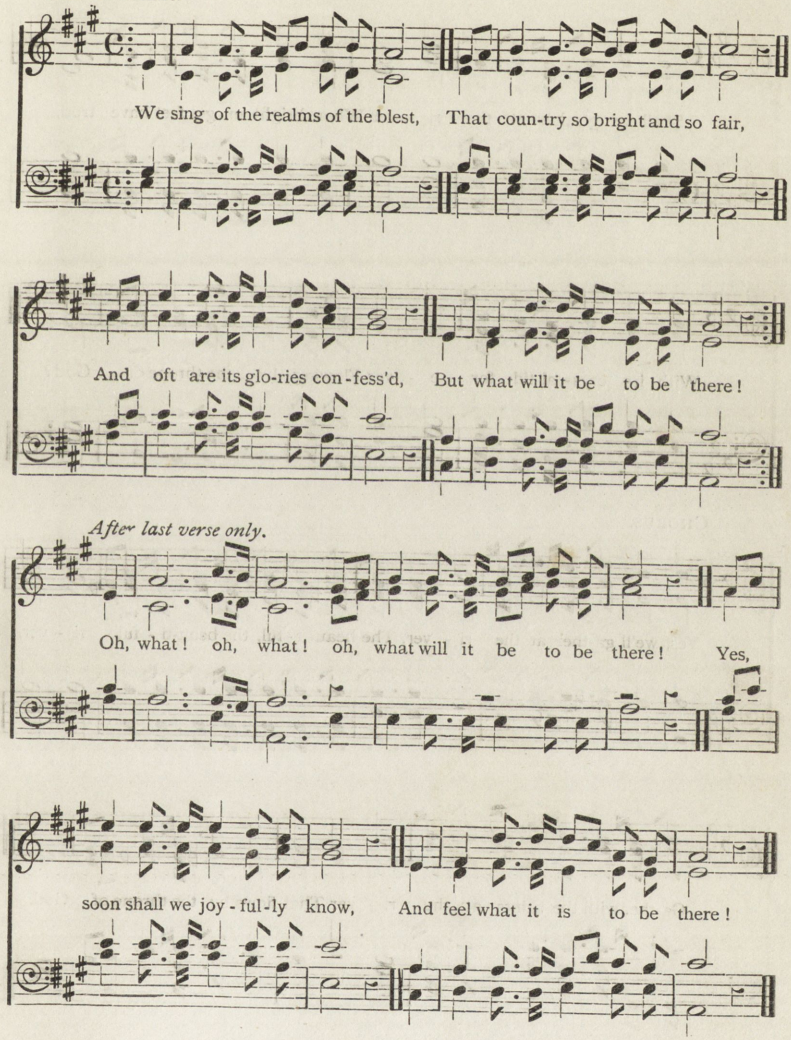
2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come:"
And, through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

4 Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be pass'd;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

278 We sing of the Realms of the Blest.

MRS. E. MILLS.



2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls deck'd with jewels so rare;
Its wonders and pleasures untold;
But what will it be to be there!

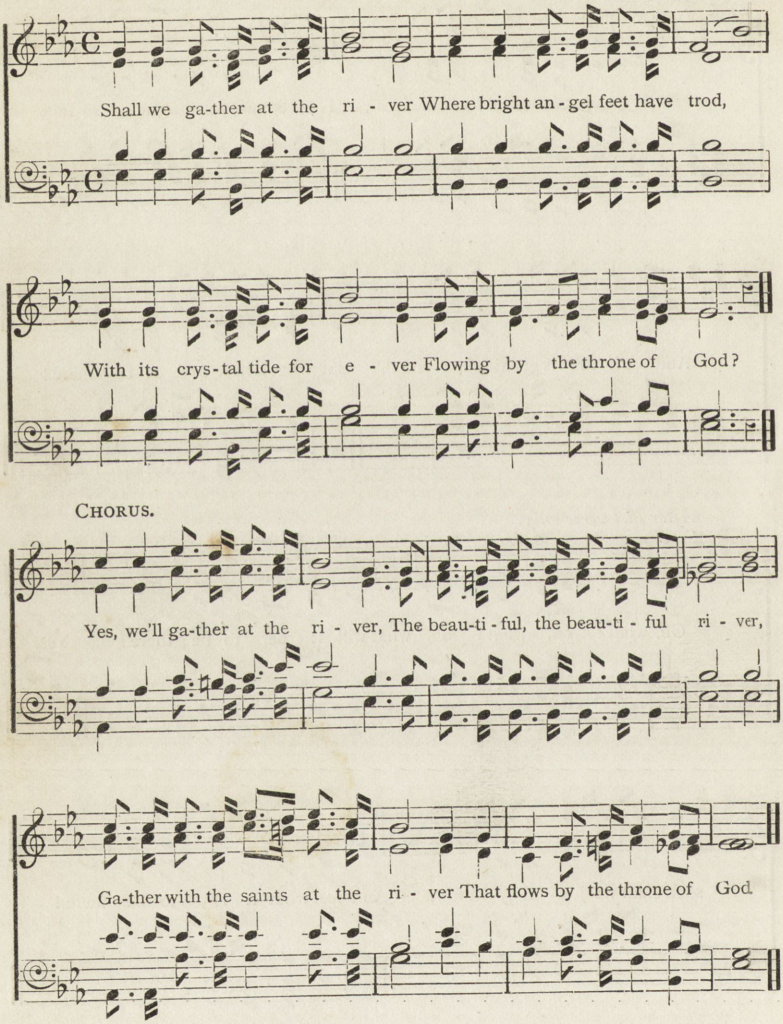
3 We tell of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there.

4 We speak of its service of love,
Of robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the first-born above;
But what must it be to be there!

5 Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

279 Shall We Gather at the River.

REV. R. LOWRY.



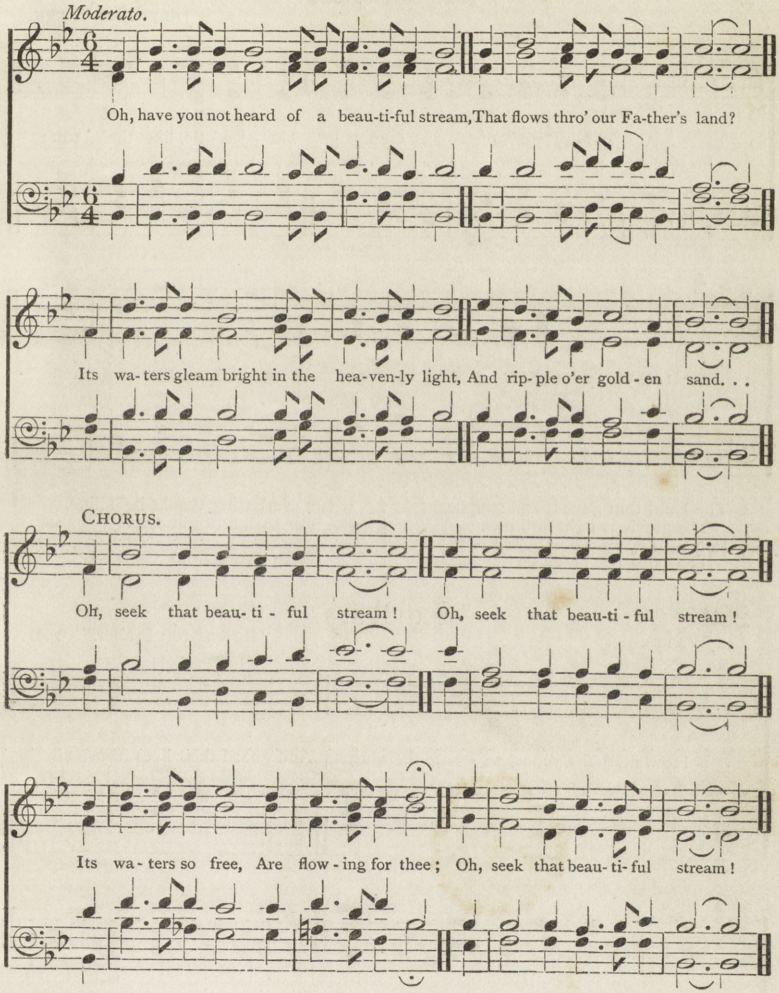
2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.

3 Ere we reach the shining river
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever,
Raise their songs of saving grace.

5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

280 The Beautiful Stream.



2 With murmuring sound doth it wander along
Through fields of eternal green,
Where songs of the blest
In their haven of rest
Float soft on the air serene.

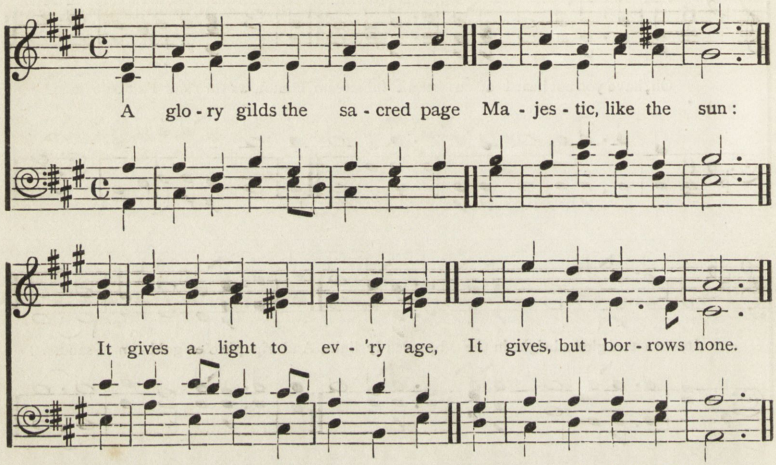
3 Its fountains are deep, and its waters are pure,
And sweet to the weary soul:
It flows from the throne
Of Jehovah alone;
Oh, come where its bright waves roll!

4 This beautiful stream is the river of life,
It flows for all nations free;
A balm for each wound
In its waters is found;
Oh, sinner, it flows for thee!

5 Oh, will you not drink of that beautiful stream!
And dwell on its peaceful shore?
The Spirit says, Come,
All ye weary ones, home,
And wander in sin no more.

281 St. Magnus.

JEREMIAH CLARK.



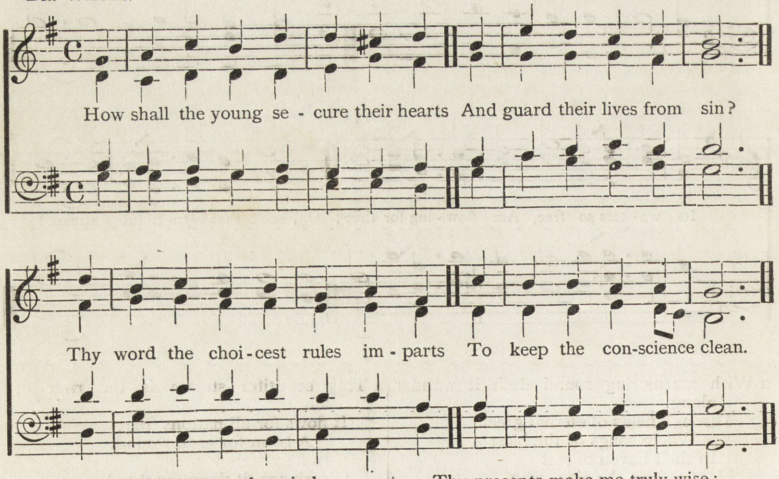
2 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

282 Salisbury.

DR. WATTS.

"Ravenscroft Psalter." 1621.



2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find
And raise their thoughts to God.

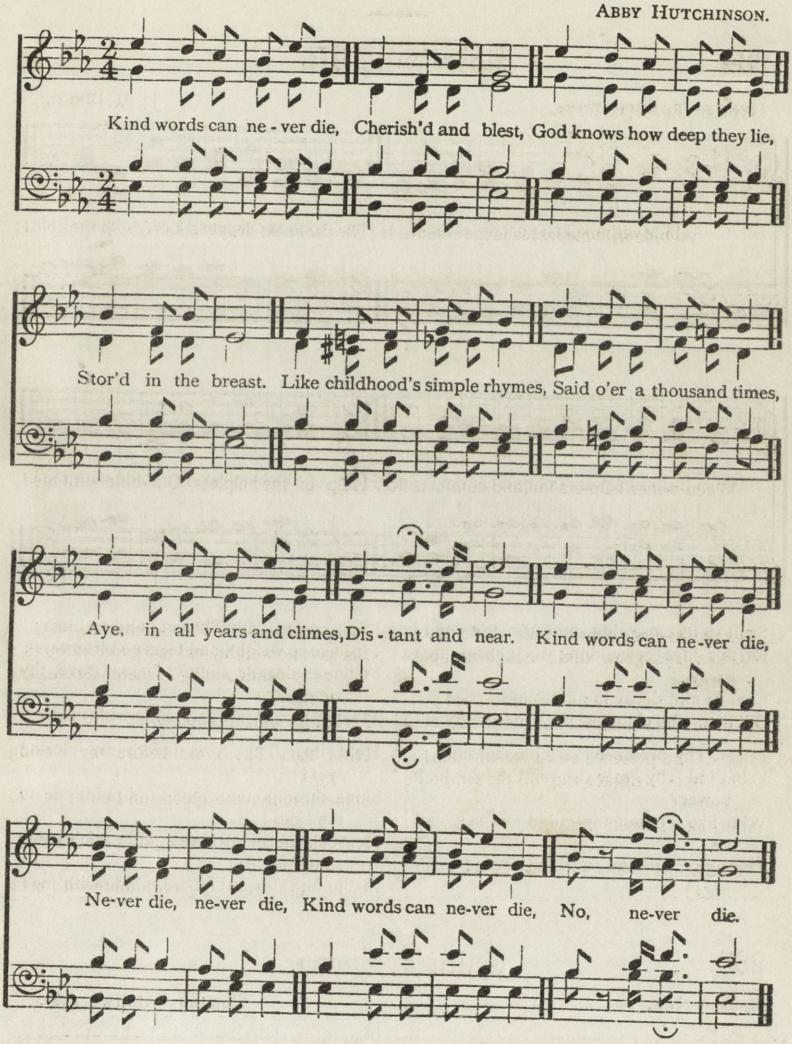
3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy precepts make me truly wise:
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate mine own vain thoughts that rise,
But love Thy law, my God.

5 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

283 Kind Words can Never Die.

ABBY HUTCHINSON.

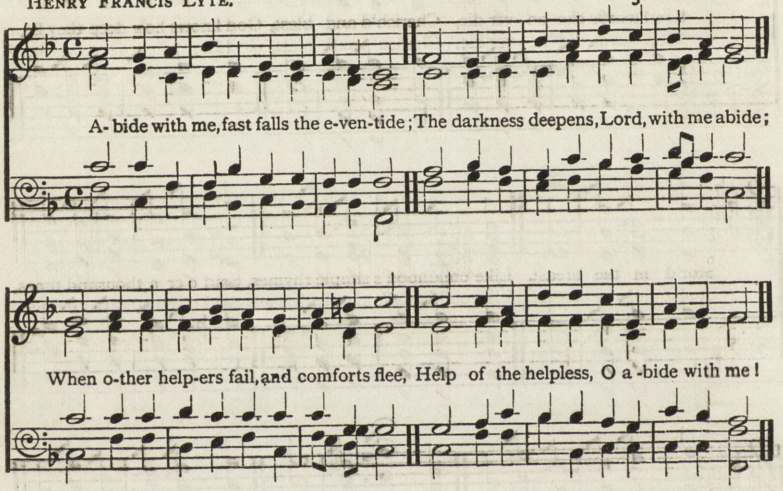


2 Sweet thoughts can never die,
Though, like the flowers,
Their brightest hues may fly
In wintry hours.
But when the gentle dew
Gives them their charms anew,
With many an added hue
They bloom again.
Sweet thoughts can never die,
No, never die.

3 Our souls can never die,
Though in the tomb
We may all have to lie,
Wrapped in its gloom.
What though the flesh decay,
Souls passed in peace away
Live through eternal day,
With Christ above.
Our souls can never die!
No, never die.

284 Abide with Me.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. J. A. BIRCH.



2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

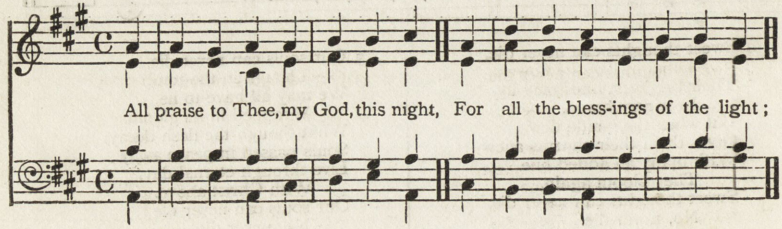
3 I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

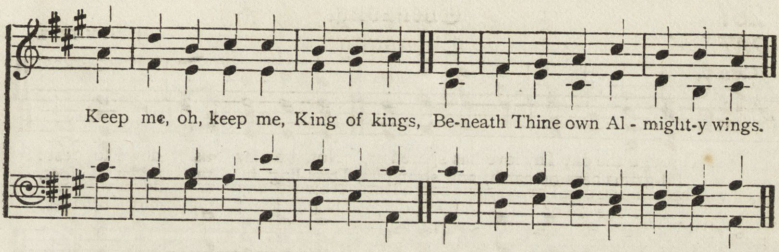
4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

5 Hold then Thy cross before my closing eyes!
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

285 Tallis's Canon.

BISHOP KEN. THOMAS TALLIS. 1565.





2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

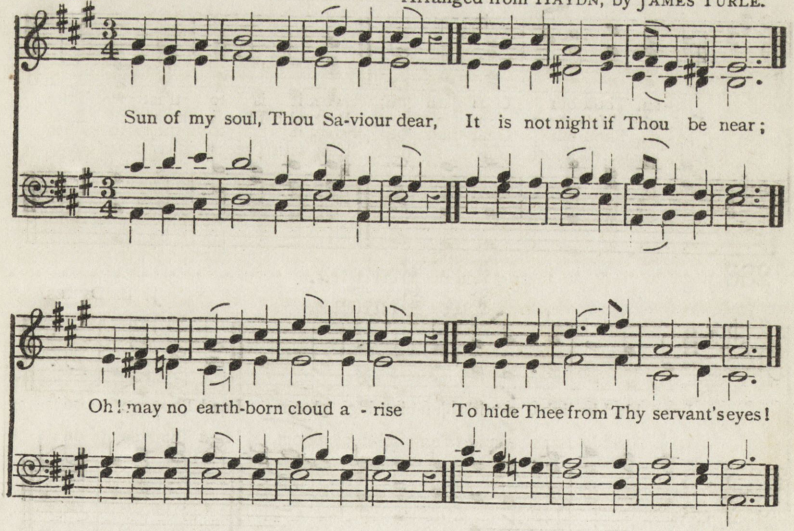
3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed!
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake!

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

286 Otterbourne.

KEBLE. Arranged from HAYDN, by JAMES TURLE.



2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live!
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die!

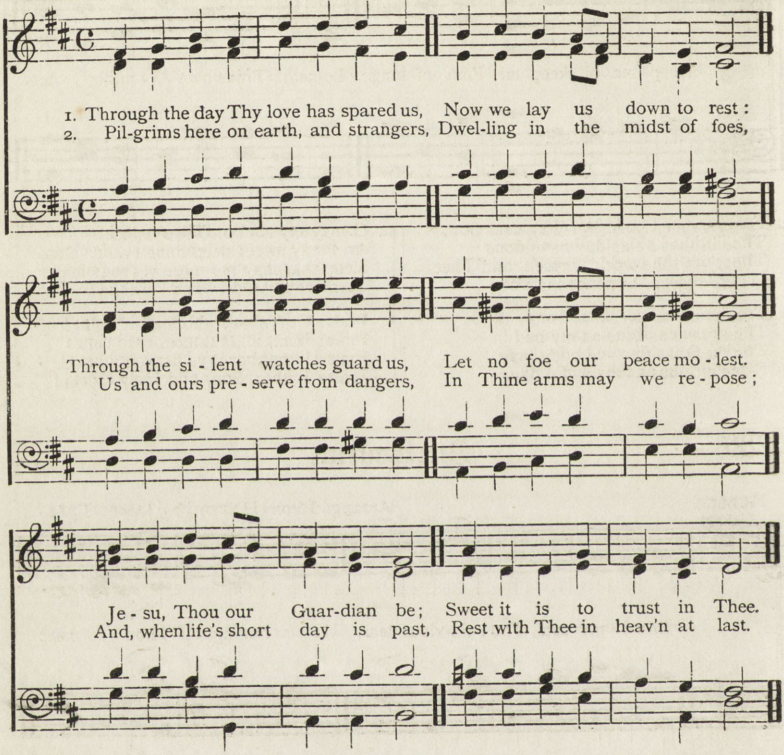
4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine;
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin!

5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store!
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light!

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,—
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

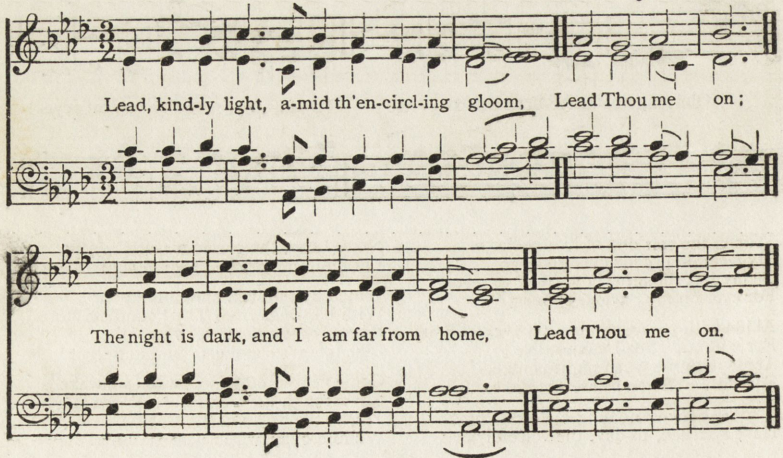
287 Evensong.

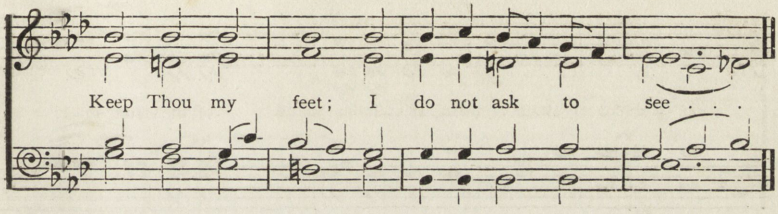
KELLY. J. SUMMERS.

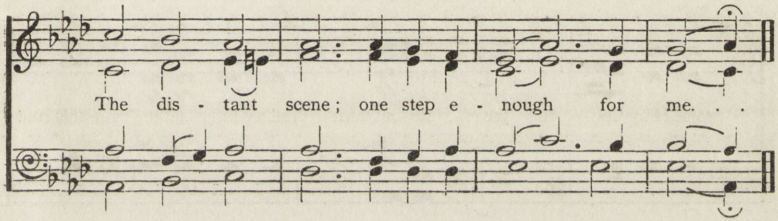


288 Lux Benigna.

J. B. DYKES.







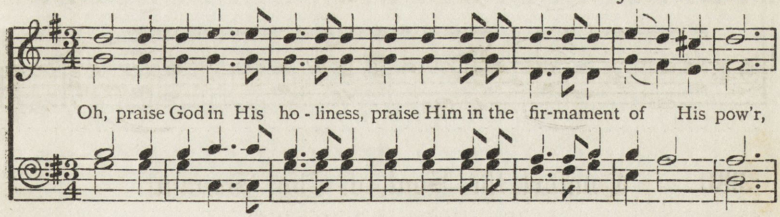
2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

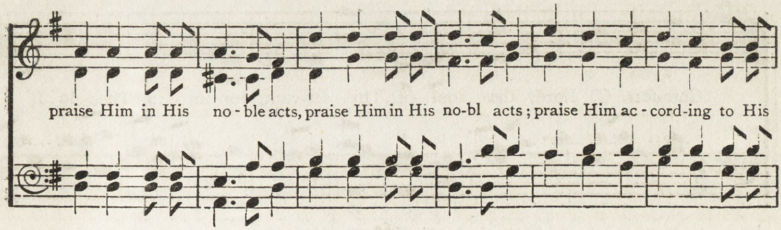
3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it
Will lead me on, [still
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,
The night is gone, [till
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

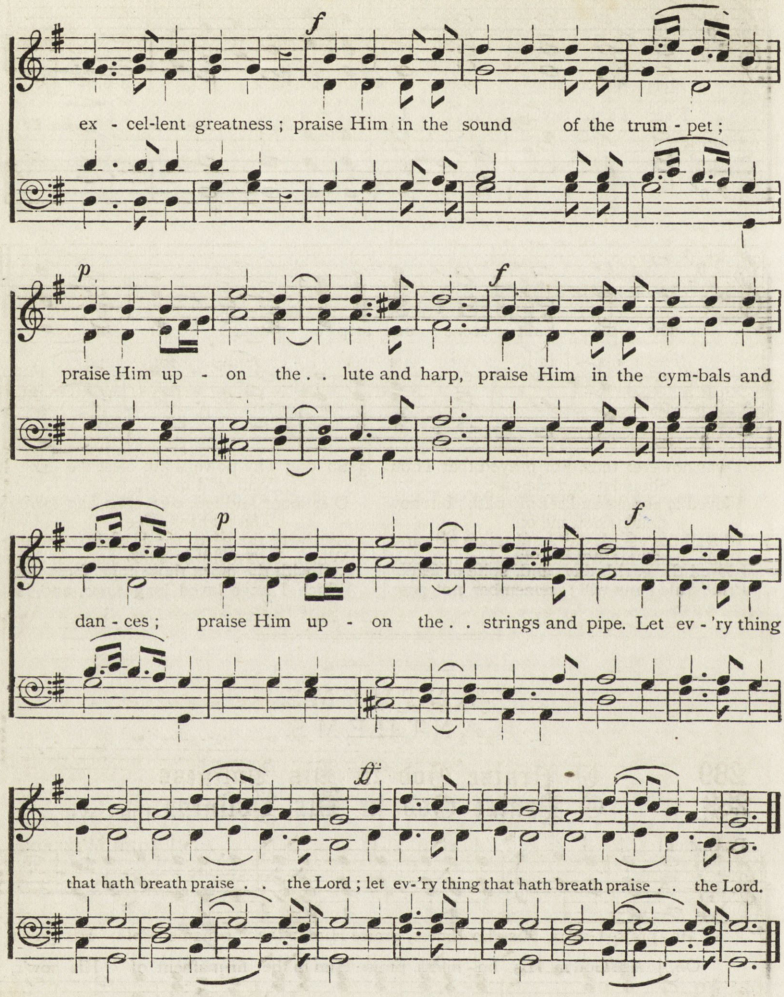
ANTHEMS.

289 O Praise God in His Holiness.

PSALM cl. JOHN WELDON.



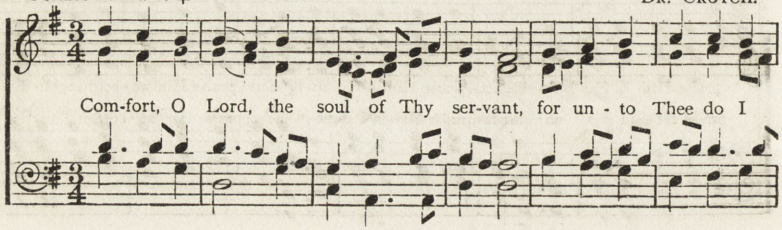


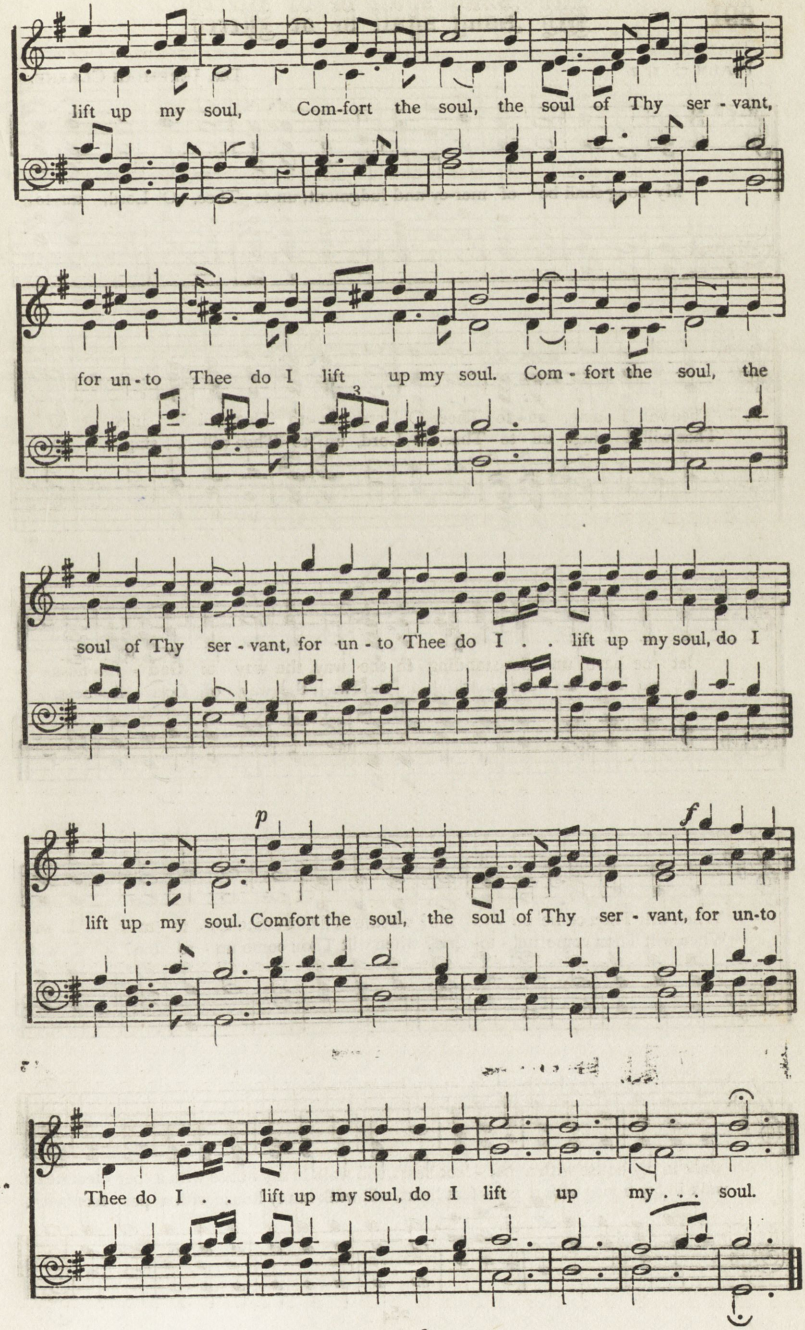


290 Comfort the Soul of Thy Servant.

(From Anthem, "Be Merciful.")

PSALM lxxxvi. v. 4. DR. CROTCH.




lift up my soul, Com-fort the soul, the soul of Thy ser - vant,
for un - to Thee do I lift up my soul. Com - fort the soul, the
soul of Thy ser - vant, for un - to Thee do I . . lift up my soul, do I
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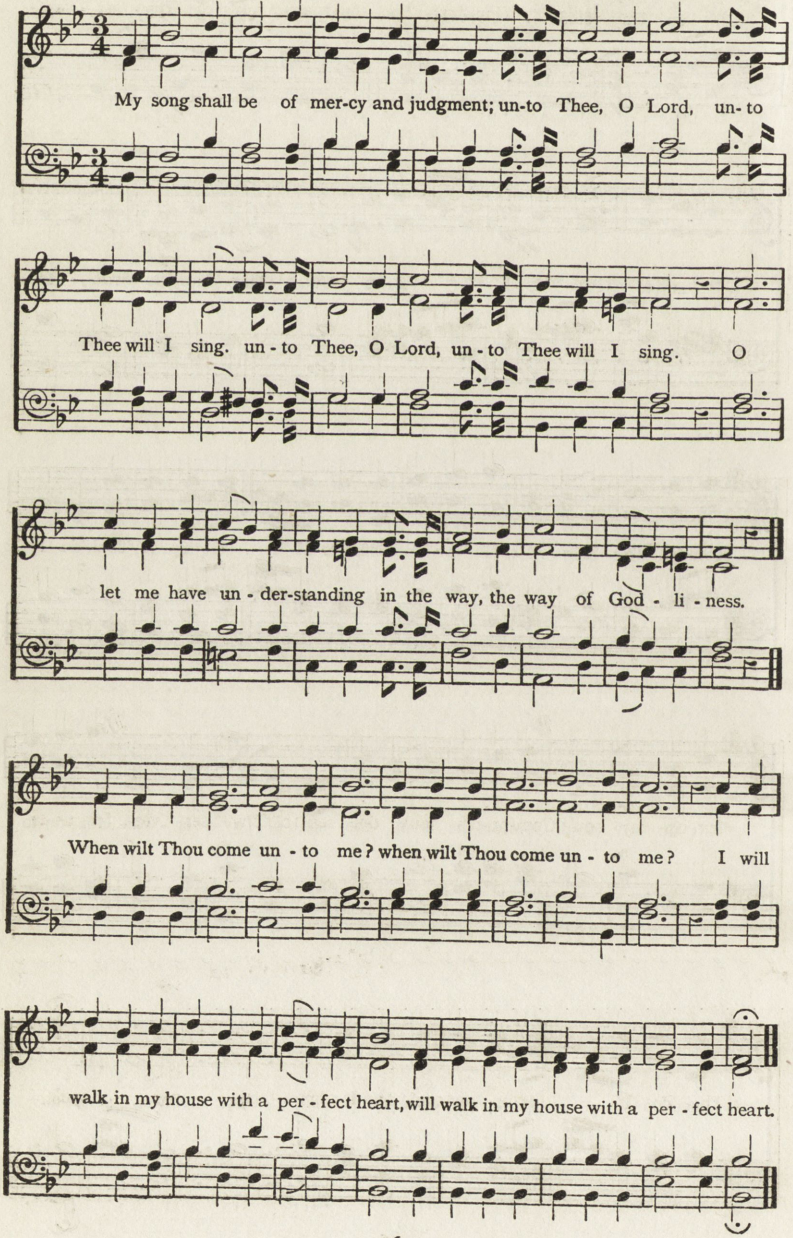
f
lift up my soul. Comfort the soul, the soul of Thy ser - vant, for un-to
Thee do I . . lift up my soul, do I lift up my . . . soul.

291 My Song shall be of Mercy.

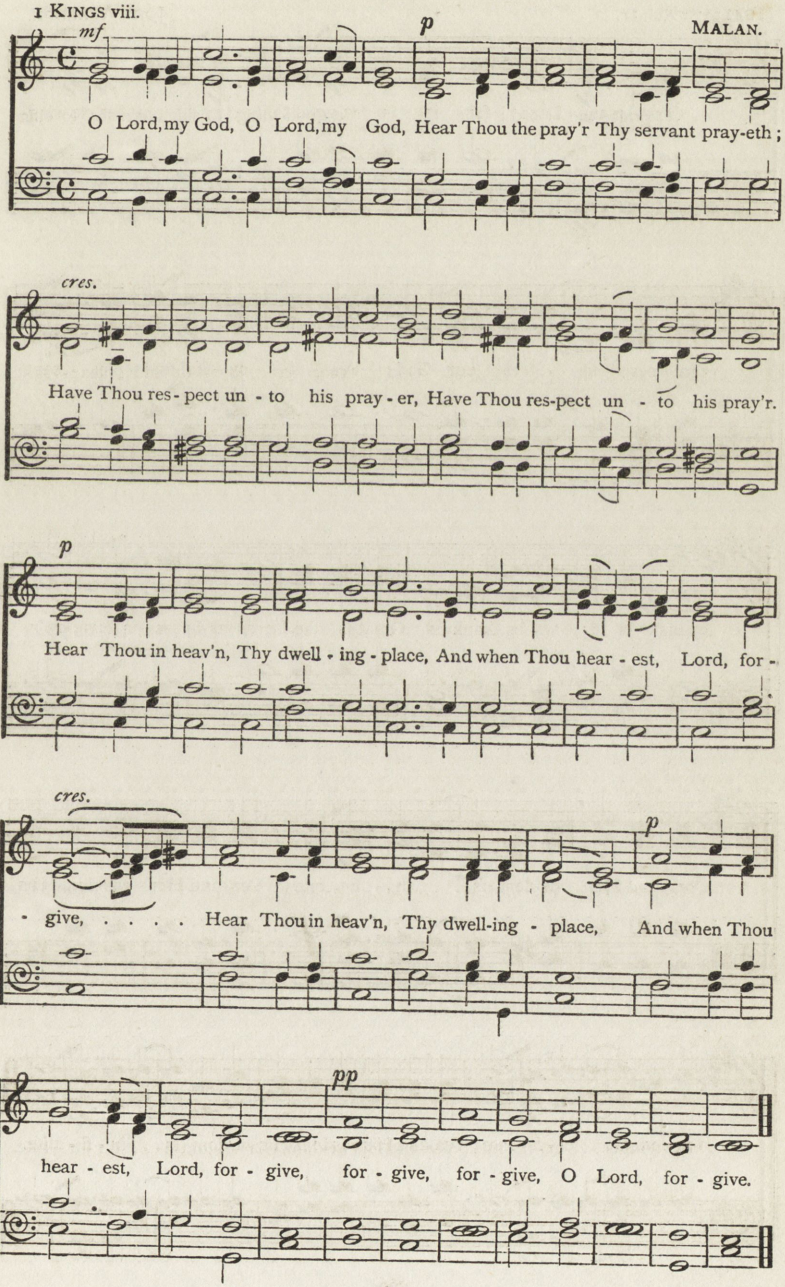
PSALM ci. 1, 2. DR. JEREMIAH CLARKE.



292 O Lord, My God.

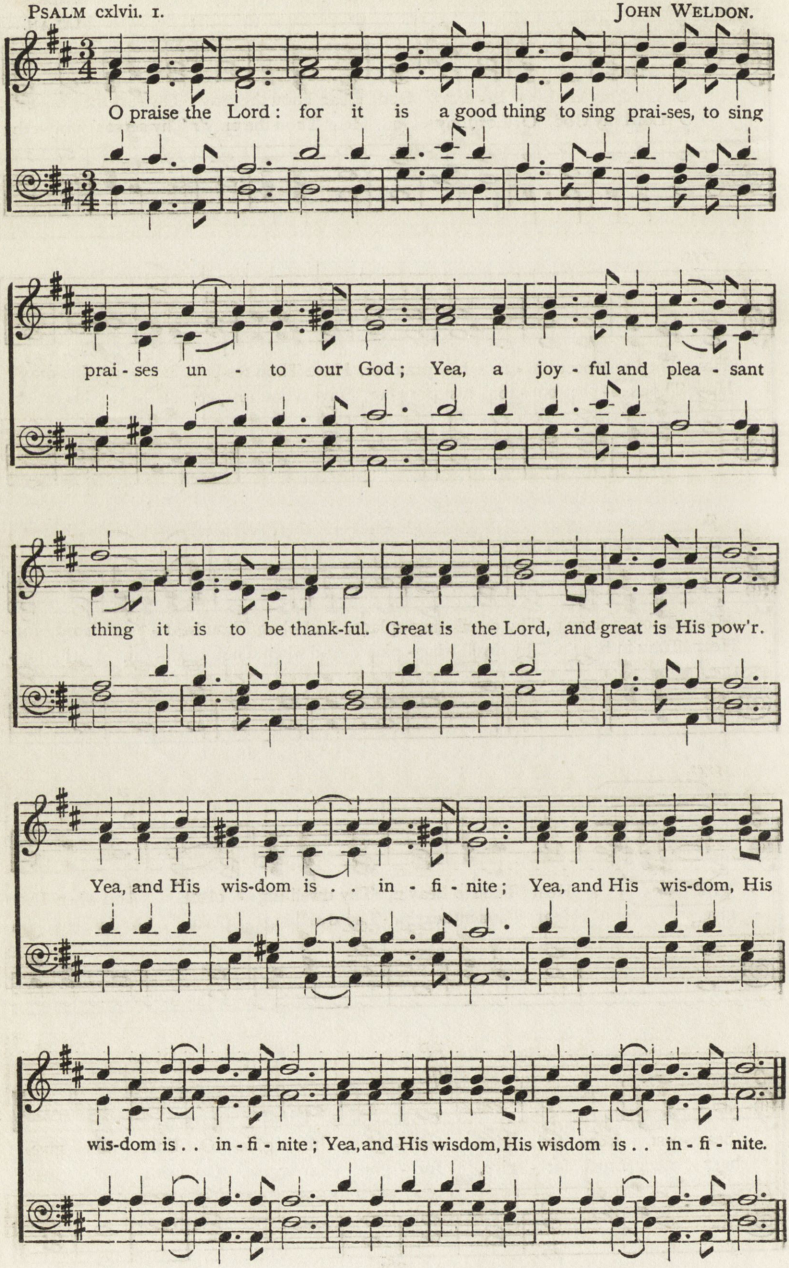
1 KINGS viii.

MALAN.



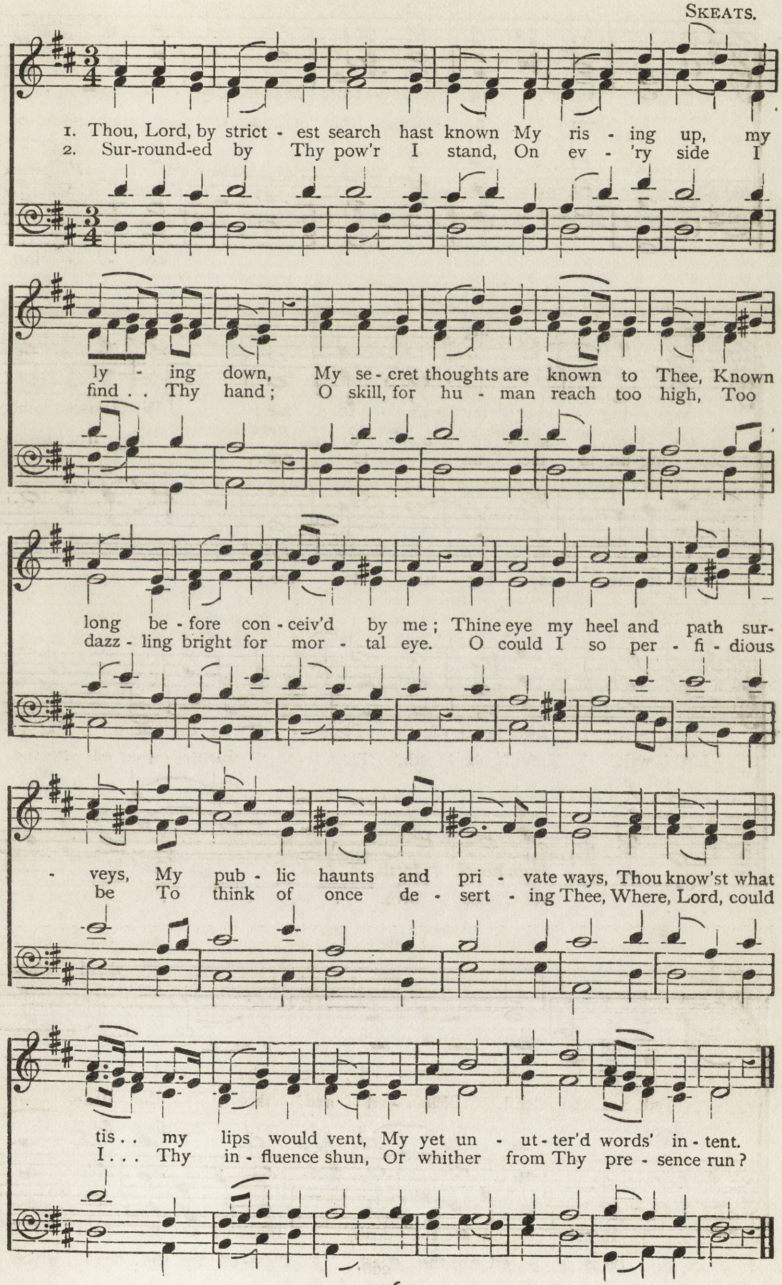
293 O Praise the Lord.

PSALM cxlvii. 1. JOHN WELDON.

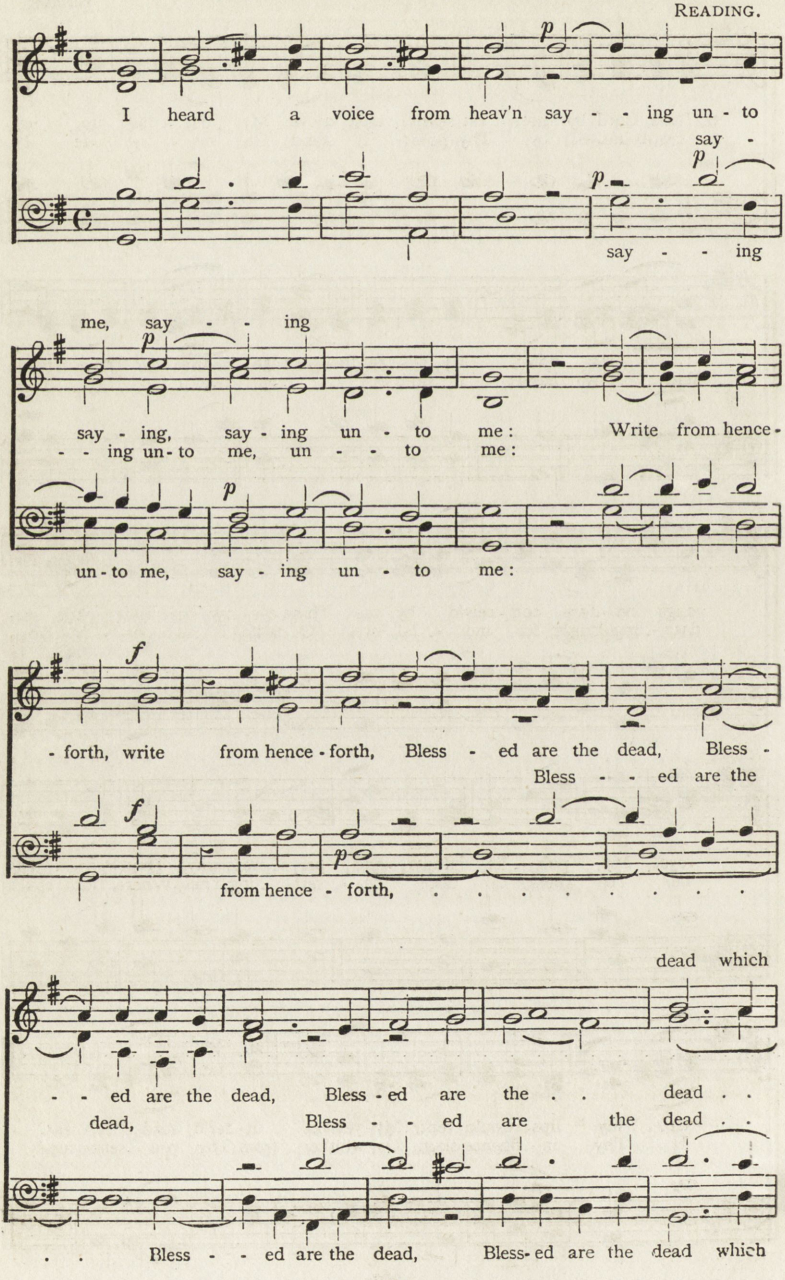


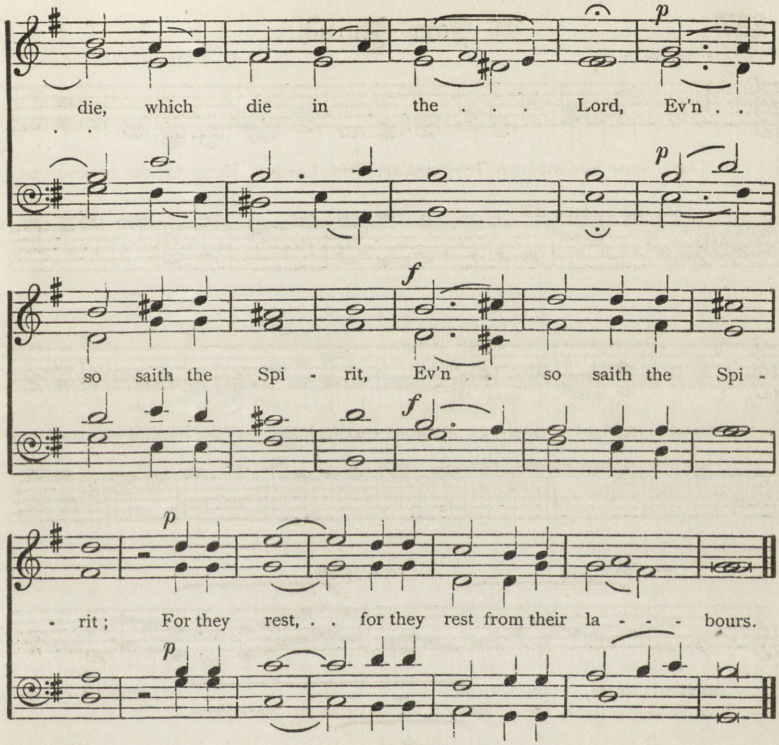
Thou, Lord.

SKEATS.



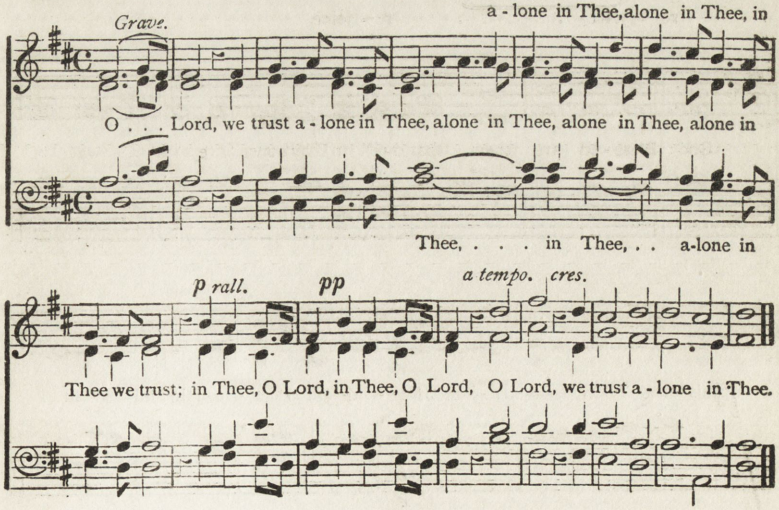
295 I Heard a Voice from Heaven.





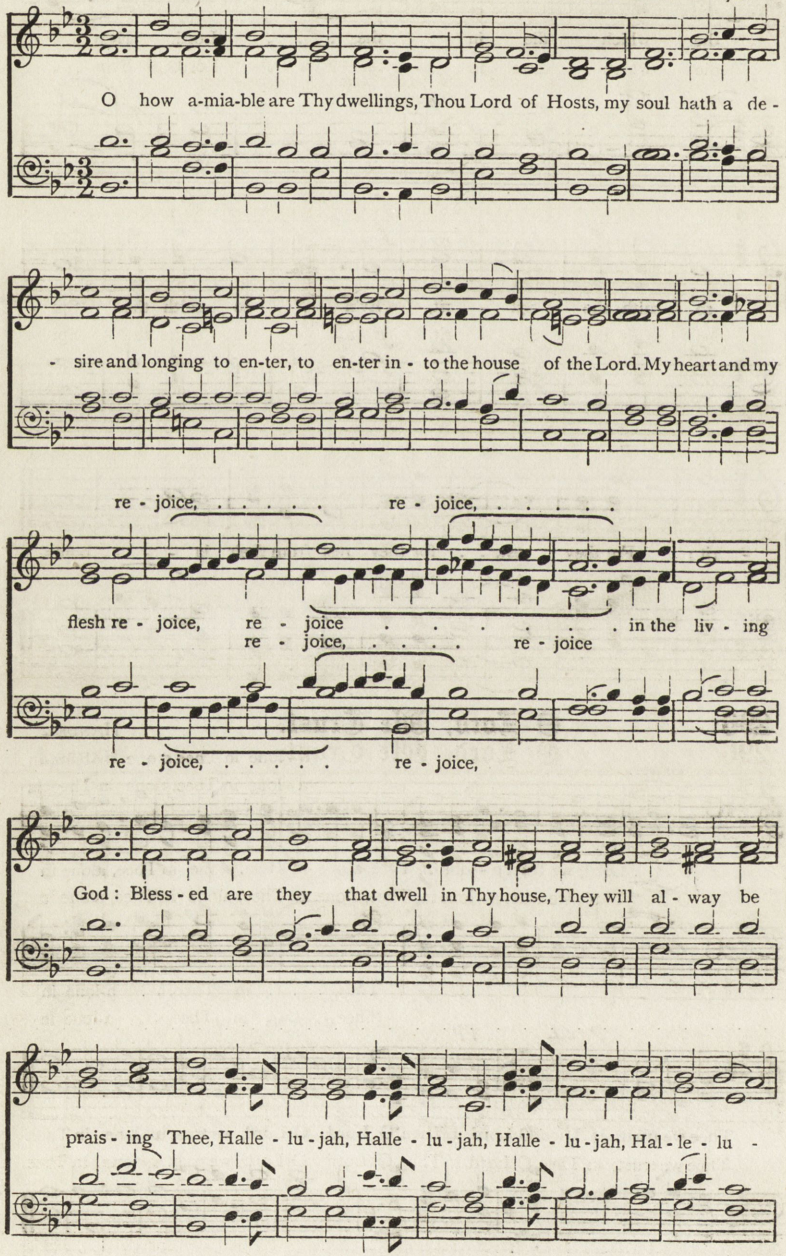
296 O Lord, We Trust.

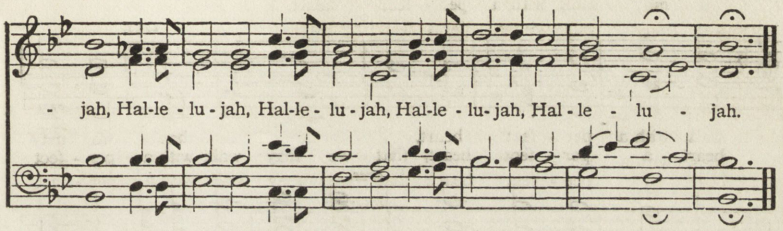
HANDEL.



297 O How Amiable.

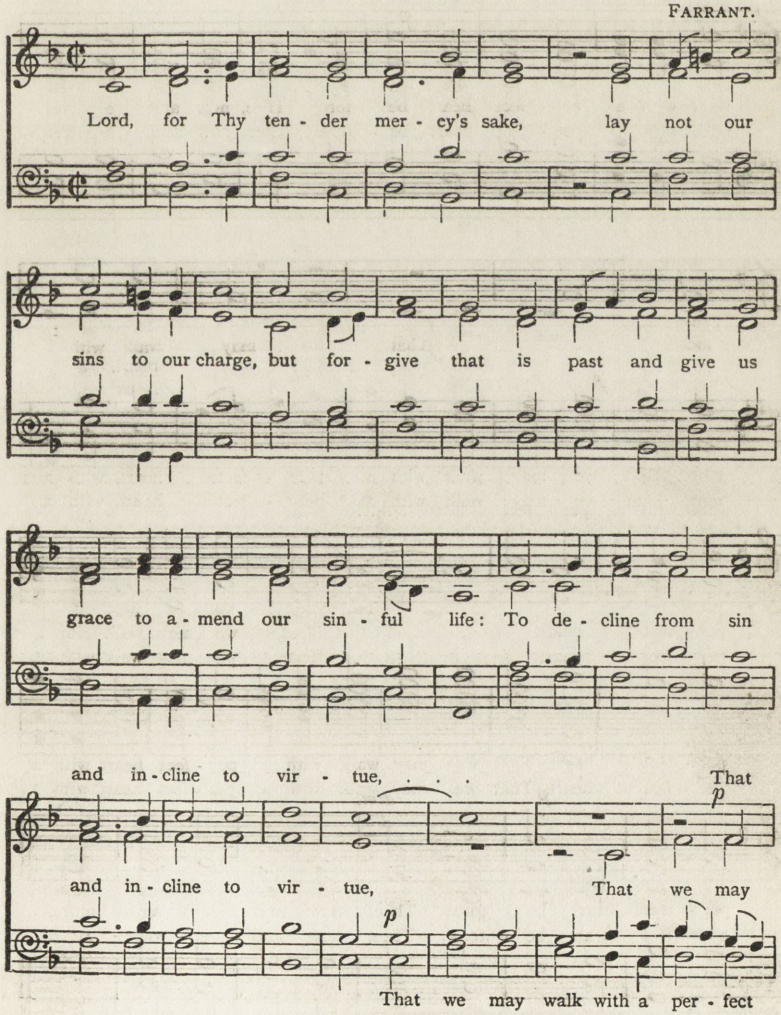
PSALM lxxxiv. 1, 2. V. RICHARDSON. 1706.

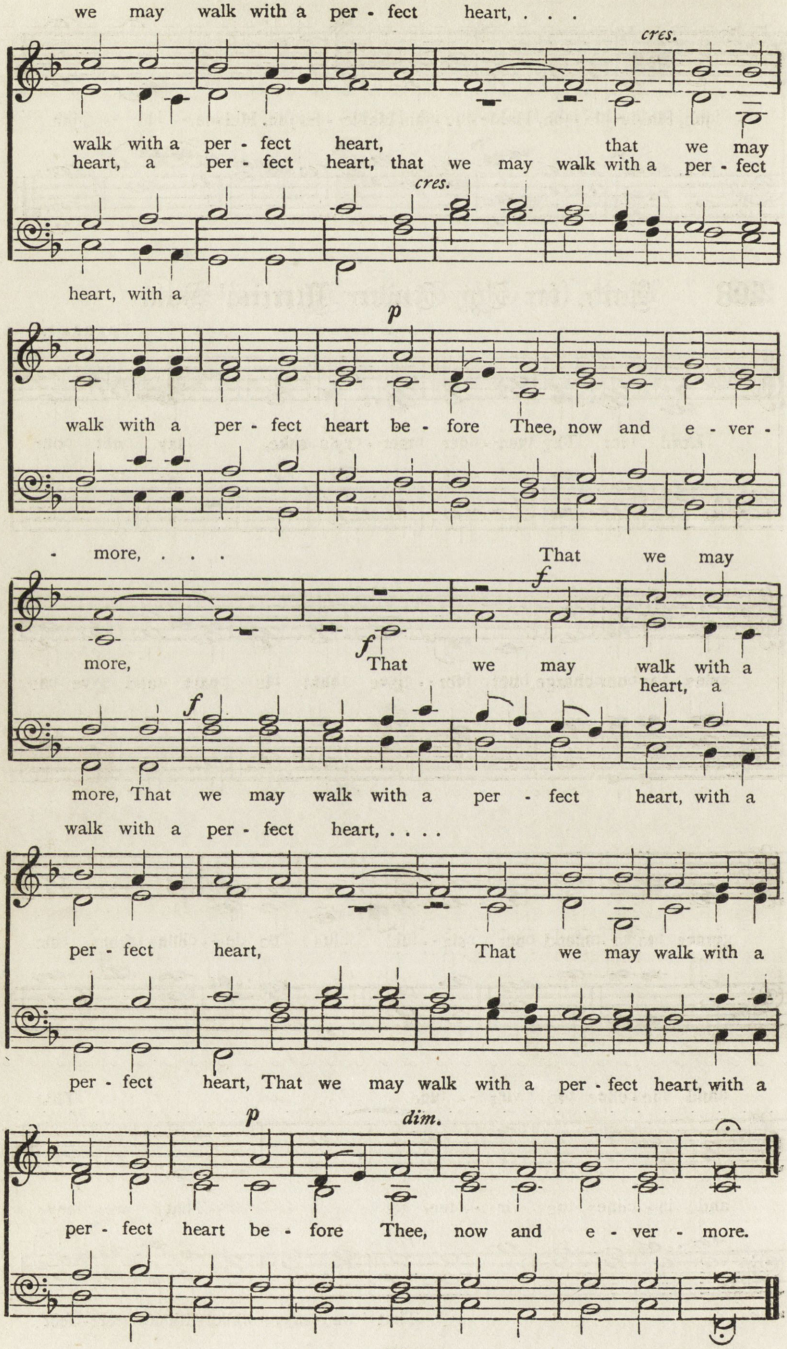




298 Lord, for Thy Tender Mercies' Sake.

FARRANT.




we may walk with a per - fect heart, . . .
cres.
walk with a per - fect heart, that we may
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per - fect heart, That we may walk with a
per - fect heart, That we may walk with a per - fect heart, with a
p
dim.
per - fect heart be - fore Thee, now and e - ver - more.

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HYMNS AND SONGS

FOR

BANDS OF HOPE,

CONTAINING

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SIX PIECES.

PREPARED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE

Committee of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

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PREFACE.

THE Committee of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union believe that this selection of Hymns and Songs for Bands of Hope will completely meet the requirements of both Junior and Senior Societies.

Great pains have been taken to select Hymns and Songs of a thoroughly cheerful character, the sentiments of which can be perfectly understood by young people. It is believed that the Hymns of a religious character will be very acceptable, considering how desirable it is that the young people should be taught that their steadfastness in Temperance principles will be best assured by their strict adherence to the teaching of the Word of God.

The compilation was entrusted to the Secretary, Mr. Frederic Smith, whose long acquaintance with the work, and successful conductorship of the great Band of Hope Concerts at the Crystal Palace, admirably fit him for the task, in which he has been most ably assisted by Mr. W. H. Bonner, especially in the musical arrangements.

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The words of the pieces are printed in three kinds of type, to mark the expression. Those printed in the ordinary type should be sung with the usual force of voice; those in *Italics*, softer; those in CAPITALS, louder.

HYMNS AND SONGS

FOR

BANDS OF HOPE.

I.—OPENING HYMNS AND SONGS.

1 All-gracious Lord, we look to Thee.

Words by W. J. HARVEY. Tune "Eagley," by J. WALCH.
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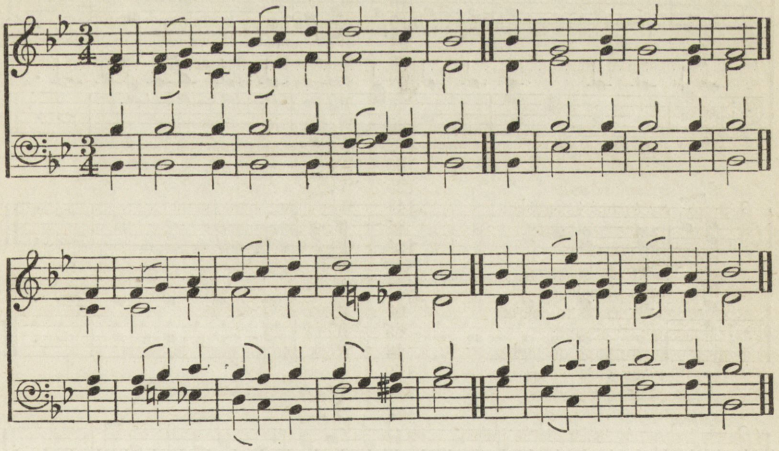


1 ALL-gracious Lord, we look to Thee
With gratitude and fear;
And pray that Thou would'st with us be
Throughout this glad new year.

2 Oh! bless the young and rising race,
And ever help them shun
The tempter's paths, and give them grace
Their course with zeal to run.

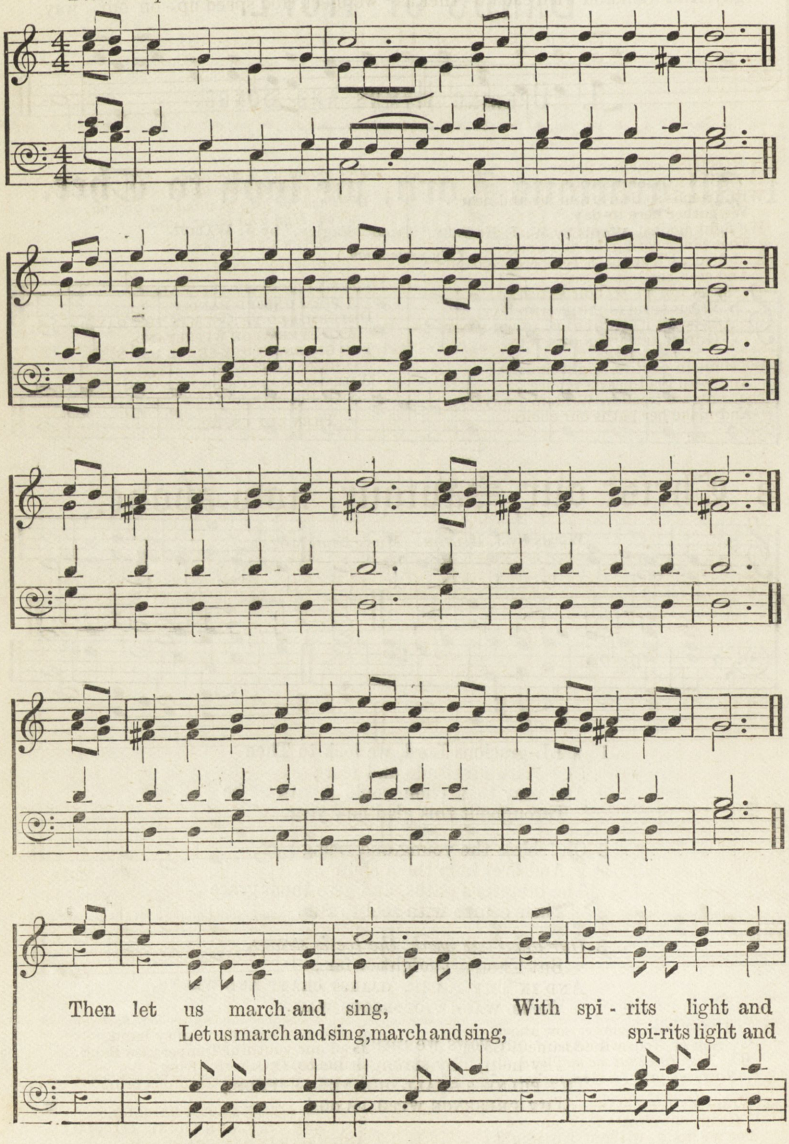
3 *Our arms are weak, the foe is strong,*
But Thou art mightier far;
AND IN THY NAME, 'GAINST CRAFT AND WRONG,
WE'LL WAGE VICTORIOUS WAR.

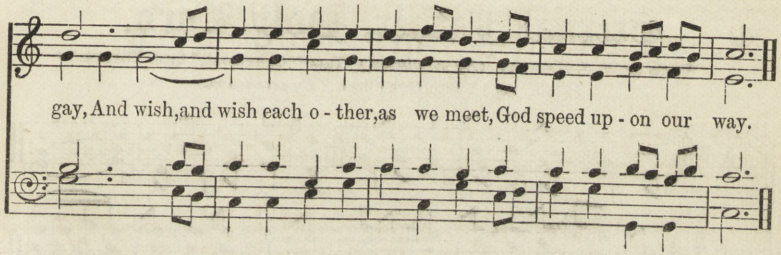
4 Anew our vows we ratify,
Thy help, Thy strength bestow;
THY FULNESS SHALL OUR NEED SUPPLY;
THY PRESENCE WITH US GO!

2 Another year has flown.

Words by ALFRED BACON. Air "Le Petit Tambour," Arranged by ROBERT GRIFFITHS.
(*By permission.*)

Bold and spirited.





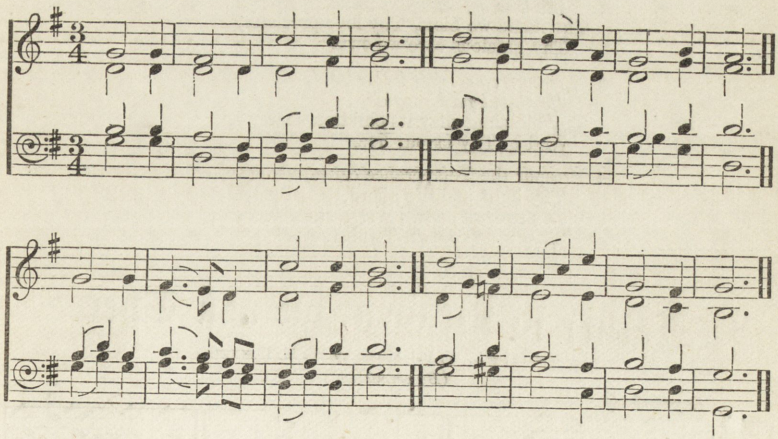
1 ANOTHER year has flown
So swiftly on its way,
With friends so dear, from far and near,
We gather here to-day.
We fight against a foe
That binds both good and brave,
And firm we'll stand, a Temperance band,
And seek the lost to save.
THEN LET US MARCH AND SING,
WITH SPIRITS LIGHT AND GAY,
AND WISH EACH OTHER, AS WE MEET,
GOD SPEED UPON OUR WAY.

2 We come in youth's bright morn,
And with glad hearts rejoice
That now we tread in Wisdom's ways,
And make her paths our choice.
And should we tempted be
From right to turn aside,
We'll ask for help to stand our ground,
From Him who is our Guide.
THEN LET US, &c.

3 THEN LET US ONWARD MARCH,
A FIRM UNITED BAND,
DETERMINED YET TO WIN THE DAY,
AND EVERY FOE WITHSTAND.
THE GLORIOUS DAY SHALL DAWN,
O BE IT OURS TO SEE,
WHEN MAN SHALL BE NO MORE ENSLAVED,
AND BRITAIN SHALL BE FREE.
THEN LET US, &c.

3 Christ our Saviour, now above.

Words by J. HILTON. Music from MOZART.



1 CHRIST our Saviour, now above,
Son of God, whose name is Love,
Who hast died that we may live,
Now, we pray, a blessing give.

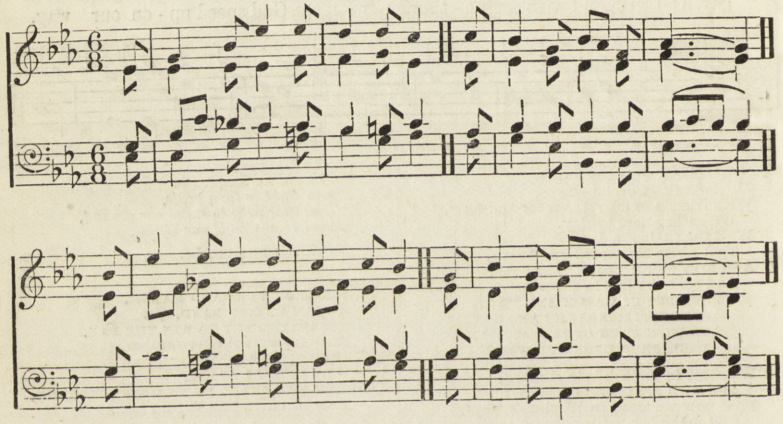
2 While for Temperance now we plead,
Grant our efforts may succeed:
For we know, without Thy might
'Tis in vain we meet to-night.

3 Guard us with Thy mighty hand,
Lead our youthful Temperance Band,
Guide us, O Celestial King,
To our cause great triumphs bring.

4 MAY WE ALL IN TRUTH BE BOLD,
RICH AND POOR, AND YOUNG AND OLD;
AND UNITE IN ONE GREAT AIM,
TO BRING GLORY TO THY NAME.

4 Eternal Father, Holy Lord.

Words by W. J. HARVEY. (*By permission.*) Tune "Claremont," by J. FOSTER.
(From "The Bristol Tune Book," *By permission.*)



1 ETERNAL Father, holy Lord,
Thou God of sovereign grace,
Draw near us, we implore Thee, now,
Reveal Thy smiling face.

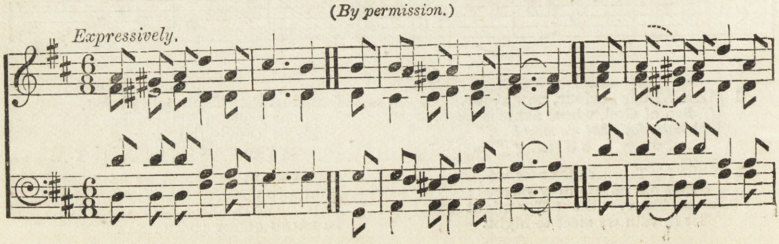
2 *With contrite, humble, trustful hearts,*
We bow before Thy throne,
Thy name we bless, Thy love proclaim,
Thy gracious care we own.

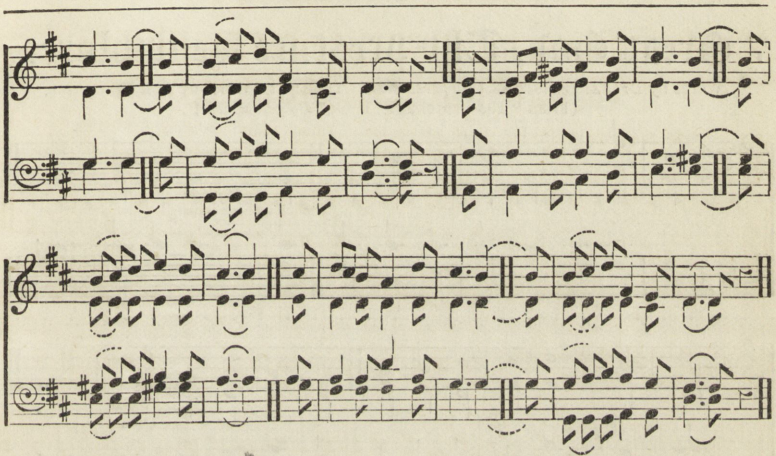
3 *Have mercy on our fatherland,*
Its sinful past forgive,
Thy blessings may its children share,
And in Thy favour live.

4 Prosper the Temperance cause, we pray,
Thy light and life afford,
OUR EFFORTS CROWN WITH TRUE SUCCESS,
TEACH US TO OWN THEE LORD.

5 Father in Heaven, we ask Thee.

Words by L. W. P. Music by W. H. BONNER.
(*By permission.*)





1 FATHER in Heaven, we ask Thee
Our Band of Hope to bless;
O let Thy loving favour
Crown it with much success;
We want it to accomplish
All that it may and should,
To weaken powers of evil,
And strengthen powers of good.

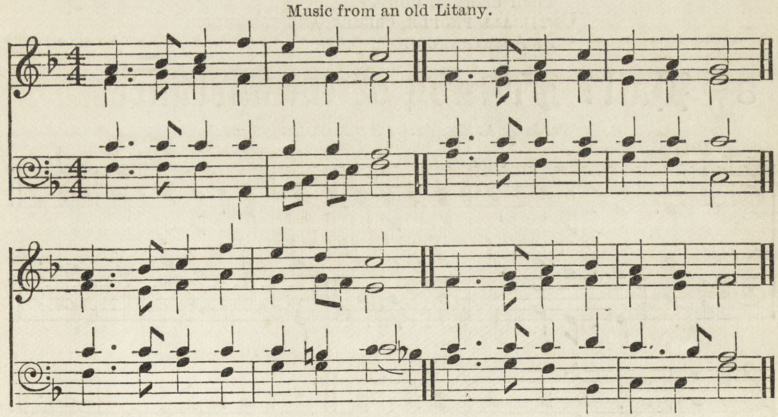
Girls.
2 Give to the boys true courage,
That, as to men they grow,
And drinking comrades tempt them,
Firmly they'll answer "No!"

Boys.
And keep the girls all steadfast
And may they help to win,
By love and good examples,
Many from paths of sin.

3 Hear us, O hear us, Father,
For Jesus' own dear sake,
Give us a rich full blessing,
And each a blessing make.
AND THINE SHALL BE THE GLORY,
WE'LL YIELD THEE ALL THE PRAISE,
NOR WILT THOU SPURN THE TRIBUTE
OUR BAND OF HOPE SHALL RAISE.

6 Friends of Temperance, welcome here.

Music from an old Litany.



1 FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE, WELCOME HERE,
CHEERFUL ARE OUR HEARTS TO-DAY;
We have met that we may hear
How our cause speeds on its way.

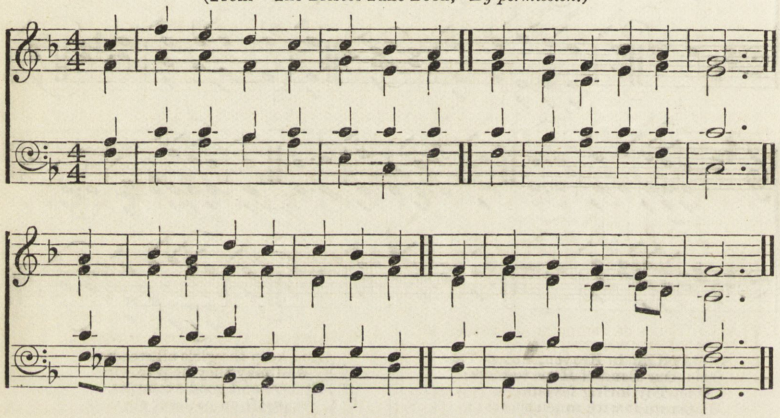
2 'Tis on us the work depends,
On the young and rising race;
And we'll try to make amends
For our country's deep disgrace.

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

4 Come and aid us in the fight,
Make our growing army strong;
JOYFULLY WITH US UNITE,
SWELL THE GLAD TRIUMPHAL SONG.

7 Great God, Thy presence we implore.

Words by Dr. JABEZ BURNS. (*By permission.*) Tune "St. Peter," by A. R. REINAGLE.
(From "The Bristol Tune Book," *By permission.*)



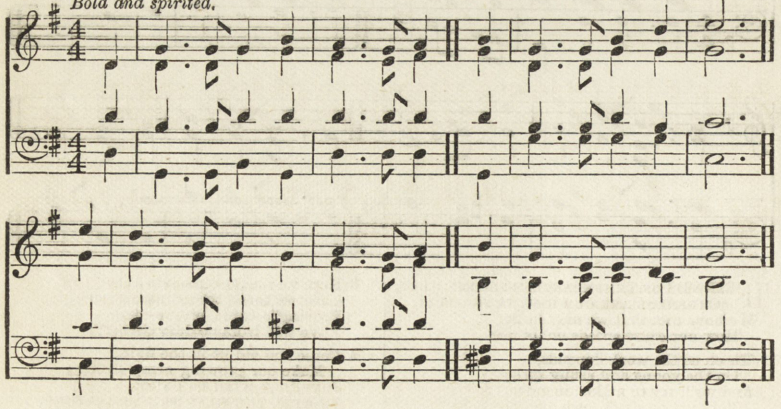
1 GREAT GOD! Thy presence we implore,
While we together meet;
With reverence would we humbly bow
Before Thy mercy-seat.

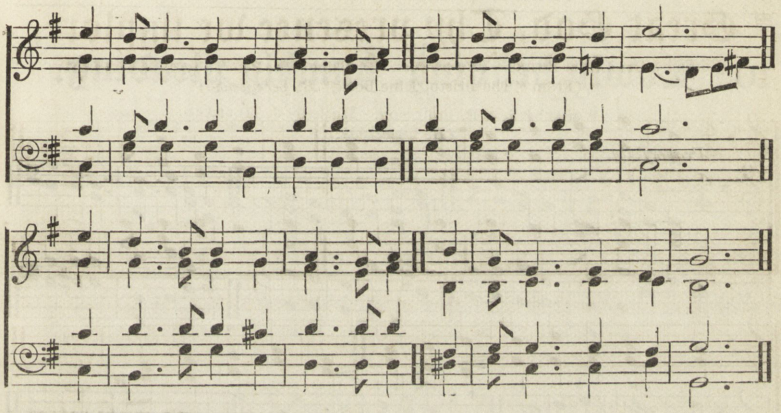
2 Let Truth and Temperance soon prevail
Throughout our favoured land;
AND MAY A NUMEROUS HOST COME FORTH
TO JOIN OUR GROWING BAND.

3 Let young and old, let rich and poor,
Their energies unite,
UNTIL ALL PEOPLE, CLIMES, AND TONGUES,
IN ABSTINENCE DELIGHT.

8 Hail! Friends of Temperance.

Words by A. EWART. Air "Auld Lang Syne."





1 HAIL! friends of Temperance, brothers all,
We bid you welcome here,
To join us while we celebrate
With joy another year.
THEN LET US JOIN BOTH HEART AND HAND,
HERE LET US ALL UNITE,
AND FORM A SOLID TEMPERANCE BAND,
TO BATTLE FOR THE RIGHT.

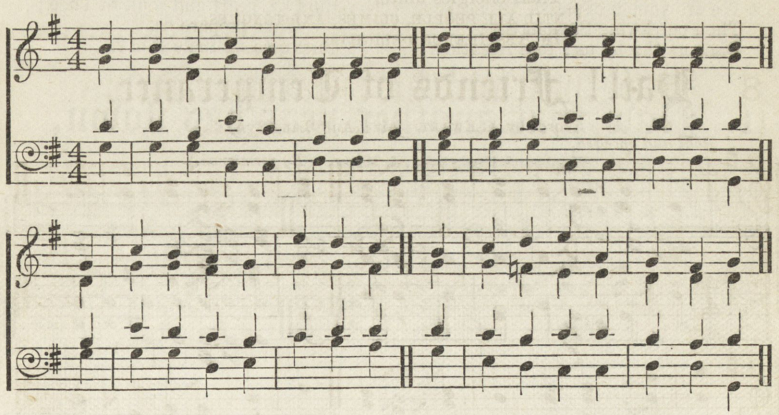
2 Another festal day has come,
And still we persevere,
RESOLVED OUR WORK TO CARRY ON
WITH VIGOUR EVERY YEAR.
THEN LET US JOIN, &c.

3 We are resolved, let come what will,
Our motto still shall be,
Excelsior, onward, upward, still,
Love and fidelity.
THEN LET US JOIN, &c.

4 Then, friends and brothers, let us pray
That God be with us here,
To bless our labours night and day,
In every coming year.
THEN LET US JOIN, &c.

9 Lord, for the guidance of Thy hand.

Tune "Charmouth," by E. B. FRIPP. (From "The Bristol Tune Book," *By permission.*)



1 LORD! for the guidance of Thy hand,
And strength that we may firmly stand,
We come, a lowly Temperance Band:
We come to Thee! *we come to Thee!*

2 Still would we labour to relieve
The families that round us grieve;
BUT THOU CANST EVERY BLESSING GIVE:
WE COME TO THEE! we come to Thee!

3 Though many, Lord, would help us on,
Away from Thee, our hope is gone,
And strength without Thee there is none:
We come to Thee! *we come to Thee!*

4 To Thee, our Father, and our Guide,
That Thou would'st o'er our work preside,
That truth may grow and love abide:
WE COME TO THEE! we come to Thee!

10 Lowly bending, humbly pleading.

Words by Rev. R. ROBINSON. Music by J. TILLEARD.
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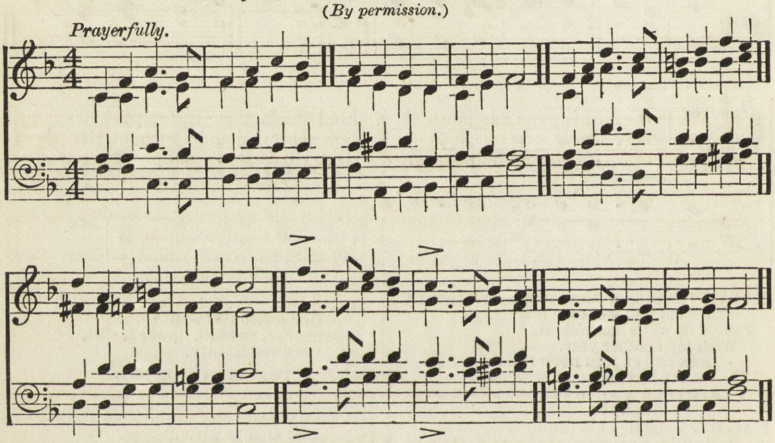


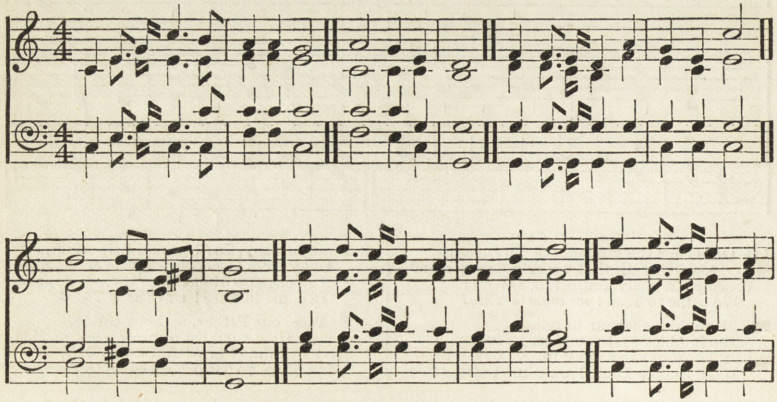
1 *LOWLY bending, humbly pleading,*
Father! listen to our cry;
See us waiting, interceding;
Save, Thou wilt not pass us by;
Help, oh help us!
Send us succour from on high.

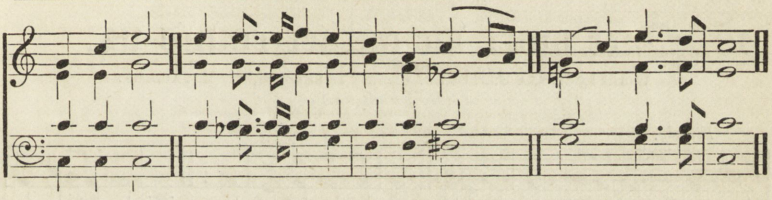
2 We are young, exposed, defenceless,
Thou our loving Saviour art;
Dangers throng us; foes relentless
Lure us from "the better part,"
Oh constrain us
Now to Thee to yield the heart!

3 Once again our vows recording,
We from sinful snares would flee,
May Thy Spirit, grace affording,
Bind us, heart and soul, to Thee;
Thus prepare us,
THINE TO BE ETERNALLY.

11 Now that another year has flown.

Words and Music by A. J. MEMI. (*By permission.*)





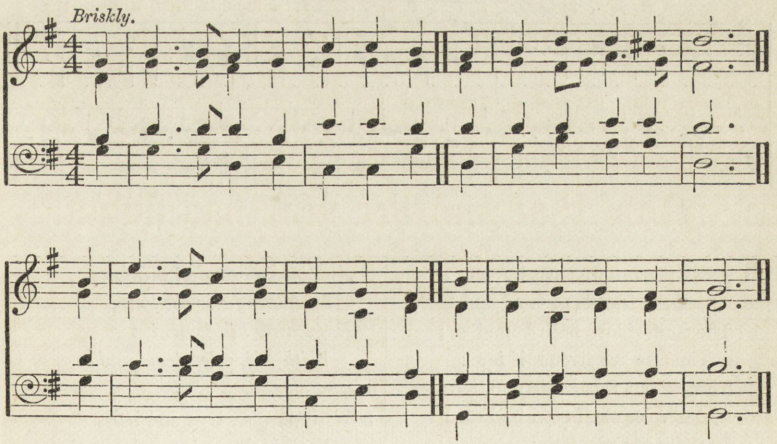
1 NOW that another year has flown
Swiftly away,
We praise the Lord for mercies shown
From day to day;
For favours to our Temperance band,
Spreading our cause from land to land;
In all we see His mighty hand—
We own His sway.

2 What cause for thankfulness have we
On every side;
Many have joined our ranks, we see,
And drink defied.
God shield them in temptation's hour,
For man is nought without His power;
But He to them will prove a tower,
Where they may hide.

3 But while we praise for years gone by,
We still would pray
That in the years which yet may fly,
He'll be our stay.
May numbers daily join our cause,
Fighting for freedom's noblest laws;
Seeking for God's, not man's applause,
To cheer their way.

12 Once more revolving seasons.

Tune "Winchester Old."



1 ONCE more revolving seasons bring
The time of festive cheer;
Once more we tune our voice to sing
To Him who rules the year.

2 Protected by His sovereign love,
In virtue's path still found,
We meet this day the joys to prove
Which in our hearts abound.

3 To warn from vice our fellow youth,
The wanderer to reclaim,
The drunkard guide to paths of truth,
Be our untiring aim.

4 *Great God! to Thee our prayers we* [*raise,*
O give our cause success;
AND WHILE WE OFFER UP OUR PRAISE,
OUR HUMBLE EFFORTS BLESS.

13 Once more we gather round us.

Words by HELLA E. J. GARD. Tune "Lymington," by R. JACKSON.
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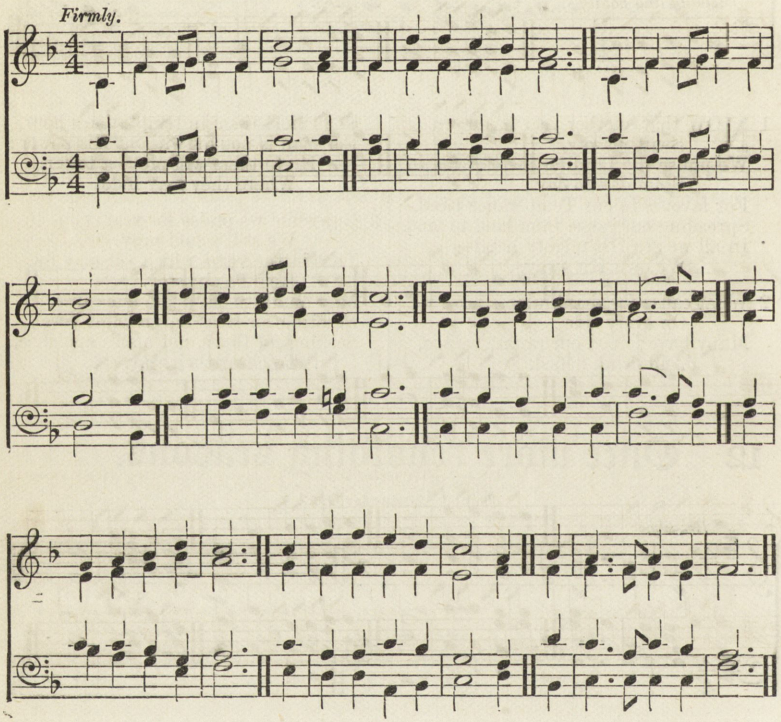


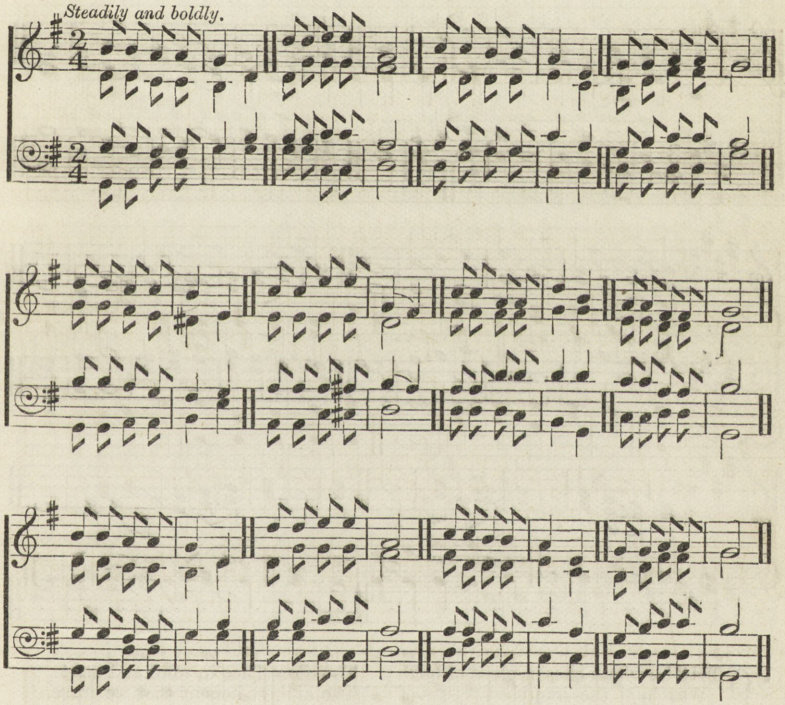
1 ONCE more we gather round us
Dear friends so tried and true,
The cord of love hath bound us;
Thus we are strong, if few:
Throughout this mighty nation
Our voice shall soon be heard
In tones of acclamation,
Till every heart is stirred.

2 We battle not for glory,
We fight not for renown,
We ask not place in story,
Nor seek a starry crown.
Apollyon's proudest minion
Is stalking o'er the land,
Extending his dominion
With fell, relentless hand.

3 With purpose true and holy,
With high resolve and pure,
With prayerful heart and lowly,
With courage to endure,
ON GOD ALONE RELYING
FOR STRENGTH TO AIM THE BLOW,
WE SEEK, THE WORLD DEFYING,
TO LAY THIS TYRANT LOW.

14 On this day of gladness.

Words by ALFRED SARGANT. (*By permission.*) Music from HAYDN.



1 ON this day of gladness,
Join we heart and hand;
Let the strains of Temperance
Ring throughout our band.
For the Lord hath led us
Thus far on our way,
He hath blessed our movement,
Been our strength and stay.
ONWARD THEN TO BATTLE,
FAINT NOT IN THE STRIFE;
TRUTH SHALL BE VICTORIOUS,
GOD DEFENDS THE RIGHT.

2 Like a mighty army,
See the children stand,
Pledged to drive Intemperance
From our native land.
We may never witness
Such a glorious end,
But our Heavenly Father
Will deliverance send.

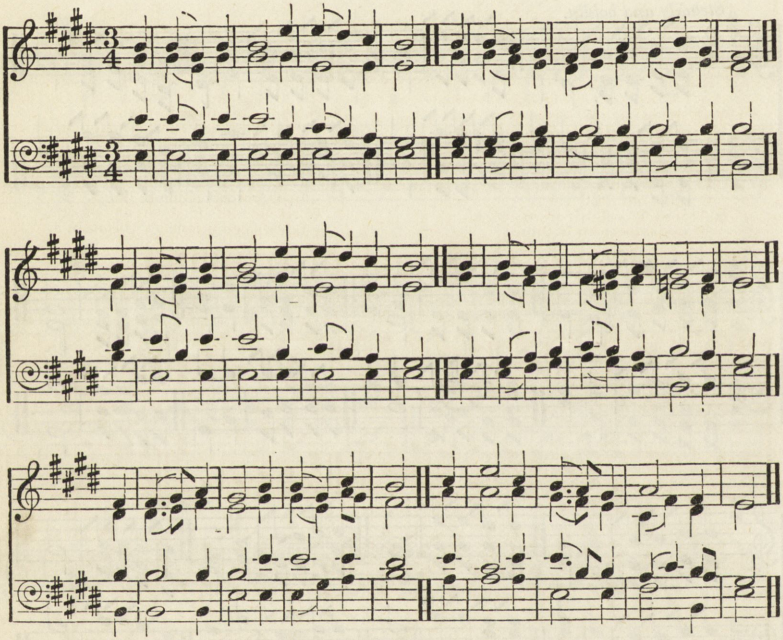
ONWARD THEN, &c.

3 GLORIOUS IS OUR MISSION,
NOBLE, BRAVE, AND TRUE;
BROTHERS, COME AND JOIN US,
WE HAVE NEED OF YOU.
IN THIS MIGHTY CONFLICT
FAITHFUL HEARTS SHALL WIN,
JESUS AND HIS KINGDOM
TRIUMPH OVER SIN.

ONWARD THEN, &c.

15 O Thou, whose chosen place.

Words by W. S. PETERSON. Tune "Stella."



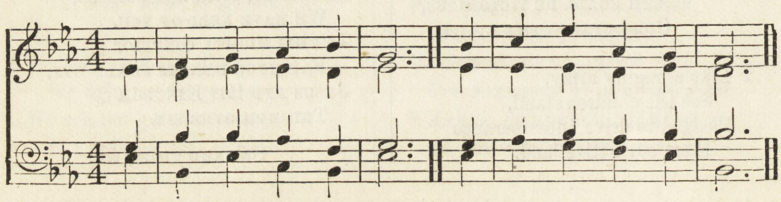
1 O THOU, whose chosen place of birth
Was 'mid the humblest scenes of earth,
Who didst all scorn and pain endure,
To save the lost and bless the poor:
Our duty in Thy life we see,
And pray for grace to follow Thee.

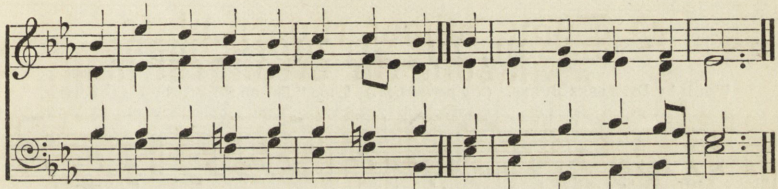
2 Thou who hast taught us by Thy word
The servant's not above his lord,
Give us the courage which we need,
To follow Thee in word and deed:
The highest honour that we crave,
Be this, THE LOST TO SEEK AND SAVE.

3 *Where'er the wine-cup's deadly blight*
Has shrouded hearts in sorrow's night;
Our eyes to all its evils ope,
Inspire our souls with faith and hope,
AND MAY OUR CHARITY EXTEND
AS THINE—ALIKE TO FOE AND FRIEND.

16 Our Father, God, is here.

Words by Rev. W. A. ESSERY. (*By permission.*) German Tune.





1 *OUR Father, God, is here,*
And knows our words and deeds,
Then let us with a holy fear
Present Him with our needs.

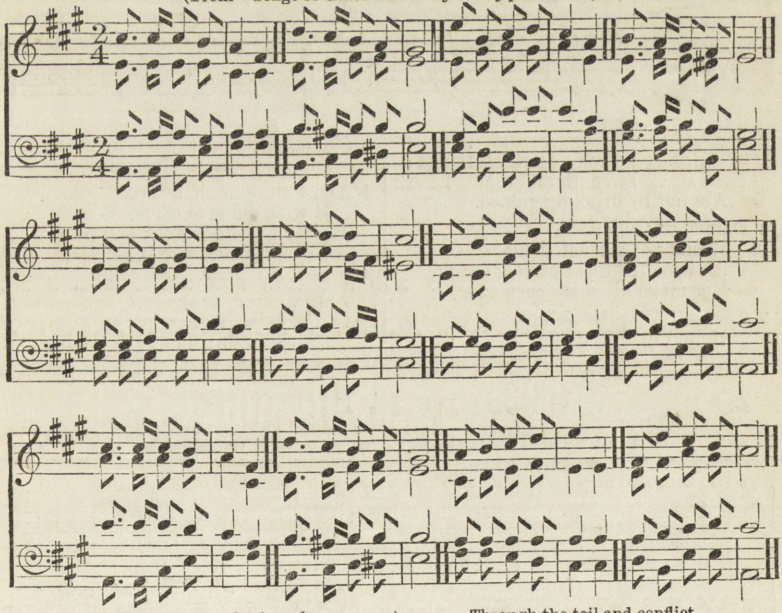
2 O God of truth and love,
Forgive our daily sin;
Send now Thy Spirit from above,
To make us clean within.

3 This meeting bless to-night,
Make Thou our courage strong;
We find it hard to do the right
Amidst a hostile throng.

4 Succeed the work we aim
In Thy great name to do,
To rescue souls from sin and shame,
Life's solemn journey through.

17 Raise the song of triumph.

Words by W. J. HARVEY. Tune "Hermas," by Miss F. R. HAVERGAL.
(From "Songs of Grace and Glory." *By permission.*)



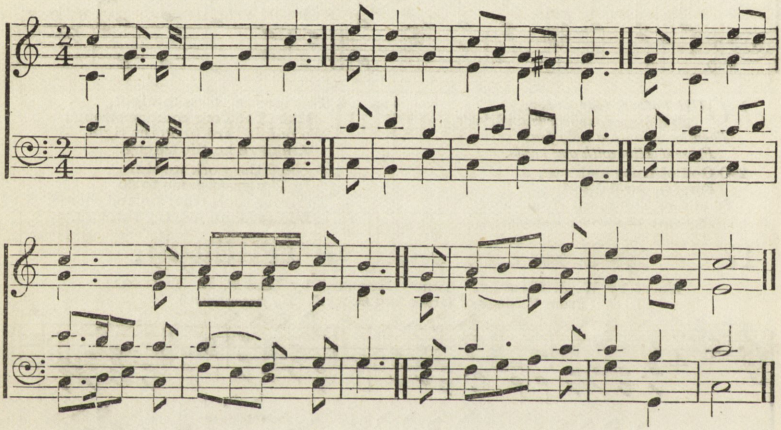
1 RAISE the song of triumph,
Swell the joyous strain,
Sing we hallelujah,
That we meet again
Where we oft have rallied
In the days of yore,
With heroic spirits
Whom we greet no more;
Raise our Ebenezer,
With glad hearts and free;
SWELL THE SONG OF TRIUMPH,
FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE WE.

2 Onward, ever onward,
Be our motto now;
Faithful to our leaders,
Loyal to our vow.
Forward, ever forward,
Strong to face the foe;
Through the toil and conflict,
Singing as we go.
UPWARD, EVER UPWARD,
PRESS TOWARD THE PRIZE,
AS OUR SONG OF TRIUMPH
ECHOES IN THE SKIES!

3 Down the future ages
Strain our longing eyes,
Till our raptured vision
See fresh victories:
See the tyrant conquered,
Fettered souls set free,
SEE OUR COUNTRY RANSOMED
FROM DRINK'S SLAVERY.
Sing we but the prelude
Of the minstrelsy
THAT SHALL GREET THE TRIUMPH
OF SOBRIETY.

18 Samson, the strongest man.

Words by Dr. JABEZ BURNS. (*By permission.*) Tune "Falcon Street," by ISAAC SMITH.



1 SAMSON, the strongest man,
From all strong drink abstained;
Then surely strength and robust health
Are not by drinking gained.

2 Daniel, so truly good,
Would not himself defile
With wine the royal princes drank,
Nor make his conscience vile.

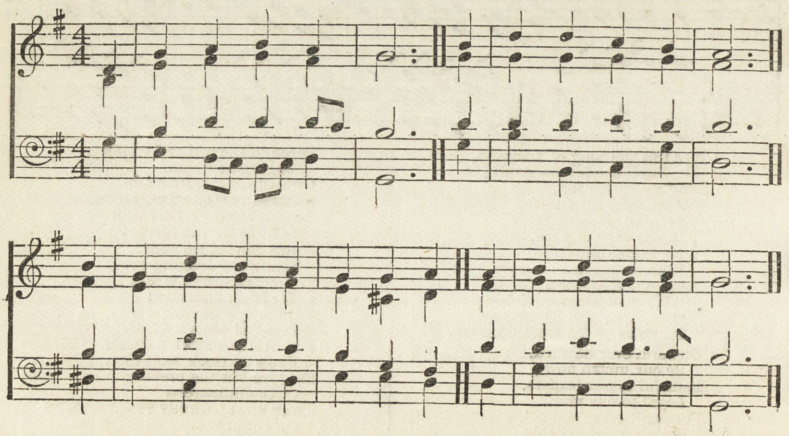
3 The noble Baptist John—
Herald of Jesus' reign—
Did only cooling water drink,
As those who now abstain.

4 And Paul himself avowed
If wine did give offence—
To save a brother weak and frail
He would not taste it hence.

5 WITH THESE EXAMPLES, THEN,
OF WISDOM, STRENGTH, AND GRACE,
I'LL EVERMORE FROM DRINK ABSTAIN,
AND JOIN THE TEMPERANCE RACE.

19 The Bible is our guide.

Words by Rev. W. A. ESSERY. (*By permission.*) German Tune.



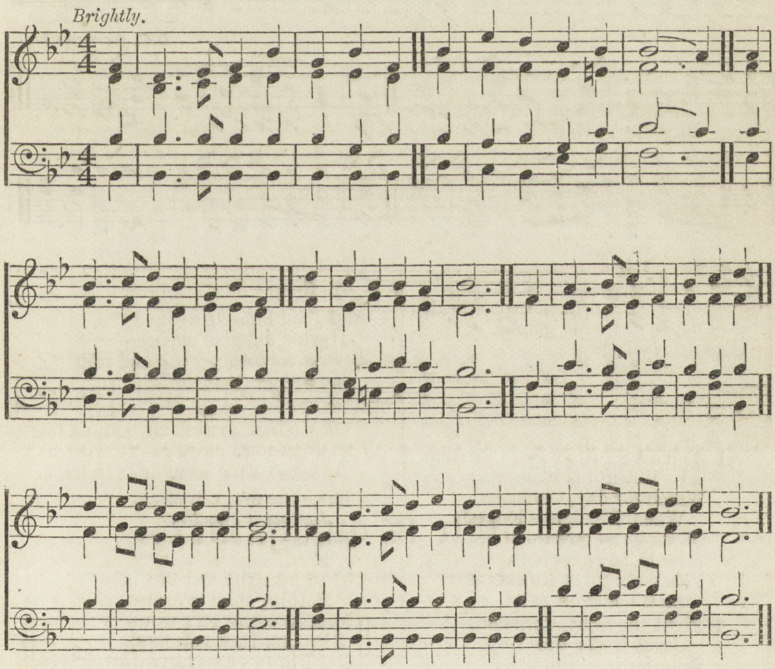
1 THE Bible is our guide
Along life's dangerous way,
It bids us turn from sin aside,
From wine which leads astray.

2 *It paints a serpent coiled*
Within the ruby glass,
Whose witching eye has often foiled
Strong men of every class.

3 Come, then, let us obey
This law of Wisdom's voice;
GOD'S GRACE WILL HELP US DAY BY DAY,
TO KEEP OUR EARLY CHOICE.

20 With grateful hearts.

Words by W. W. DOWNS. Music by W. F. SHERWIN.



1 WITH grateful hearts, O God, to Thee
For mercies in the past,
Before Thy throne again we come,
And present blessings ask.
We know the cause in which we're joined
Is worthy of our zeal!
OH! GRANT THAT ALL WHO FILL OUR RANKS
THE GLOWING FIRE MAY FEEL!

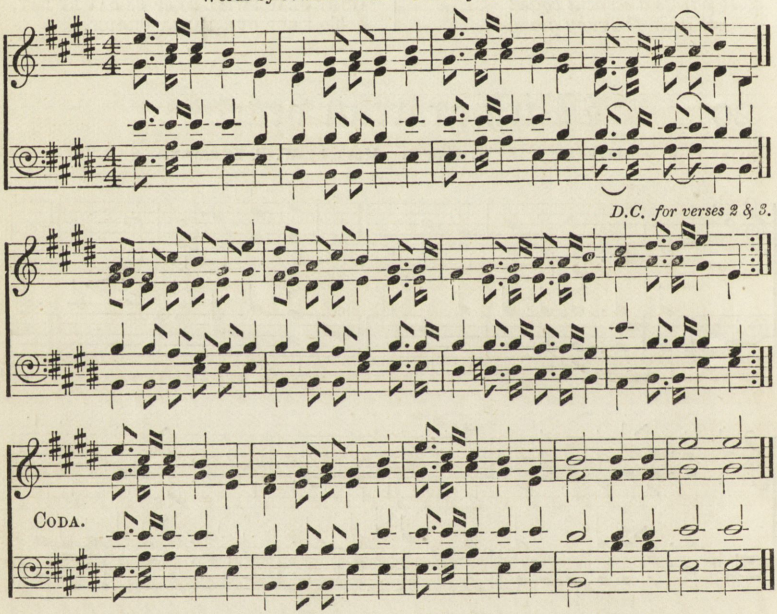
2 To-night we meet with swelling hearts,
A Temperance flag to raise,
And rear, beneath its folds of light,
An altar to Thy praise.
And on this consecrated shrine,
Our richest gifts we'll lay
WITH CHEERFULNESS, BECAUSE WE KNOW
THE RIGHT SHALL WIN THE DAY.

3 *But should our hearts at times grow cold,*
Our labour seem in vain,
Oh! let us think of this glad scene,
And onward press again!
YES! ONWARD THROUGH THE CHANGES
TO EACH WILL SURELY COME, [THAT
WE'LL PRESS WITH VIGOUR, TILL AT LAST
THE MASTER CALLS "COME HOME!"

II.—Religious Hymns and Songs.

21 Breast the wave, Christian.

Words by J. Stammers. Music by H. Burnet.



1 BREAST the wave, Christian,
When it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian,
When the night's longest.
Onward and onward still,
Be thine endeavour,
THE REST THAT REMAINETH
SHALL BE FOR EVER.

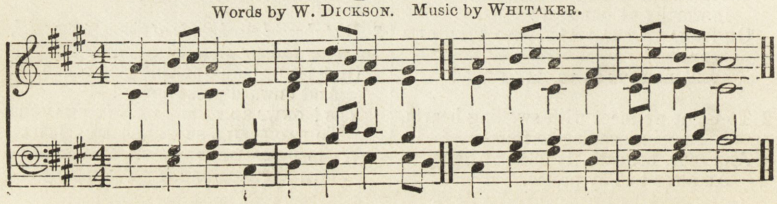
2 Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee.
He who hath promised
Faltereth never,
The Love of eternity
Flows on for ever.

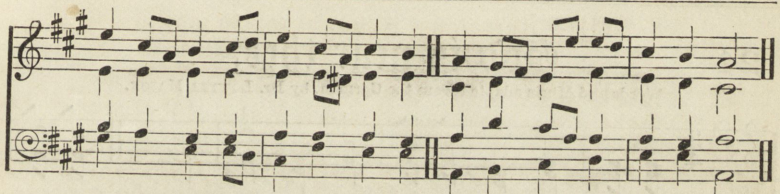
3 Raise the eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Lift the heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth.
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever;
MOUNT WHEN THY WORK IS DONE,
PRAISE HIM FOR EVER.

Coda. FIGHT THE FIGHT, CHRISTIAN,
JESUS IS O'ER THEE;
RUN THE RACE, CHRISTIAN,
HEAVEN IS BEFORE THEE.

22 Childhood's years are passing.

Words by W. Dickson. Music by Whitaker.





1 *CHILDHOOD'S years are passing o'er*
Youthful days will soon be gone: [*us,*
Cares and sorrows lie before us,
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.

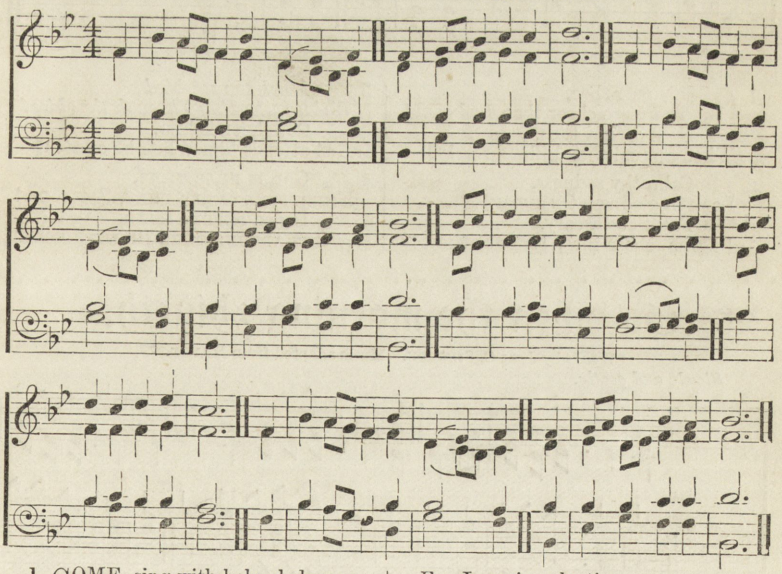
2 O may He, who, meek and lowly,
Trod Himself this vale of woe,
Make us His, and make us holy,
Guard and guide us while we go.

3 *Hark, it is the Saviour calling,*
"Little children, follow Me;"
Jesus, keep our feet from falling;
TEACH US ALL TO FOLLOW THEE.

4 *Soon we part: it may be never,*
Never here to meet again;
Oh, to meet in heaven for ever,
OH, THE CROWN OF LIFE TO GAIN!

23 Come, sing with holy gladness.

Words by Rev. J. J. DANIELL. Tune "Ellacombe," from the German.
(From "Hymns Ancient & Modern," *By permission.*)



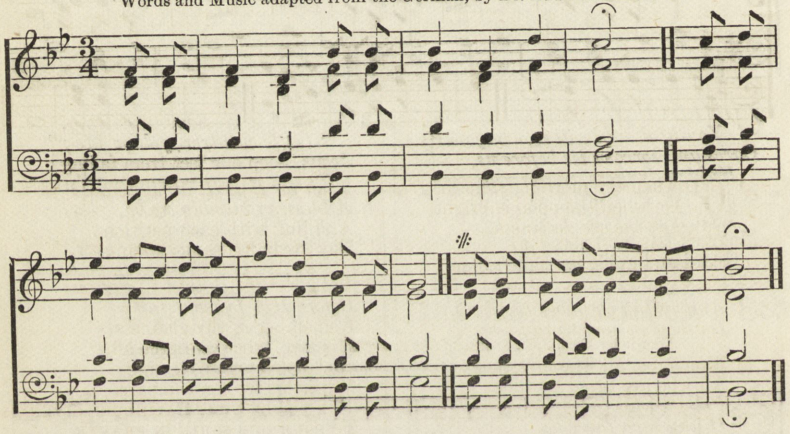
1 COME, sing with holy gladness,
High alleluias sing,
Uplift your loud hosannahs
To Jesus, Lord and King;
Boys. Sing, boys, in joyful chorus,
Girls. Your hymn of praise to-day,
Boys. And sing, ye gentle maidens,
Girls. Your sweet responsive lay.

2 'Tis good for boys and maidens
Sweet hymns to Christ to sing,
'Tis meet that children's voices
Should praise the children's King;
For Jesus is salvation,
And glory, grace, and rest;
To babe, and boy, and maiden,
The one Redeemer blest.

3 Soon in the golden city
The boys and girls shall play,
And through the dazzling mansions,
Rejoice in endless day;
O CHRIST, PREPARE THY CHILDREN
WITH THAT TRIUMPHANT THRONG
TO PASS THE BURNISHED PORTALS,
AND SING TH' ETERNAL SONG.

24 God is near thee.

Words and Music adapted from the German, by Dr. LOWELL MASON.



1 GOD is near thee,
Therefore cheer thee, Sad soul!
He'll defend thee,
‖: When around thee Billows roll! :‖

2 Calm thy sadness,
Look in gladness ON HIGH!
Faint and weary,
‖: Pilgrim, cheer thee, HELP IS NIGH! :‖

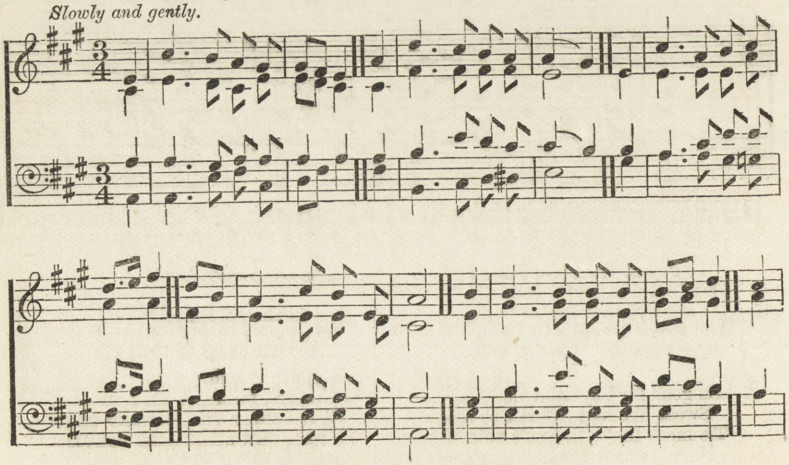
3 *Mark the sea-bird*
Wildly wheeling Through the skies!
God defends him,
‖: God attends him When he cries! :‖

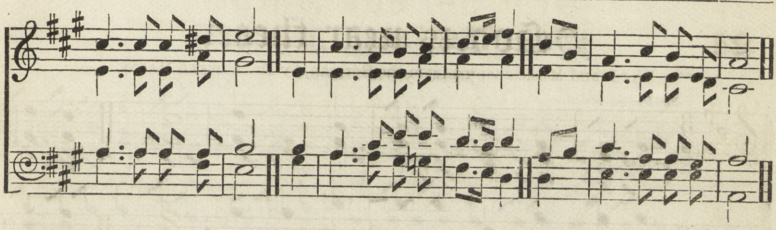
4 GOD IS NEAR THEE,
THEREFORE CHEER THEE, SAD SOUL!
HE'LL DEFEND THEE,
‖: WHEN AROUND THEE BILLOWS ROLL. :‖

25 Go when the morning shineth.

Words by Jane C. SIMPSON. Music adapted from HAYDN.

Slowly and gently.





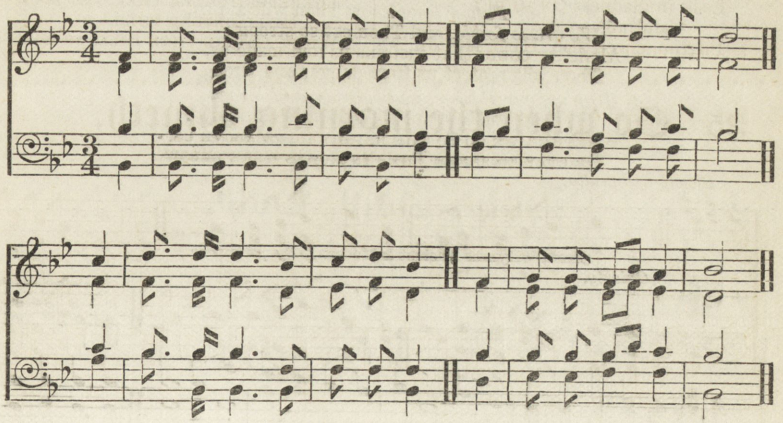
1 GO when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night.
Go with pure mind and feeling,
CAST EVERY FEAR AWAY,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee;
All who are loved by thee;
Pray too for those that hate thee,
If any such there be.
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 *Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness—*
Before His footstool fall;
Remember in thy gladness,
His love, who gave thee all.
Oh! not a joy or blessing
With this we can compare—
THE POWER THAT HATH BEEN GIVEN US
TO POUR OUR SOULS IN PRAYER.

26 Happy the child whose tender years.

Words by Dr. WATTS. Music from J. A. NAUMANN.



1 HAPPY the child whose tender years
Receive instruction well,
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2 When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in His eyes:
A flower when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

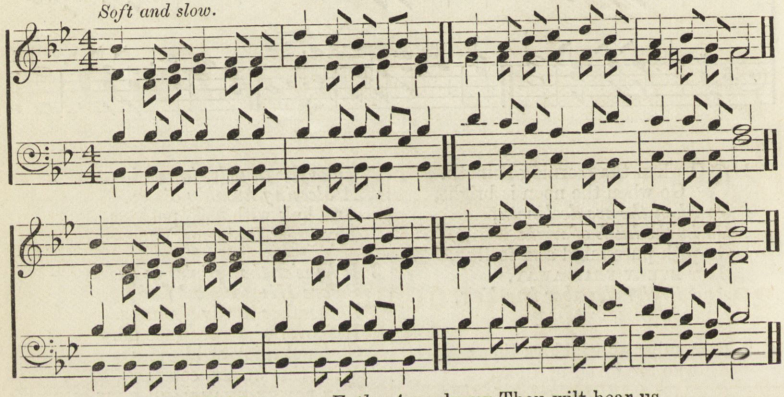
3 'Tis easier work if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
For sinners that grow old in sin,
Are hardened in their crimes.

4 'Twill save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

27 Hear us, our Father.

Music by G. F. ROOT.

Soft and slow.



1 *HEAR us, our Father!* we know Thou wilt hear us,
Nor need our voices ascend far away;
Thou art around us, within us, and near us;
Thou wilt attend when we earnestly pray.

2 *Love us, our Father!* we know Thou wilt love us,
Thy little children who turn unto Thee;
For, all around us, within us, above us,
Proofs of Thine infinite kindness we see.

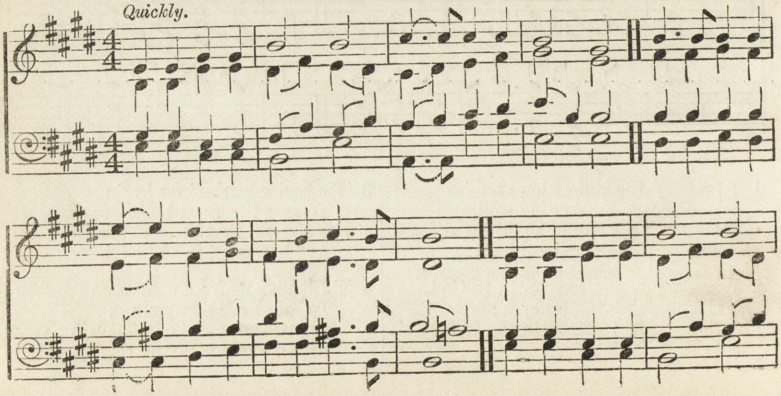
3 *Aid us, our Father!* we know Thou wilt aid us,
We are so feeble, and Thou art so strong:
Almighty power that sustains us and made us,
Thou wilt protect us from danger and wrong.

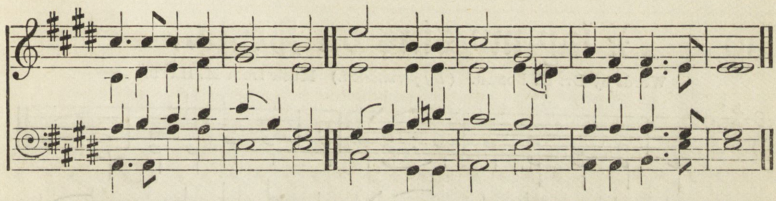
4 *Hear us, our Father, and help us, and love us,*
Till more and more of Thyself we shall know;
WHETHER WE GO TO THE BRIGHT HOME ABOVE US,
OR STAY TO SERVE THEE IN HOMES HERE BELOW.

28 Holy, Holy, Holy.

Words by BISHOP HEBER. Tune "Nicea," by Dr. DYKES.
(From "Hymns Ancient & Modern," *By permission.*)

Quickly.





1 *HOLY, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!*
Gratefully adoring, our songs shall rise to Thee.
Holy, Holy, Holy, Merciful and Mighty,
GOD IN THREE PERSONS, BLESSED TRINITY!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy, all the saints adore Thee!
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea; [Thee,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before
Who wert, and art, and evermore shall be.

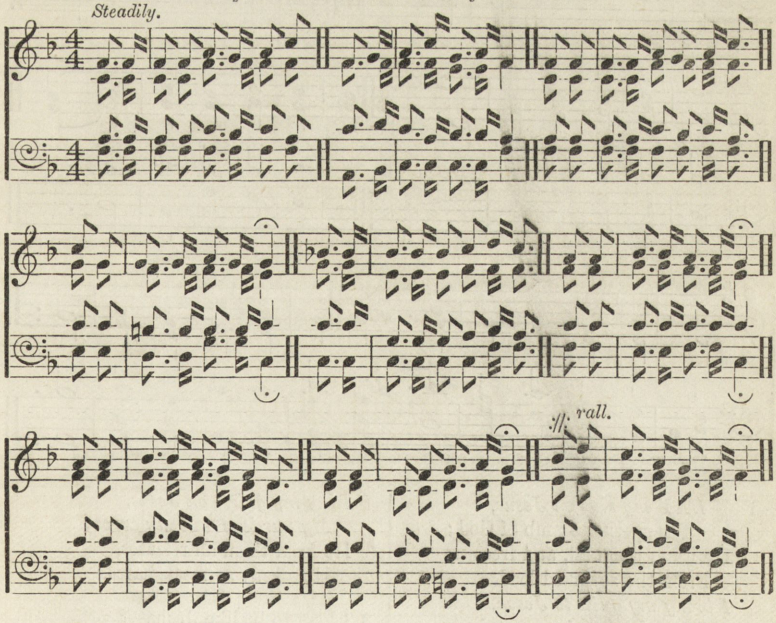
3 *Holy, Holy, Holy, though the darkness hide Thee,* [*not see;*
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may
Only Thou art holy: there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!
ALL THY WORKS SHALL PRAISE THY NAME, IN EARTH, AND SKY, AND SEA:
HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, MERCIFUL AND MIGHTY.
GOD IN THREE PERSONS, BLESSED TRINITY!

29 If you cannot on the ocean.

[YOUR MISSION.]

Words by Mrs. E. H. GATES. Music by S. M. GRANNIS.



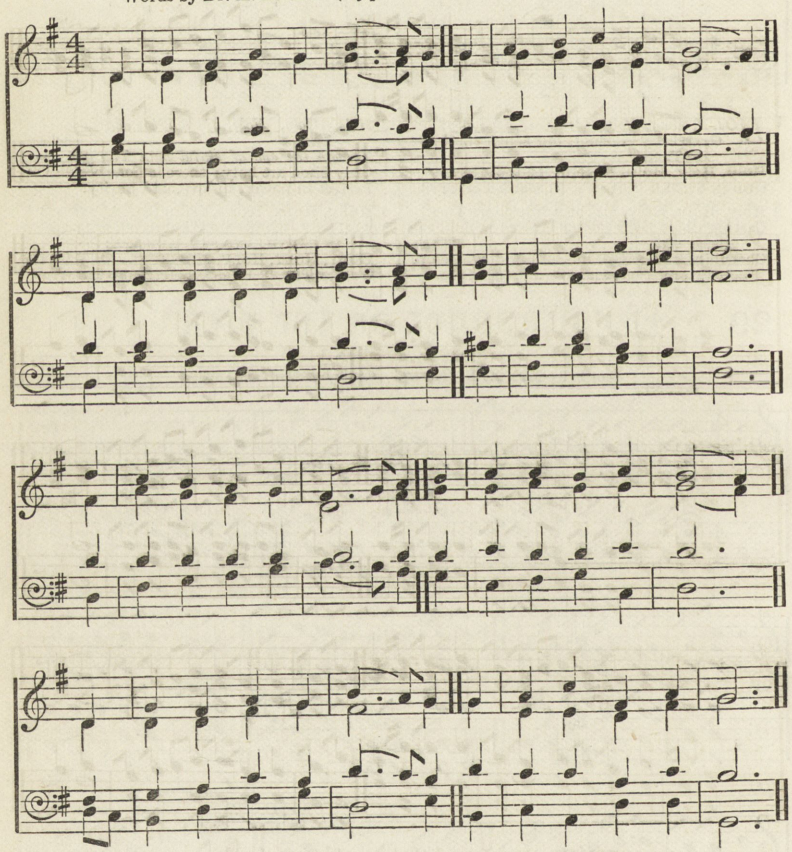
1 IF you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boats away.

2 If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measures
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

3 Do not then stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you;
GO AND TOIL IN ANY VINEYARD,
DO NOT FEAR TO DO OR DARE;
IF YOU WANT A FIELD OF LABOUR,
YOU CAN FIND IT ANYWHERE.

30 I lay my sins on Jesus.

Words by Dr. H. BONAR. (*By permission.*) Music from M. HAYDN.



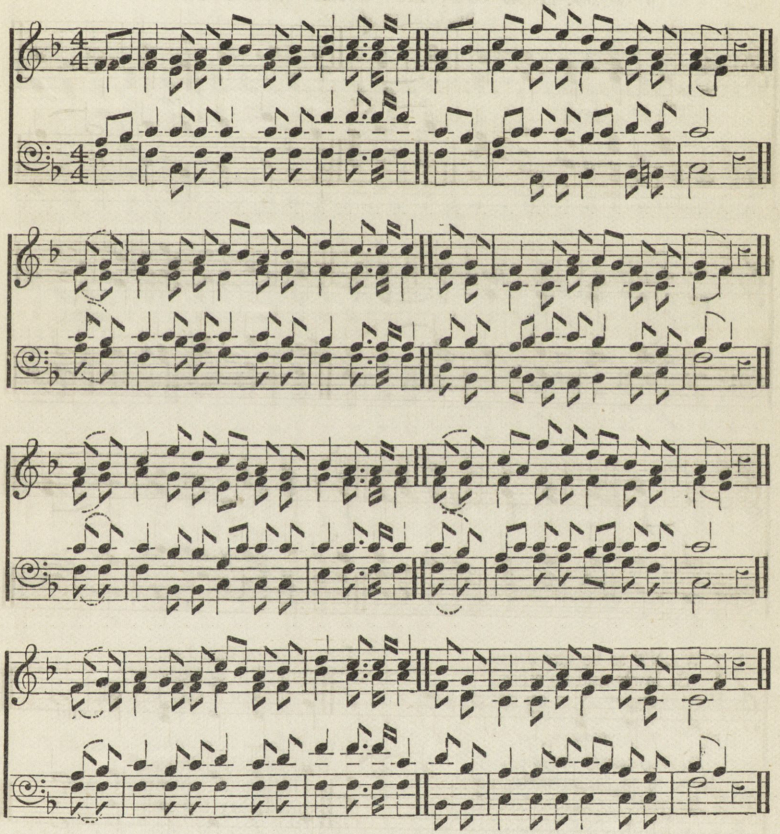
1 *I LAY my sins on Jesus,*
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2 *I lay my wants on Jesus,*
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I long to be like Jesus—
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child;
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
TO SING WITH SAINTS HIS PRAISES,
TO LEARN THE ANGELS' SONG.

31 I think when I read.

Words by Mrs. LUKE. Greek Air.

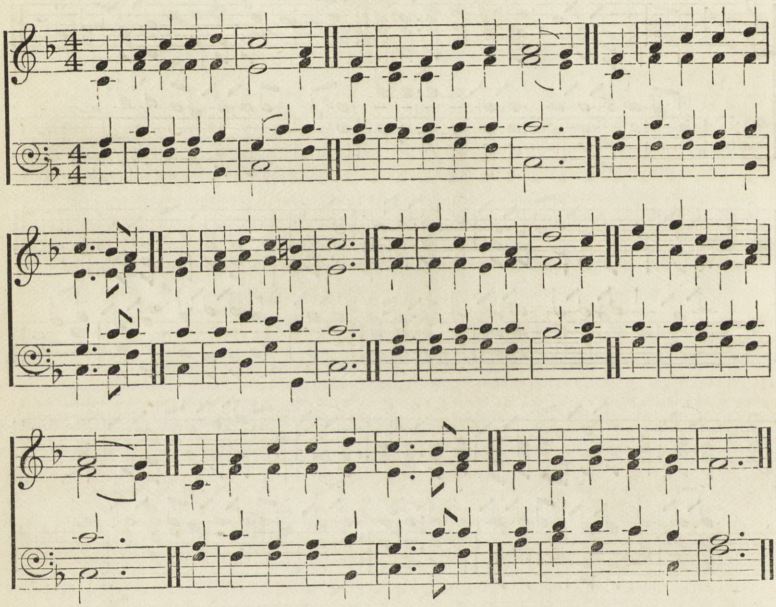


1 I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with Him then.
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

2 *Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,*
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,
In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

32 I want to be like Jesus.

Words by Rev. W. M. WHITTEMORE. (*By permission.*) Tune "Missionary," by Dr. LOWELL MASON.



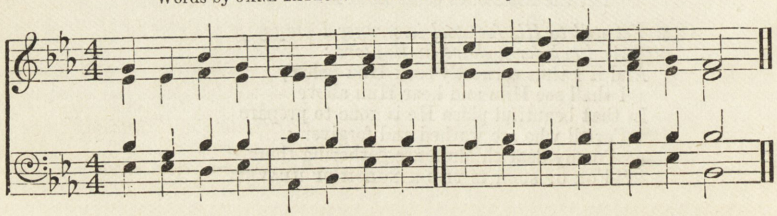
1 I WANT to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek,
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard Him speak.
I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer;
Alone upon the mountain-top,
He met His Father there.

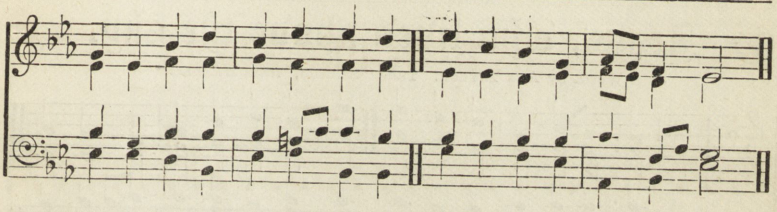
2 I want to be like Jesus;
I never, never find
That He, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.
I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that of me it may be said,
"*She* hath done what *she* could."

3 I want to be like Jesus,
Who sweetly said to all,
"Let little children come to Me,"
I would obey the call.
But Oh! I'm not like Jesus,
As anyone may see;
Then, gentle Saviour, send Thy grace,
AND MAKE ME LIKE TO THEE.

33 Jesus Christ, my Lord.

Words by JANE TAYLOR. Tune "Sharon," by Dr. BOYCE.





1 JESUS CHRIST, my Lord and Saviour,
Once became a child like me;
Oh that in my whole behaviour
He my pattern still may be!

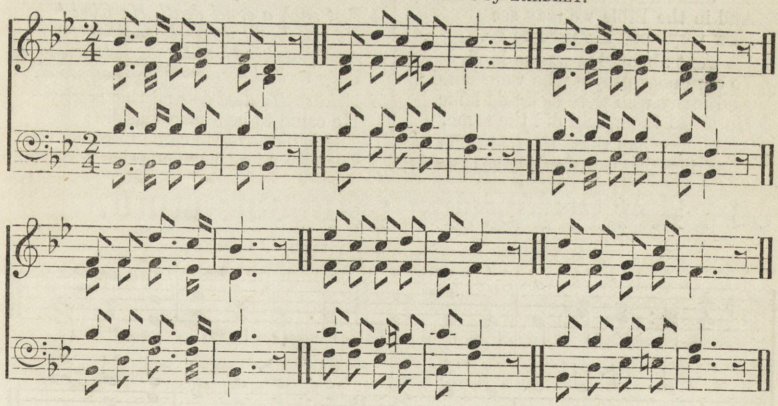
2 *All my nature is unholy,*
Pride and passion dwell within;
But the Lord was meek and lowly,
And was never known to sin.

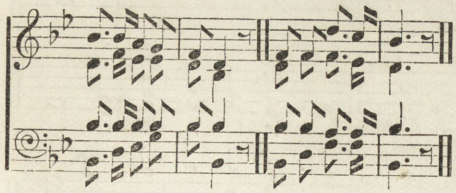
3 *While I'm often vainly trying*
Some new pleasure to possess,
He was always self-denying,—
Patient in His worst distress.

4 Lord, assist a feeble creature;
Guide me by Thy word of truth;
Condescend to be my Teacher
Through my childhood and my youth.

34 Jesus is our Shepherd.

Words by Rev. H. STOWELL. Music by YARDLEY.





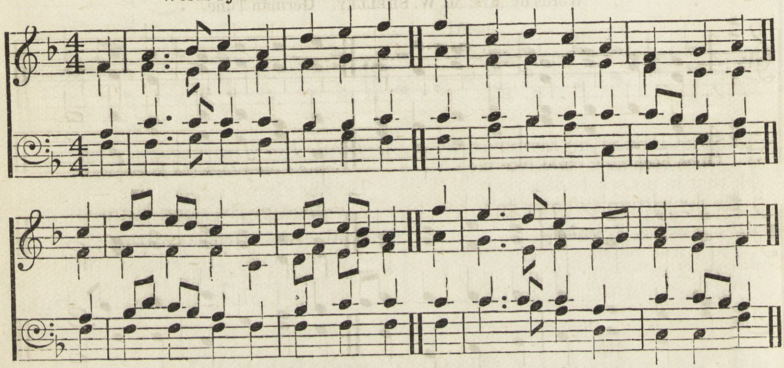
1 JESUS is our Shepherd,
Wiping every tear
Folded in His bosom,
What have we to fear?
Only let us follow
Whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert,
Or the dewy mead.

2 Jesus is our Shepherd;
Well we know His voice,
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice:
Even when it chideth,
Tender is its tone:
None but He shall guide us:
WE ARE HIS ALONE.

3 Jesus is our Shepherd;
Guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may raven,
None can do us harm;
When we tread Death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil,
VICTORS O'ER THE TOMB.

35 Jesus, who lived above the sky.

Words by ANN TAYLOR. Tune "Samson," from HANDEL.



1 JESUS, who lived above the sky,
Came down to be a man and die;
And in the Bible we may see
How very good He used to be.

2 He went about, He was so kind,
To cure poor people who were blind;
And many who were sick and lame,
He pitied them, and did the same.

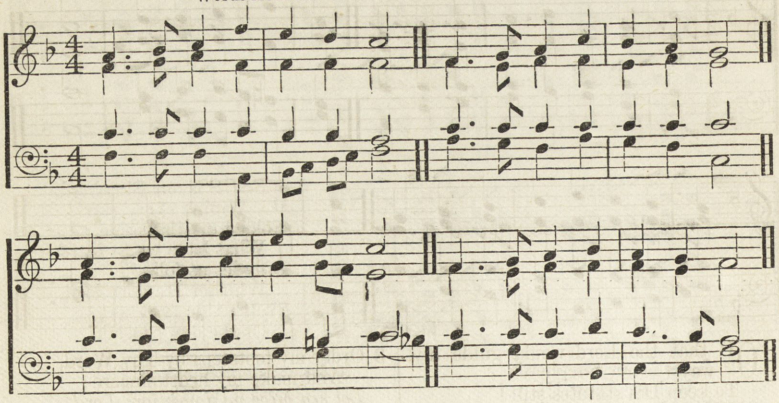
3 And more than that, He told them too
The things that God would have them do;
And was so gentle and so mild,
He would have listened to a child.

4 *But such a cruel death He died!*
He was hung up and crucified!
And those kind hands that did such good,
They nailed them to a cross of wood.

5 *And so He died!*—and this is why
He came to be a man and die;
The Bible says He came from heaven
That we might have our sins forgiven.

36 Let us, with a gladsome mind.

Words from MILTON. Music from an old Litany.



1 LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
FOR HIS MERCY SHALL ENDURE,
EVER FAITHFUL, EVER SURE.

2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light;

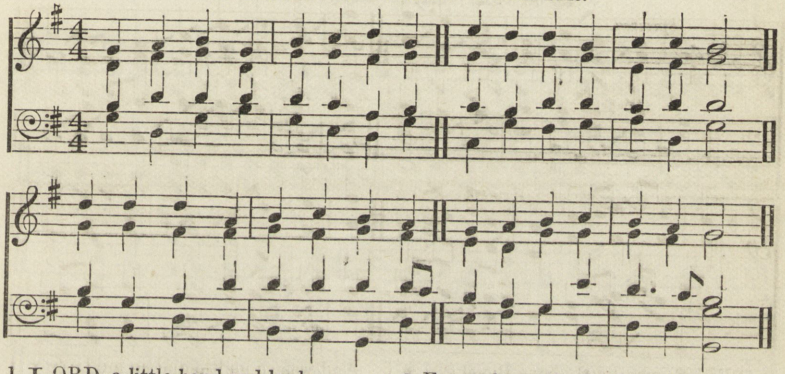
3 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;

4 *He hath, with a piteous eye,*
Looked upon our misery;

5 *His own Son He sent to die,*
US TO RAISE TO JOYS ON HIGH;

37 Lord, a little band and lowly.

Words by Mrs. M. W. SHELLEY. German Tune.



1 LORD, a little band and lowly,
We are come to worship Thee,
Thou art great, and high, and holy,
O how solemn we should be.

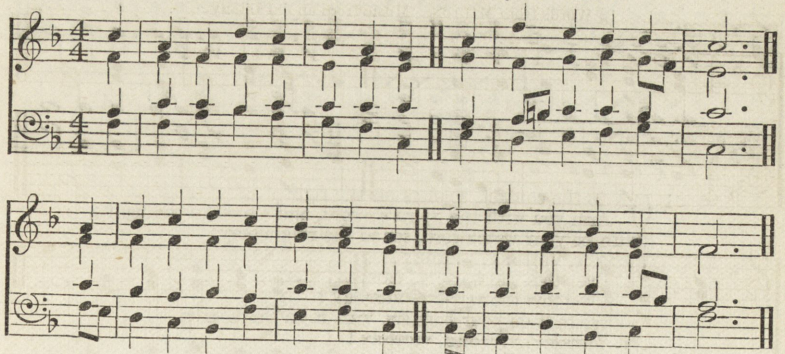
2 *Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,*
And of heaven where He is gone,
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.

3 For we know the Lord of glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions too.

4 *Let our sins be all forgiven;*
Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
Lead us on our way to heaven,
THERE TO SING A NOBLER SONG.

38 Oh that the Lord would guide.

Words by Dr. WATTS. Tune "Bedford," by W. WHEALL.



1 OH that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep His statutes still!
Oh that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will!

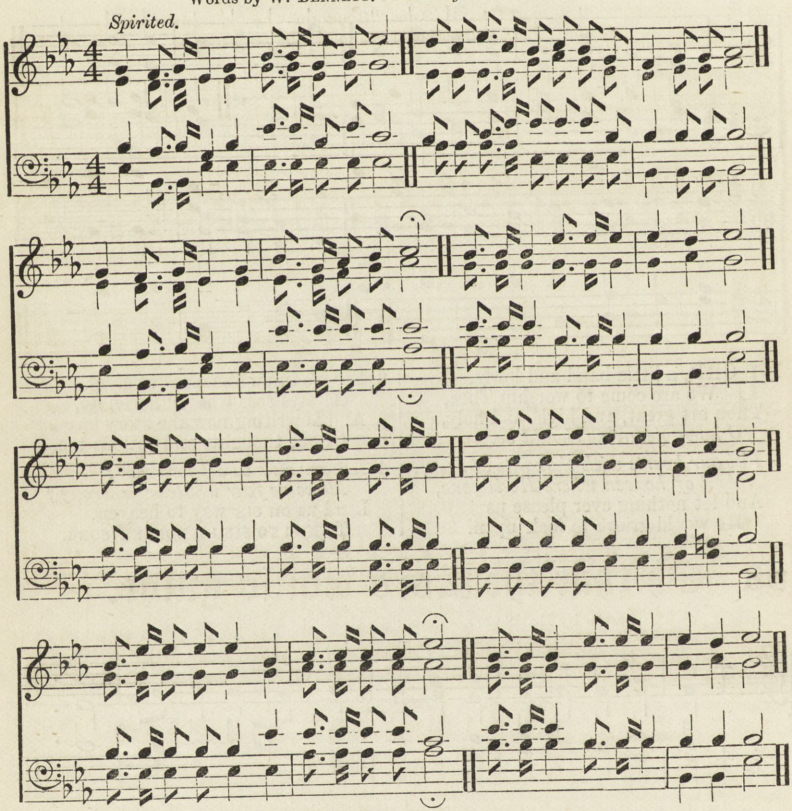
2 Oh send Thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 Order my footsteps by Thy Word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

4 MAKE ME TO WALK IN THY COMMANDS,
'TIS A DELIGHTFUL ROAD;
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
Offend against my God.

39 On to the conflict.

Words by W. BENNETT. Music by W. H. DOANE.



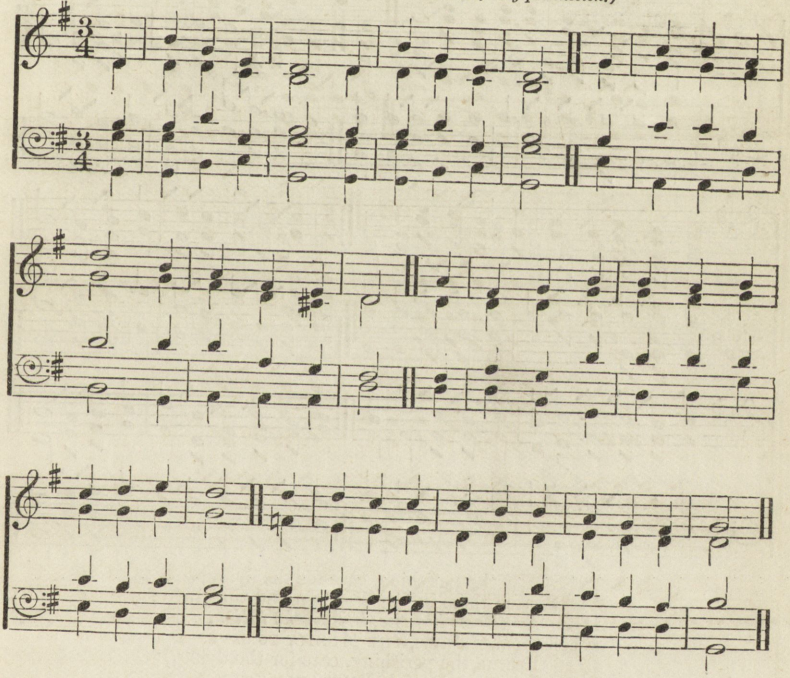
1 ON to the conflict, soldiers for the right,
Arm you with the Spirit's sword, and march to the fight;
Truth be your watchword, sound the ringing cry,
VICTORY, VICTORY, VICTORY!
Ever this the war-cry, VICTORY, VICTORY!
Ever this the war-cry, VICTORY!
Write it on your banners, waft it on the breeze,
VICTORY, VICTORY, VICTORY!

2 Valiant and cheerful, marching right along,
Every foe shall quit the field, though haughty and strong;
Fear shall oppress them, truth shall make them flee:
VICTORY, VICTORY, VICTORY!
Ever this, &c.

3 Soon shall the warfare and the conflict cease,
Soon shall dawn the welcome day of resting and peace;
Foes all subdued, we'll raise to heaven the cry,
VICTORY, VICTORY, VICTORY!
Ever this, &c.

40 O worship the King.

Words by Sir ROBERT GRANT. Tune "Houghton," by Dr. GAUNTLETT.
(From "The Congregational Psalmist," *By permission.*)



1 O WORSHIP the King all glorious above,
O gratefully sing His power and His love,
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.

2 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite !
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

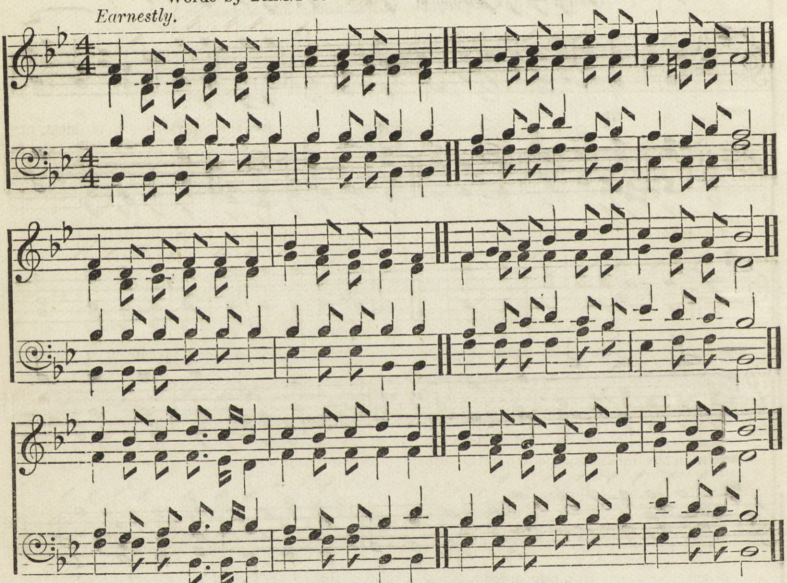
3 *Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,*
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail.
Thy mercies how tender ! how firm to the end !
OUR MAKER, DEFENDER, REDEEMER, AND FRIEND.

4 O MEASURELESS MIGHT ! INEFFABLE LOVE !
WHILE ANGELS DELIGHT TO HYMN THEE ABOVE,
THY RANSOMED CREATION, THOUGH FEEBLE THEIR LAYS,
WITH TRUE ADORATION SHALL LISP TO THY PRAISE.

41 Rescue the perishing.

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. Music by W. H. DOANE.

Earnestly.



1 RESCUE the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, THE MIGHTY TO SAVE.
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
Jesus is merciful, JESUS WILL SAVE.

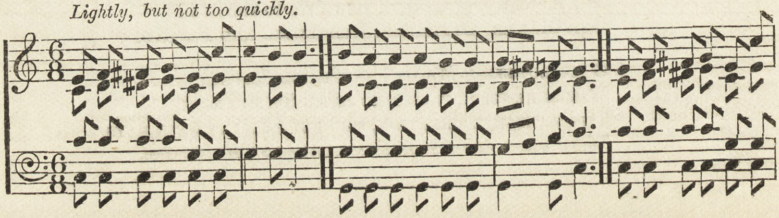
2 *Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,*
Feelings lie buried that Grace can restore:
Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
Rescue the perishing, &c.

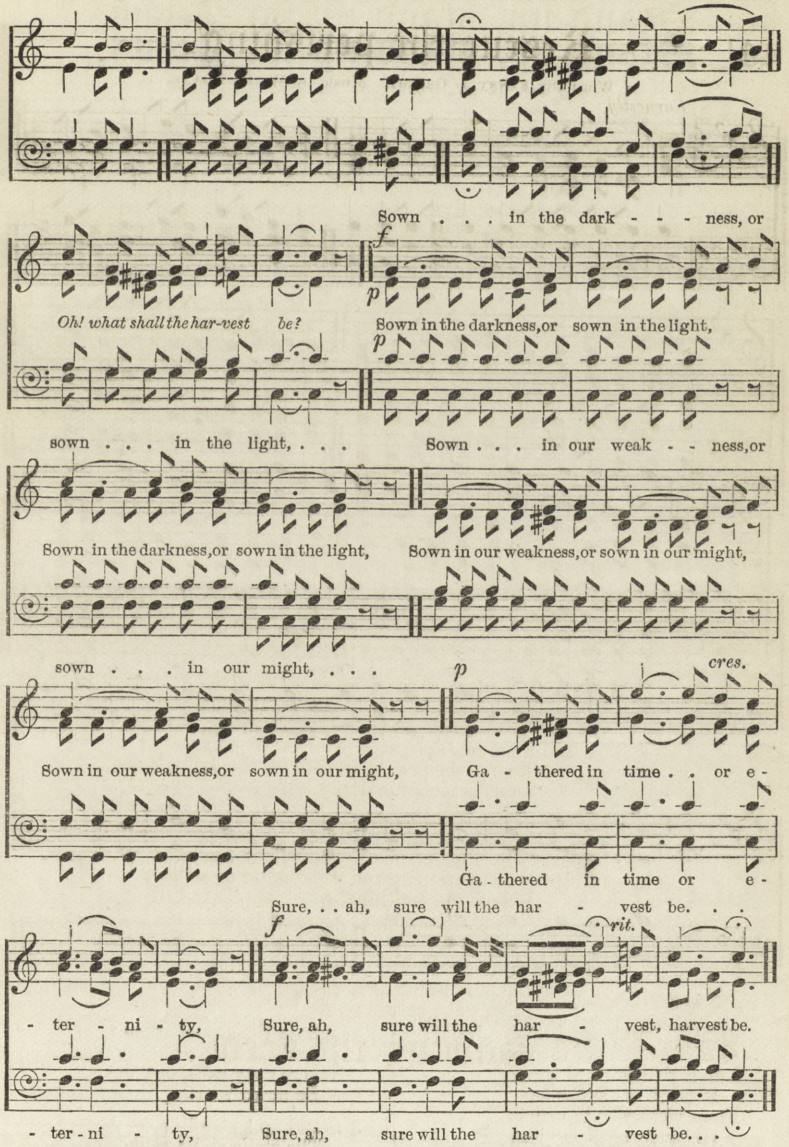
3 Rescue the perishing, duty demands it;
Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide:
Back to the narrow way patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.
Rescue the perishing, &c.

42 Sowing the seed.

Words by Mrs. EMILY S. OAKEY. Music by P. P. BLISS.

Lightly, but not too quickly.





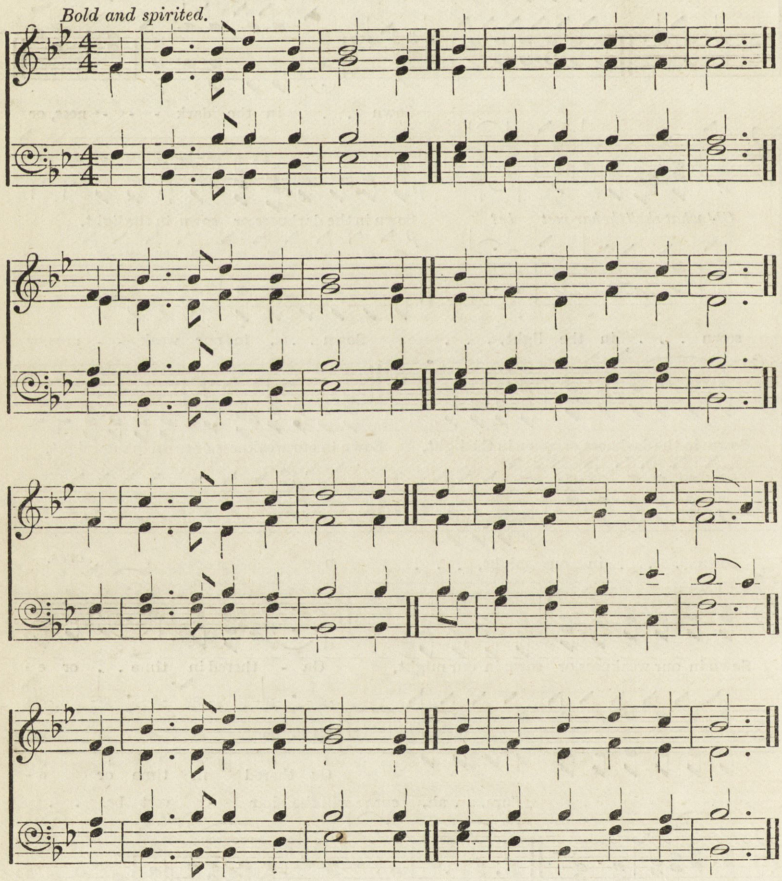
1 SOWING the seed by the daylight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noon-day glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night:
Oh! what shall the harvest be?

2 Sowing the seed by the way-side high,
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil:
Oh! what shall the harvest be?

3 *Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,*
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame,
Oh! what shall the harvest be?

43 Stand up, stand up for Jesus.

Words by Rev. GEORGE DUFFIELD. Music by G. J. WEBB.



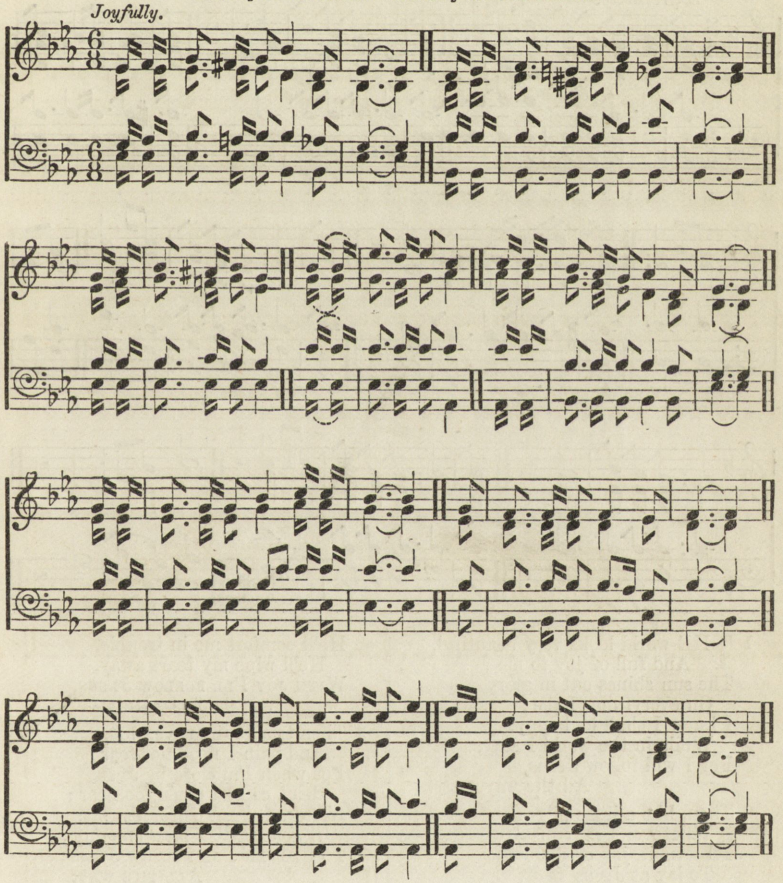
1 STAND up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armour,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

44 There's a beautiful land on high.

Words by J. NICHOLSON. Music by W. U. BUTCHER.



1 THERE'S a beautiful land on high,
To its glories I fain would fly;
When by sorrows pressed down,
I long for my crown,
In that beautiful land on high.

Chorus.

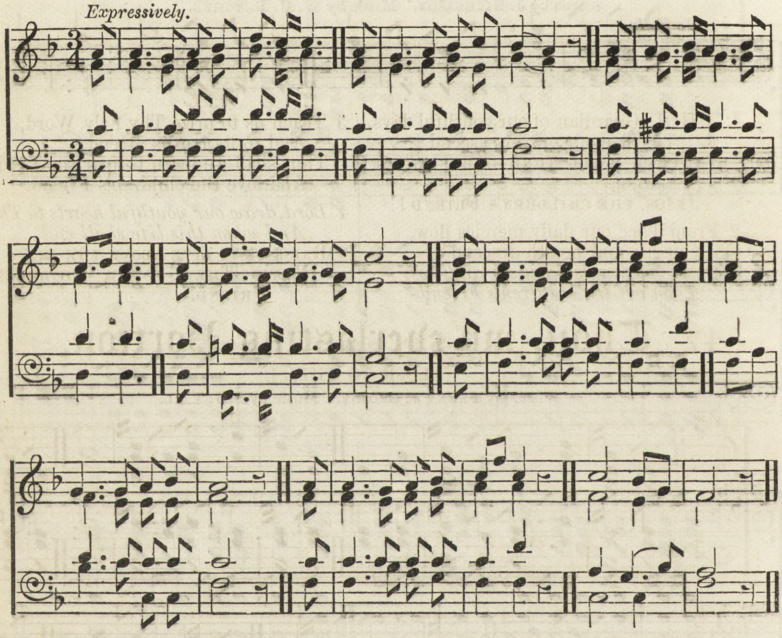
In that beautiful land I shall be
From earth and its cares set free,
For Jesus is there,
He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.

2 There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall weep nor sigh,
For the Father hath said
No tear shall be shed
In that beautiful land on high.

3 There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say "good bye,"
Where the righteous will sing,
And their chorus will ring
In that beautiful land on high.

45 The world looks very beautiful.

Words by ANNA B. WARNER. Music by FRANZ ABT.



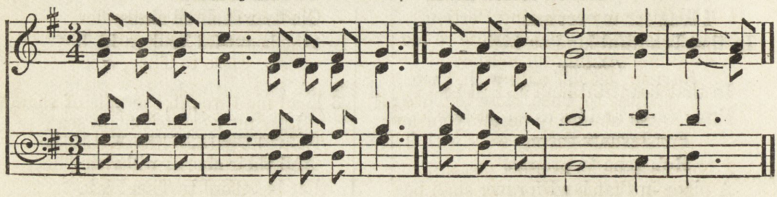
1 THE world looks very beautiful,
And full of joy to me;
The sun shines out in glory
On everything I see;
I know I shall be happy,
While in the world I stay,
For I will follow Jesus,
All the way.

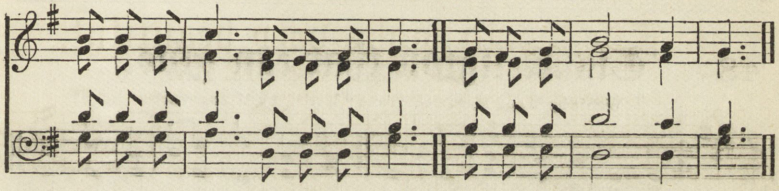
2 Then, like a little pilgrim,
Whatever I may meet,
I'll take it, joy or sorrow,
To lay at Jesus' feet;
He'll comfort me in trouble,
He'll wipe my tears away,
WITH JOY I'LL FOLLOW JESUS,
ALL THE WAY.

3 Then trials cannot vex me,
And pain I need not fear;
For when I'm close by Jesus
Grief cannot come too near;
Not even death can harm me,
When death I meet one day,
TO HEAVEN I'LL FOLLOW JESUS,
ALL THE WAY.

46 Thou Guardian of our youthful days.

Words by Miss D. A. THRUPP. Music from S. WEBBE.





1 THOU Guardian of our youthful days,
To Thee our prayers ascend;
To THEE WE'LL TUNE OUR SONG OF PRAISE,
JESUS, THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND!

2 From Thee our daily mercies flow,
Our life and health descend;
O save our souls from sin and woe,
Thou art the children's Friend.

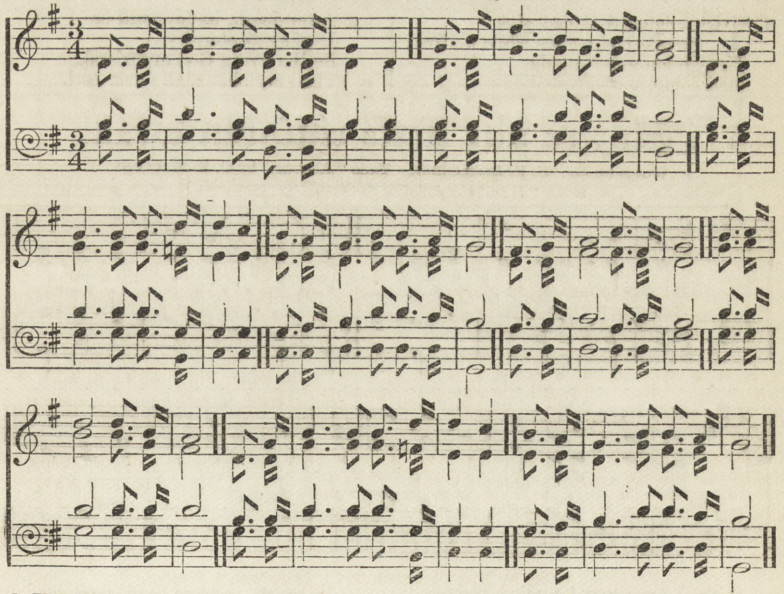
3 Teach us to prize Thy holy Word,
And to its truths attend;
Thus shall we learn to fear the Lord,
And love the children's Friend.

4 *Lord, draw our youthful hearts to Thee:*
And when this life shall end,
RAISE US TO LIVE ABOVE THE SKY
WITH THEE — THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

47 Thou, my everlasting Portion.

[CLOSE TO THEE.]

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. Music by S. J. VAIL.



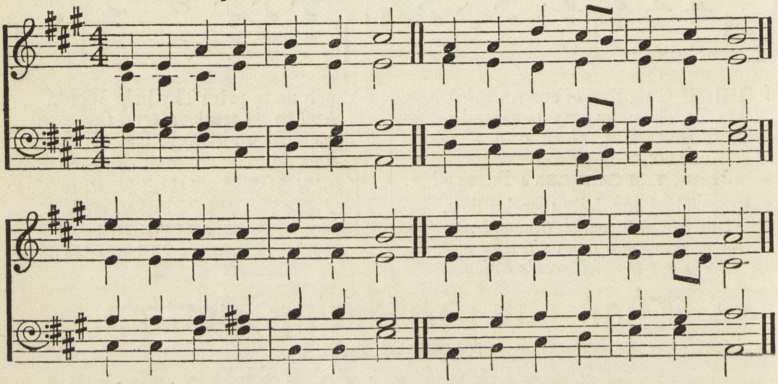
1 THOU, my everlasting Portion,
More than friend or life to me;
All along my pilgrim journey,
Saviour, let me walk with Thee.
‖: Close to Thee, close to Thee; :‖
All along my pilgrim journey,
Saviour, let me walk with Thee.

2 Not for ease, or worldly pleasure,
Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with Thee.
Close to Thee, &c.

3 Lead me through the vale of shadows,
Bear me o'er life's fitful sea;
Then the gate of life eternal,
May I enter, Lord, with Thee.
Close to Thee, &c.

48 'Tis Religion that can give.

Words by MARY MASTERS. Tune "Harts," by MILGROVE.

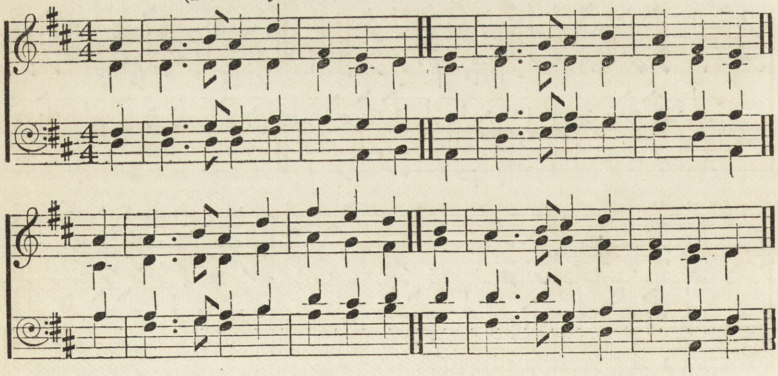


1 'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity.
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

49 We are but little children weak.

Words by Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER. Tune "Alstone," by C. E. WILLING.
(From "Hymns Ancient & Modern," *By permission.*)



1 WE are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate;
What can we do for Jesus' sake,
Who is so high, and good, and great?

2 *When deep within our swelling hearts*
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes;

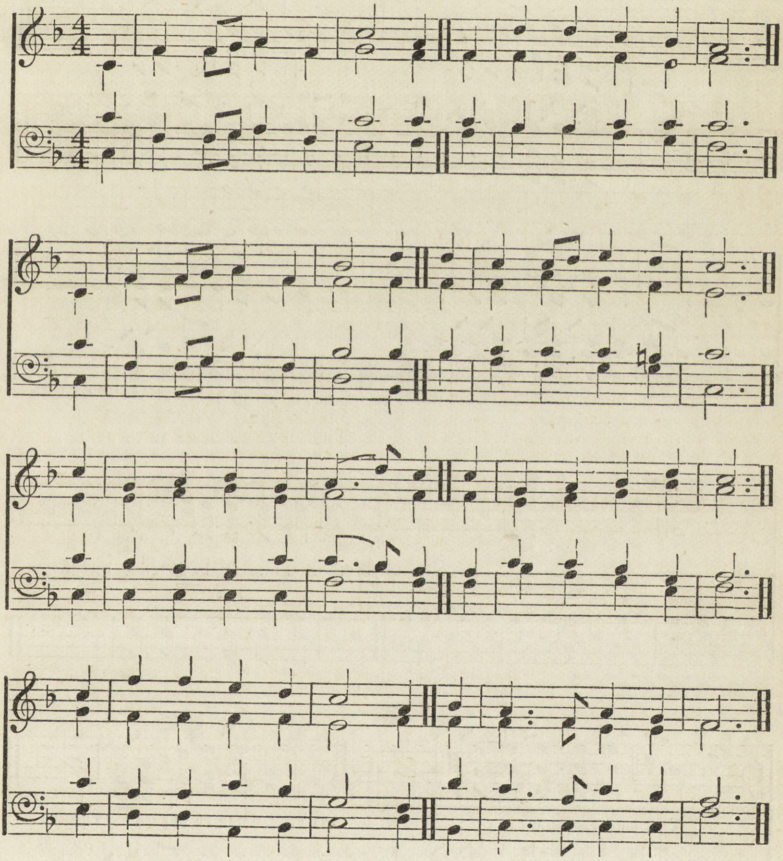
3 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

4 With smiles of peace and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good humour brighten there,
AND DO ALL STILL FOR JESUS' SAKE.

5 There's not a child so small and weak,
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
THAT HE MAY DO FOR JESUS' SAKE.

50 We bring no glittering treasures.

Words by Miss PHILLIPS. Tune "Lymington," by R. JACKSON.
(*By permission.*)



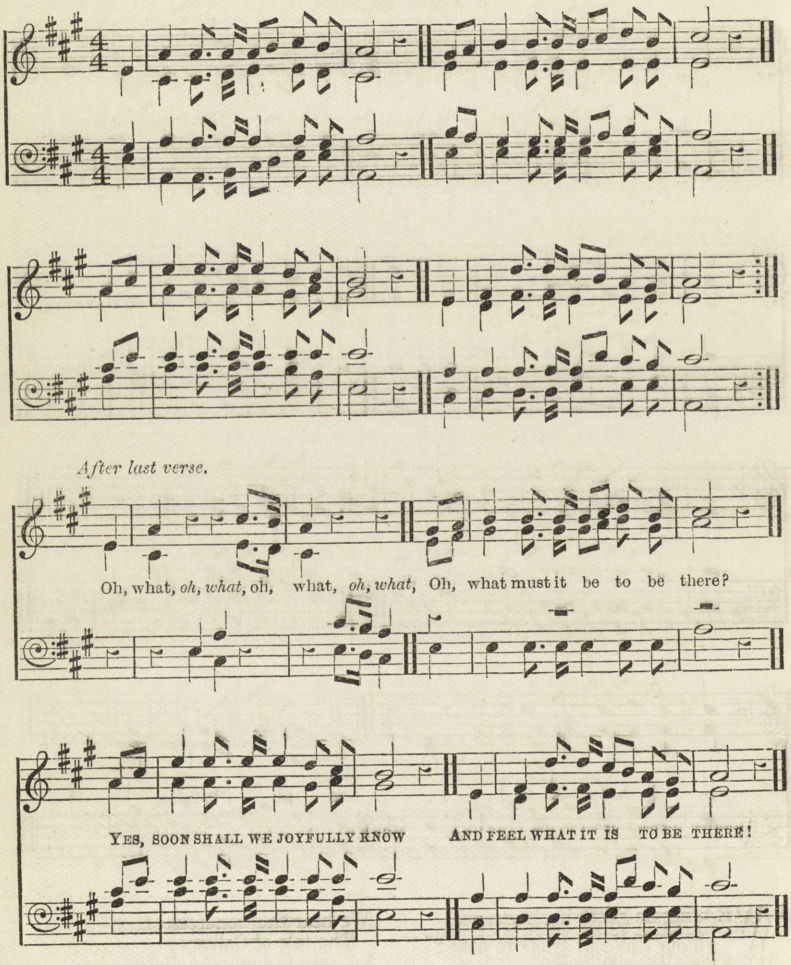
1 WE bring no glittering treasures,
No gems from earth's deep mine;
We come with simple measures,
To claim Thy love divine.
Thy constant favours sharing,
Our voice of thanks we raise,
O Lord, accept our offering,
Our song of grateful praise.

2 The dearest gift of Heaven,
Love's written word of truth,
To us is early given,
To guide our steps in youth.
We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary;
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

3 *Redeemer, grant Thy blessing,*
Oh, teach us how to pray:
That each, Thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way.
There where the pure are dwelling,
We hope to meet again;
And sweeter numbers swelling,
FOR EVER PRAISE THY NAME.

51 We sing of the realms of the blest.

Words by Mrs. E. MILLS.



1 WE sing of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed,—
But what must it be to be there!

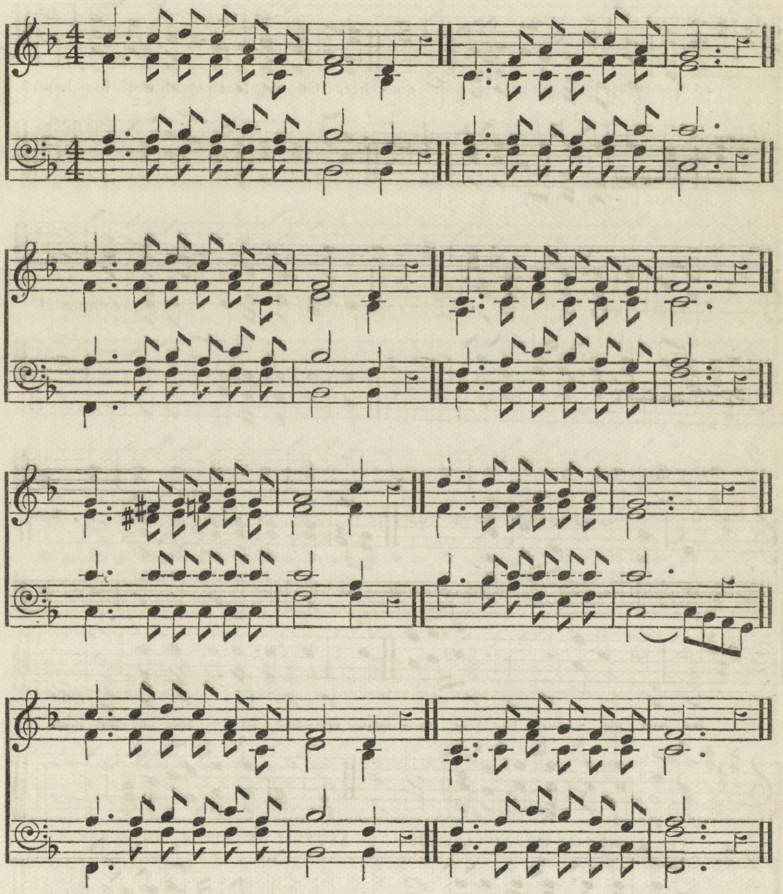
2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold,—
BUT WHAT MUST IT BE TO BE THERE!

3 *We speak of its freedom from sin,*
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within,—
But what must it be to be there!

4 *Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,*
For heaven our spirits prepare;
THEN SOON SHALL WE JOYFULLY KNOW
AND FEEL WHAT IT IS TO BE THERE.

52 What a Friend we have in Jesus.

Words by Rev. H. Bonar. *By permission.*) Music by Karl Reden.



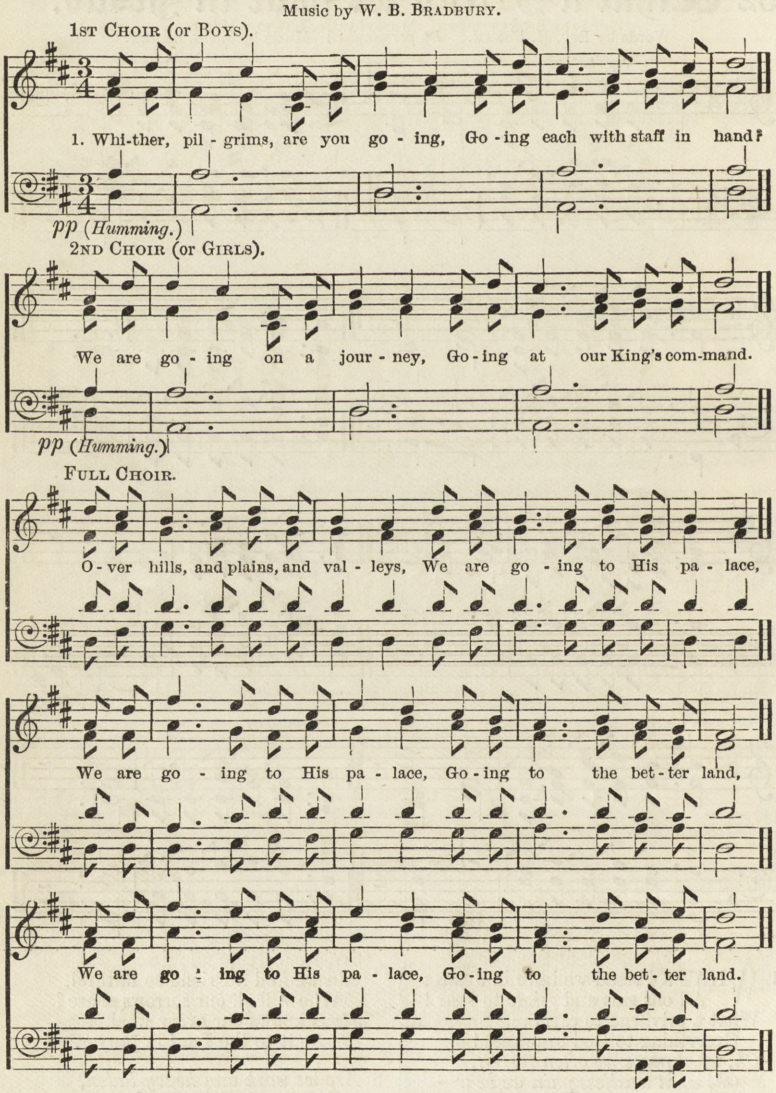
1 WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus;
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear--
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

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

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

53 Whither, pilgrims, are you going?

Music by W. B. BRADBURY.

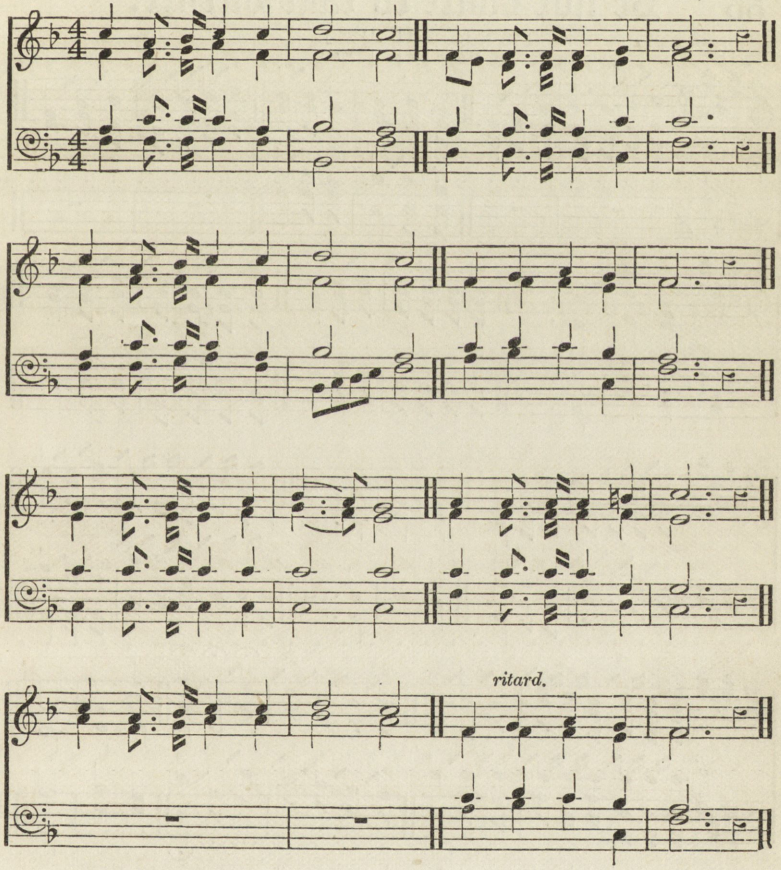


1 CH. Tell us, pilgrims, what you hope for
In that far-off better land.
2 CH. Spotless robes and crowns of glory,
From a Saviour's loving hand.
CHO. We shall drink of life's clear river,
We shall dwell with God for ever,
‖: We shall dwell with God for ever,
In that bright, that better land. :‖

1 CH. Pilgrims, may we travel with you
To that bright, that better land?
2 CH. Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Welcome to our pilgrim band.
CHO. Come, oh come, and do not leave us,
Christ is waiting to receive us,
‖: Christ is waiting to receive us,
In that bright, that better land. :‖

54 Work, for the night is coming.

Words by SIDNEY DYER. Music by Dr. LOWELL MASON.



1. WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours,
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labour,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

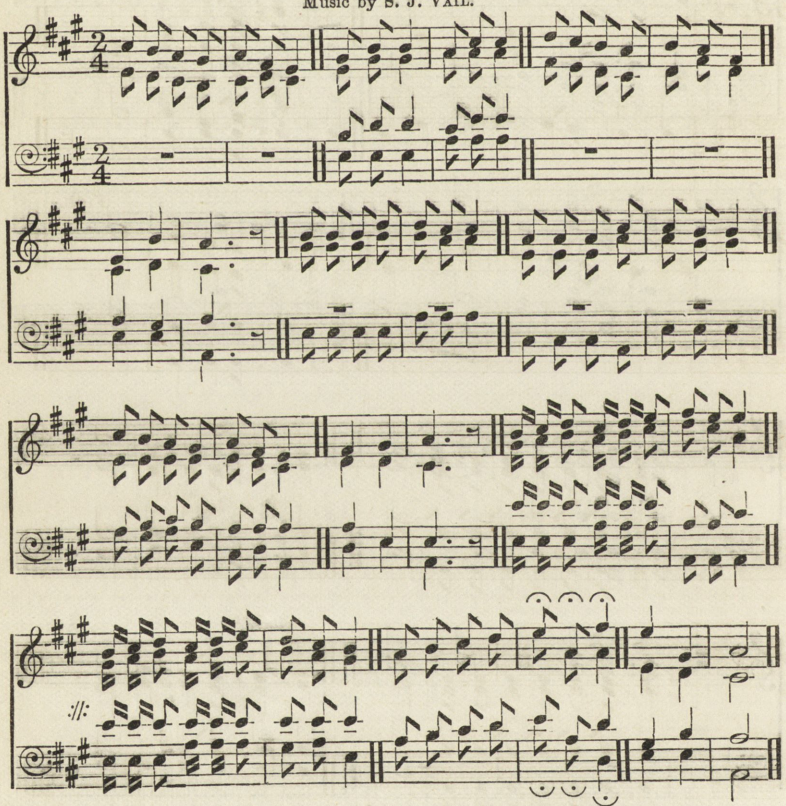
3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies,
See rosy tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies;
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

III.—Home and Social Duties.

55 Be not swift to take offence.

[LET IT PASS.]

Music by S. J. Vail.



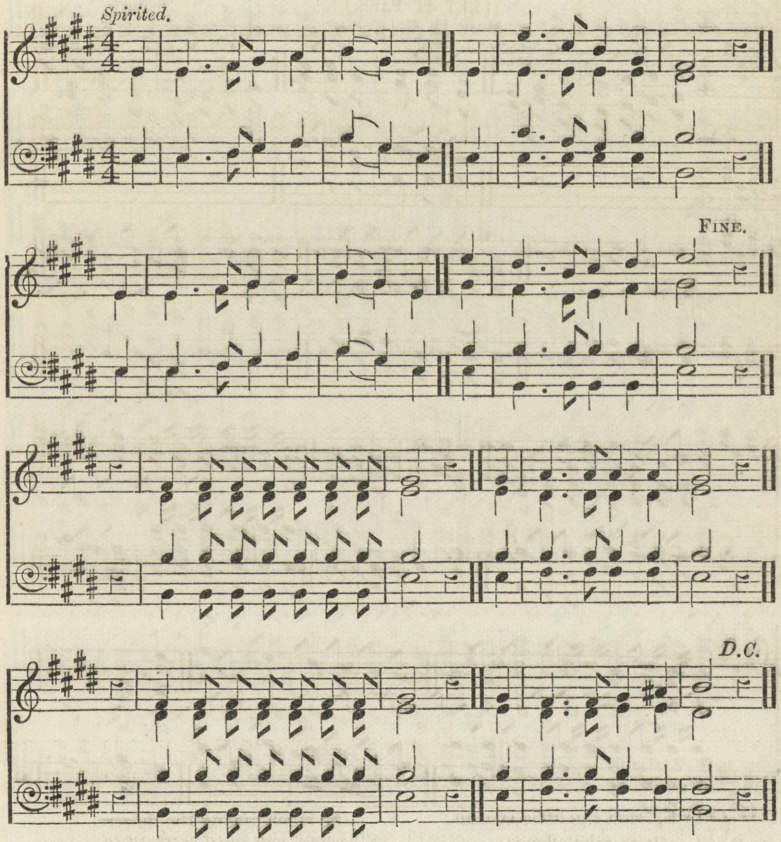
1 BE not swift to take offence,
Let it pass, let it pass.
Anger is a foe to sense;
Let it pass.
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong
Which will disappear ere long,
Rather sing this cheery song,
Let it pass.
‖: Merrily, cheerily sing this song, :‖
BETTER TO BE WRONGED THAN WRONG,
LET IT PASS.

2 *Echo not an angry word;*
Let it pass, let it pass.
Think how often you have erred;
Let it pass.
Since our joys must pass away,
Like the dewdrops and the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?
LET IT PASS.
Merrily, cheerily, &c.

3 If for good you've taken ill;
Let it pass, let it pass.
Oh, be kind and gentle still;
Let it pass.
Time at last makes all things straight;
Let us not resent, but wait,
AND OUR TRIUMPH SHALL BE GREAT;
LET IT PASS.
MERRILY, CHEERILY, &c.

56 Come, friends, the world.

Music by T. F. SEWARD.



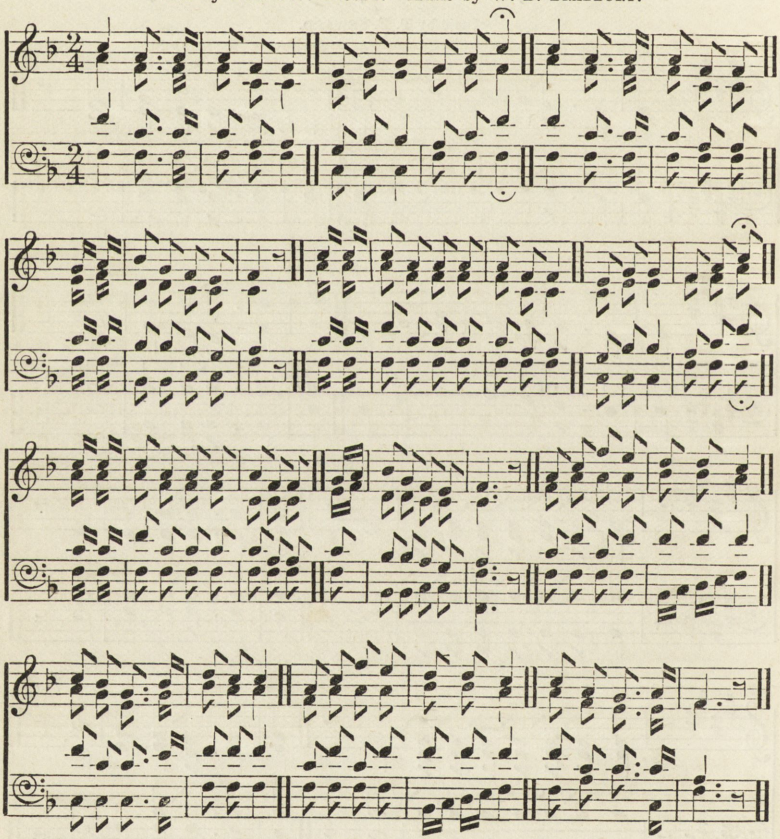
1 COME, friends, the world wants mending,
Let none sit down and rest,
But seek to work like heroes,
And nobly do your best;
Do what you can for fellow-man,
With honest heart and true,
Much may be done by every one—
There's work for all to do.
COME, FRIENDS, &c.

2 Though you can do but little,
That little's something still;
You'll find a way for something,
If you but have the will.
NOW BRAVELY FIGHT FOR WHAT IS RIGHT,
AND GOD WILL HELP YOU THROUGH;
MUCH MAY BE DONE BY EVERY ONE—
THERE'S WORK FOR ALL TO DO.
COME, FRIENDS, &c.

3 Be kind to those around you,
To charity hold fast;
Let each think first of others,
And leave himself till last.
Act as you would that others should
Act always unto you;
MUCH MAY BE DONE BY EVERY ONE—
THERE'S WORK FOR ALL TO DO.
COME, FRIENDS, &c.

57 "Give," said the little stream.

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. Music by W. B. BRADBURY.



1 "GIVE," said the little stream,
"Give, oh give; give, oh give;"
"Give," said the little stream,
As it hurried down the hill.
"I am small, I know, yet where I go,"
Give, oh give; give, oh give;
"I am small, I know, but where I go,
The fields grow greener still."
Singing, singing all the day,
Give away, oh give away.
Singing, singing all the day,
Give, oh give away.

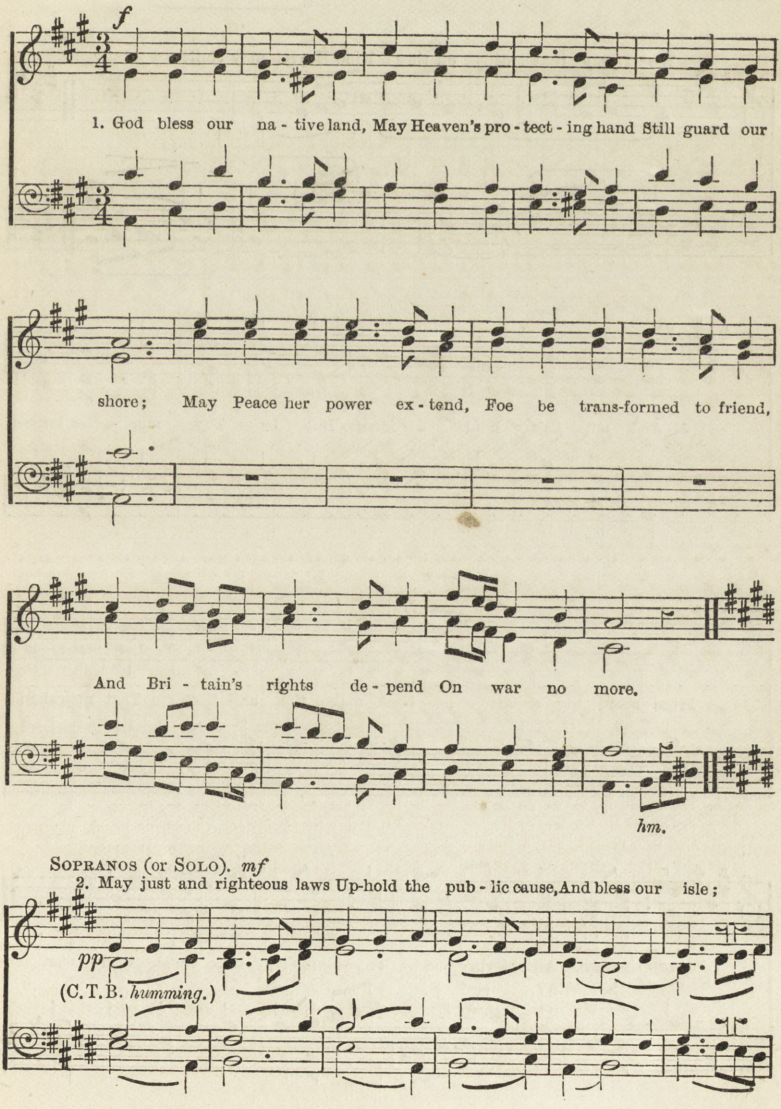
2 "*Give*," *said the gentle rain*,
"Give, oh give; give, oh give;"
"*Give*," *said the gen le rain*,
As it fell among the flowers.
"I will raise the drooping heads again,"
Give, oh give; give, oh give;
"I will raise the drooping heads again,
And freshen Summer bowers."
Singing, singing, &c.

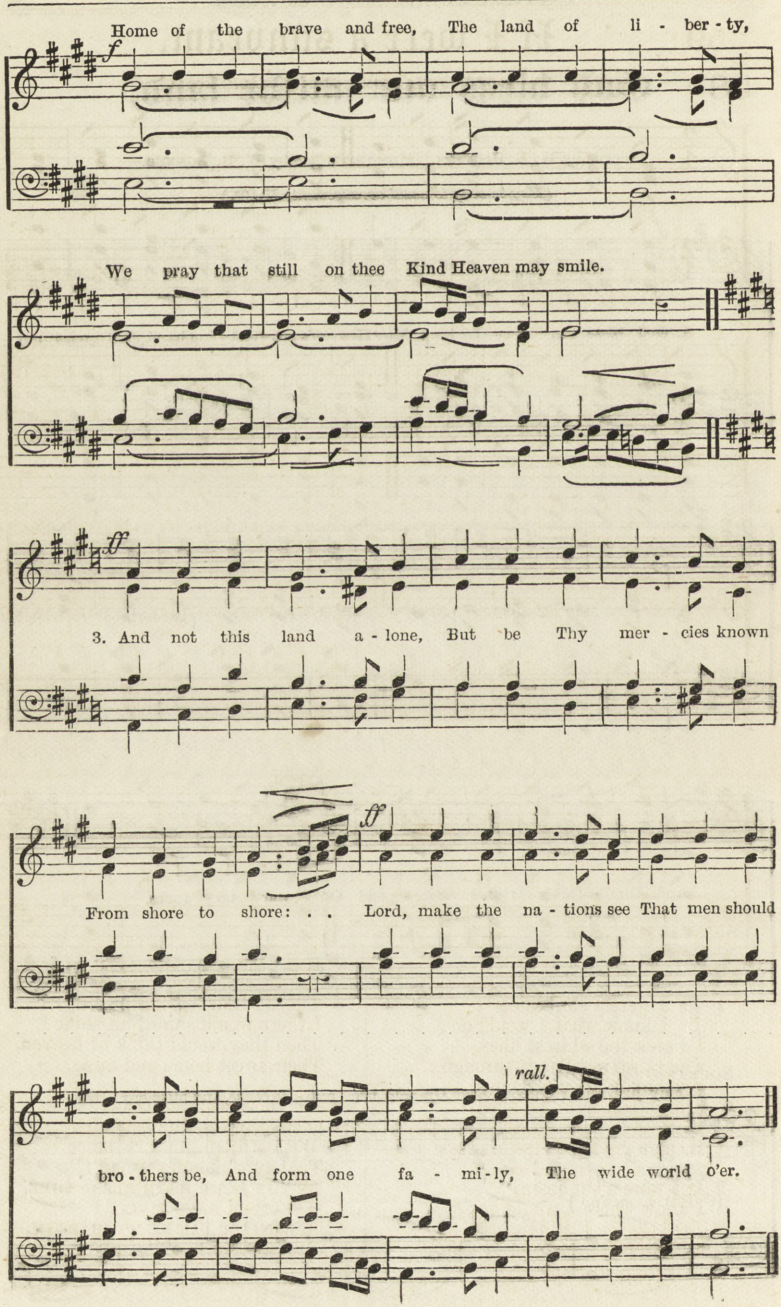
3 "*Give*," *said the violet sweet*,
"Give, oh give; give, oh give;"
"*Give*," *said the violet sweet*,
In its gentle Spring-like voice;
"And from cot and hall, O hear my call,"
Give, oh give; give, oh give.
"And from cot and hall, O hear my call,
Come, find me and rejoice."
SINGING, SINGING, &c.

58 God bless our native land.

Words by W. E. Hickson. Music arranged by W. H. Bonner.

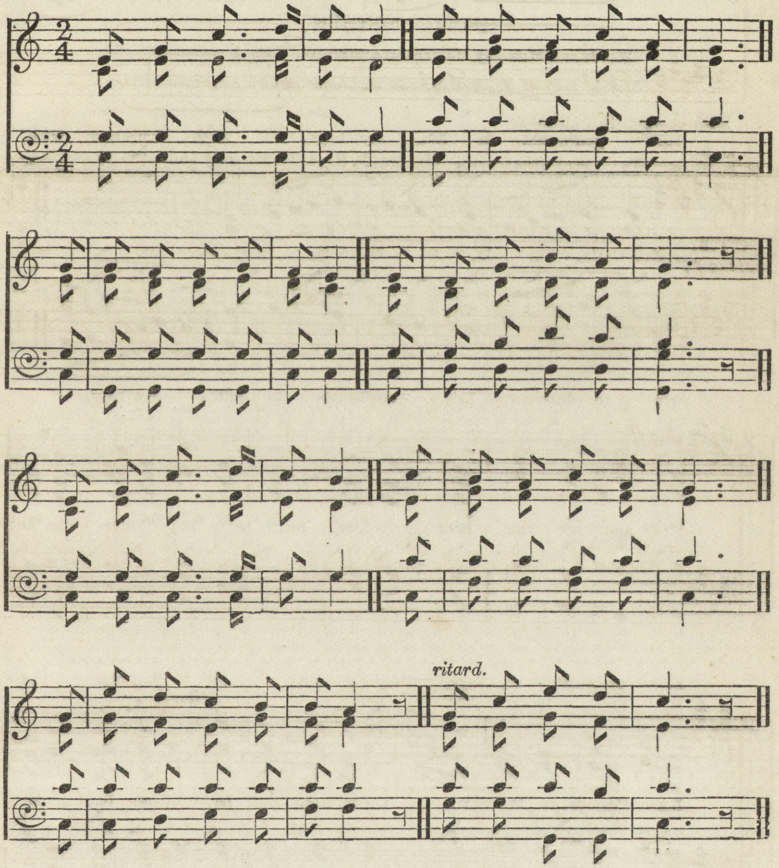
(*May be sung to usual arrangement, No.* 96.)




Home of the brave and free, The land of li - ber - ty,
f
We pray that still on thee Kind Heaven may smile.
ff
3. And not this land a - lone, But be Thy mer - cies known
ff
From shore to shore: . . Lord, make the na - tions see That men should
rall.
bro - thers be, And form one fa - mi - ly, The wide world o'er.

59 If I were a sunbeam.

Words by LUCY LARCOM. Music by G. F. ROOT.



1 IF I were a sunbeam,
I know what I would do;
I'd seek the whitest lilies
The rainy woodlands through:
Stealing in among them,
The softest light I'd shed,
Until each graceful lily
RAISED ITS DROOPING HEAD.

2 If I were a sunbeam,
I know where I would go;
Into the lowliest hovels,
All dark with want and woe;
Till sad hearts look upward,
I there would shine and shine!
Then they would think of heaven,
Their sweet home and mine.

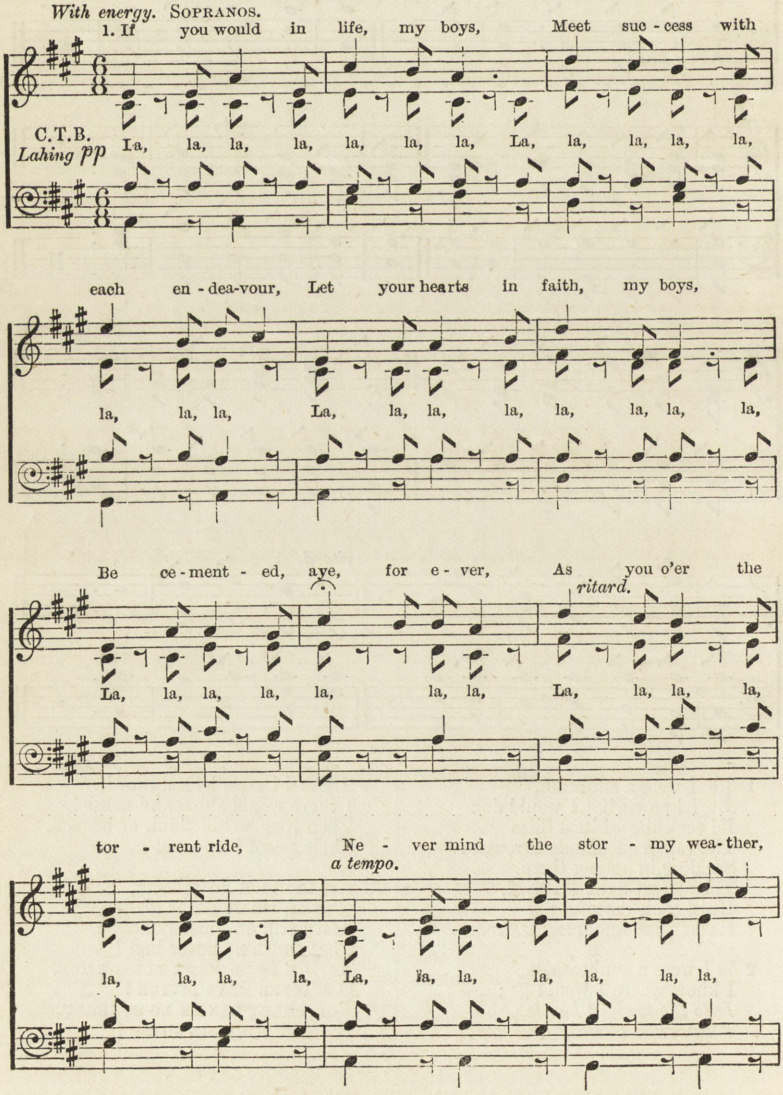
3 Art thou not a sunbeam,
O child, whose life is glad,
With still an inner radiance
That sunshine never had?
AS THE LORD HATH BLEST THEE,
O SCATTER RAYS DIVINE!
FOR THERE CAN BE NO SUNBEAM,
BUT MUST DIE, OR SHINE!

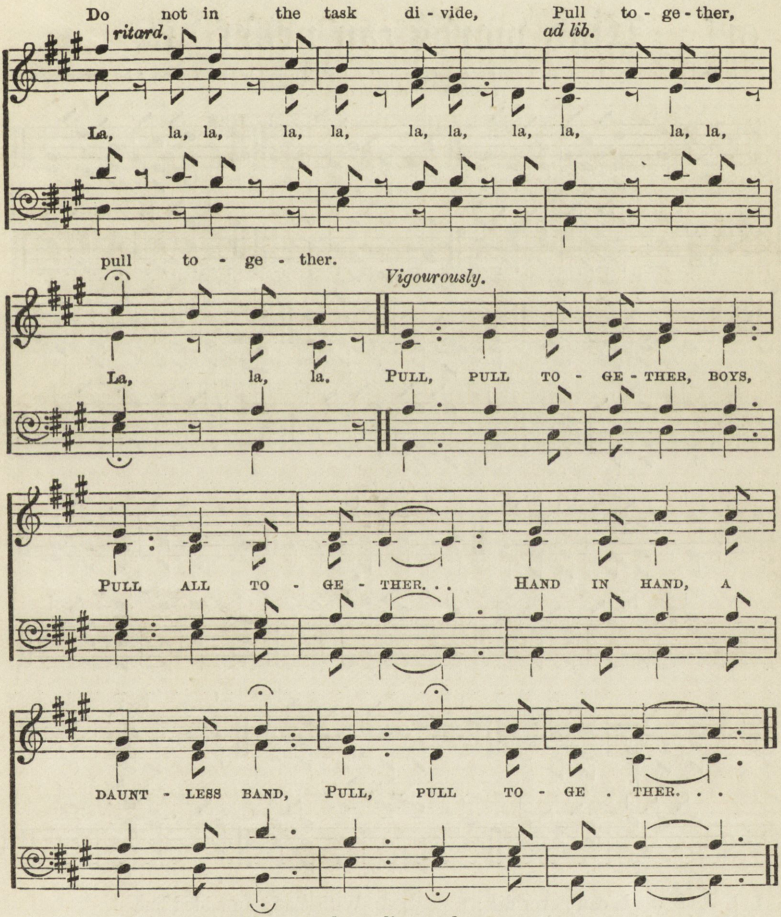
60 If you would in life, my boys.

[PULL TOGETHER.]

Words and Music by MATTHEW ANDERSON. (*By permission.*)

(*May be sung as Tenor Solo; and with or without accompaniment.*)



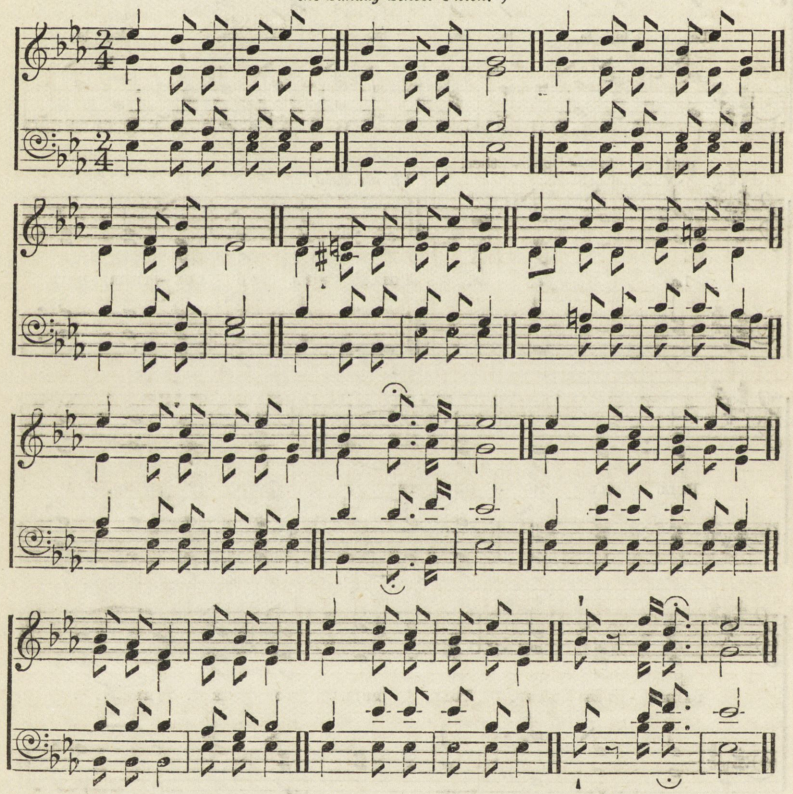


2 If you make a slip, my boys,
Start again, and pull the stronger ;
Do not in the flight, my boys,
Drop the oar, and strive no longer.
Stout of heart, with willing hand,
Grasp whate'er you wish to gather.
Sorrow's root is but in sand—
Pull together, pull together.
Pull, pull together, &c.

3 In the Temperance cause, my boys,
Great the need to pull together ;
Odds are long against us, boys,
They will beat us if we sever,
BUT IF HEART WITH HEART UNITE,
WE WILL FEAR OUR FOEMEN NEVER,
STEM THE TIDE, MAINTAIN THE FIGHT,
PULL TOGETHER, PULL TOGETHER.
PULL, PULL TOGETHER, &c.

61 Kind words can never die.

Words and Music by ABBY HUTCHINSON. (From "Select Music for the Young," *by permission of the Sunday School Union.*")



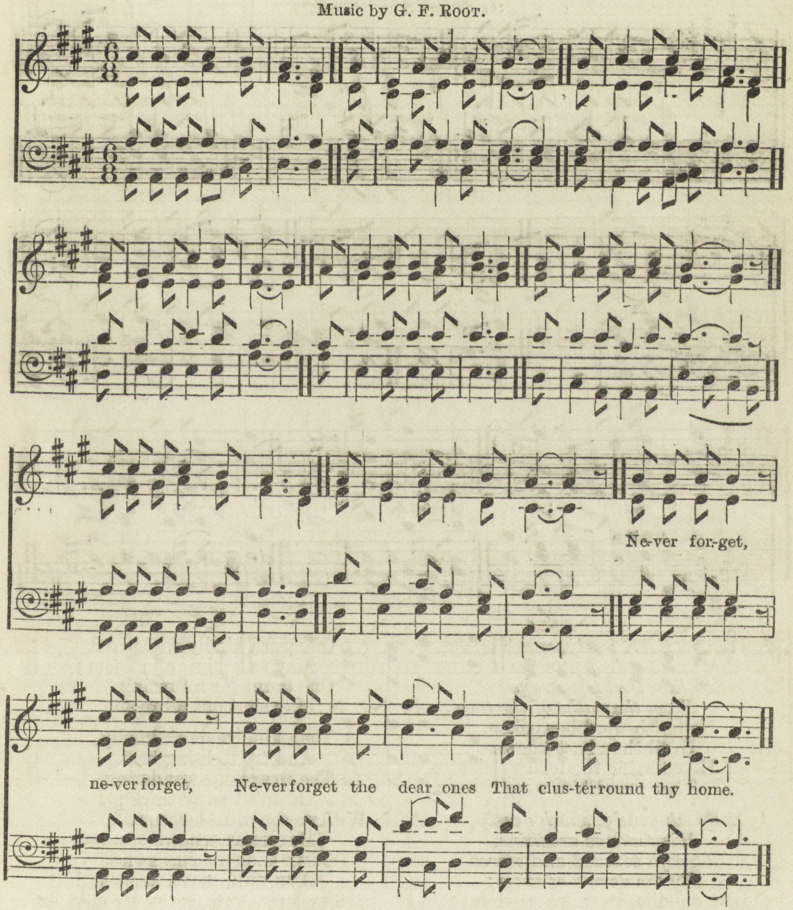
1 KIND words can never die;
Cherished and blest,
God knows how deep they lie
Stored in the breast;
Like childhood's simple rhymes
Said o'er a thousand times,
And in all years and climes,
Distant and near.
Kind words can never die;
NEVER DIE, never die;
Kind words can never die,
No, NEVER DIE.

2 *Sweet thoughts can never die;*
Though, like the flowers,
Their brightest hues may fly
In wintry hours;
But when the gentle dew
Gives them their charms anew,
With many an added hue
THEY BLOOM AGAIN.
Sweet thoughts can never die;
NEVER DIE, never die;
Sweet thoughts can never die,
No, NEVER DIE.

3 Our souls can never die;
Though in the tomb
Our mortal bodies lie,
Wrapped in its gloom.
E'en though the flesh decay,
Souls pass in peace away,
LIVE THROUGH ETERNAL DAY
WITH GOD ABOVE.
Our souls can never die;
NEVER DIE, never die;
Our souls can never die,
No, NEVER DIE.

62 Never forget the dear ones.

Music by G. F. Root.



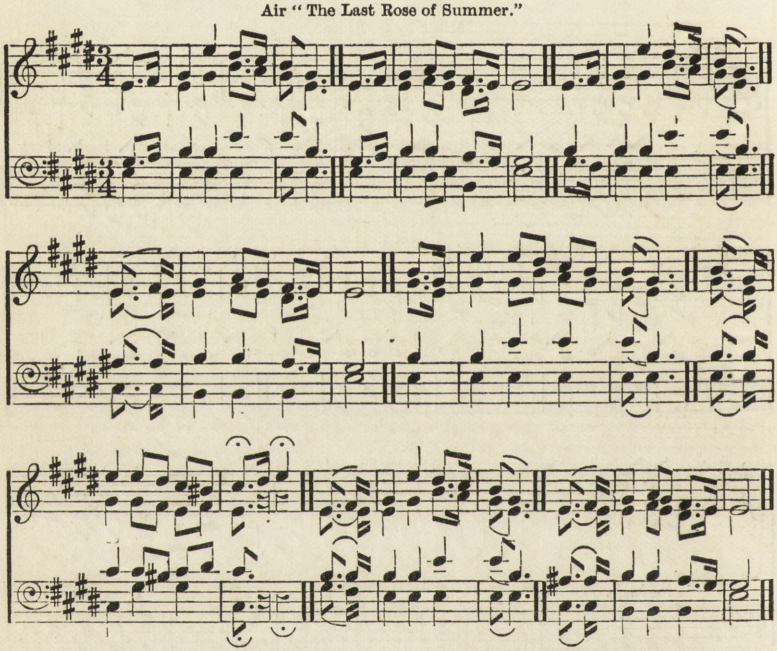
1 NEVER forget the dear ones
Around the social hearth;
The sunny smiles of gladness,
The songs of artless mirth;
Though other scenes may woo thee
In distant lands to roam,
NEVER FORGET THE DEAR ONES
THAT CLUSTER ROUND THY HOME.

2 Ever their hearts are turning
To thee when far away,
Their love, so pure and tender,
Is with thee on thy way;
Wherever thou may'st wander,
Wherever thou may'st roam,
NEVER FORGET THE DEAR ONES
THAT CLUSTER ROUND THY HOME.

3 Never forget thy father,
Who cheerful toils for thee;
Within thy heart may ever
Thy mother's image be;
Thy sister dear, and brother,
They long for thee to come;
NEVER FORGET THE DEAR ONES
THAT CLUSTER ROUND THY HOME.

63 Speak softly, speak softly.

Air "The Last Rose of Summer."



1 *SPEAK softly, speak softly,*
There's gentleness due
To him that has strayed
From the paths of the true;
No harsh word be spoken,
Until thou hast known
How terrific the toils
That round him were thrown.

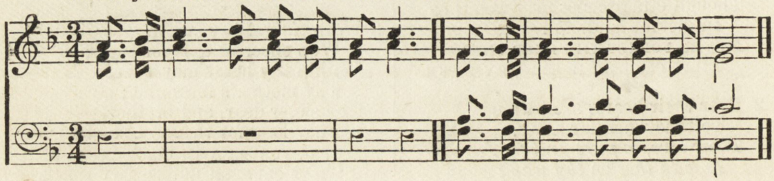
2 *Speak gently, speak gently,*
His feelings are thine,
Though blunted and seared
By the demon of wine;
One word kindly whispered
May save him from doom;
One taunt for returning
May shut out all room.

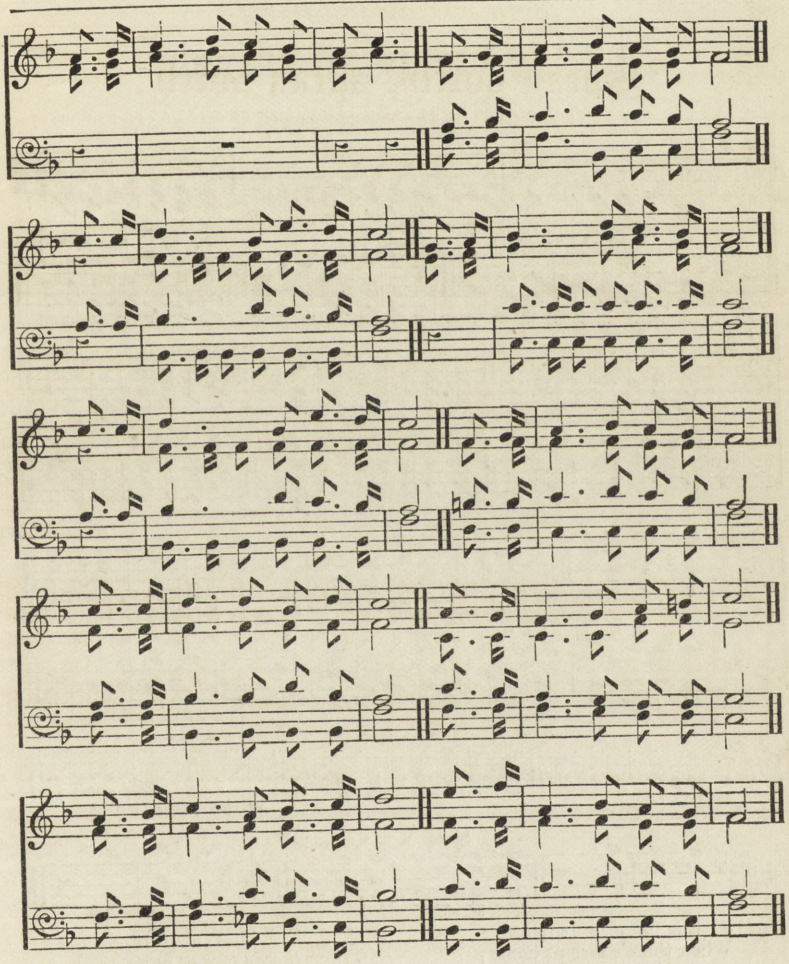
3 Then kindly, speak kindly,
And try to bring back
The weary one wandering
In sin's thorny track;
AND OH, WHO CAN TELL,
BUT THAT WEARY ONE MAY
COME BACK TO THE PURE
AND THE HEAVENLY WAY!

64 There are lonely hearts to cherish.

[WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.]

Words by GEORGE COOPER. Air from H. MILLARD; Arranged by W. H. BONNER.





1 THERE are lonely hearts to cherish,
While the days are going by,
There are weary souls who perish,
While the days are going by;
If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue,
Oh! the good we all may do,
While the days are going by,
While the days are going by,
While the days are going by,
ALL MAY FIND A FIELD OF TOIL,
WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

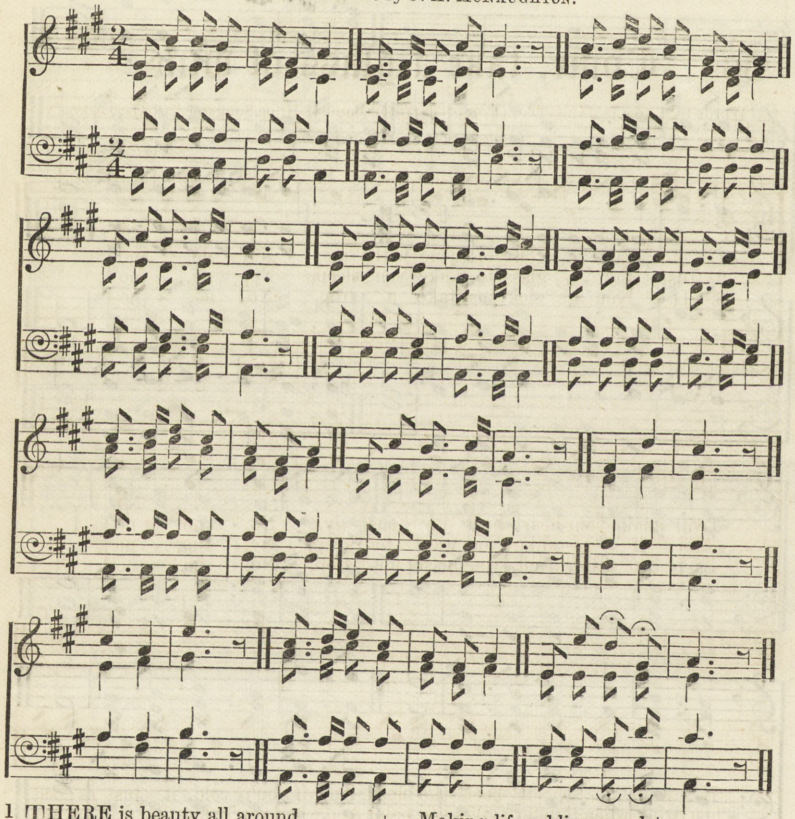
2 There's no time for idle scorning,
While the days are going by,
Let your face be bright as morning,
While the days are going by;
Oh! the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes;
Help your fallen brothers rise,
While the days are going by.
While the days, &c.

3 *All the loving links that bind us,*
While the days are going by,
One by one we leave behind us,
While the days are going by;
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
AND WILL KEEP OUR HEARTS AGLOW,
WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.
While the days, &c.

65 There is beauty all around.

[LOVE AT HOME.]

Words and Music by J. H. McNAUGHTON.



1 THERE is beauty all around,
When there's love at home;
There is joy in every sound
When there's love at home;
Peace and plenty here abide,
Smiling sweet on every side,
Time doth softly, sweetly glide,
When there's love at home.
Love at home, love at home;
Time doth softly, sweetly glide,
When there's love at home.

2 In the cottage there is joy,
When there's love at home;
Hate and envy ne'er annoy,
When there's love at home;
Roses blossom 'neath our feet,
All the earth's a garden sweet,
Making life a bliss complete,
When there's love at home.
Love at home, *love at home;*
Making life a bliss complete,
When there's love at home.

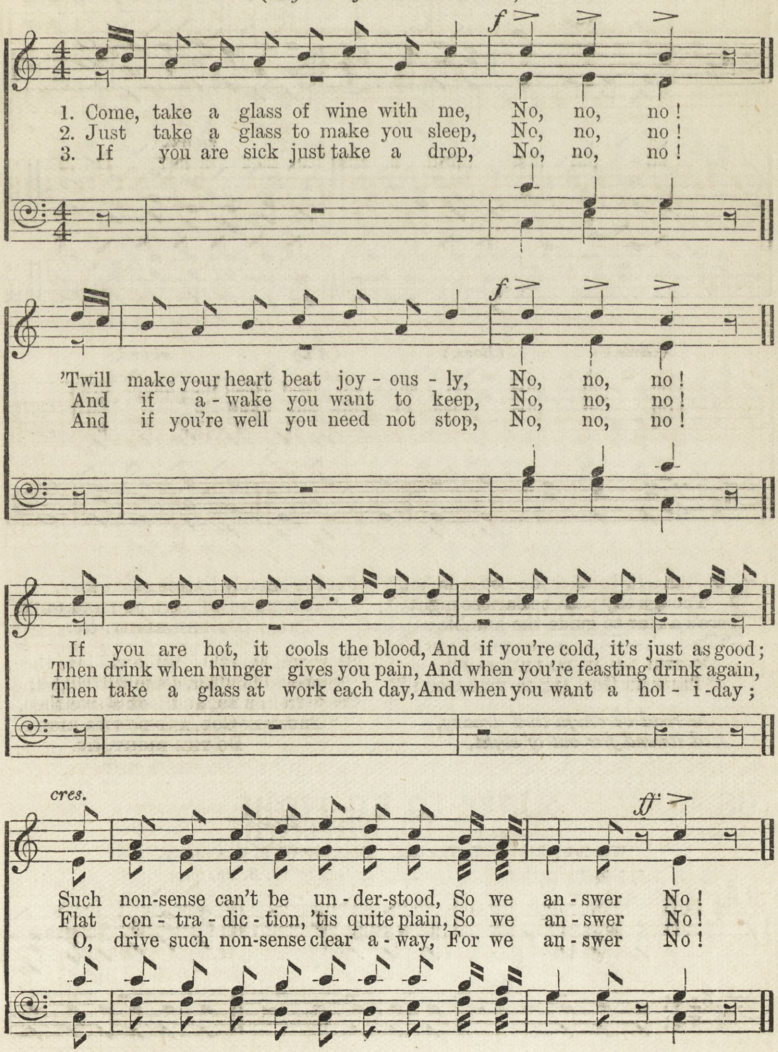
3 Kindly Heaven smiles above
When there's love at home;
All the earth is filled with love,
When there's love at home;
SWEETER SINGS THE BROOKLET BY,
BRIGHTER BEAMS THE AZURE SKY,
OH, THERE'S ONE WHO SMILES ON HIGH,
WHEN THERE'S LOVE AT HOME.
Love at home, LOVE AT HOME;
OH, THERE'S ONE WHO SMILES ON HIGH,
WHEN THERE'S LOVE AT HOME.

VI.—Firmness and Decision of Character.

66 Come, take a glass of wine.

Words by Thomas Jarratt. (From "Jarratt's Band of Hope Songster," *By permission.*)

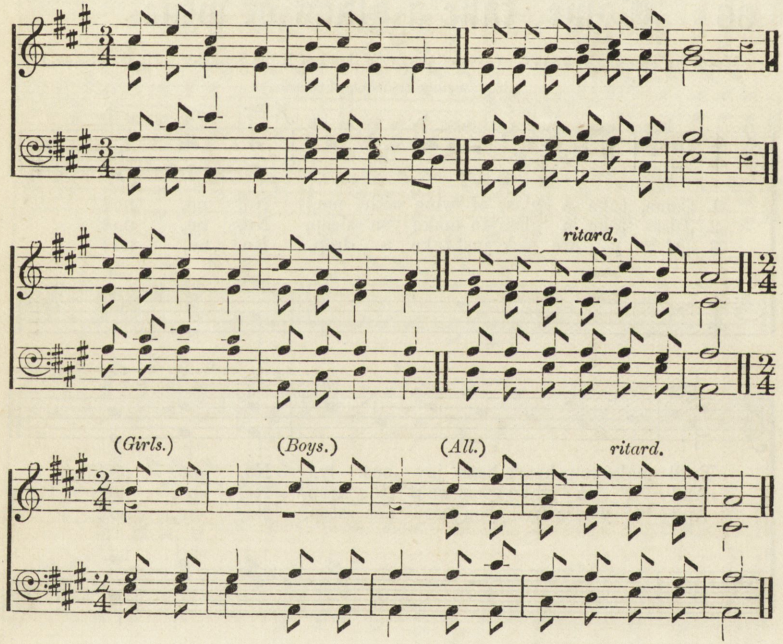
(*May be sung as Solo and Chorus.*)



67 Courage, brother, do not stumble.

[DO THE RIGHT.]

Words by Rev. NORMAN M'LEOD, D.D. Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.



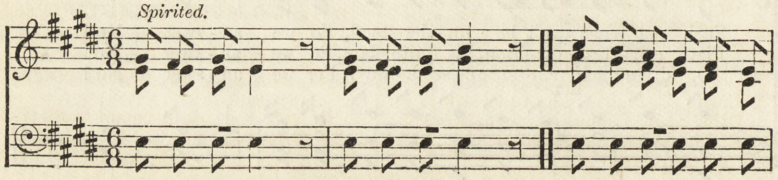
1 COURAGE, brother, do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble;
"TRUST IN GOD, AND DO THE RIGHT."
DO THE RIGHT, DO THE RIGHT,
"TRUST IN GOD, AND DO THE RIGHT."

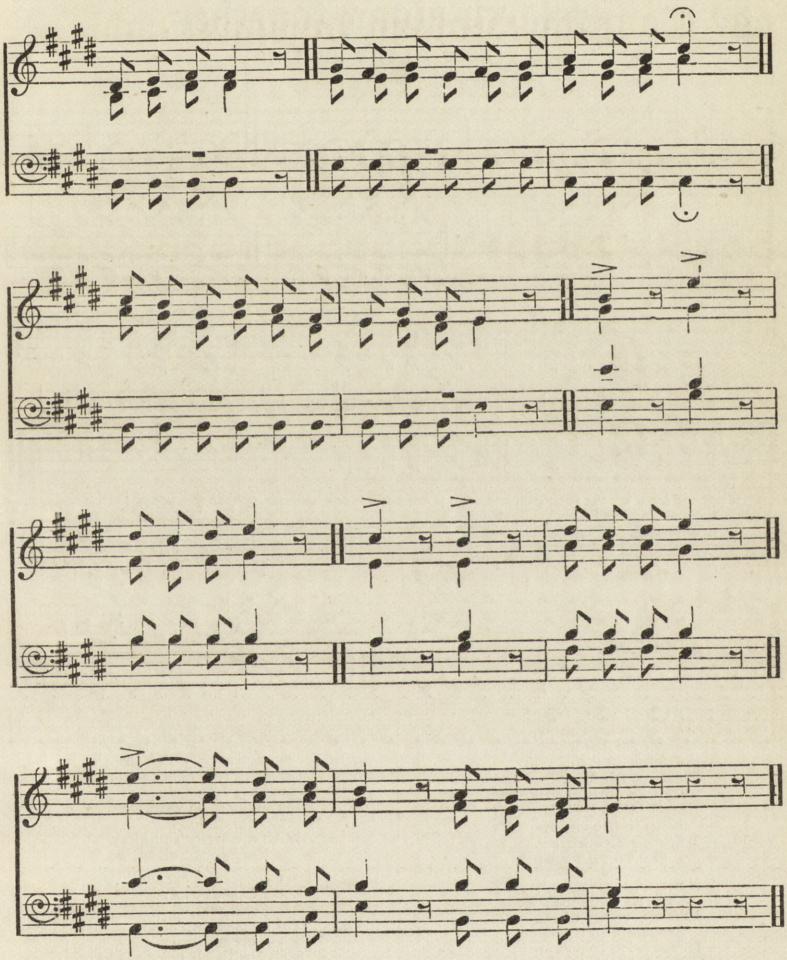
2 *Let the road be rough and dreary,*
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely! strong or weary,
"TRUST IN GOD, AND DO THE RIGHT."
DO THE RIGHT, &c.

3 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
"TRUST IN GOD, AND DO THE RIGHT."
DO THE RIGHT, &c.

68 Dare to do right.

Words by Rev. G. L. TAYLOR. Music by W. B. BRADBURY.





1 DARE to do right! dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell.
DARE, DARE, DARE TO DO RIGHT!
DARE, DARE, DARE TO BE TRUE!
DARE TO BE TRUE! DARE TO BE TRUE!

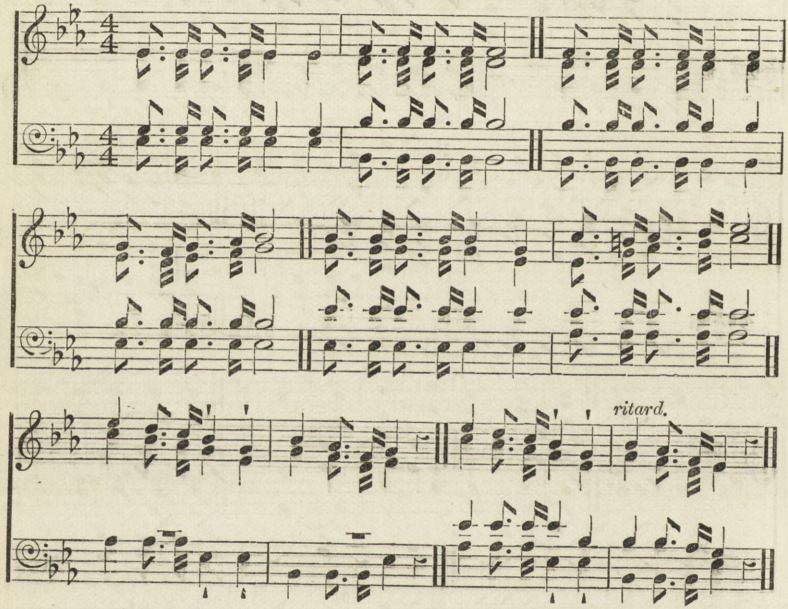
2 Dare to do right! dare to be true!
Other men's failures can never save you;
Stand by your conscience, your honour, your faith,
STAND LIKE A HERO, AND BATTLE TILL DEATH.
DARE, &c.

3 DARE TO DO RIGHT! DARE TO BE TRUE!
JESUS, YOUR SAVIOUR, WILL CARRY YOU THROUGH;
CITY, AND MANSION, AND CROWN, ALL IN SIGHT,
CAN YOU NOT DARE TO BE TRUE AND DO RIGHT?
DARE, &c.

69 March along together.

[KEEP TO THE RIGHT.]

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD. Music by W. B. BRADBURY.



1 MARCH along together,
Ever firm and true,
Many eyes are watching,
Taking count of you.
Pleasant winds or foul ones,
Cloudy days or bright,
Keep to the right, boys,
Keep to the right,
KEEP TO THE RIGHT, BOYS,
KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

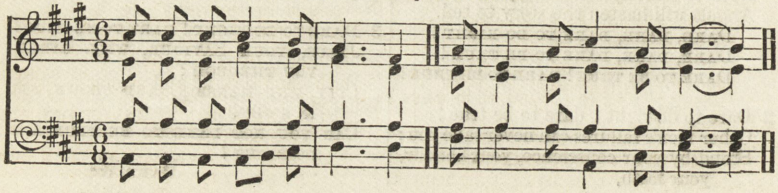
2 Raise on high your banner,
That its folds may fly
Like the wings of eagle
Sweeping to the sky.
If you wish to conquer
Every foe you fight,
Keep to the right, boys,
Keep to the right, &c.

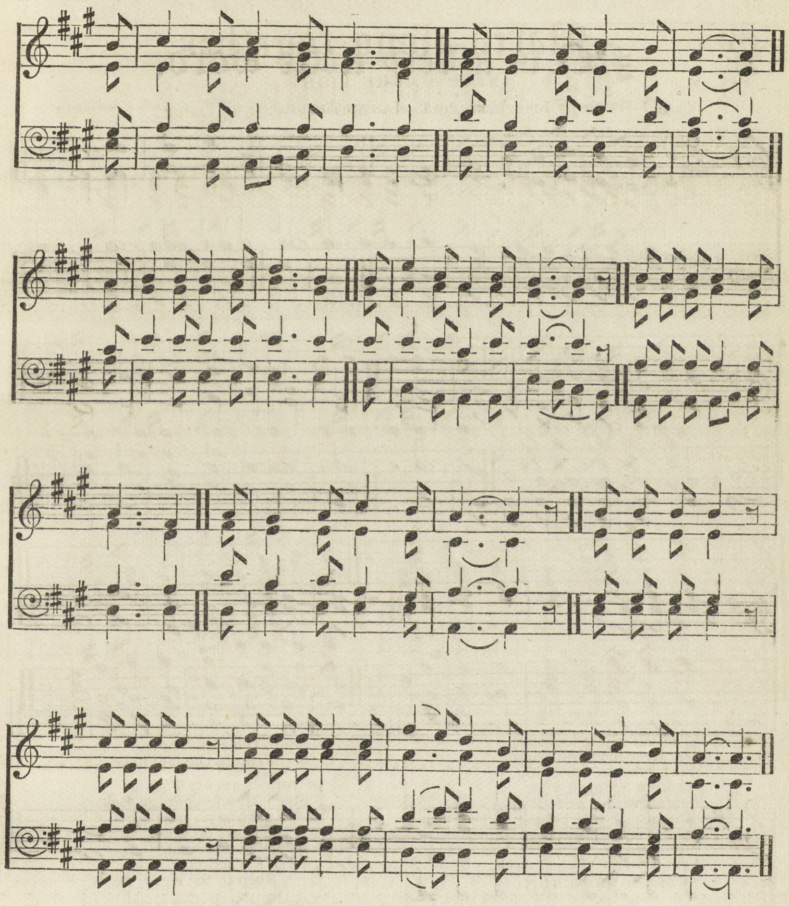
3 Of your heavenly Father
Strength and courage seek,
Swords are to no purpose
If the heart be weak.
Every arm endowing
With a warrior's might;
Keep to the right, &c.

4 Love *should be your motto,*
Duty *be your aim,*
Ever overcoming,
Till a crown you claim.
For a fame undying,
Strive with all your might;
Keep to the right, &c.

70 Never give up the right way.

Words and Music by G. F. ROOT.





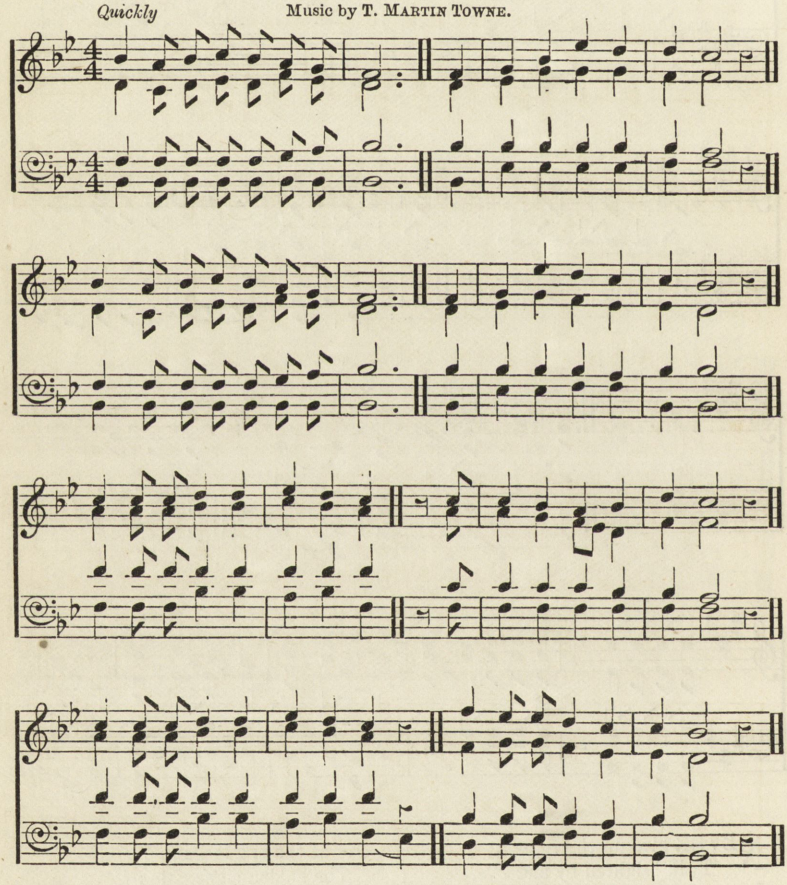
1 NEVER give up the right way,
'Twill brighten by and bye,
In every time of trial
The blessed Lord is nigh;
Though evil counsels darken,
And evil passions try,
Never give up the right way,
'TWILL BRIGHTEN BY AND BYE.
Never give up, never give up,
Never give up the right way,
'TWILL BRIGHTEN BY AND BYE.

2 Never give up the right way,
Though narrow, steep, and straight,
For at the end is shining
The golden city's gate;
And so, if sorrows darken,
And selfish pleasures fly,
Never, &c.

3 Never give up the right way,
Though tempted oft and long,
Remember who is near thee,
With hand so kind and strong;
Whatever then may darken,
Whatever fade and die,
Never, &c.

71 NO is a very little word.

Quickly Music by T. MARTIN TOWNE.



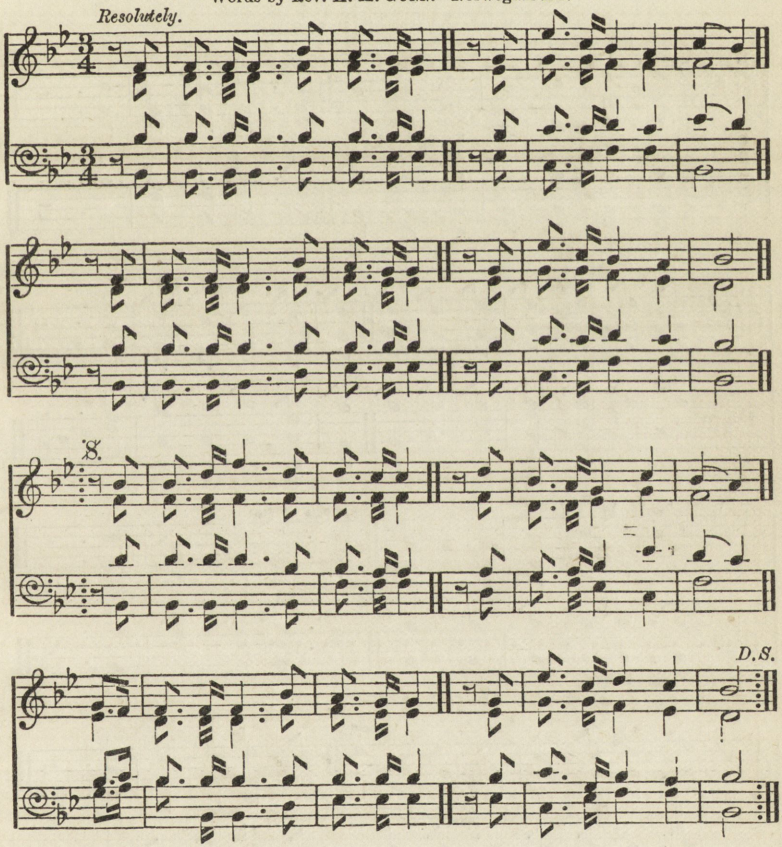
1 NO is a very little word,
In one short breath we say it,
Sometimes 'tis wrong, but often right,
So let me justly weigh it.
No, I must say when asked to swear,
And no, when asked to gamble;
No, when strong drink I'm asked to share,
No, to a Sunday ramble.

2 No, *though I'm tempted sore to lie,*
Or steal, and then conceal it,
And no, *to sin when darkness hides,*
And I alone should feel it.
Whenever sinners would entice
My feet from paths of duty;
No, I'LL UNHESITATING CRY—
NO, NOT FOR PRICE OR BOOTY.

3 God watches how this little word
By everyone is spoken,
And knows those children as His own
By this one simple token.
Who promptly utters No to wrong,
Says YES to right, as surely—
THAT CHILD HAS ENTERED WISDOM'S WAYS,
AND TREADS HER PATH SECURELY.

72 Our fathers were high-minded men.

Words by Rev. H. M. Gunn. Norwegian Air.



1 OUR fathers were high-minded men,
Who firmly kept the faith,
To freedom and to conscience true,
In danger and in death.
Nor should their deeds be e'er forgot,
For noble men were they,
Who struggled hard for sacred rights,
And bravely won the day.
Our fathers were, &c.

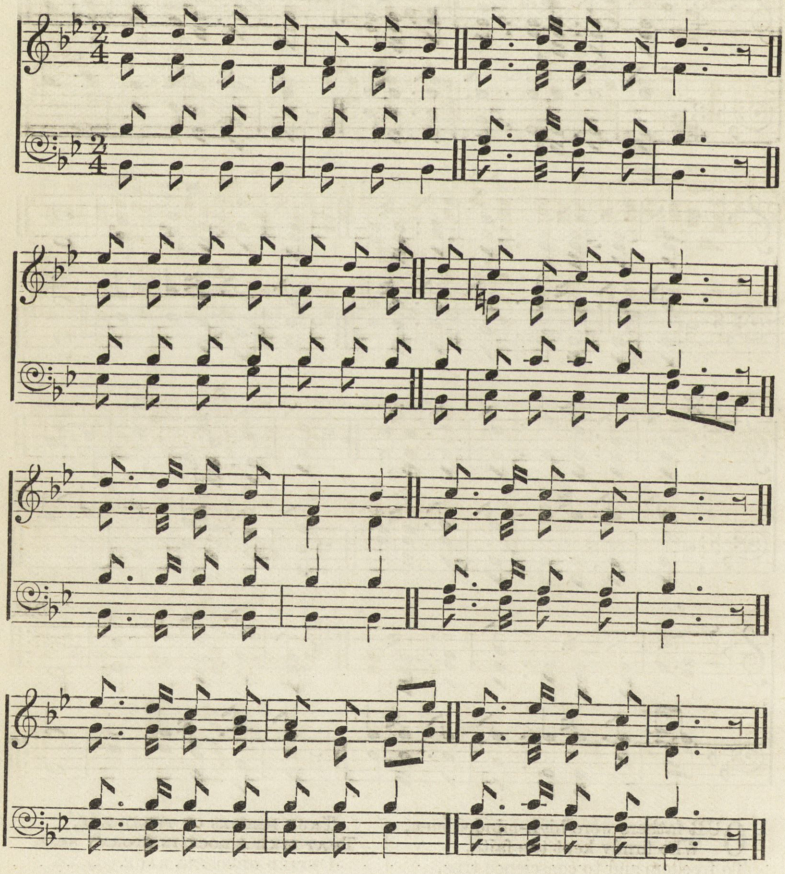
2 For all they suffered, little cared
Those earnest men and wise;
Their zeal for Christ, their love of truth
Made them the shame despise.
GREAT NAMES HAD THEY, BUT GREATER SOULS,
TRUE HEROES OF THEIR AGE,
THAT LIKE A ROCK IN STORMY SEAS,
DEFIED OPPOSING RAGE.
For all they suffered, &c.

3 And such as our forefathers were,
May we their children be!
And in our hearts their spirit live,
That baffled tyranny.
Then we'll uphold the cause of right;
The cause of mercy too;
TO TOIL OR SUFFER FOR THE TRUTH
IS THE NOBLEST THING TO DO.
AND SUCH AS OUR, &c.

73 Standing by a purpose true.

[DANIEL'S BAND.]

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.



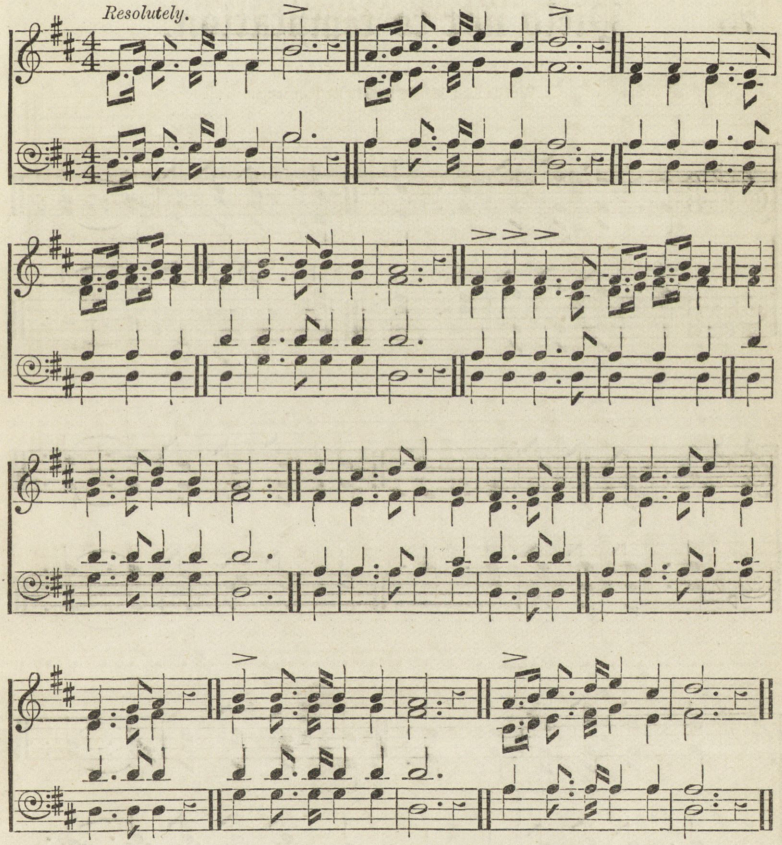
1 STANDING by a purpose true,
Heeding God's command,
Honour them, the faithful few,
All hail to Daniel's band.
DARE TO BE A DANIEL,
DARE TO STAND ALONE,
DARE TO HAVE A PURPOSE FIRM,
DARE TO MAKE IT KNOWN.

2 *Many mighty men are lost,*
Daring not to stand,
Who for God had been a host
By joining Daniel's band!
DARE TO BE, &c.

3 Many giants, great and tall,
Stalking through the land,
Headlong to the earth would fall,
If met by Daniel's band.
DARE TO BE, &c.

74 Who is a brave man?

Resolutely.



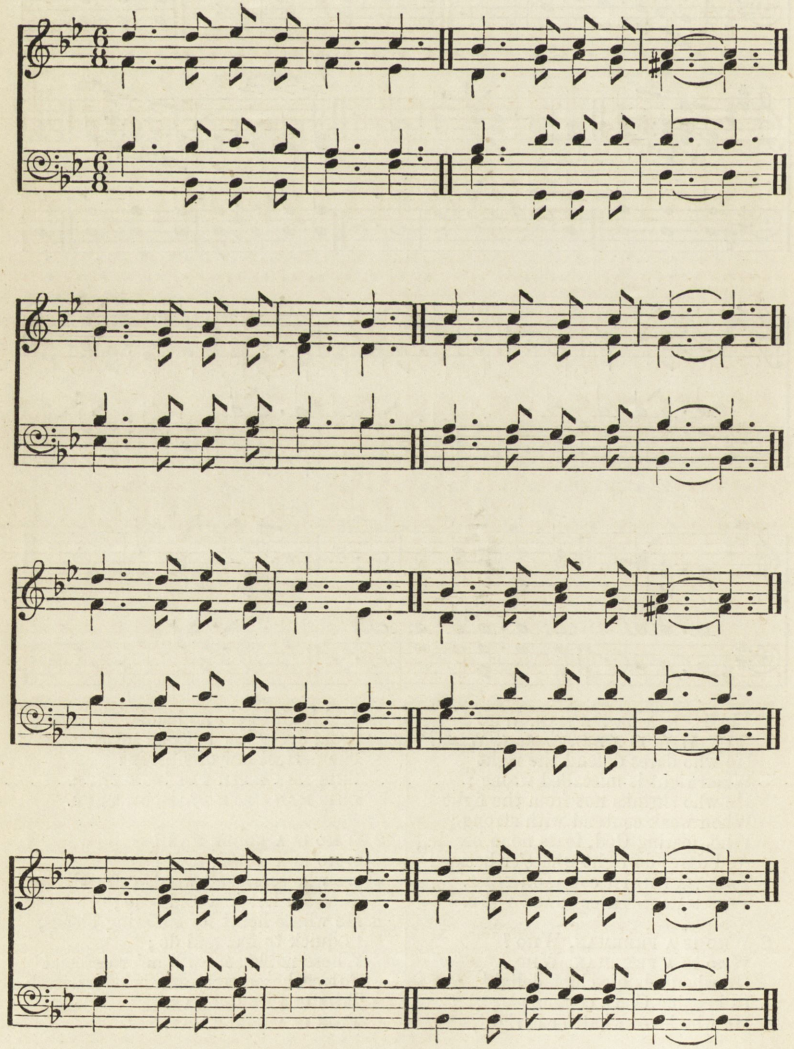
1 WHO IS A BRAVE MAN, WHO?
WHO IS A BRAVE MAN, WHO?
He who dares defend the right
When right is miscalled wrong;
He who shrinks not from the fight
When weak contend with strong;
Who, fearing God, fears none beside,
And dares do right whate'er betide:
THIS MAN HATH COURAGE TRUE.
THIS MAN HATH COURAGE TRUE.

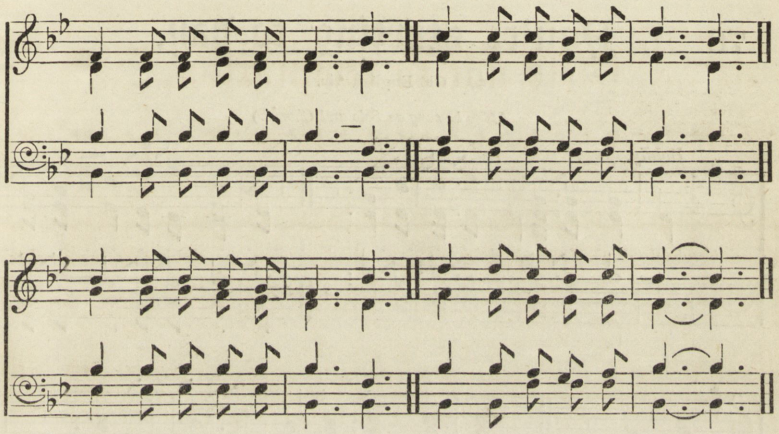
2 WHO IS A FREEMAN, WHO?
WHO IS A FREEMAN, WHO?
He who finds his chief delight
In keeping God's commands;
He who loves whate'er is right,
And hath to sin no bands,
From every law but one set free,
The perfect law of liberty:
THIS MAN HATH FREEDOM TRUE.
THIS MAN HATH FREEDOM TRUE.

3 WHO IS A NOBLE MAN?
WHO IS A NOBLE MAN?
He who scorns all words or deeds
That are not just and true;
He whose heart for suffering bleeds,
Is quick to feel and do;
Whose noble soul will ne'er descend
To treacherous act towards foe or friend;
THIS IS A NOBLE MAN.
THIS IS A NOBLE MAN.

75 Yield not to temptation.

Words and Music by H. R. PALMER.





1 YIELD not to temptation,
For yielding is sin;
Each victory will help us
Some other to win.
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
LOOK EVER TO JESUS,
HE WILL CARRY YOU THROUGH.
Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you,
He is willing to aid you,
HE WILL CARRY YOU THROUGH.

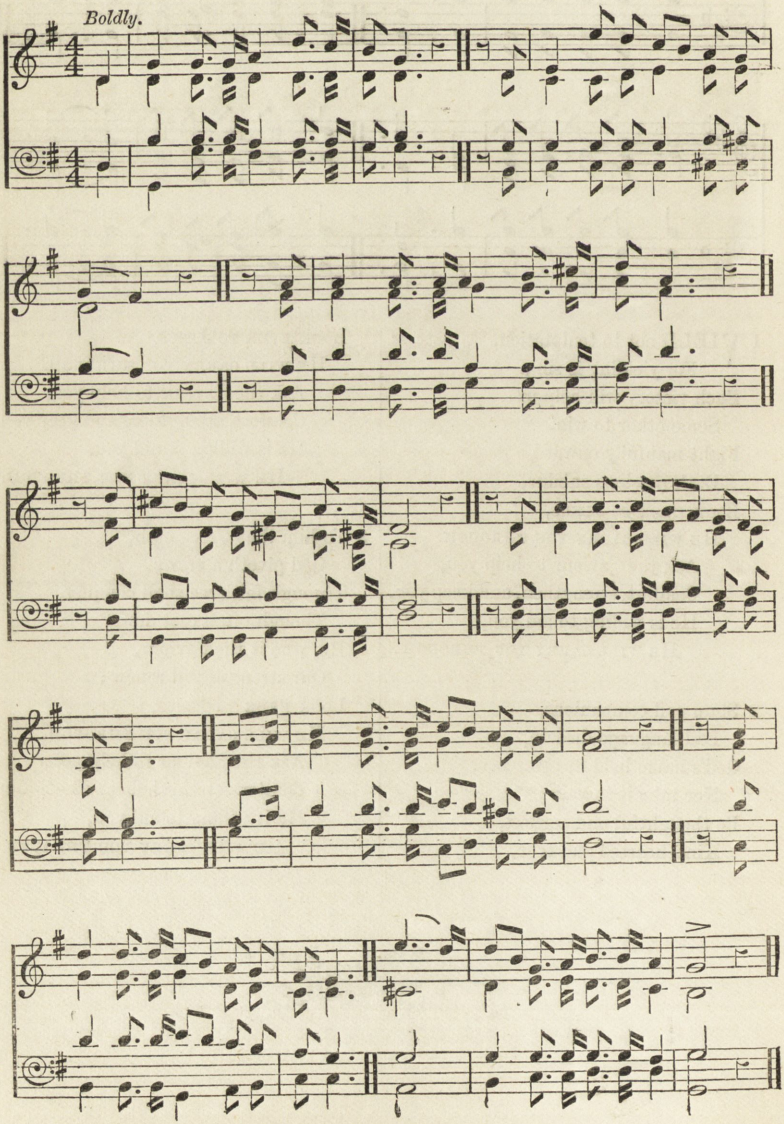
2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in reverence,
Nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind-hearted and true,
LOOK EVER TO JESUS,
HE WILL CARRY YOU THROUGH.
Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you,
He is willing to aid you,
HE WILL CARRY YOU THROUGH.

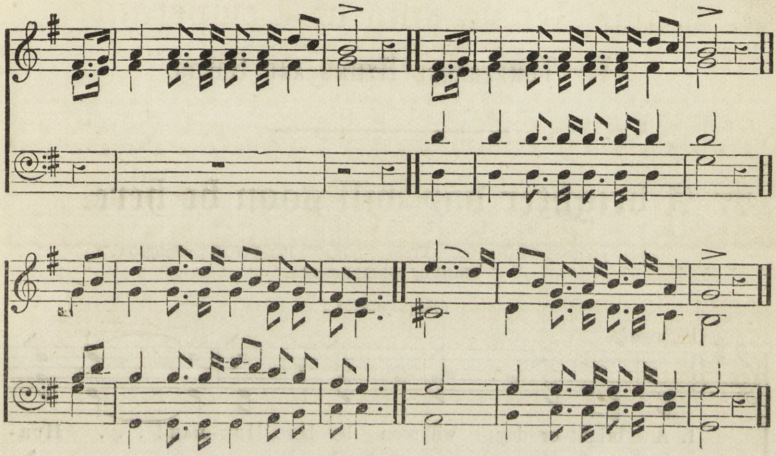
3 To him that o'ercometh,
God giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down.
He, who is the Saviour,
Our strength will renew;
LOOK EVER TO JESUS,
HE WILL CARRY YOU THROUGH.
Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you,
He is willing to aid you,
HE WILL CARRY YOU THROUGH.

76 You're starting to-day.

Old English Air.

(May be sung as Solo and Chorus.)





1 YOU'RE starting to-day on life's journey,
Along on the highway of life,
You'll meet with a thousand temptations,
Each city with evil is rife.
This world is a stage of excitement,
There's danger wherever you go;
But if you are tempted in weakness,
HAVE COURAGE, MY BOY, TO SAY "NO."
Have courage, my boy, to say "NO!"
HAVE COURAGE, MY BOY, TO SAY "NO!"
If you would be noble and manly,
HAVE COURAGE, MY BOY, TO SAY "NO!"

2 The bright ruby wine may be offered;
No matter how tempting it be,
FROM POISON THAT STINGS LIKE AN ADDER,
MY BOY, HAVE THE COURAGE TO FLEE.
The gambling halls are before you,
Their lights, how they dance to and fro!
If you should be tempted to enter,
Think twice, even thrice, ere you go.
Have courage, &c.

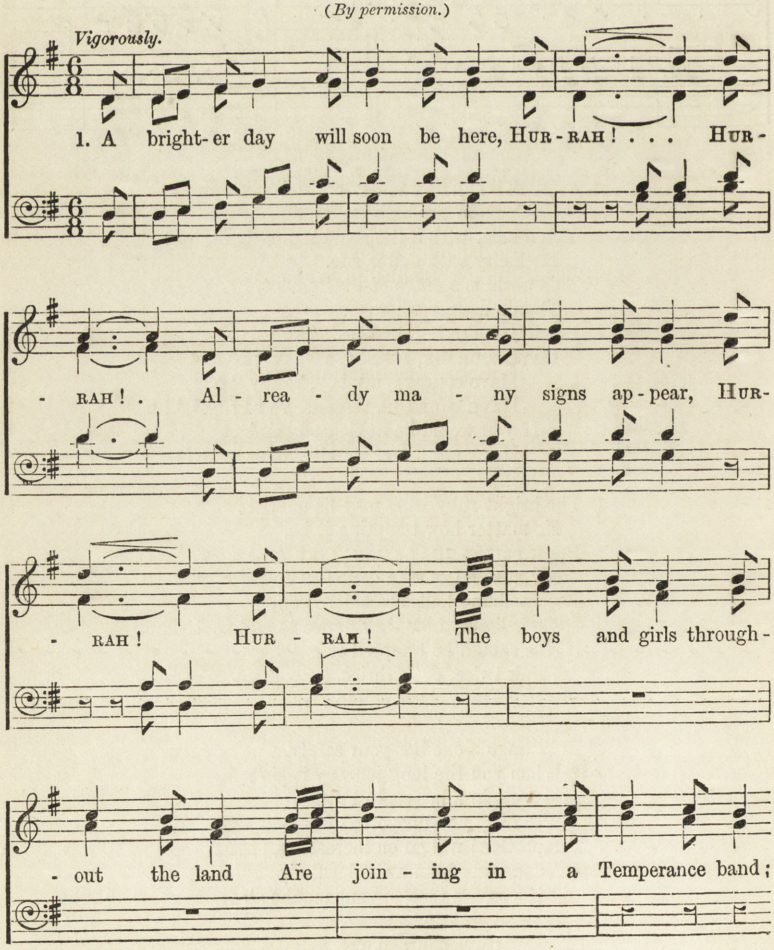
3 In courage alone lies your safety,
When you the long journey begin;
And trust in a heavenly Father,
Will keep you unspotted from sin.
Temptations will go on increasing,
As streams from a rivulet flow,
But if you are true to your manhood,
HAVE COURAGE, MY BOY, TO SAY "NO."
Have courage, &c.

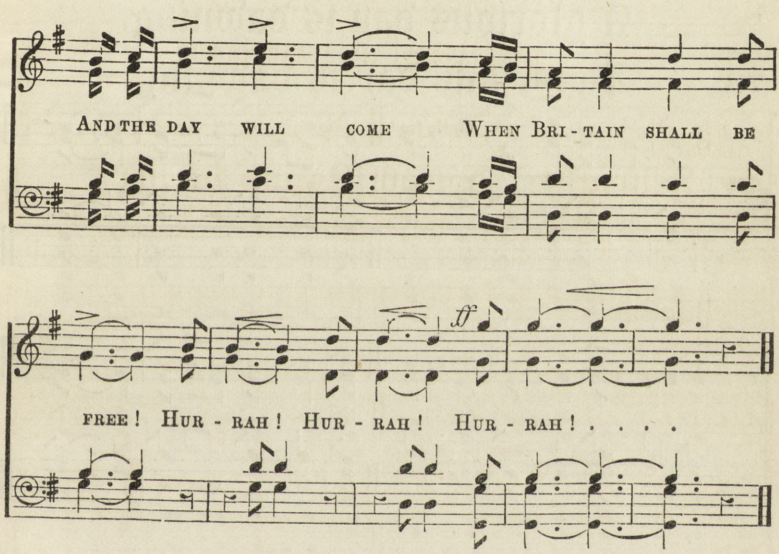
V.—Temperance Hymns and Songs.

77 A brighter day will soon be here.

Words by Thomas Jarratt. (From "Jarratt's Band of Hope Songster.")
Music by W. H. Bonner.

(*By permission.*)





Boys.

2 Oh, listen to the joyful song,
* HURRAH! HURRAH!
Let every one the notes prolong,
* HURRAH! HURRAH!
Till rocks and hills send back the strain,
In echoes o'er the verdant plain;
FOR THE DAY WILL COME
WHEN BRITAIN SHALL BE FREE!
* HURRAH! HURRAH! HURRAH!

Girls.

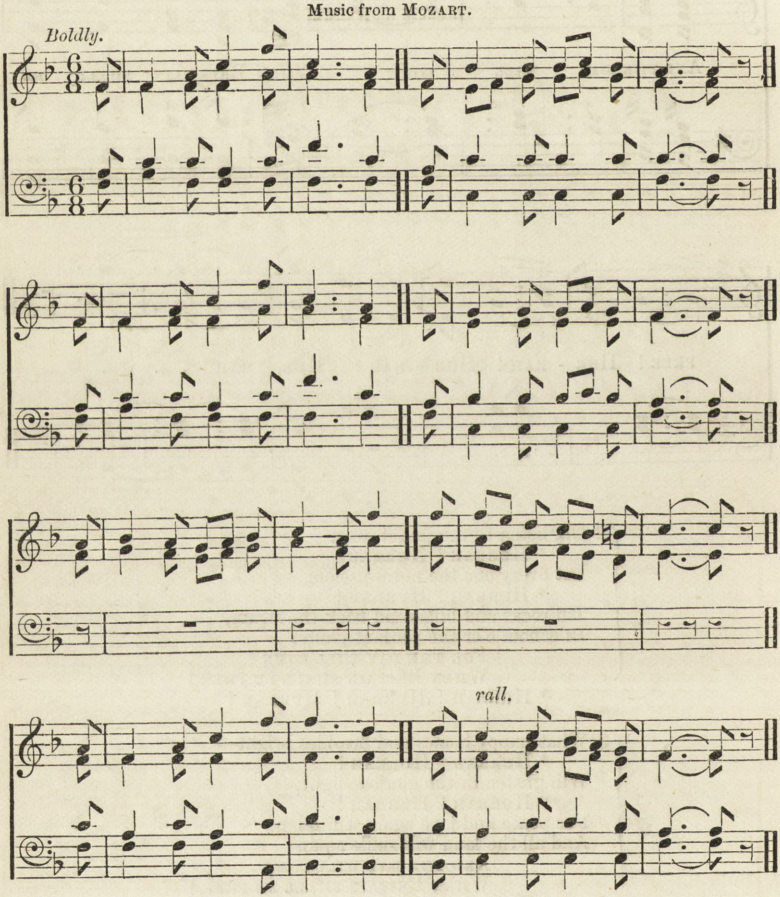
3 What happy homes and firesides bright—
* HURRAH! HURRAH!
Will glisten in the glorious light,
* HURRAH! HURRAH!
For peace and love again will reign,
And all the land will smile again;
AND THE DAY WILL COME
WHEN BRITAIN SHALL BE FREE!
* HURRAH! HURRAH! HURRAH!

4 THEN ONWARD MARCH, AND NEVER TIRE—
HURRAH! HURRAH!
LET COURAGE EVERY HEART INSPIRE—
HURRAH! HURRAH!
When little ones the danger shun,
The noble work will soon be done,
AND THE DAY WILL COME
WHEN BRITAIN SHALL BE FREE!
HURRAH! HURRAH! HURRAH!

* *Full Choir.*

78 A glorious day is dawning.

Music from MOZART.



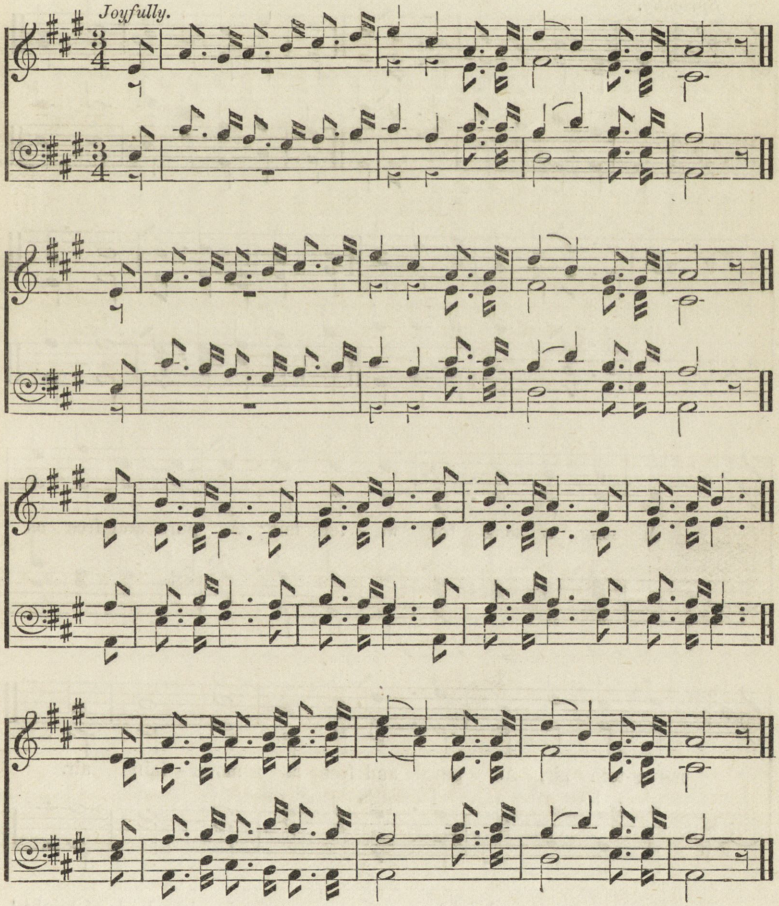
1 A GLORIOUS day is dawning
Upon our sinful earth;
We hail the happy morning
With shouts of joy and mirth.
The Temperance cause in triumph
Is marching through the land,
THE MEN ARE TRUE THAT LEAD IT,
A FIRM AND DAUNTLESS BAND.

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

3 Our holy cause is gaining
New laurels every day;
The youthful minds 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.

79 A glorious light has burst around us.

Words by B. WALKER. Tyrolese Air.

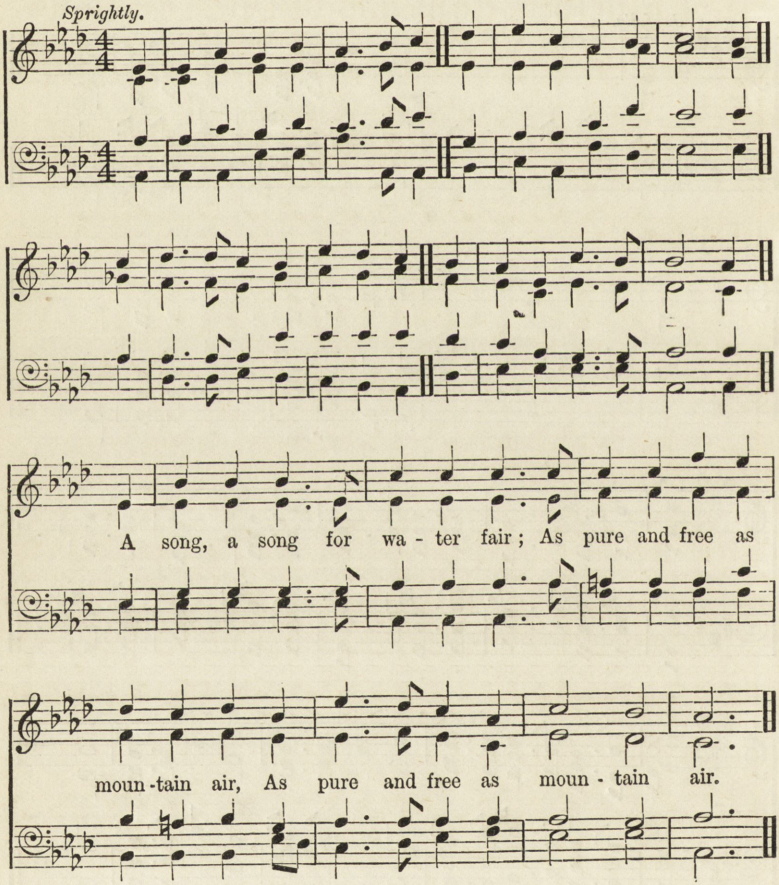


1 A GLORIOUS light has burst around us,
Joyful day, joyful day!
We see the chain that would have bound us,
Joyful day, joyful day!
The sparkling wine we ne'er will crave;
To touch, to taste, is to enslave;
We drink the fountain's crystal wave;
Joyful day, joyful day!

2 The young and old come forth to hear us,
Joyful day, joyful day!
And isles across the ocean cheer us,
Joyful day, joyful day!
WE'LL SPREAD THE TRUTH WHERE MAN IS FOUND,
BEAR IT TO EARTH'S REMOTEST BOUND,
TILL EVERY WIND SHALL CATCH THE SOUND,
JOYFUL DAY, JOYFUL DAY!

80 A song, a song for water bright.

Words by GEORGE COOPER. Music by W. F. SHERWIN.



1 A SONG, a song for water bright,
In love and beauty flowing!
It sings its way in joy and might,
The gift of heaven bestowing.
A song, a song for water fair;
As pure and free as mountain air.

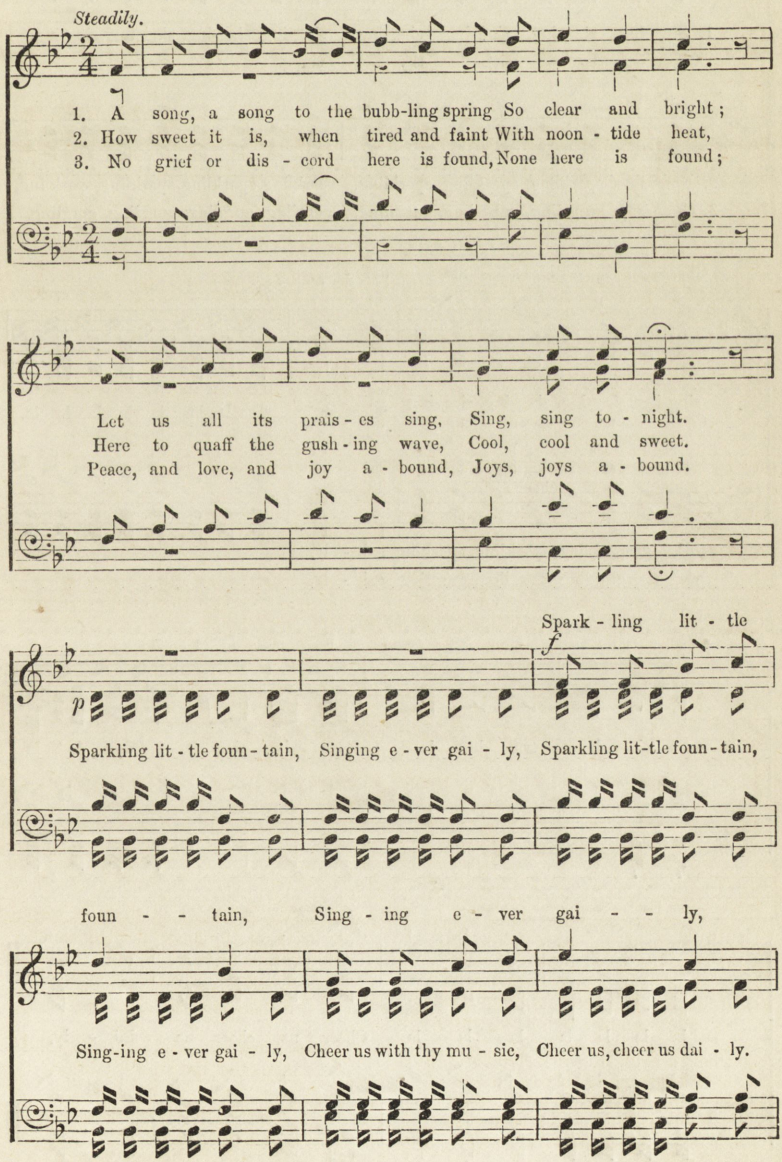
2 There's balm in every sparkling drop,
In every wave there's pleasure;
In diamond spray it leaps away,
A lovely boon and treasure.
A song, &c.

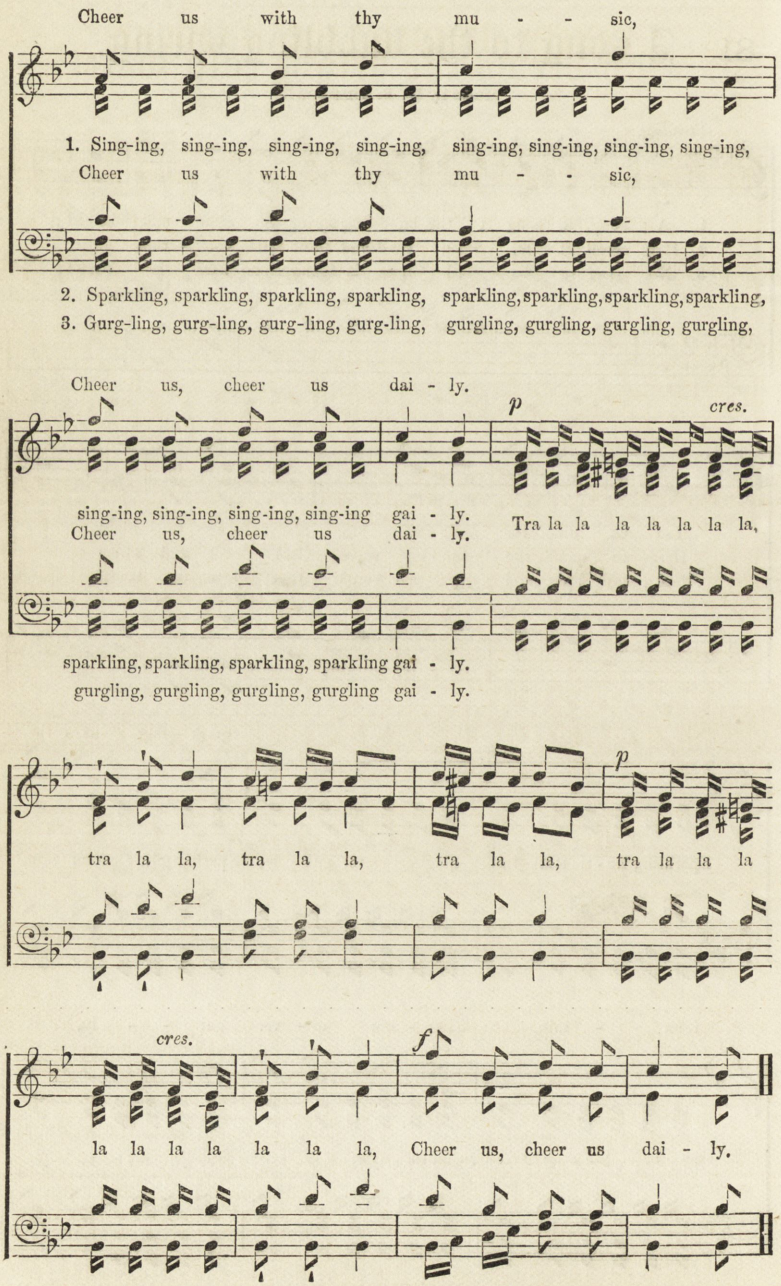
3 It nerves the hand to deeds of might!
It wakes the heart to gladness!
It breathes a psalm of pure delight,
And charms us all from sadness!
A song, &c.

4 From every vale, and plain, and hill,
It speaks of nature's kindness!
O, may we heed the lesson still,
Nor shun it in our blindness!
A song, &c.

81 A song to the bubbling spring.

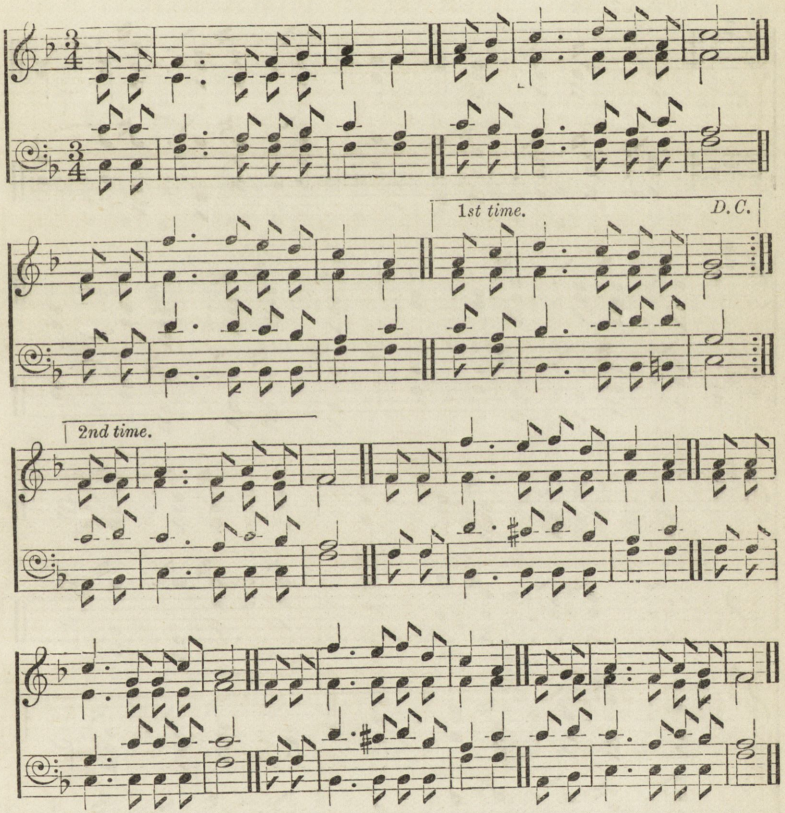
Music by W. B. BRADBURY.




Cheer us with thy mu - - sic,
1. Sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing,
Cheer us with thy mu - - sic,
2. Sparkling, sparkling, sparkling, sparkling, sparkling, sparkling, sparkling, sparkling,
3. Gurg-ling, gurg-ling, gurg-ling, gurg-ling, gurgling, gurgling, gurgling, gurgling,
Cheer us, cheer us dai - ly.
p
cres.
sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing gai - ly.
Cheer us, cheer us dai - ly.
Tra la la la la la la la,
sparkling, sparkling, sparkling, sparkling gai - ly.
gurgling, gurgling, gurgling, gurgling gai - ly.
p
tra la la, tra la la, tra la la, tra la la la
cres.
f
la la la la la la la, Cheer us, cheer us dai - ly.

82 Bravely launch the lifeboat.

Words by W. J. HARVEY. (*By permission.*) Music by G. F. ROOT.



1 BRAVELY launch the Temperance lifeboat,
On the stormy sea of life!
Come, ye strong and daring, man her,
Fearless in the tempest-strife.
Speed her o'er the angry billows,
Safely steer where wrecks are tossed,
Guide her firmly 'mid the breakers,
Save the sinking, ere they're lost.

BRAVELY LAUNCH, &c.

2 *Men of every age and station,*
Struggling in the foaming tide;
If you haste not to their rescue—
If their ruin you deride,
Who will help and what can save them
From the dark engulfing wave?

ONWARD SPEED THE TEMPERANCE LIFEBOAT, [SAVE!
PRECIOUS SOULS FROM DEATH TO
BRAVELY LAUNCH, &c.

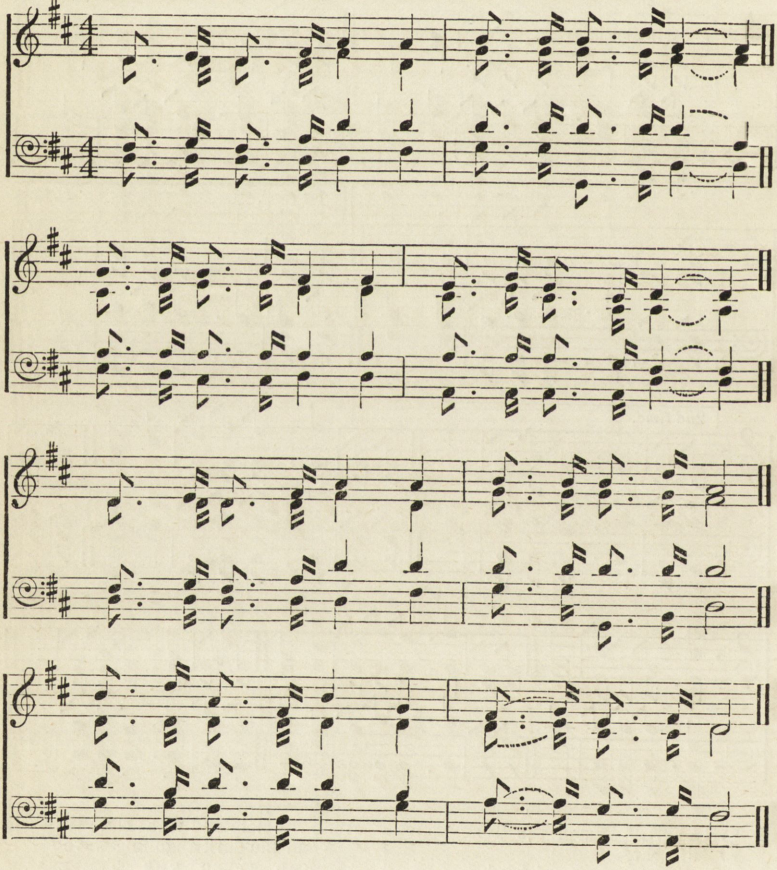
3 You are brave, and wise, and gifted,
You can row both safe and fast,
You can steer amid temptation,
Sunken rock, or stormy blast.
Kindle, too, the lighthouse beacon,
Flash its rays across the wave,
You may warn and guide the drifting—
Save the drunkard, save, oh, save!

BRAVELY LAUNCH, &c.

83 Brightly beams the morning.

Words by Mrs. HANSON. (*By permission.*) Old Nursery Air.

Lightly.



1 BRIGHTLY beams the morning
O'er a night of sorrow;
Lovely is the dawning
Of a happy morrow:
Lo! the Temperance banner
Borne aloft we see;
We will help it onward,
Young though we be.

2 Some there are would blame us
For our childish zeal;
Others, that would shame us,
Seeking not our weal;
Some would even tempt us
From our pledge to flee;
But we've learnt to conquer,
Young though we be.

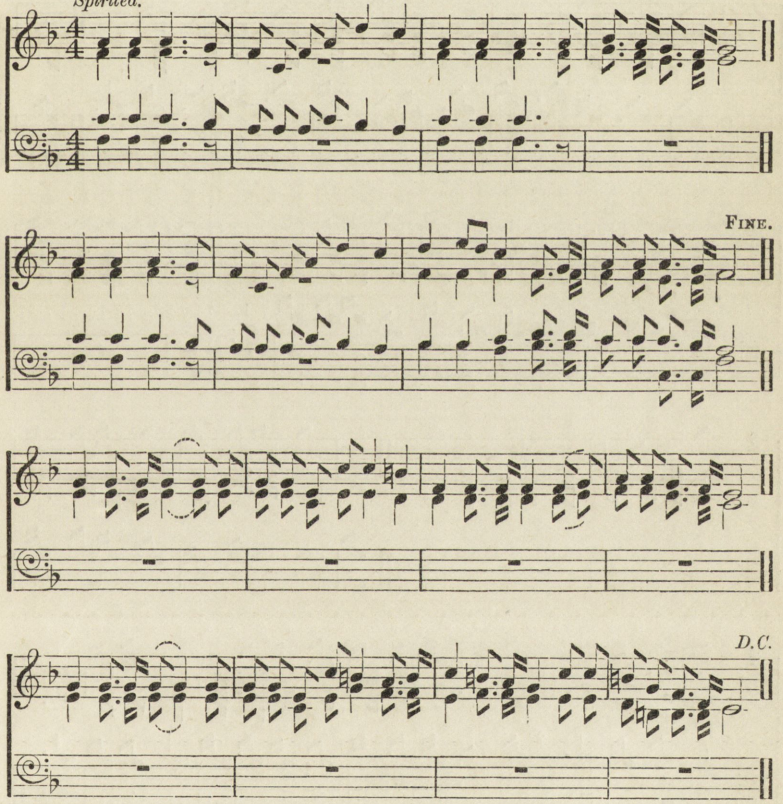
3 While with youth we're glowing,
Youth, and health, and pleasure,
May we not be sowing
Seeds of future treasure?
Not in fruitless follies
Shall our time be passed;
We will seek the wisdom
That can bless at last!

84 Cheer! boys, cheer!

Air by HENRY RUSSELL.

(*May be sung as Solo and Chorus. Pianoforte accompaniment in Musical Bouquet, Nos.* 361-2.)

Spirited.

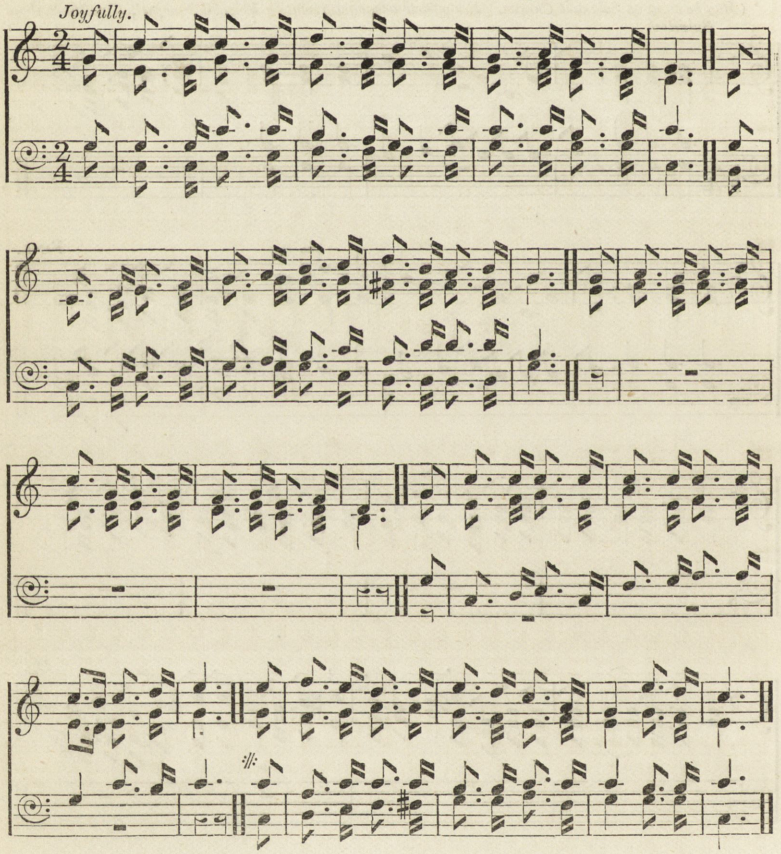


1 CHEER, BOYS, CHEER! our cause is great and glorious;
CHEER, BOYS, CHEER! to conquer march away! [be victorious;
CHEER, BOYS, CHEER! for truth shall
CHEER, BOYS, CHEER! for the bright and happy day. [tion;
Raise high the song in proudest exulta-
Peace hath her victories more glorious than war:
Freedom for ever shall gladden all the nation,
And angels rejoice in that better land afar.
CHEER, BOYS, CHEER, &c.

2 CHEER, BOYS, CHEER! the flag of freedom's waving, [the plain,
Far o'er the mountain, the valley, and
ONWARD FOR EVER, the sons of Britain saving;
ONWARD, YE BRAVE, till the drunkard shall abstain;
All that is holy for ever let us cherish;
Faithful and strong is He that goes before: [perish,
Trust yet in Him, and Britain's foe shall
AND GLORY TRANSCENDENT SHALL SPREAD FROM SHORE TO SHORE.
CHEER, BOYS, CHEER! our cause is great and glorious, &c.

85 Come, all ye children, sing a song.

Words by JABEZ TUNNICLIFFE. Old Song Tune.



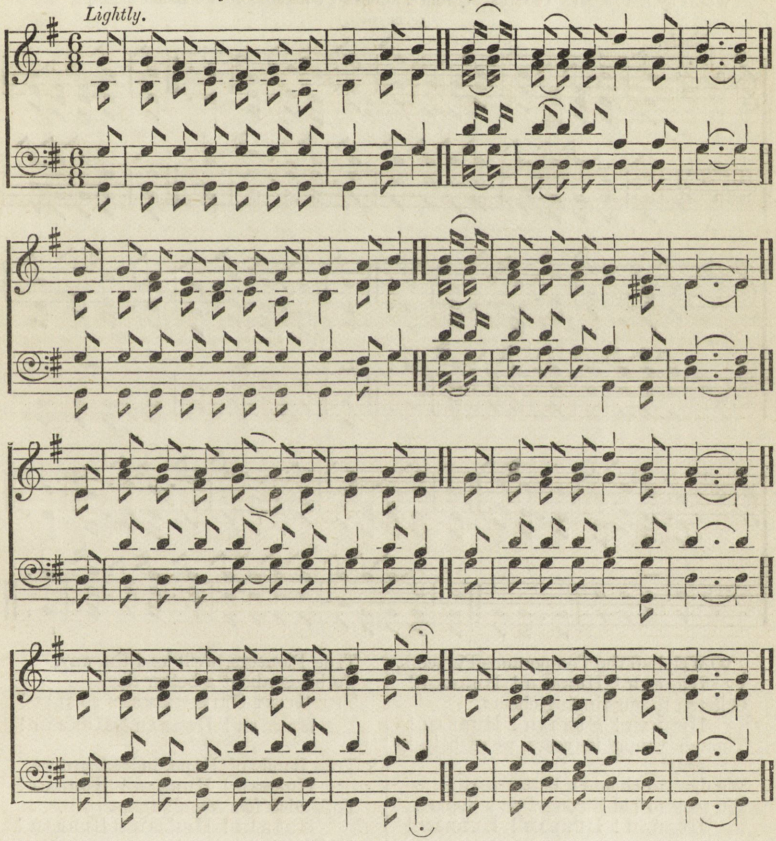
1 COME, all ye children, sing a song,
Join with us heart and hand;
Come, make our little party strong,
A happy Temperance band.
We cannot sing of many things,
For we are young, we know,
‖: But we have signed the Temperance pledge
A short time ago. :‖

2 The "Band of Hope" shall be our name,
The Sinner's Friend our guide;
He'll save us from the drunkard's shame,
If we with Him abide.
Cold water cannot do us harm,
Strong drink will bring us woe,
‖: So WE HAVE SIGNED THE TEMPERANCE
A SHORT TIME AGO. :‖ [PLEDGE

3 We'll ask our parents, too, to come,
And join our happy band;
True Temperance makes a happy home,
And makes a happy land.
By God's kind help we all will say
To every tempter, No!
‖: FOR WE HAVE SIGNED THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE
A SHORT TIME AGO. :‖

86 Come, give us a hand.

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. Music by HUBERT P. MAIN.



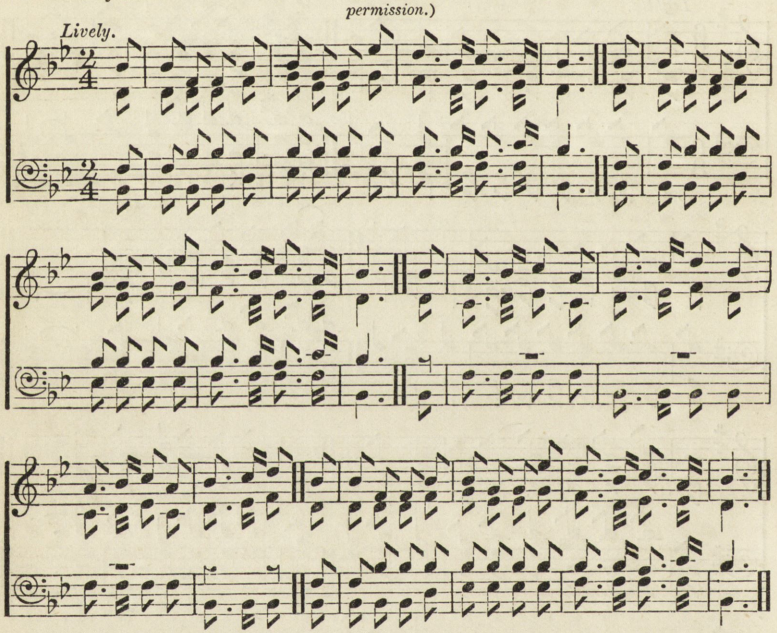
1 COME, give us a hand in the Temperance cause;
Begin with the bright New Year
To banish the wine from the festive board,
The scene of your happy cheer.
We know you will say, 'tis a custom old
We cannot at once resign,
But think what a step or a word can do—
THEN BANISH THE TEMPTING WINE.

2 You tell us, perhaps, it will do no harm
To drink on a New Year's day,
But pause and reflect ere the cup you give
To the youth it has led astray.
'Tis well to renew our social ties,
And garlands of friendship twine;
'Tis well to be gay on a New Year's day,
BUT NOT WITH THE FUMES OF WINE.

3 Oh, strike at the root, and the tree will fall,
And its leaves be wan and sere;
STAND UP FOR THE RIGHT WITH A FIRM RESOLVE—
NO TIME LIKE THE OPENING YEAR.
BE TRUE TO YOURSELVES, THOUGH THE WORLD MAY FROWN,
THIS CUSTOM OF OLD RESIGN—
LET CONSCIENCE BE HEARD, FOR IT CALLS ALOUD,
AWAY WITH THE TEMPTING WINE!

87 Come, hail the Pioneers.

Words by Rev. JAMES YEAMES. (From Yeames's "Book of Song for Bands of Hope," *By permission.*)

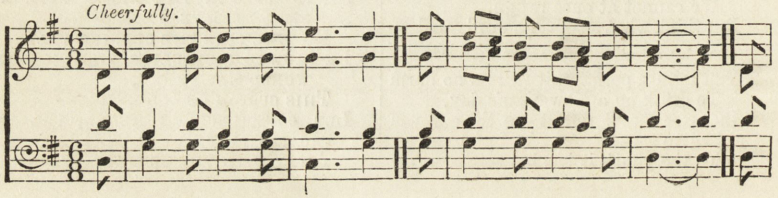


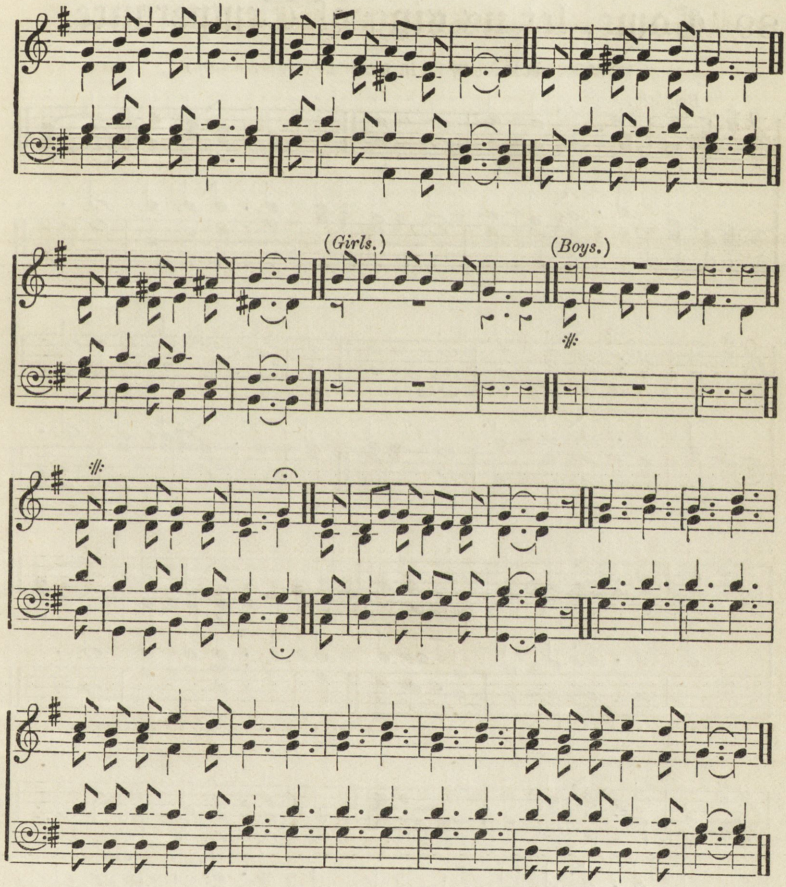
1 COME, hail the Temperance Pioneers,
HURRAH! HURRAH! HURRAH!
O listen to our ringing cheers,
HURRAH! HURRAH! HURRAH!
Though young in years, we're bold in heart,
We dare to choose a better part;
We seek to bid Strong Drink depart,
HURRAH! HURRAH! HURRAH!

2 *What though the work be hard and long,*
HURRAH! HURRAH! HURRAH!
Our hope is firm, our soul is strong,
HURRAH! HURRAH! HURRAH!
True Pioneers, we'll lead the way,
To bring about a better day,
THE GIANT GRIM WE MEAN TO SLAY!
HURRAH! HURRAH! HURRAH!

3 True Bands of Hope, indeed, are we.
HURRAH! HURRAH! HURRAH!
To banish fear we all agree.
HURRAH! HURRAH! HURRAH!
We'll usher in a sober race,
We'll wipe away our land's disgrace,
We'll bid the WRONG to RIGHT give place.
HURRAH! HURRAH! HURRAH!

88 Come, join our choral number.





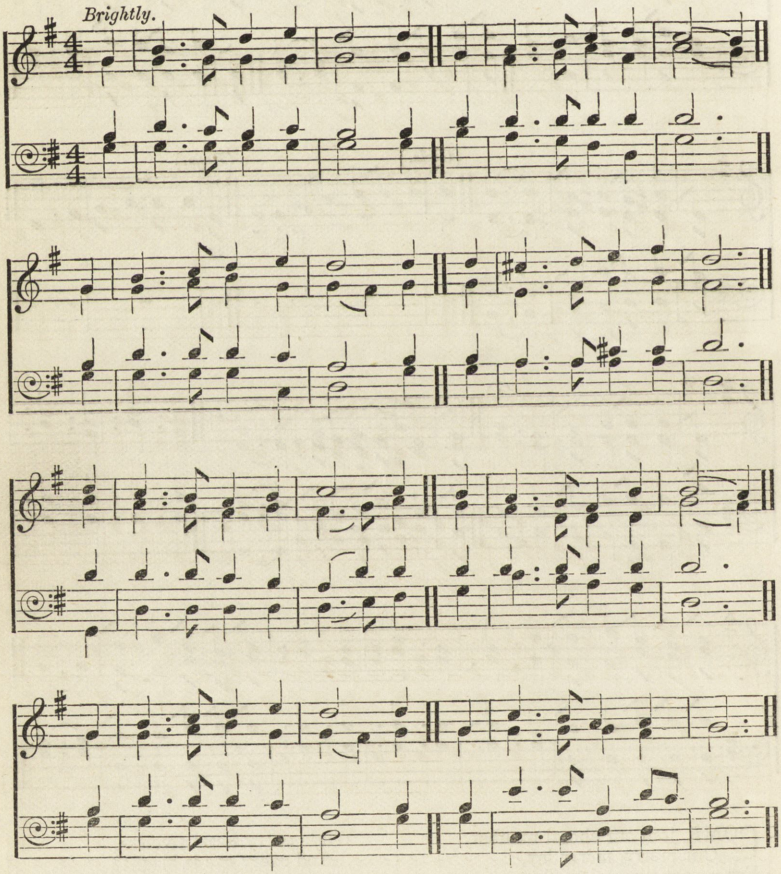
1 COME, join our choral number,
Our merry, merry lay,
For we are pledged to Temperance,
And from it ne'er will stray.
Would you be far from danger,
And free from care and pain,
Then come and join our chorus,
Then come and join our chorus,
THEN COME AND JOIN OUR CHORUS,
And from strong drink abstain.
SINGING, SINGING, gladly our word we've plighted,
JOYFUL, JOYFUL, SING WE OUR TEMPERANCE LAY.

2 O happy, golden moments,
We hail them with delight,
While every heart rejoices,
And every eye is bright;
Our hearts with joy are beating,
We shun the wine-cup's snare,
‖: So we are safe and happy,— :‖
Will you our gladness share?
SINGING, SINGING, &c.

3 *Yet, while our strains of music,*
In tuneful echoes fall,
Oh, let us each remember
The Lord, the source of all,
Who crowns with joy and comfort
Our youthful days below,
‖: And tells us of a country :‖
Where purer blessings flow.
SINGING, SINGING, &c.

89 Come, let us sing of Temperance.

Words and Music by W. H. Bonner. (*By permission.*)



1 COME, LET US SING OF TEMPERANCE,
THE CHORAL NUMBERS SWELL,
EXULTANT RAISE OUR VOICES,
AND ALL HER TRIUMPHS TELL.
How many hours of sadness
Are changed to peace and joy,
How many days of pleasure,
That drink can ne'er alloy.

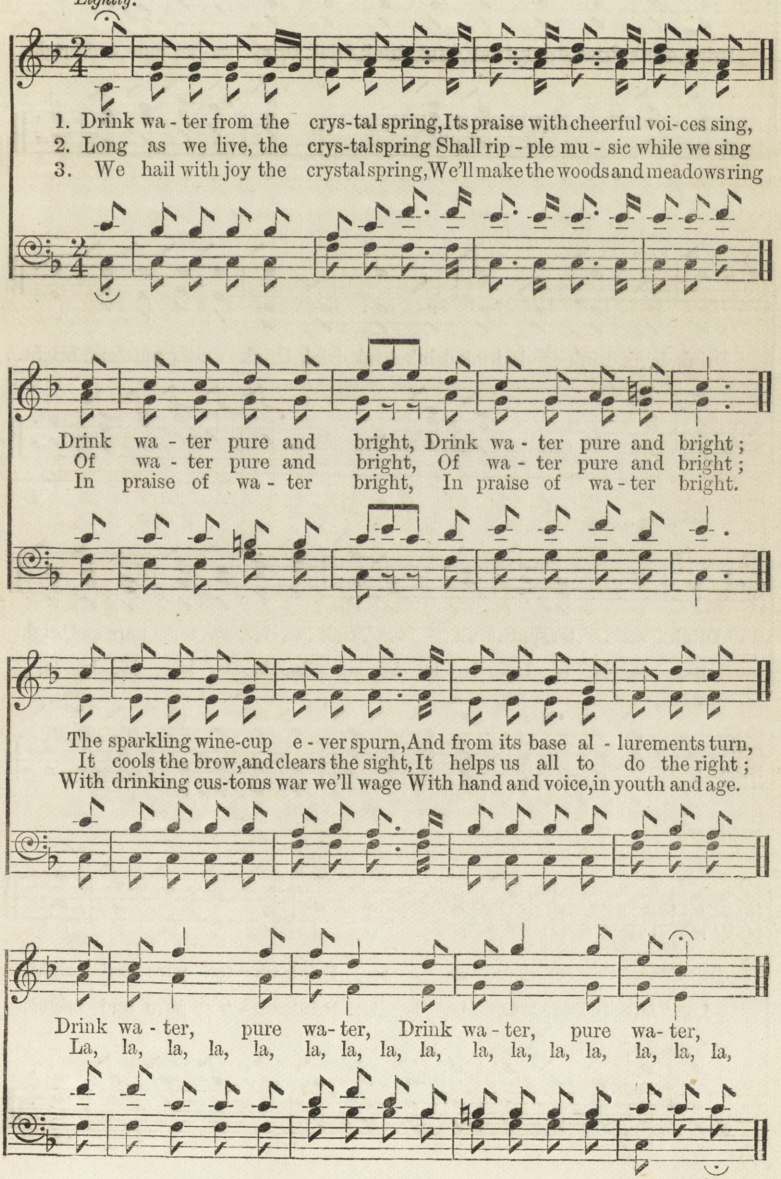
2 COME, LET US SING OF TEMPERANCE,
LOUD LET OUR VOICES RISE,
UNTIL OUR SONGS OF GLADNESS
SHALL PIERCE BEYOND THE SKIES:
And He who reigns in glory,
Will hear our notes of praise;
And send a richer blessing
To crown our happy days.

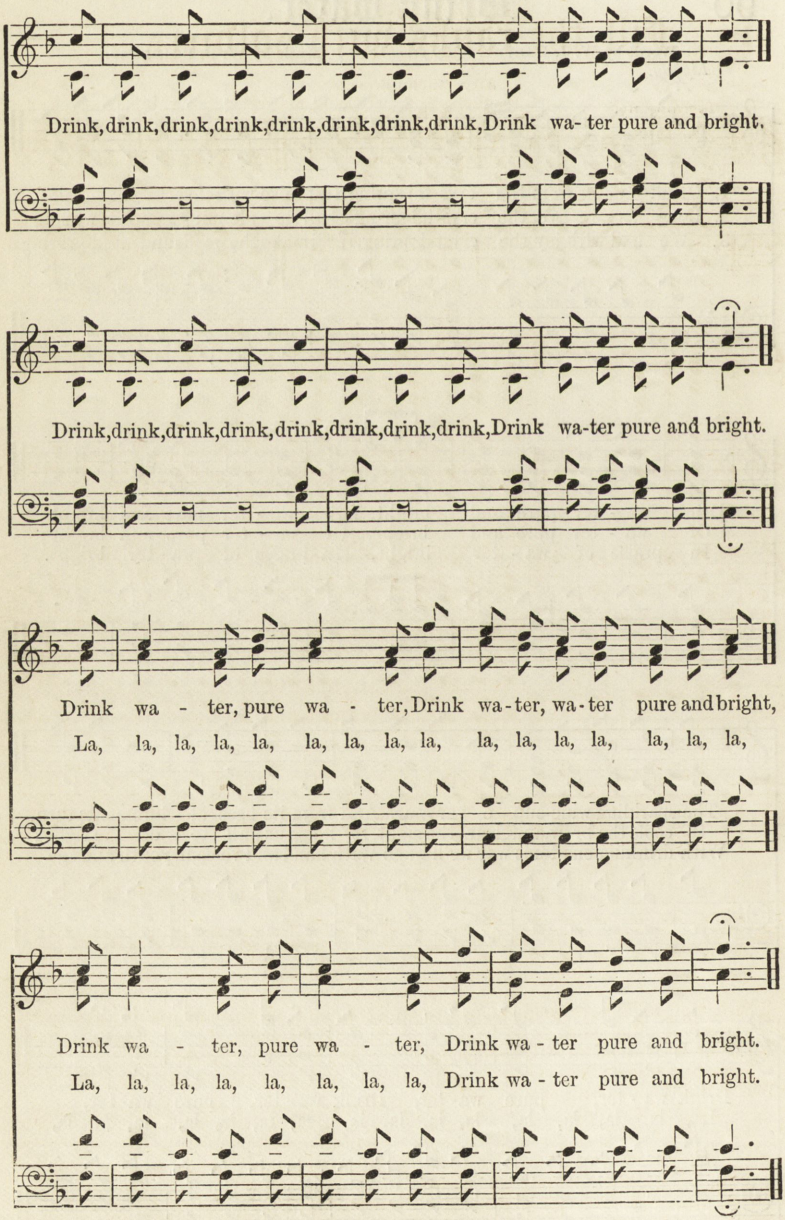
3 Then let us sing of Temperance,
Till God our labours crown;
Until before His footstool,
We lay our armour down:
Then in a song more joyful,
Our voices we will raise,
AND PRAISE HIM FOR HIS GOODNESS,
THROUGHOUT ETERNAL DAYS.

90 Drink water.

Words by W. J. HARVEY. (*By permission.*) Music by W. B. BRADBURY.

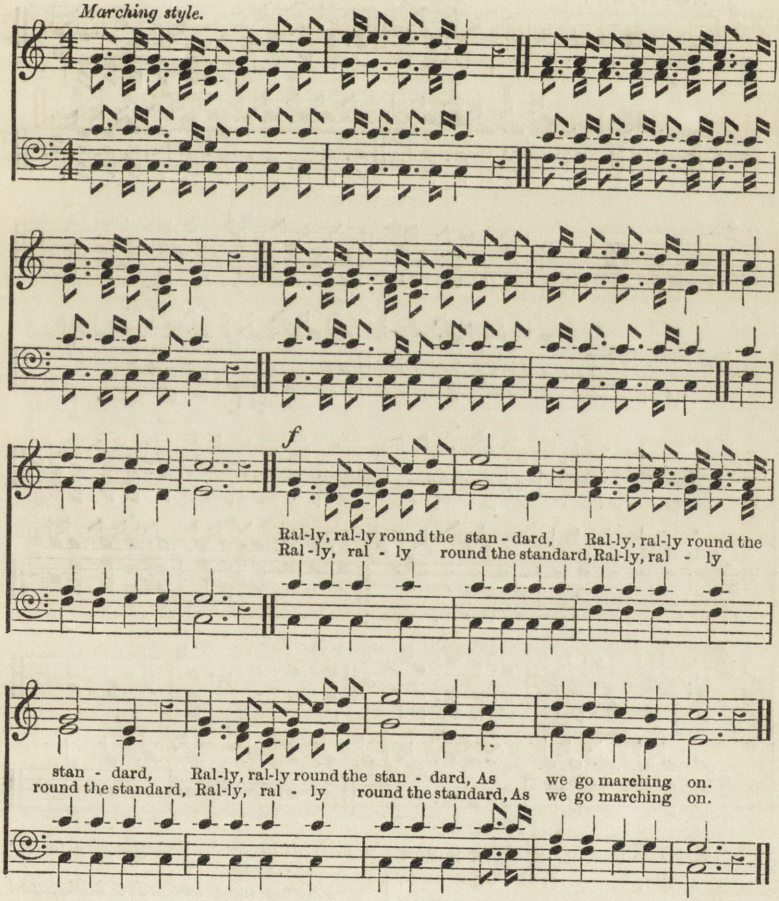
Lightly.




Drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, Drink wa- ter pure and bright.
Drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, Drink wa-ter pure and bright.
Drink wa - ter, pure wa - ter, Drink wa-ter, wa-ter pure and bright,
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Drink wa - ter, pure wa - ter, Drink wa - ter pure and bright.
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Drink wa - ter pure and bright.

91 Fill the ranks with soldiers.

Air,—"John Brown."



1 FILL the ranks with soldiers, and be ready for the fight,
Let the world behold us with our colours waving bright;
We're the Temperance army, and we battle for the right,
AS WE GO MARCHING ON.
RALLY, RALLY, &c.

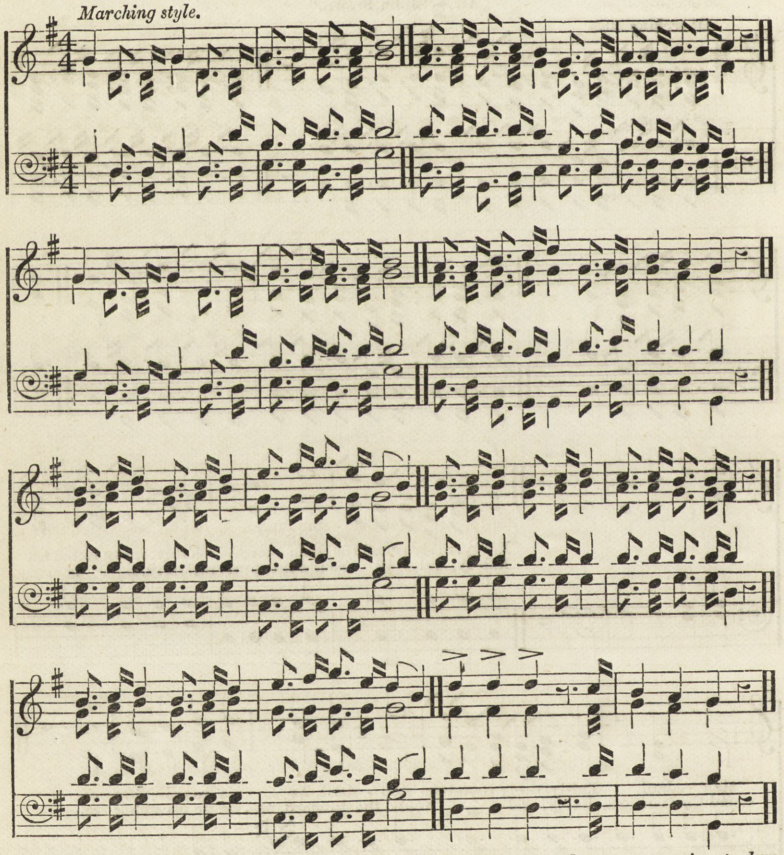
2 Fill the ranks with soldiers, oh, never be afraid, [would invade;
First in every conflict where the tempter
Bringing back the sunlight o'er the ruin he has made,
OH, WE'LL GO MARCHING ON.
RALLY, RALLY, &c.

3 *Water, crystal water, from the quiet mountain rill, [the heart can fill,*
Cool and sparkling water, that with joy
Merry laughing water, let it be our chorus still,
AS WE GO MARCHING ON.
RALLY, RALLY, &c.

92 Firm and united.

Scottish Air.

Marching style.



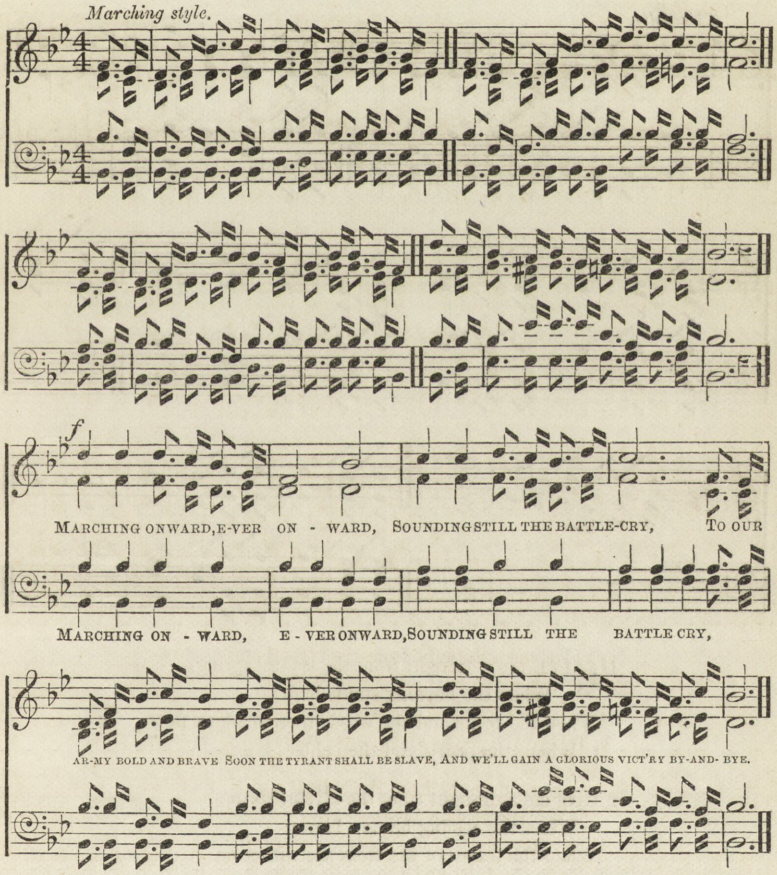
1 FIRM AND UNITED WE GAILY MARCH ALONG, [FOR THE RIGHT;
ONWARD, EVER ONWARD, TO BATTLE
ALL SET TO WORK, WITH A HEART AND COURAGE STRONG,
SURE THAT WE SHALL CONQUER, FOR RIGHT IS MIGHT.
Work and win, work and win,
Shall our motto be,
Firm and strong, march along,
March to victory,
With a will, onward still,
Soon the foe shall flee;
ONWARD MARCH TO VICTORY.

2 *Foes all around us may strive to bar the way,*
Friends may say we're hasty, and bid us wait awhile. [they say,
Firm in our purpose, we heed not what
Till our cause has triumphed, we still must toil.
WORK AND WIN, &c.

3 UP WITH THE STANDARD, AND BEAR IT FAR AND WIDE,
ONWARD, EVER ONWARD, O'ER ALL THE BATTLE FIELD;
HEAVEN IS OUR HELPER, AND SO WHATE'ER BETIDE, [NEVER YIELD.
IN THE MIGHTY CONFLICT WE'LL
WORK AND WIN, &c.

93 Friends of Temperance.

Words by Mrs. F. J. Van Alstyne. Music by G. F. Root.



1 FRIENDS of Temperance, quickly rise,
We must struggle for the right,
And our noble cause more earnestly defend;
See the foe approaching fast!
We must meet him in the fight,
And be faithful, true, and hopeful to the end.

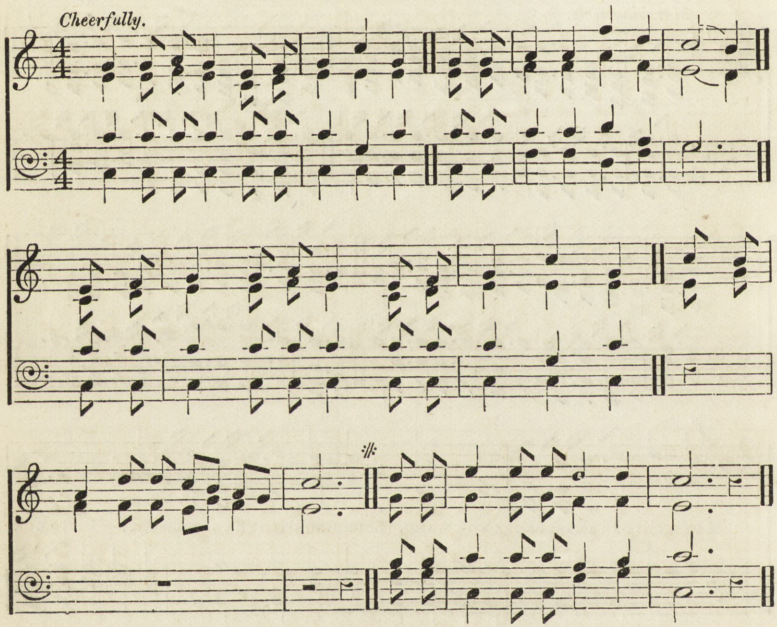
MARCHING ONWARD, EVER ONWARD,
SOUNDING STILL THE BATTLE-CRY,
TO OUR ARMY BOLD AND BRAVE
SOON THE TYRANT SHALL BE SLAVE,
AND WE'LL GAIN A GLORIOUS VICTORY
BY-AND-BYE.

2 *Like the fatal wind that sweeps*
O'er the desert's burning plain,
Is the deep and deadly poison of his breath;
While the aged and the young,
He is binding with a chain
That will lead them on by myriads to death.
Marching onward, &c.

3 Raise our banner to the breeze,
Let the wrongs to be redressed
Be our signal and our watchword as we go;
Like the veterans of the past,
We will never, never rest
Till our weapons deal destruction to the foe.
MARCHING ONWARD, &c.

94 Give me a draught.

Words and Music by Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS.



1 GIVE me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the burning sun is high;
When the rocks and the woods their shadows fling
‖: Where the pearls and the pebbles lie. :‖

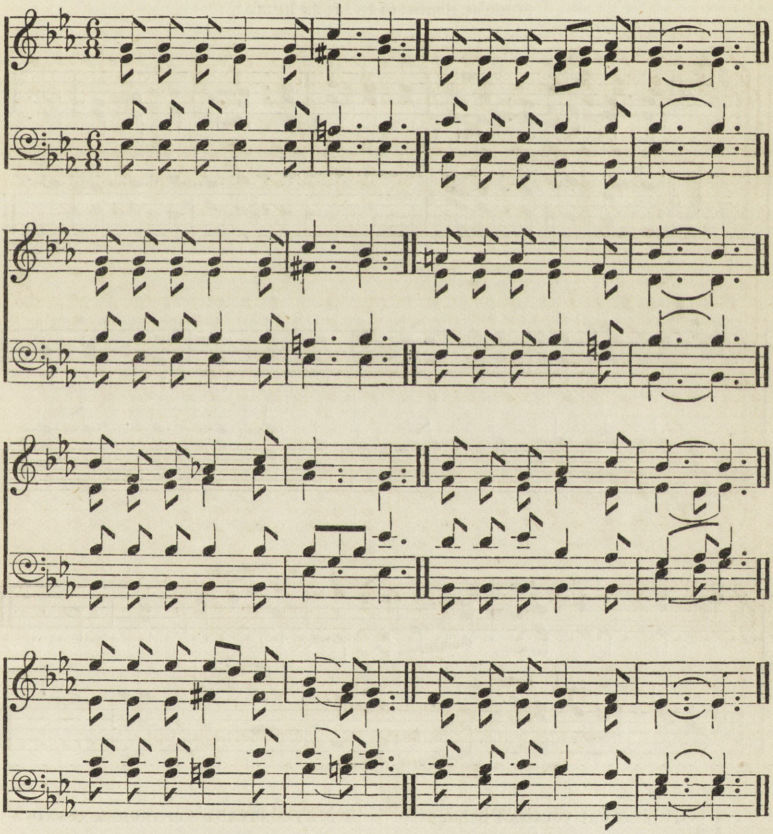
2 Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the cooling breezes blow;
When the leaves of the trees are withering
‖: From the frost and the fleecy snow. :‖

3 Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the wintry winds are gone;
When the flowers are in bloom, and the echoes ring
‖: From the woods o'er the verdant lawn. :‖

4 Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the ripening fruits appear;
When the reapers the song of the harvest sing,
‖: And plenty has crowned the year. :‖

95 Give me no fatal wine-cup.

Music by H. C. CAMP.



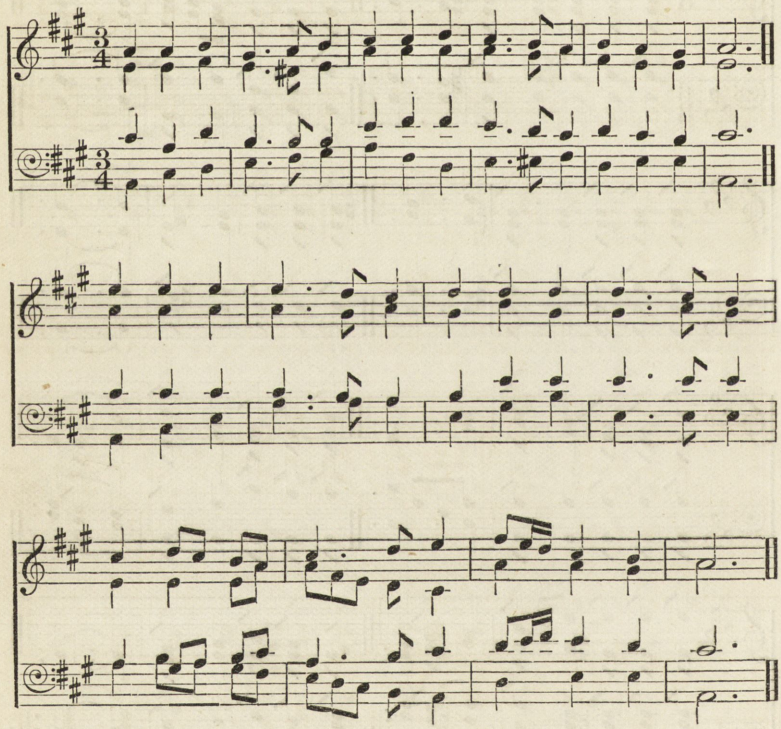
1 *GIVE me no fatal wine-cup,*
Mixed by the tempter's hand,
Death and destruction dealing,
Over the fairest land.
Beautiful sparkling water,
Health to my heart it brings,
Cheered by its drops so pearly,
Lightly my spirit sings.

2 Give me no fatal wine-cup
When I am pressed with care,
Greater would be the burden,
Harder its weight to bear.
Give me the drops that glisten,
Pure from the mossy rill,
DROPS THAT REFRESH MY SPIRIT,
MAKING ME CHEERFUL STILL.

3 *Give me no fatal wine-cup,*
Crushing the joys of home,
Into the dens of evil
Tempting my feet to roam.
Beautiful, sparkling water,
Murmuring glad and free,
Laughing amid the sunlight—
THAT IS THE DRINK FOR ME.

96 God bless our youthful band.

Music attributed to Dr. JOHN BULL.



1 GOD bless our youthful band,
O, may we firmly stand
True to our pledge!
May we to liberty,
Truth, love, and charity,
EVERMORE FAITHFUL BE,
FROM YOUTH TO AGE.

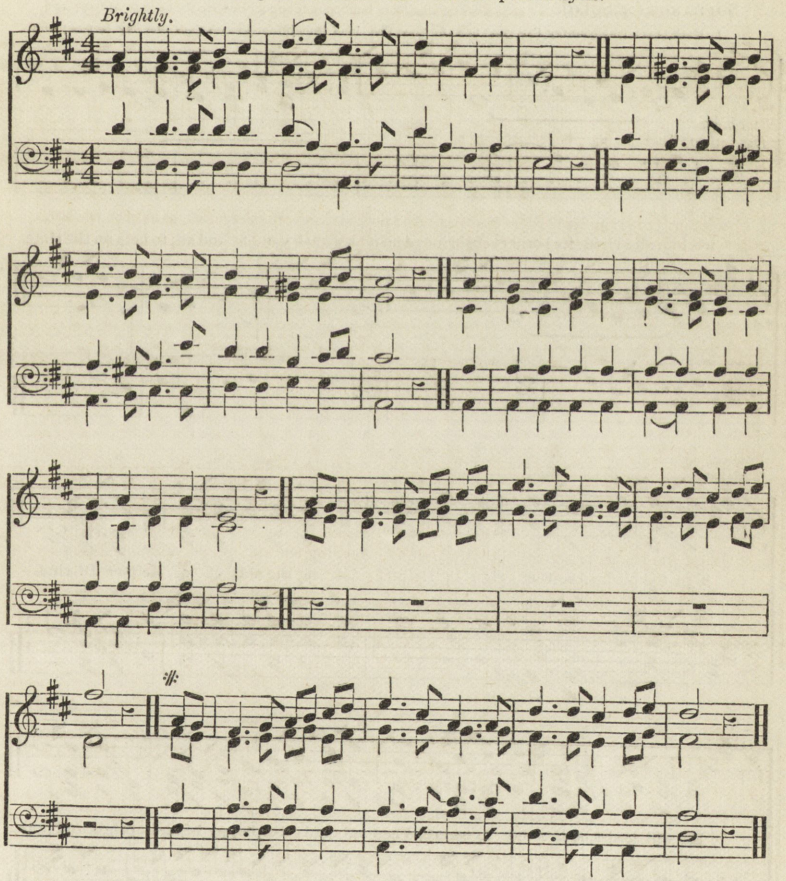
2 *While for the drunkard's weal*
We work with constant zeal,
Our labours bless!
And we Thy aid invoke
To save all little folk
From the poor drunkard's yoke
And deep distress.

3 MAY ENGLAND'S CHILDREN STAND
A NOBLE TEMPERANCE BAND,
A JOY TO SEE!
AND MAY OUR CAUSE EXTEND,
UNTIL ALL PEOPLES BLEND,
AND ONE GREAT SHOUT ASCEND,—
"THE WORLD IS FREE!"

4 God save our gracious Queen!
Long live our noble Queen!
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious;
Long to reign over us;
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

97 God brews the bright cold water.

Words by E. A. WARD. Air "Partant pour la Syrie."



1 GOD brews the bright cold water,
Upon the mountain high; [crash,
Where storm-clouds brood and thunders
And lightning flashes by,
Up there, 'mid scenes of grandeur,
That gleam in sunlight gold,
‖: His bounteous hand prepares for us
The water pure and cold. :‖

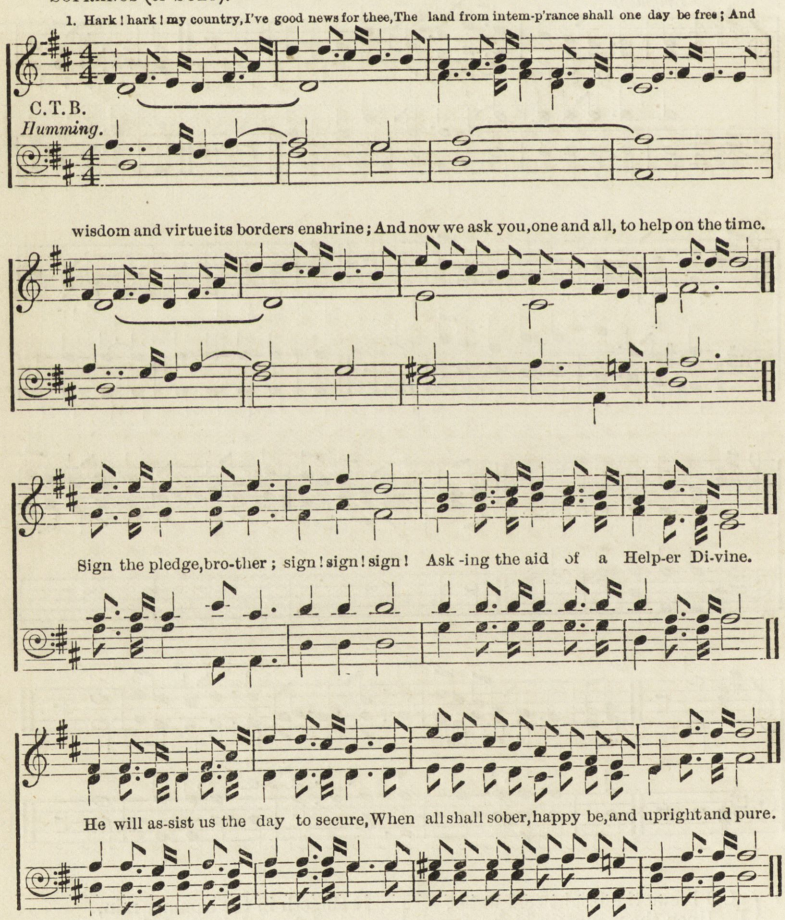
2 And everywhere it sparkles
On this fair earth of ours;
It gleameth in the dewdrop,
Like pearls among the flowers;
It singeth in the summer rain,
And danceth in the hail,
‖: *And gently o'er the setting sun*
It spreads a golden veil. :‖

3 And none need dread the crystal glass,
For fearlessly the lip
Of husband, brother, friend, or child,
The cooling draught may sip.
ALL HAIL! THEN, BLESSED WATER,
SO BOUNTEOUS AND SO FREE;
‖: O, PRECIOUS GIFT OF GOD TO MAN,
NO DRINK CAN EQUAL THEE! :‖

98 Hark! hark! my country!

Words by Rev. G. M. MURPHY. (*By permission.*) Music by H. C. WORK.

SOPRANOS (or SOLO).



1 HARK! hark! my country, I've good news for thee, [day be free;
The land from intemperance shall one
And wisdom and virtue its borders enshrine: [help on the time.
And now we ask you, one and all, to
Sign the pledge, &c.

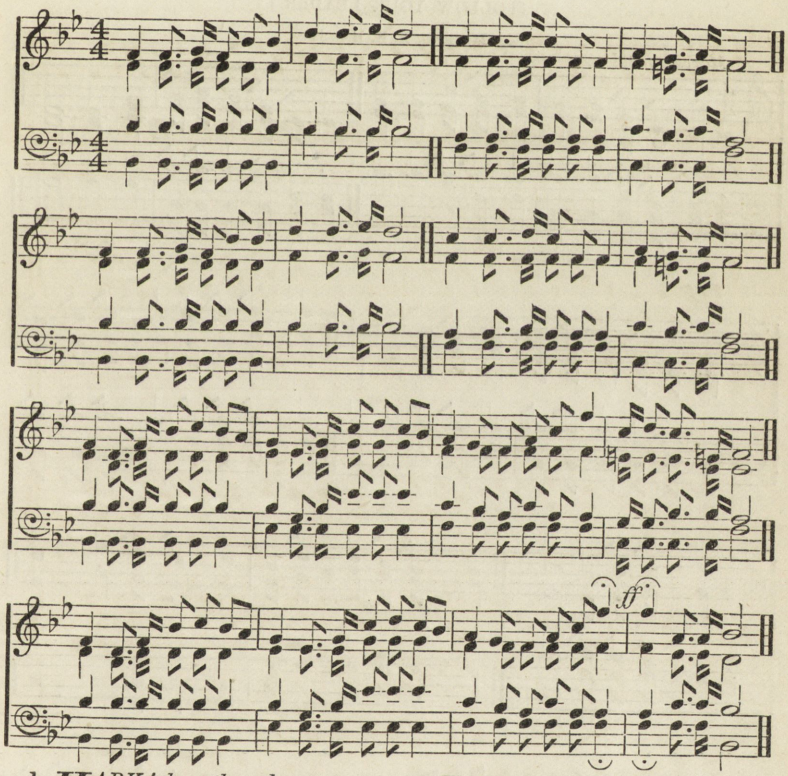
2 Brave, brave old England, no more shall the shame
Rest on thy scutcheon, and blot thy fair fame,
The drink's sad reproach shall be soon wiped away; [on the day.
And so we ask you, one and all, to help
Sign the pledge, &c.

3 Grand, grand old nation, the pride of the world, [unfurled;
See, see the banner of Temperance
Flock to the standard of freedom and peace, [ranks to increase.
Oh! now we ask you, one and all, our
Sign the pledge, &c.

99 Hark! hear the order pass!

[STAND TO YOUR ARMS.]

Words by P. P. Bliss. Music by O. W. Young.



1 *HARK! hear the order pass:—*
STAND TO YOUR ARMS!
Strong men may fall, alas!
STAND TO YOUR ARMS!
Mighty the foe and strong!
STAND TO YOUR ARMS!
Right must subdue the wrong!
STAND TO YOUR ARMS!

Stand by the Temperance cause,
Stand by the Temperance cause,
STAND, seeking no applause,
Dreading no alarms!
Stand firm, united, free,
Stand by your liberty;
STAND! let your watchword be,—
STAND TO YOUR ARMS.

2 Firm as the towering hills,
STAND TO YOUR ARMS!
Firm 'gainst the king of ills,
STAND TO YOUR ARMS!
Madly his minions hie;
STAND TO YOUR ARMS!
Proudly our power defy!
STAND TO YOUR ARMS!
Stand by, &c.

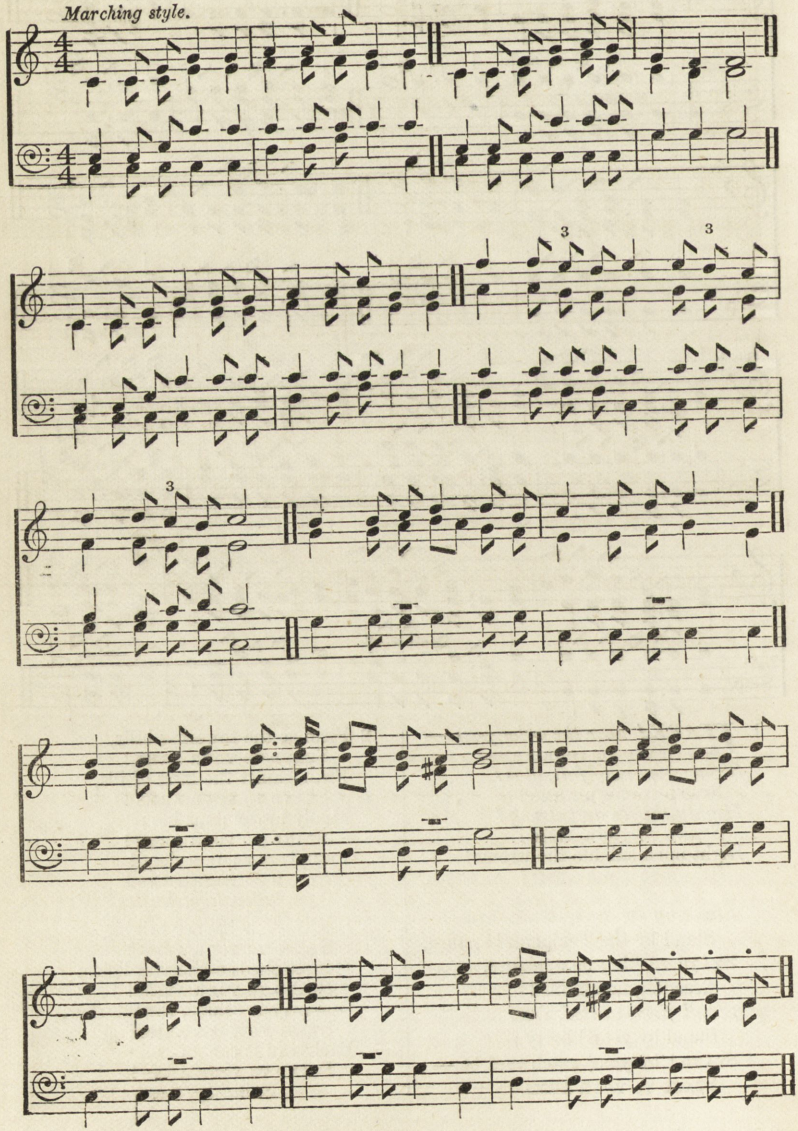
3 See, o'er our banner bright,
STAND TO YOUR ARMS!
Heaven sheds a cheerful light;
STAND TO YOUR ARMS!
Onward our course, though slow,
STAND TO YOUR ARMS!
Backward it cannot go!
STAND TO YOUR ARMS!
Stand by, &c.

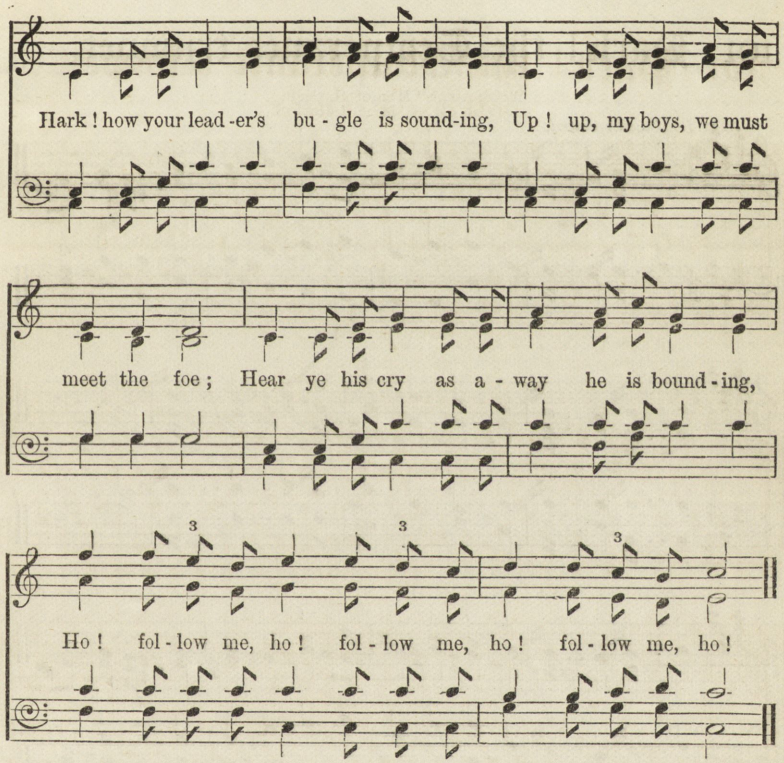
100 Hark! how your leader's bugle.

[FOLLOW YOUR LEADER.]

Music by B. R. Hanby.

Marching style.





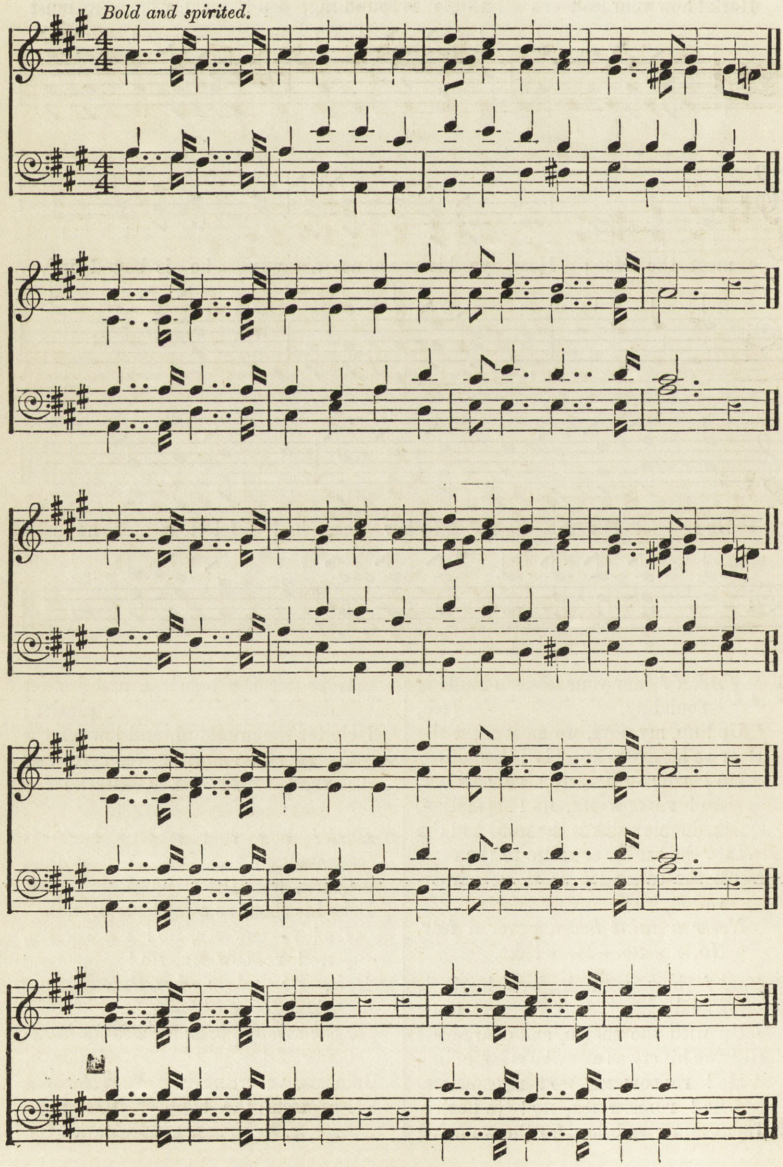
1 *HARK!* how your leader's bugle is sounding, [foe,
Up! up, my boys, we must meet the
Hear ye his cry as away he is bounding,
Ho! FOLLOW ME, HO! FOLLOW ME,
HO! FOLLOW ME, HO! [motion,
Quick, double quick is the word and the
Into the ranks, or retire to the rear,
Noble the cause, let us prove our devotion,
Never a faint heart, never a fear,
No, NO, NO.—Hark! &c.

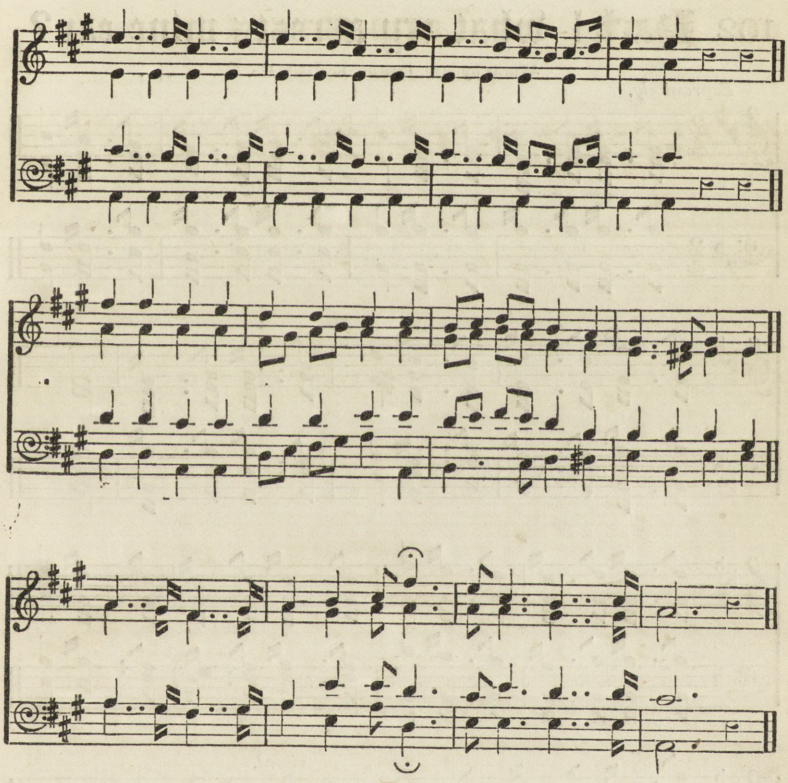
2 *Hark!* how your leader's bugle is sounding, [foe;
Up with the ensign, and charge the
Hear we his cry as away he is bounding,
Ho! FOLLOW ME, HO! FOLLOW ME,
HO! FOLLOW ME, HO! [a healer,
Temperance we bring, for the wounded
Hope for the hopeless, and joy for dismay, [dealer;
Help for the drunkard, and law for the
ON TO THE FRONT, BOYS, INTO THE FRAY, YES, YES, YES.—Hark! &c.

3 *Hark!* how your leader's bugle is sounding, [go;
Quick, take the step, on we go, we
Echo his shout as away he is bounding,
Ho! FOLLOW ME, HO! FOLLOW ME,
HO! FOLLOW ME, HO!
Hail, ye whose hearthstones are shrouded with sorrow:
Look through your tears to the dawning of day, [morrow,
Join us, ye erring, nor wait for the
Fly from the tempter, HASTE YE AWAY, YES, YES, YES.—Hark! &c.

101 Hark! the Temperance trumpet.

Welsh Air,—"Men of Harlech."





1 *HARK! The Temperance trumpet calling,*
See around you sights appalling,
See the wretched drunkards falling;
RALLY, TEMPERANCE MEN.
Drink is spreading desolation,
Hail the dawning reformation,
One and all, throughout the nation,
RALLY, TEMPERANCE MEN.
Hear the captive crying,
See the drunkard dying,
Up and fight, our cause is right,
The foe shall soon be flying.
Make our army stronger, braver,
Now to win our cause, or never:
HURL THE TYRANT BACK FOR EVER,
ONWARD, TEMPERANCE MEN.

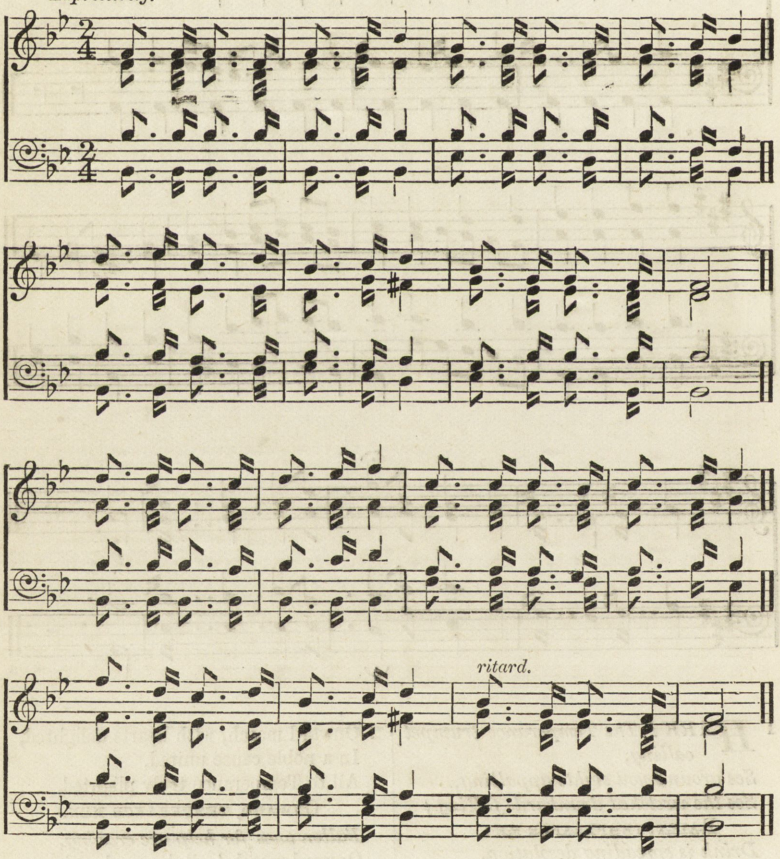
2 Onward march, with hearts delighted,
In a noble cause united,
All to Temperance truly plighted,
ONWARD, TEMPERANCE MEN.
Fallen ones for help are craving,
Onward march! all danger braving,
See aloft our standard waving,
ONWARD, TEMPERANCE MEN.

Brightly beams the morning;
Every danger scorning,
Up and fight, our cause is right,
AND VICTORY IS DAWNING;
Make our army stronger, braver,
Now to win our cause, or never:
HURL THE TYRANT BACK FOR EVER,
ONWARD, TEMPERANCE MEN.

102 Hark! what cry arrests mine ear?

Words by Mrs. LUMB. Scottish Air.

Expressively.



1 *HARK, what cry arrests mine ear,*
Hark! what accents of despair!
'Tis the drunkard's earnest prayer,
Friends of Jesus, hear.
Godly men, to you we cry;
Rests on you our anxious eye;
Help us, Christians, *or men die,*
Die in dark despair.

2 Hasten, Christians, haste to save
Brothers from a drunkard's grave,
Difficulties boldly brave;
Hark! for help they call.
Haste, then, to the rescue, haste!
See the souls by drink laid waste;
See the work of God defaced,—
Satan's deadly thrall.

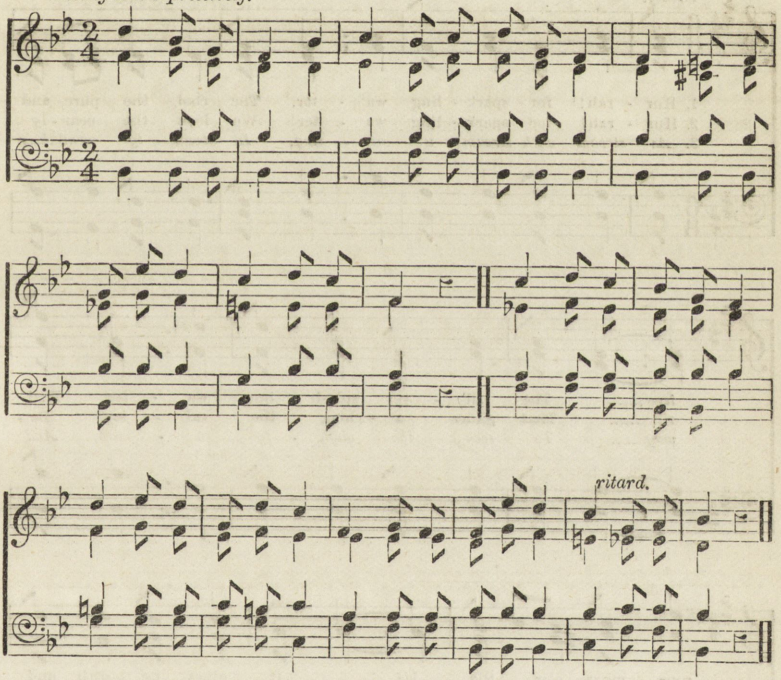
3 Go, then, in the Saviour's name,
Pluck these brands from sin and shame,
Deck His royal diadem,
With their ransomed souls.
WORK, O WORK, WHILE YET 'TIS DAY;
LINGER NOT, MAKE NO DELAY;
GOD WILL SPEED YOU ON YOUR WAY,—
RESCUE CAPTIVE SOULS.

103 How can he leave them?

[THE FATHER RECLAIMED.]

German Air.

Slowly and expressively.



1 *HOW can he leave them?*
How can that father go,
Heedless of winds that blow
Cold round his cot,
Leave them to pine for bread,
Children of want and pain;
"Father," they call in vain;
He answers not.

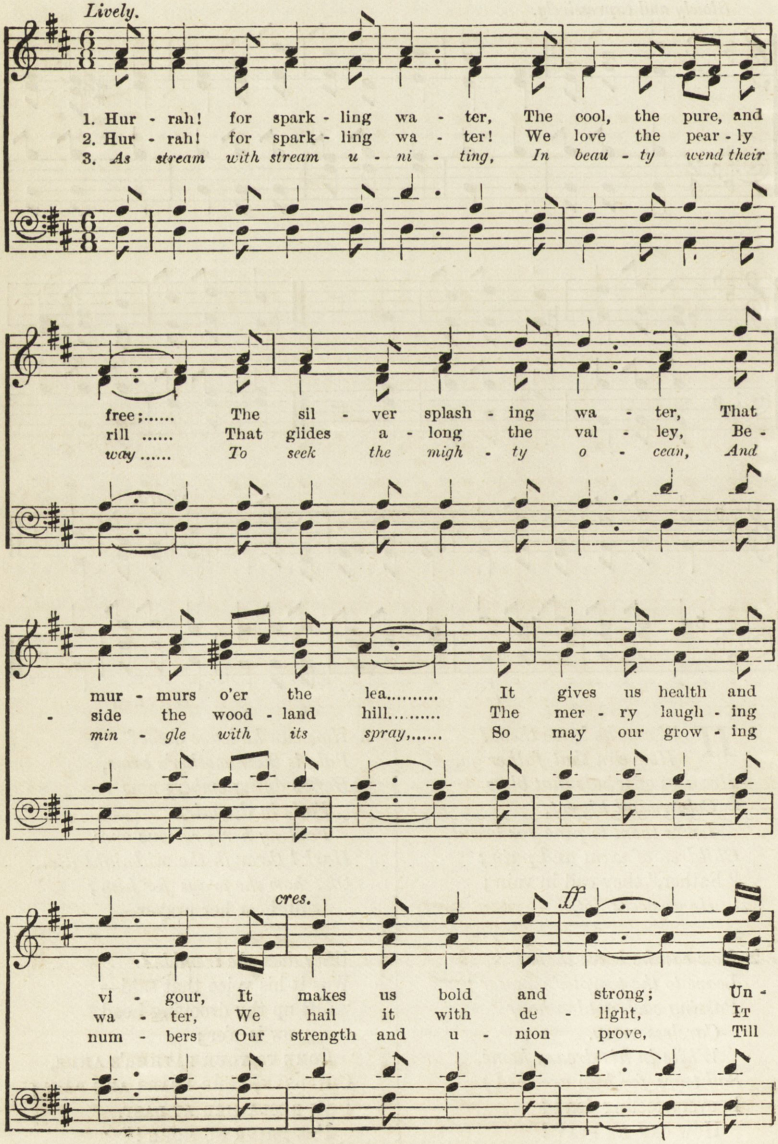
2 *How can he leave them?*
Leave to the tempter's power;
Passing each golden hour
Careless away.
While in his dreary home,
Sad tears for him are shed;
Is every feeling dead?
HOW CAN HE STAY?

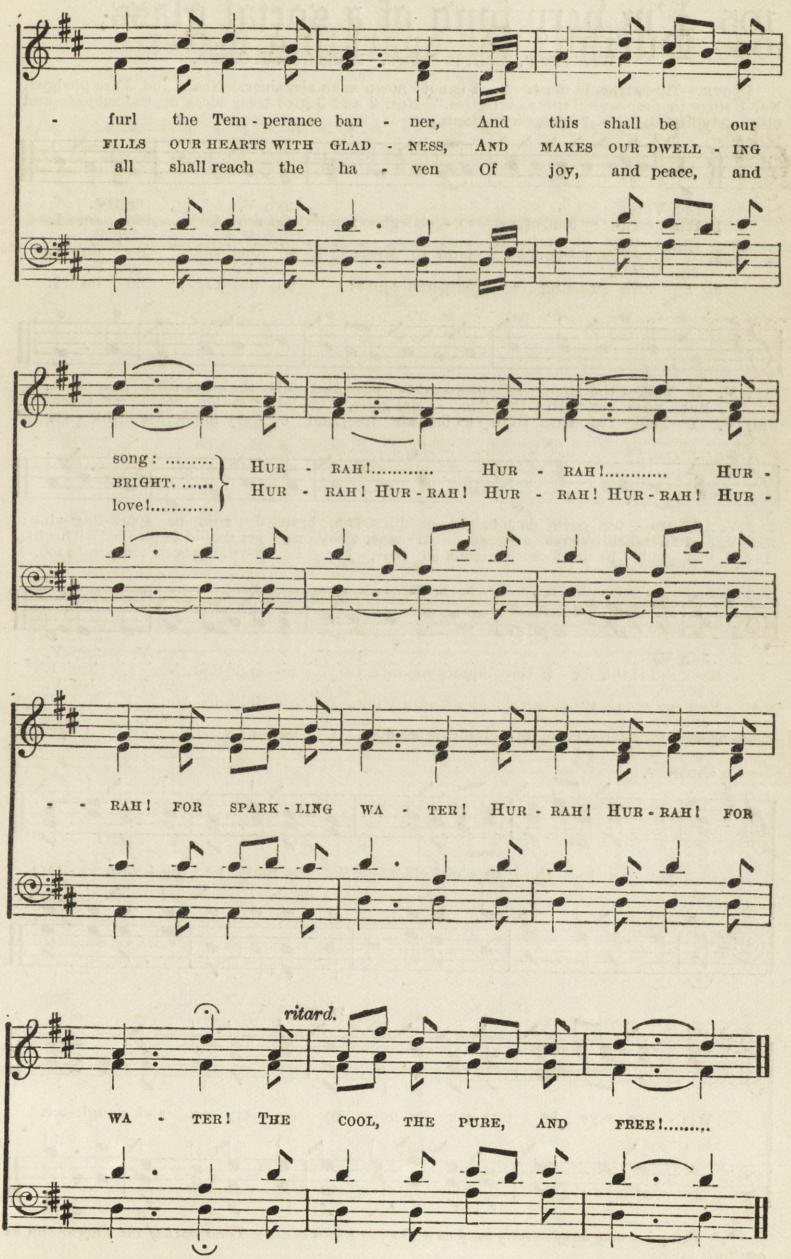
3 *How can he leave them?*
Pale is their mother's brow,
Hope's dying embers now
Fade in despair:
Folding her precious ones,
Hark! through the midnight dim,
Oh! how she prays for him;
Lord, hear her prayer.

4 *Why does she tremble?*
Was it his voice that said—
"Lift up thy drooping head,
SORROW IS O'ER;
COME TO YOUR FATHER'S ARMS,
CHILDREN, YOUR FEARS ARE PAST;
I AM RECLAIMED AT LAST,
I'LL DRINK NO MORE!"

104 Hurrah! for sparkling water.

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. Music by HUBERT P. MAIN.

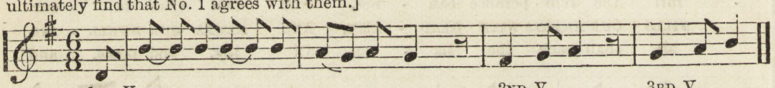



furl the Tem - perance ban - ner, And this shall be our
FILLS OUR HEARTS WITH GLAD - NESS, AND MAKES OUR DWELL - ING
all shall reach the ha - ven Of joy, and peace, and
song: .....
BRIGHT. .....
love!.....
HUR - RAH!..... HUR - RAH!..... HUR -
HUR - RAH! HUR - RAH! HUR - RAH! HUR - RAH! HUR -
- - RAH! FOR SPARK - LING WA - TER! HUR - RAH! HUR - RAH! FOR
ritard.
WA - TER! THE COOL, THE PURE, AND FREE!.....

105 I'm very fond of a social glass.

Words by P. W. G. P. Stowe. Music from T. Cooke.

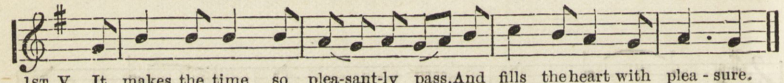
[Note.—Three friends meet. No. 1 is not known as an abstainer. Nos. 2 and 3 are pledged. No. 1 sings in praise of "the social glass." Nos. 2 and 3 give their ideas on the subject, and ultimately find that No. 1 agrees with them.]



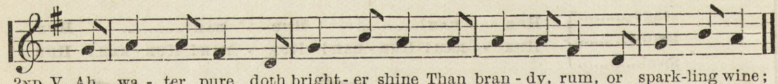
1st Voice.
1. I'm ve - ry fond of a so - cial glass:
2nd Voice.
2. I like with a friend an hour to pass:
3rd Voice.
3. I love to sing a Temperance glee:

2nd V. So am I. 3rd V. So do I. 1st V. So do I.

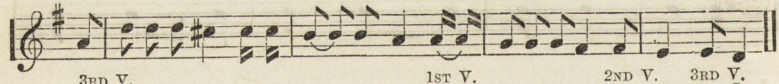
3rd V. So am I. 1st V. So do I. 2nd V. So do I.



1st V. It makes the time so plea-sant-ly pass, And fills the heart with plea - sure.
2nd V. But ne - ver with the "so - cial glass," Un - less it be cold wa - ter.
3rd V. I long to see th'in - e - bri - ate free, And ev - ery mo-derate drink - er.



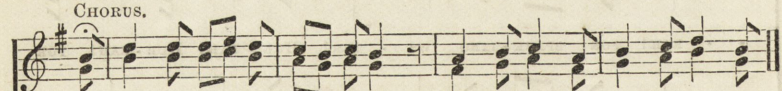
2nd V. Ah, wa - ter pure doth bright - er shine Than bran - dy, rum, or spark-ling wine;
3rd V. No! friend-ship's joys are so di - vine, They ne - ver should be pledged with wine.
1st V. I'm glad to meet with friends so true, For I have long been temperate too.



3rd V. But sad is the fix if the liquors you mix, Oh, I
1st V. Perhaps you may think that I love strong drink. I
2nd V. Then I understand he's a Temperance man, I

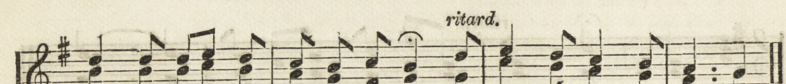
2nd V. ne-ver do that. Nor I. Nor I.
3rd V. certainly do. And I. Not I.
1st V. reckon he is. You're right. All. All's right. (*slow.*)

Chorus.



Oh, yes we love the so - cial glass, But it must be filled with wa - ter;

ritard.

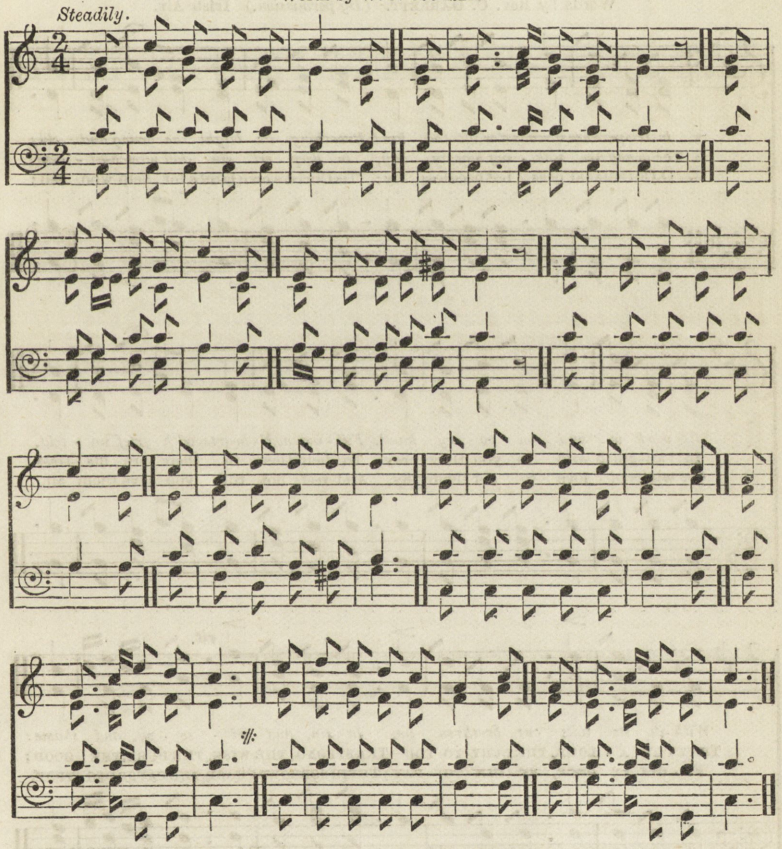


Wis - dom says be tem - per - ate now To ev - ery son and daugh - ter.

*** *This piece may be effectively sung as a Trio, in which case the Tenor part of the Chorus can be omitted.*

106 I love the cause of Temperance.

Words by W. J. COOKSLEY.



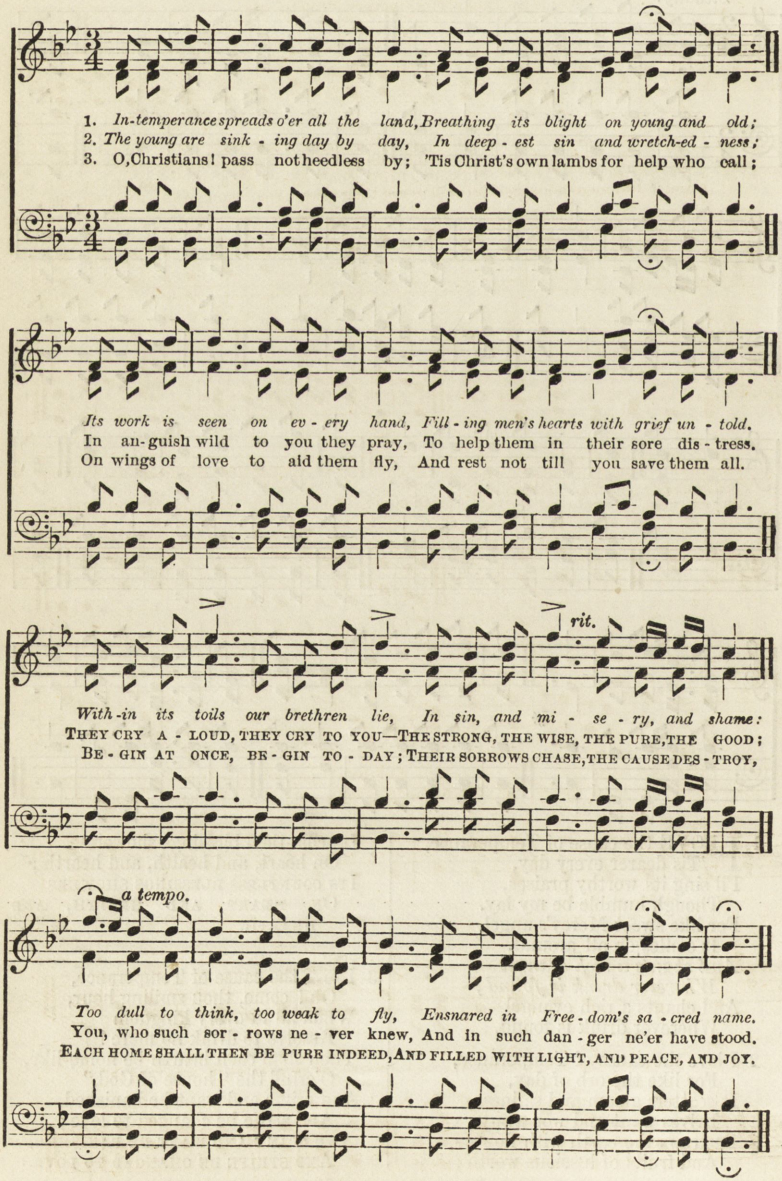
1 I LOVE the cause of Temperance,
'Tis dearer every day,
I'll sing its worthy praises,
Though humble be my lay.
For like sweet Mercy's angel,
It smiles on all around,
And chants a rich evangel
Wherever drink is found;
And chants a rich evangel
Wherever drink is found.

2 I love the cause of Temperance,
For like the orb of day,
It scatters gloom and sadness,
Drives want and woe away;
Bestrews the earth with flowers,
And fruits of luscious worth;
Its countless blessings showers
On heart, and health, and hearth;
ITS COUNTLESS BLESSINGS SHOWERS
ON HEART, AND HEALTH, AND HEARTH.

3 I love the cause of Temperance,
Oh! come, thou smiling hour,
When all in every kingdom
Resolve to drink no more!
Then shall each hearth be home-like,
O'erfull the "house of God,"
And crime and want be banished,
And strife be changed to love;
AND CRIME AND WANT BE BANISHED,
AND STRIFE BE CHANGED TO LOVE.

107 Intemperance spreads.

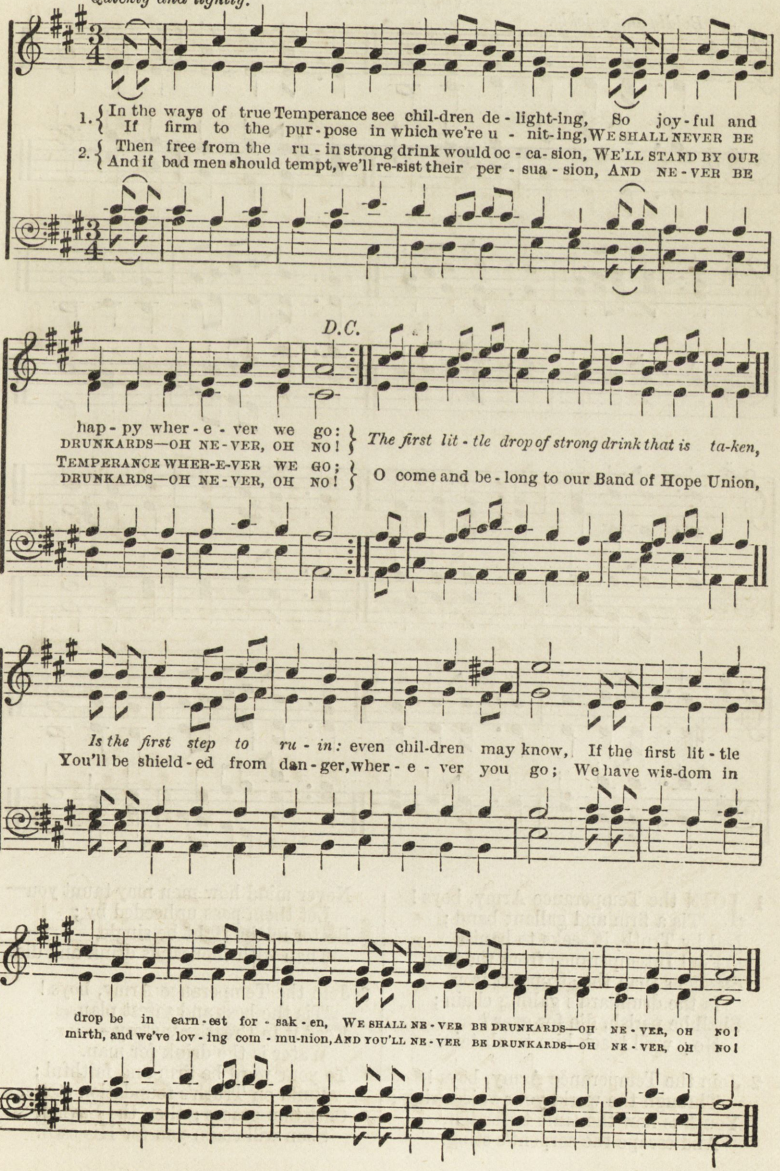
Words by Rev. C. GARRETT. (*By permission.*) Irish Air.



108 In the ways of true Temperance.

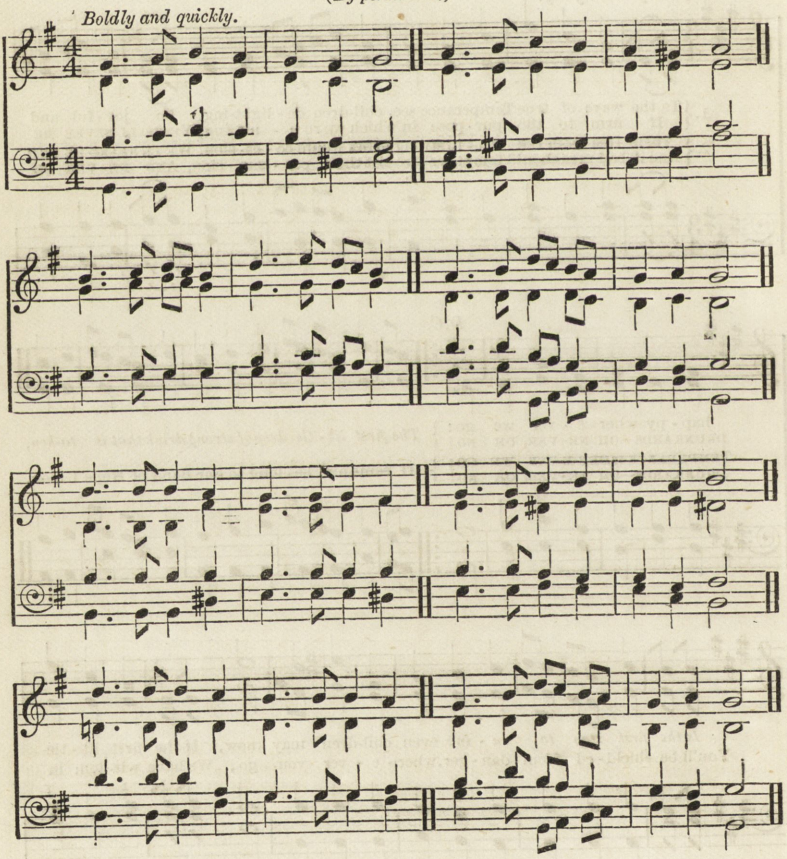
Words by JABEZ TUNNICLIFFE. Welsh Air.

Quickly and lightly.



109 Join the Temperance army, boys.

Words by ALFRED SARGANT. Music by W. H. BONNER.
(*By permission.*)



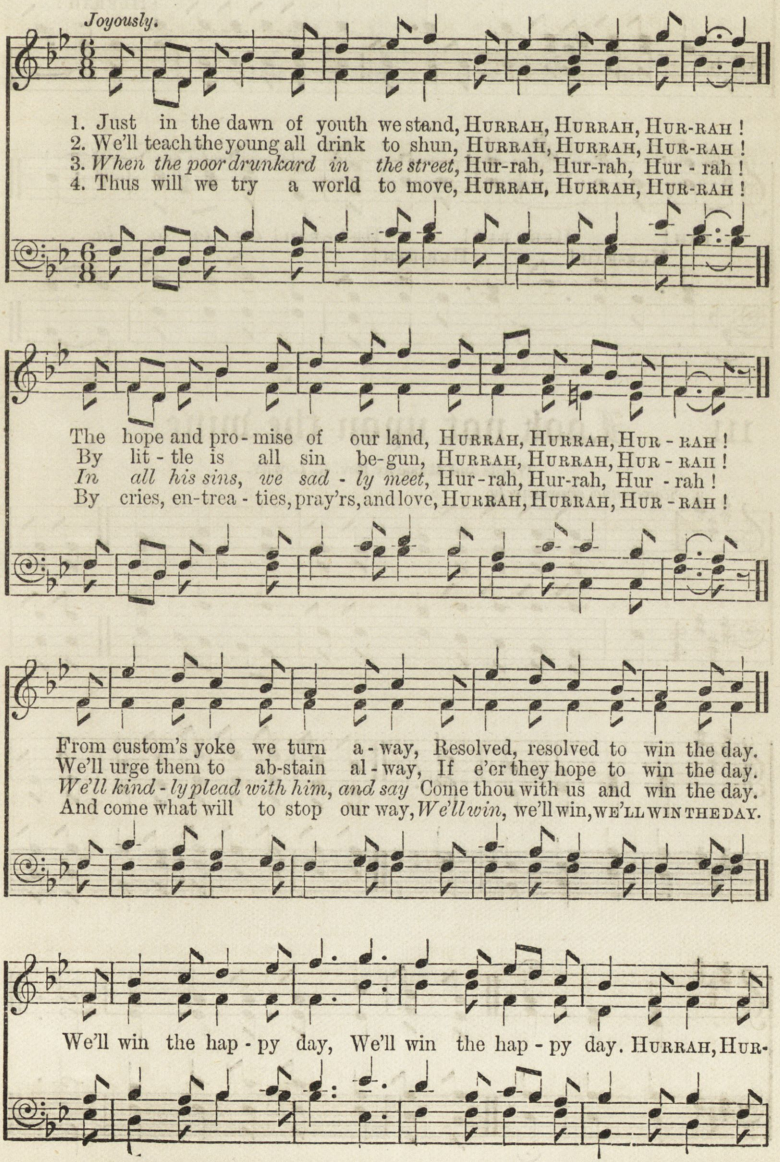
1 JOIN the Temperance Army, boys!
'Tis a firm and gallant band;
Led by Truth, it seeks to banish
Foul Intemperance from the land.
Stronger than the strongest iron,
Is the drunkard's galling chain;
Shall he perish, die for ever?
No; we'll teach him to abstain.

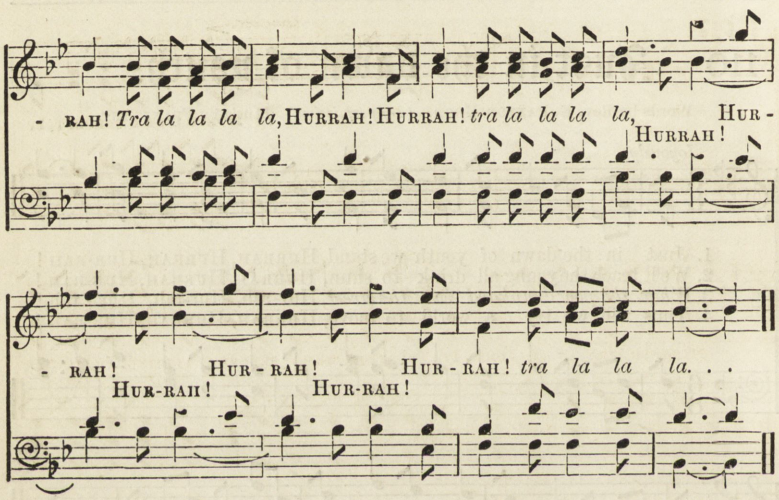
2 Join the Temperance Army, boys!
Through the world your voices ring;
Youth is now the time to hasten,
And escape the serpent's sting.
Never mind how men may taunt you—
Let them pass unheeded by;
Better in the right be single,
Than with thousands drink and die.

3 Join the Temperance Army, boys!
'Tis the best and safest plan.
Read it in Creation's story,—
Water is the drink for man.
To your word be firm and faithful;
Build on Truth's foundation stone,
Christian graces; then the Saviour
Soon will claim you for His own.

110 Just in the dawn of youth.

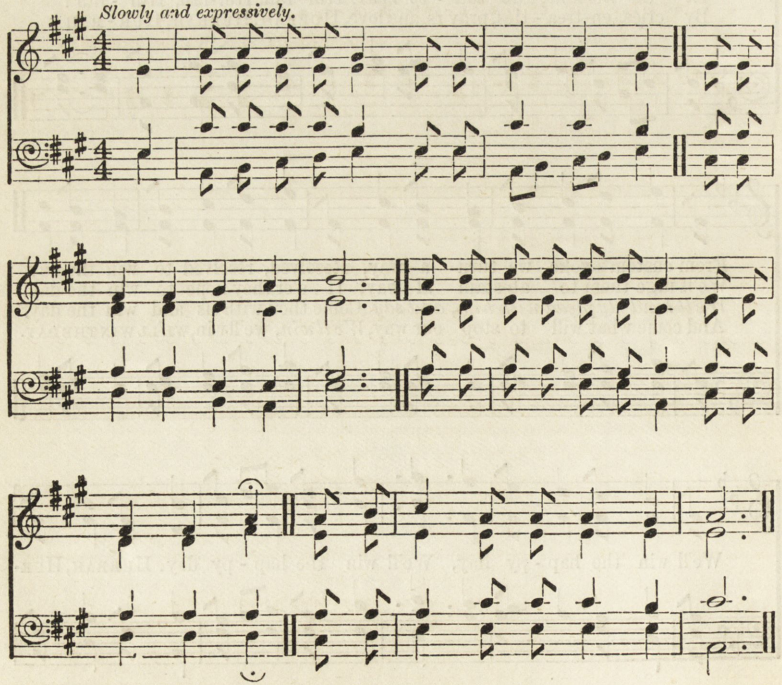
Words by Rev. E. PAXTON HOOD. (*By permission.*) Music by FRANZ ABT.

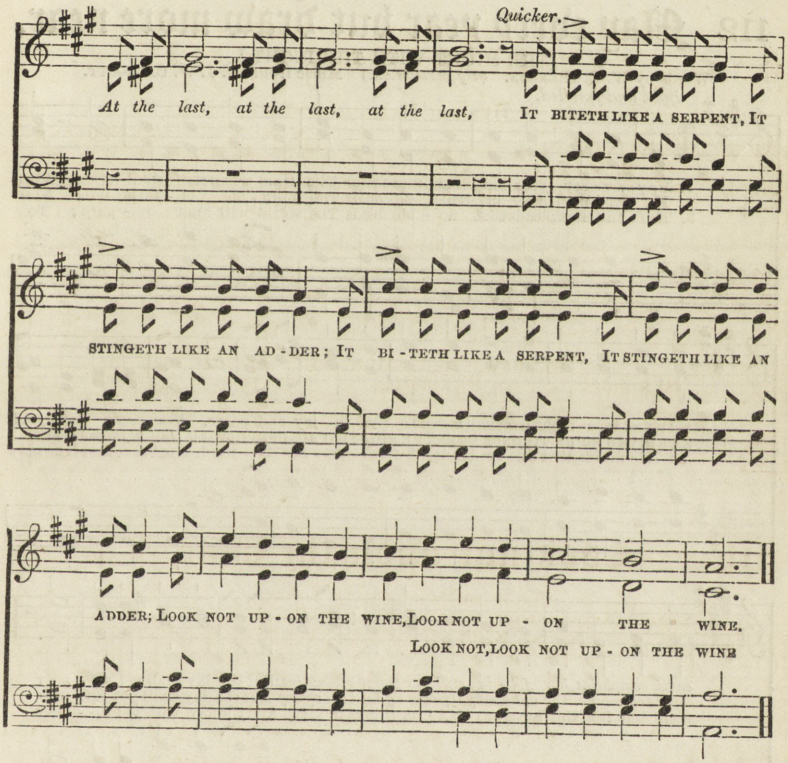




111 Look not upon the wine.

Words and Music by Rev. R. LOWRY.





1 LOOK not upon the wine with its ruby glow,
Though its gurgling wavelets shine;
There is treachery and shame, there is want and woe,
In the smile of the blood-red wine.
At the last,
IT BITETH LIKE A SERPENT,
IT STINGETH LIKE AN ADDER;
LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE.

2 Look not upon the wine in the festive throng,
As it flows at folly's shrine;
There is but a hollow joy in the dance and song
That are born of the maddening wine.
At the last, &c.

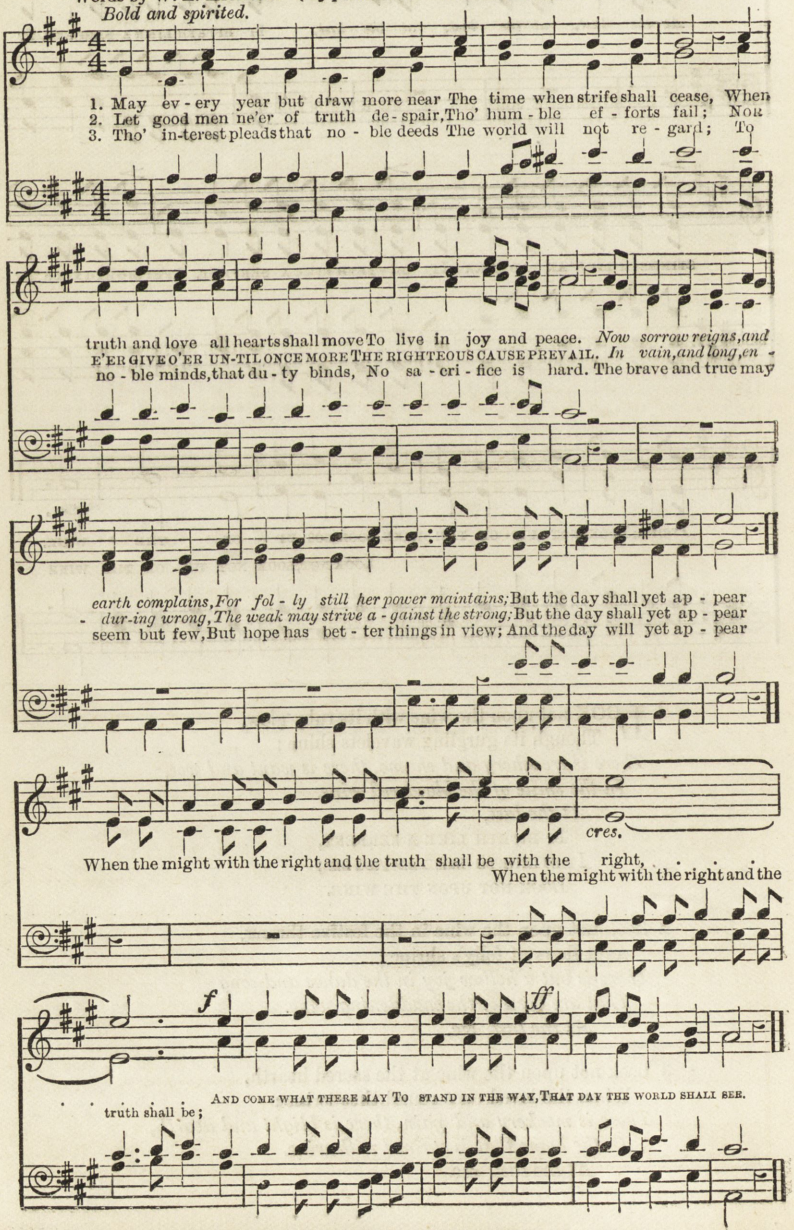
3 Look not upon the wine at the sacred hearth,
When the loved ones round thee twine;
There is mockery and pain, there is blight and dearth,
In the home that is stained with wine.
At the last, &c.

112 May every year but draw more near.

[THE MIGHT WITH THE RIGHT.]

Words by W. E. Hickson. (*By permission.*) Music from Dr. J. W. Callcott.

Bold and spirited.

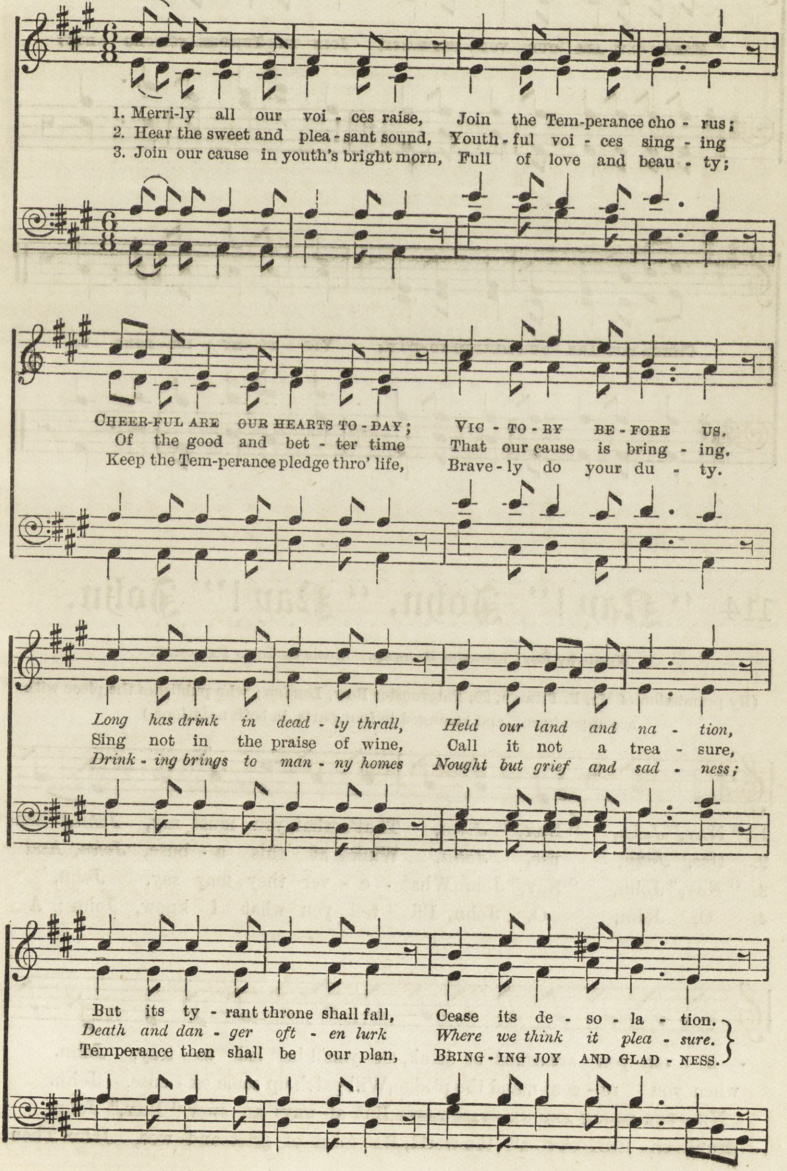


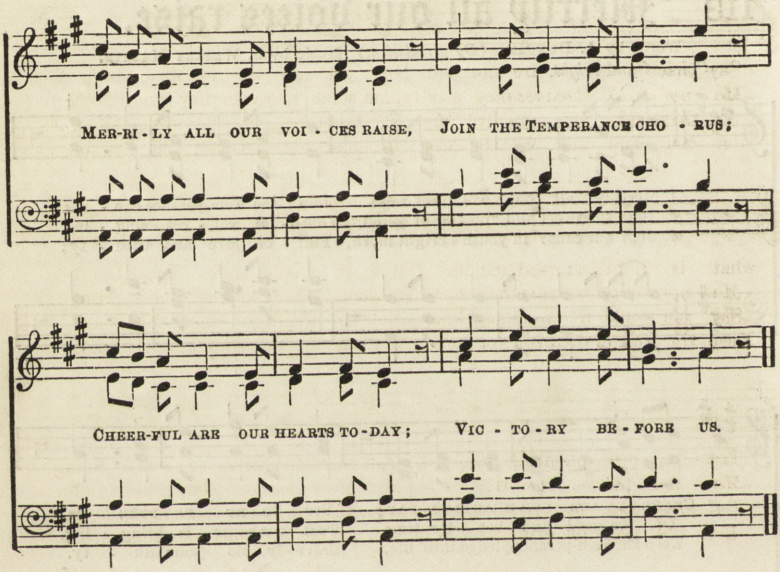
(*Last verse, repeat Chorus; last line rallentando.*)

113 Merrily all our voices raise.

Words by A. DUNCAN. (*By permission.*) Music by S. WESLEY MARTIN.

Spirited and bright.

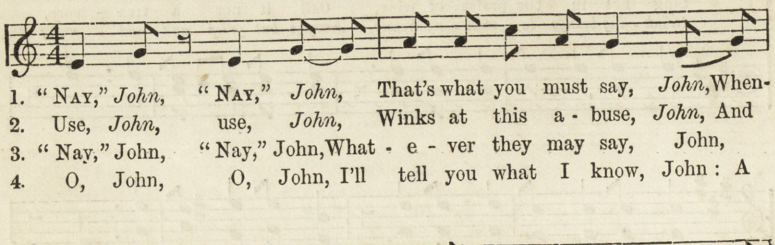


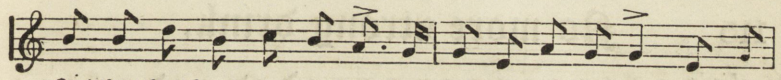


114 "Nay!" John, "Nay!" John.

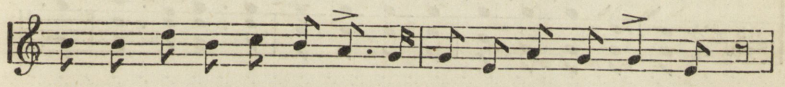
Words by Rev. JOHNSON BARKER. Music by JOHN FAWCETT.

(By permission of Mr. F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row, London; who publishes the piece with accompaniment, and arranged in four parts, in both notations.)

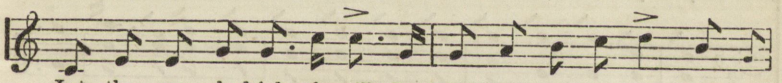




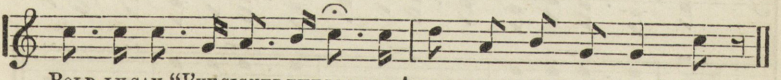
Say that though you are not old, Nor yet so ve - ry wise, John, Yet
Ma - ny drink because they're cold, And some be-cause they're hot, John;
If they ask you on - ly just To taste a lit - tle drop, John,
on the land and on the sea, in sea - sons hot and cold, John,



what is right, and good, and true, You're old e - nough to prize, John.
Ma - ny drink be-cause they're old, And some be-cause they're not, John;
Say you would if you knew where the "lit - tle drop" would stop, John.
Keep the pledge when you are young, And keep it when you're old, John.

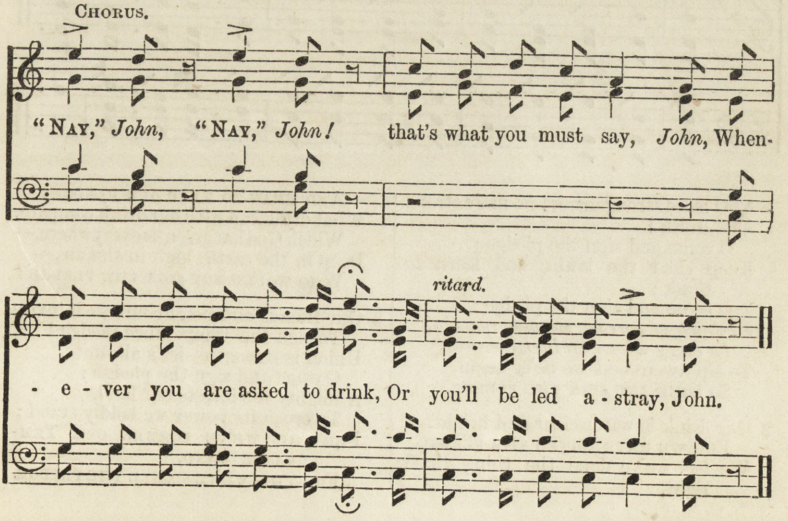


Let the peo - ple drink who will; But when they come to you, John,
Ma - ny drink be-cause they're thin, And some be-cause they're stout, John;
Tell them that by gin and rum, By wine and malt, and hops, John, That
Let the peo - ple drink who will, But when they come to you, John,

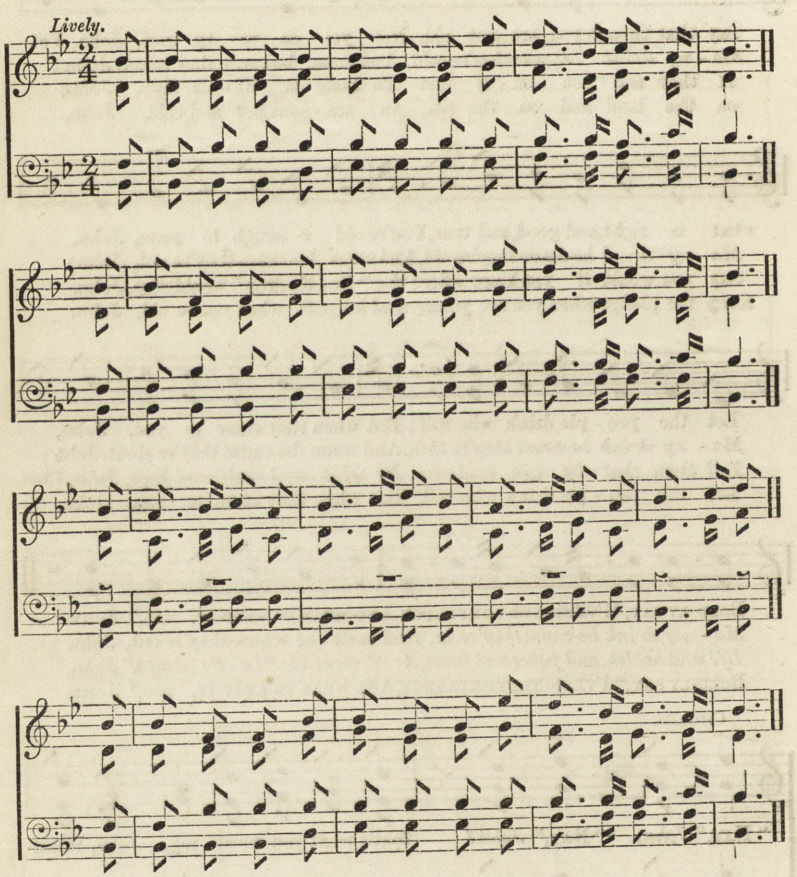


BOLD-LY SAY, "I'VE SIGNED THE PLEDGE, AND MEAN TO KEEP IT, TOO," JOHN.
Ma - ny drink be-cause they're in, And some be - cause they're out, John.
life and health, and peace and fame, Are drowned in "lit - tle drops," John.
BOLD-LY SAY, "I'VE SIGNED THE PLEDGE, AND MEAN TO KEEP IT, TOO," JOHN.

CHORUS.



115 No more strong drink.



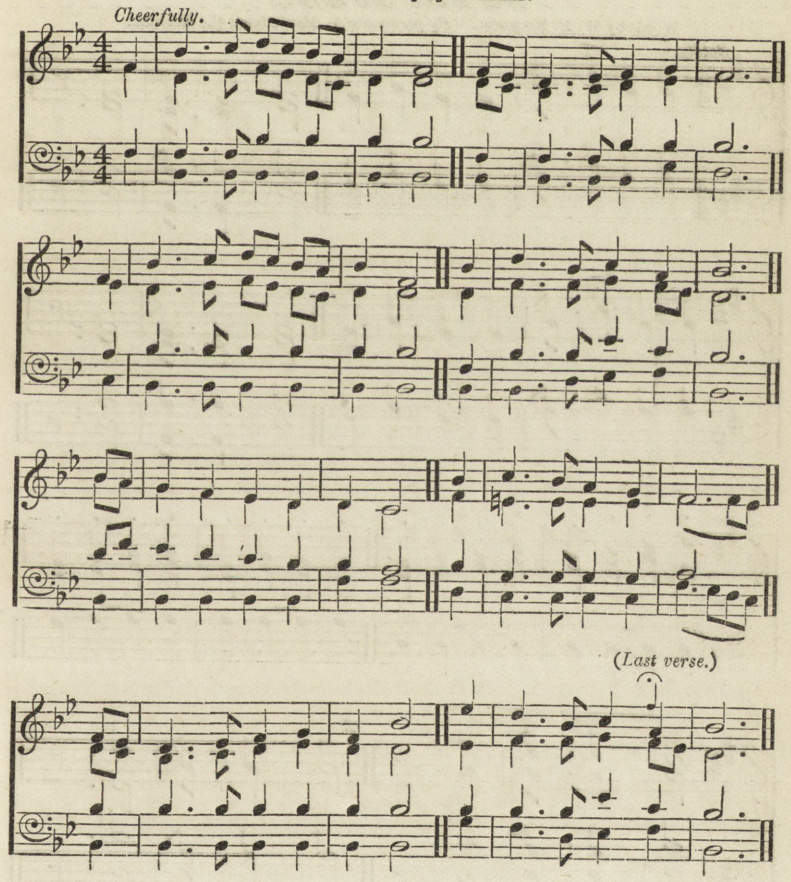
1 NO more strong drink! no more strong drink!
O come and sign the pledge;
Keep clear the brain, and learn to think;
O come and sign the pledge;
So much of sorrow, shame, and sin,
In every wine-cup lurks within,
To sip 'twere best we ne'er begin,
So COME AND SIGN THE PLEDGE.

2 Our drink is water clear and bright,
FOR WE HAVE SIGNED THE PLEDGE;
We feel we've done the thing that's right,
AND MEAN TO KEEP OUR PLEDGE;
What drink can with our drink compare,
Which God has given us everywhere,—
Deep in the earth, high in the air,—
WHO WOULD NOT SIGN THE PLEDGE?

3 Our friends and neighbours we'll invite
To sign the Temperance pledge!
Union is strength—let's all unite,
O come and sign the pledge;
A mighty foe infests our land,
To crush its power we boldly stand;
FOR THIS WE'VE FORMED OUR TEMPERANCE BAND,
FOR THIS WE'VE SIGNED THE PLEDGE.

116 Now raise your merry voices.

Words and Melody by WHITELY.



1 NOW raise your merry voices,
Ye children gay and young;
The strain our heart rejoices,
By thousands be it sung;
Your bloodless banner swelling,
Shall sweep the fields of air,
To each benighted dwelling
The words of hope to bear.

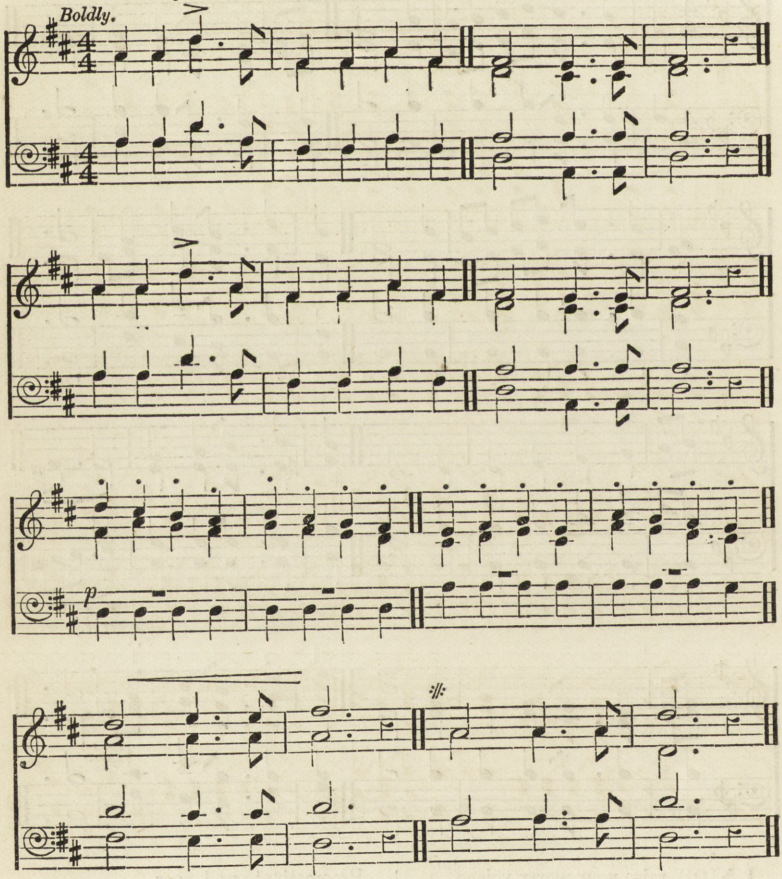
2 Companions in life's morning,
To you, to you we call,
Oh, hear our word of warning,
And hear it ere ye fall,
Procrastinate no longer,
For fearful is delay,
Temptation groweth stronger;
Then join our ranks to-day.

3 Yes, join; and Heaven befriending,
Shall crown our work of love,
In kind approval sending
Its blessing from above;
A TIME OF JOY FORETELLING
FOR ENGLAND'S HAPPY ISLE,
WHEN FROM EACH COTTAGE DWELLING,
SHALL PEACE AND PLENTY SMILE.

117 Now to Heaven.

[GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.]

Words by W. E. Hickson. (*By permission.*) Music from the German.



1 NOW to heaven our prayers ascending,
GOD SPEED THE RIGHT!
In a noble cause contending,
GOD SPEED THE RIGHT!
Be their zeal in heaven recorded,
With success on earth rewarded.
‖: GOD SPEED THE RIGHT! :‖

2 *Be that prayer again repeated,—*
God speed the right!
Ne'er despairing, though defeated,
God speed the right!
Like the good and great in story,
If they fail, they fail with glory!
‖: God speed the right! :‖

3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
GOD SPEED THE RIGHT!
Ne'er the event nor danger fearing,
GOD SPEED THE RIGHT!
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in Heaven's own time succeeding!
‖: GOD SPEED THE RIGHT! :‖

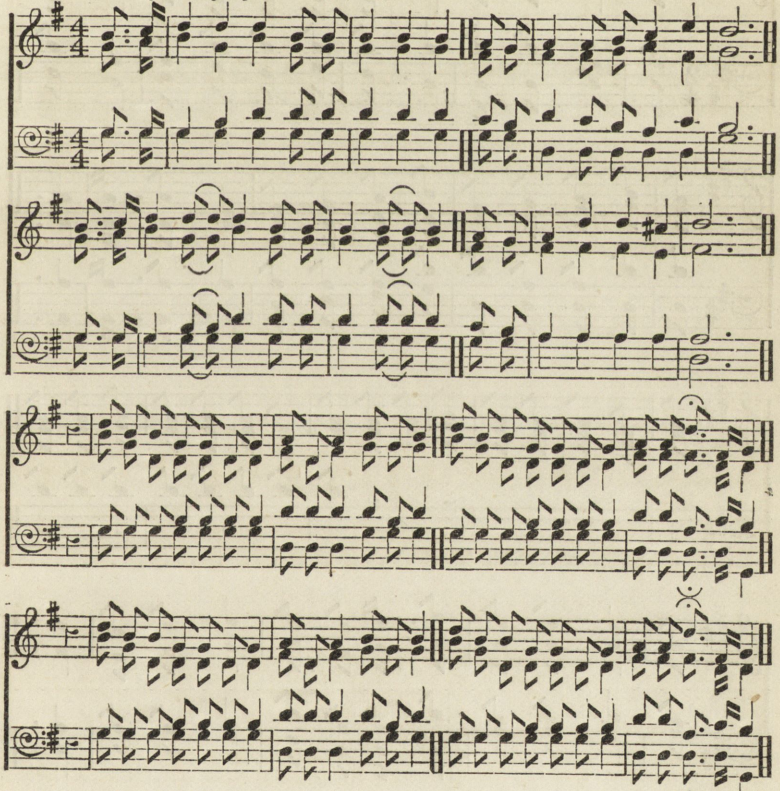
118 O, a goodly thing.

[THE COOLING SPRING.]

Words by Mrs. F. J. Van Alstyne. Music by W. B. Bradbury.

"Opposite our chamber window is a clear, cool, never-failing spring; and running merrily along by its side, yet entirely disconnected from it, is a sprightly, bubbling, singing little brook, whose music lulls us to sleep at night, and gently awakens us at early dawn."—*The Parsonage.*

Quickly and lightly.



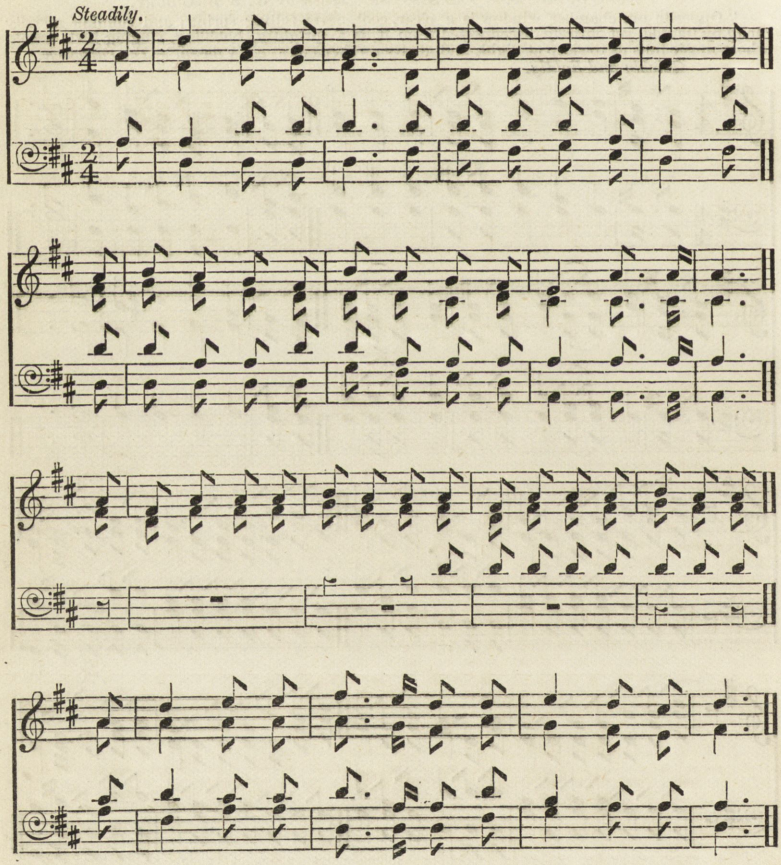
1 O A goodly thing is the cooling spring,
By the rock where the moss doth grow; [music beside,
There is health in the tide and there's
In the brooklet's bounding flow.
Merry, merry little spring,
Sparkle on, sparkle on,
Merry, merry little spring,
SPARKLE ON FOR ME.
Ripple, ripple, silvery brook,
Ripple on, ripple on;
Ripple, ripple, silvery brook,
Ripple on for me.

2 And as pure as heaven is the water given,
And the stream is for ever new;
'Tis distilled in the sky, and it drops from on high
In the shower and gentle dew.
Merry, merry, &c.

3 Let them say 'tis weak, but its strength I'll seek,
And rejoice while I own its sway,
For its murmur to me is the echo of glee,
AS IT LAUGHS AND BOUNDS AWAY.
Merry, merry, &c.

4 O I love to drink from the foamy brink
Of the bubbling, the cooling spring,
FOR THE DROPS THAT SHINE SHALL BE EVER MINE, [SING.
AND ITS PRAISE, ITS PRAISE I'LL
Merry, merry, &c.

119 O come, come away.



1 O COME, come away from all that can enslave you,
'Gainst vice and crime let us combine,
O COME, COME AWAY.
O come, let truth our minds employ,
And thus we'll ignorance destroy,
AND HOPE SHALL INCREASE OUR JOY.
O COME, COME AWAY.

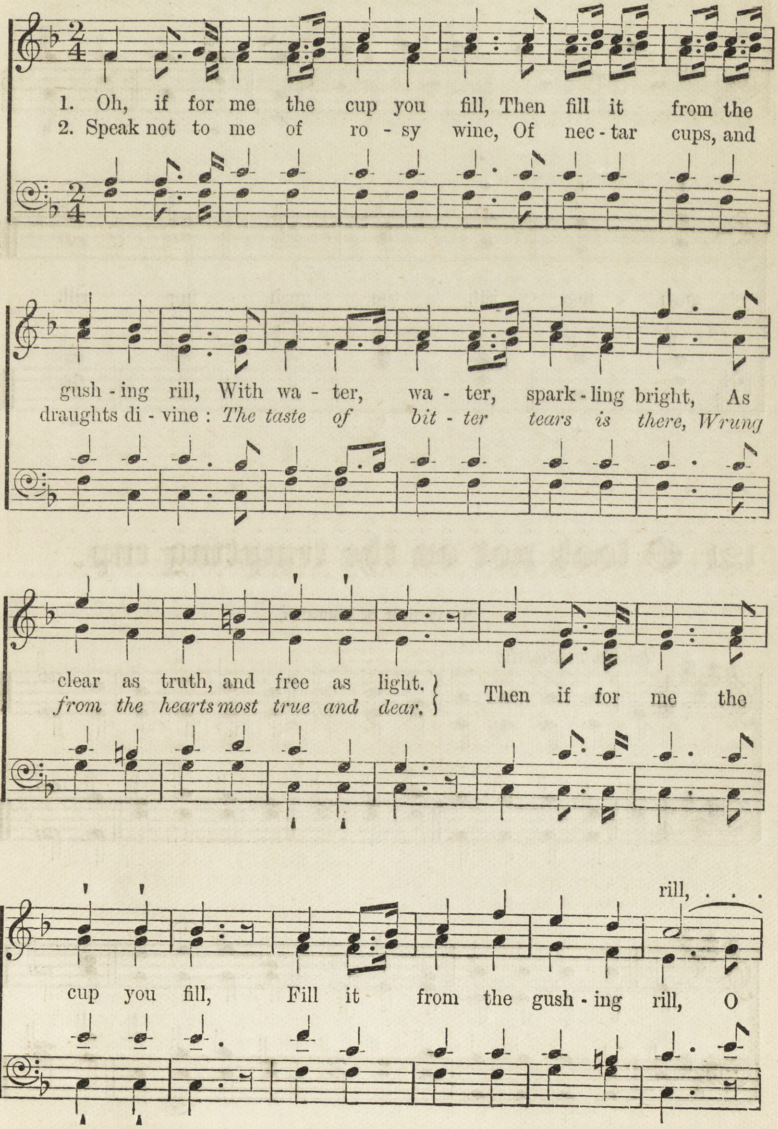
2 *With sweet songs of love we'll calm each angry feeling;*
And ne'er let wrath disturb our path,
O come, come away.
O come, let wisdom still increase,
And war of every kind will cease,
And mankind shall live in peace.
O COME, COME AWAY.

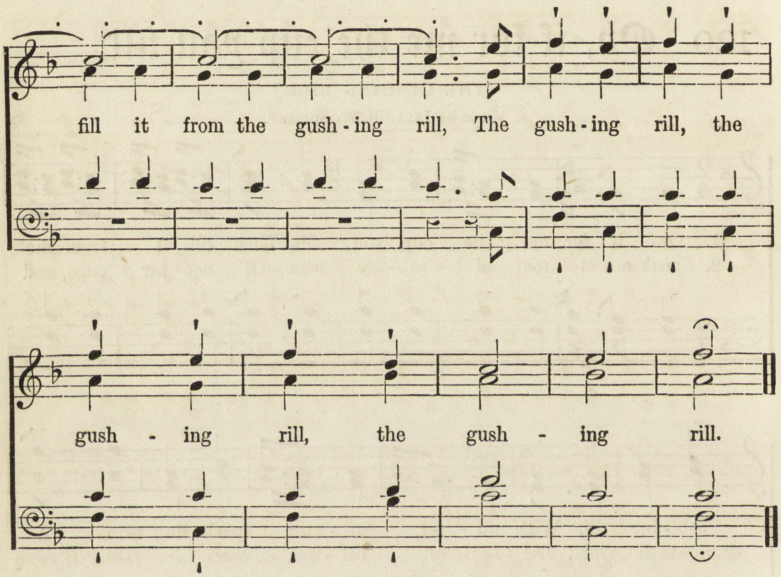
3 No strong drink we'll use, then it can ne'er deceive us;
DON'T TASTE A DROP; OH! TOUCH IT NOT,
But come, come away.
Come, drink the pure and crystal stream,
And put your trust alone in Him
Who from sin can all redeem.
O come, come away.

120 Oh, if for me the cup you fill.

[THE GUSHING RILL.]

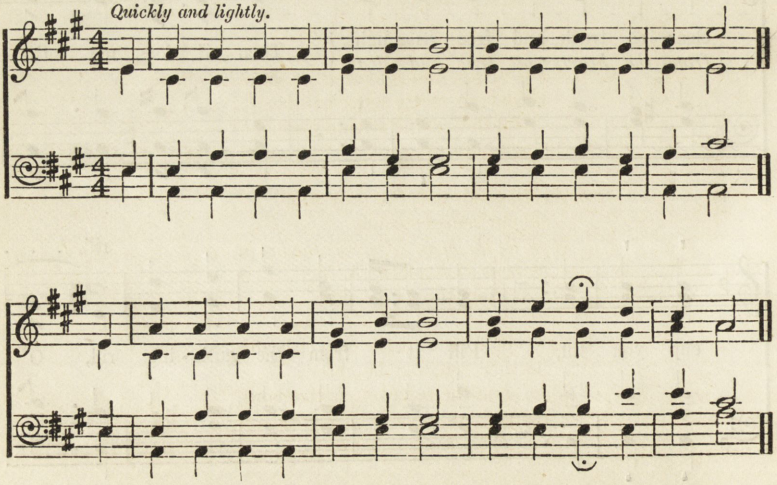
Music by ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

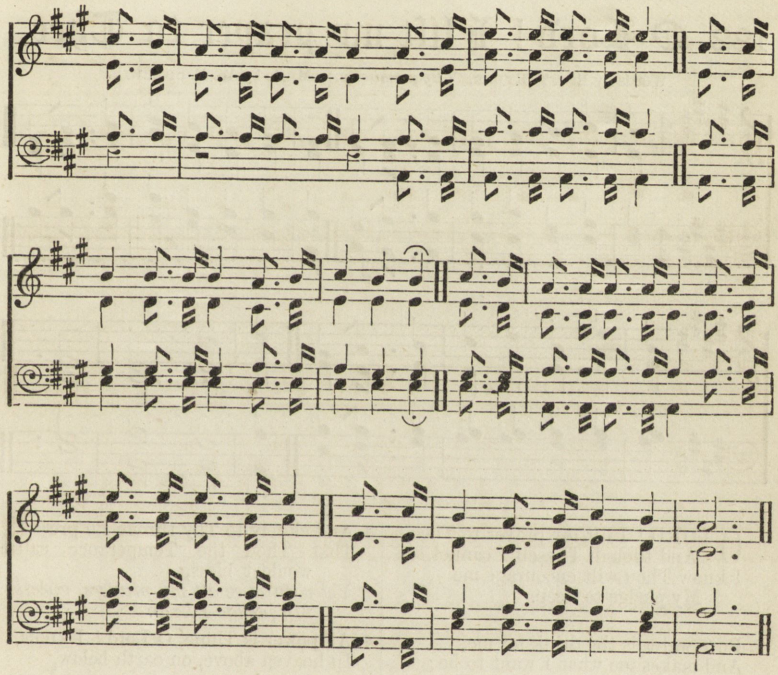




121 O look not on the tempting cup.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.





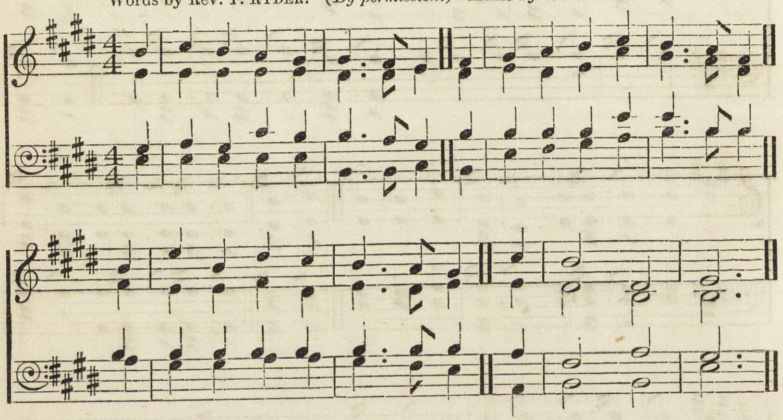
1 O LOOK not on the tempting cup,
Where the wine is gleaming;
There's danger in the fatal draught,
POISON IN ITS BEAMING.
From the merry laughing rill,
As it glides along the hill,
We will drink, and rejoice at its sparkling glow,
And our merry song shall be,
Oh, the cooling stream for me,
OH, THE BRIGHT, COOLING STREAM FOR ME.

2 We'll taste it not, the ruby wine,
All our senses stealing,
It chills the heart, destroys the brain,
Drowns each nobler feeling.
From the merry, &c.

3 Say, would ye wear the rose of health,
Brother, son, and daughter;
Then shun the bright deceptive bowl,
DRINK THE PURE COLD WATER.
From the merry, &c.

122 O Lord! I lift my prayer to Thee.

Words by Rev. T. RYDER. (*By permission.*) Music by W. F. SHERWIN.



1 O LORD! I lift my prayer to Thee,
And though Thyself I cannot see
I know Thou wilt encourage me
My pledge to keep.

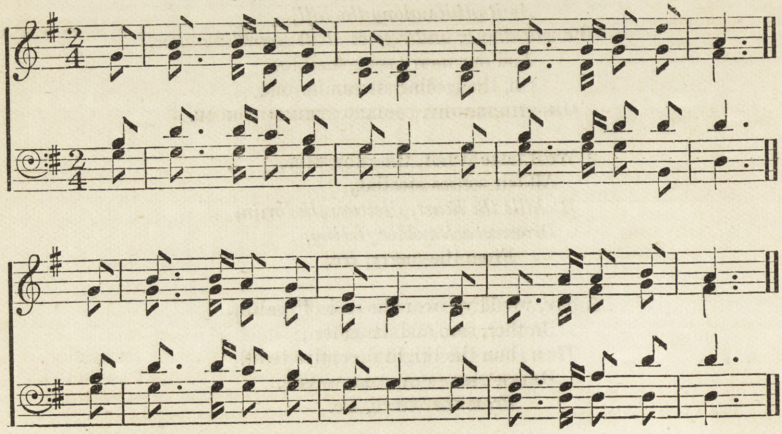
2 Pure water is the drink for me,
And makes me what I want to be;
Because it cometh fresh from Thee,
My pledge I'll keep.

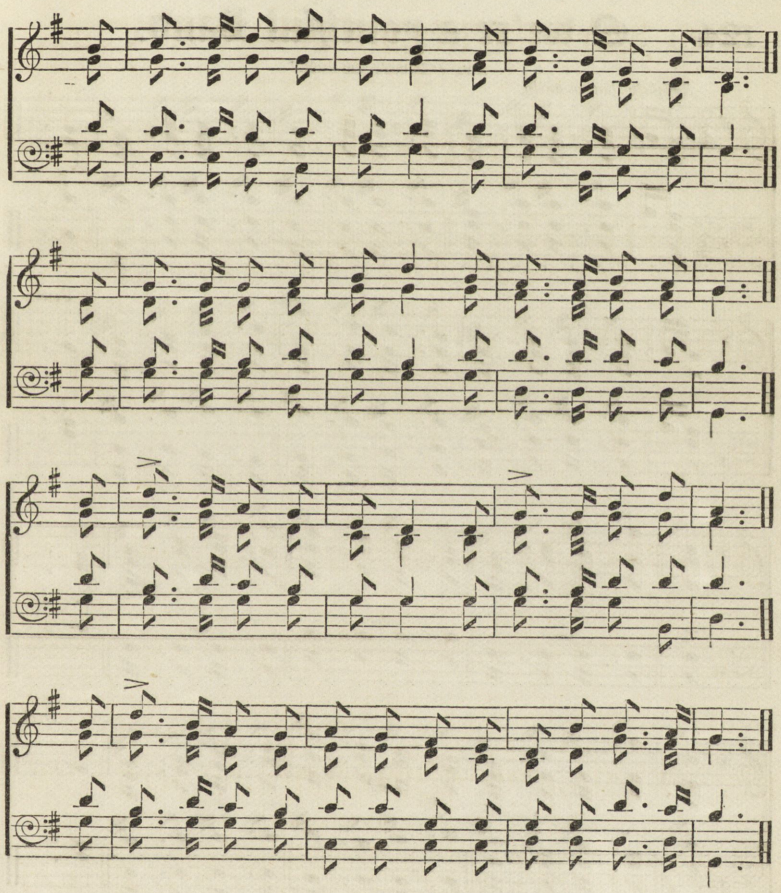
3 And closely to Thy throne I'll press,
That Thou the Temperance cause wouldst bless,
Yet vain were all my prayers, unless
My pledge I keep.

4 All power is Thine, O Lord! I know,
In heaven above, on earth below,
So MAKE ME STRONG, WHERE'ER I GO,
MY PLEDGE TO KEEP.

123 O rouse ye, Christian workers!

Words by Mrs. A. S. HAWKS. Music by Rev. R. LOWRY.





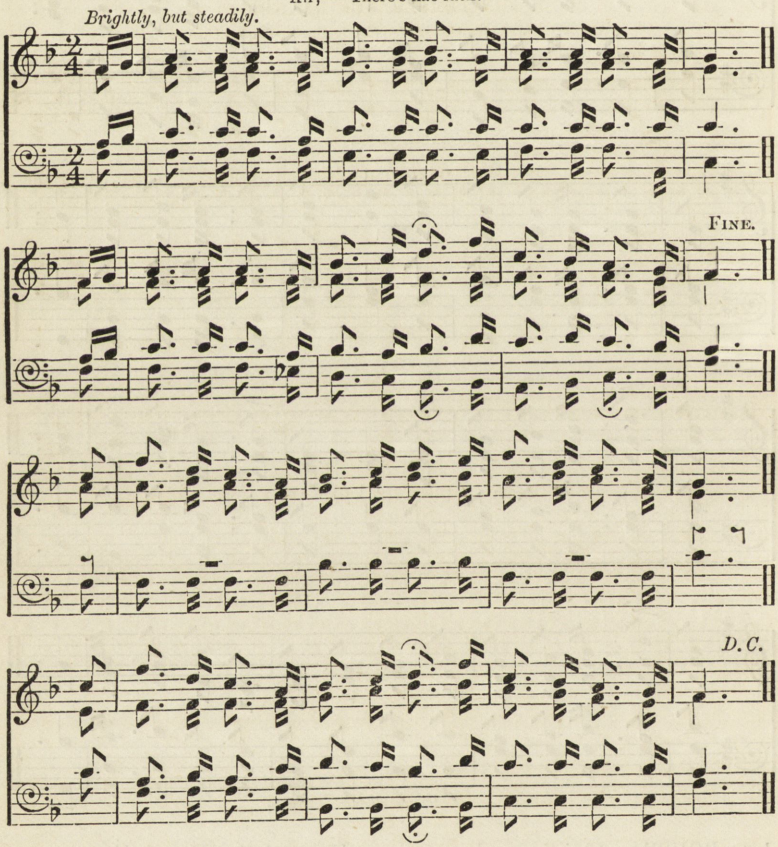
1 O ROUSE ye, Christian workers,
Come, help us, one and all;
Why longer do ye tarry;
O, hear ye not the call?
THEN SOUND IT LOUD AND LOUDER,
SWELL HIGH THE CLARION NOTES,
Till from each Christian household,
An answering echo floats.
O rouse ye, Christian workers!
A mighty ransomed band;
We'll work and pray, and sweep away
Intemperance from the land.

2 This wave the Lord uprolleth;
Seek not to stay the tide;
The work that He upholdeth
For ever shall abide;
IT IS THE LORD WHO CALLETH,
THE VICTORY SHALL BE WON;
And Faith and Prayer, the armour
He bids you now gird on.
O, rouse ye, &c.

3 *O will ye longer tarry*
Just at the outer gate,
While sorrowing hearts in silence
For their deliverance wait!
Come, sisters, to the rescue,
Come, brothers, close the ranks;
IN GOD'S OWN TIME WE'LL CONQUER,
AND AT HIS FEET GIVE THANKS.
O, ROUSE YE, &c.

124 O we're a youthful Band.

Air,—"There's nae luck."



1 O WE'RE a youthful Band of Hope,
All pledged strong drink to flee,
Then let our watchword sound afar—
"NO DRINK, NO DRINK FOR ME."
With heart and voice united,
We'll sing our Temperance song;
Till Britain's curse be done away,
And drinking customs gone.
For we're a youthful band, &c.

2 *'Tis drink that blights our English homes,*
And makes our mothers sad;
'Tis drink that fills our prison cells,
'Tis drink that drives men mad.
Then haste the day when Britain shall
From every stain be free;
When every voice shall sing and say—
"NO DRINK, NO DRINK FOR ME!"
For we're a youthful band, &c.

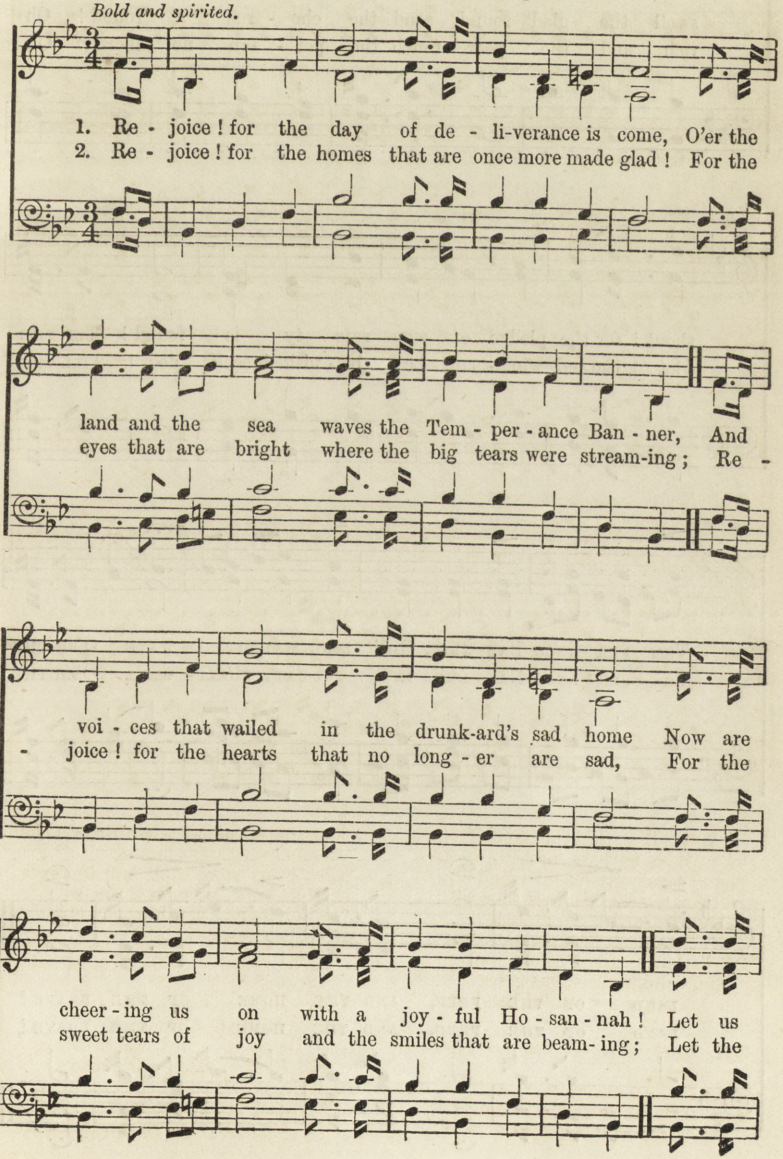
3 We'll seek God's blessing on our cause,
We'll pray — "GOD BLESS OUR BAND!"
A Band of Hope we surely are,
A joyful, happy band:
And, Daniel-like, we'll water drink,
And Daniel's God we'll praise;
And He who Daniel kept and blest,
Will keep us all our days.
FOR WE'RE A YOUTHFUL BAND, &c.

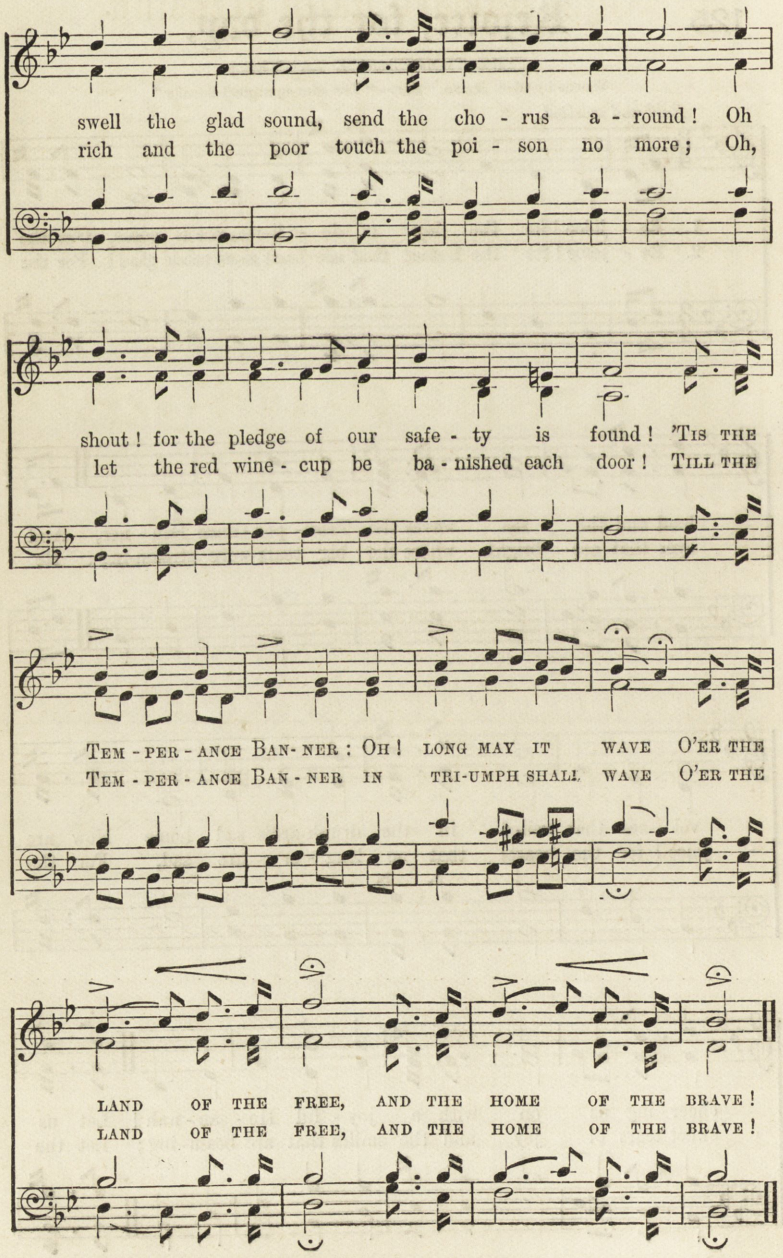
125 Rejoice, for the day.

[THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.]

Words by Mrs. DANA. Air,—"The star-spangled banner."

Bold and spirited.

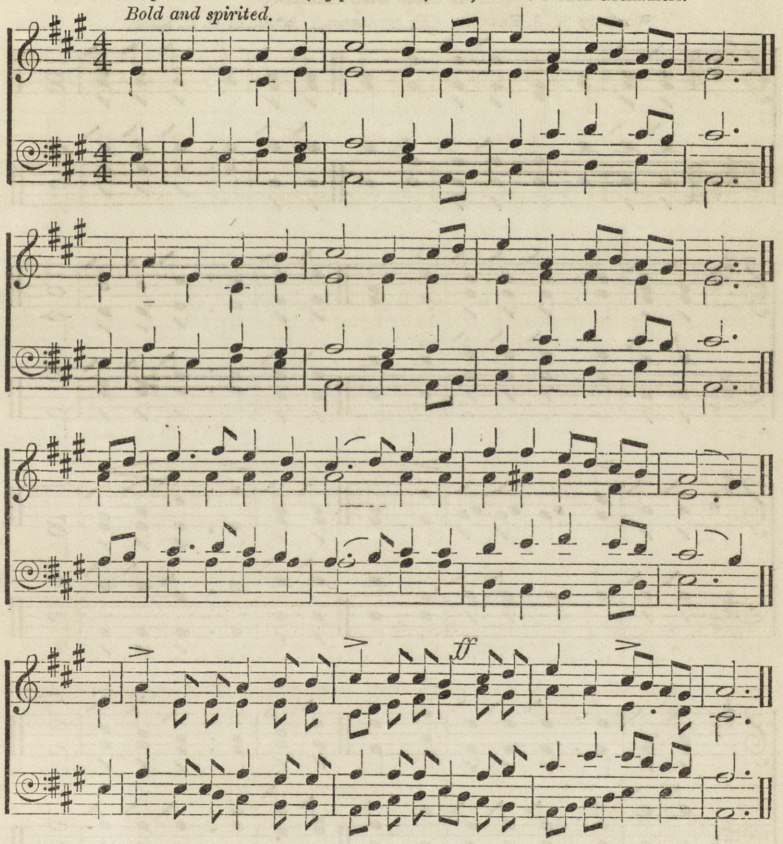



swell the glad sound, send the cho - rus a - round! Oh
rich and the poor touch the poi - son no more; Oh,
shout! for the pledge of our safe - ty is found! 'Tis the
let the red wine - cup be ba - nished each door! Till the
Tem - per - ance Ban - ner: Oh! long may it wave O'er the
Tem - per - ance Ban - ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the
land of the free, and the home of the brave!
land of the free, and the home of the brave!

126 Right onward gaily pressing.

Words by FRANK ADKINS. (*By permission.*) Air,—"The British Grenadiers."

Bold and spirited.



1 RIGHT onward gaily pressing,
We will not yield to fear,
Earth's greatest wrong redressing,
Who would not persevere?
For truth with love and courage,
Was never known to fail;
So BRAVELY WE'LL FIGHT, FOR WE KNOW WE ARE RIGHT, [PREVAIL.
AND THE GOOD CAUSE MUST

2 No blood e'er stained the brightness
Of the weapons which we bear;
Not shrieks and groans, but blessings,
Around us fill the air.
With truth and love we arm us,
For these alone avail.
So BRAVELY WE'LL FIGHT, &c.

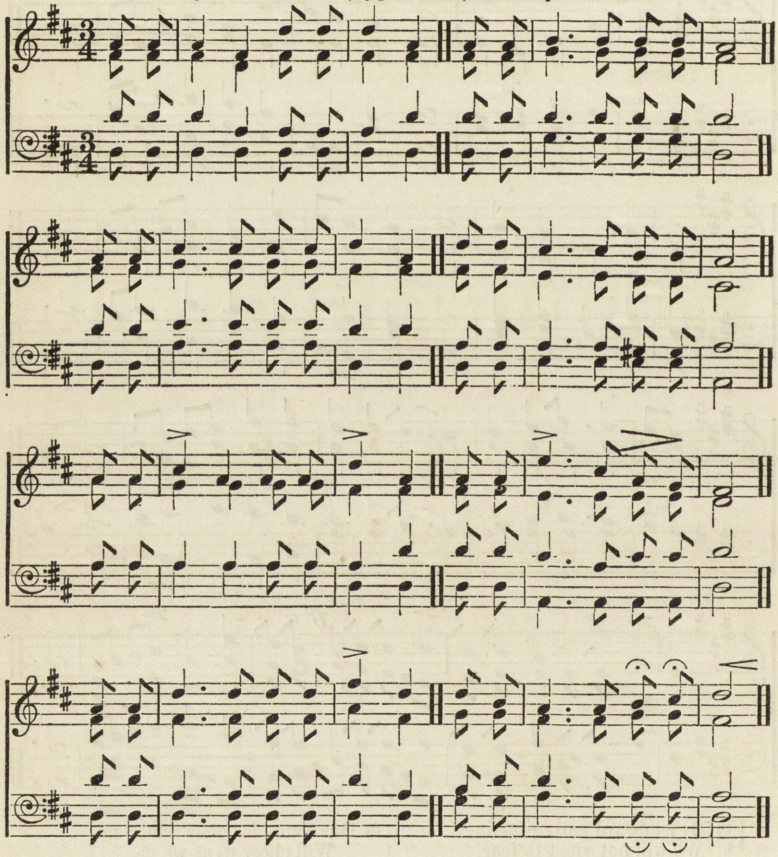
3 Our comrades gone before us,
Will cheer us as we go,
And fallen ones implore us
To battle with their foe.
Swift to the call responding,
Their foe we will assail.
So BRAVELY WE'LL FIGHT, &c.

4 Oh, come and join our party,
And to our cause be true,
You'll find our welcome hearty,
And share our victory too.
The wise, the good, the earnest,
With joy our progress hail.
So BRAVELY WE'LL FIGHT, &c.

127 Rouse ye, rouse ye.

[SAVE THE DRUNKARD.]

Words by W. J. HARVEY. (*By permission.*) Music by G. F. ROOT.



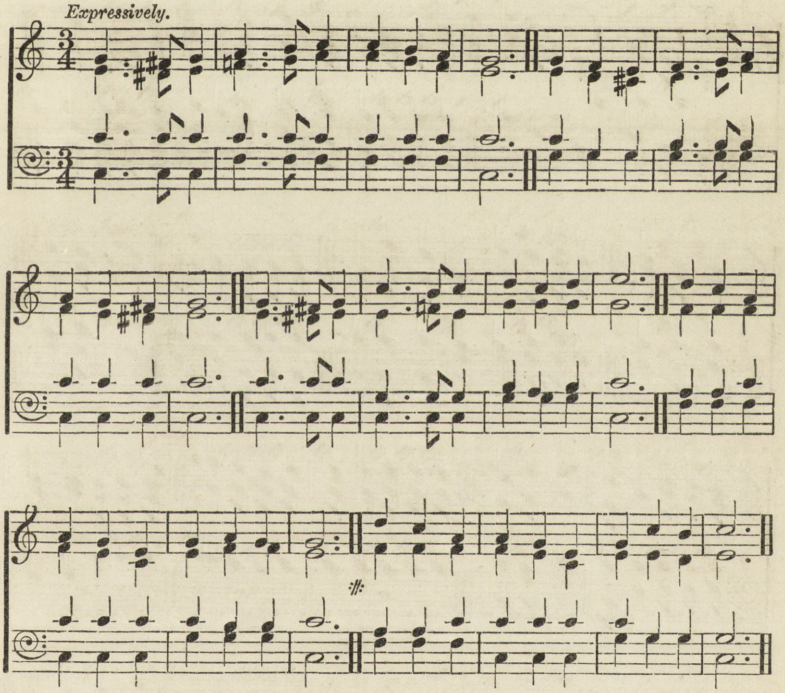
1 ROUSE ye, rouse ye, friends of Temperance,
ist ye to the mighty call!
Save the drunkard in his sorrow—
Save him ere he deeper fall;
Rally, workers, to your standard,
Stoop to raise the fallen slave; [YOU,
GOD WILL HELP YOU, GOD WILL BLESS
WIN THE LAURELS OF THE BRAVE.

2 SAVE THE DRUNKARD as he reeleth
Blindly onward to his doom; [*him,*
Friends forsake him, comrades chide
Round him gathers deepest gloom.
Seek him in his sober moments,
Plead with him in tones of love,
Bid him look where brightly shineth
Hope's alluring star above.

3 SAVE THE DRUNKARD, for who knoweth
How to fathom spirit-worth!
Hidden now by sin's corroding,
Lost amid the wrecks of earth;
There's a soul, a living jewel,
Precious, far beyond compare;
WHO WILL HELP THE DROSS TO SCATTER?
WHO WILL SEEK GOD'S IMAGE THERE?

128 Sad is the drunkard's life.

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. Music by W. B. BRADBURY.



1 *SAD is the drunkard's life,*
Wasting in crime,
Far from the path of right,
Reckless of time.
Tears of repentant grief
Chill as they start,
‖: *Hardly a tender thought*
Wakes in his heart. :‖

2 Often a single spark
Kindles a flame,
Kindness may win him back,
Prayer may reclaim;
Go when he sits alone,
Burdened with care,
‖: Tell him his sinful course,
Plead with him there. :‖

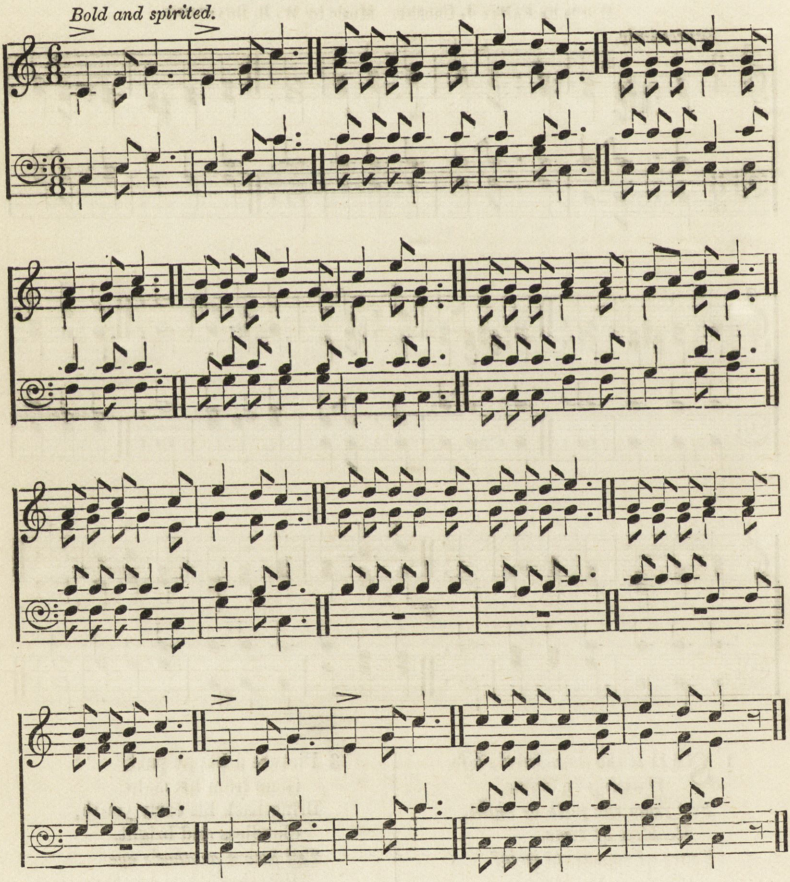
3 Picture a happy past,
Gone from his sight,
Bring back his early youth,
Cloudless and bright.
Tell how a mother's eye
Watched while he slept,
‖: *Tell how she prayed for him,*
Sorrowed and wept. :‖

4 Point to the better land,
Home of the blest,
Where she has passed away,
Gone to her rest.
O'er that departed one,
Memory will yearn;
‖: GOD IN HIS MERCY GRANT
HE MAY RETURN. :‖

129 Safe and strong!

Words and Music by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

Bold and spirited.



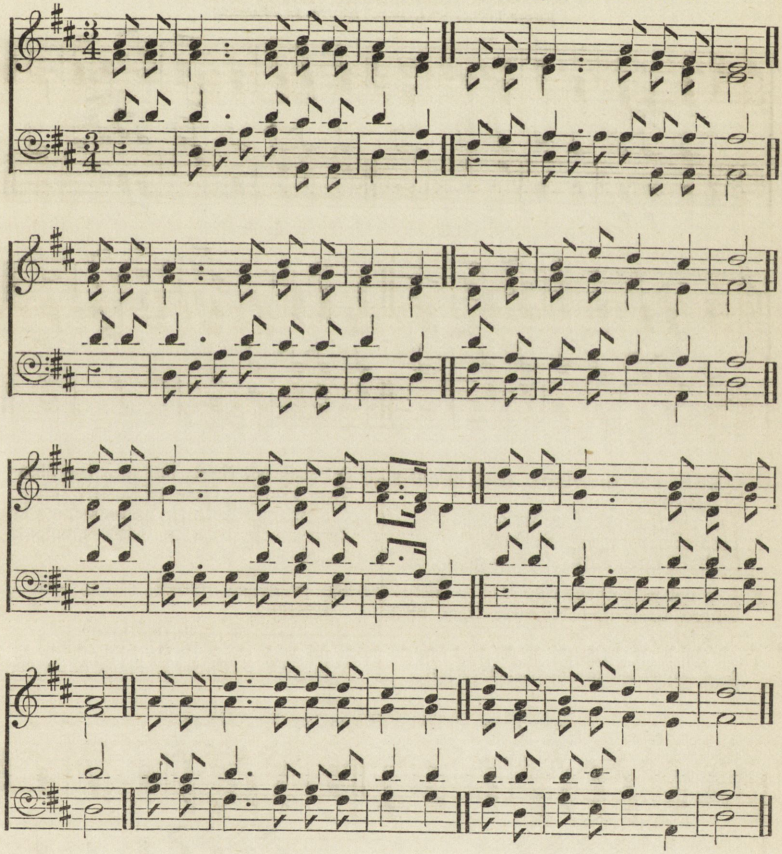
1 SAFE and strong! Safe and strong!
We to the hosts of God belong.
Strong in the strength of God our King,
Gladly and loud to Him we sing;
Joyfully praise His boundless grace,
Able to save our fallen race.
Looking for victory, onward we move,
Trusting our Father's infinite Love.
SAFE AND STRONG! SAFE AND STRONG!
WE TO THE HOSTS OF GOD BELONG.

2 Safe and strong! Safe and strong;
We to the hosts of God belong.
We in ourselves are poor and weak;
Father of all, Thy strength we seek;
Keep us in all we do or think,
Safe from the power of deadly drink.
Looking for victory, &c.

3 Safe and strong! Safe and strong!
We to the hosts of God belong.
Keep us in mind and body pure,
Only in Thee we stand secure!
Keep us in heart and purpose brave,
Ready to help, and prompt to save.
Looking for victory, &c.

130 Save the drunkard.

Words by Rev. W. A. Essery. (*By permission.*) Music by W. B. Bradbury.



1 SAVE the drunkard from destruction,
Snatch him from the foaming tide,
Lo! it bears him down to darkness,
Where eternal woes abide;
LAUNCH THE LIFEBOAT, LAUNCH THE LIFEBOAT,
Swiftly to his rescue fly,
Save him, wife, and sons and daughters,
GOD WILL HELP YOU, HASTE AND TRY.

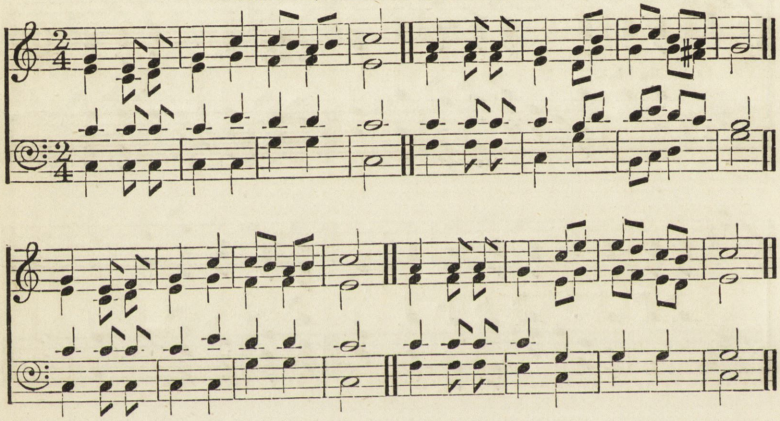
2 Save the children from temptation,
Pluck them from the drunkard's sin,
Point them out the path of safety,
Teach their feet to walk therein.
SAVE THE CHILDREN, SAVE THE CHILDREN,
Join them all in youthful bands,
Pledged for life the foe to battle,
Linked to each with fervent hands.

3 Save the nation, dear old England,
Wipe away her foulest stain,
Ye, her patriots, league and struggle,
Strong our Temperance cause maintain,
FIGHT THE DEMON, FIGHT THE DEMON,
Breaking down his cursed sway,
SOON THE SONGS OF PERFECT TRIUMPH
SHALL PROCLAIM WE'VE WON THE DAY.

131 Seek not the drink.

Words by Rev. DAWSON BURNS. (*By permission.*)

FIRST TUNE,—"Ernan," by Dr. L. MASON.



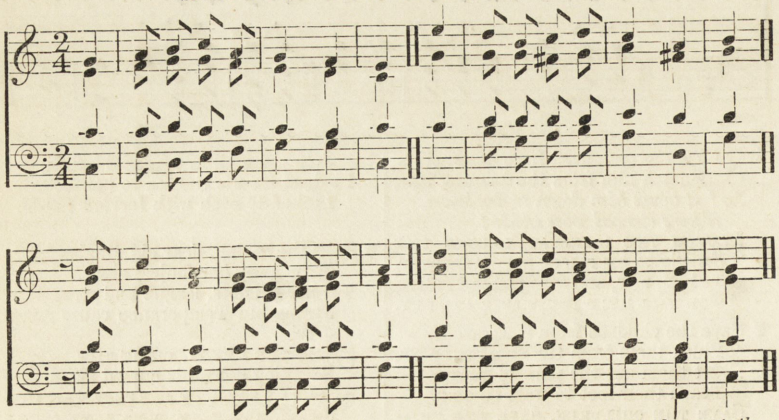
1 SEEK not the drink that brightly gleams,
Soft but deceptive are its beams;
It kindles not a hallowed flame,
Its light lures on to sin and shame.

2 Join not with those who love to haste
Where time and treasure they may waste;
They tell a false though flattering tale,
And soon their sinful pleasures fail.

3 O! seek not these, but seek the bliss
True wisdom gives—seek early this;
Let Temperance, truth, and goodness be
Your choice before life's moments flee.

4 By prudence moved, strong drinks forsake,
Nor e'er your resolution break;
But let your heart to Him be given,
Who gives us Christ and hope of heaven.

SECOND TUNE,—"Luther's Chant," by CARL ZEUNER.

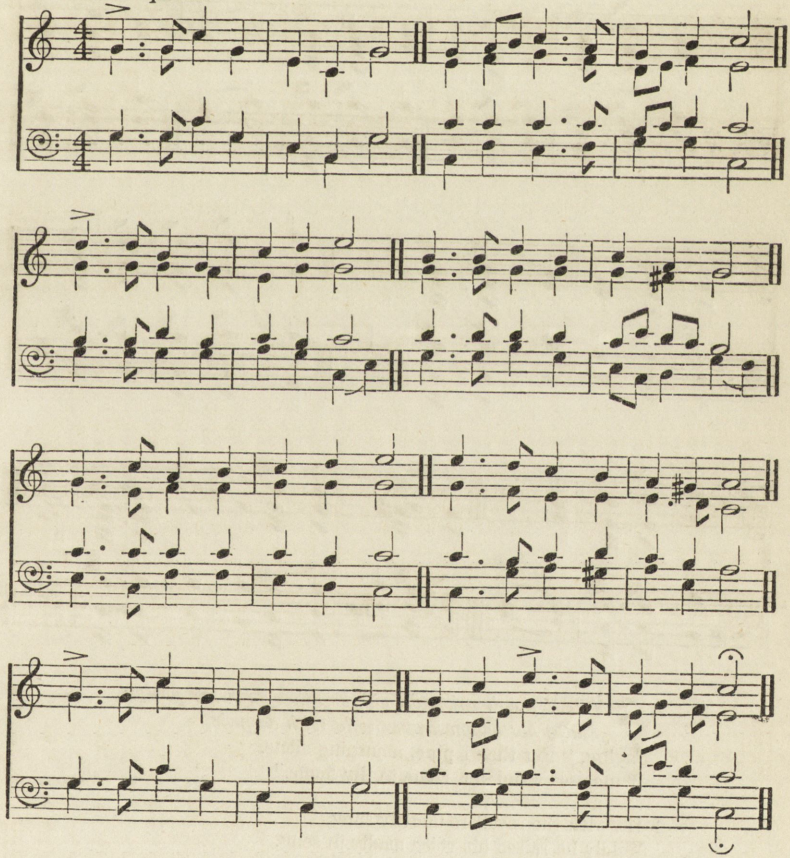


(*The four verses may be sung to either tune; but it is recommended that verses* 1 *and* 2 *be sung to the First tune, and verses* 3 *and* 4 *to the Second tune.*)

132 Sing we now our festive song.

Words by W. J. HARVEY. Music by W. H. BONNER.
(*By permission.*)

Bold and spirited.



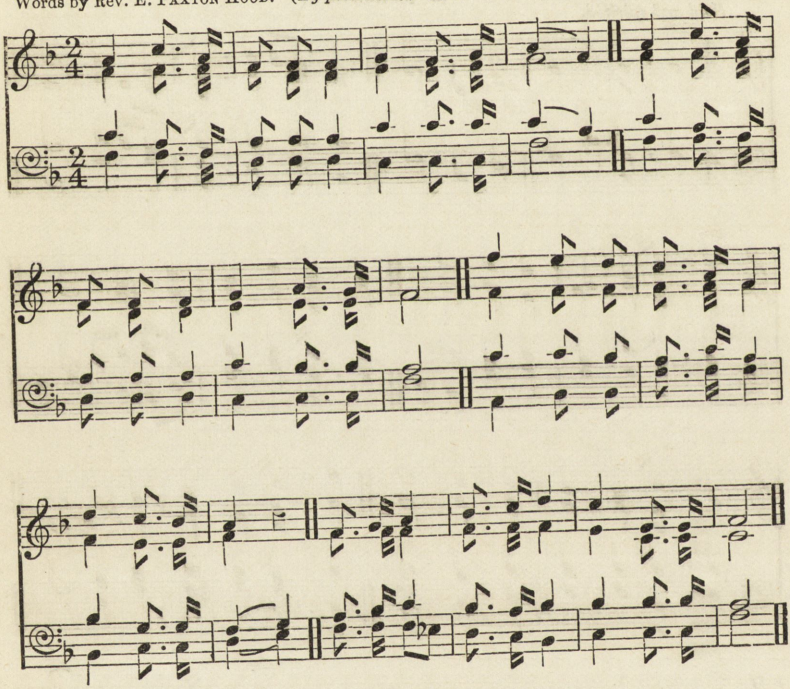
1 SING we now our festive song,
Let each voice its strains prolong;
Sing with mirthfulness and cheer,
Every heart is happy here.
Sing! for Temperance wins its way;
Sing! for dawn of brighter day;
Sing! as high our banner waves;
Sing! "WE NEVER WILL BE SLAVES."

2 Homes are bright that once were sad,
Mourning souls are now made glad;
Those who sinful paths pursued,
By God's Spirit are renewed.
Pledged the drink curse to destroy,
Sing we now with holy joy;
Sharing not the drunkard's woe—
Sing! "WE'LL OVERCOME THE FOE."

3 Sing! for those who now are free;
Hail the Temperance jubilee!
Sing! for wives whose bitter tears
Now are dried, dispelled their fears;
Sing! for countless little ones—
Brothers, sisters, daughters, sons—
Gladdened now by parent's love;
GIVE THE PRAISE TO GOD ABOVE.

133 Softly the drunkard's wife.

Words by Rev. E. Paxton Hood. (*By permission.*) Air,—"The Troubadour," by T. H. Bayly.



1 *Softly the drunkard's wife breathes forth her prayer,*
Sadly her bosom heaves, wild with despair,
Saying, "For thee I pine, mourning alone,
Wanderer, wanderer, come to thy home."

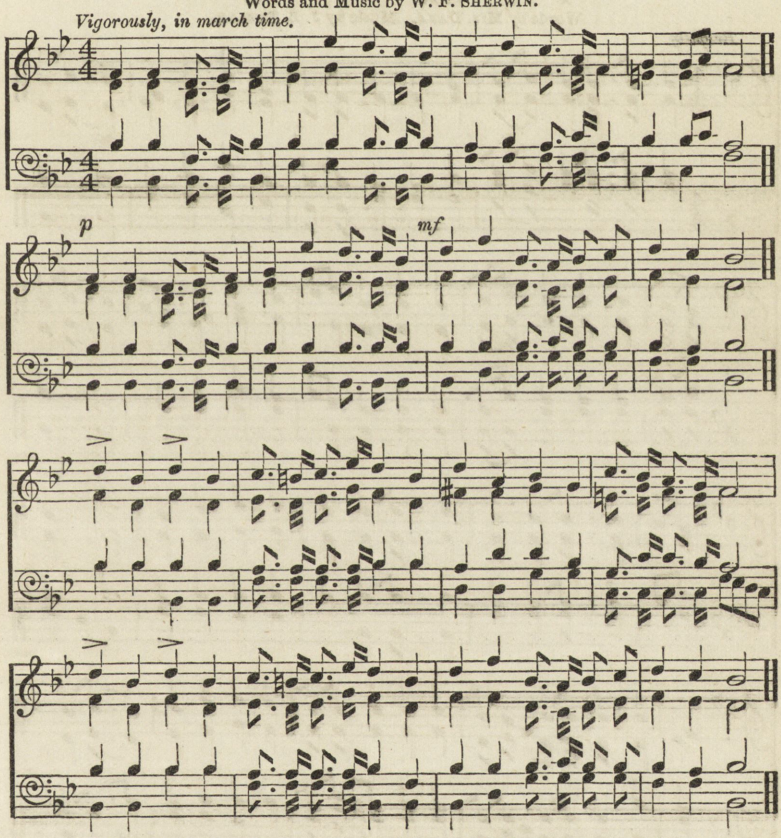
2 He with the revellers merrily sung,
Wildly he raised his voice madly in song,
She in a mournful voice, blended her tone,
"Wanderer, wanderer, come to thy home."

3 Hark! 'tis her husband's voice rings in her ear,
See how the upturned eye melts with a tear;
"Wife of my bosom! see, here I am come,
Come, like a wanderer, back to my home."

4 Brightly the drunkard's home shines in the ray,
Sweetly the drunkard's wife smileth to-day;
Drunkard no longer, her husband is come;
Happiness, happiness, brightens their home.

134 Sound the battle-cry.

Words and Music by W. F. SHERWIN.



1 SOUND the battle-cry!
See! the foe is nigh;
Raise the standard high
For the Lord;
Gird your armour on,
Stand firm every one,
Rest your cause upon
His holy word.

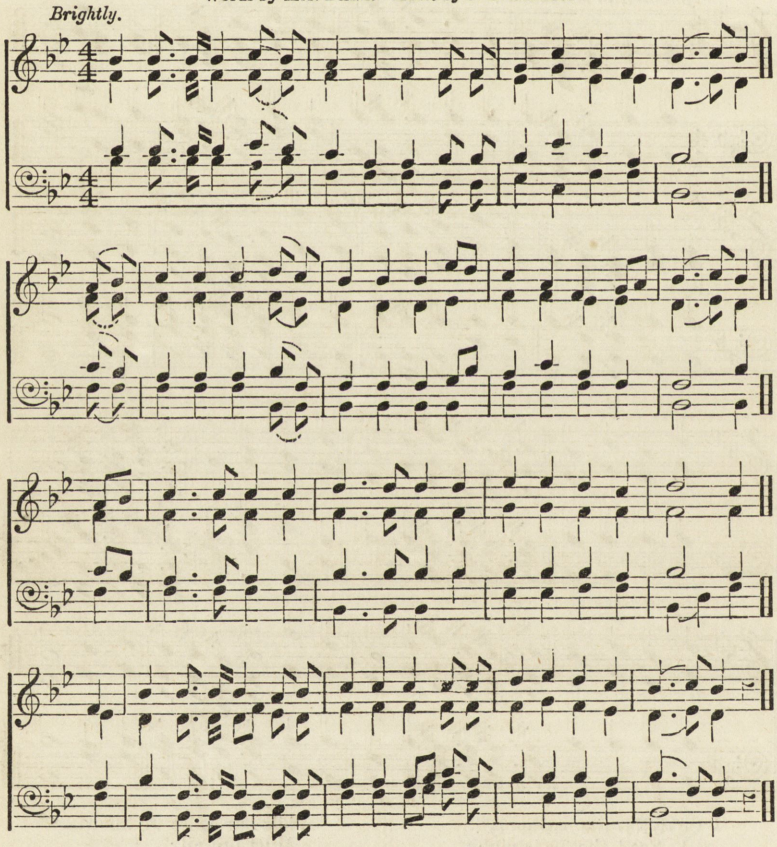
ROUSE, THEN, FREEMEN, COME FROM HILL AND VALLEY;
FATHERS, BROTHERS, EARNEST, BRAVE, AND STRONG,
ONWARD, FORWARD, ALL UNITED RALLY,
"DEATH TO ALCOHOL," YOUR BATTLE SONG!

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

3 *Oh! Thou God of all,*
Hear us when we call;
Help us one and all
By Thy grace;
When the battle's done,
And the victory won,
May we wear the crown,
Before Thy face.
ROUSE, THEN, &c.

135 Sparkling and bright.

Words by Mrs. DANA. Music by J. B. TAYLOR.



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 lasses.
OH THEN RESIGN YOUR RUBY WINE,
EACH SMILING SON AND DAUGHTER,
THERE'S NOTHING SO GOOD FOR THE YOUTHFUL BLOOD,
AS THE SWEET AND SPARKLING WATER.

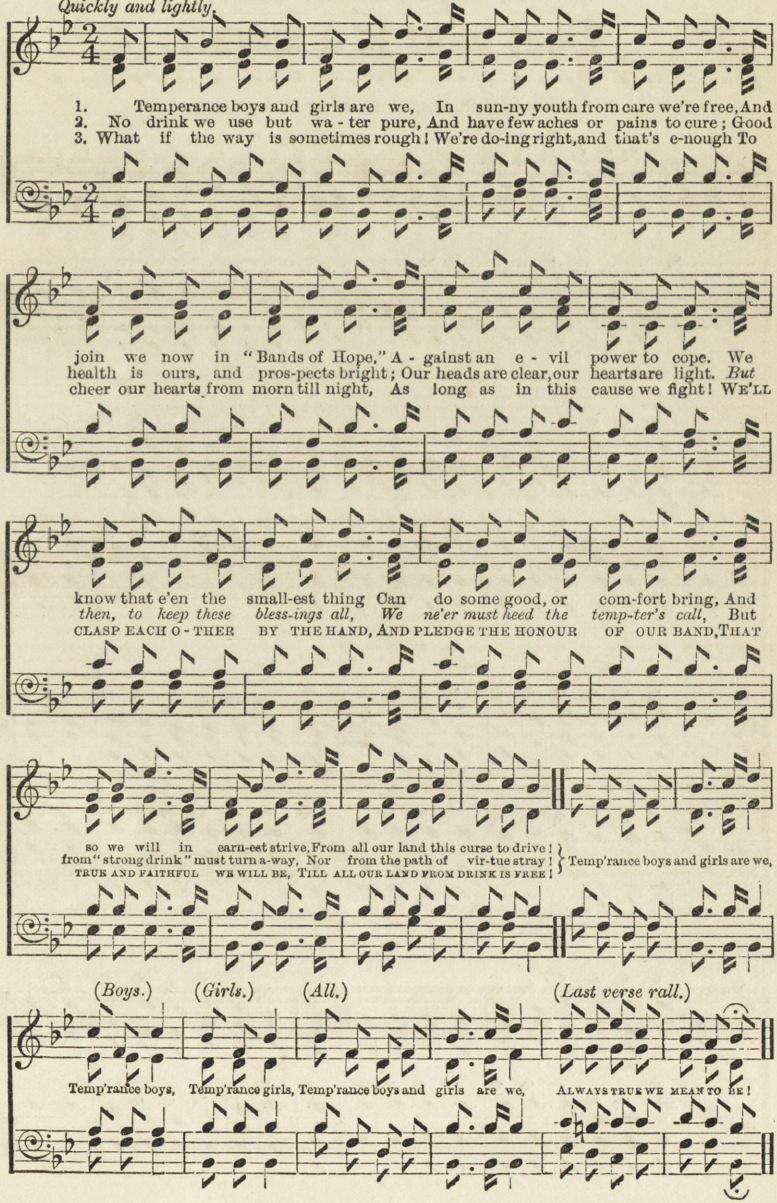
2 Richer than gold is the water cold,
From the crystal fountain flowing;
A pure delight both day and night,
On young and old bestowing.
OH THEN RESIGN, &c.

3 Sorrow hath fled from the heart that bled,
Of the weeping wife and mother;
They have given up the poisoned cup,
Son, husband, daughter, brother.
OH THEN RESIGN, &c.

4 Homes that were sad are now made glad,
In the smiles of a ransomed father;
And babes who fled when they heard his tread,
Around him gladly gather.
OH THEN RESIGN, &c.

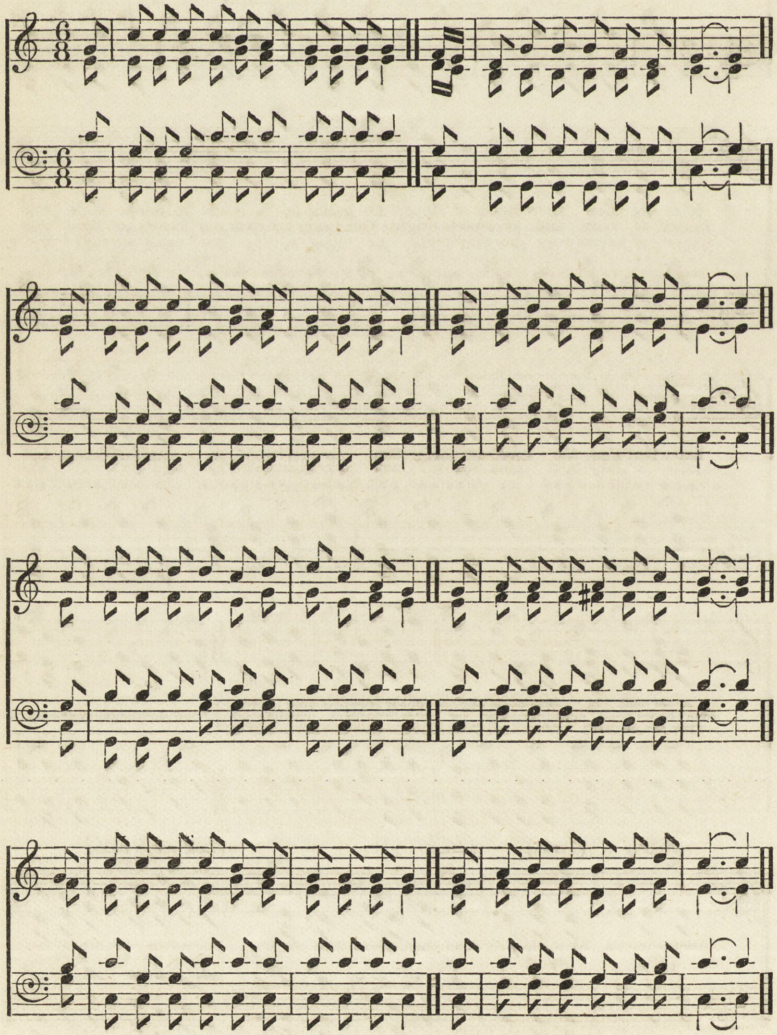
136 Temperance boys and girls.

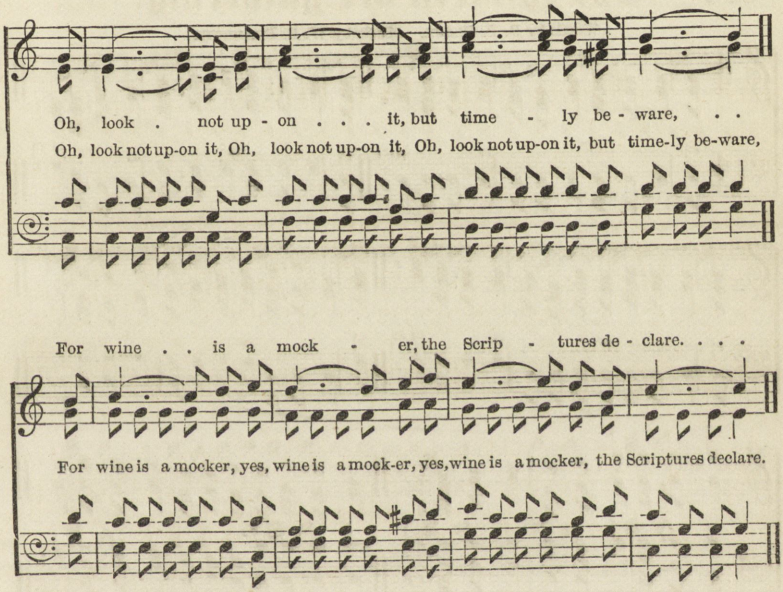
Words by W. W. DOWNS. Music by W. F. SHERWIN.



137 That wine is a mocker.

Words by E. R. LATTA. Music by W. A. OGDEN.



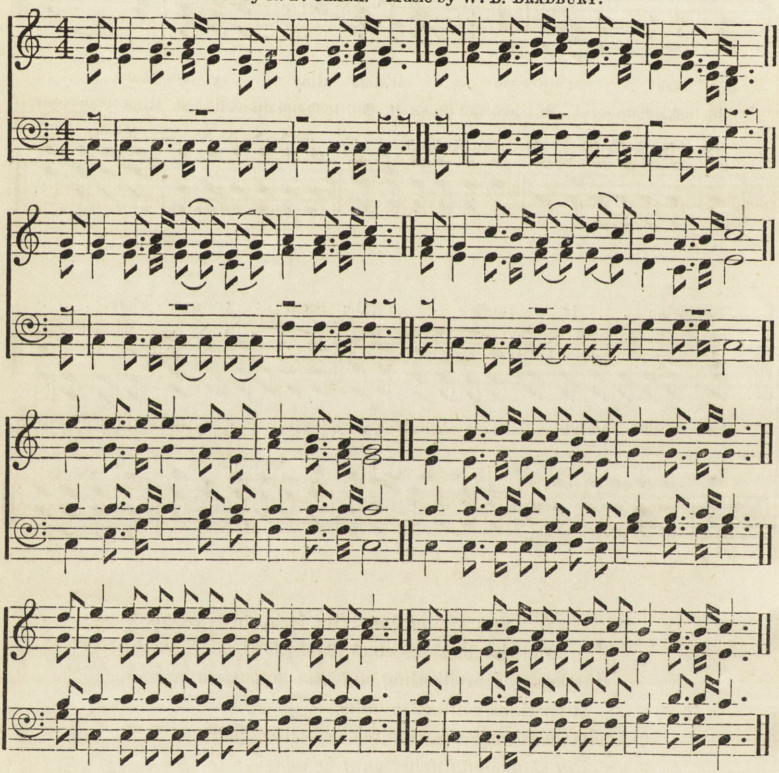


1 THAT "wine is a mocker," the Scriptures declare,
And who does not know it is true?
Its pleasures are fleeting, *and lead to despair*,
It sparkles, *but 'tis to undo.*
The heart may a season rejoice and be glad,
But shame and dejection it brings;
It passeth away, and the heart groweth sad;
AT LAST LIKE AN ADDER IT STINGS.
Oh, look not upon it, but timely beware,
For wine is a mocker, the Scriptures declare.

2 Yes, wine is a mocker of youth and of age;
Oh, would that its mockings were vain!
Not fruitless the conflict the spoiler doth wage,
It thousands of thousands hath slain.
Oh, let not the mocker induce thee to taste,
Or fearful and fatal the cost,
But when it confronts thee, oh, fly thee in **haste**;
DELAY NOT, OR THOU MAY'ST BE LOST.
Oh, look not upon it, &c.

138 The children are gathering.

Words by R. P. CLARK. Music by W. B. BRADBURY.



1 THE children are gathering from near and from far, [war ;
And loudly the trumpet is sounding for
The conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and long ;
WE'LL GIRD ON OUR ARMOUR, AND BE MARCHING ALONG.
Marching along, we are marching along, [along ;
Gird on the armour, and be marching
The conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and long ;
THEN GIRD ON THE ARMOUR, AND BE MARCHING ALONG.

2 The foe is before us in battle array,
But let us not waver or turn from the way ;
THE LORD IS OUR STRENGTH, BE THIS EVER OUR SONG,
WITH COURAGE AND FAITH WE ARE MARCHING ALONG.
Marching along, &c.

3 We've taken the pledge, and will stand by it true,
WITH CHRIST AS OUR CAPTAIN WE NEVER SHALL RUE :
The "Sword of the Spirit," both trusty and strong, [ing along.
We'll hold in our hands as we're march-
Marching along, &c.

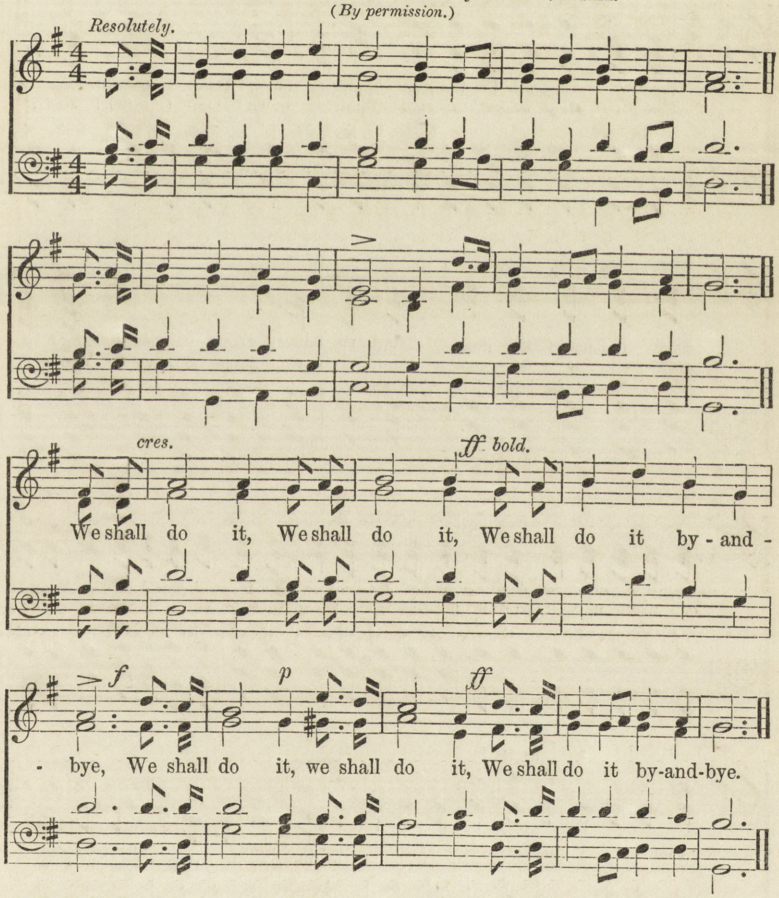
4 *Through conflicts and trials our crown we must win,* [*and sin,*
For here we contend 'gainst temptation
But one thing assures us, we cannot go wrong,
IF TRUSTING OUR SAVIOUR WHILE MARCHING ALONG.
Marching along, &c.

139 There's a glorious work before us.

[WE SHALL DO IT BY-AND-BYE.]

Words by Rev. C. GARRETT. Music by Dr. H. T. LESLIE.

(*By permission.*)



1 THERE'S a glorious work before us,
A work both great and grand;
Everyone at once should join us;
And help with heart and hand.
We shall do it! &c.

2 *There are homes now full of sadness,*
Whence peace and love are flown;
WE MUST FILL THOSE HOMES WITH GLADNESS,
AND MAKE THE SAVIOUR KNOWN.
We shall do it! &c.

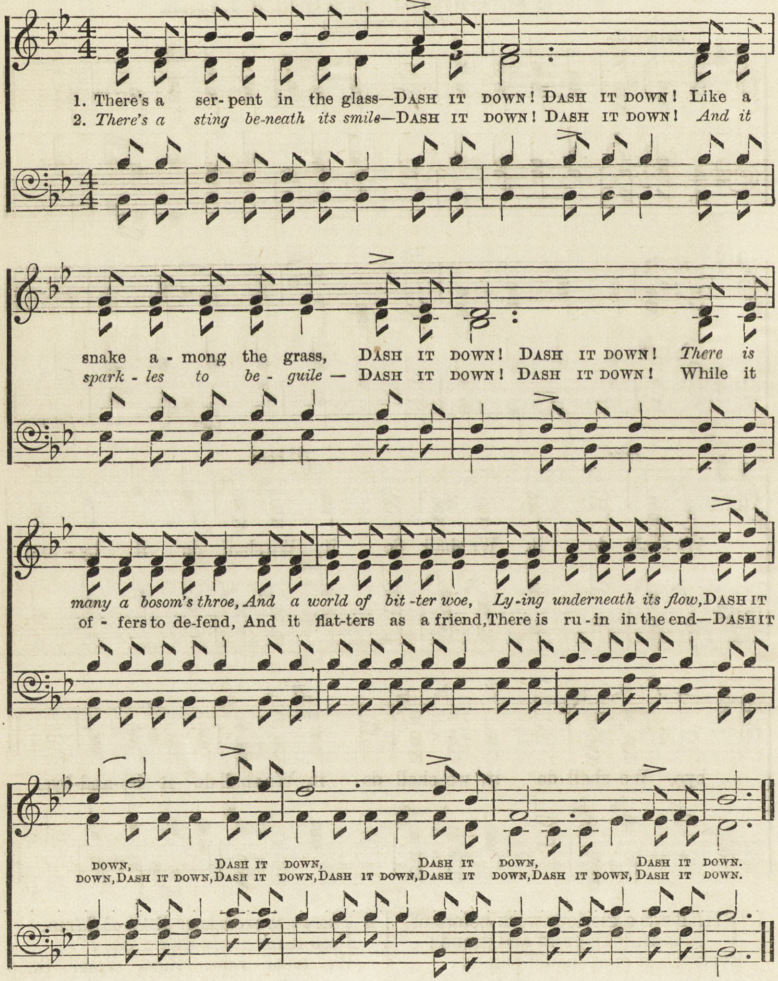
3 *There are crowds of little children,*
Deep sunk in sin and night;
We must raise them from their darkness,
And lead them up to light.
We shall do it! &c.

4 God is with us! ever helping,
Until our work we've done:
With us guiding, keeping, blessing,
TILL THE VICTORY IS WON.
WE SHALL DO IT! &c.

140 There's a serpent in the glass.

[DASH IT DOWN.]

Words and Music by Rev. R. LOWRY.



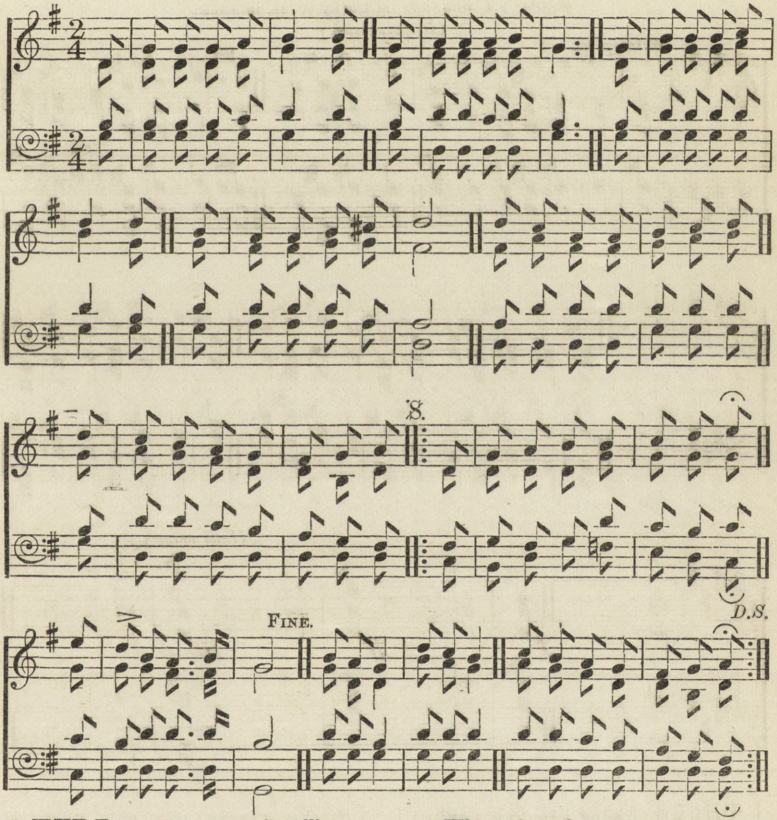
3 All its mirth is but a snare—
DASH IT DOWN!
All its promises are air—
DASH IT DOWN!
And its laugh becomes a grin,
And its pleasures turn to sin,
While it draws its victim in—
DASH IT DOWN!

4 'Tis a tyrant o'er a slave—
DASH IT DOWN!
'Tis as cruel as the grave—
DASH IT DOWN!
There is bondage in its reign,
There is fury in its train,
There is death to heart and brain—
DASH IT DOWN!

141 The Temperance cause is calling.

[WORK AND PRAY.]

Words by E. A. BARNES. Music by Rev. R. LOWRY.



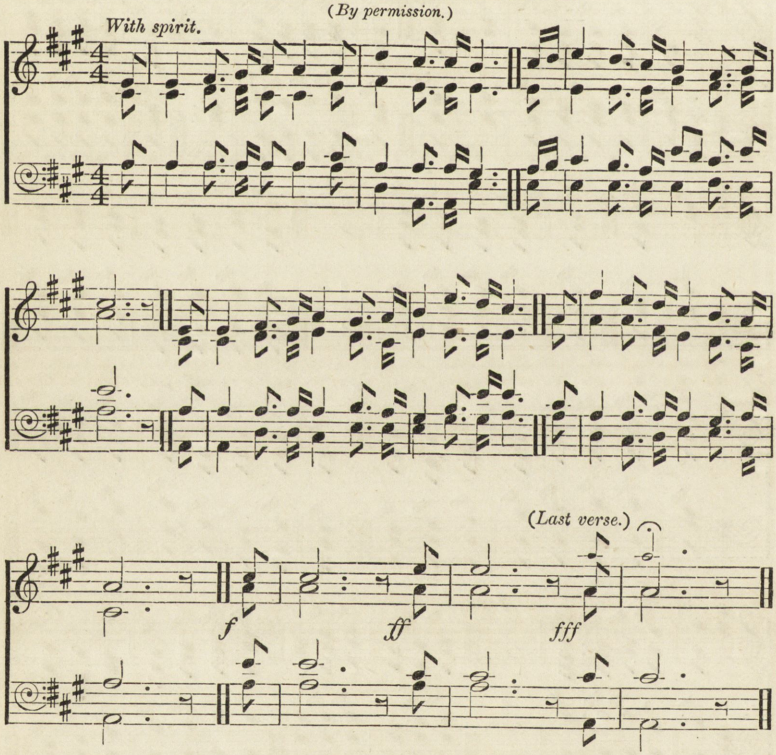
1 THE Temperance cause is calling
To wrestle with the foe,
To carry forth its blessings
Wherever we may go;
Wretched homes o'er all the land
Bear witness to the spoiler's hand;
Then, while we sing our Temperance
We'll ever work and pray. [song,
Work and pray, work and pray,
Golden watchword of our way!
OUR MISSION IS TO SEEK AND SAVE,
AND GOD WILL HELP THE BRAVE.

2 The Temperance cause is calling
To shed its light around,
To plead for right and justice,
Where sin and wrong are found;
Bitter are the tears that flow,
That mark the footsteps of our foe;
Then, while we sing our Temperance
We'll ever work and pray. [song,
Work and pray, &c.

3 The Temperance cause is calling
To swell its noble band,
Till all shall own the Master,
And work at His command,
Souls are drawing near the brink,
Made fearful by the love of drink;
THEN, WHILE WE SING OUR TEMPERANCE SONG,
WE'LL EVER WORK AND PRAY.
WORK AND PRAY, &c.

142 Three cheers for our banner!

Words by J. BONNER. Music by W. H. BONNER.
(*By permission.*)



1 THREE CHEERS FOR OUR BANNER!
O, long may it wave,
The ensign of freedom and peace;
And long may it urge us our fellows to save,
And gain for the drunkard release.
Hurrah! hurrah! HURRAH!

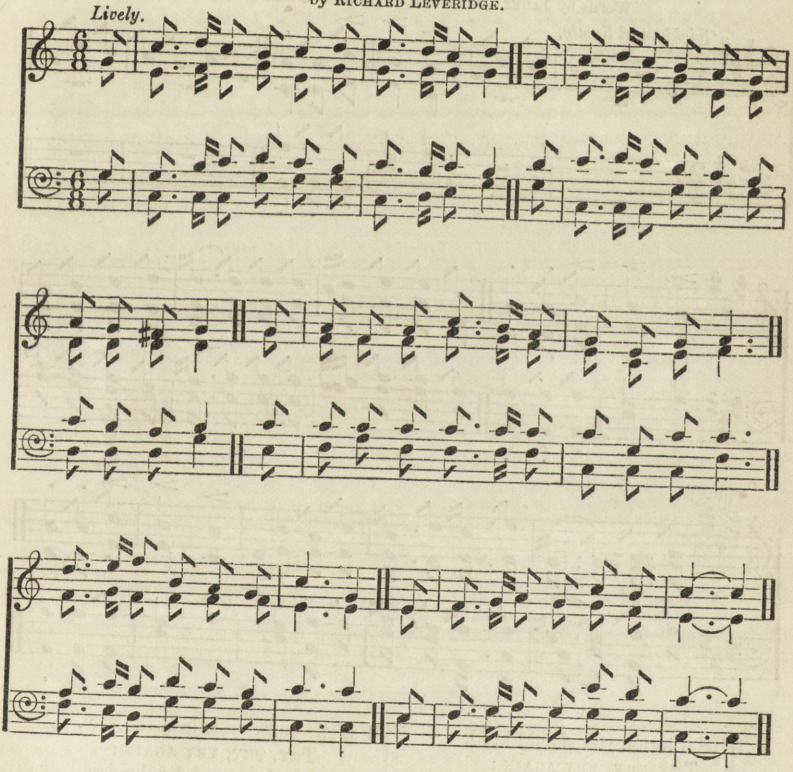
2 THREE CHEERS FOR OUR BANNER!
it telleth to all
Our object is noble and pure;
If true to our colours we never shall fall,
But firm to the end shall endure.
HURRAH! HURRAH! HURRAH!

3 THREE CHEERS FOR OUR BANNER!
come friends one and all, [hand;
And aid us with heart and with
Together we'll work, both the great and the small,
A hopeful and true-hearted band.
Hurrah! hurrah! HURRAH!

4 THREE CHEERS FOR OUR BANNER!
THREE CHEERS FOR OUR BAND,
THREE CHEERS FOR THE PLEDGE WE HAVE SIGNED; [stand,
May God grant us grace ever firmly to
IN LOVE AND IN PURPOSE COMBINED.
HURRAH! HURRAH! HURRAH!

143 Though poets may boast.

Words by FRANK ADKINS. (*By permission.*) Air,—"The roast beef of old England," by RICHARD LEVERIDGE.



1 THOUGH poets may boast of the juice of the vine, [be mine.
The strength that it yieldeth shall never
Its pain and its pleasure alike I decline.
Give me a draught of pure water,
A DRAUGHT OF PURE WATER FOR ME.

2 *Soon past is its pleasure, intense is its pain, [chain,*
Fast wither the flowers which cover its
Till nought but its sin and its sorrow remain.—Give me, &c.

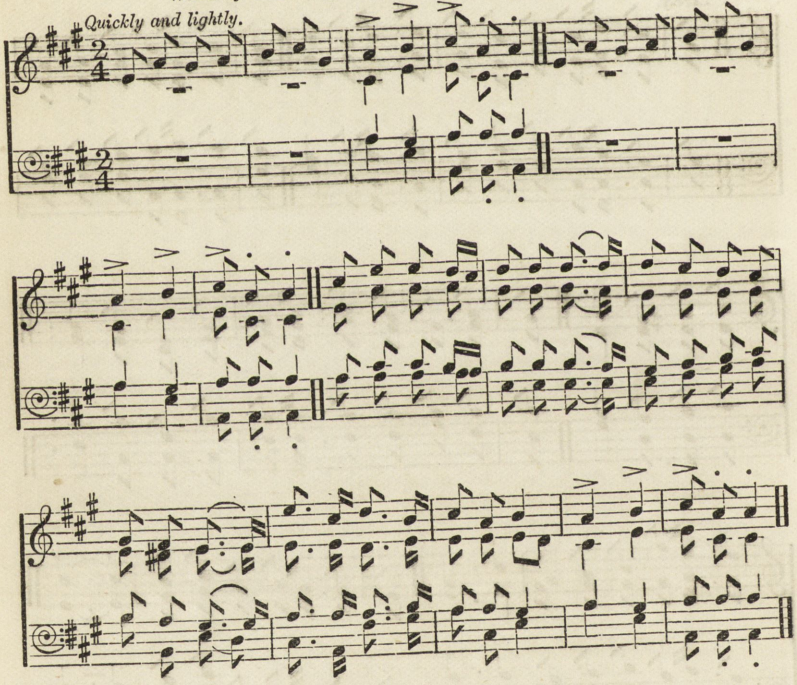
3 When tired and parched with the heat of the day,
No draught but pure water my thirst shall allay,
'Tis best and most pleasant, 'TIS BEST EVERY WAY.—Give me, &c.

4 IN SUMMER, IN WINTER, IN HEAT, OR IN COLD,
STILL FAST MY ALLEGIANCE TO WATER I'LL HOLD,
CONVINCED OF ITS VIRTUES TO SING I AM BOLD.—GIVE ME, &c.

144 'Tis a lesson you should heed.

[TRY AGAIN.]

Words by JABEZ TUNNICLIFFE. Air,—"Duncan Gray."



1 'TIS a lesson you should heed,
TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN;
If at first you don't succeed,
TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN:
Duty's path is straight and clear,
Trust in God, and persevere,
On, abstainers! never fear;
TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN.

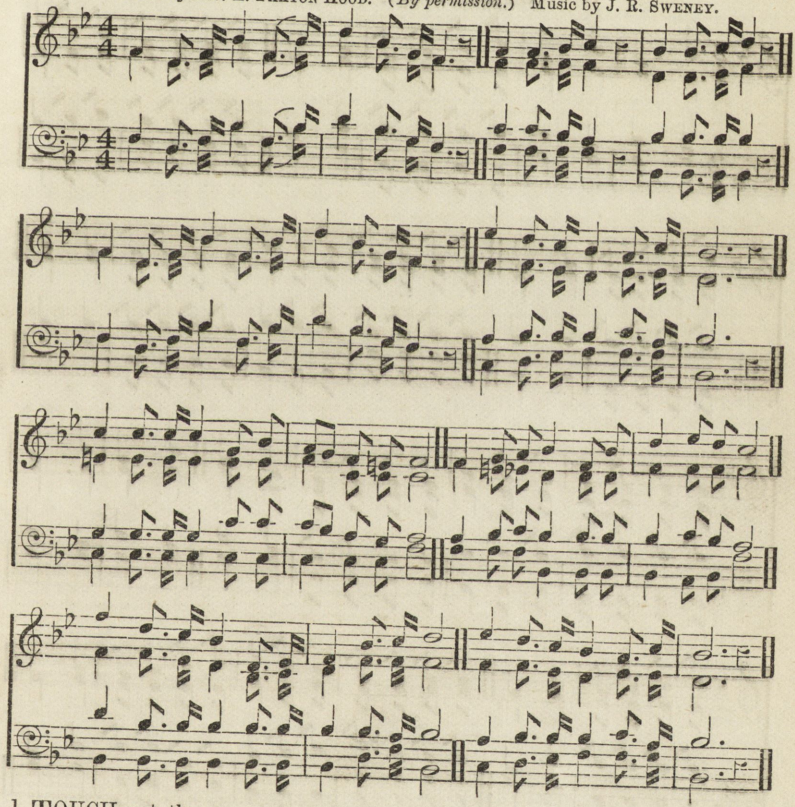
2 Pass the word through street and lane,
TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN;
Young and old, let all abstain,
TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN;
Say what harm strong drink has done
To father, mother, sister, son;
WAKE AND RISE, LET EVERYONE
TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN.

3 Little ones, come lead the way,
TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN;
Hour by hour and day by day,
TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN;
Tell each boy or girl you meet
At home, at school, or in the street,
We want them all, the foe to beat;
TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN.

4 Public-houses must be closed,
TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN.
Abstaining is the plan proposed,
TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN.
Oh, never enter them at all,
Lest like thousands you should fall;
Away with them, both great and small,
TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN.

145 Touch not the cup.

Words by Rev. E. PAXTON HOOD. (*By permission.*) Music by J. R. SWENEY.



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; [the snare;
Blindly they drank, and were caught in
Then of that death-dealing bowl, O, beware!
TOUCH NOT THE CUP, touch it not.

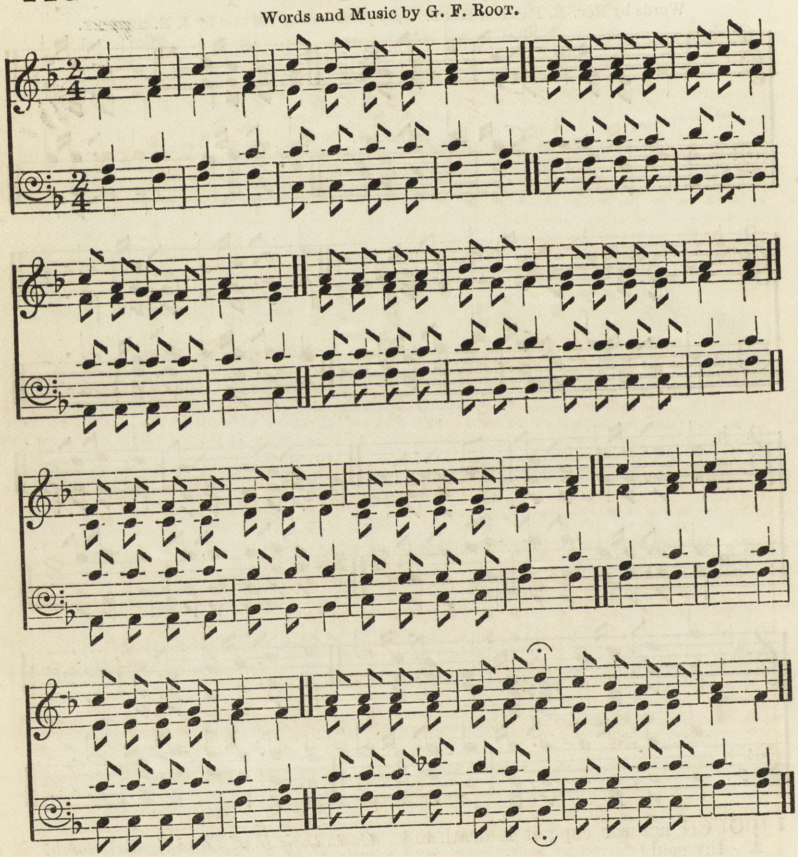
2 Touch not the cup, O young man in thy pride!
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.
Hark to the warning of thousands who've died,
Touch not the cup, TOUCH IT NOT.
Go to their lonely and desolate tomb,
Think of their death, of their sorrow and gloom;
Think that perhaps thou may'st share in their doom;
TOUCH NOT THE CUP, TOUCH IT NOT.

3 Touch not the cup, O drink not a drop;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup; [stop;
All that thou lovest entreat thee to
Touch not the cup, touch it not.
STOP FOR THE HOME THAT TO THEE IS SO DEAR;
STOP FOR THE FRIENDS THAT TO THEE ARE SO NEAR;
STOP FOR THY COUNTRY; THE GOD THAT YOU FEAR;
TOUCH NOT THE CUP, TOUCH IT NOT.

146

Try, John.

Words and Music by G. F. Root.



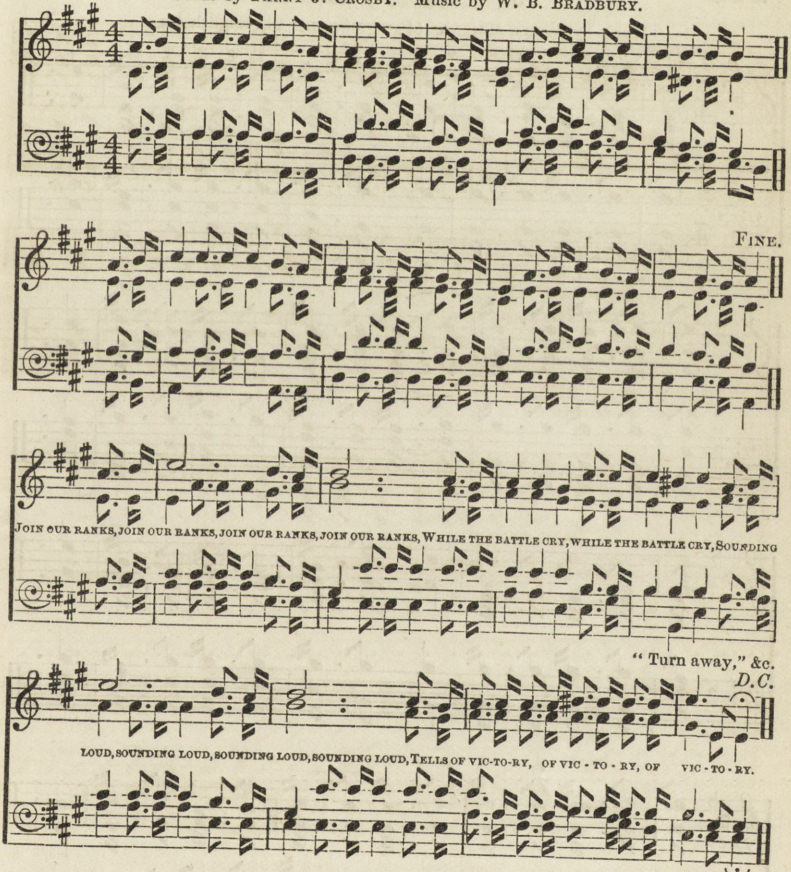
1 TRY, John, try, John, I will tell you why, John :
He who battles what is bad, triumphs by-and-bye, John.
If with all your powers you strive, with your habits wrong, John,
While they daily weaker grow, you will grow more strong, John.
TRY, JOHN, TRY, JOHN,
I will tell you why, John :
He who battles what is bad,
TRIUMPHS BY-AND-BYE, JOHN.

2 TRY, JOHN, TRY, JOHN, *think of days gone by, John ;*
Habits have been conquered oft, though they thus defy, John :
Mark their upward histories well, histories stern and true, John,
Teaching you what you may be, if you'll dare and do, John.
TRY, JOHN, &c.

3 Try, John, try, John, *look with faith on high, John ;*
You've a Father and a Friend, mighty, loving, nigh, John ;
Go and tell Him you repent of your evil ways, John ;
Pray for help and strength to live
WISER, BETTER DAYS, JOHN.
TRY, JOHN, &c.

147 Turn away, turn away.

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. Music by W. B. BRADBURY.



1 TURN away, turn away from the bright drops that foam,
There are joys, brighter joys, that await you at home,
Then be warned, O be warned, fly the ill while you may.
From the death-dealing cup turn away,
TURN AWAY,
JOIN OUR RANKS, WHILE THE BATTLE CRY [TORY.
SOUNDING LOUD, TELLS OF VIC-
TURN AWAY, &c.

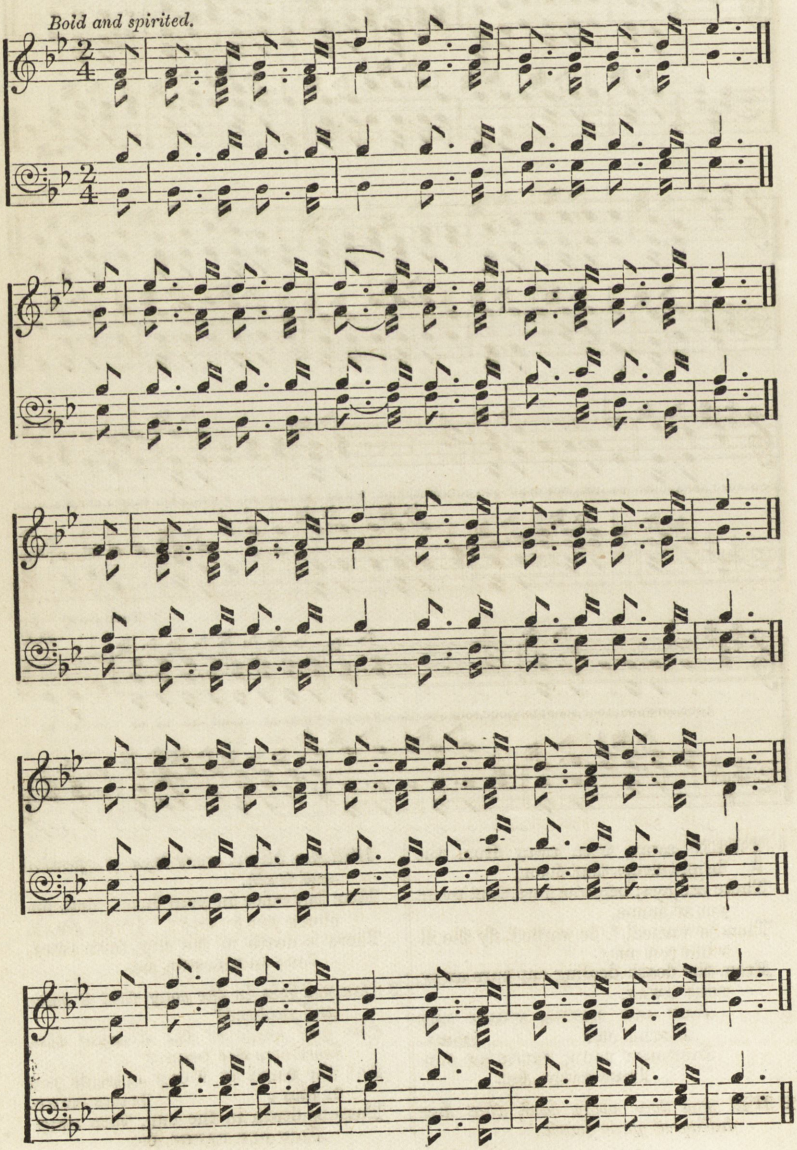
2 *Will you tear every link that has hallowed your youth,*
Will you blight every hope of affection and truth.
Hear the voice in your heart that implores you to stay; [TURN AWAY.
There is death in the cup, turn away,
JOIN OUR RANKS, &c.

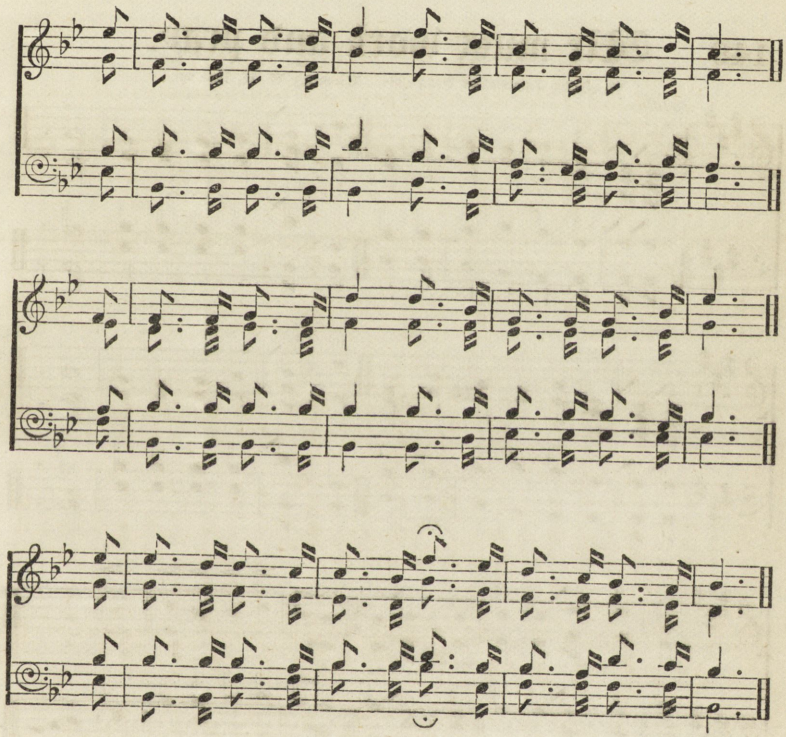
3 *Can you join in the song that is rude and profane?*
Can you smile at the draught that bewilders the brain?
Lo! the Angel of Mercy entreats you to stay; [TURN AWAY.
There is death in the cup, turn away.
JOIN OUR RANKS, &c.

148 We have to fight a foe.

Words by JOSEPH MALINS. (*By permission.*) Old English Air

Bold and spirited.





1 WE have to fight a foe, boys,
Of evil name and birth,
One "Alcohol," who would enslave
The noblest sons of earth;
But now these sons of earth, boys,
With us together meet,
And all do now devoutly vow
To make this foe retreat.
We think not of a truce, boys,
Nor compromise with wrong;
WE NEVER DOUBT THE ISSUE,
OUR FAITH IN GOD IS STRONG;
Our faith in God is strong, boys,
We'll never know defeat; [RIGHT,
BUT BOLDLY FIGHT FOR TRUTH AND
AND MAKE THE FOE RETREAT.

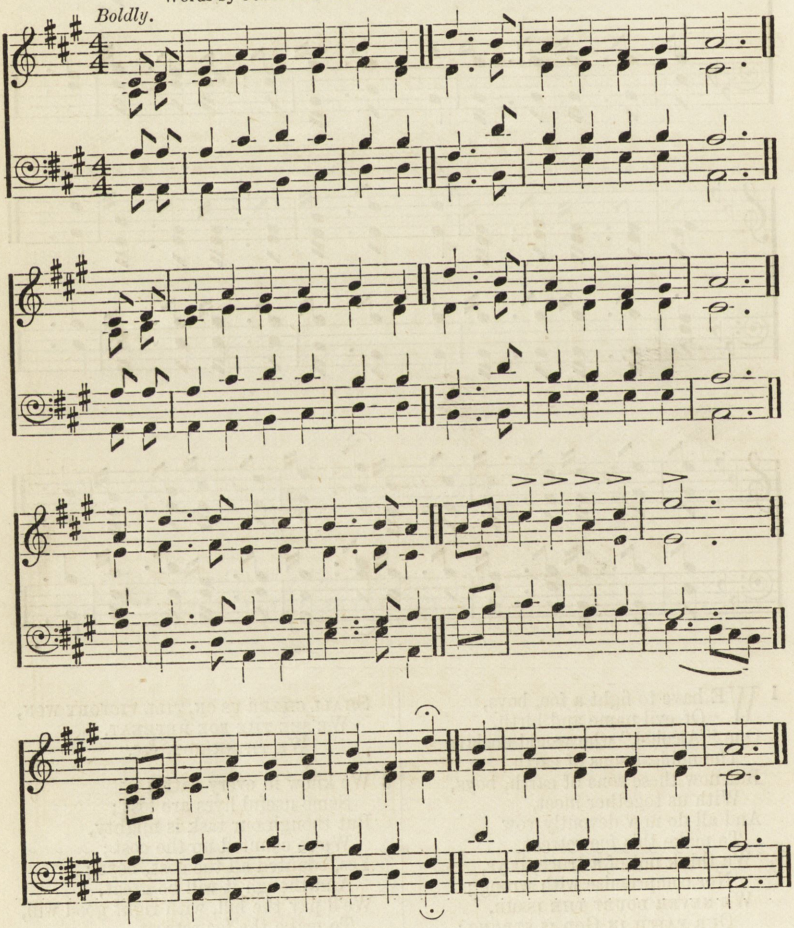
2 The horny-handed workmen,
The ploughmen from the farms,
And diggers from the gold mines
Have come to shoulder arms;
With us they shoulder arms, boys,
While drums—by quakers beat—
SHALL CHEER US ON, TILL VICTORY WON,
WE SEE THE FOE RETREAT.
WE THINK NOT, &c.

3 We know in every battle
Some useful lives are lost;
But though our task is mighty,
We've counted up the cost;
Yes, counted all the cost, boys;
And though it will be great,
We'll pay the bill, with right good will,
To make the foe retreat.
We think not, &c.

4 For life we have enlisted,
And free from doubt and fear,
We sight the hostile forces,
AND GIVE A HEARTY CHEER!
WE GIVE A RINGING CHEER, BOYS!
AND RUSH WITH FOOTSTEPS FLEET
UPON THE FOE WITH BLOW ON BLOW
TO FORCE HIM TO RETREAT.
WE THINK NOT, &c.

149 We must work and pray.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD. Music by W. H. DOANE.



1 WE must work and pray together,
WORKING, PRAYING FOR THE RIGHT;
WE MUST FIGHT AGAINST THE EVIL,
TILL WE CONQUER BY OUR MIGHT.

We're strong to do, we're strong to dare,
IN FAITH AND HOPE WE'RE STRONG;
United thus in strength and prayer,
WE'LL HELP THE CAUSE ALONG.

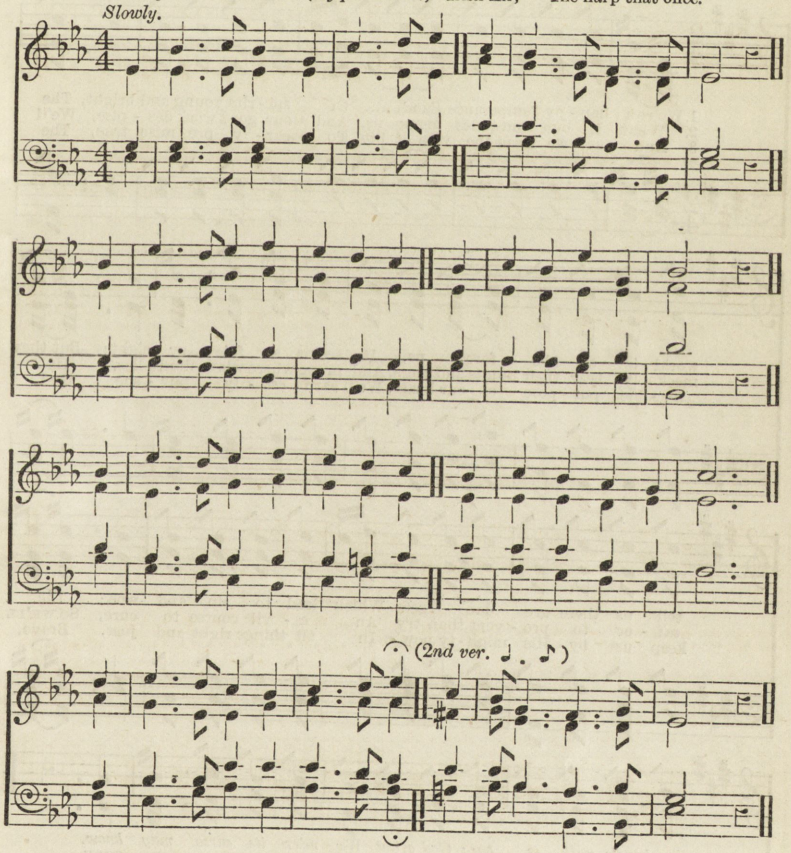
2 In defence of truth and justice,
Like a bulwark we must stand,
And the soul that's full of courage
WILL GIVE COURAGE TO THE HAND
We're strong to do, &c.

3 We must work, and not be weary,
Though we conquer not to-day;
For the rescue of our brothers,
WE MUST WORK AS WELL AS PRAY
We're strong to do, &c.

150 We mourn the ruin.

Words by W. J. HARVEY. (*By permission.*) Irish Air,—"The harp that once."

Slowly.



1 WE mourn the ruin wrought by drink,
The souls in fetters bound:
Where'er its blighting curse has fall'n,
No happiness is found.
We grieve for boyhood's early hours,
Eclipsed with bitter woe;
For maiden's path bestrewn with flowers
That wither as they grow.

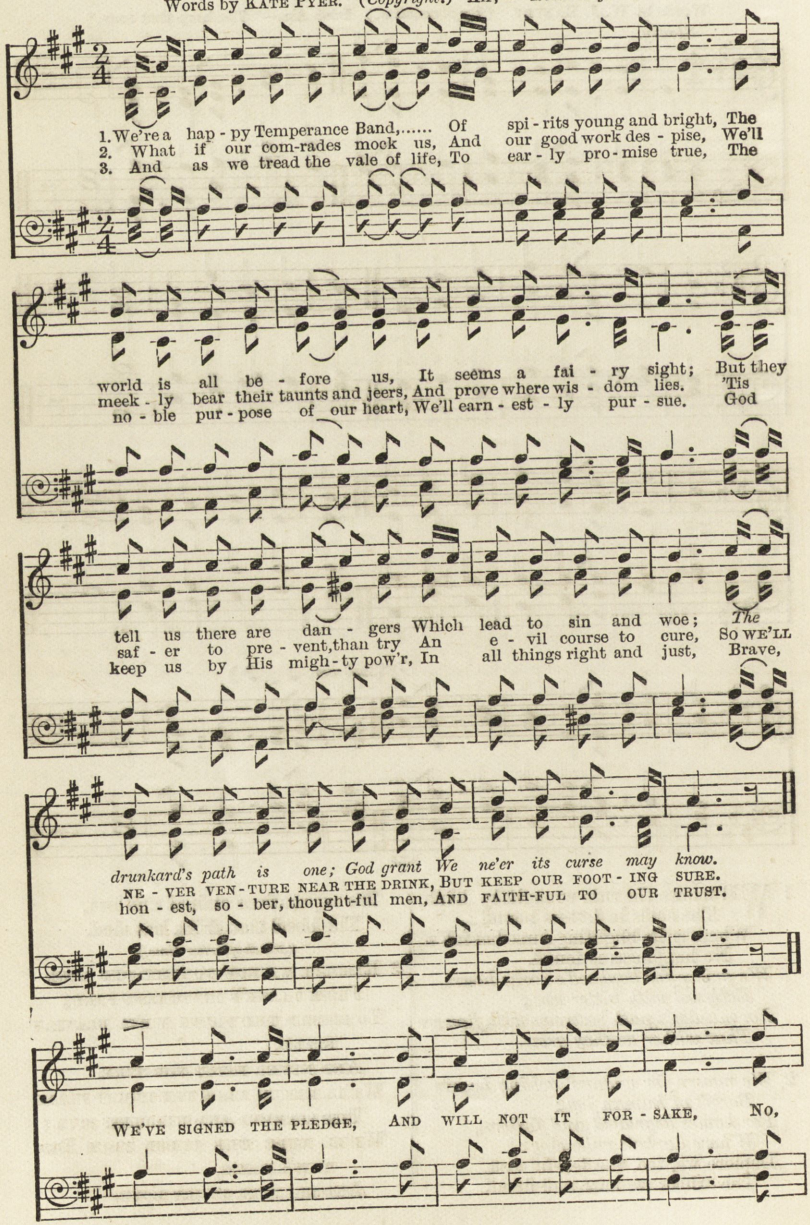
2 *We mourn for widows' aching hearts*
Bereft of human joy;
For homes degraded and forlorn,
Where darkest evils cloy:
Deplore we, too, the fearful cost,
The crimes we hate and dread,
The reputations stained and lost,
The blood that drink has shed.

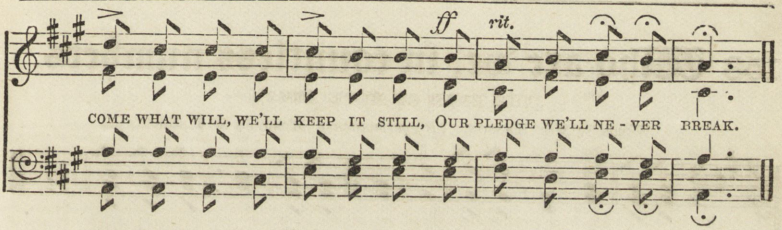
(*Much quicker time.*)

3 RESOLVE WE NOW TO FREE OUR LAND
FROM DRINK'S DEVOURING FIRE;
TO SHIELD THE YOUNG WE'LL BRAVELY STAND,
AND NEVER FAINT NOR TIRE.
WE'LL RESCUE FROM THE LIQUID FLAME
THE SCARRED AND HELPLESS SOUL;
WE'LL WIPE THE CURSE FROM BRITAIN'S NAME,
AND SHATTER EVERY BOWL.

151 We're a happy Temperance band.

Words by KATE PYER. (*Copyright.*) Air,—"Rosa May."

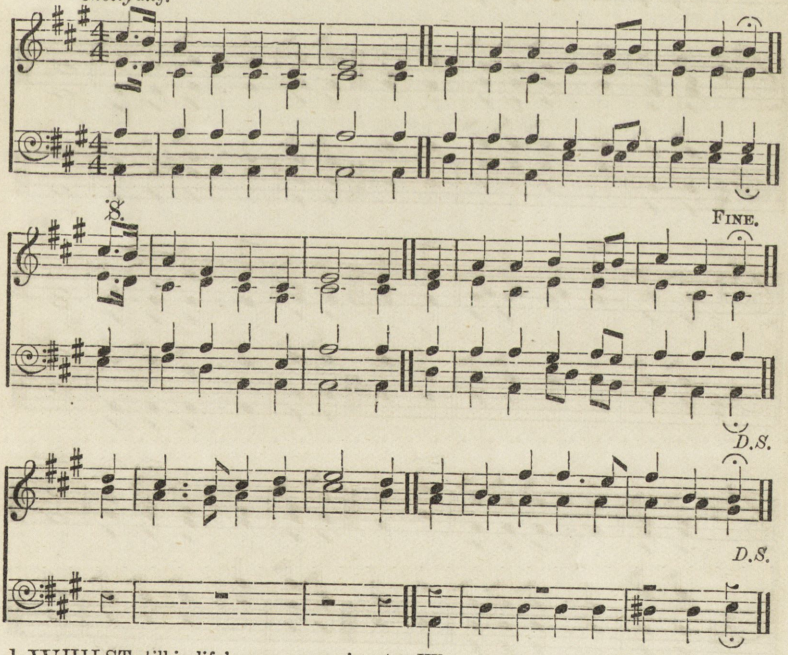




152 Whilst still in life's morning.

Words by FRANK ADKINS. (*By permission.*) Irish Air,—"I'd mourn the hopes."

Cheerfully.



1 WHILST still in life's young morning,
With hearts elate and voices gay,
We watch the rosy dawning
Of manhood's stronger, nobler day;
We'll take the kindly warning,
Which sweetly guides us on our way,
And drink's temptations scorning,
Ne'er swerve from virtue's path astray.

2 When manhood's ripened vigour
To toil and conflict calls away,
When with relentless rigour
No longer duty brooks delay,
With sin and woe contending,
Whilst hands can work or hearts can pray,
Our strife shall know no ending,
Nor slothful ease our cause betray.

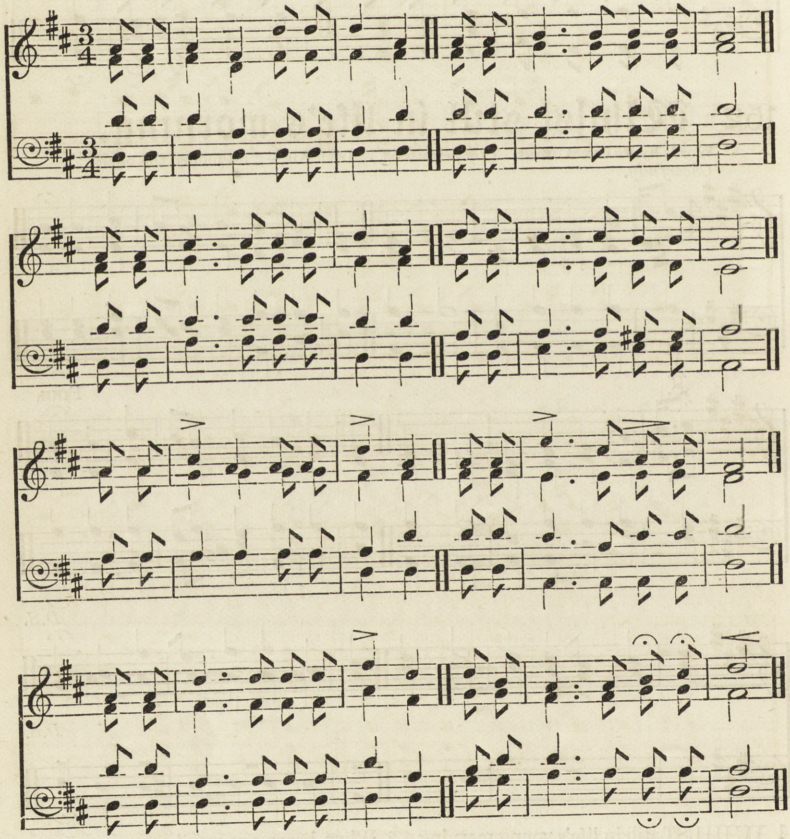
3 When hoary age assails us,
And lengthening shadows cross our way,
When manhood's vigour fails us,
And dimly burns life's flickering ray:
Yet to the end enduring,
We hope to hear our Saviour say,
In accents bliss assuring,
"Well worked ye while 'twas called to-day."

4 And when heaven's shining portals,
Through Jesus' grace our souls receive,
When, mingling with immortals,
All sin and care behind we leave,
Deep in our bosoms glowing,
Shall burn with everlasting flame,
The holy joy of knowing
We have not lived nor died in vain.

153 Who are we, in countless numbers.

[THE BAND OF HOPE ARMY.]

Words by Mrs. HANSON. (*By permission.*) Music by G. F. ROOT.



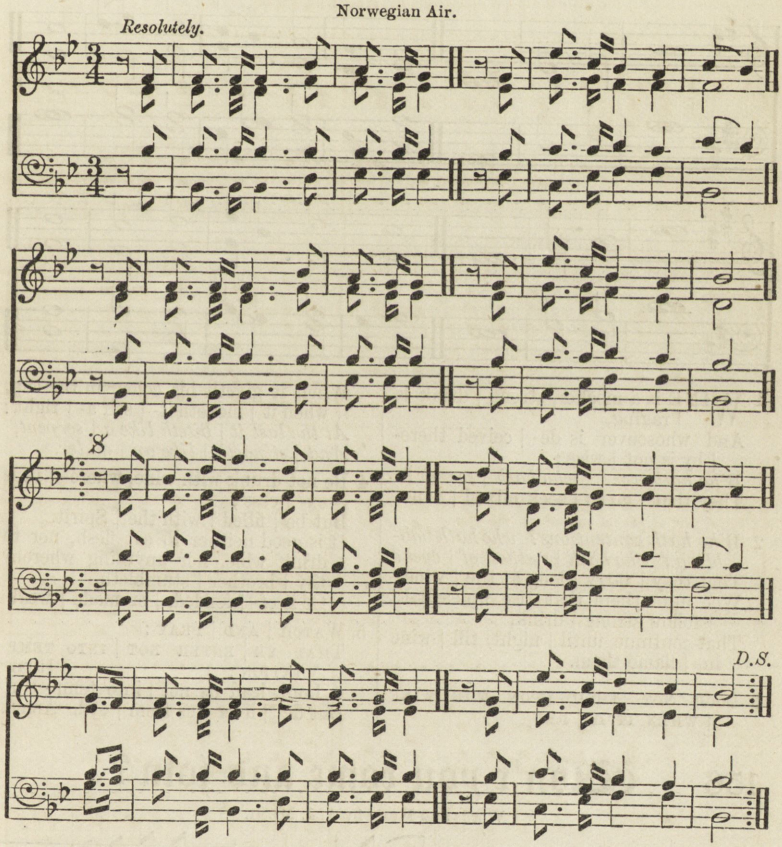
1 WHO are we, in countless numbers,
Marshalled on life's battle plain,
Lifting high our stainless banners,
Chanting hope's inspiring strain?
In our ranks no armed battalions,
No grim warriors' crests appear,
Guileless youths and gentle maidens
March to bloodless victory here.

2 Some from homes where strife and sadness,
Wrought by the unsparing foe,
HAVE BEEN TURNED TO PEACE AND GLADNESS,
FOR THEY'VE BID THE TEMPTER GO.
Some from homes still dark and dreary,
Held beneath his cruel sway,
But they've rallied round our banner,
HOPING FOR A BRIGHTER DAY.

3 Scorn us not, ye worldly-wise ones,
Though amid our ranks ye meet,
Bearing Hope's fair banner onward,
Tiny hands and pattering feet;
Hath not God the weak things chosen
Oft-times to confound the strong?
Hath He not His praise made perfect,
Through the lisping infant's tongue?

154 Who'll join our ranks?

Norwegian Air.

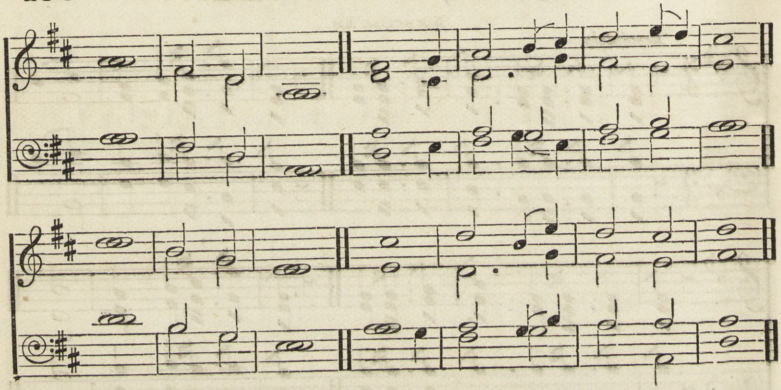


1 WHO'LL join our ranks and fight with us
Against a giant foe,
And help to rid our country thus
Of one great cause of woe?
Who'll volunteer to lend a hand,
A heart, a name, a will,
To drive the monster from our land,
And save our freedom still?
Who'll join our ranks and fight with us
Against a giant foe,
And help to rid our country thus
Of one great cause of woe?

2 Intemperance is the giant's name,
And this the ill he's wrought—
Well nigh robbed England of her fame,
Disgrace and ruin brought
To many a home that otherwise
Had bright and happy been;
Made fiends of men ordained to rise
To heights of bliss unseen.
Who'll join our ranks, &c.

3 Nor is this all, but tongue and pen
Fail half the tale to tell.
Say now, ye noble Englishmen,
Will ye this giant quell?
To battle then! nor faint, nor fear
To enter on the fight;
With dauntless hearts we'll persevere,
And God defend the right.
Who'll join our ranks, &c.

155 Wine is a mocker.



1 WINE is a mocker, strong | drink is | raging,
And whosoever is de- | ceived there- | by is not | wise;
Who hath woe? | who hath | sorrow?
They that | go to | seek mixed | wine.

2 *Who hath contentions? who hath bab- | bling? who hath | redness of | eyes?*
That they | tarry | long at the | wine.
Woe unto them that rise up early to | follow strong | drink,
That continue until | night, till | wine in- | flame them.

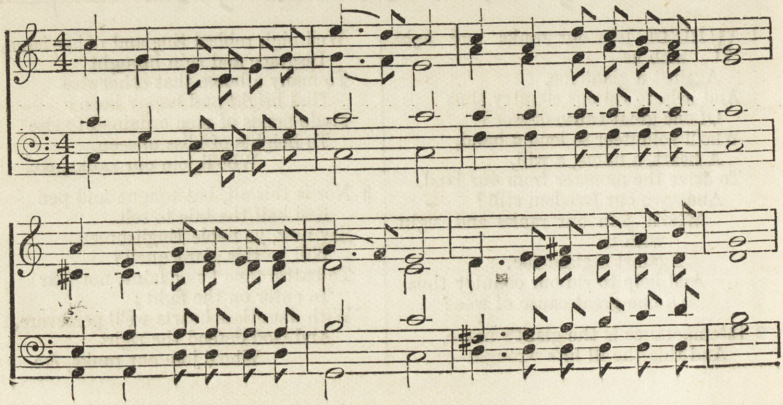
3 LOOK NOT THOU UPON THE WINE | WHEN IT IS | RED,
When it giveth his colour in the cup, when it | moveth it- | self a- | right:
At the last it | biteth like a | serpent,
And | stingeth | like an | adder.

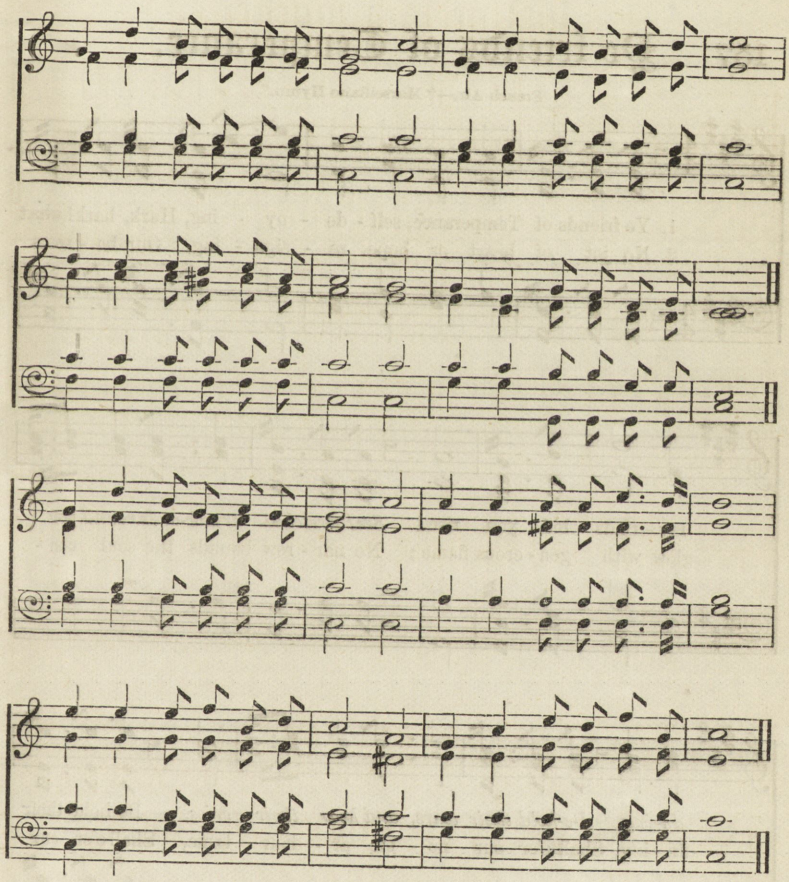
4 Be not drunk with wine, where- | in is ex- | cess;
But be | filled | with the | Spirit.
It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy | brother | stumbleth,
Or is of- | fended, | or made | weak

5 WATCH | AND | PRAY:
THAT YE | ENTER NOT | INTO TEMP | TATION:
O Lord, lead us not | into temp- | tation:
But de- | liver | us from | evil. Amen.

156 Won't you come and join?

Words and Music by A. J. MEMI.





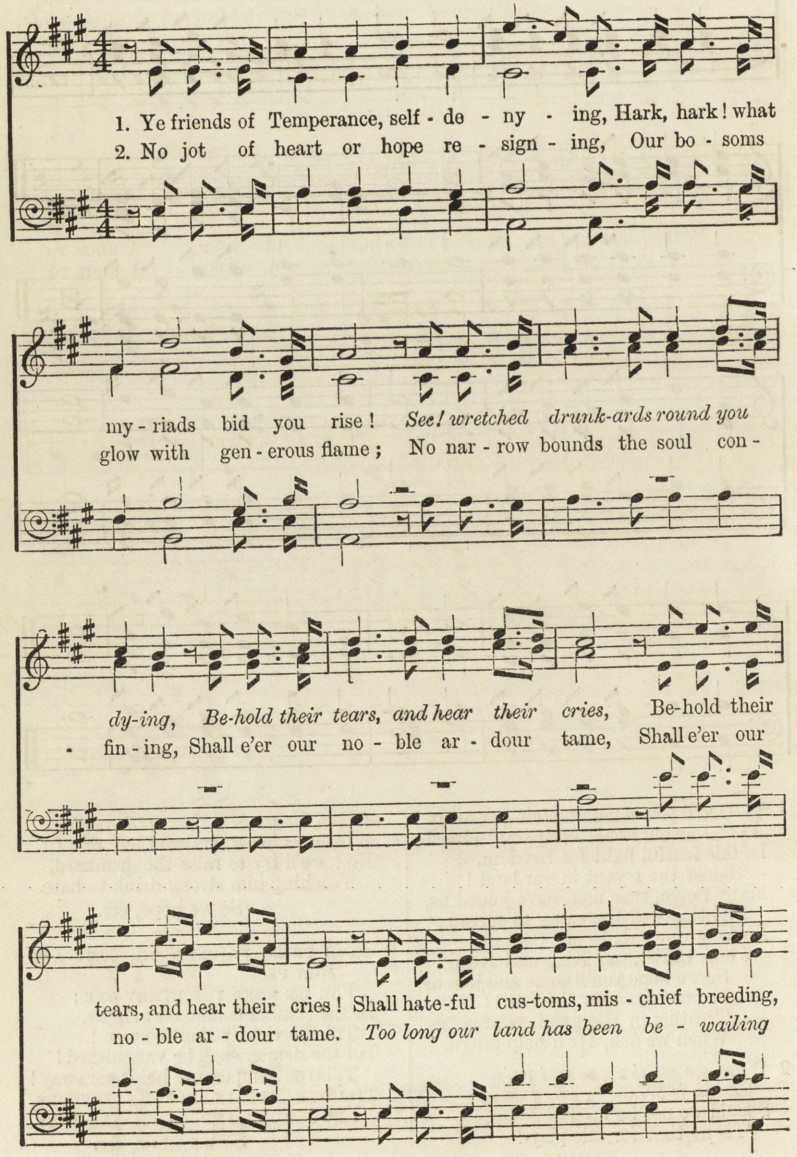
1 WON'T you come and join our army!
Join our noble Temperance band;
In this fearful fight for freedom,
'Gainst the tryant in our land!
Many brave, true men have joined us,
Fighting well the cause to spread;
Looking upwards to our Captain,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head:
So we hope you'll come and join us,
In our battle for the Lord:
Trusting in His gracious promise,
When we ask, He'll help afford.

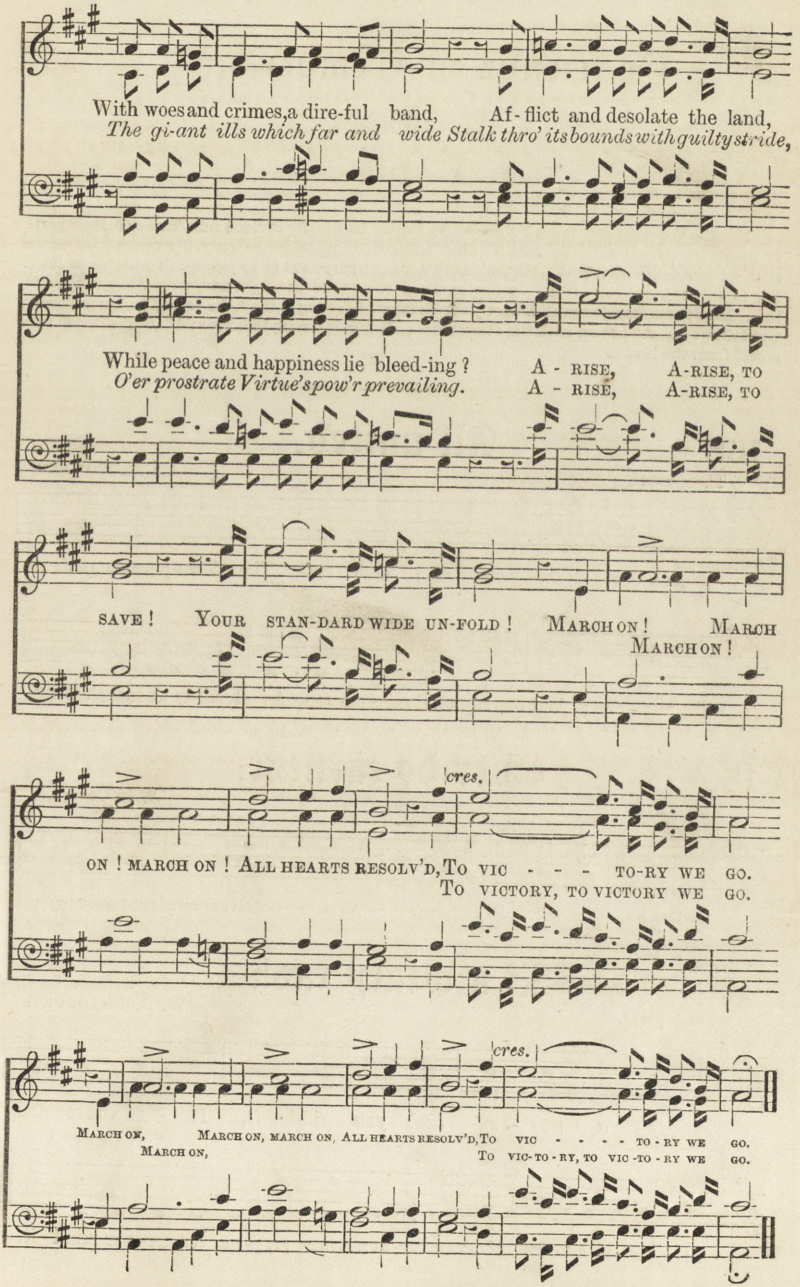
2 *When we see the woe and ruin*
Drink is bringing every day;
Should we not be up and doing,
'Tis no time for idle play!
When we see how thousands perish,
Can we leave them to their fate?
No! we'll try to raise the drunkard,
Teaching him strong drink to hate.
So we hope, &c.

3 COME THEN, FRIENDS, OH, COME AND JOIN US,
FOR WE NEED YOU EVERY ONE;
In the conflict come and help us,
Till the victory shall be won!
Till the demon shall be vanquished!
Till true Temperance holds her sway!
TILL OUR CAPTAIN ENDS THE STRUGGLE,
LET US WORK, AND WATCH, AND PRAY.
SO WE HOPE, &c.

157 Ye friends of Temperance.

French Air,—"Marseillaise Hymn."



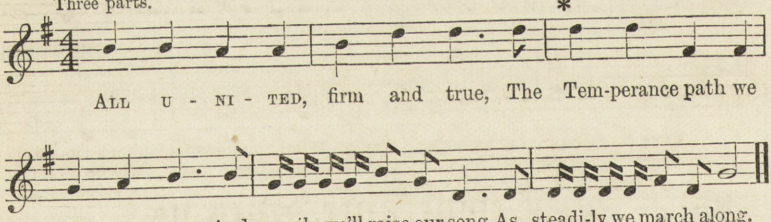

With woes and crimes, a dire-ful band, Af-flict and desolate the land,
The gi-ant ills which far and wide Stalk thro' its bounds with guilty stride,
While peace and happiness lie bleed-ing? A - RISE, A-RISE, TO
O'er prostrate Virtue's pow'r prevailing. A - RISE, A-RISE, TO
SAVE! YOUR STAN-DARD WIDE UN-FOLD! MARCH ON! MARCH
MARCH ON!
cres.
ON! MARCH ON! ALL HEARTS RESOLV'D, TO VIC - - - TO-RY WE GO.
TO VICTORY, TO VICTORY WE GO.
cres.
MARCH ON, MARCH ON, MARCH ON, ALL HEARTS RESOLV'D, TO VIC - - - - TO-RY WE GO.
MARCH ON, TO VIC-TO-RY, TO VIC-TO-RY WE GO.

VI.—Rounds.

NOTE.—For singing "Rounds," the singers must be equally divided into Three or Four parts, as required. If not sung by female voices only, or by male voices only, the males and females should be mixed in each part. (Occasionally a Round may have to be pitched in a higher or lower key to suit the voices.) One part begins, sings the round through, and, on getting to the end, immediately commences again. Directly the First part has sung to the *, the Second part commences, and follows it. And so on with the other parts; all going "round and round" until stopped by a signal from the leader.

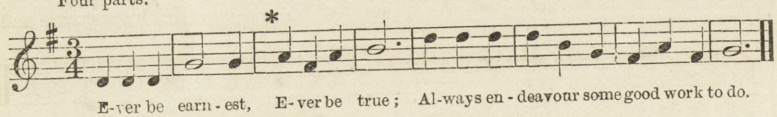
158 All united.

Three parts. A. L. COWLEY.



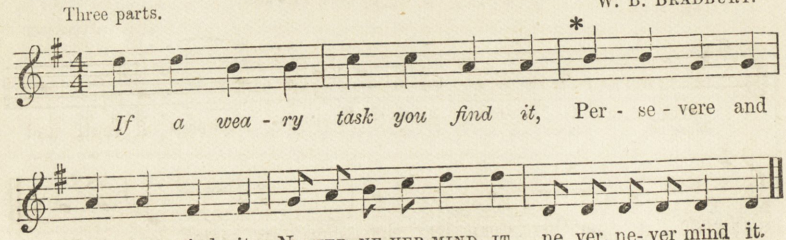
159 Ever be earnest.

Four parts. A. L. COWLEY.



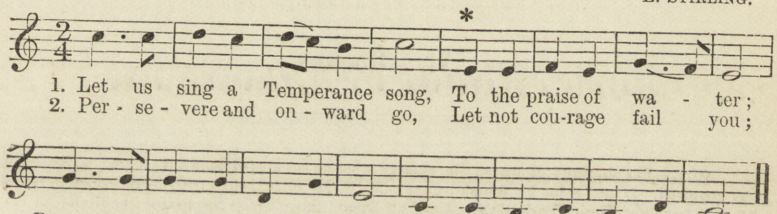
160 If a weary task.

Three parts. W. B. BRADBURY.



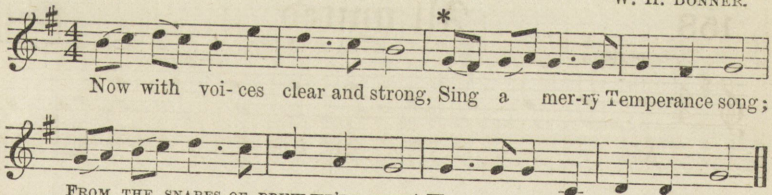
161 Let us sing.

Four parts. E. STIRLING.



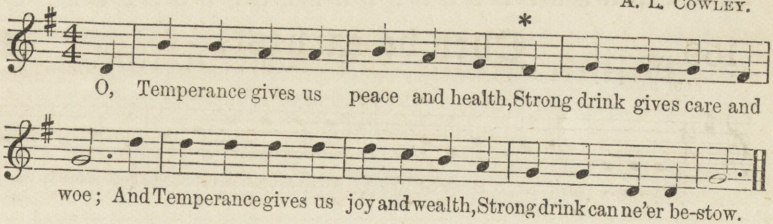
162 Now with voices.

Four parts. W. H. BONNER.



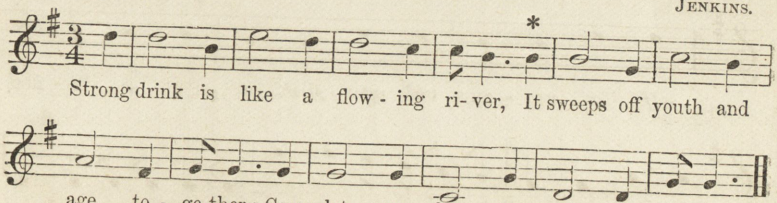
163 O, Temperance gives us.

Four parts. A. L. COWLEY.



164 Strong drink.

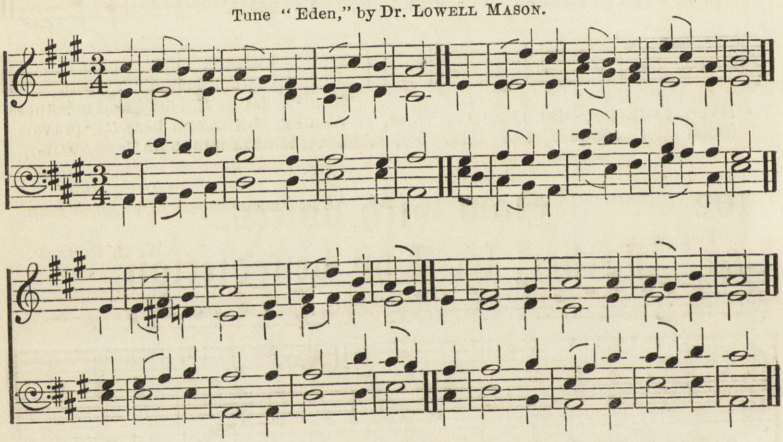
Three parts. JENKINS.



VII.—Closing Hymns and Songs.

165 Come, friends of Temperance.

Tune "Eden," by Dr. Lowell Mason.

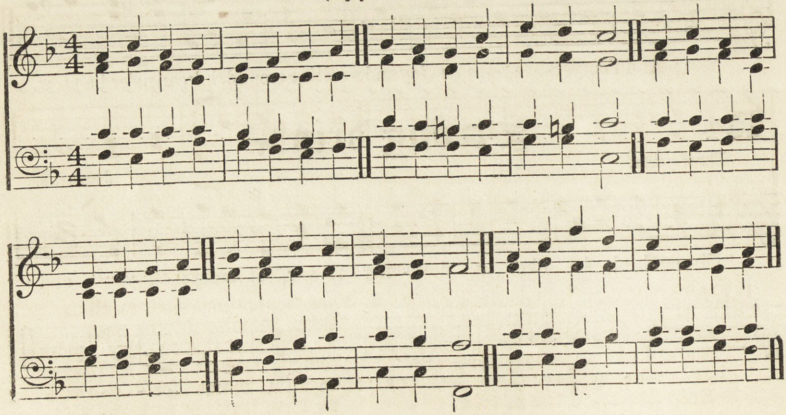


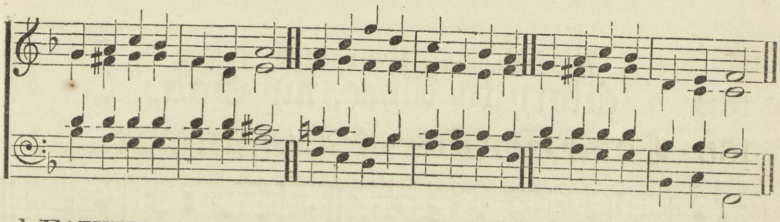
1 COME, friends of Temperance, ere we part,
Join every voice, and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,—
One final song of grateful praise.

2 *Together we may meet no more;*
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
May we for ever meet again.

166 Father, grant Thy benediction.

Words by Stella E. J. Gard. Tune "Deerhurst," by James Langran.
(*By permission.*)



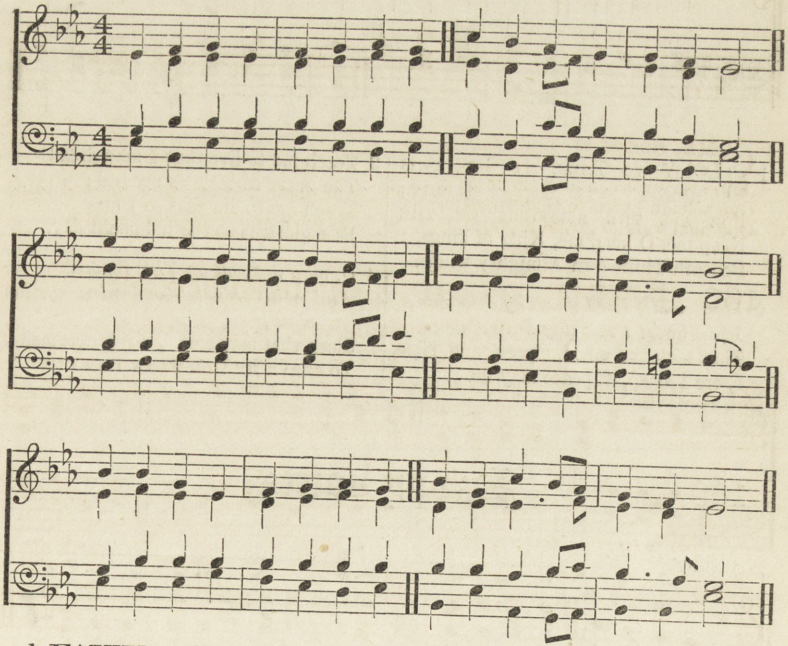


1 FATHER, grant Thy benediction
Unto us before we part,
With the fulness of Thy favour
Satisfy each waiting heart.
There are many foes before us,
Foes of overwhelming might,
Yet we shall, if Thou wilt guide us,
BE VICTORIOUS IN THE FIGHT.

2 Arm us with the holy weapons
That Thy chosen soldiers bear;
Grant us faith, and love, and meekness,
Father, bend, and hear our prayer.
Now the shades of night are falling,
Watch around us while we sleep;
O'er Thy servant's restful pillow,
Bid Thine angels safe watch keep.

167 Father, let Thy benediction.

Words by Mrs. SHELLEY. Music from S. WEBBE.

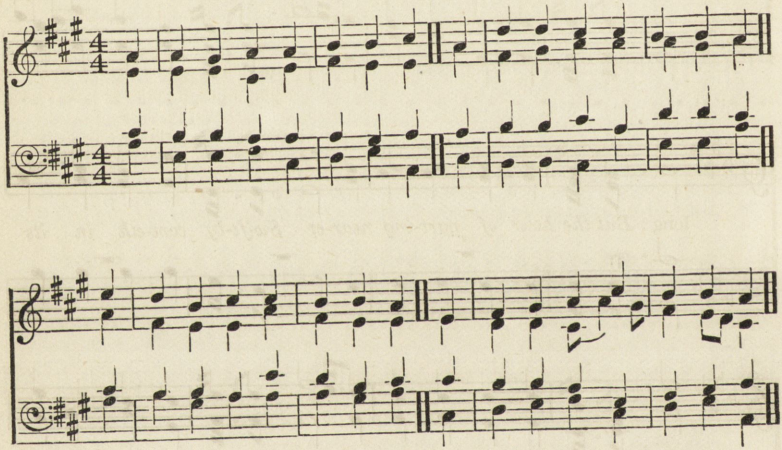


1 FATHER, let Thy benediction,
Gently falling as the dew,
And Thy ever-gracious presence,
Bless us all our journey through.
‖: May we ever :‖
Keep the end of life in view.

2 When temptations shall assail us,
When we falter by the way,
Let Thine arm of strength defend us—
Saviour, hear us when we pray:
‖: Thou art mighty, :‖
Be Thou then our rock and stay.

168 Glory to Thee, my God.

Words by BISHOP KEN. Tune "TALLIS' Canon."



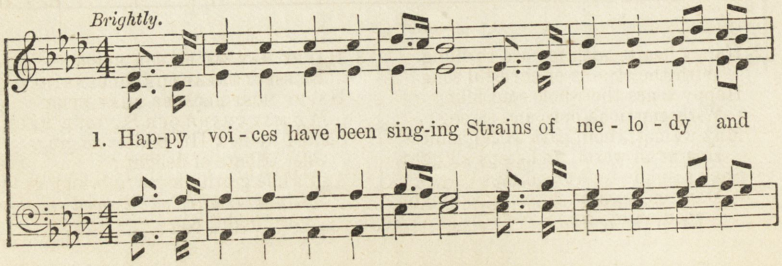
1 GLORY TO THEE, MY GOD, THIS NIGHT, [LIGHT;
FOR ALL THE BLESSINGS OF THE
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.

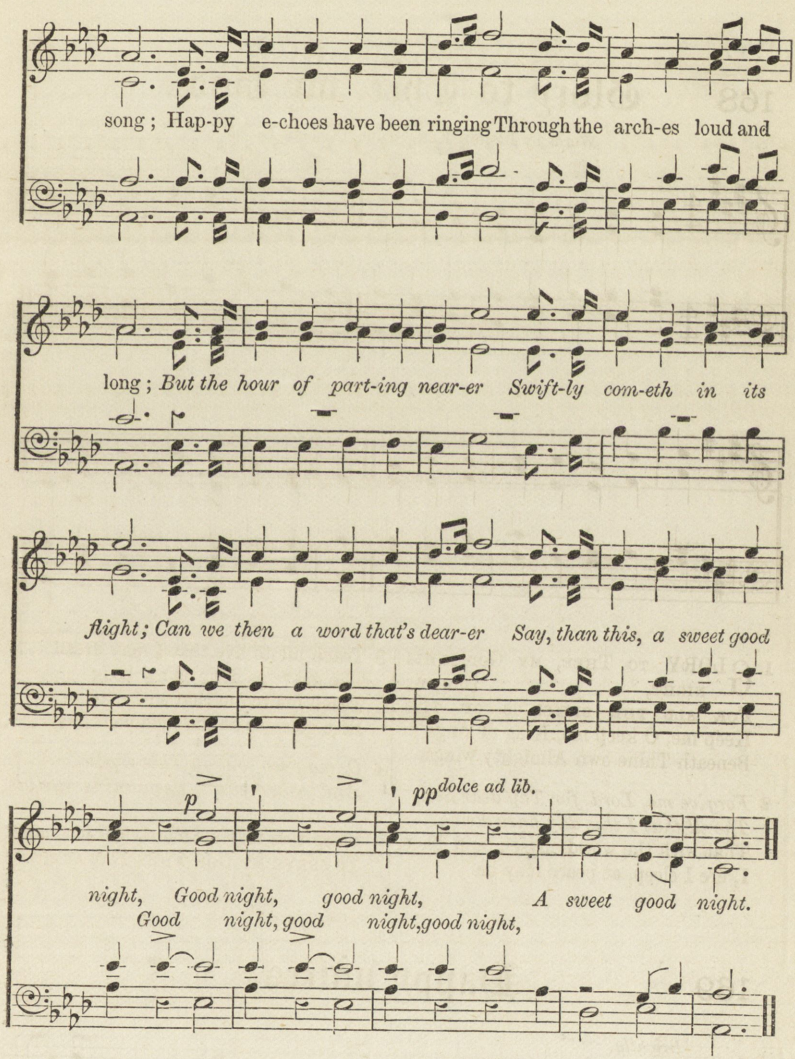
2 *Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,*
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day.

4 *O, may my soul on Thee repose,*
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;—
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
TO SERVE MY GOD WHEN I AWAKE.

169 Happy voices.



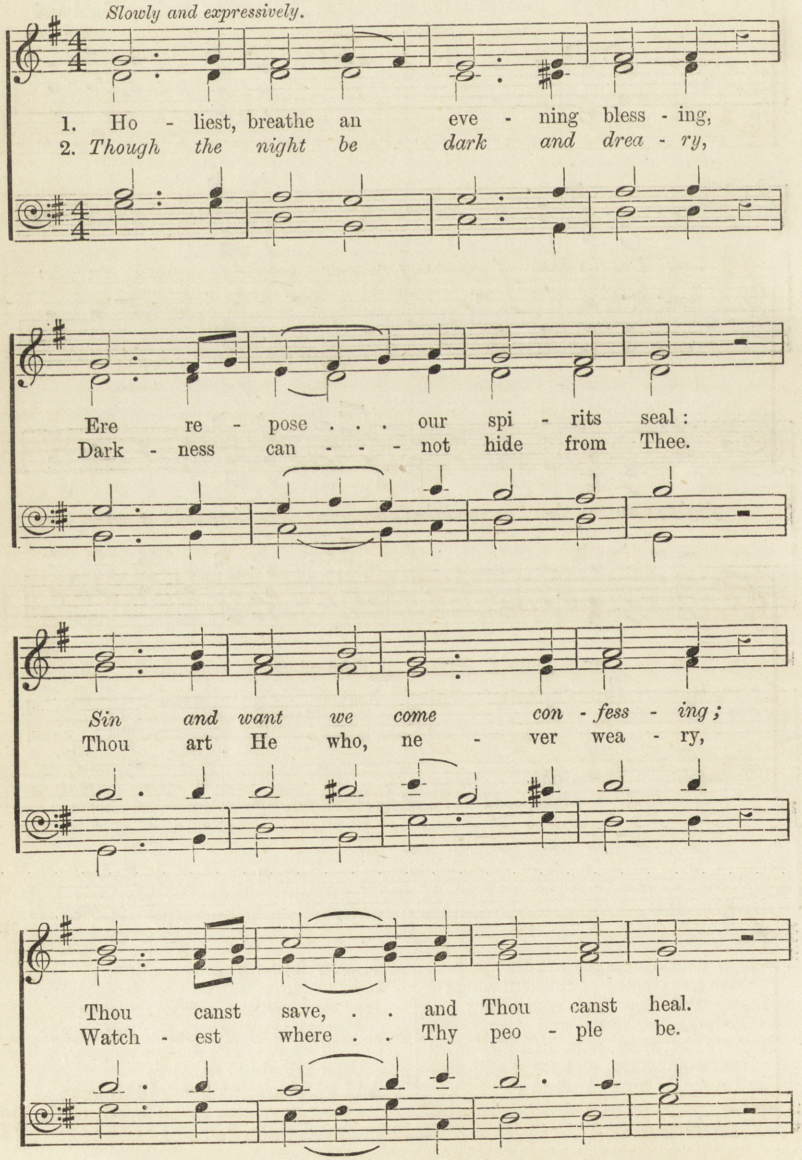


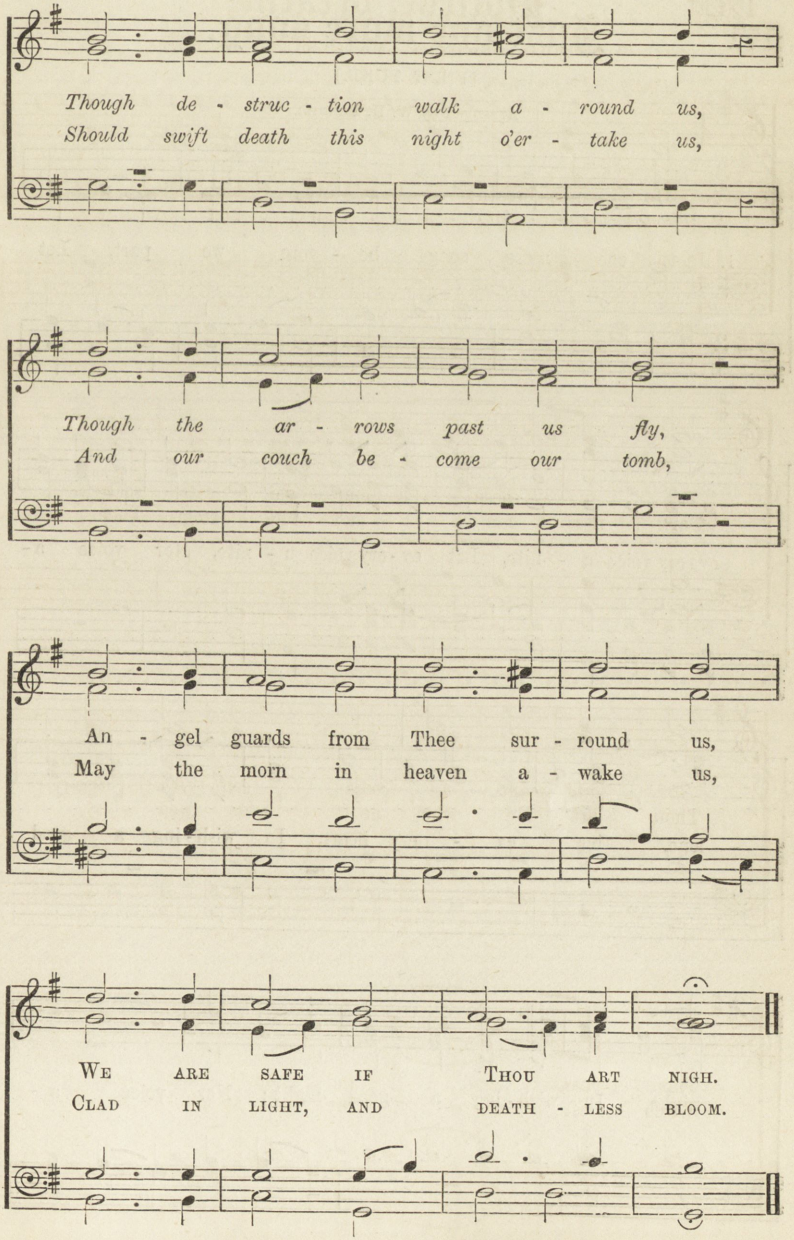
2 Happy hearts with joy are thrilling
With the strains of cheerful song ;
Happy tones the whole soul filling
With emotions pure and strong ;
May we not, then, part with gladness,
Hearts all warm, and steps all light,
Shall a single tone of sadness
Mar our peaceful, sweet good night,
good night, &c.

3 HAPPY MAY WE BE FOR EVER,
BLISSFUL TREAD THE GOLDEN STREET ;
HAPPY MOST BECAUSE THAT EVER
WE MAY THERE OUR SAVIOUR MEET.
Should we not, His praises singing,
Offer tribute of delight ;
And while gratitude we're bringing,
Softly murmur, sweet good night,
good night, &c.

170 Holiest, breathe.

Words by JAMES EDMESTON. Music from an Italian Chorale.

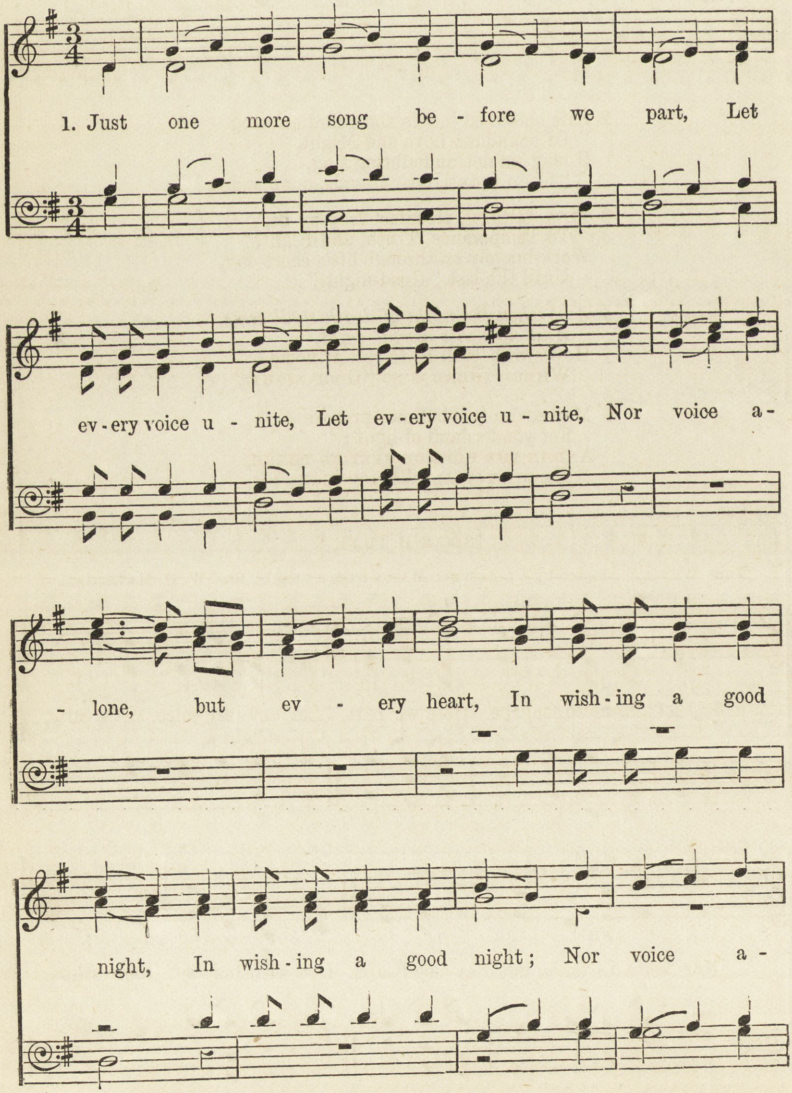


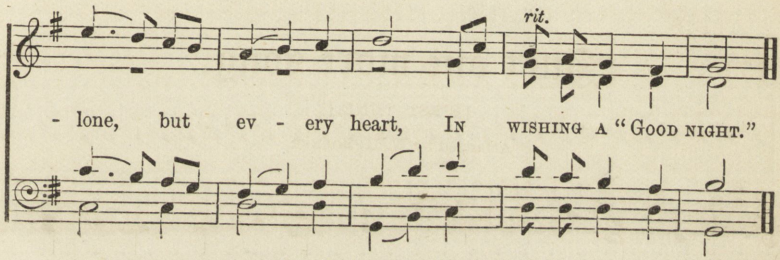

Though de - struc - tion walk a - round us,
Should swift death this night o'er - take us,
Though the ar - rows past us fly,
And our couch be - come our tomb,
An - gel guards from Thee sur - round us,
May the morn in heaven a - wake us,
WE ARE SAFE IF THOU ART NIGH.
CLAD IN LIGHT, AND DEATH - LESS BLOOM.

171 Just one more song.

[FIRST TUNE.]

Arranged by W. H. BONNER.





2 Safe sheltered 'neath the guardian wing
Of boundless Love and Might,
O may we not undoubting sing,
"Good night, dear friends, good night?"

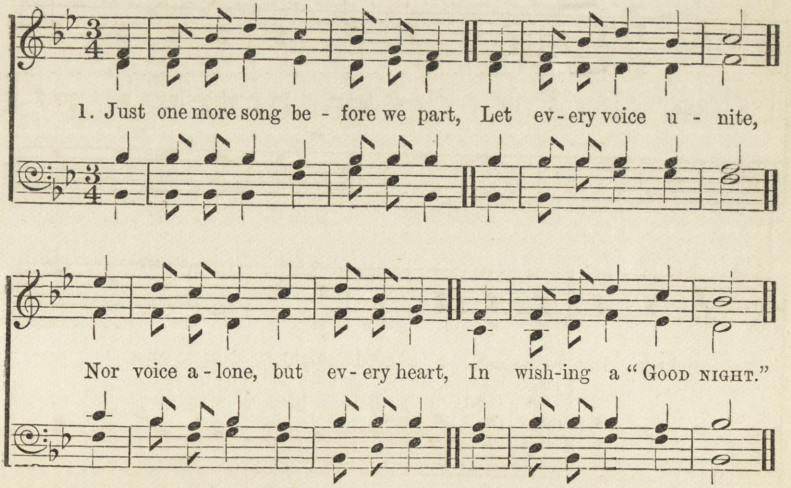
3 Firm, faithful, steadfast may we be,
To Temperance, Truth, and Right,
Work bravely on through life's short day,
Until the last "Good-night."

4 *And when the night of death shall come,*
And close this mortal sight,
How sweet 'twill be to rest at home,
Where there is no "Good night."

5 May each of us betimes prepare
For yonder land of light;
And in the hope of meeting there,
We bid you all "Good night!"

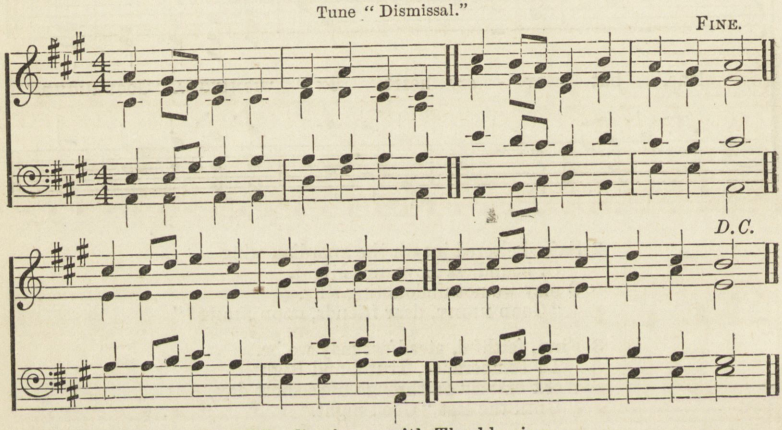
[SECOND TUNE.]

Tune "Evan," adapted by Dr. Lowell Mason from a song by Rev. W. H. Havergal.



172 Lord, dismiss us.

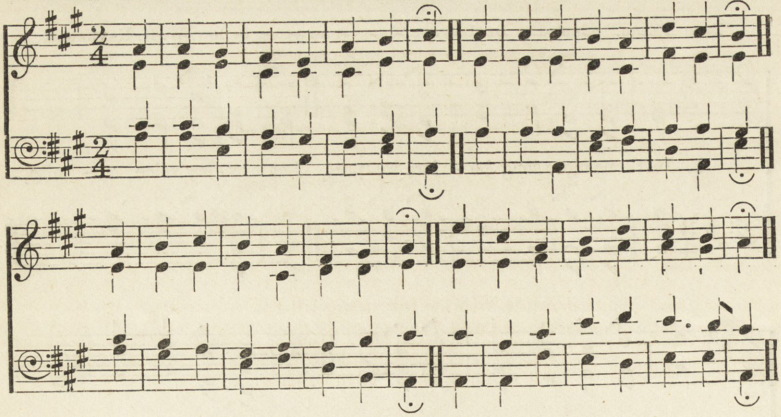
Tune "Dismissal."



LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Let our Temperance joys abound;
May we each, Thy grace possessing,
In the way of life be found.
‖: Let our meeting, :‖
With Thy blessing now be crowned.

173 Praise God, from whom.

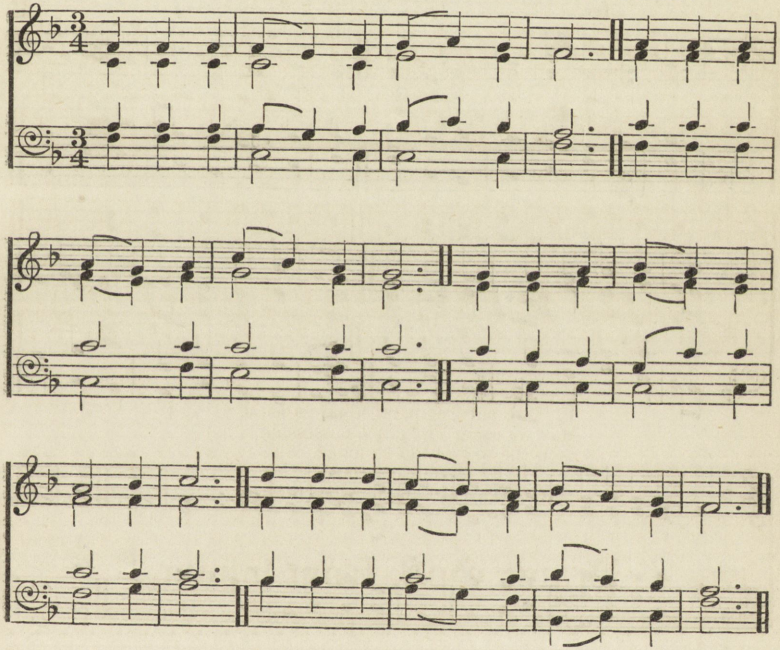
Doxology, by BISHOP KEN. Tune "Old Hundredth," attributed to GUILLAUME FRANC.



PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

174 Sun of my soul.

Words by Rev. JOHN KEBLE. Tune "Hursley," attributed to PAUL RITTER.



1 SUN of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

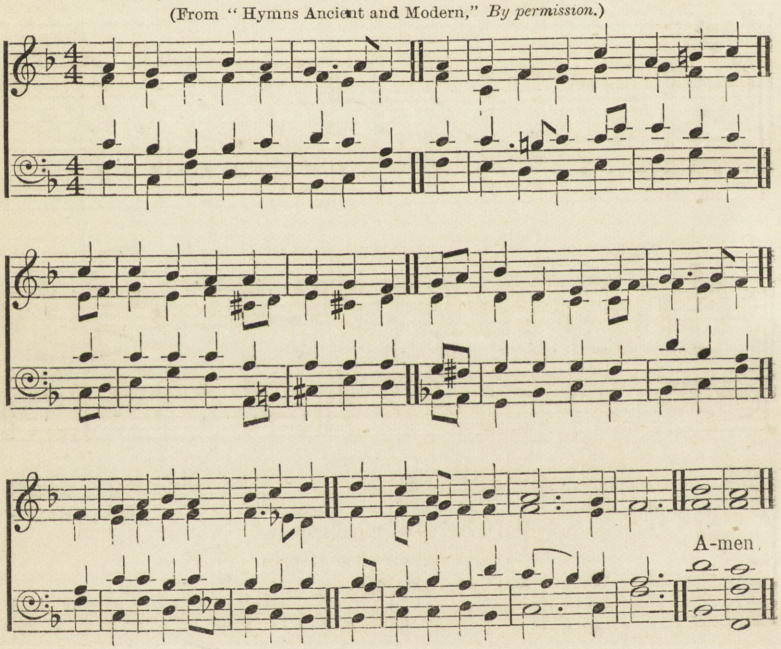
2 *When the soft dews of kindly sleep*
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
TILL IN THE OCEAN OF THY LOVE,
WE LOSE OURSELVES IN HEAVEN ABOVE.

175 Sweet Saviour, bless us.

Words by Rev. F. W. FABER, D.D. Tune "St. Mathias," by W. H. MONK.
(From "Hymns Ancient and Modern," *By permission.*)



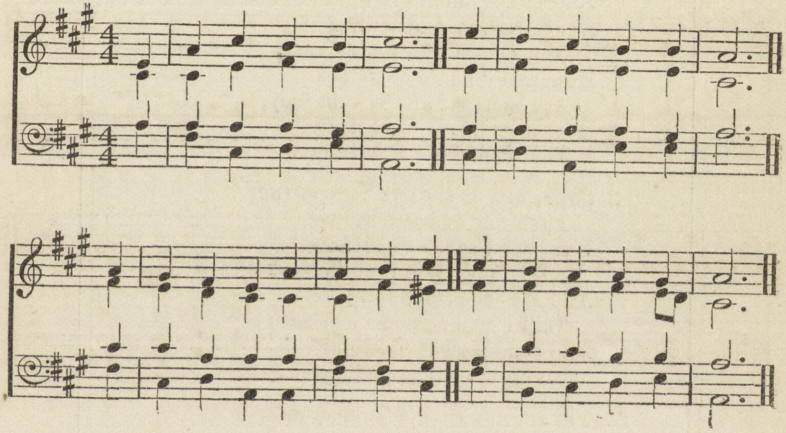
1 SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

2 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Ah! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

3 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
Through life's long day and death's dark night.
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

176 The day is past and gone.

Tune "St. Michael," attributed to GUILLAUME FRANC.



1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.

2 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

3 AND WHEN OUR DAYS ARE PAST,
AND WE FROM TIME REMOVE;
O MAY WE IN THY BOSOM REST,
THE BOSOM OF THY LOVE.

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THE CHORAL NUMBERS SWELL,
EXULTANT RAISE OUR VOICES,
AND ALL HER TRIUMPHS TELL.
How many hours of sadness
Are changed to peace and joy,
How many days of pleasure,
That drink can ne'er alloy.

2 COME, LET US SING OF TEMPERANCE,
LOUD LET OUR VOICES RISE,
UNTIL OUR SONGS OF GLADNESS,
SHALL PIERCE BEYOND THE SKIES;
And He who reigns in glory,
Will hear our notes of praise;
And send a richer blessing
To crown our happy days.

3 Then let us sing of Temperance,
Till God our labours crown;
Until before His footstool,
We lay our armour down:
Then in a song more joyful,
Our voices we will raise,
AND PRAISE HIM FOR HIS GOODNESS,
THROUGHOUT ETERNAL DAYS.

90.

DRINK water from the crystal spring,
Its praise with cheerful voices sing,
Drink water pure and bright;
The sparkling wine cup ever spurn,
And from its base allurements turn,
Drink water pure and bright.

2 Long as we live, the crystal spring,
Shall ripple music while we sing
Of water pure and bright.

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PREFACE.

In the history of the Temperance movement the power of Song has ever been recognised. Music has supplied the most pleasing and effectual means for the advancement of right principles. For many years Mr. Hoyle has laboured assiduously in this department; his vigorous, soul-stirring songs are eagerly sought for and sung at large gatherings throughout the country; they have also attained a degree of popularity in Ireland, Scotland, America, and Australia.

Encouraged by this appreciation of his labours, Mr. Hoyle sends forth this enlarged edition of "Hymns and Songs." Forty pieces have been added, including a number of new Songs and Choruses, now published for the first time.

The rapid development of the *Good Templar* movement has created a large demand for Temperance pieces. Mr. Hoyle respectfully commends this enlarged edition to all his *Brother Templars* throughout the kingdom, feeling assured that his "Hymns and Songs" will contribute to the pleasure and prosperity of the various Lodges where they are used. In proper order will be found hymns for opening and closing, anniversary pieces, hymns sacred and moral, melodies, songs, choruses, etc., on the various phases of the Temperance question. The character and merit of each piece has been carefully considered; in short, no effort has been spared to render this edition the most complete and useful Book of Temperance Hymns and Songs extant.

Mr. Hoyle tenders his cordial thanks to W. H. Whitehead, Esq., Organist, Radnor Street Chapel, for valuable aid rendered in revising the harmonies, and preparing the work for the press; also to the Authors of the select pieces, and Proprietors of the copyright, for the permission to use them so freely given; and if he has unwittingly made any mistake in this matter, he trusts that he may be informed of it, that it may be apologised for and rectified.

REVIEWS AND TESTIMONIALS.

From the Rev. E. Hewlett, M.A., St. Paul's, Manchester.

"I have gone through Mr. Hoyle's book of Hymns and Songs with much attention, having carefully perused every piece in it, and have much pleasure in bearing testimony to its excellence. It is respectable, to say the least, in point of literary merit, sound in Temperance sentiment, and religious in tone. The plan upon which it is arranged will, I think, prove a great recommendation, containing pieces suitable both for children and adults, and so classified that there will be no difficulty in at once turning to Hymns suited to the various occasions when such may be required. The type is good, the printing clear, and the price a marvel of cheapness."

From Joseph Malins, Esq., Grand Worthy Chief Templar of England.

"Now that I have looked through your 'Hymns and Songs,' permit me to express my conviction that it is a good and cheap work, and one that is well suited for the use of Lodges and Members of the Order."

From the Rev. W. Caine, M.A., late Chaplain of the County Gaol, Manchester.

"I have read your Hymns and Songs with very great pleasure; they are free, I am happy to say, from the objections which are often deservedly brought against hymns sung at Temperance and Band of Hope Meetings, whilst they are full of soul-stirring vigour. Let me thank you for the spirit of holiness and purity which pervades all your book. I would earnestly recommend all Temperance Societies to procure your Hymns and Songs; most of them are as suitable for adults as for children."

"Scottish Temperance League Journal" says, "The numerous original compositions of Mr. Hoyle himself give great value to the book. We can cordially recommend it as one of the most excellent, useful, and interesting books of Temperance Song we have seen."

From Professor Kirk, Edinburgh, Grand Worthy Chaplain of Scotland.

"I wish to send you my unqualified approval of your excellent book of Hymns and Songs. It seems to me that no one can have even the slightest ground of complaint as to their fitness for Good Templar meetings."

From the Rev. T. B. Stephenson, London, Editor of the "Wesleyan Temperance Magazine."

"Every body must desire to see a Temperance Hymn Book in common use, which will not be ridiculous for its feebleness, or offensive by its bad taste. I am glad to see yours, for I think it is a great advance on all its predecessors."

"Weekly Record," London, says, "Mr. Hoyle's book should be found in the possession of every Temperance Society and family."

From Dr. F. R. Lees, Leeds. Author of "Alliance Prize Essay," &c., &c.

"Your book contains some stirring rhymes, and seems excellently adapted to its object."

"Alliance News" says, "Mr. Hoyle's Hymns and Songs are respectable in point of merit, sound in sentiment, characterised by a vein of piety, and abundantly varied to suit almost all manner of tunes."

For want of space we are obliged to omit similar Reviews from "Temperance Advocate," "Devon and Cornwall Temperance Journal," "Bury Guardian," "City News," "Star of Mona," &c.

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HOYLE'S HYMNS AND SONGS

FOR

TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES AND BANDS OF HOPE.

ARRANGEMENT OF THE PIECES.

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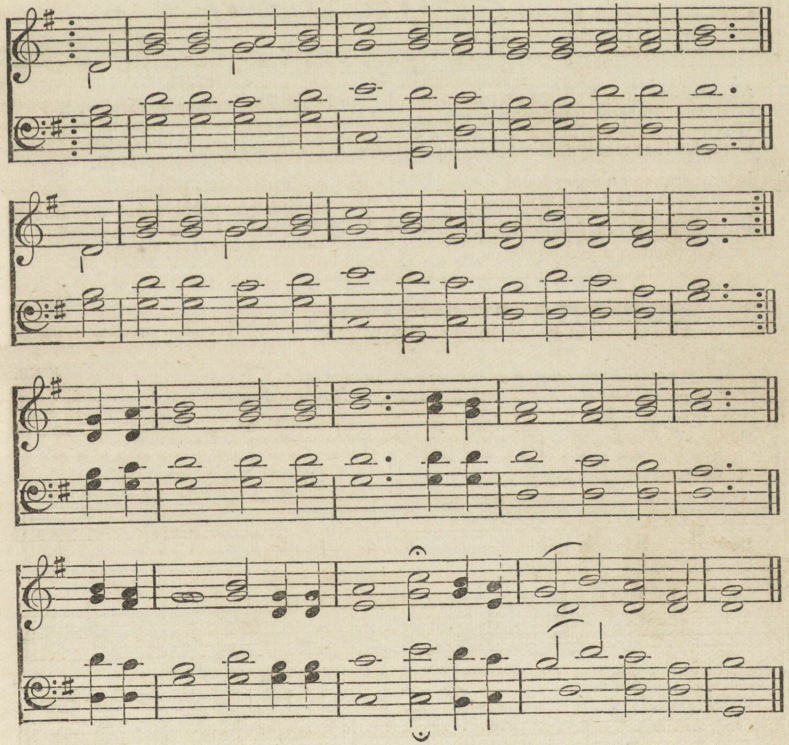
1. I LOVE THE CAUSE.

Words by W. Hoyle.
Music by Bradbury.



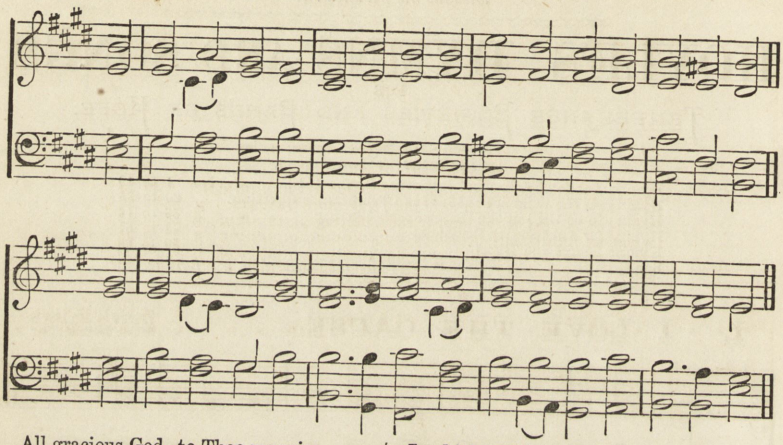
I love the cause of temperance,
'Tis good and true I know;
It gives a joy and blessing
To many a heart of woe;
It makes the home of sadness
A glad and bright abode;
And the drunkard, once so fallen,
Is nearer brought to God.
Lead us onward, O Lord.

Strong drink, impetuous ever,
Sweeps like a rising flood,
And downward beareth many
That once were wise and good;
The poor man from his cottage.
The monarch from his throne,
And the young in life's fair morning,
Are carried swiftly down. Lead, &c.

I would not be a drunkard,
For all this world can give,
In sorrow and in sadness
A sinful life to live;
But still in words of kindness
I'll ask him to abstain,
And God may yet restore him
To happiness again. Lead us, &c.

2. ALL GRACIOUS GOD. L.M.

Music by Webbe.



All gracious God, to Thee we raise
Our voice, in solemn prayer and praise;
We praise Thee for Thy mercy shown;
Lord, let that mercy now be known!

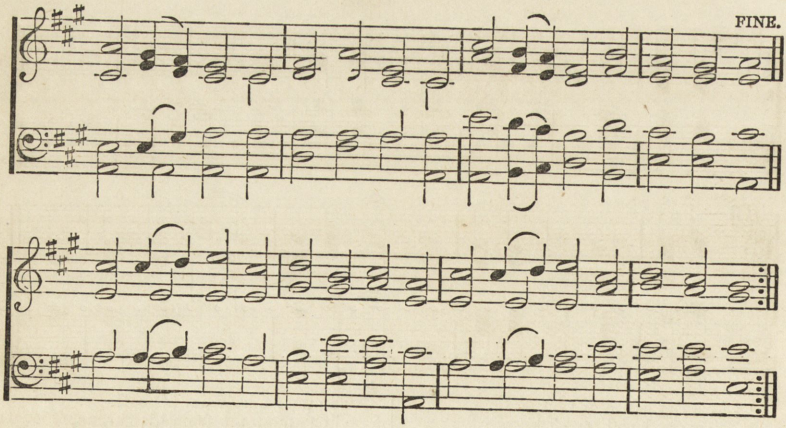
Intemperance on every hand
Abounds in this our guilty land:
While drunkards glory in their shame,
And pour contempt on Jesu's name.

Lord! let Thy banner be displayed,
And check the ruin sin hath made;
The foe with power divine assail,
Nor let the hosts of hell prevail.

By gospel principles reclaim
The drunkard from his course of shame;
O Lord, Thy Holy Spirit give,
And bid the dying sinner live!

3. FOR THE THOUSANDS. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

Words by W. Hoyle.



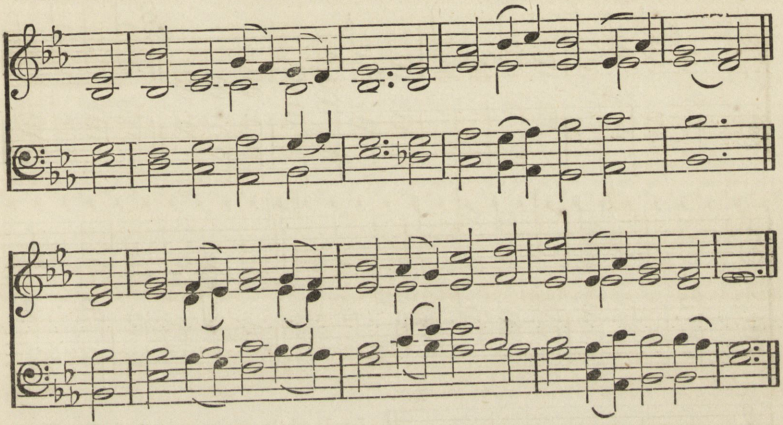
For the thousands, Lord, that suffer,
We would labour every day;
Be Thou still our sure Defender,
And direct us in the way;
Of Thy goodness
Help us now we humbly pray.

On the dark abode of sorrow,
Bid the light of temperance shine;
Lead, O lead, the fallen drunkard
In the way of truth divine;
And his children,
Make them now and ever Thine.

From the homes of rich and mighty,
And the dwellings of the poor,
Friends of truth and temperance gather,
'Till strong drink shall be no more;
Far removing
Galling bondage from our shore.

4. HOW LONG, O LORD. S.M.

Words by W. Hoyle.
Music by Lockhart.



How long, O Lord our God,
Shall sin and sorrow reign,
And drunkards tread the downward road
To everlasting pain ?

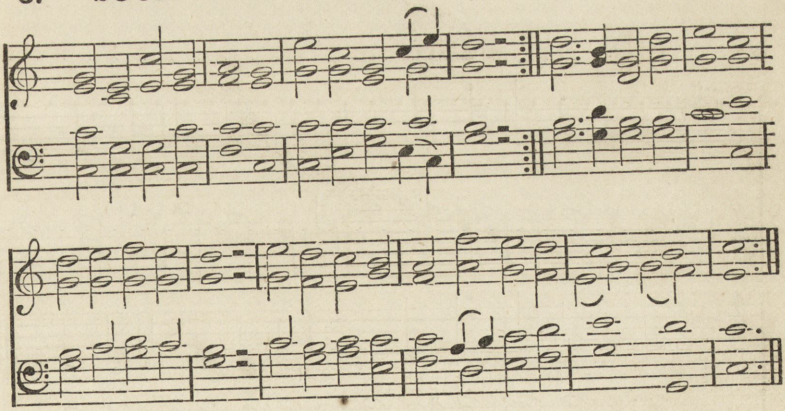
O Lord with pity move
All those that fear Thy name,
So shall they spread the cause of love—
The drunkard to reclaim.

Thy goodness and Thy power,
And mercy never cease,
Thou canst the drunkard yet restore
To happiness and peace.

Come and strong drink remove,
And bring the better day,
When all men shall Thy precepts love,
And Thy commands obey.

5. SOON THE SONS. 6.5.

Words by W. Hoyle.
Music by Goss.



Soon the sons of England, on her seagirt shore, [drink no more ;
Shall rejoice in temperance, and shall
Lord, with every blessing, bless our temperance band, [mighty hand.
Of Thy goodness keep them with Thy

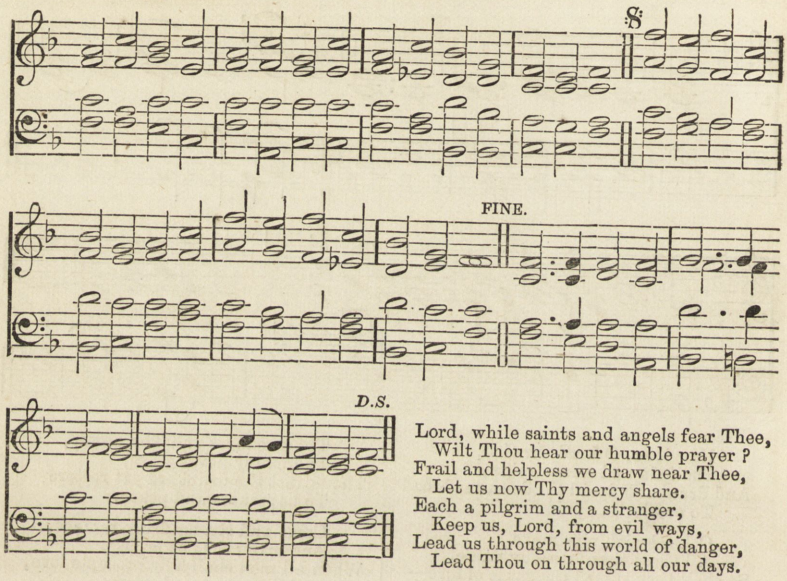
Though in homes of England sadness yet is found,
And a cry of sorrow rises all around ;
Boundless joy and pleasure through her land shall reign, [drink abstain.
When her sons and daughters shall from

Like the good in story let us labour on.
Still our course pursuing till the victory's won; [King,
Evermore confiding in our heavenly
He to rescue drunkards will deliverance bring.

Soon the sons of England, on her seagirt shore, [drink no more ;
Shall rejoice in temperance and shall
Then from folly rising shall they look on high, [the sky.
To their home and fatherland beyond

6. LORD, WHILE SAINTS. 8.7s.

Words by W. Hoyle.

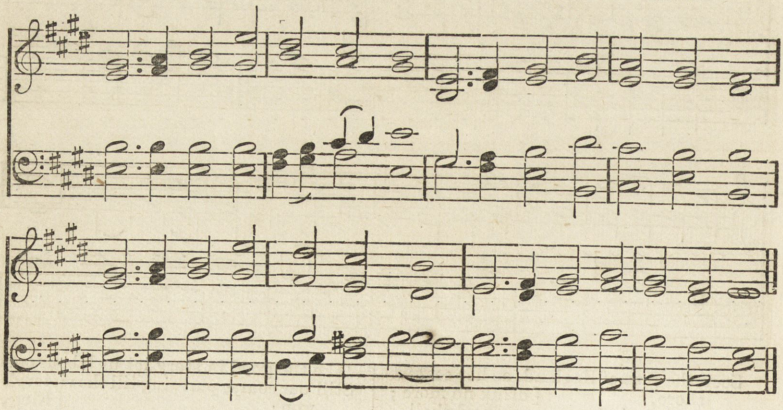


Lord, while saints and angels fear Thee,
Wilt Thou hear our humble prayer?
Frail and helpless we draw near Thee,
Let us now Thy mercy share.
Each a pilgrim and a stranger,
Keep us, Lord, from evil ways,
Lead us through this world of danger,
Lead Thou on through all our days.

Fallen is our favoured nation,
Sunk in sorrow and in shame;
Speed the Temperance reformation,
Every drunkard now reclaim.—Each, &c.

May we keep our vow recorded,
Looking daily unto Thee;
By Thy loving smile rewarded,
Striving drunkards to set free.—Each, &c.

7. LET US WITH. 7s.



Let us with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He, with all commanding might,
Fill'd the new-made world with light:
For His mercies, &c.

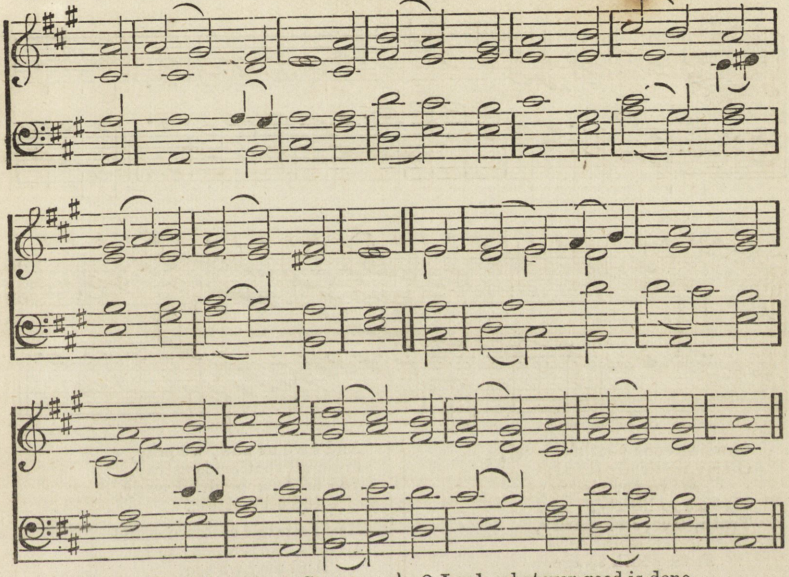
All things living he doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies, &c.

He hath, with a piteous eye,
Look'd upon our misery:
For His mercies, &c.

Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mercies, &c.

8. O LORD OUR GUARDIAN. L.M.

Words by W Hoyle.
Music by Knapp.



O Lord, our Guardian and our Stay,
Do Thou our humble efforts bless,
And every evil take away,
And spread the cause of righteousness.

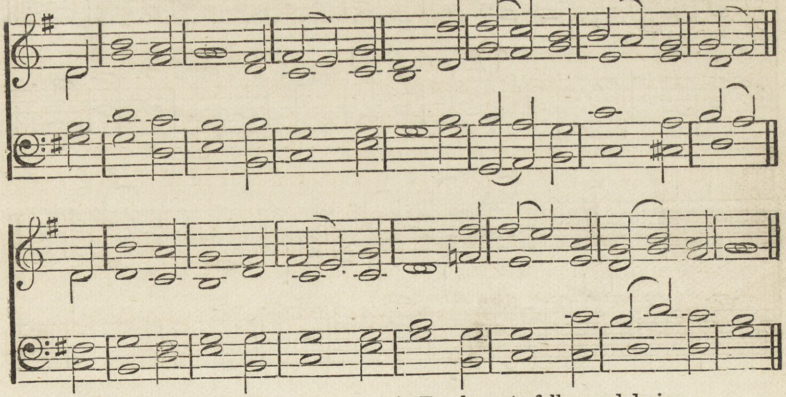
From day to day Thy power make known,
Thy wisdom and Thy truth divine;
And may we still Thy goodness own,
While round our path Thy mercies shine.

O Lord, whatever good is done,
Is through Thine arm Thy watchful care;
And brighter trophies shall be won
If Thou art only with us there.

The drunkard, Lord, in pity see,
A slave to Satan and to sin;
O teach him from his sin to flee,
Restore and make him clean within.

9. FATHER, IN EVERY. C.M.

Words by W. Hoyle.
Music by Webbe.



FATHER, in every work of love,
No danger need I fear;
Thou wilt Thy gracious aid afford,
For Thou art ever near.

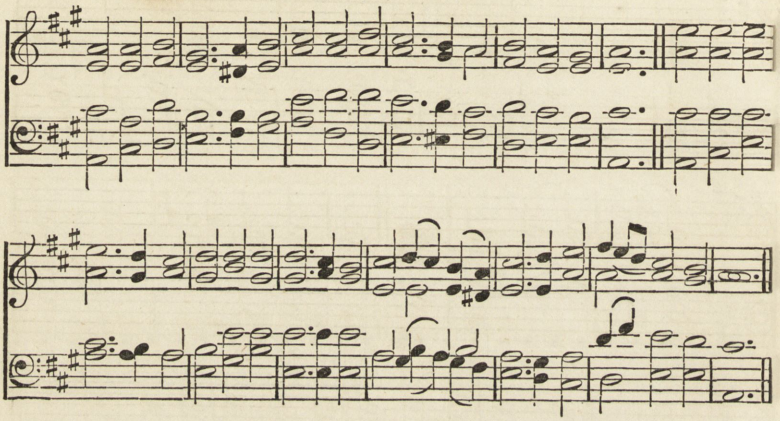
Then may I gladly labour still,
The temperance cause to spread,
Since Thou hast Thine approval shown,
In blessings freely shed.

Teach me to follow and desire
Whate'er Thou dost approve,
And help a weaker brother on,
In ways of truth and love.

O may Thy peaceful reign begin,
Thine utmost will be done,
Till all the nations of the earth
Thy majesty shall own.

10. GOD BLESS OUR YOUTHFUL.

Music by Dr. Bull.



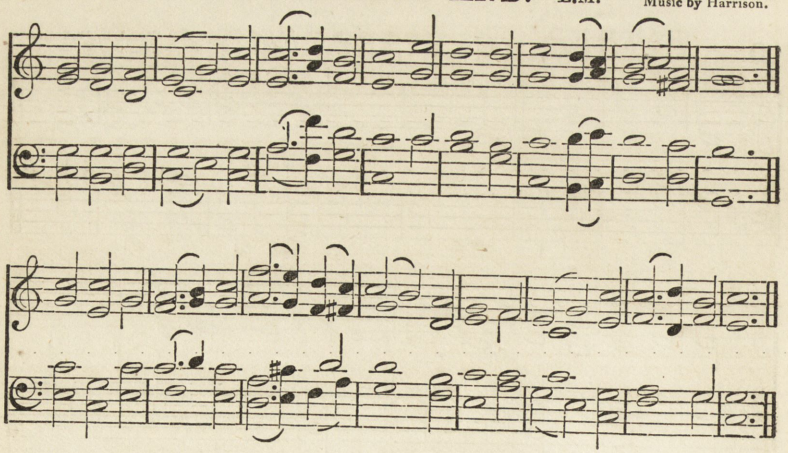
GOD bless our youthful band,
O may we firmly stand,
True to our pledge;
May we to liberty,
Truth, love, and charity,
Evermore faithful be,
From youth to age.

While for the drunkard's sake
All efforts, Lord we make,
Our labours bless;
And save us now, we pray,
From all that leads astray.
And take strong drink away,
And all distress.

May Britain's children stand
A noble temperance band,
And may we see
Our holy cause extend,
Until all nations blend,
And one great shout ascend,
"The world is free!"

11. LET TEMPERANCE AND. L.M.

Music by Harrison.



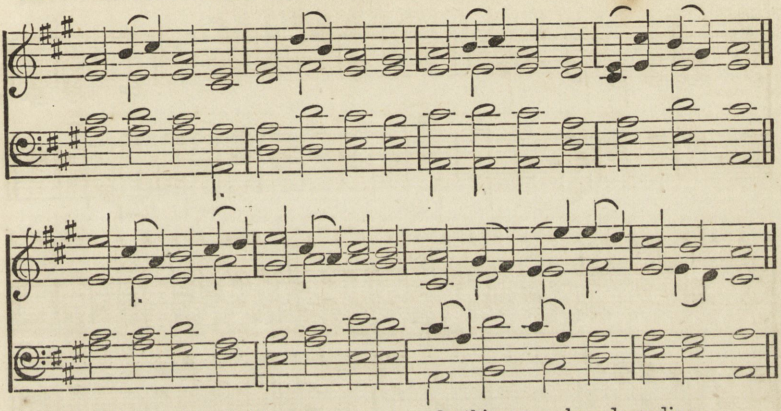
LET temperance and her sons rejoice,
And be their praises loud and long;
Let every heart and every voice
Conspire to raise a joyful song.

Loud let the anthem rise to God,
Whose favouring mercies so abound,
Swift let his praises fly abroad,
The circuit of the earth abound.

His children's prayer He deigns to grant,
He stays the progress of the foe;
And temperance, like a cherished plant,
Beneath His fostering care shall grow.

12. FATHER, IN THY LOVE. 8.7s.

Words by W. Hoyle.



FATHER, in thy love and mercy,
Look upon our temperance band;
In a world of sin and danger,
Still support us with Thy hand.

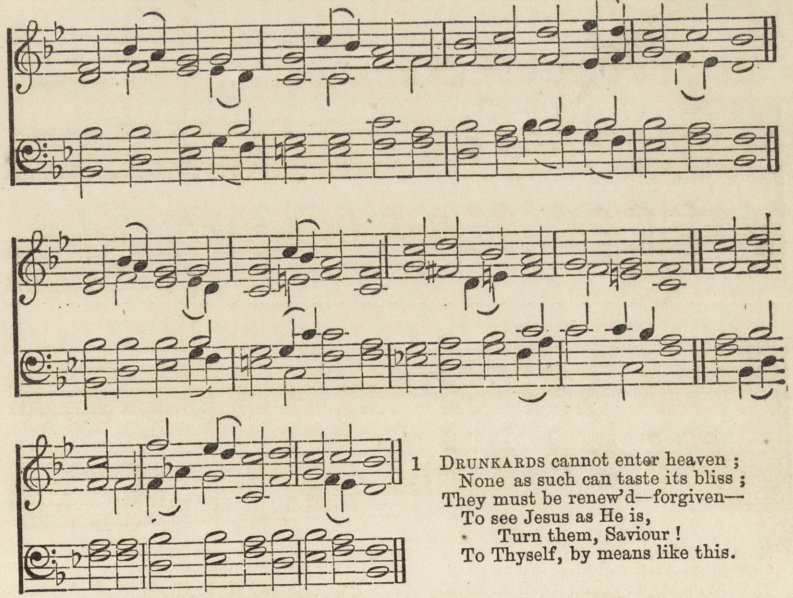
While to Thee we look for safety,
Thou wilt surely guide and bless,
And preserve us now and ever
In the paths of righteousness.

On thine arm alone depending.
Faithful ever may we prove;
Still our onward course pursuing,
In the work of truth and love.

And let joyful songs and praises
Fill our hearts from day to day,
While Thy goodness and Thy mercy
Flow to cheer us on our way.

13. DRUNKARDS CANNOT ENTER. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

Music by Stork.



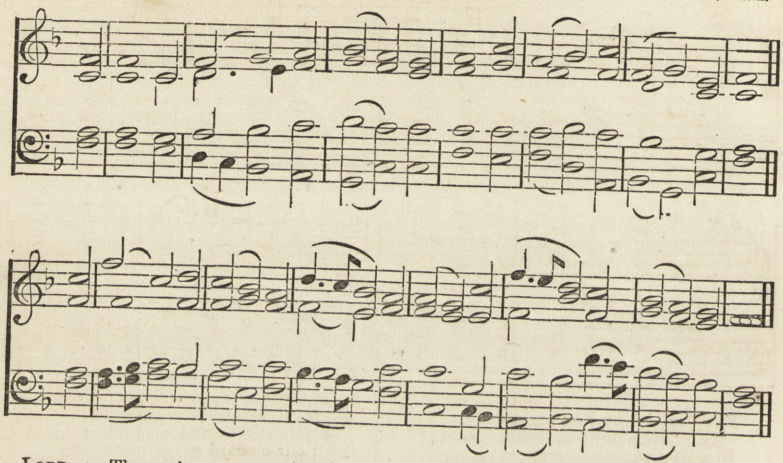
1 DRUNKARDS cannot enter heaven;
None as such can taste its bliss;
They must be renew'd—forgiven—
To see Jesus as He is,
Turn them, Saviour!
To Thyself, by means like this.

2 Look, with infinite compassion,
On these erring brethren, Lord!
While we seek their soul's salvation,
In obedience to Thy word,—
Turn them, Saviour!
With our efforts, grace afford.

3 Smile upon the work we're doing,
Draw men from the ways of sin,
Save them from eternal ruin,
From the dreadful path they're in;
Turn them, Saviour!
To Thy cross new trophies win.

14. LORD, ON THY SAVING. C.M.

Music by Smith.



LORD, on Thy saving grace alone
Our humble hopes depend;
O hear us from Thy gracious throne,
To us Thy blessing send.

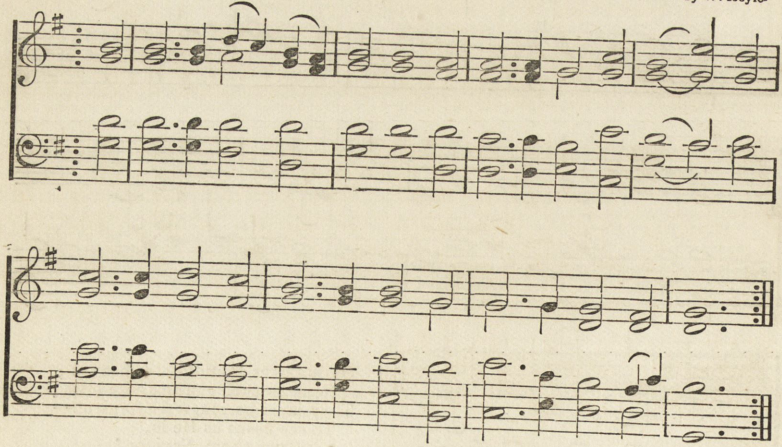
What awful crimes, increasing, rise
Through all our sinful isle!
What land so favoured from the skies!
What land so base and vile!

Regardless of Thy smile or frown,
Men still strong drink desire,
And sink with strange indifference down
To everlasting fire.

Stretch out Thy hand, Almighty Lord;
Thy saving power display;
'Till all men shall obey Thy word,
And strong drink flee away.

15. NOW PRAY WE.

Music by W. Hoyle.

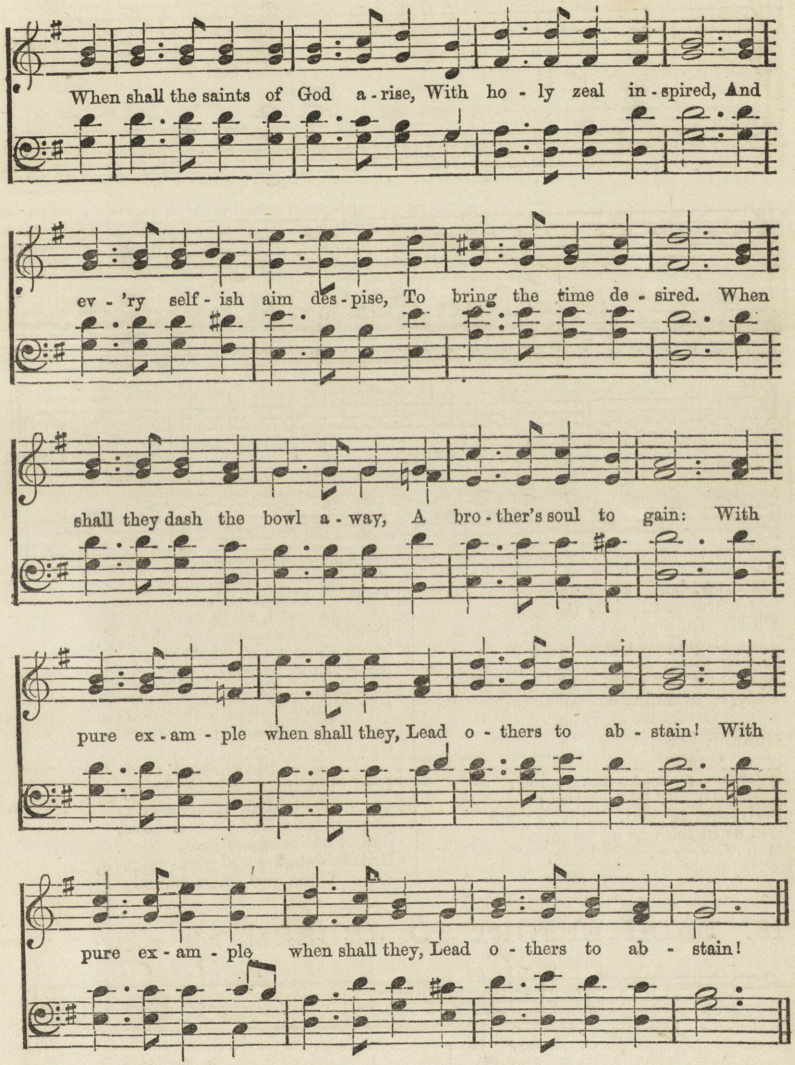


Now pray we for our country,
That England long may be
The holy and the happy,
And the gloriously free.
Who blesseth her is blessed,
So peace be in her walls,
And joy in all her palaces,
Her cottages and halls.

Now pray we for our country,
That she may still remain
The shield of those who would be free,
O'er Europe's wide domain.
Who trusteth her is trusted,
Where'er his footsteps roam,
So joy to every noble heart,
In every honest home.

16. WHEN SHALL THE SAINTS.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.



We send the gospel through the earth
That souls may reign on high,
Yet drunkards, though of English birth,
Beneath our gaze may die;
And with the Bible in our hands
We read their hopeless fate,
O can we thus keep God's commands,
And on our Saviour wait?

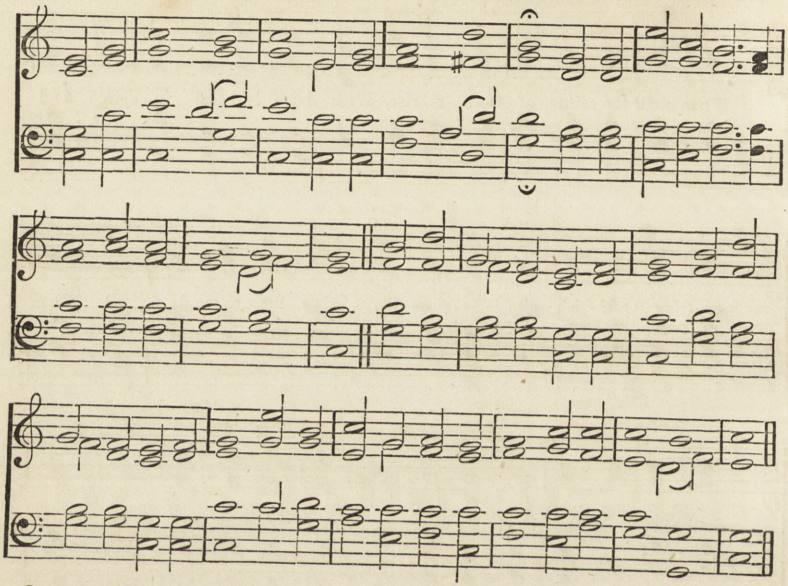
O blest Redeemer, Thou didst come
To raise the fallen up,
And in Thy shining courts there's room,
And for the vilest, hope.

Then let us not pass idly by,
While drunkards near us grieve;
Thou didst for each poor sinner die,
Lord teach us so to live.

O send Thy gracious Spirit down,
And every soul renew;
And from the humblest to the crown,
May each his duty do.
No hearts that faint, no faltering hands,
But strong, O Lord, in Thee,
Till all men follow Thy commands,
And Britain's curse shall flee.

17. ONWARD, LORD WE PRESS.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.



ONWARD, Lord, we press,
Onward, led by Thee,
Children of our land to bless,
Drunkards to set free;
Led by Thee, Almighty Lord,
Armed by Thy strong shield and sword,
Cheered by Thine eternal word,
Victors we shall be.

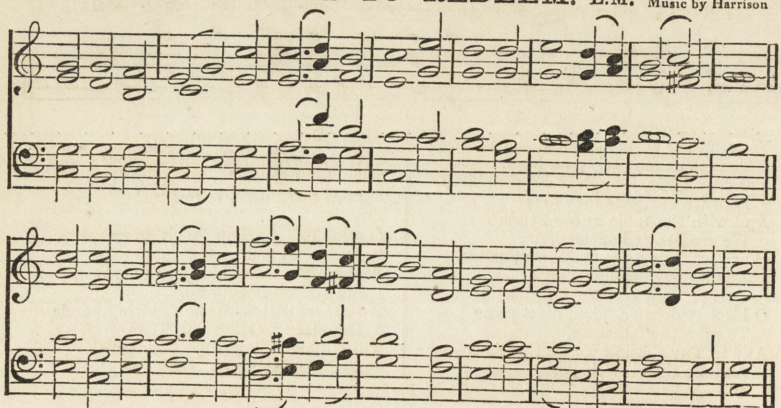
Onward, Lord, we go,
Onward, upward still,
Teaching youth and age below,
All Thy perfect will;
Scripture, science, history's page
Aid us in the war we wage,
Men of every rank and age,
Our brave army fill.

Onward, one and all,
Onward, all in one,
Friends of freedom, hear the call,
Cast the strongholds down.
Sixty thousand yearly die,
In a drunkard's grave they lie,
Christian, list their ghostly cry,
Put thine armour on.

Onward, evermore,
Onward to the end,
Lord, Thy blessing we implore,
Thou canst victory send;
Hear us from Thy throne above,
God of holiness and love,
Britain's shame and curse remove,
Thine own cause defend.

18. EACH EFFORT TO REDEEM. L.M.

Music by Harrison

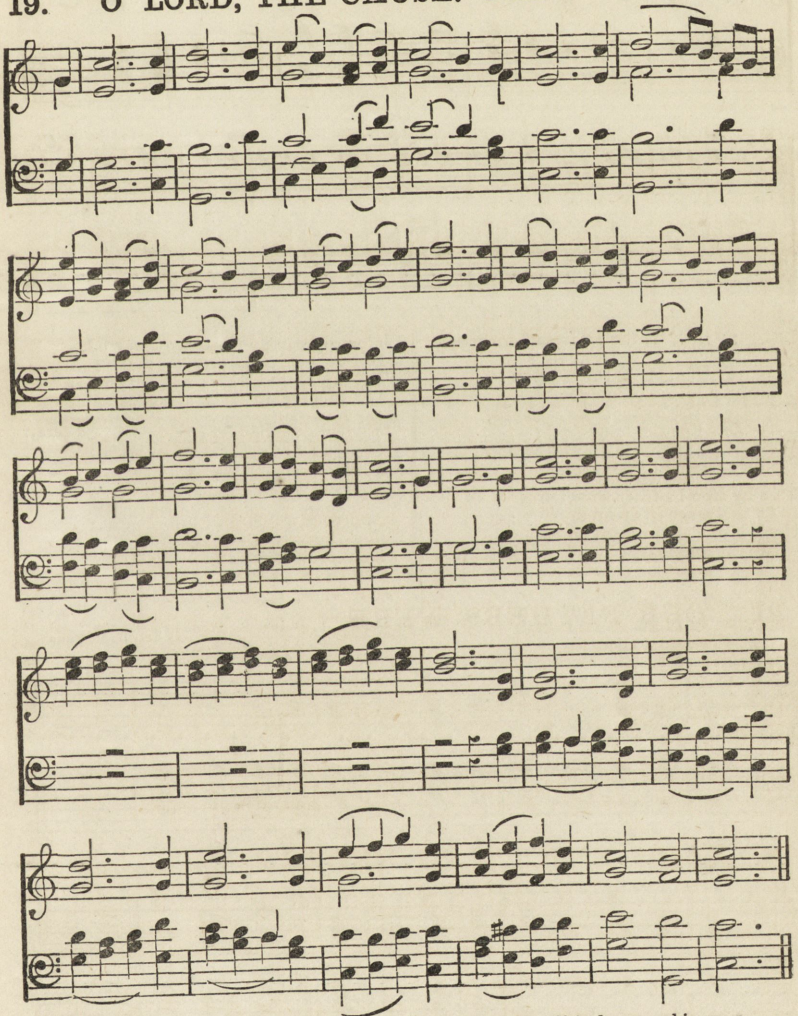


EACH effort to redeem our race,
Who by intemperance are made slaves,
And lead them back to paths of peace,
The blessing of our God receives.

Assured that He will still approve
And bless our labours to the end;
Let us in this employ of love
Look unto God our Guide and Friend.

19. O LORD, THE CAUSE. D.L.M.

Words by W. Hoyle.



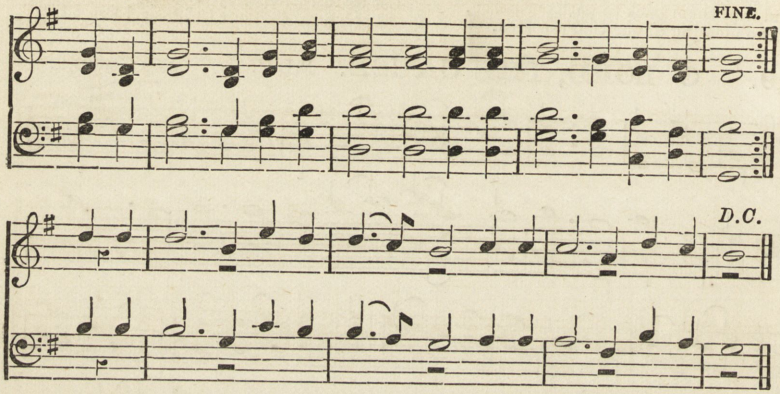
O LORD, the cause of temperance bless,
Crown every effort with success,
And let us never strive in vain;
Help, Thou, the drunkard to abstain.
In holy conflict lead us on,
Let Thine Almighty power be shown;
E'en though a host of foes unite,
Thine arm can spread the cause of right.

O Lord, our temperance speakers bless,
Fill them with zeal and holiness,
Thy wisdom, power, and grace bestow,
Nor let them faint or weary grow;

And may we all in love combine,
And walk in all Thy laws divine,
That all the world may know and see
True friends of temperance follow Thee.

Our bands of young abstainers bless,
O give to each Thy saving grace;
And make us all one army brave,
Forth led by Thee our land to save.
Come, and strong drink from earth remove,
And bring the time of joy and love;
Hear, Lord, the prayer Thy servants raise,
Thine be the glory, Thine the praise.

20. LEAGUED WITH ALL. 8.7.



LEAGUED with all the powers of darkness,
Foe to every friend of truth;
In our midst, behold the tempter
Dealing poison to our youth.
See him press, with gentle whisper,
To their lips the fatal bowl;
While its maddening drops bewilder
Every feeling of the soul.

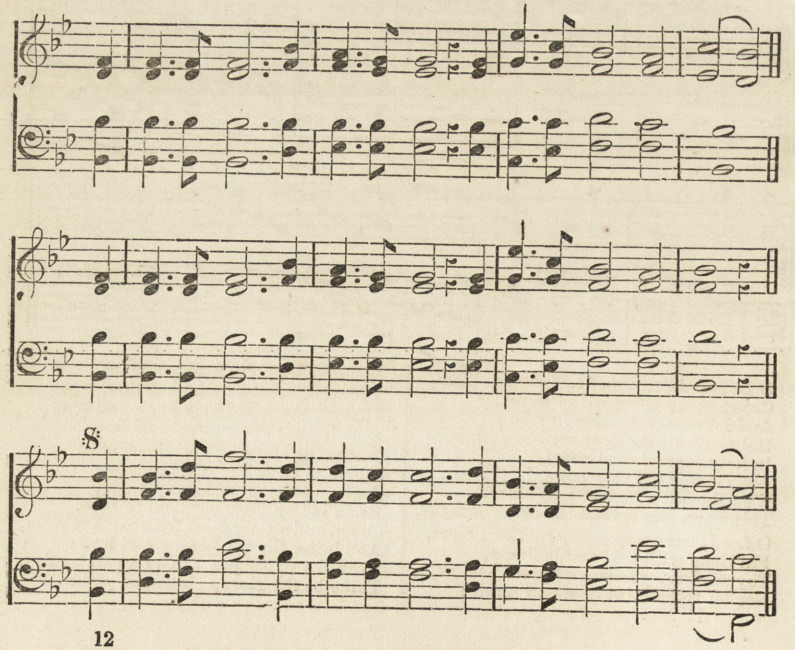
Step by step he leads the victim
To the verge of dread despair;
Hurls him o'er the brink of ruin,
Laughs and leaves him hopeless there.

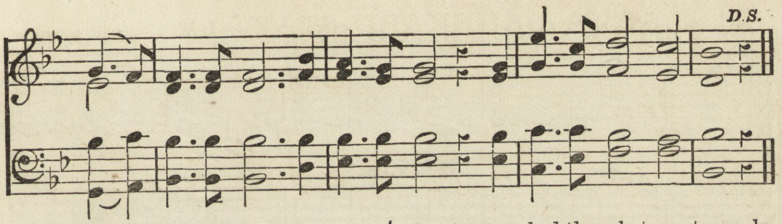
Widowed hearts and homes deserted,
Helpless children orphans made;
What a picture! God of mercy!
Let this cruel tide be stayed.

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

21. OUR FATHERS WERE. D.C.M.

Words by Rev. H. M. Gann





Our fathers were high-minded men
  Who firmly kept the faith;
To freedom and to conscience true,
  In danger and in death.
Nor should their deeds be e'er forgot,
  For noble men were they,
Who struggled hard for sacred rights,
  And bravely won the day.

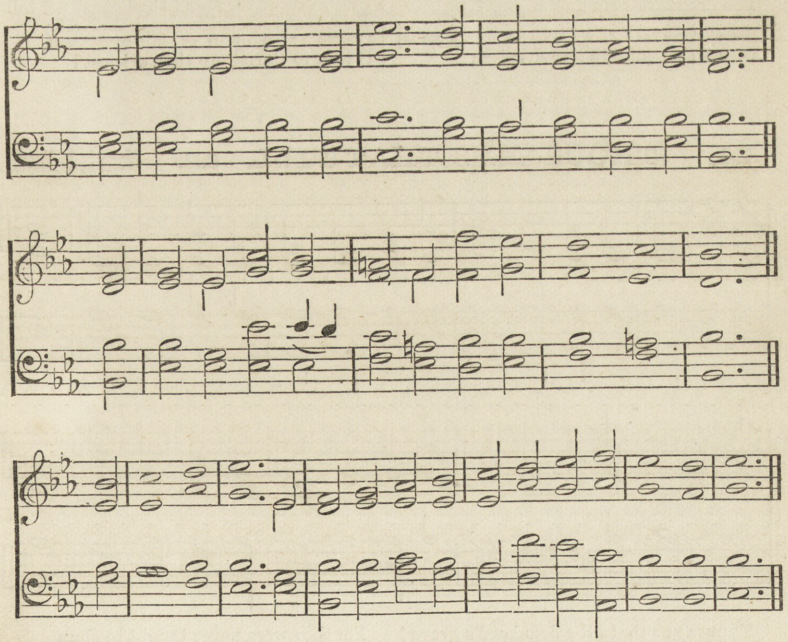
For all they suffered, little cared
  Those earnest men and wise;
Their zeal for Christ, their love of truth,
  Made them the shame despise.

Great names had they, but greater souls,
  True heroes of their age,
That, like a rock in stormy seas,
  Defied opposing rage.

And such as our forefathers were
  May we their children be,
And in our hearts their spirit live,
  That baffled tyranny.
O we will bear and we will do
  Whatever must be done,
'Till for this good old cause of truth
  The victory shall be won.

22. PLEDGED IN A NOBLE. P.M.

Music by Darwell.



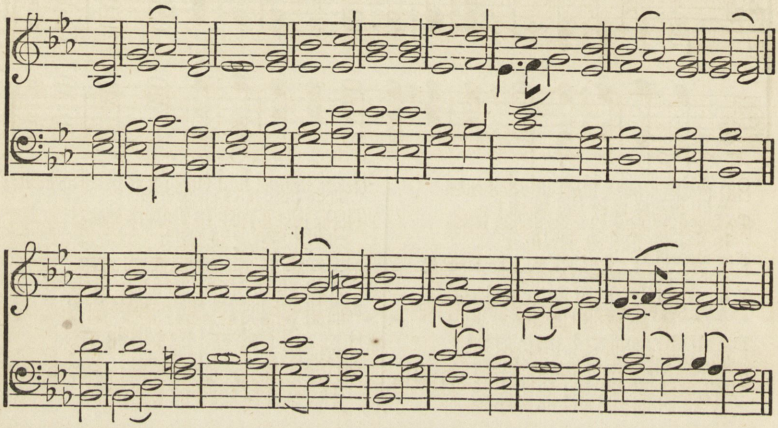
PLEDGED in a noble cause,
  We here each other greet,
And, bound by temperance laws,
  As friends and brethren meet,
To make a full determined stand
Against the foe that rules our land.

Our Leader is the Lord,
  Who reigns from pole to pole,
And swiftly at His word
  The mighty thunders roll;
Forth led by Him our faithful band
Shall chase intemperance from the land.

Then let us onward press,
  Our cause is good and great,
Cheered by our past success,
  We'll make the foe retreat;
Nor for a moment quarter give,
Resolved for truth to work and live.

23. STAY, DRUNKARD STAY. L.M.

Music by Miller.



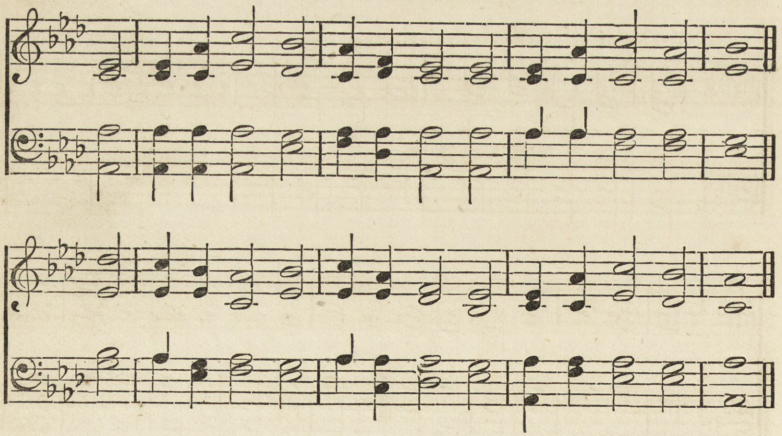
STAY, drunkard, stay! thine is the road,
That leads from virtue and from God;
Wilt thou not pause awhile and see,
The drunkard's sin and misery?

Stay, drunkard, stay! while mercy cries,
Do not that pitying love despise;
Look unto Christ—His grace receive,
Forsake strong drink—repent—believe.

Stay, drunkard, stay! thou canst not tell
How near thou art to death and hell;
On sin's rough billows thou art toss'd,
O look to Christ ere thou art lost!

24. THOUSANDS THAT FILL. C.M.

Music by L. Mason.
Words by W. Hoyle.



THOUSANDS that fill a drunkard's grave
To us a warning tell,
For years they lived a sinful life,
Nor thought of death or hell.

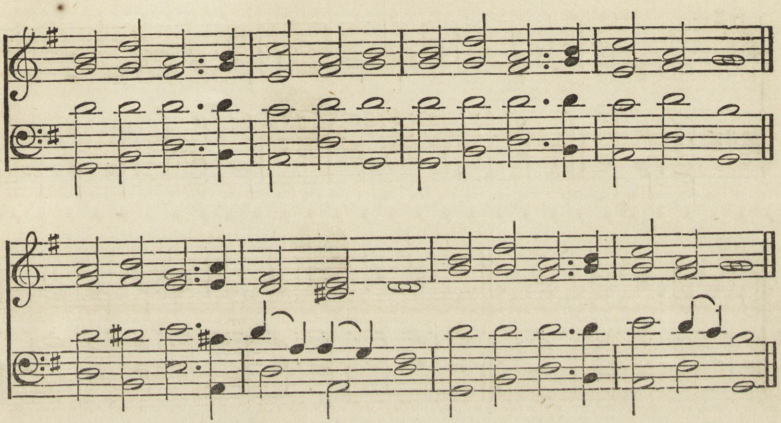
Once they were children young and free,
And read God's holy Word,
And sung in many a Sabbath school
The praises of the Lord.

But ere their youthful days were past
They learned the drunkard's way,
For they were never taught to shun
The drink that leads astray.

We thank Thee, Lord, that Bands of Hope
Are rising all around,
That children now may tread the road
Where purest joys abound.

O may we love the Band of Hope,
And may it ever be
The hope of England and the world,
Leading the soul to Thee.

25. WHO HATH SORROW. 7s.



WHO hath sorrow ? who hath woe ?
Who hath babbling ? who hath strife ?
Who to swift destruction go,
Turning from the path of life ?

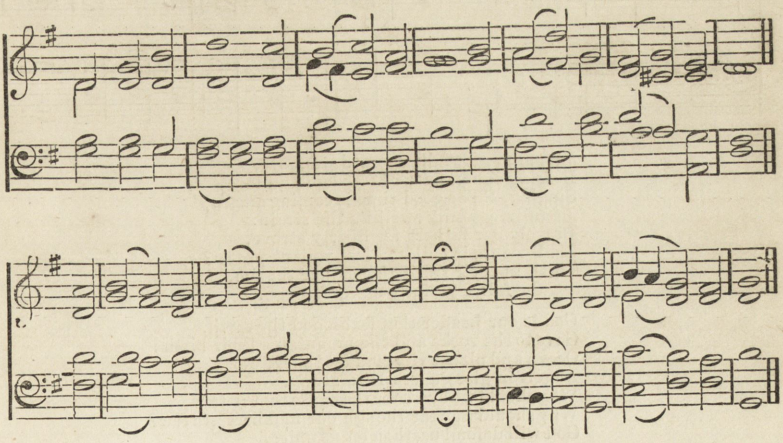
They that tarry at the wine,—
They that love the feast and song ;—
They that fiery drinks combine,—
Early haste, and tarry long.

Look not on the wine when red,
When it foams and sparkles bright ;
Lo, it hides an adder's head ;
Like a serpent it will bite.

Drinker, turn and leave the bowl,
Drunkards cannot enter heaven;
Christ hath died to save thy soul,
Flee to Him and be forgiven.

26. A LITTLE, 'TIS.

Music by Hawels



A LITTLE, 'tis a little word,
But much may in it dwell ;
Then let the warning truth be heard,
And learn the lesson well.

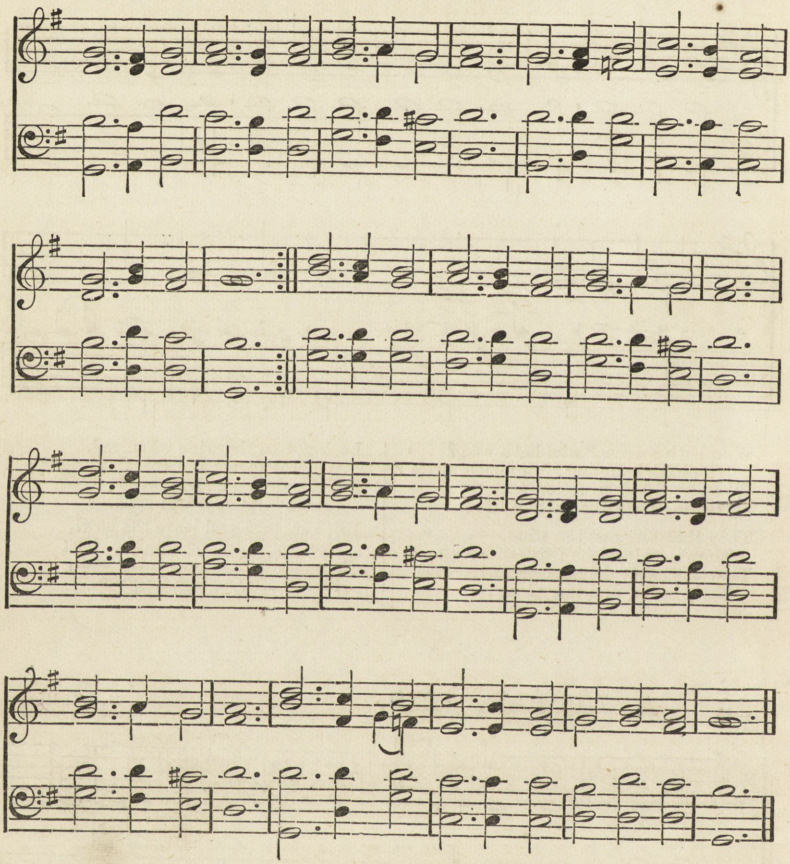
A little drink seems safe at first,
Exerting little power,
But soons begets a raging thirst,
Which cries for more and more.

The appetite, once formed, thus feeds
'Till the strong man is bound,
And so the way of ruin leads
Downward like slippery ground.

Just as the largest rivers run
From small and distant springs,
The greatest crimes which men have done,
Have grown from little things.

27. JOYFULLY.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.



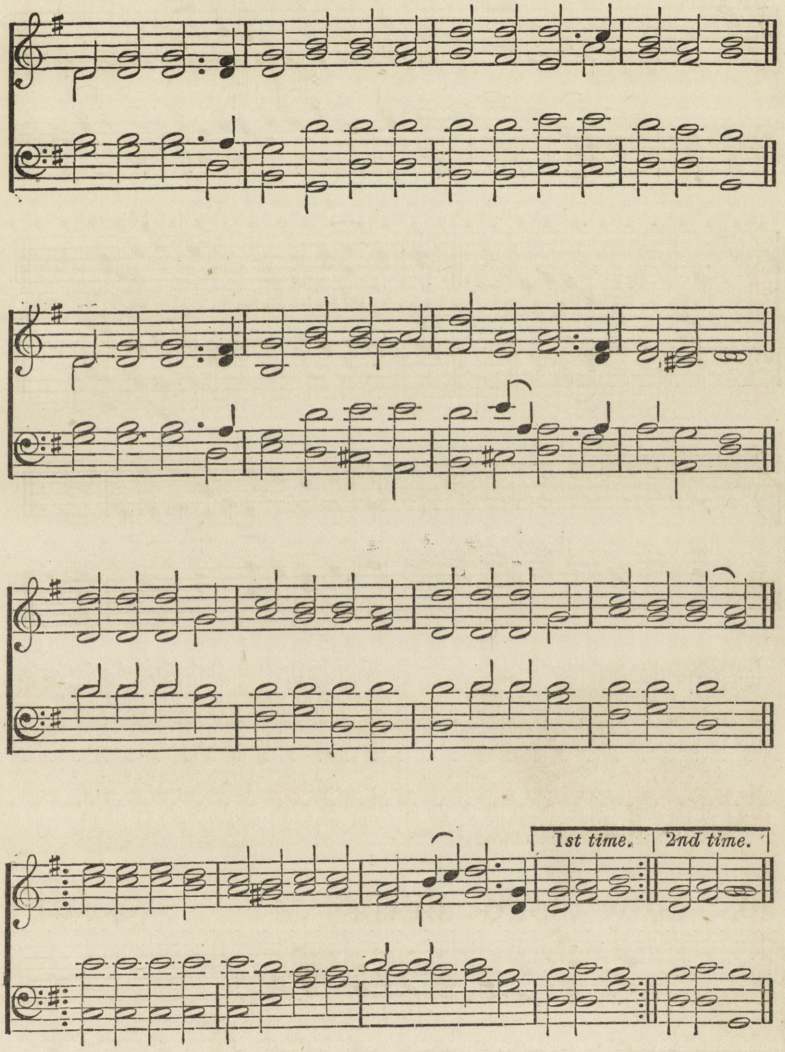
JOYFULLY, joyfully onward we move,
Bearing the banner of freedom and love,
Singing, "The good time is coming amain,"
Joyfully, joyfully swelling the strain.
Bravely our fathers for liberty strove,
Shall we their children less valiant prove ?
Forth in their spirit to conquer the foe,
Joyfully, joyfully onward we go.

God is our Leader that fashioned the earth,
Gave to the rocks and the mountains their birth :
Ocean and planet His mandate obey,
Angels in glory adore Him alway.
Why should we blush for the cause that is true,
Why should we fear though our numbers are few?
God will defend us, then let us unite,
Joyfully, joyfully shout for the right.

Deeds that are noble may yet be achieved,
Hearts that are wounded may yet be relieved!
Truth is eternal and never can fail,
Onward, brave comrades, for we shall prevail.
Soon shall the glad time of victory appear,
Soon shall the nations awake far and near,
Shouting, "Hurrah for the glorions day!"
Joyfully, joyfully let us away.

28. ONWARD, ONWARD!* 8.7.

Music by Mendelssohn.



ONWARD, onward! band victorious,
Rear the temperance banner high;
Thus far has your course been glorious,
Now your day of triumph's nigh.
Vice and error flee before you,
As the darkness flies the sun;
Onward! victory hovers o'er you,
Soon the battle will be won.

Onward, onward! songs and praises
Ring to heaven's topmost arch;
Wheresoe'er your standard rises,
And your conquering legions march.

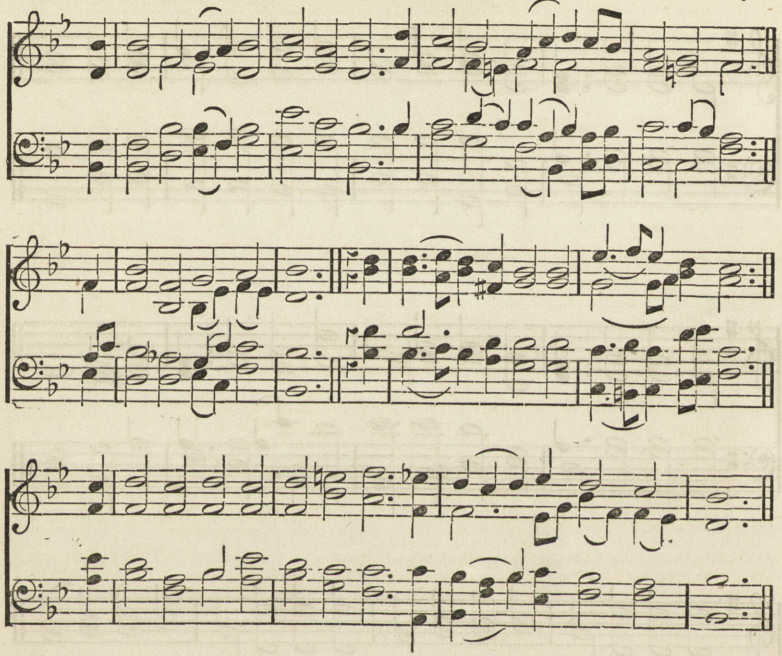
Gird the temperance armour on you,
Look for guidance from above;
God and angels smile upon you—
Hasten, then, your work of love,

To the vendor and distiller
Thunder truth with startling tone;
Swell the accents louder, shriller,—
Make their sin and folly known.
Every evil custom alter,
Ye shall more than conqu'rors be.
Onward, onward! never falter,
Cease not till the earth is free.

* See Second Tune, 11b.

29. HOW HAPPY THE. 8.8.6.8.8.6.

Words by W. Hoyle.



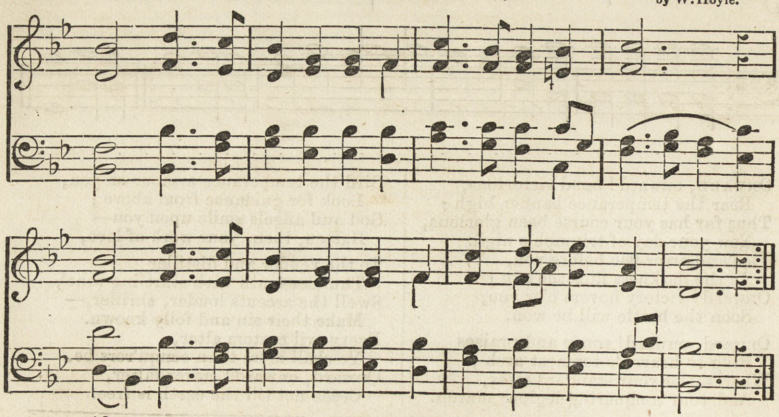
How happy the abstainer is
Who adds to temperance godliness,
And walks in wisdom's way.
Within his home what joys abound;
His children and his wife are found
Rejoicing every day.

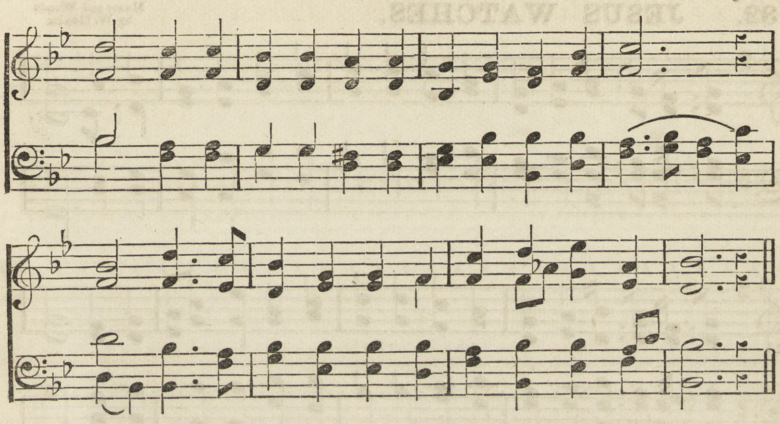
No angry words, no bitter strife,
No more intemp'rance clouds their life
With wretchedness and woe;
Trusting in God, their Friend and Guide,
Each daily want from Him supplied,
Their home is heav'n below.

Encouraged by new trophies won,
O shall we not press bravely on
More happy homes to make?
Leading each drunkard to abstain,
And onward heavenly joys to gain
For our dear Saviour's sake.

30. HOW LONG SHALL. 7.5.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.





How long shall Christian England
Lead her sons astray,
Wide open Satan's palace
On God's holy day.
How long shall myriads worship
At the unholy shrine,
Seek pleasures false and fatal;
Barter hopes divine?
Lord, from Thy throne of glory
Hear us while we pray,
Stay now this cruel traffic
On Thy holy day.

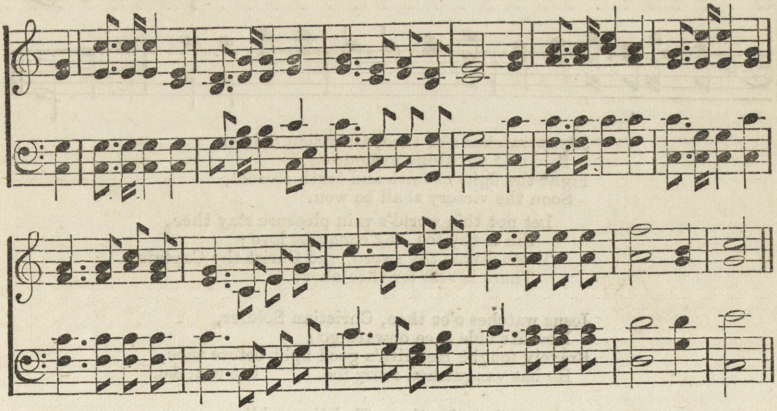
Homes cheerless, weeping mothers,
Children wan and bare,
Vain, wayward, fiendish fathers,
Fruits of drinking are.
Fair forms in anguish lying,
O the heartrending pains!
Graves filled with helpless victims,
Men in felon's chains.
Lord, &c.

We vainly spread the Bible,
Make the gospel known,
Were Satan comes with strong drink
Reason to dethrone.
Hush'd is the voice of conscience
'Neath the ensnaring bowl,
Heav'n finds no place of resting
For the drunkard's soul.
Lord, &c.

(*Repeat first verse.*)

31. PRESS ON WE WILL. C.M.

Music by L. Mason.



PRESS on we will, and nobly bear
Whatever must be borne;
Forth led by heaven's Almighty King,
We fear no idle scorn.

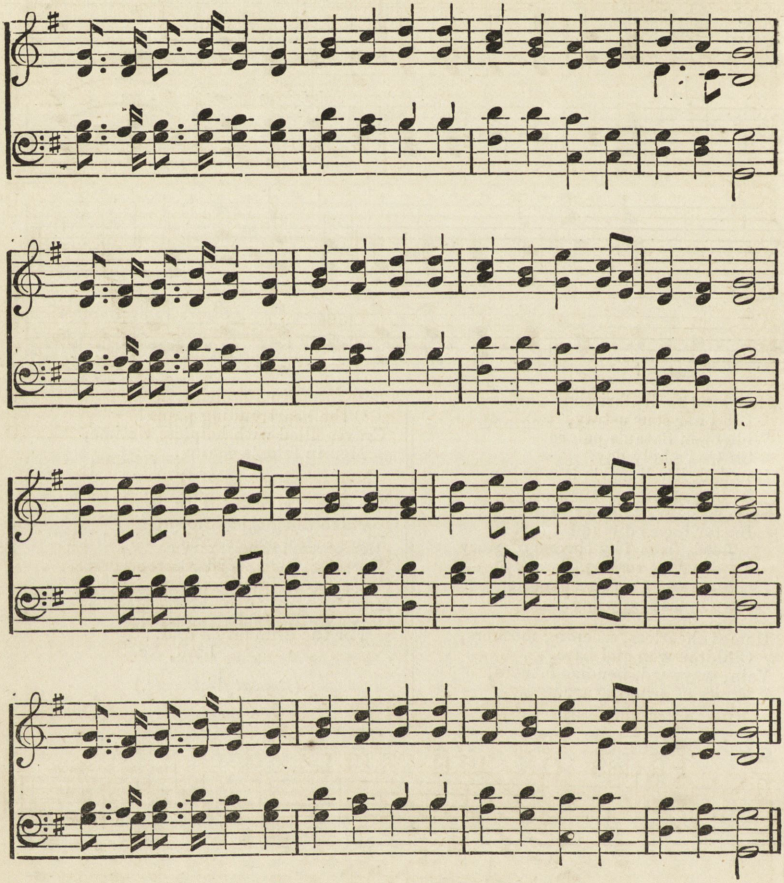
No danger shall our cause delay,
No foemen make us yield,
Soon shall we wave exultingly
Our banners o'er the field.

No dying groans, no mother's tears,
Shall mar our triumph hymn;
No blood shall stain our battle flag,
No cloud our glories dim.

Lo! now there follows in our train
A holy, happy throng;
They come, the wise and good abstain,
And swell our festal song.

32. JESUS WATCHES.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.



JESUS watches o'er thee, Christian Soldier,
Rise and put thine armour on,
Fight the fight of faith and truth eternal,
Soon the victory shall be won.

Let not this world's vain pleasure stay thee,
Sin is thy foe, thy conquest love;
Truth divine thy sword, and Christ thy Captain,
There is rest for thee above.

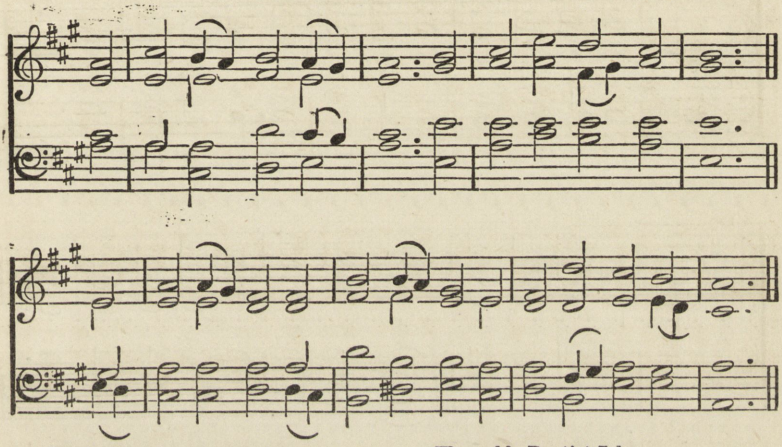
Jesus watches o'er thee, Christian Soldier,
Now He bids thee onward go;
Bravely fought He faith's good fight before thee,
He has vanquished every foe. Let not, &c.

Jesus watches o'er thee, Christian soldier,
Labour still a world to save,
Deeds of love and mercy, when thou fallest,
Shall not perish in the grave. Let not, &c.

Jesus watches o'er thee, Christian Soldier,
Martyrs, prophets, saints look down:
Hear their song of joy and shout of triumph,
Haste to win thy glorious crown. Let not, &c.

33. BOLD SAMSON. S.M.

Harmony by W. Hoyle.



BOLD Samson, strongest man,
From drinks and wine abstained,
Then surely strength and robust health
Are not by drinking gained.

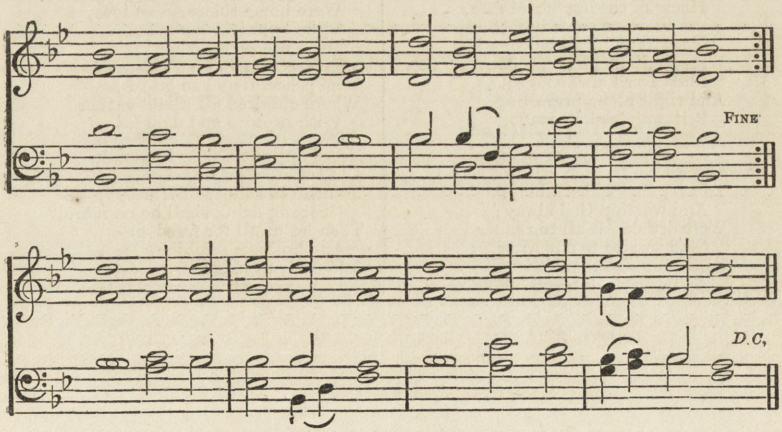
Daniel, so truly good,
Would not himself defile
With wine that royal princes drank,
Nor make his conscience vile.

The noble Baptist John
Drank water bright and free;
And Paul, to save a brother weak,
Abstainer pure would be.

With these examples then,
Of wisdom, truth, and grace,
I may with joy from drink abstain,
And run the heavenly race.

34. FAR OVER LAND.

Words by W. Hoyle.



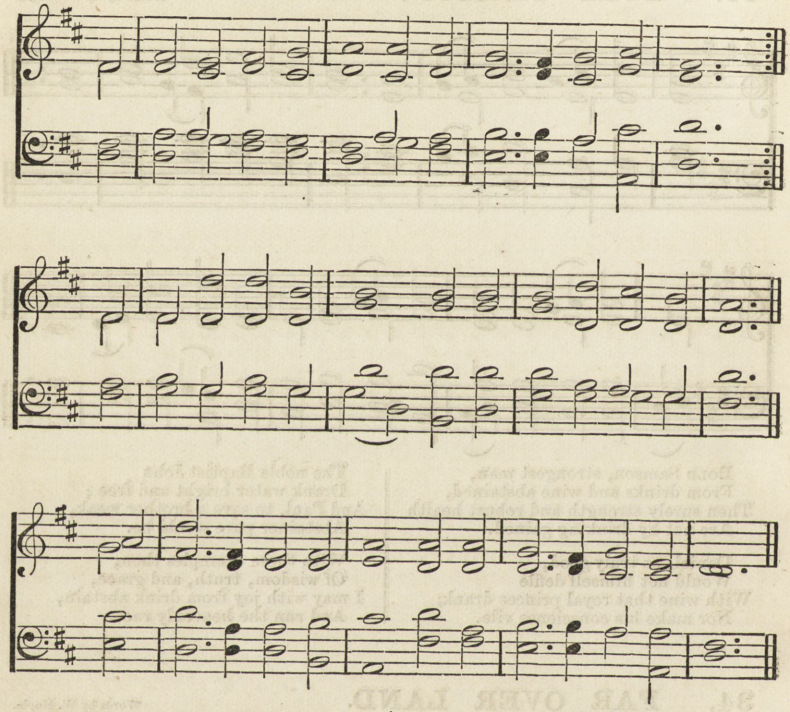
FAR over land and sea,
Spread, O spread the temperance cause,
Where sin and man may be, Spread, &c.
Where human foot has trod,
In every dark abode,
Lifting the soul to God, Spread, &c.

In mercy to mankind, Spread, &c.
The broken heart to bind, Spread, &c.
For blessings here below,
From truth and temperance flow,
Then, Christian, onward go, Spread, &c.

Still onward like the brave, Spread, &c.
The young and old to save. Spread, &c.
Now labour while you may,
Now learn to watch and pray.
And send strong drink away. Spread &c.

35. HOW HAPPY WOULD. 7.6.

Words by W. Hoyle.



How happy would be England,
Home of the brave and free,
Were there no souls in fetters,
No strong drink's slavery;
Were truth alone regarded,
And sacred laws obeyed.
And right alone prevailing,
Britannia's glory made.

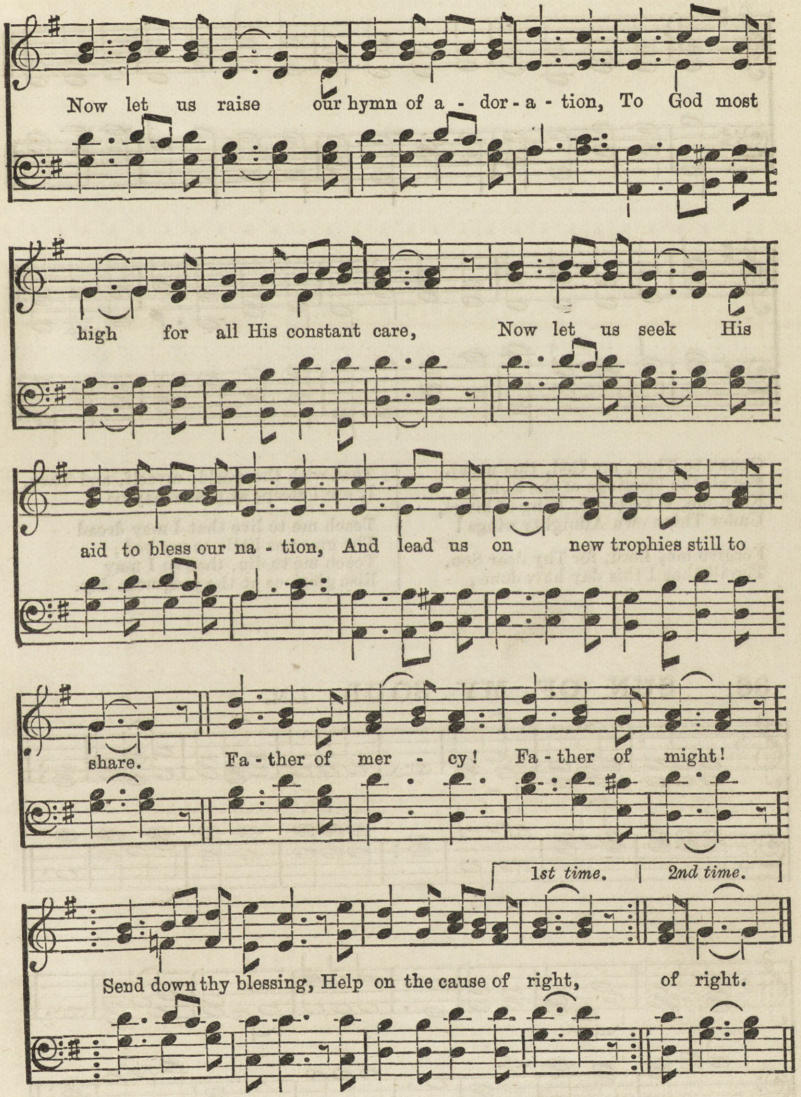
How happy would be England,
Were all that go astray
To keep the Sabbath holy,
And worship God alway;
Were drunkards all to render
Glad service to our King,
Forsaking scenes of folly,
And every evil thing.

How happy would be England,
Were home the scene of love,
And daily prayer ascended
Unto the throne above;
Each dwelling like an Eden,
So peaceful and so bright,
Where children all would gather
With rapture and delight.

How happy would be England,
Were all upon her shore
To raise the shout of triumph,
"Strong drink shall be no more!"
Then let us all for freedom
And holiness combine,
And God, in love and mercy,
Will spread the cause divine.

36. NOW LET US RAISE.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.

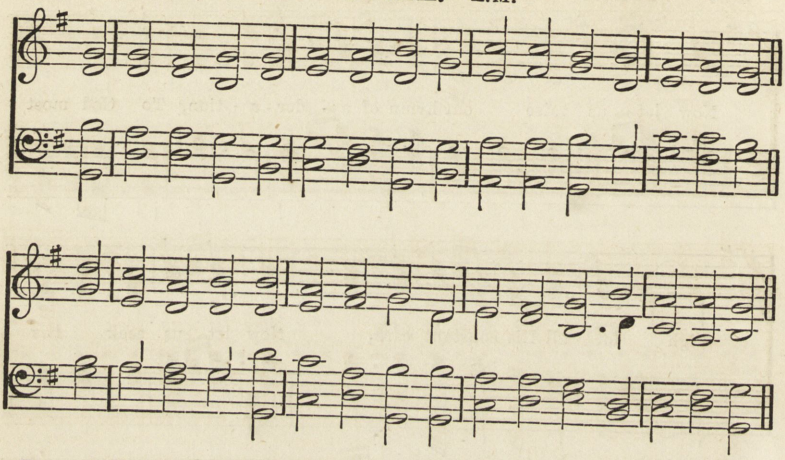


Many around our friendly aid are needing;
Gladly we go, as we have gone before,
Only, O Lord, send down Thy Spirit's pleading;
Feeble are we, Thy guidance we implore. Father, &c.

We thank Thee, Lord, for every joy and blessing
Thy love hath been thro' all the years now flown;
Follies and sins again we come confessing;
Pardon we crave, and strength to follow on, &c.

Lord, raise Thou up true men to bless our nation;
Till drunkards all shall walk in wisdom's ways;
Fierce is the strife, O bring the reformation;
Thine is the power, to Thee be all the praise, &c.

37. GLORY TO THEE. L.M.

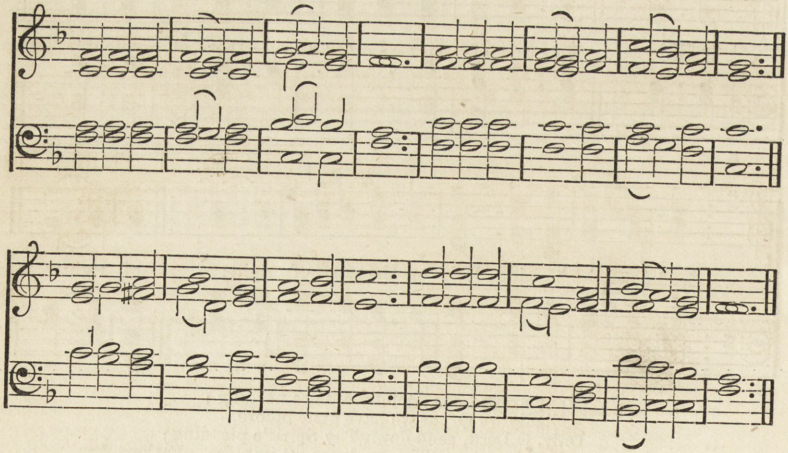


GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under Thine own Almighty wings!

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day.

38. SUN OF MY SOUL. L.M.



SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from thy servant's eyes.

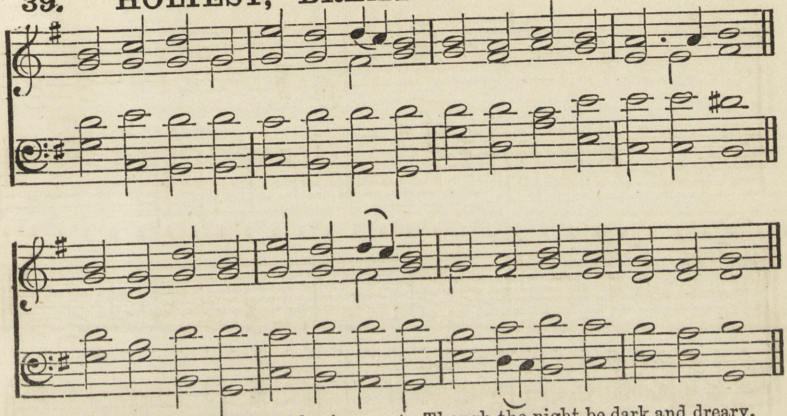
When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

Come near, and bless us when we wake;
Ere through the world our way we take;
'Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

39. HOLIEST, BREATHE. 8.7.

Music by Winter.
Words by J. Edmeston.



HOLIEST, breathe an ev'ning blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

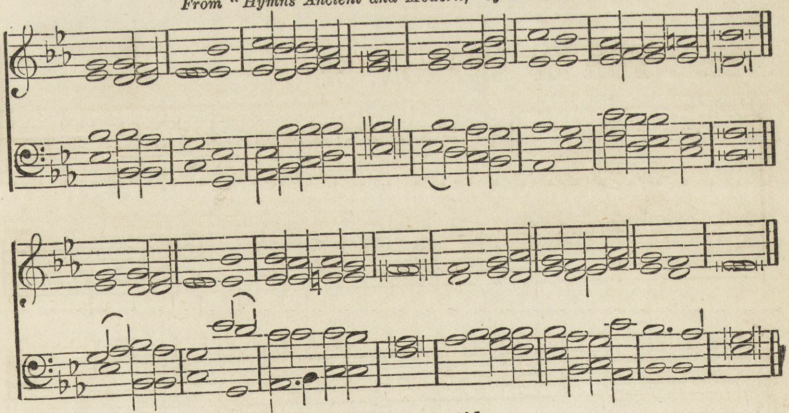
Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee.
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

40. ABIDE WITH ME. 10s.

Music by W. H. Monk.
Words by H. F. Lyte.

From "Hymns Ancient and Modern," by Permission.



ABIDE with me, fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O, abide with me.

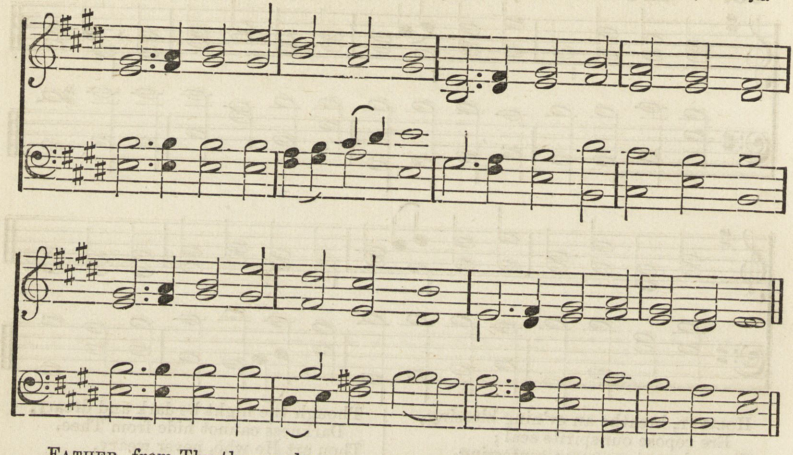
Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day:
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour—
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r,
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

41. FATHER, FROM THY. 7's.

Words by W. Hoyle.



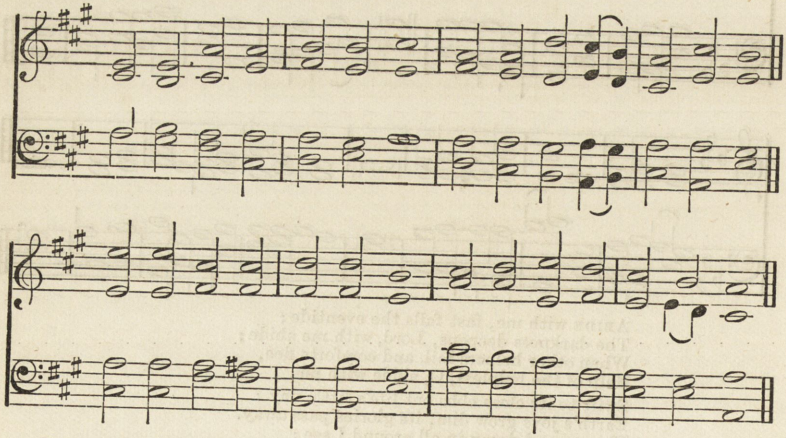
FATHER, from Thy throne above,
Hear the grateful song we raise;
Thou, the source of light and love,
Worthy art of loftier praise.

Humble efforts we have made,
Trusting in Thy power and might,
And Thy mercy brought us aid
For the cause of truth and right.

All the praise we give to Thee,
For the victory, Lord, is Thine;
Only let us faithful be,
Still receive Thy power divine.

Leader of each faithful band,
May we labour while we live,
Spread the good cause through our land,
Blessings to the drunkard give.

42. FOR A SEASON. 7s.



FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

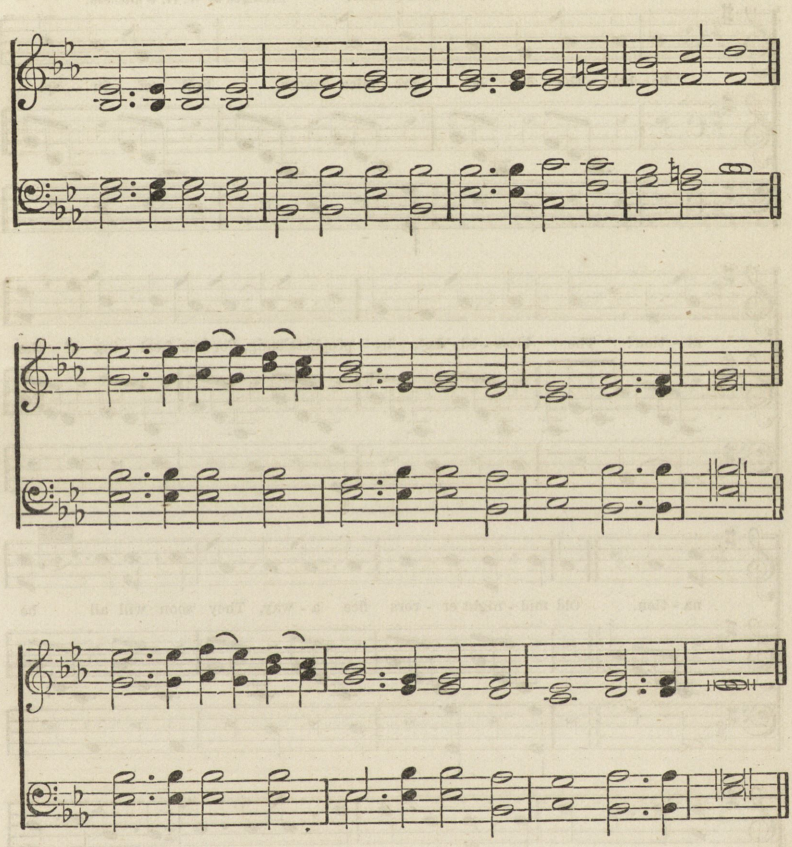
Jesus, hear our humble prayer;
Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Let Thy mercy and Thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

What we each have now been taught,
Let our memories retain;
May we, if we live, be brought
Here to meet in peace again.

Then, if Thou instruction bless,
Songs of praises shall be given;
We'll our thankfulness express,
Here on earth, and when in heaven.

43. FATHER, THOU ART.

Music by L. Mason.
Words by W. Hoyle.



FATHER, Thou art great and holy,
Hear us when we bend the knee,
Make us humble, meek, and lowly,
Guide us to Thee.

Saints and angels fall before Thee,
Where the soul is ever free,
Humbly still we would adore Thee,
Guide us to Thee.

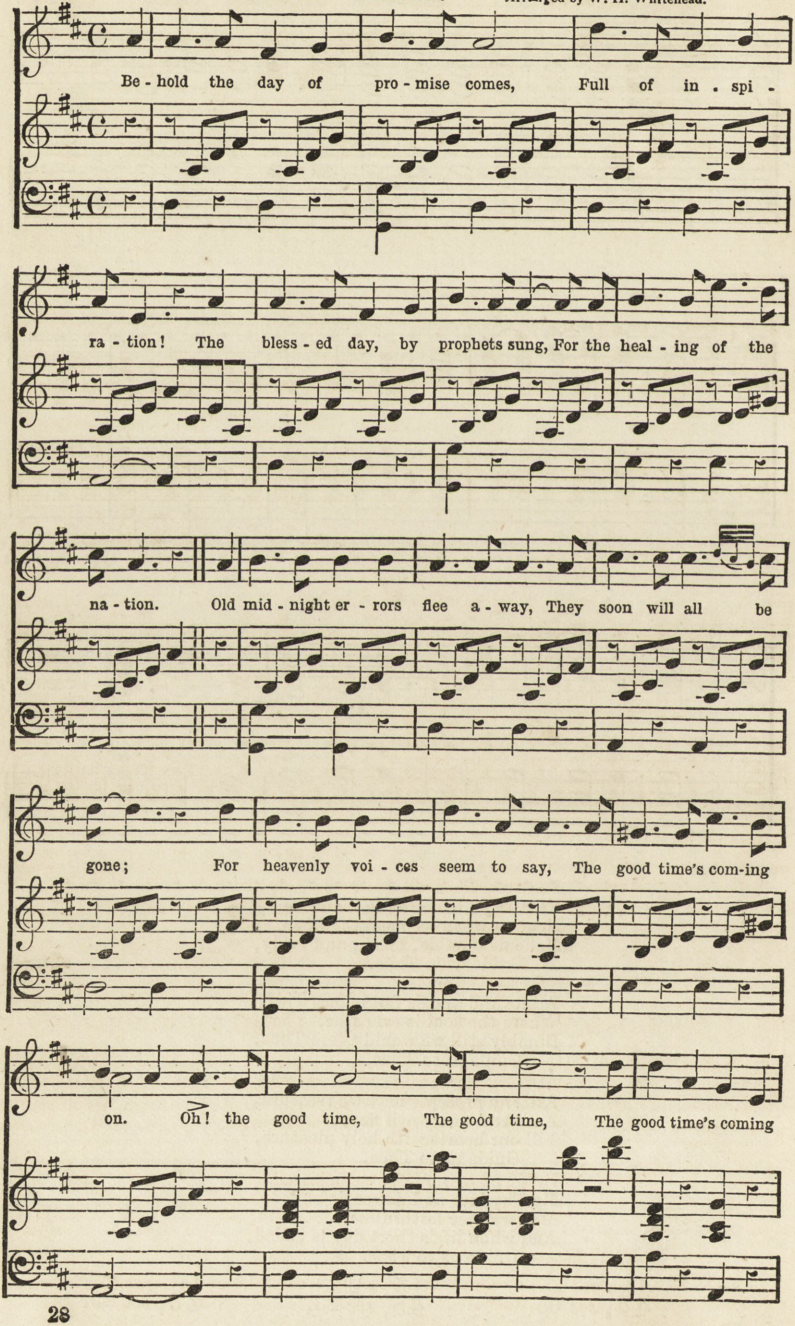
All Thy precepts may we treasure,
And from every evil flee,
Fill our hearts with holy pleasure,
Guide us to Thee.

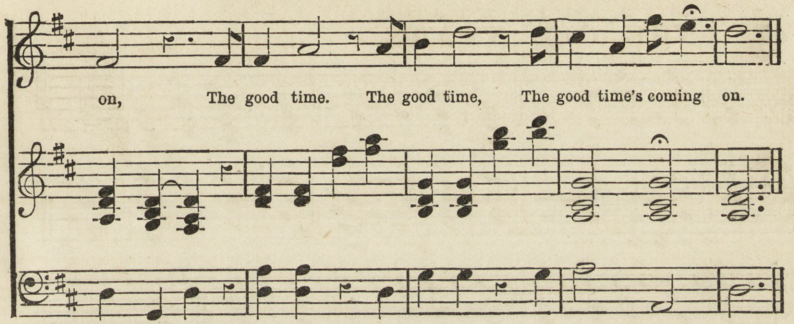
By Thy love and power defended,
May we ever faithful be,
And when life's short day is ended,
Guide us to Thee.

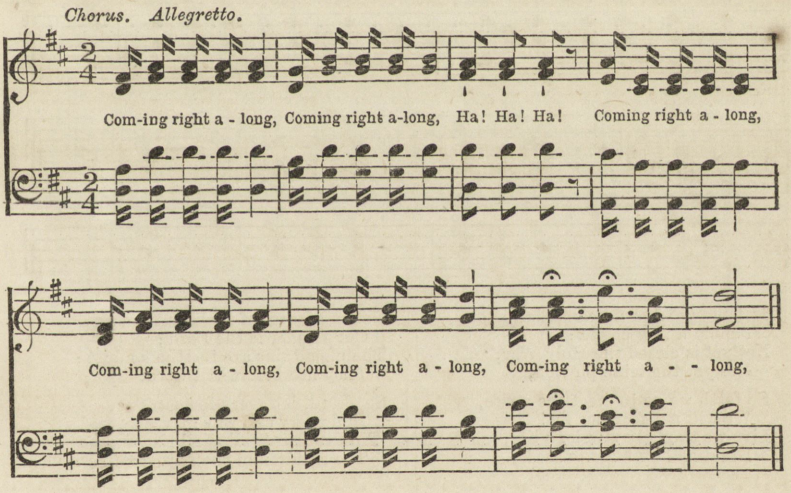
44, *see* 65. **45**, *see* 23. **46**, *see* 25.

46a THE GOOD TIME.

Music and Words by Hutchinson Family.
Arranged by W. H. Whitehead.







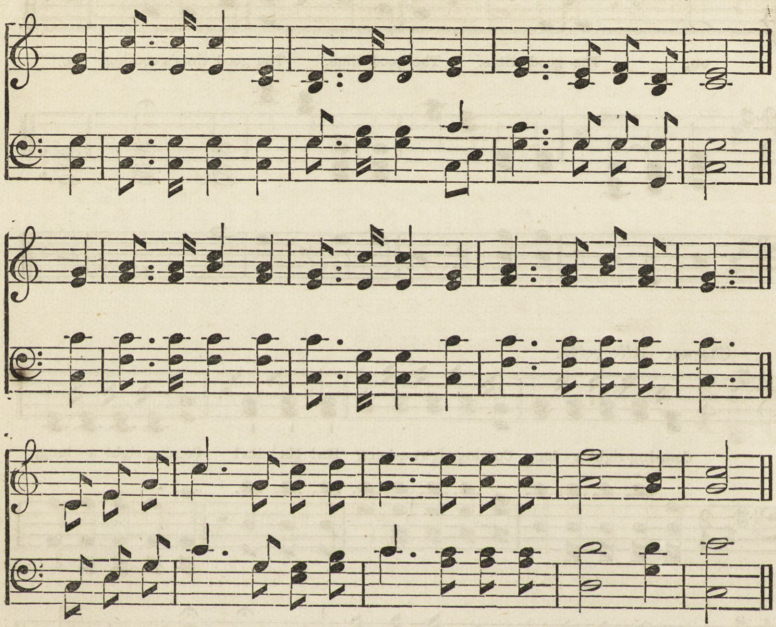
Already in the golden east,
The glorious light is dawning,
And watchmen from the mountain top,
Can see the blessed morning :
O'er all the land their voices ring,
To rouse the world from slumber,
And even sluggard souls now spring,
To join the conqu'ror's number,
Oh! the good time, &c.

The captive now begins to rise,
His chains to burst asunder,
And publicans they stand aghast,
In anxious fear and wonder.
No longer shall the bondman sigh,
Beneath his legal fetters,
He sees the light of freedom's day,
And reads the golden letters,
Oh! the good time, &c.

And soon the palaces of drink,
Shall all be shut together,
And beer and brandy be confined,
Within the narrow'st tether ;
The nation is awake at last,
Its voice like pealing thunder,
Foretels the swift doom of the traffic
Built on blood and plunder,
Oh! the good time, &c.

47. THE OLD YEAR'S.

Music by L. Mason.



THE old year's long campaign is o'er,
Behold a new begun;
Not yet is closed the Holy War,
Nor yet the triumph won,

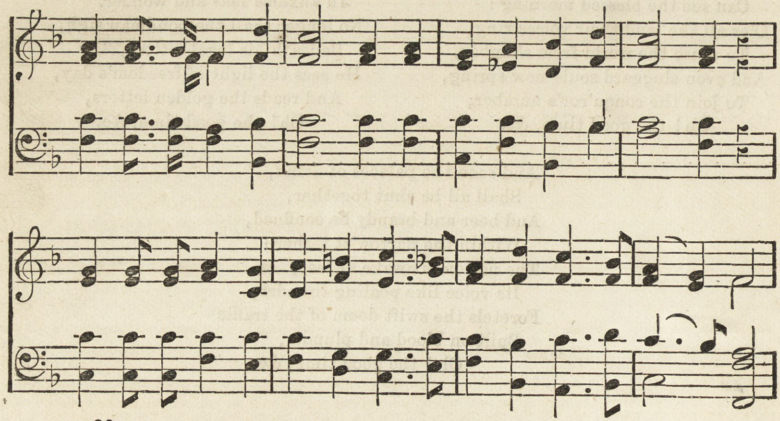
So forth we go to meet the strife,
We will not fear nor fly!
Live we the holy warrior's life,
His death we hope to die!

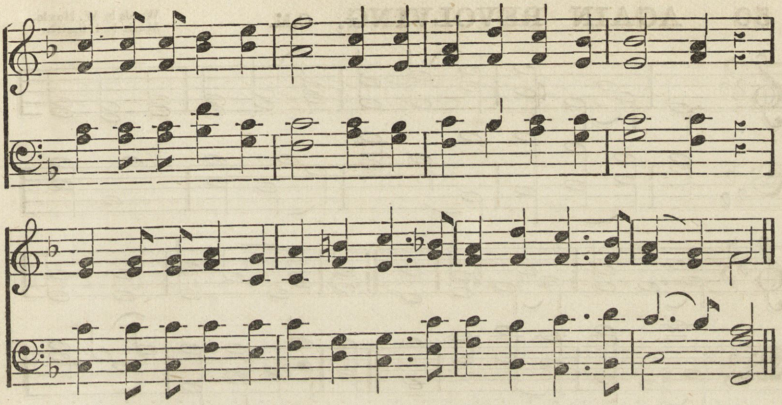
Not in an arm of flesh we trust;
Our Leader is the Lord;
The mountains are to Him as dust;
They flee before His word.

So, Lord, let every foeman flee,
And every evil way;
'Till drunkards all shall rise and be
The children of the day.

48. FRIENDS OF THE CAUSE.

Melody by W. Birtwistle.
Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.





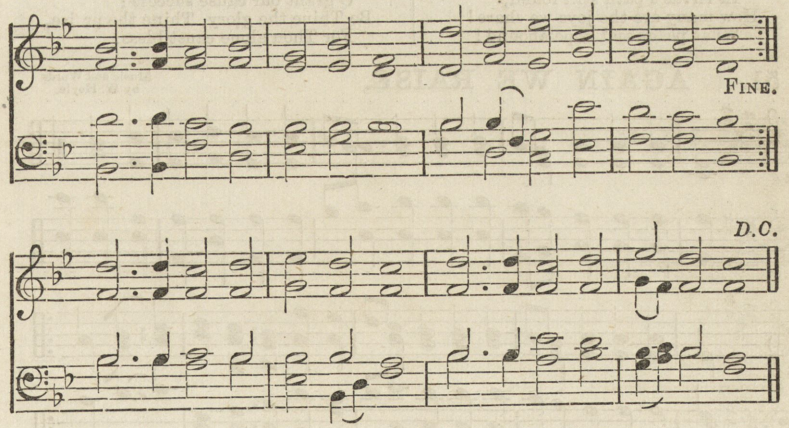
FRIENDS of the cause of temperance,
Behold through all the nation,
Thousands appear, our hearts to cheer,
Swift comes the reformation!
Praise we our mighty Leader;
No arm but His can aid us;
Thus far hath He brought liberty;
Trust yet in Him who made us.

He rules the storm and tempest,
He curbs the foaming ocean;
And every foe His power shall know,
When He shall spread commotion.
As fell the foe, Goliath,
Before the sling of David,
Victors are we, strong drink shall flee,
No power on earth can save it.

Forth still to fight and conquer!
Each foe and danger scorning;
Truth shall prevail, we soon shall hail
The bright, triumphant morning.
Now, while we wear our armour,
For souls restored, forgiven,
Loud let us raise the song of praise
To God the King of Heaven.

49. BROTHERS, SISTERS. 7s.

Words by W. Hoyle.



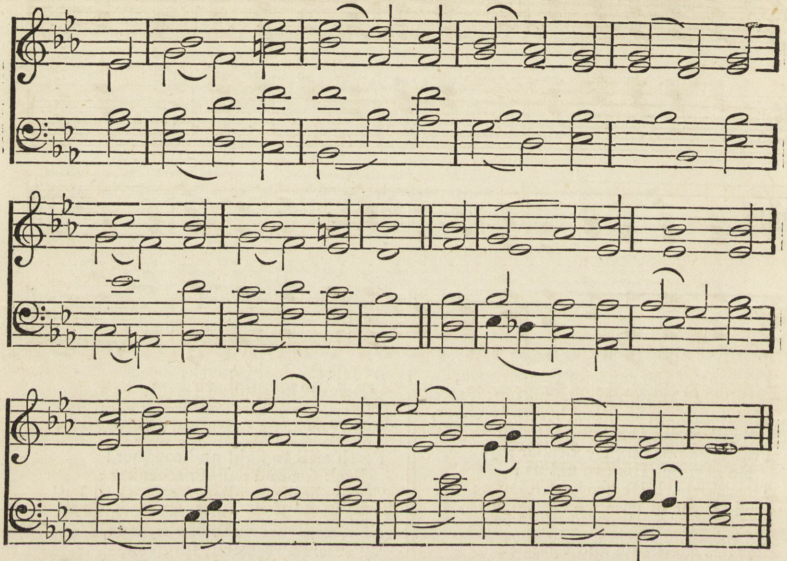
BROTHERS, sisters, welcome here,
Joyful are our hearts to-day,
For the good time draweth near,
Temperance soon shall bear the sway;
Ever faithful may we prove,
And for truth still bravely stand;
We've a Friend in heaven above,
He will bless our Temperance band.

Let the work of love begin,
In our early youthful days,
Brighter trophies we shall win,
Treading in God's holy ways;
Let us put our armour on,
Trusting in our Friend above,
Making truth and Temperance known,
Spreading holiness and love.

Brothers, sisters, firm and true,
We are England's hope and pride,
And our God's our Leader too,
Fear not while He is our Guide;
Soon the drunkard we will save,
Make the foe of Britain flee,
With the noble and the brave
Raise the shout, "Old England's free!"

50 AGAIN REVOLVING. C.M.

Words by W. Hoyle.
Music by I. Smith.



AGAIN revolving seasons bring
The time of festive cheer;
Again the song of praise we sing
To God who rules the year.

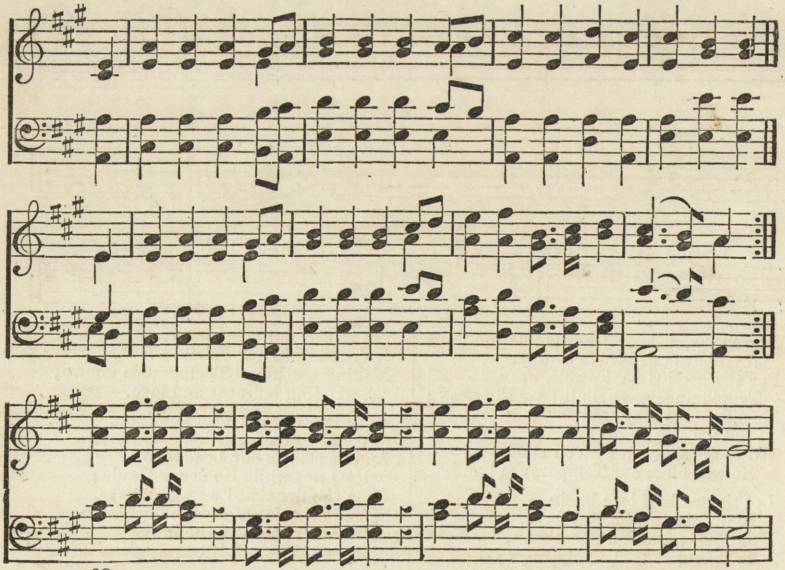
Protected by His sovereign care,
In virtue's path still found,
How many are the joys we share!
What peace and hope abound!

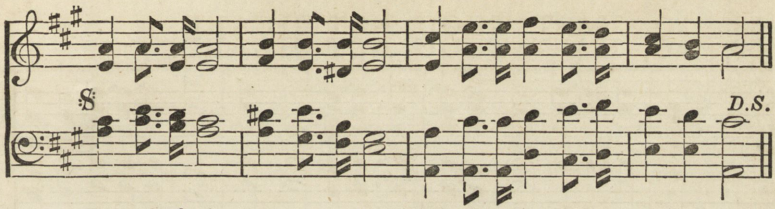
Lord, be it our untiring aim
To spread the cause of truth;
The fallen drunkard to reclaim,
And guide our erring youth.

To Thee, O Lord, our prayers we raise;
O grant our cause success;
Be Thine the glory, Thine the pr ise,
For Thou alone canst bless.

51. AGAIN WE RAISE.

Music and Words
by W. Hoyle.





AGAIN we raise the festive song,
Again we view our army strong,
And welcome friends both old and young;
Come, join our Band of Hope Union.
How glad are we to meet you here,
Unite with us and persevere,
The day of victory shall appear;
Come, join our Band of Hope Union.
Arm for the fight!
Friends of truth and right,
Arm for the fight!
Our army's marching on;
March with the brave;
March with the brave;
March with the brave
Till the vict'ry's won.

Now union will increase our might,
And gain us friends of truth and right,
And put King Alcohol to flight; &c.

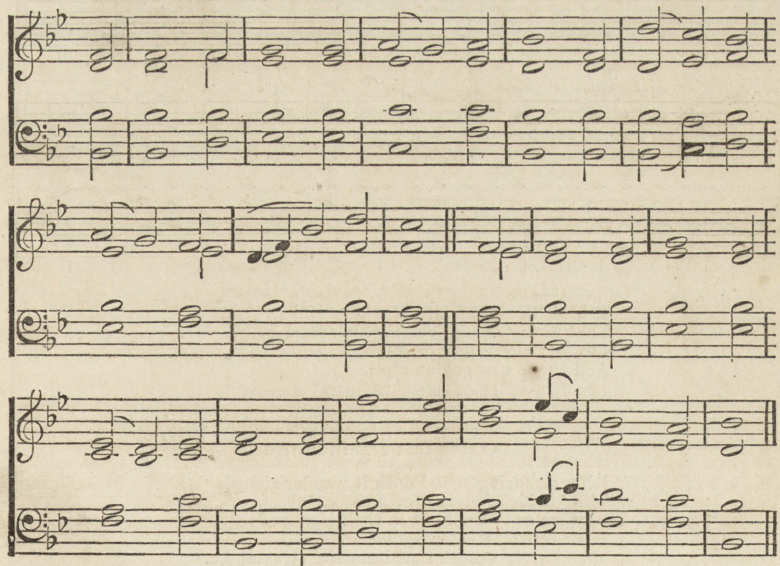
For union gives an impulse great,
It nerves the soul for any fate,
And chases evil from the state; &c.
Arm for the fight, &c.

Union shall make homes smile again,
And far remove our country's bane,
And help the drunkard to abstain; &c.
O, then, his wife will happy be,
His children sing and dance with glee,
And better times we all shall see; &c.
Arm for the fight, &c.

Dear friends, then join our noble Band,
To bless the children of our land, [&c.
And make the drunkard's dwelling grand;
God leadeth on, why should we fear?
He'll give us grace to persevere;
The day of victory shall appear; &c.
Arm for the fight, &c.

52. MY GOD, MY FATHER.

Words by Miss C. Elliott.
Harmony by W. Hoyle.



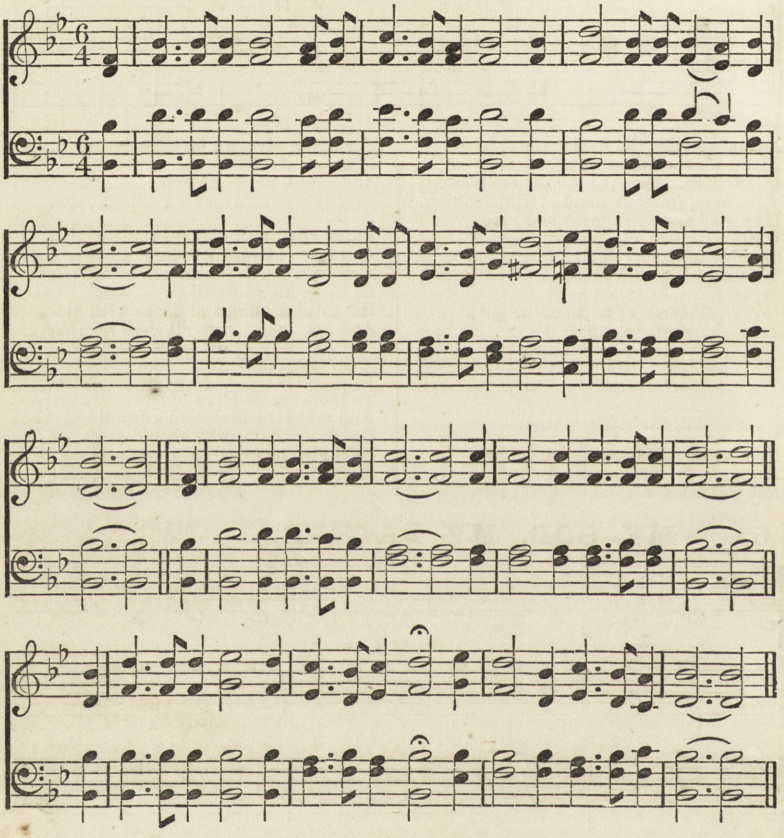
MY God! my Father! while I stray,
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say
Thy will be done.

If Thou should'st call me to resign,
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine,
I only yield Thee what is Thine,
Thy will be done.

Control my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.

And when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done.

53. O, HAST THOU NOT HEARD.



Oh, hast thou not heard of a beautiful stream,
That flows through our Father's land;
Its waters gleam bright in the heavenly light,
And ripple o'er golden sand.

O seek that beautiful stream,
Seek now that beautiful stream,
Its waters so free are flowing for thee,
O seek that beautiful stream.

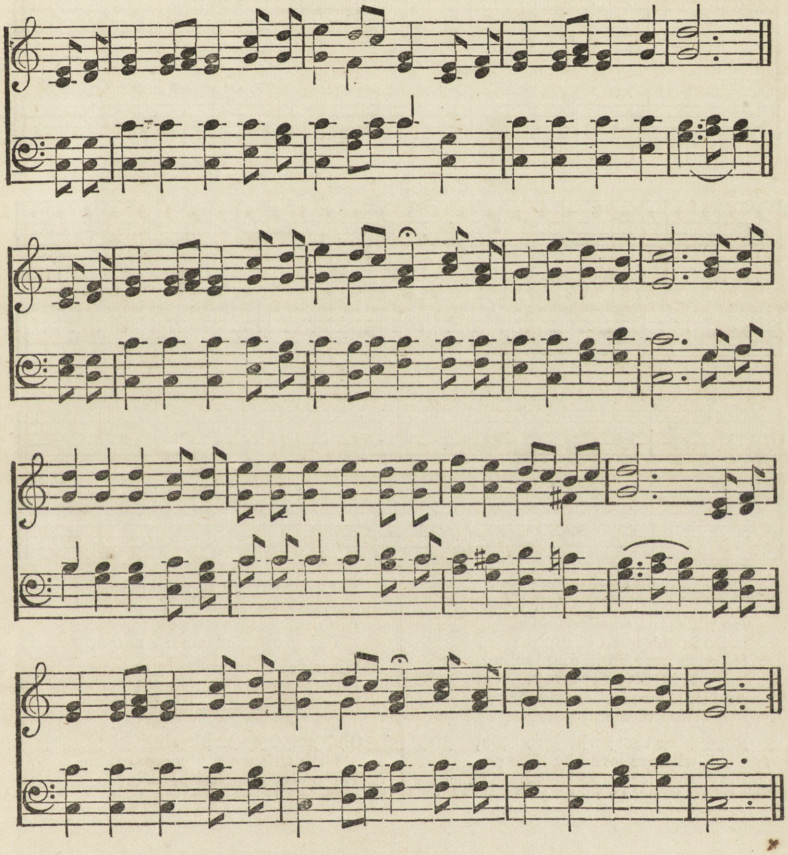
With murmuring sound doth it wander along,
Thro' fields of eternal green;
Where songs of the blest in their haven of rest,
Float soft on the air serene.
O seek that beautiful stream, &c.

This beautiful stream is the river of life,
It flows for all nations free;
A balm for each wound in its waters is found,
And freely it flows for thee.
O seek that beautiful stream, &c.

O wilt thou not drink of this beautiful stream
And dwell on its peaceful shore;
The Spirit says, come, all ye weary ones, home,
And wander in sin no more.
O seek that beautiful stream, &c.

54. IN THIS VALE.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.



In this vale of tears, there's a glad day cheers
My heart as forth I stray,
'Tis a type of heav'n, to the pilgrim given,
O the peaceful Sabbath day.
O the happy time, when the merry bells chime,
And I meet the friends I love,
Day of praise and prayer, rest from earthly care,
Emblem of that rest above;

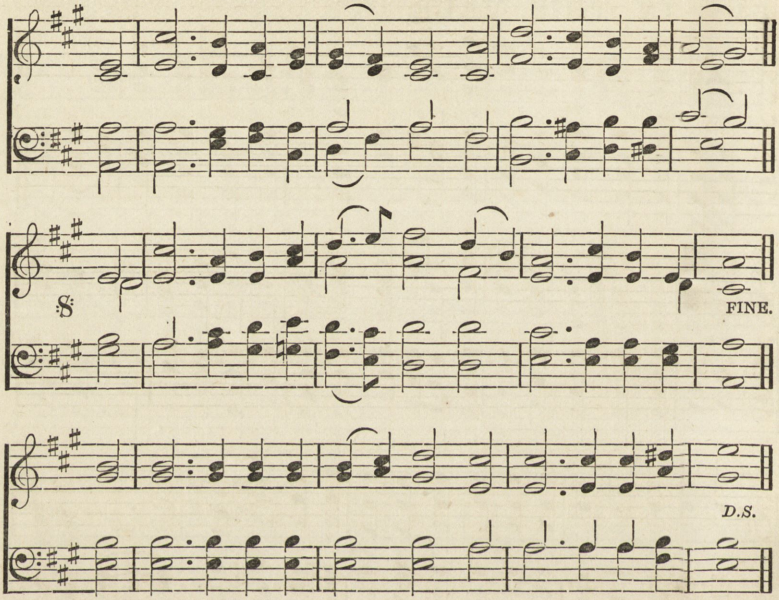
In the daily strife of this chequered life,
When my pleasures fade away,
And my bright hopes seem like a passing dream,
How I hail the Sabbath day.
O the happy time, &c.

Peerless gem of earth, who that feels thy worth,
Can be silent in thy praise,
May I haste with joy, to thy sweet employ,
Till my latest song I raise.
O the happy time, &c.

In this vale of tears, there's a glad day cheers
My heart, as forth I stray;
'Tis a type of heav'n to the pilgrim given,
O the peaceful Sabbath day.
O the happy time, &c.

55. GO WHEN THE MORNING.

Music from Haydn.



Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Cast earthly fear away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

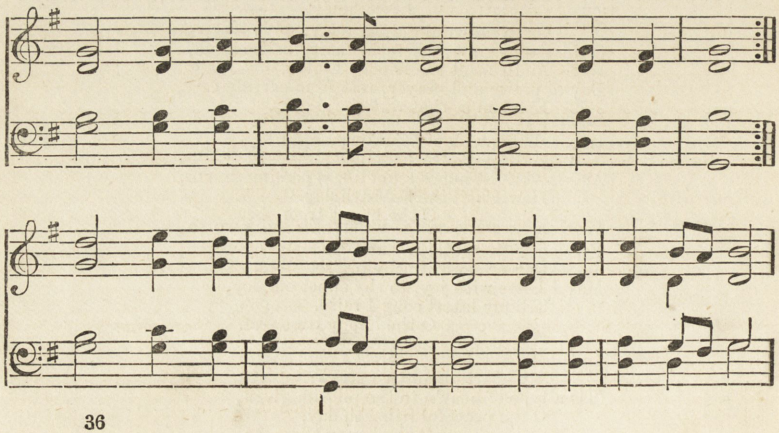
Remember those who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those that hate thee,
If any such there be:

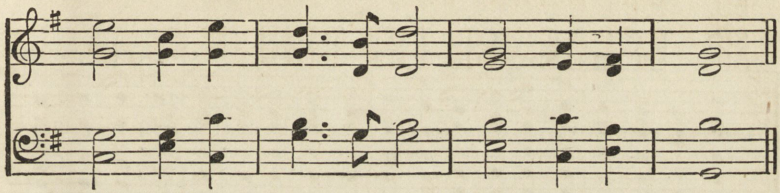
Then for thyself in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim;
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name,

Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before His footstool fall:
Remember in thy gladness
His love who gave thee all.
Oh! not a joy or blessing
With this we can compare,
The power that has been given
To pour our souls in prayer.

56. I'M BUT A STRANGER.

Music by L. Mason.





I'm but a stranger here;
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear;
Heaven is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

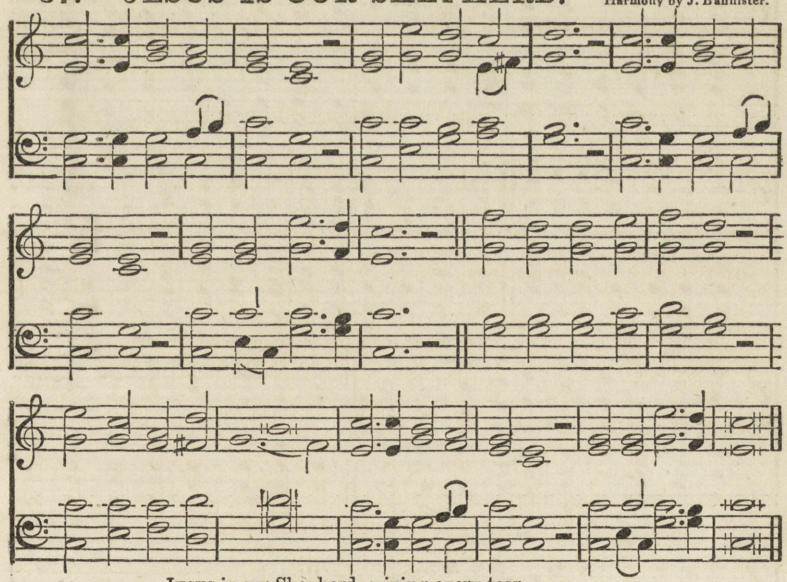
What though the tempest rage?
Heaven is my home:
Short is my pilgrimage;
Heaven is my home.

And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

Therefore I murmur not;
Heaven is my home:
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home.
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand,
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

57. JESUS IS OUR SHEPHERD.

Words by Rev. H. Stowell
Harmony by J. Bannister.



Jesus is our Shepherd, wiping every tear,
Folded in His bosom, what have we to fear?
Only let us follow whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert, or the dewy mead.

Jesus is our Shepherd, well we know His voice,
How its gentlest whisper makes our heart rejoice!
Even when He chideth, tender is its tones,
None but He shall guide us, we are His alone.

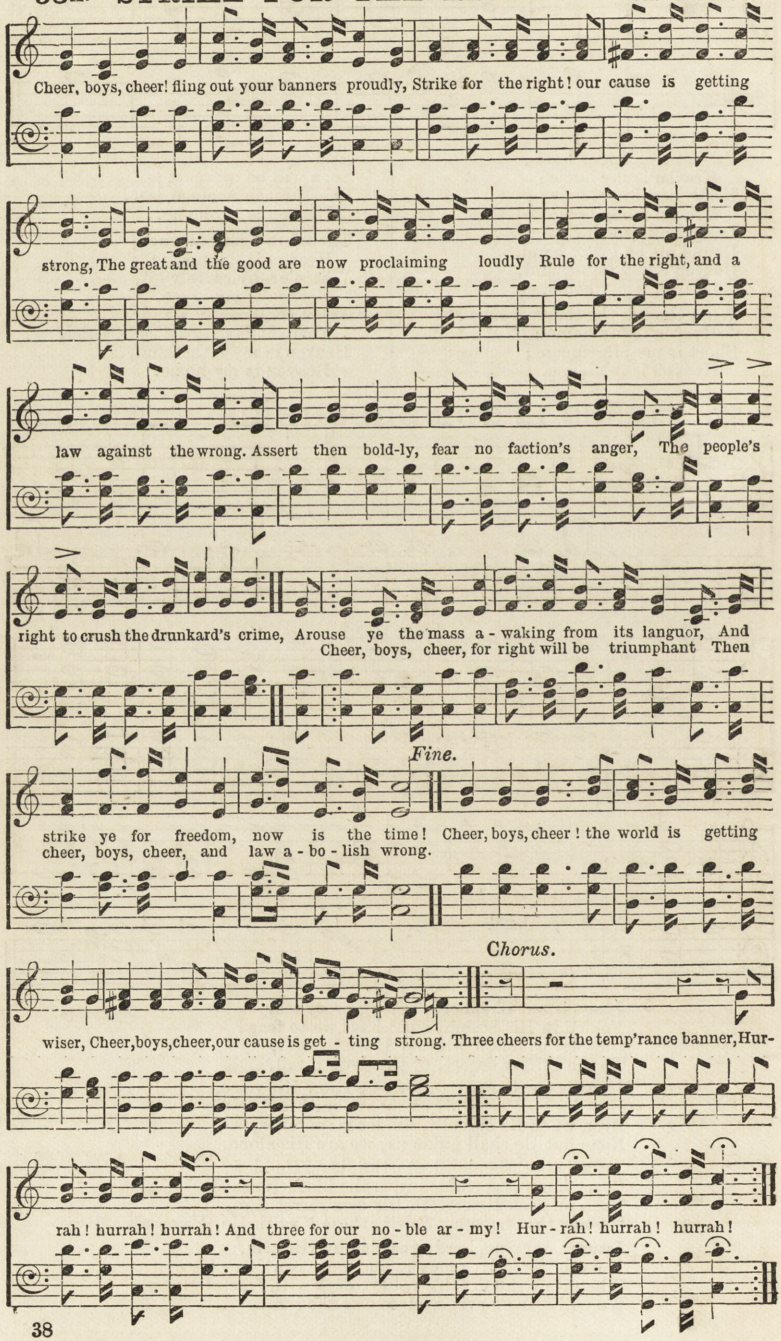
Jesus is our Shepherd, for the sheep He bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled with the blood He shed;
Then on each He setteth His own secret sign,
"They that have my Spirit, these," saith He, "are mine."

Jesus is our Shepherd, guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may raven, none can do us harm;
When we tread death's valley, dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil, victors o'er the tomb.

58. *See* 35.

58A. STRIKE FOR THE RIGHT!

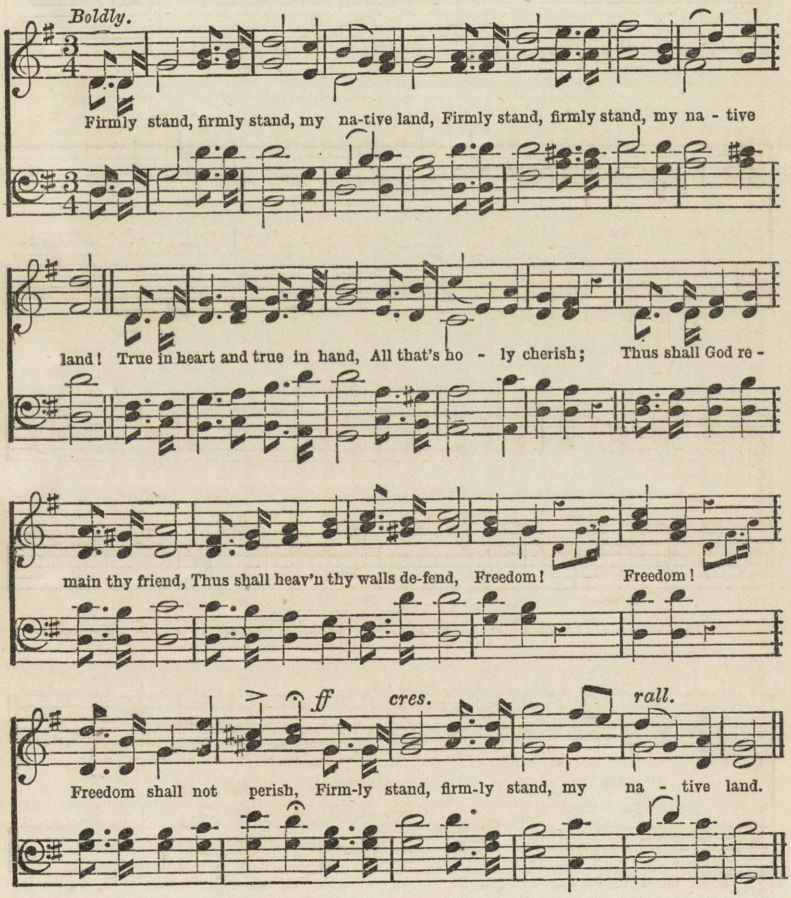
Arranged for this work by W. H. Whitehead.



Cheer, boys, cheer! our beacon fires are blazing
O'er all the land, and nobles feel the flame,
The rich and the poor are eager all in raising
Drunkards from sin and their children from shame;
Then stand ye firm to stem the torrent sweeping
O'er all the land in trade and passion's power;
Right laws demand to hush the millions weeping,
And strike ye for freedom! now is the hour!
Cheer, boys, cheer, &c.

58B. MY NATIVE LAND.

Music by W. H. Whitehead.

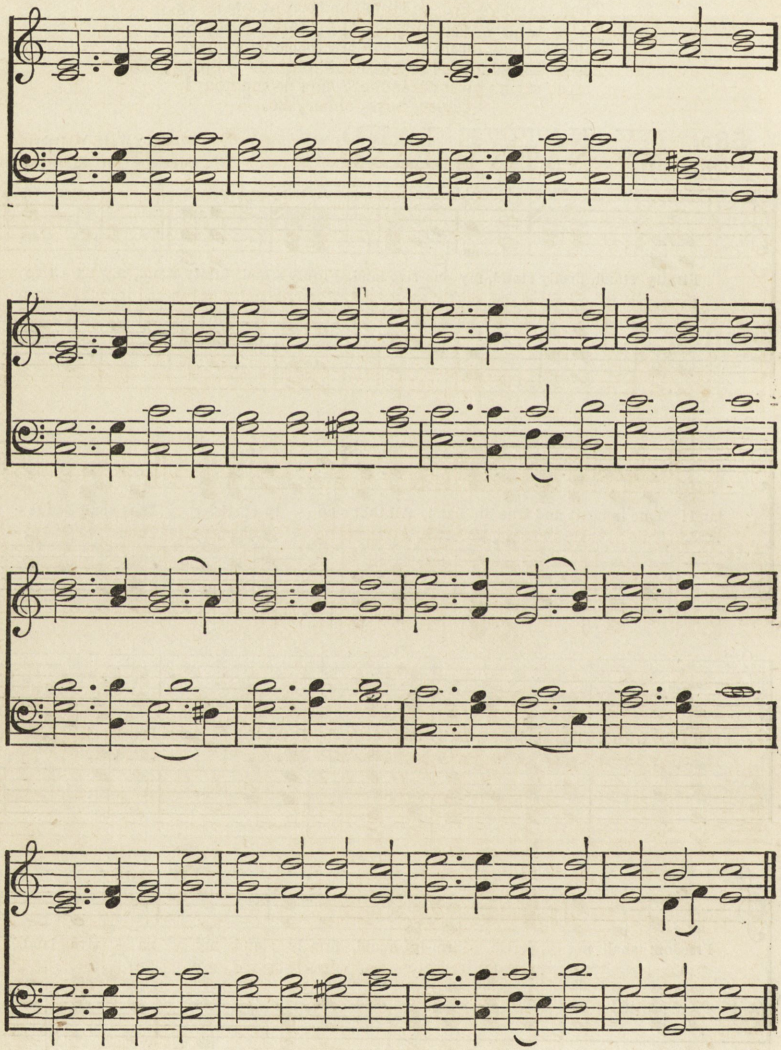


Safely dwell, safely dwell, my native land,
Safely dwell, safely dwell, my native land.
May thy sons united stand firm and true
for ever.
God forbid the day should rise
When 'tis said our freedom dies.
Freedom! freedom! freedom die! O never!
Safely dwell, safely dwell, my native land!

Sing for joy, sing for joy, my native land!
Sing for joy, sing for joy, my native land!
In thee dwells a noble band, all thy weal
to cherish.
God with might will guard thee round,
While thy steps in truth are found. [perish!
Freedom! freedom! freedom shall not
Sing for joy, sing for joy, my native land!

59. *See* **119.**

60. SHALL WE MEET BEYOND.



SHALL we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll,
Where in all the bright for-ever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?

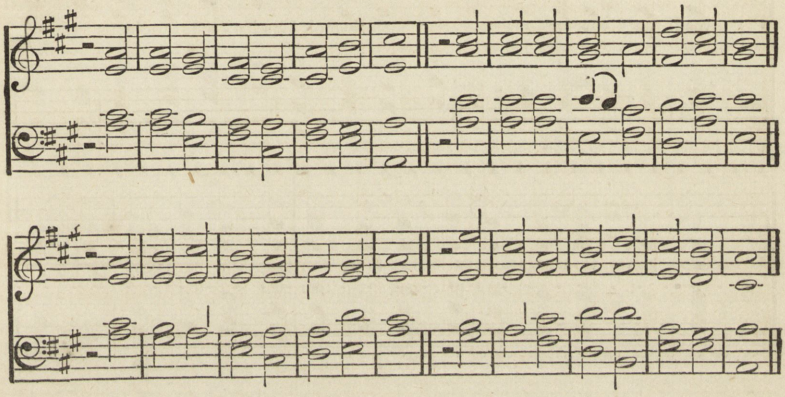
Shall we meet in that blest harbour,
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the fair celestial shore?
Shall we meet, &c.

Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When he comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favour,
And sit down upon His throne?
Shall we meet, &c.

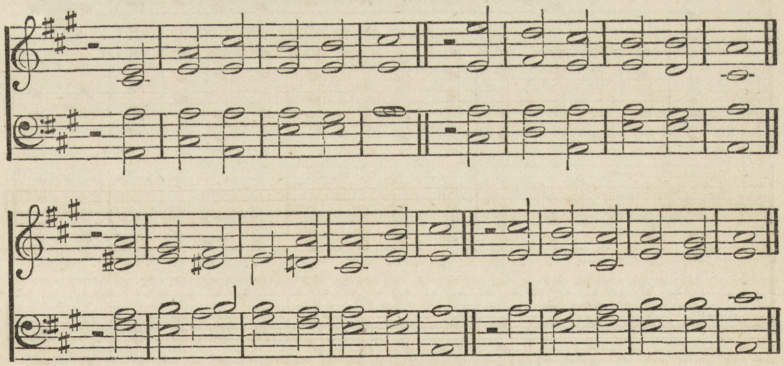
We shall meet beyond the river
Many a lov'd one we shall know;
We shall dwell with Christ for ever,
If we serve him here below.
We shall meet, &c.

61. (*See No.* 1.)

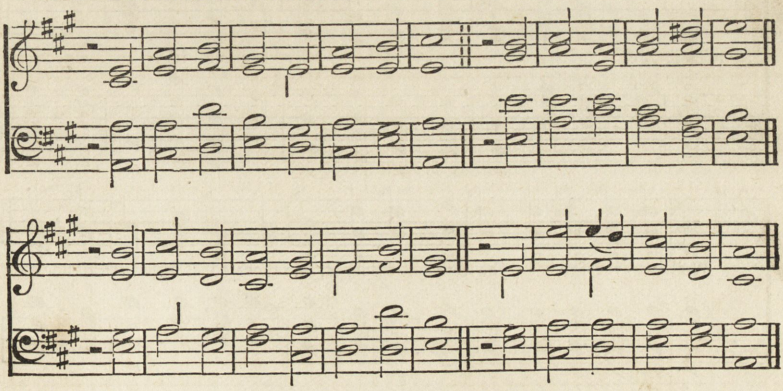
61A. **OLD HUNDREDTH.** L.M.



61B. **ST. MICHAEL'S.** S.M.

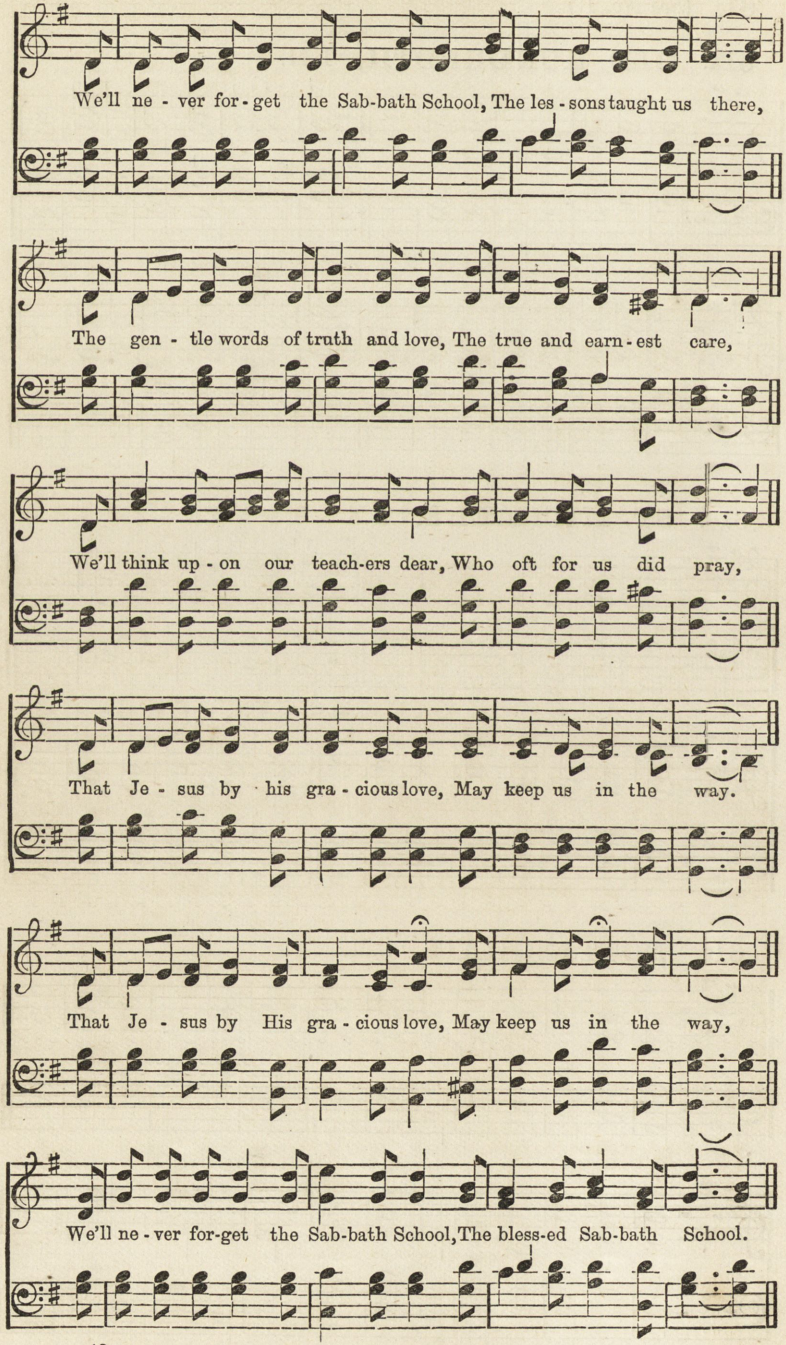


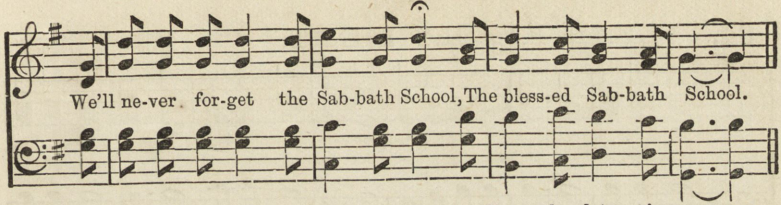
61C. **NOTTINGHAM.** C.M.



62. WE'LL NEVER FORGET.

Harmony by W. Hoyle.



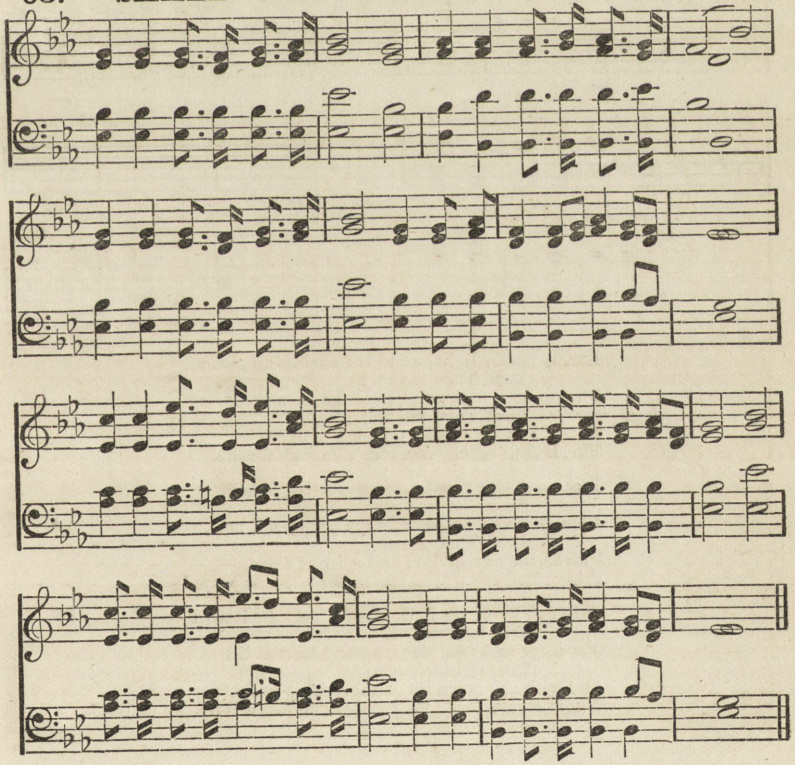


We'll never forget the Sabbath School,
The place of light and love,
Where we may learn of wisdom's ways,
That lead to home above;
However we may wander far,
Where through the week we roam,
We'll not forget our teachers here,
Of this our Sabbath home. We'll, &c.

So then all together let us sing,
In joyful songs of praise,
To Him who reigneth in the skies,
Our grateful tribute raise;
And pray that through each week and year
His blessing may attend,
And that we never may forget
The sinner's truest Friend. We'll, &c.

63. SHALL WE GATHER.

Rev. R. Lowry,
From the "Singing Pilgrim."



SHALL we gather at the river,
Where bright angels feet have trod,
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God?
Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

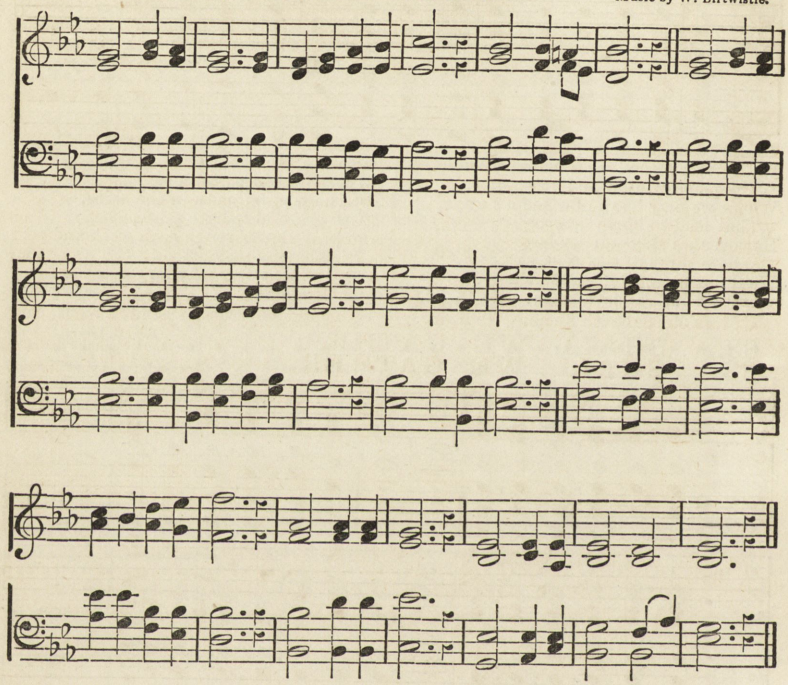
On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day. Yes, &c.

Ere we reach the shining river
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown. Yes, &c.

Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace. Yes, &c.

64. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Words by J. H. Newman.
Music by W. Birtwistle.



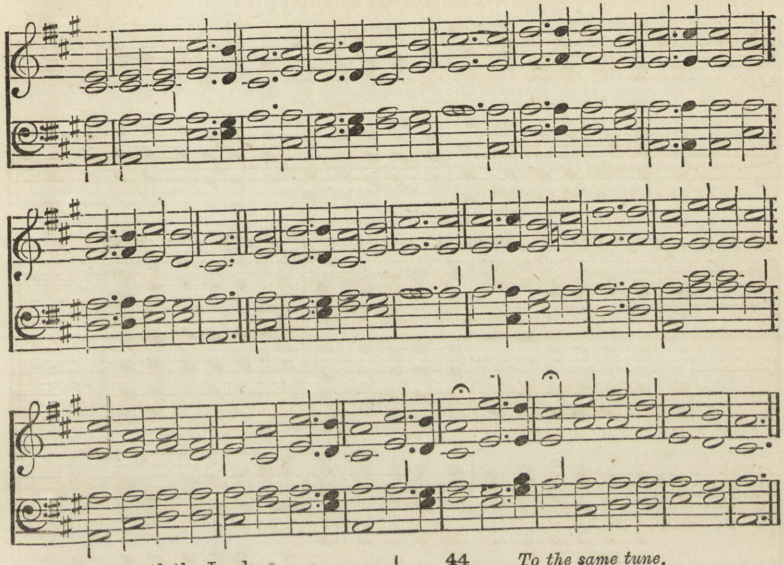
LEAD, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step's enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on;
I loved to choose, and see my path; but now,
Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day; and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will:—remember not past years!

So long Thy power hath bless'd me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Whom I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

65. FOR EVER WITH.

Words by Montgomery
Harmony by W. Hoyle.



For ever with the Lord,
Amen, so let it be.
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's far-seeing eye
Thy golden gates appear. Here, &c.

My thirsty spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above. Here, &c.

For ever with the Lord,
Father, be it thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil. Here, &c.

44 *To the same tune.*

By providence and grace,
And sparing mercy too,
We meet each other face to face,
Our promise to renew.
Rejoice, I say, rejoice,
On this our festal day;
And lift to heaven a mighty voice
And shout of victory.

Another course is run,
Another year is past,
Another onward stage begun,
And this may be the last. Rejoice, &c.

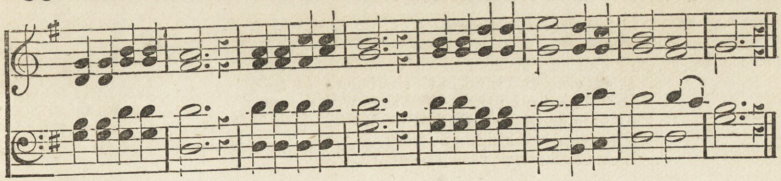
Lord, give us large increase,
Cast down the giant foe,
And let Thy servants never cease,
But ever onward go. Rejoice, &c.

For thee O God, we fight;
May we be strong in Thee;
Receiving needful grace and might
For final victory! Rejoice, &c.

Rev. R. Maguire.

66. IN THE GOLDEN WEST.

Words by W. Hoyle.

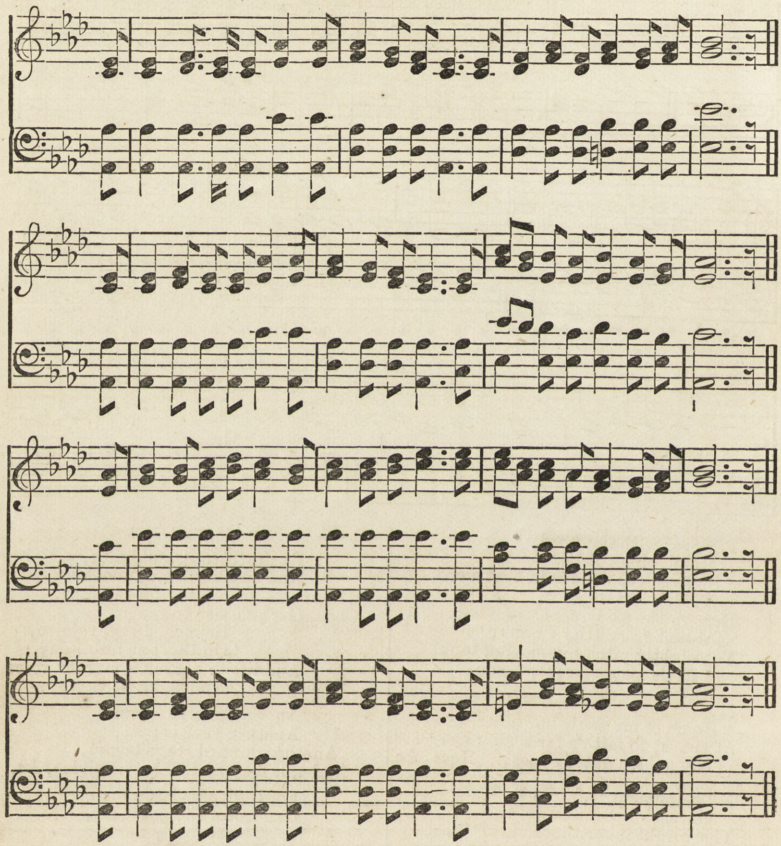


In the golden west now the sun doth rest
Darkness gathers round, hushed is every sound.
Lord of life and light, Author of all might
All in Thee we find, Thou art ever kind.
Pardon every sin make us clean within.

Bless us ere we part, gladden every heart.
Keep us Lord, we pray, ever in Thy way.
Guard us with Thy love 'till we mount above.
Then on that blest shore, every trial o'er
We Thy praise shall sing Thou eternal King.

67. BE KIND TO THY FATHER.

J. B. Woodbury



Be kind to thy father—for when thou wert young,
Who lov'd thee more fondly than he ?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And joined in thy innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father—for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with gray ;
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold ;
Thy father is passing away.

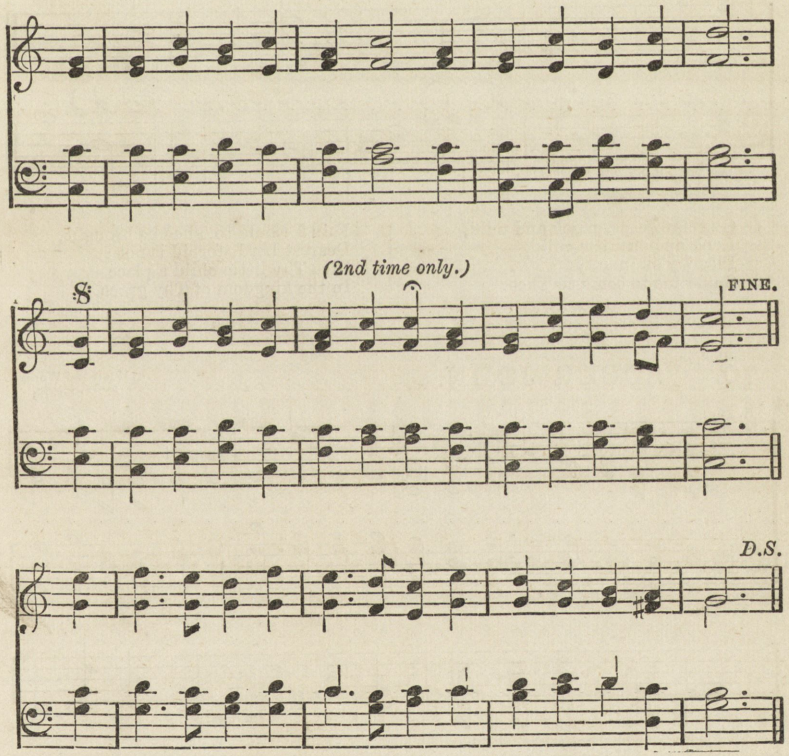
Be kind to thy mother—for lo ! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen !
Oh ! well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy mother,—for thee will she pray
As long as God giveth her breath !
With accents of kindness, then, cheer her lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have dearth
If the smile of thy love be withdrawn ;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.
Be kind to thy brother—wherever thou art,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister—not many may know
The depths of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,
And blessings thy pathway to crown;
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers
More precious than wealth or renown.

68. SUPPOSE THE LITTLE.

Melody by G. F. Root.
Harmony by W. Hoyle.



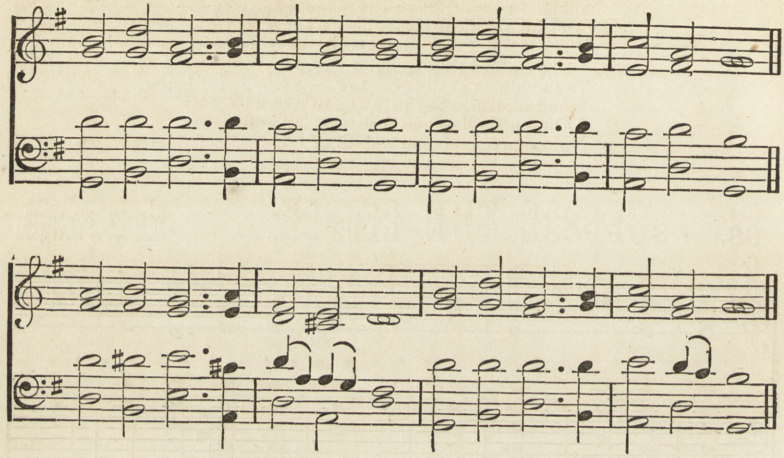
SUPPOSE the little cowslip
Should hang its golden cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,
I'd better not grow up:"
How many a weary traveller
Would miss its fragrant smell,
How many a little child would grieve
To lose it from the dell.

Suppose the glistening dew-drop
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dew-drop do?
I'd better roll away."
The blade on which it rested
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveller on his way;
Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
If they were talking so?

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do;
Although it has so little strength
And little wisdom too.
It wants a loving spirit
Much more than strength to prove
How many things a child may do
For others by his love.

69. GENTLE JESUS. 7s.

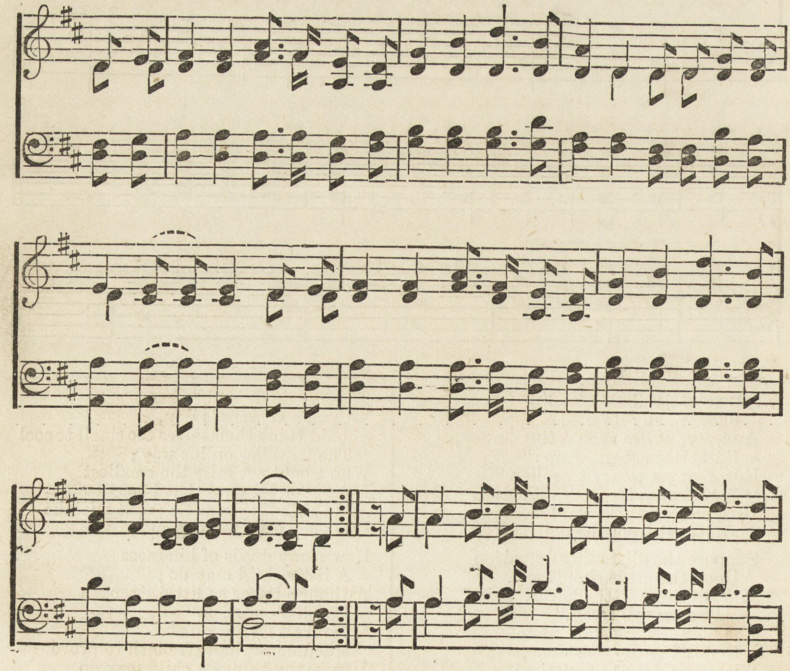


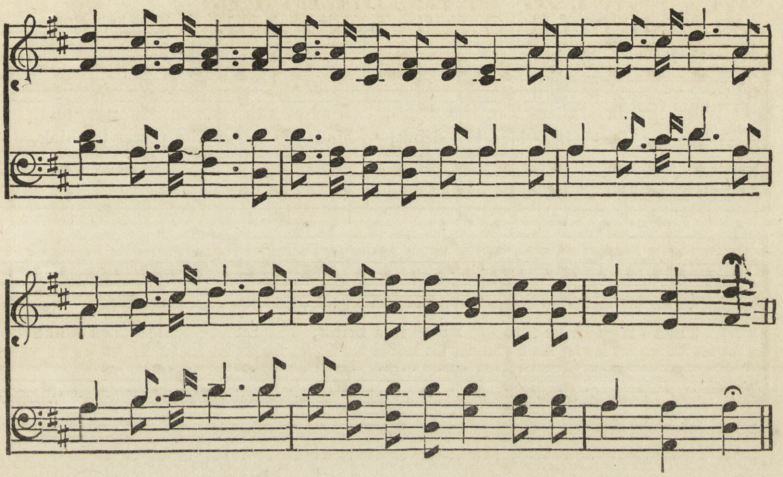
GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

Fain I would to Thee be brought,
Dearest Lord, forbid it not;
Give Thy little child a place
In the kingdom of Thy grace.

70. SOBER JOHN.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.





COMING home, poor Jack I met the other day,
We pass'd a gin shop, where he wished me to stay;
But I said, "No, never! there's a better way,
I drink bright sparkling water."
Then he said, "Now won't you take a glass? you see
The best men, sometimes have a bit of a spree."
But you know men's follies are no mark for me—
I drink bright sparkling water.

My name's sober John, I keep marching on,
I never can stay where stand the bowl and barrel,
While clouds deck the skies, and fountains arise,
My drink shall ever be from the crystal spring.

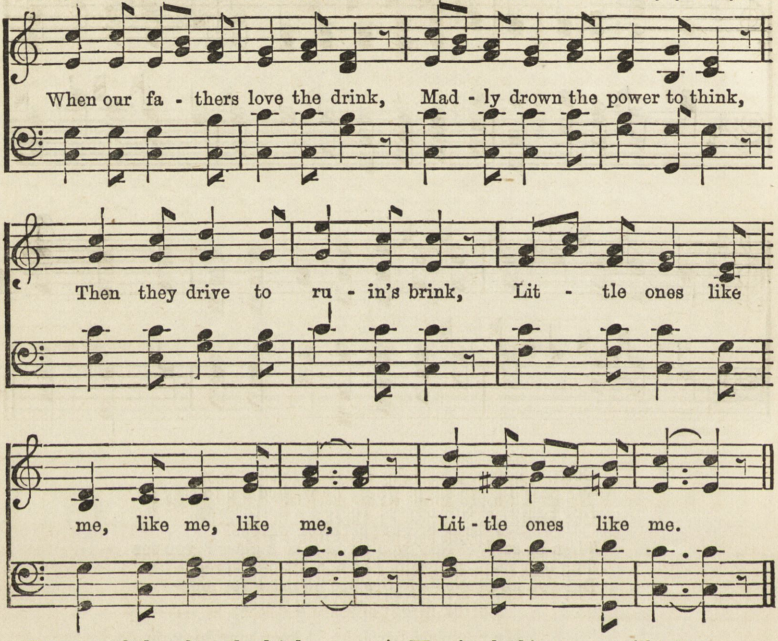
Water is the friend of all who seek its aid,
The drink which God for every man hath made;
But the drink of drunkards many low hath laid,
I drink bright sparkling water.
Would you know the pleasures of a sober life,
Come see my loving children and my wife,
For they never share the drunkard's pain and strife,
I drink bright sparkling water.
My name's sober John, &c.

Then I said, "Now Jack, if you will come with me,
A better man you very soon will be."
To my home we went—I live across the lea,
I drink bright sparkling water.
When he saw the happiness which reign'd within,
He said, "O what a foolish man I've been,
From this day a sober life I do begin,
I drink bright sparkling water.
My name's sober John, &c.

Jack was next day passing by the "Dog and Gun,"
Said landlord, "Jack, how are you getting on?"
"Drunken Jack I was; but now I'm Sober John,
I drink bright sparkling water."
"Nonsense man! you'll have a glass of beer to-day;
I don't like men to talk in that strange way."
"Very true," said Jack, "but dont you hear me say
I drink bright sparkling water.
My name's sober John, &c.

71. LITTLE ONES LIKE ME.

Words by T. Griffiths.
Harmony by W. Hoyle.



WHEN our fathers love the drink,
Madly drown the power to think,
Then they drive to ruin's brink,
Little ones like me, like me, like me,
Little ones like me.

Wretched homes and meagre fare,
Filth, disease, and clothing bare,
Victims of these ills they are, &c.

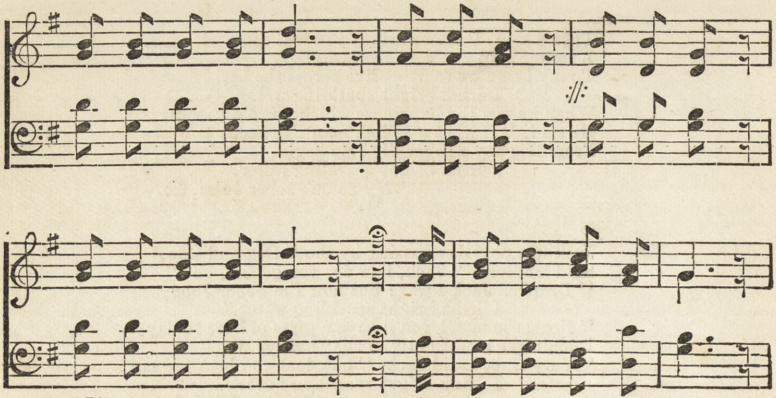
Warning by his course we'll take,
And the drunkard's cup forsake,
Lest his wretched fate o'ertake, &c.

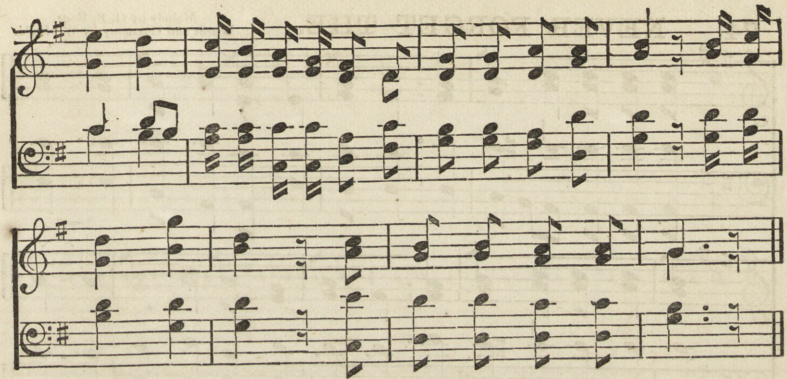
Bands of Hope, like anchors firm,
Hold us in temptation's storm,
Bring, to aid the world's reform, &c.

Floats our banner in the air,
Its device, "Excelsior!"
Join our band, our triumph share, &c.

72. ONCE AGAIN WE MEET.

Words by W. Hoyle.



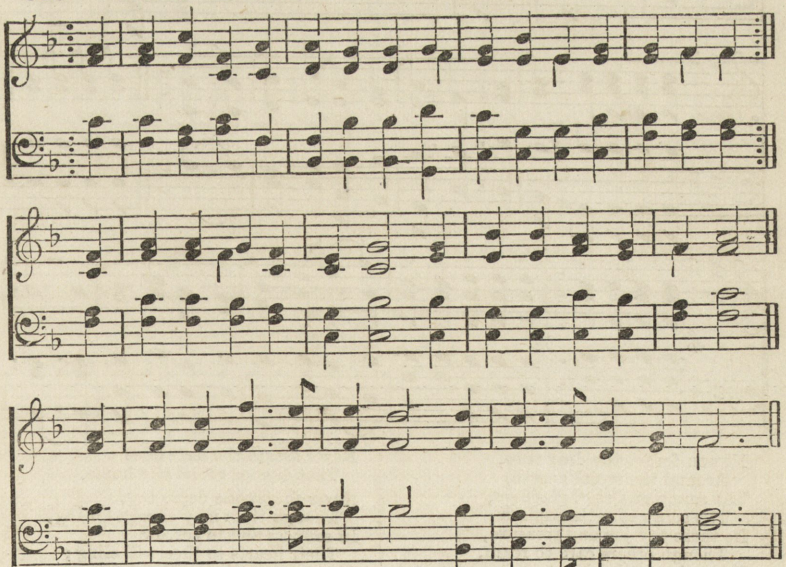


ONCE again we meet, old and young,
Met in union sweet, united we are strong.
Help on merry merry temperance,
Working while you may,
For the spread of truth
Shall bring the happy day.
Each a gentle word still can say,
Hearts with kindness stirr'd
May precepts wise obey, &c.

Willing hands and feet pleasures give,
Leave an impress sweet,
'Tis noble thus to live, &c.
Let us then be found kind and true
Unto all around,
As we would others do, &c.
Let no heart despair, fear no frown,
Here a cross we bear,
In heav'n we reach a crown, &c.

73. OUR HOPES ARE BRIGHT.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.



OUR hopes are bright, our aim sincere:
We'll spread our good cause far and near;
Our strength is in a Father's love:
Forth led by Him we onward move,
We're marching in the army,
To win the happy day!

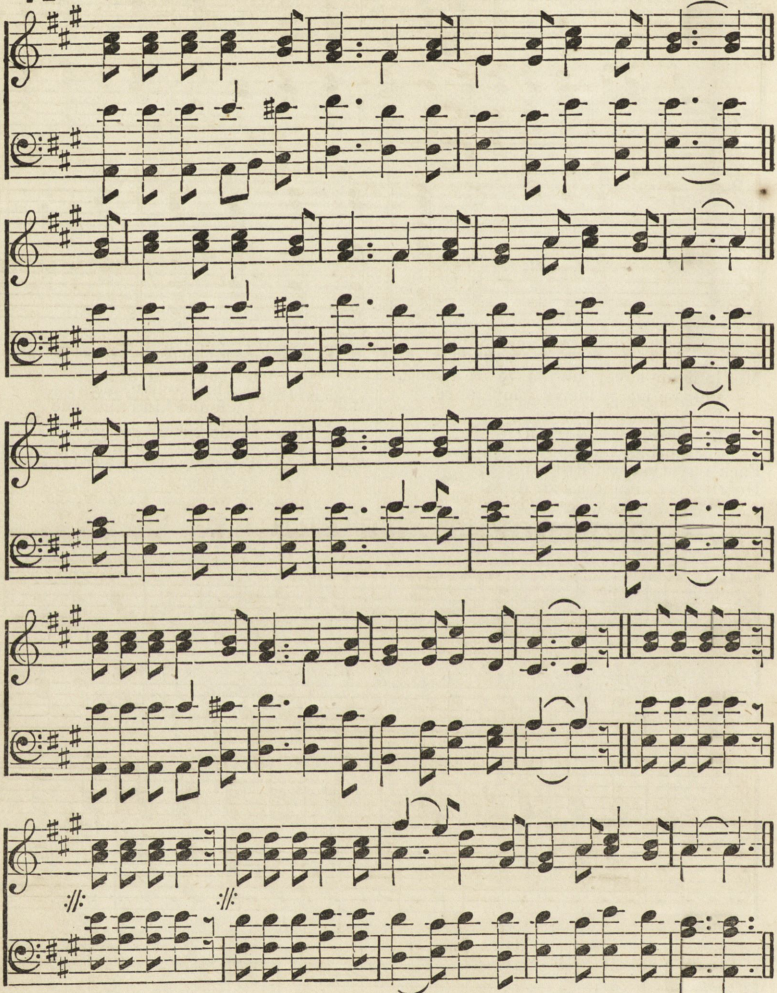
No gin shops shall our land disgrace,
No children fill the drunkard's place;
Each home shall bright and peaceful be,
Where shall abide the brave and free.
We're marching, &c.

The rich man from his lordly seat,
Shall temperance friends and brothers meet,
The great and good of every name
Shall freedom's holy cause proclaim.
We're marching, &c.

With joyful hearts we onward go
To battle with Old England's foe,
And though strong drink our land assail,
The cause of temperance shall prevail.
We're marching, &c.

74. NEVER FORGET THE.

Melody by G. F. Root.
Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.



NEVER forget the dear ones,
Around the social hearth,
The sunny smiles of gladness,
The songs of artless mirth;
Be these thy joy and treasure,
Though others care to roam,
Never forget the dear ones
That cluster round thy home.

Never forget, never forget,
Never forget the dear ones,
That cluster round thy home.

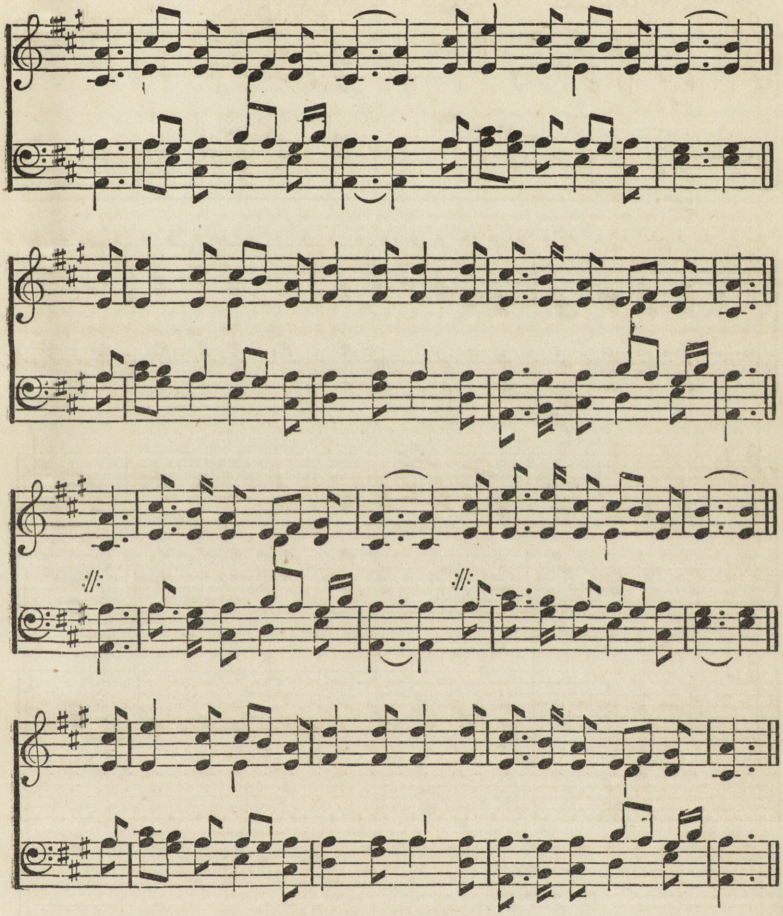
Never forget the dear ones,
Deep in their memories live,
Thy words and deeds, their spirits
To gladden or to grieve;
A kind and loving father
Be thou whate'er may come,
Never forget the dear ones
That cluster round thy home.

Never forget the dear ones,
Though time may changes bring,
In sadness and in sorrow
Their hearts to thee will cling;
Thy memory they will cherish,
When thou art in the tomb,
Never forget the dear ones
That cluster round thy home.

Never forget the dear ones,
Their souls can never die,
With holy precept lead them
To dwell with God on high;
How glad will be the meeting
Where love shall ever bloom,
Never forget the dear ones,
That cluster round thy home.

75. I'M HAPPY ALL THE.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.



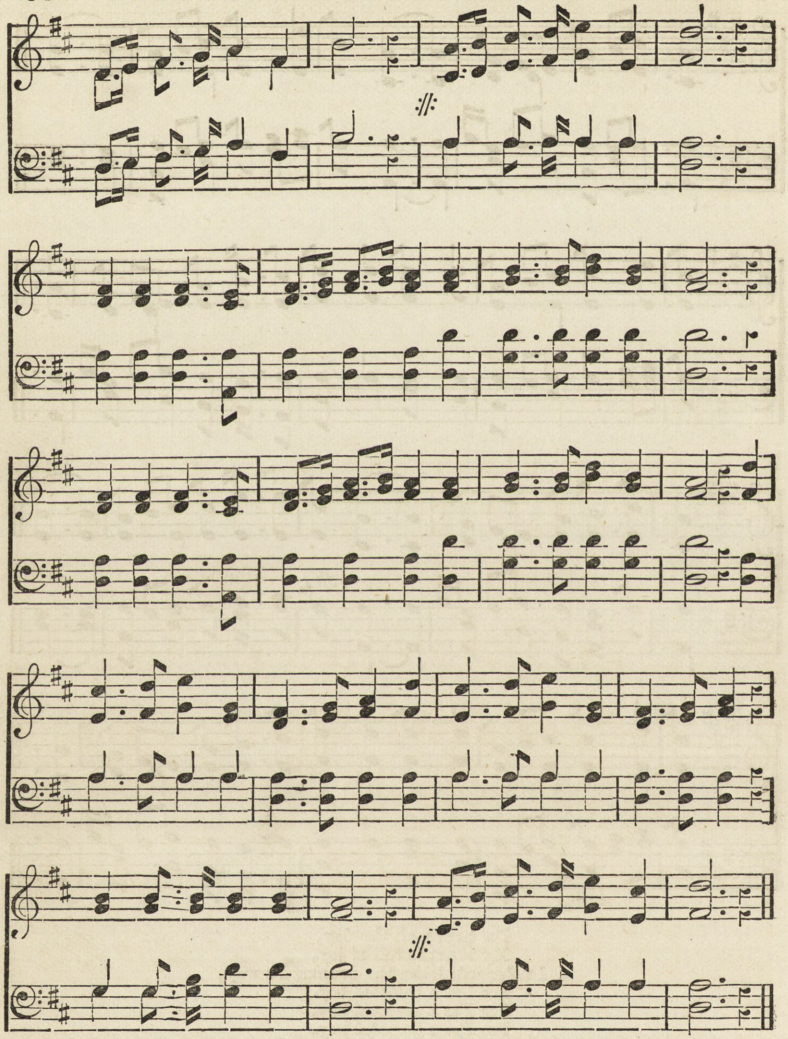
I'M happy all the day,
My heart is full of joy,
I ne'er will learn the drunkard's way,
For I'm a teetotal boy.
For I'm a teetotal boy,
For I'm a teetotal boy,
Clear water bright is my delight,
For I'm a teetotal boy.

For monarch's golden crown,
My pledge I would not give,
A nobler prize abstainers own,
And purer joys receive, For, &c.

My Father rules on high,
And bids me onward go,
For others good myself deny,
And serve him here below, For, &c.

Should I some brother gain,
A rich reward is mine,
Where angels chant the enraptur'd strain,
And saints in glory shine, For, &c.

76. WHO IS A BRAVE MAN?



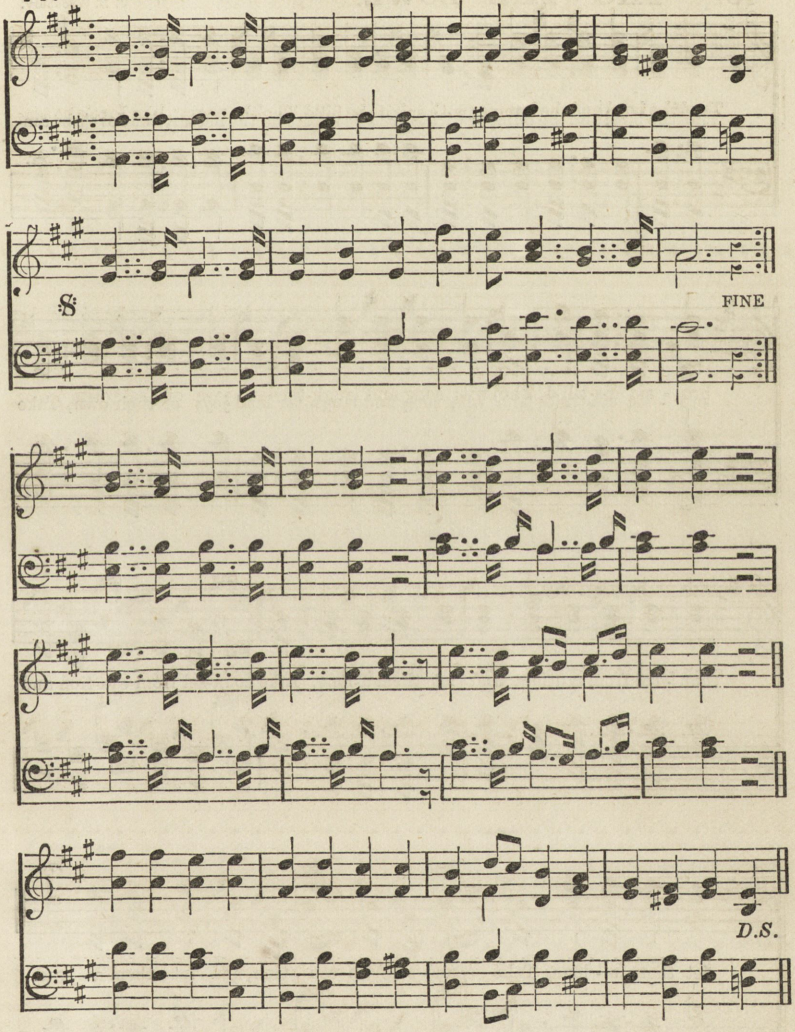
Who is a brave man, who?
Who is a brave man, who?
He who dares defend the right
When right is mis-called wrong;
He who shrinks not from the fight
When weak contend with strong;
Who, fearing God, fears none beside,
And dares do right whate'er betide:
This man hath courage true!
This man hath courage true!

Who is a free man, who?
Who is a free man, who?
He who finds his chief delight
In keeping God's commands:
He who loves whate'er is right,
And hath to sin no bonds,
From ev'ry law but one set free,—
The perfect law of liberty;
This man hath freedom true!
This man hath freedom true!

Who is a noble man?
Who is a noble man?
He who scorns, or words, or deeds,
That are not just and true;
He whose heart for suff'ring bleeds,
Is quick to feel and do,
Whose noble soul will ne'er descend,
To treach'rous act towards foe or friend:
This is a noble man!
This is a noble man!

77. MEN OF BRITAIN.

Words by J. E. Gray.

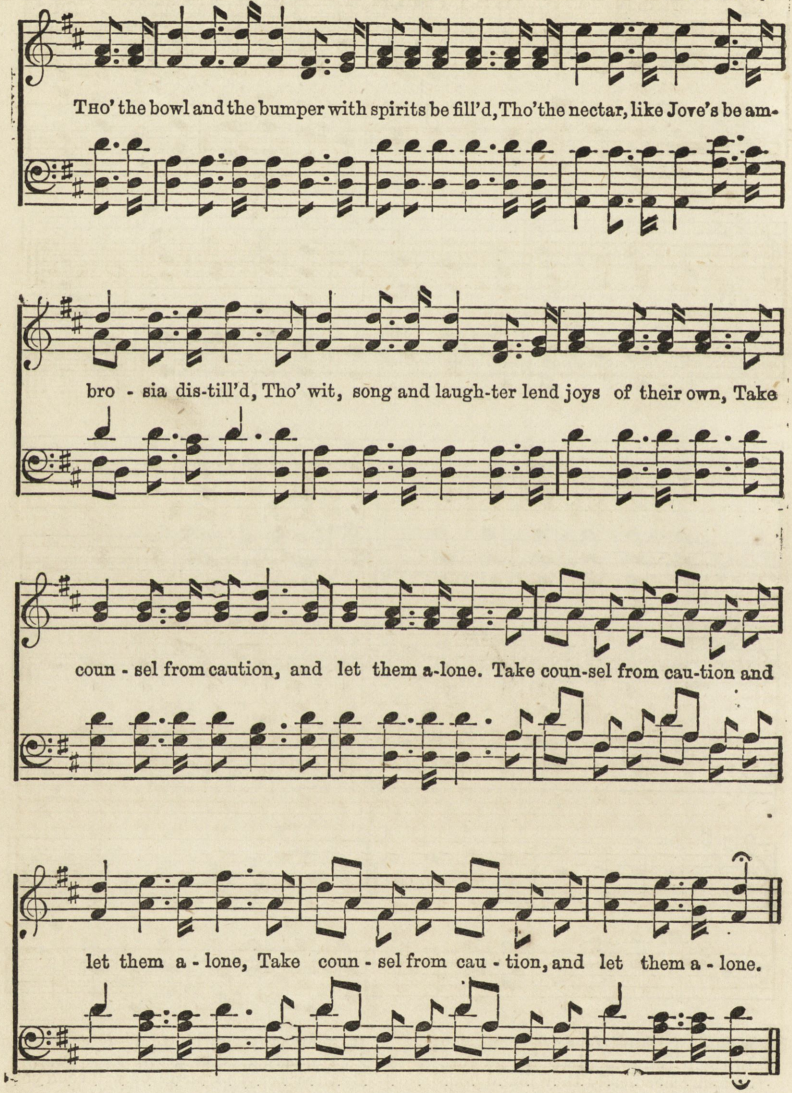


MEN of Britain! foes are round you,
In their iron grasp have bound you,
Sleeping heedlessly they found you,
Dreaming not of harm;
Men of Britain! heed the warning,
Rise in strength! all weakness scorning,
Let the night break into morning,
Sound the loud alarm!
Famed in fight and foray,
Live in Britain's story,
By each one may yet be done
Deeds of greater glory.
For the sake of widows weeping,
For the sake of others sleeping,
And for all that's worth the keeping,
Let your war cry sound.

By their prayers who would defend you,
By the help good men will lend you,
By the strength which God will send you,
Break the galling chain.
Help us lowland—help us highland,
Britain's sea, and Britain's dryland,
Banish Bacchus from our island,
And let reason reign.
Hear the orphan's wailing
Sound o'er all prevailing!
Deal the foe his mortal blow!
Heav'n prevents its failing.
Pleasures false and fatal flying,
Alcohol's proud force defying,
Hear the blood of thousands crying
Upwards from the ground.

78. THO' THE BOWL.

J. B. Woodbury.



If a friend have a scheme that he shows very clear
Will bring you two thousand or upwards a year,
Tho' it seem like a fortune to other hands thrown,
Take counsel from caution, and let it alone.

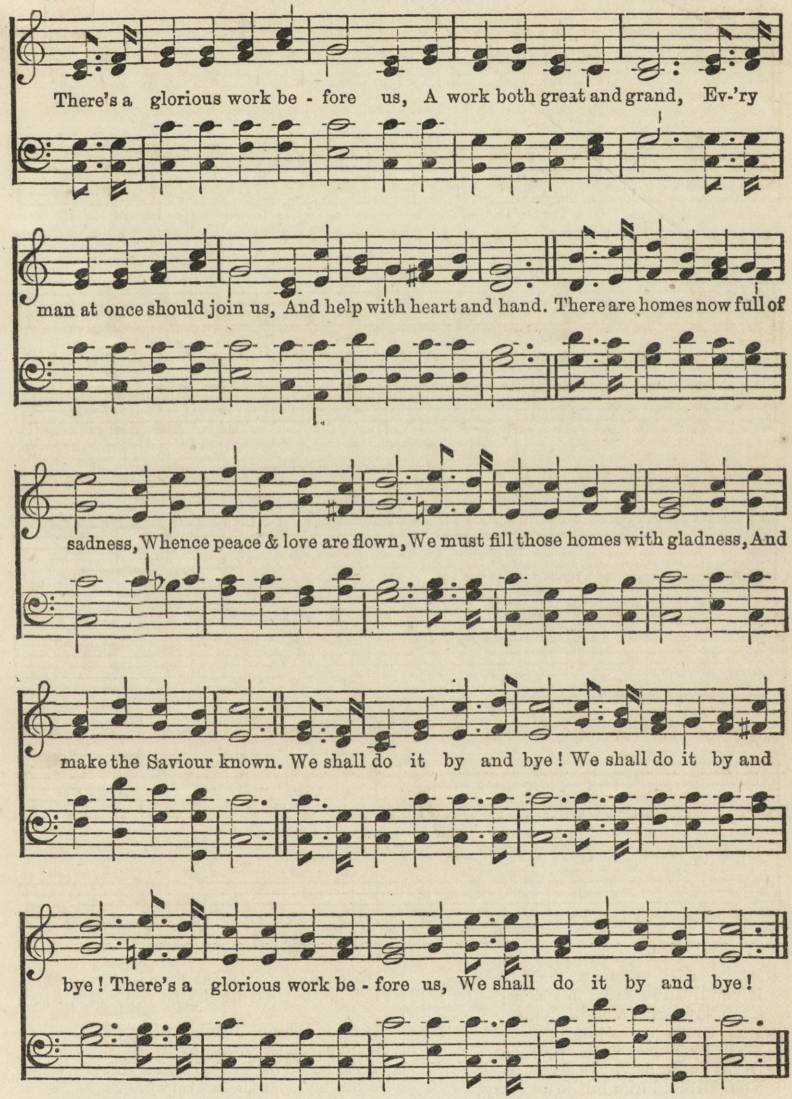
Take counsel, &c.

The fountain of fortune but slenderly flows,
Wealth got in a moment as suddenly goes,
And wine's giddy laughter, 'tis easily shown,
Brings sorrow hereafter, so let it alone.

Take counsel, &c.

79. WE SHALL DO IT.

Words by Rev. Charles Garrett.
Music by W. Hoyle.



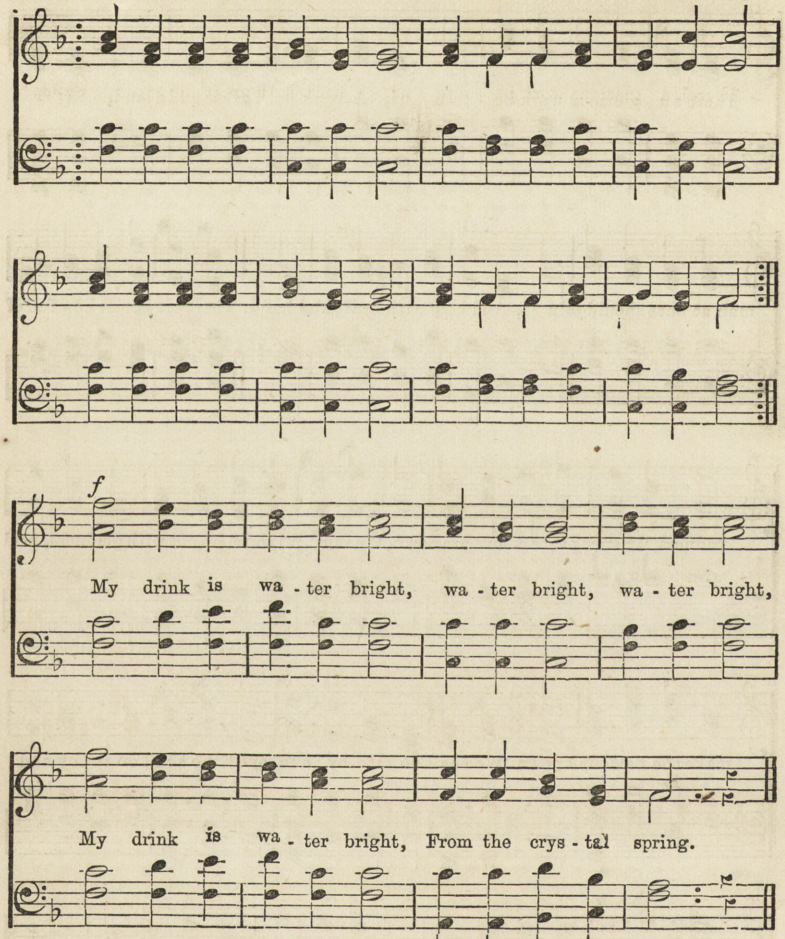
There are drink-bound slaves around us,
Who writhe in hopeless woe;
We must snap the bonds that bind them,
And lay the tyrant low;
There are wives and mothers weeping,
Whose hearts are cold and sad;
We must give them joyous greeting,
And bid them yet be glad. We, &c.

There are crowds of little children
Deep sunk in sin and night;
We must raise them from their darkness,
And lead them up to light;
There are good men filled with sorrow
O'er seed they've sown in vain;
We must show them the destroyer,
And urge them to abstain. We, &c.

There's the huge and cursed system
Of drink, and sin, and fraud;
We must cast it forth with loathing,
Abhorred by man and God;
Let us, then, gird on our armour,
And God our strength will be;
He our hosts is onward leading
To certain victory. We, &c.

80. MERRY DICK.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.



MERRY Dick you soon would know,
If you lived in Jackson's Row;
Each day, with a smiling face,
He is ready at his place;
Should you ever with him meet,
In his shop, or in the street,
You will find him blithe and gay,
Singing out this merry lay,—

My drink is water bright,
Water bright, water bright,
My drink is water bright,
From the crystal spring.

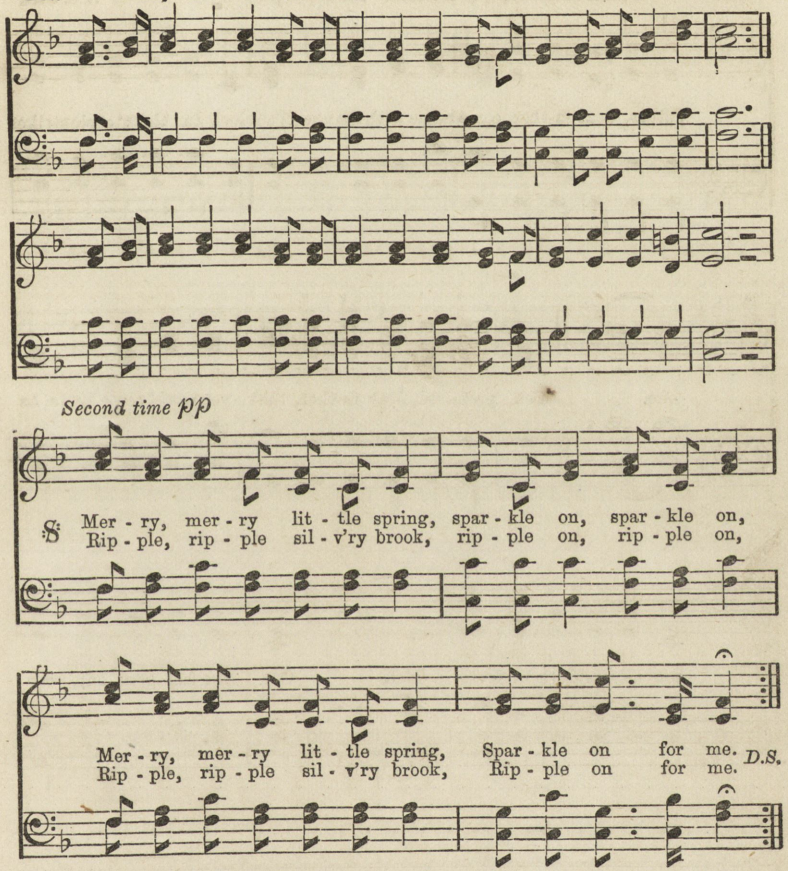
When he drives his horse to town,
Some will smile, and some will frown,
Some will say, "Come, Dick, let's take
Just a glass for friendship's sake;
We've been friends since we were boys,
Shared each other's hopes and joys,"
Dick will say, "That may be true,
Friend, but let me say to you, My, &c.

Dick and Jane, his charming wife,
Lead a peaceful, happy life,
With three daughters and a son;
Dick, he loves them every one.
In all seasons, cold or hot,
Storm or sunshine matters not,
Winter's snow, or summer's rain,
Sing they all this merry strain, My, &c.

When Dick sees the downward fall
Of his neighbours, great or small,
Warnings they to him supply,
Make him like a hero try;
Thus through life he jogs along,
Happy, honest, sober, strong,
Let us all his wisdom seek;
Sing each day like merry Dick, My, &c.

81. OH, A GOODLY THING.

Music by W. B. Bradbury.



Oh, a goodly thing is the cooling spring,
By the rock where the moss doth grow;
There is health in the tide, and there's music beside,
In the brooklet's bounding flow.

Merry, merry little spring, sparkle on, sparkle on,
Merry, merry little spring, sparkle on for me;
Ripple, ripple silvery brook, ripple on, ripple on,
Ripple, ripple silvery brook, ripple on for me.

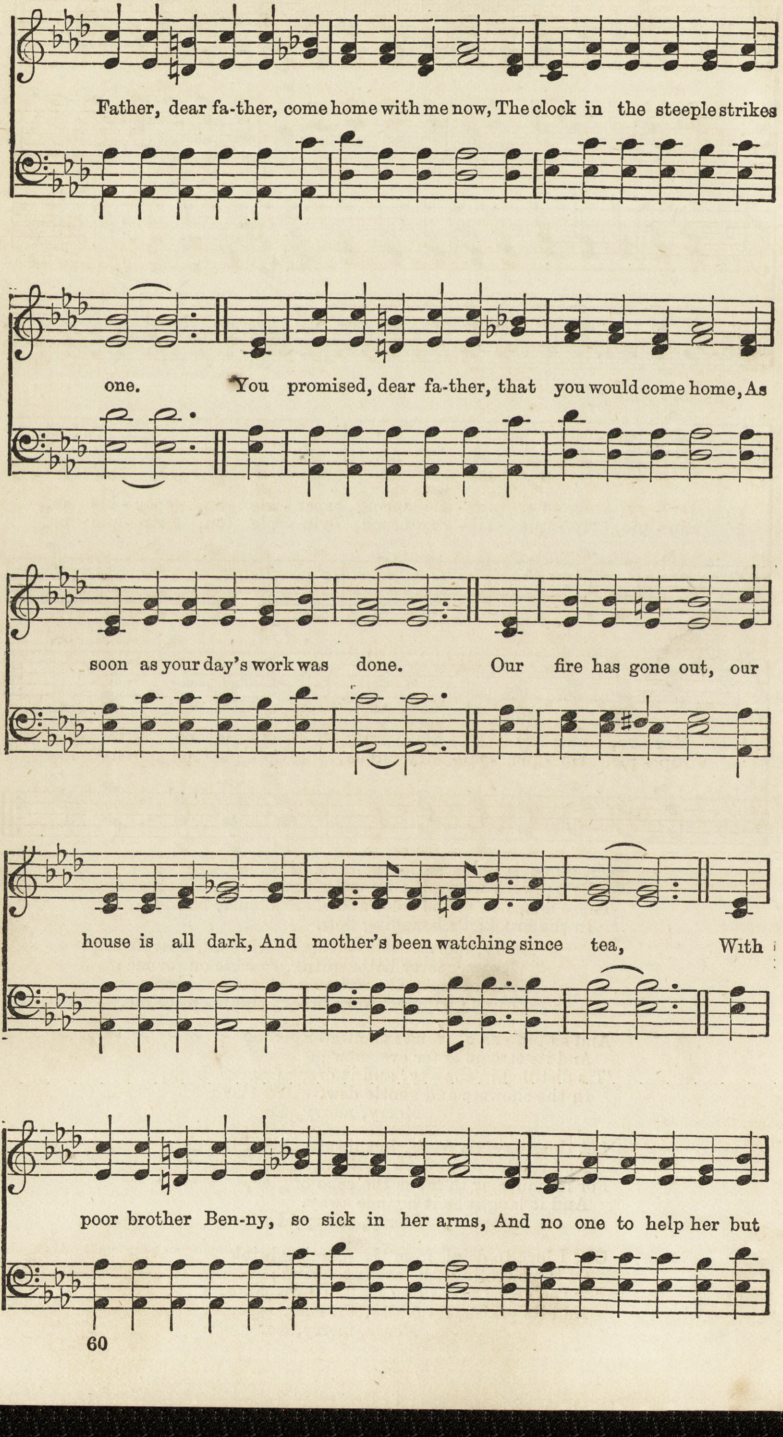
And as pure as heaven is the water given,
And its stream is for ever new;
'Tis distilled in the sky, and it drops from on high,
In the showers and gentle dew.
Merry, merry, &c.

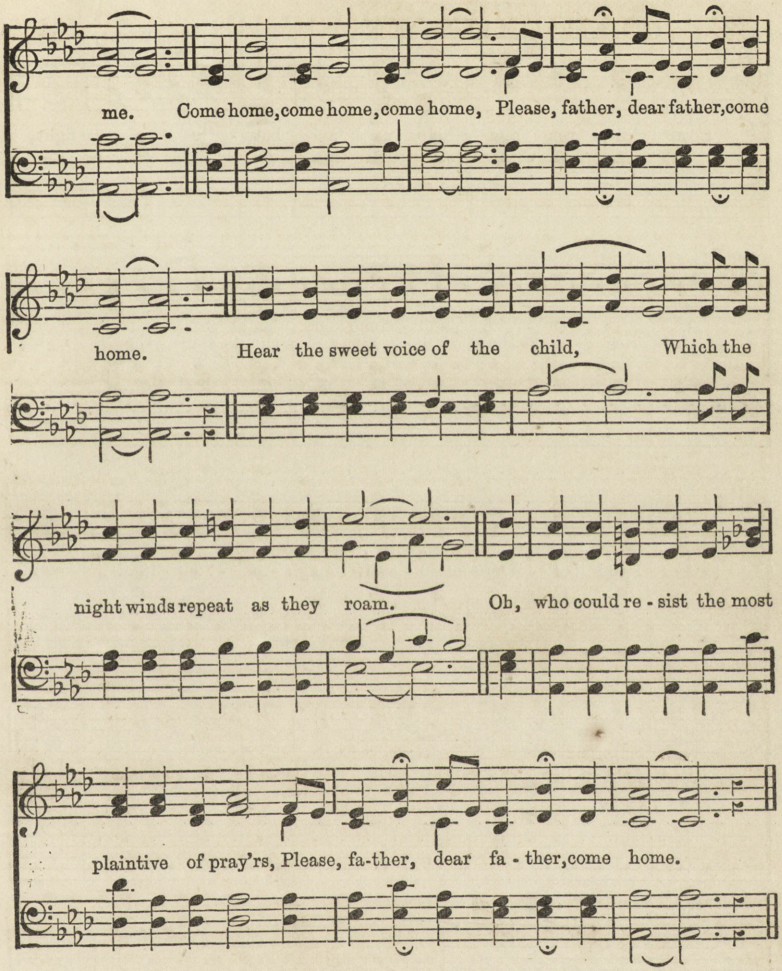
Let them say 'tis weak, but its strength I'll seek,
And rejoice while I own its sway;
For its murmur to me is the echo of glee,
And it laughs as it bounds away.
Merry, merry, &c.

Oh, I love to drink from the foaming brink
Of the bubbling, the cooling spring;
For the drops that shine shall be ever mine,
And its praise, its praise, I'll sing.
Merry, merry, &c.

82. *FATHER, COME HOME.

H. C. Work.





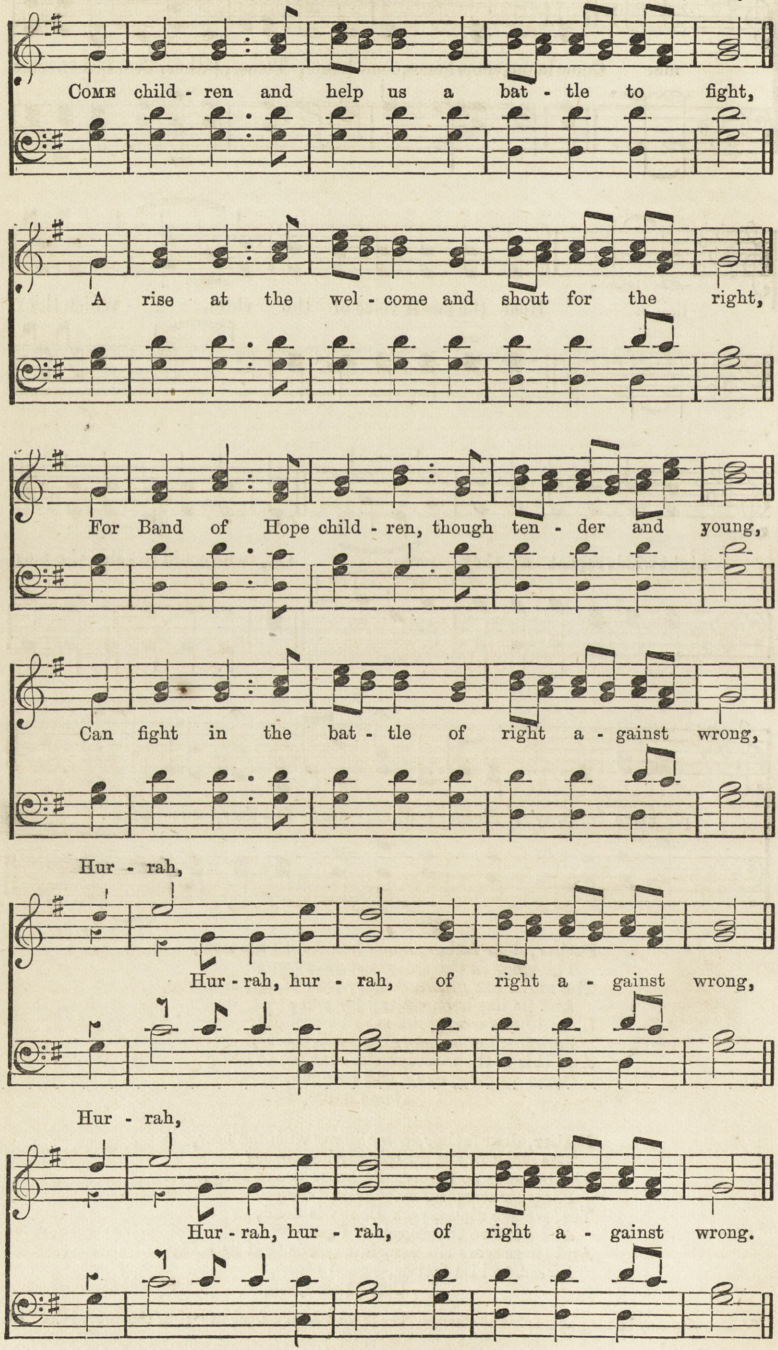
Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes two ;
The night has grown colder, poor Benny is worse,
And he has been calling for you ;
Indeed he is worse, ma says he will die,
Perhaps, before morning shall dawn ;
And this is the message she sent me to bring,
Come quickly, or he will be gone.
Come home, &c.

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes three;
The house is so lonely, the hours are so long,
For poor weeping mother and me ;
Yes, we are alone, poor Benny is dead,
And gone to the angels of light ;
And these were the very last words that he said,
I want to kiss father,—good night.
Come home, &c.

© This piece may be sung as a Solo and Chorus. The Chorus commencing at "Hear the sweet voice" &c

83. COME CHILDREN.

Words by W. Hoyle.



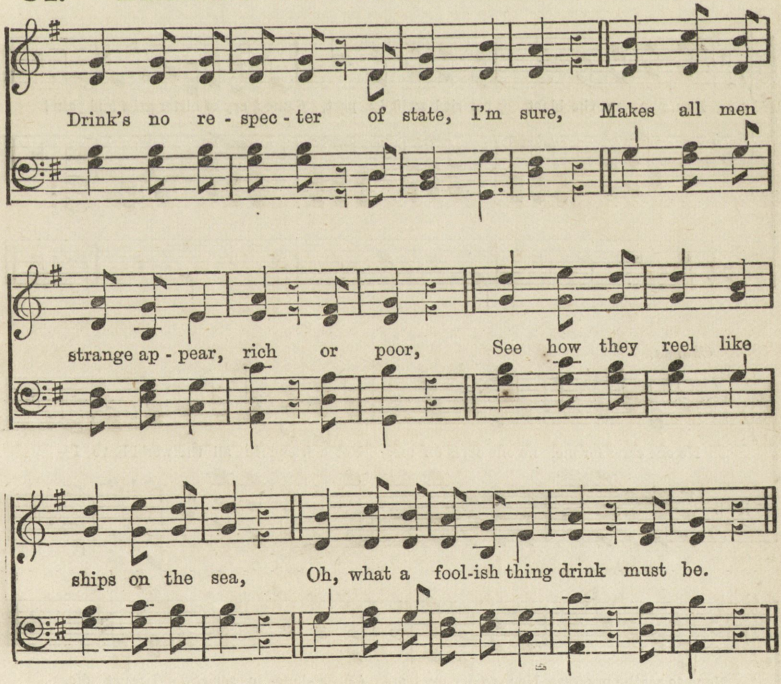
THE foe of our nation is mighty and high,
But truth shall prevail and the giant shall die;
Old England, for ever the pride of the sea,
Shall then be more glorious, more happy and free.
Hurrah!

The glad day of triumph is coming amain,
When virtue shall flourish and drunkards abstain;
O'er mountain and valley our banners shall wave,
And thanks shall ascend from the noble and brave.
Hurrah!

Then brothers and sisters arise at the call,
And join in the army, we welcome you all;
For Band of Hope children, though tender and young!
Can fight in the battle of right against wrong.
Hurrah!

84. DRINK'S NO RESPECTER.

Music by L. Mason.
Words by W. Hoyle.



MANY that labour and love to think,
Folly and madness show when they drink,
Prison, asylum, poor-house are three
Voices that tell how sad drink must be.

Many are drinking stronger to grow;
Samson, the strongest man, ne'er did so;
Wise men of every nation agree,
Poison to everyone drink must be.

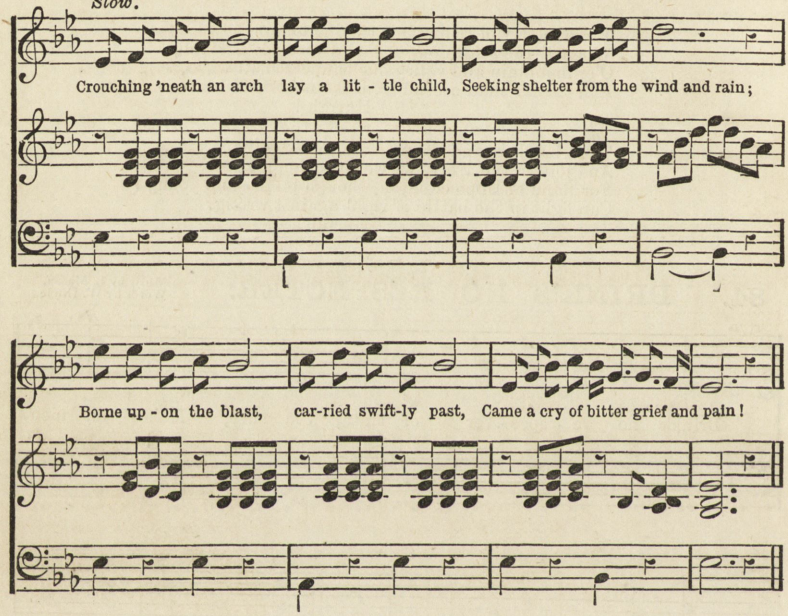
Brothers and sisters true wisdom gain,
If you would happy be, now abstain;
Drunkards to endless sorrow shall flee,
Oh, what a sinful thing drink must be!

85. *See* 20.

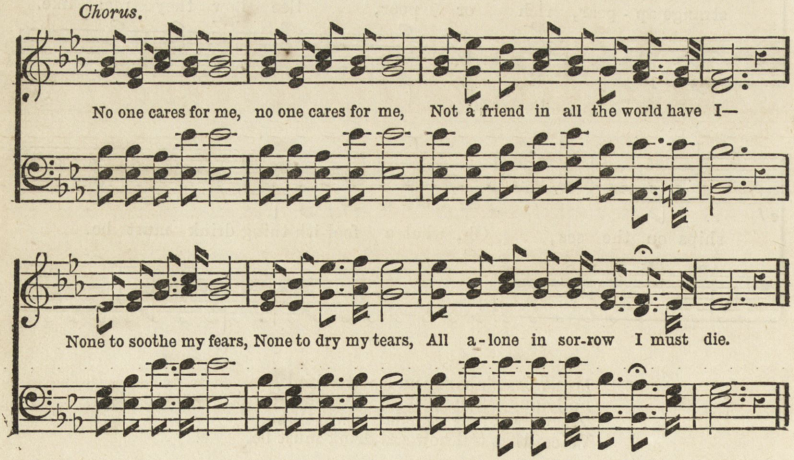
85a. NO ONE CARES FOR ME.

Words and Melody by Thomas Jarratt. Arranged for this work by W. H. Whitehead

Slow.



Chorus.



Once it was not so—once a mother's love,
Shielded me from all the cares of life,
But a year ago, sorrow laid her low,
Mother died a wretched drunkard's wife.
No one cares, &c.

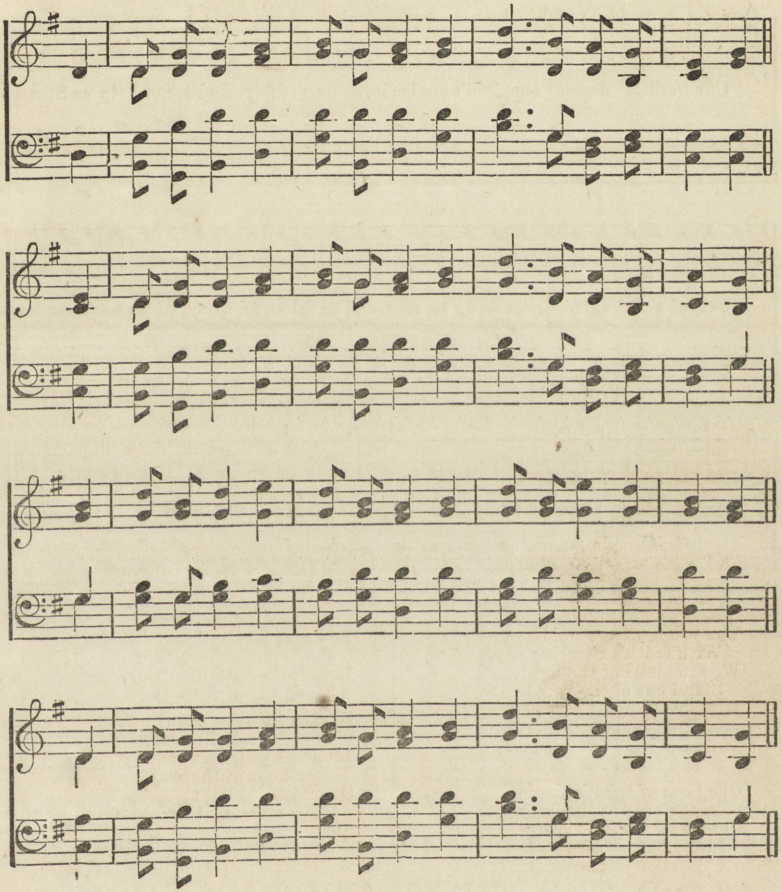
Father sends me forth on the streets to beg,
Blows and curses greet me every day;

Often times I sigh, wishful but to die,
And ascend to mother far away.
No one cares, &c.

Once I heard it said in a Sabbath School,
Jesus folds the children to his breast;
Saviour pity me, let me come to Thee,
Where the weary ever are at rest.
No one cares, &c.

86. THE TEMPERANCE SHIP.

Music by G. F. Root.
Words by W. Hoyle.



THE temperance ship is sailing on
In bright and stormy weather,
The great and good, the young and old,
Are sailing in together.
The drunkard's bark is ne'er secure,
Life's stormy ocean crossing,
For many sink to rise no more,
When angry waves are tossing.

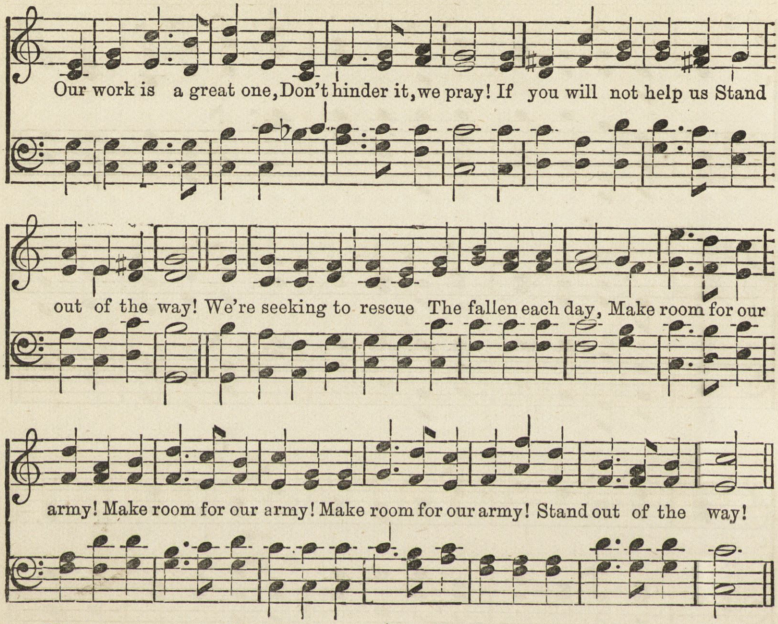
The temperance ship is sailing on,
And friends are kindly greeting,
Husbands and wives, and children too,
O what a joyful meeting! The, &c.

The temperance ship is sailing on,
A faithful hand is steering,
That safely guides the trusty ship,
Nor foe nor danger fearing. The, &c.

The temperance ship is sailing on,
And banners now are waving;
Long may it sail triumphantly,
The foaming billows braving. The, &c.

87. STAND OUT OF THE WAY.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.



The young we are guiding;
With truth's cheering ray,
We are blessing the aged,
Stand out of the way!
If you've sympathy only,
With us you can't stay,
We want none but workers,
Stand out of the way!

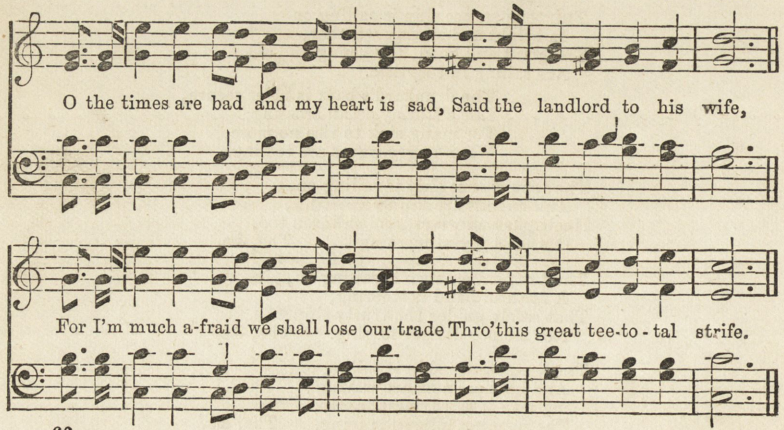
One hour of hard labour
In the heat of the day,
Outweighs all your sympathy,
Stand out of the way!

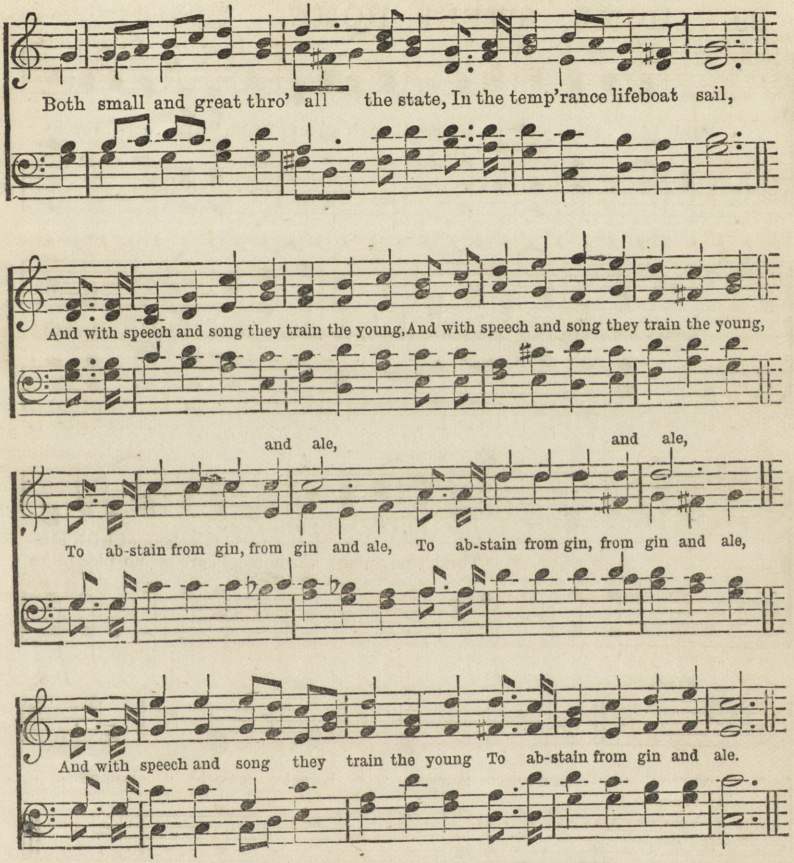
You say, you love temp'rance!
Don't talk so we pray;
Love looks faith in labour,
Stand out of the way!

In vain the poor drunkard,
Cast down in dismay,
Implores your assistance;
Stand out of the way,
O, selfish disciple!
To you we must say,
Shame on your pretensions!
Stand out of the way!

88. O THE TIMES ARE BAD.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.





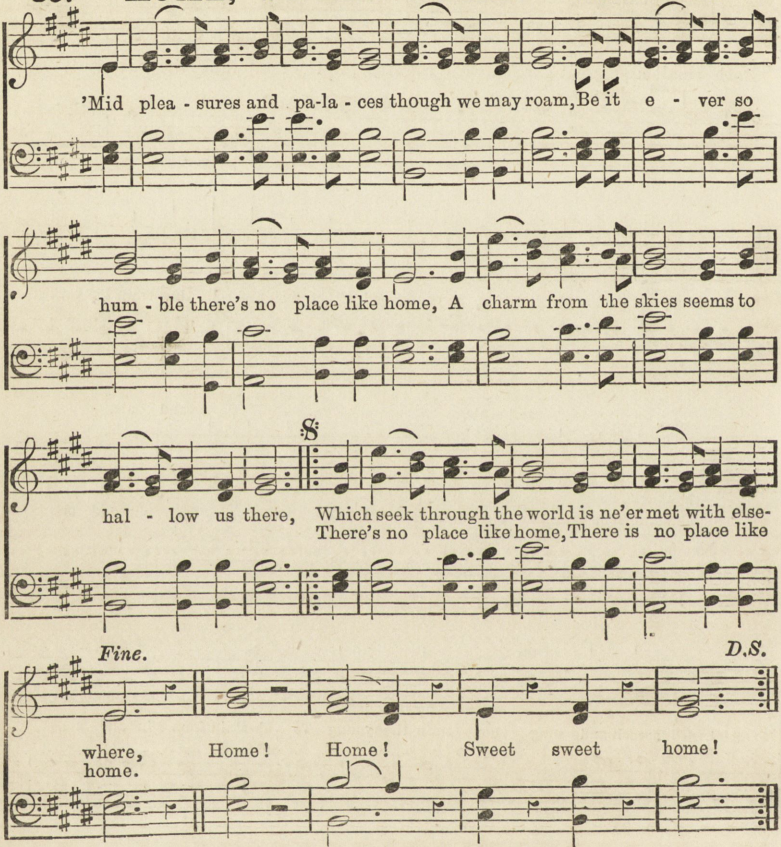
"With the hopeful Band the 'Alliance' stand,
And the 'Sunday closing,' too;
And the temperance men, with voice and pen,
Denounce e'en the best that we brew;
And the parsons preach, every sin to reach;
And they pray that our trade may fail;
So it seems quite clear we may shift from here,
For the folks will not buy gin and ale.

"We might cope with a few, but so large a crew
No landlords can withstand;
Our days, my dear, are short I fear,
For our foes they fill the land:
They're here and there, and everywhere,
The powers of drinkdom quail;
And the nation will have the 'People's Bill,'
And suppress all the gin and ale.

"My house I'll sell and softly dwell
With you, my dear, at ease,
For this fearful storm will the world reform,
Let the landlords do as they please.
'Tis a hopeless case, for the rising race
Every grog shop will assail,
For I hear them cry, as they pass me by,
'Down, down with the gin and ale.'"

89. HOME, SWEET HOME.

Words by J. Howard Payne.
Music from the German.



An exile from home, pleasure dazzles in vain!
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gaily that came to my call;
Give me these and that peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home! Home! Sweet sweet home!
There's no place like home, There is no place like home.

89. *To the same Tune.*

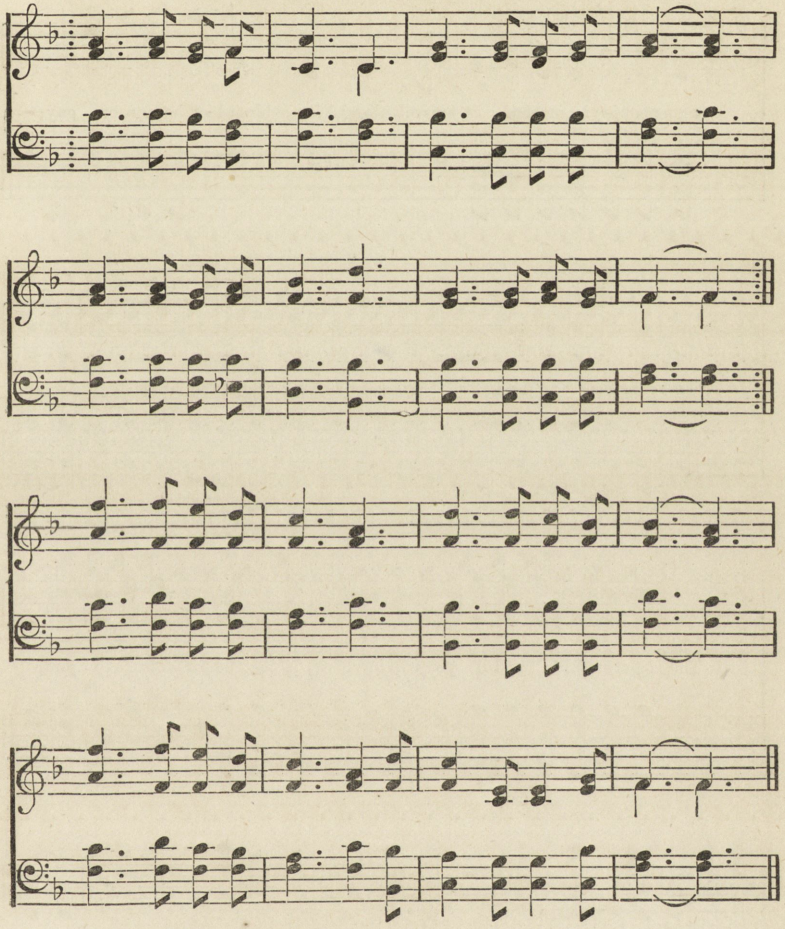
Let children of England for ever beware,
Strong drink often leads to the place of despair,
Where the wine cup is sparkling, O let us not stay,
For the angel of temperance says, Come, come away.
Come, come, come away,
The angel of temperance says, Come, come away.

The child of the drunkard no happiness knows,
How wretched his looks, and how ragged his clothes,
His home is the scene of distress, I am sure,
O who would the ills of a drunkard endure?
Come, come, come away,
The angel of temperance says, Come, come away.

The pure crystal water sent down from above,
In streams ever copious, directed by love,
Hath healing and vigour for body and mind,
And makes us more happy, more holy, and kind.
Come, come, come away,
The angel of temperance says, Come, come away.—*W. Hoyle.*

90. POOR CHILD OF THE DRUNKARD.

Music and words by W. Hoyle.



Poor child of the drunkard, none careth for thee ;
Thy desolate dwelling no shelter can be ;
Friendless and forsaken, rude winds on thee blow ;
Left now to the wide world, say where canst thou go ?

Come hither, my darling, dwell ever with me ;
Here thou shalt be welcome, I'll cheer and comfort thee.

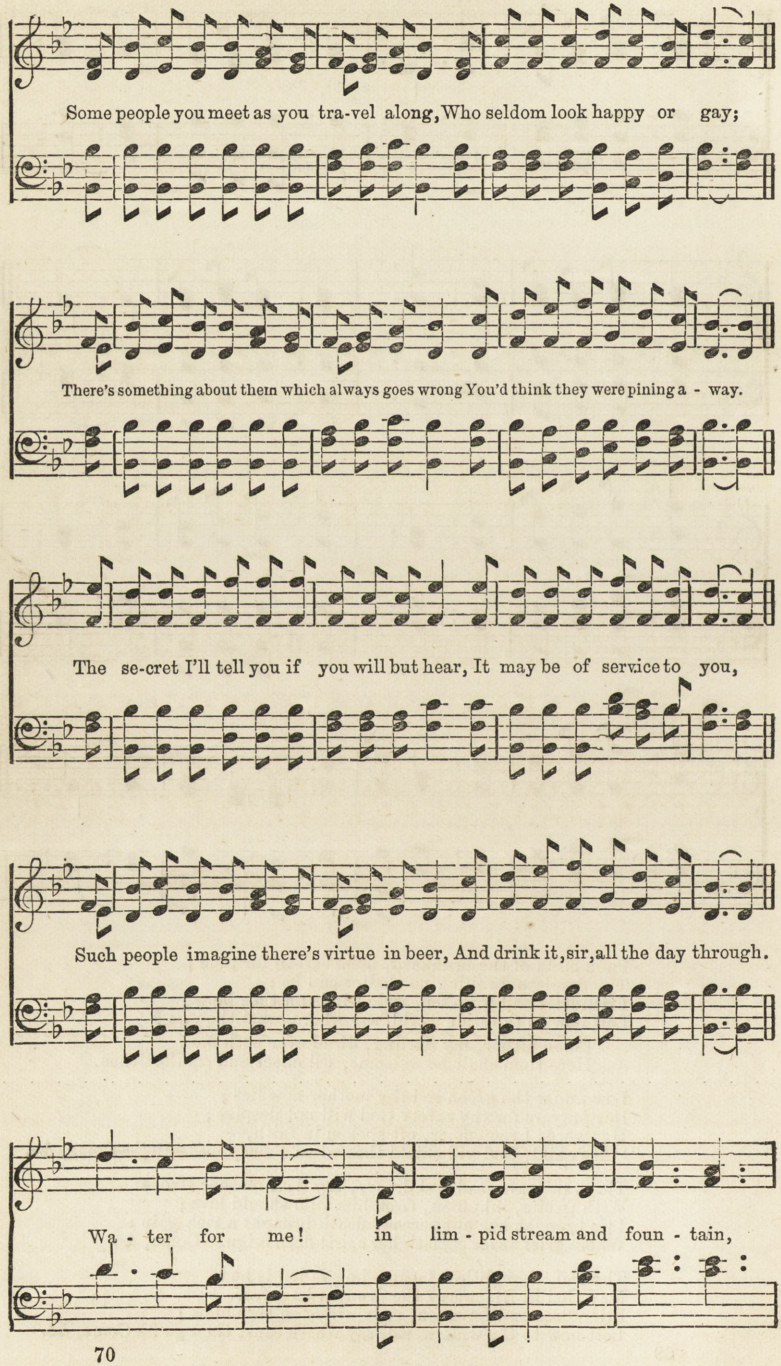
Low under the green sod thy mother now lies ;
Her prayers for thy safety God will not despise ;
Her words I remember, oft spoken in faith,—
"My child, God will shield thee when I sleep in death."—Come, &c.

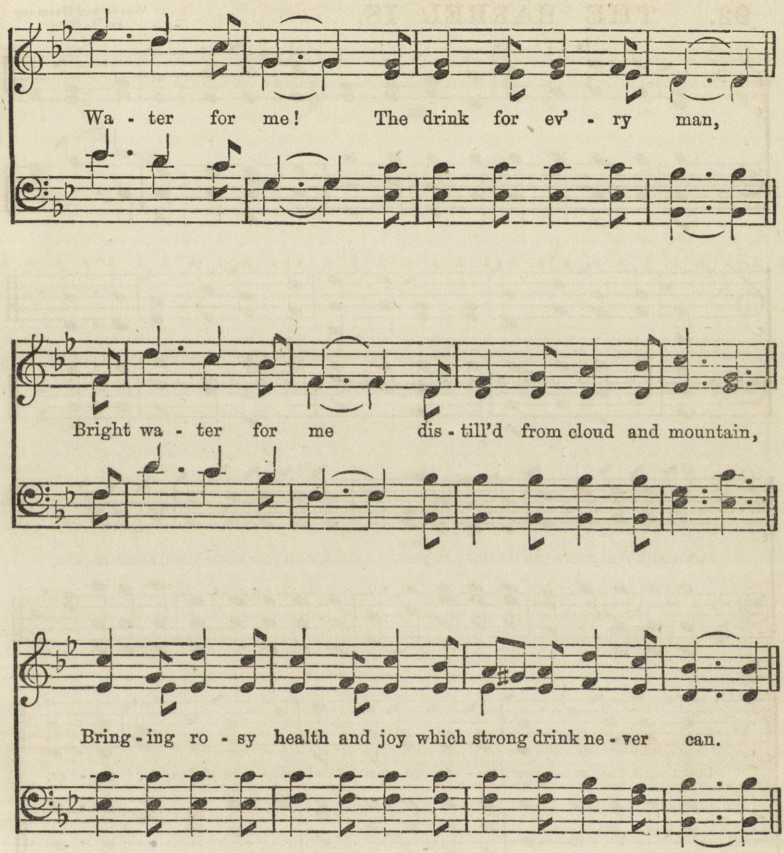
Through years, sad and dreary, thy dear mother strove
With habits, inhuman, from him who should love ;
Life brought her but sorrow, death brought a rich gain :
Where grief never cometh her spirit doth reign.—Come, &c.

Thy sad, thoughtless father, how fallen is he !
May God in His mercy the drunkard set free.
Friendless and forsaken, rude winds on thee blow ;
Left now to the wide world, say where canst thou go ?—Come, &c.

91. SOME PEOPLE YOU MEET.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.
Melody of Chorus Adapted.



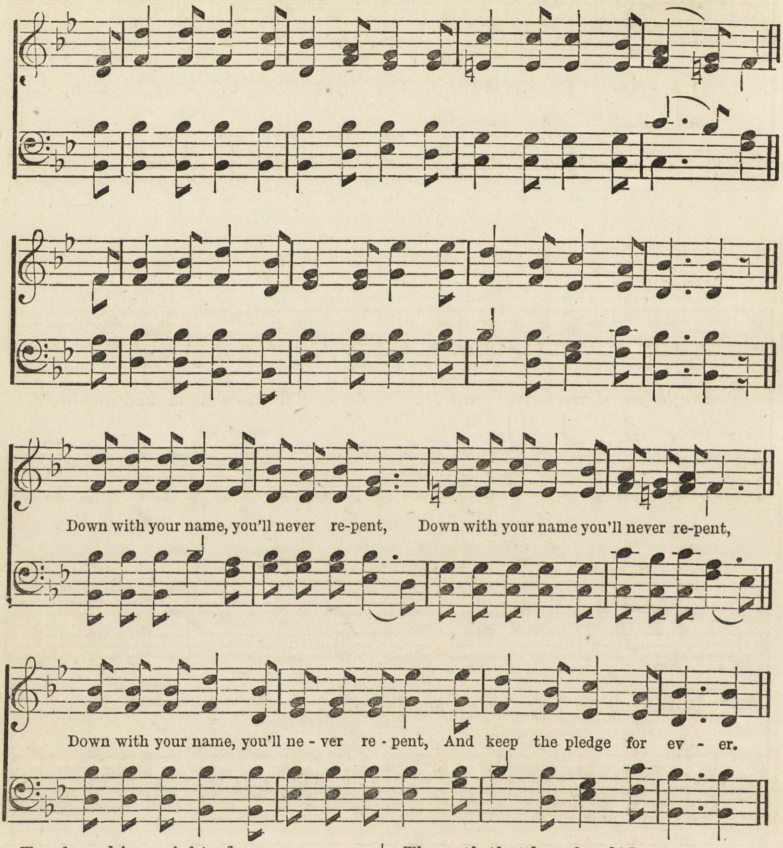


We would not speak rashly of any we know,
But duties we have to perform;
By word and example the truth we must show,
Each evil and error to storm.
Among all the follies of present or past,
Than drinking there's none more absurd,
You prove it is poison, and kills men at last;
They drink, sir, in spite of your word.
Water for me, &c.

One here and one there we may now and then cure,
But thousands we never can reach,
Unless we try something more certain and sure—
Yes, we must the traffic impeach.
No logic it needs to defend what we say;
('Till then, sir, we ne'er shall have peace);
When laws are enacted the traffic to stay
The reign of intemperance shall cease.
Water for me, &c.

92. THE BARREL IS.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.



THE barrel is a mighty foe,
The bowl is a deceiver,
But you can slay them at a blow,
And keep the pledge for ever.
Down with your name, you'll never repent,
And keep the pledge for ever.

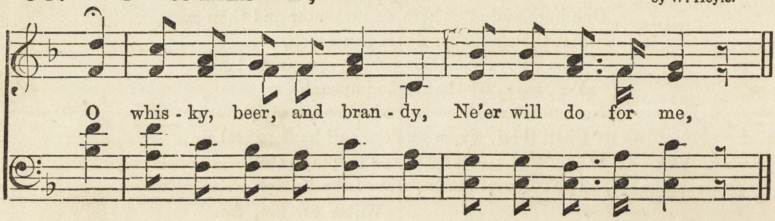
Then come, my brother, come along,
Your galling chain to sever,
And soon you'll sing this joyful song,
And keep the pledge for ever.
Down with your name, &c.

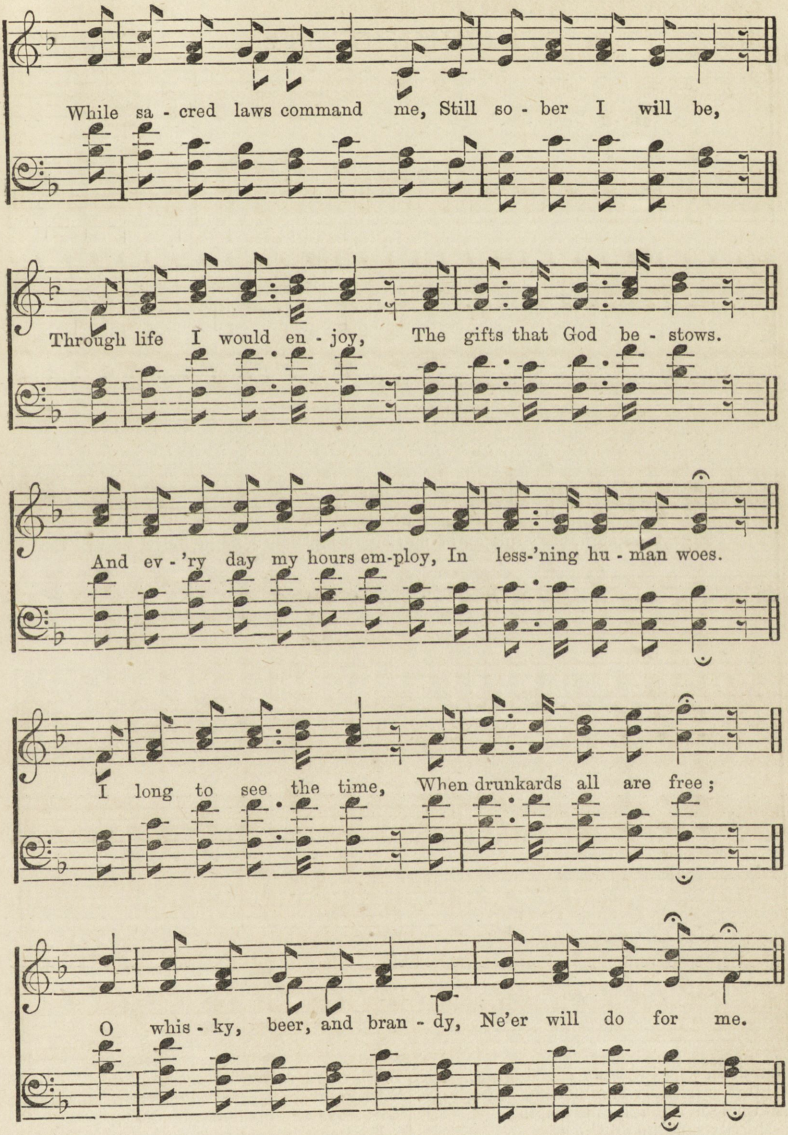
The path that long has led astray
You now will enter never,
But live rejoicing every day,
And keep the pledge for ever.
Down with your name, &c.

Your wife and children will rejoice
To see your good endeavour,
And sing with cheerful heart and voice,
And keep the pledge for ever.
Down with your name, &c.

93. O WHISKY, BEER.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.



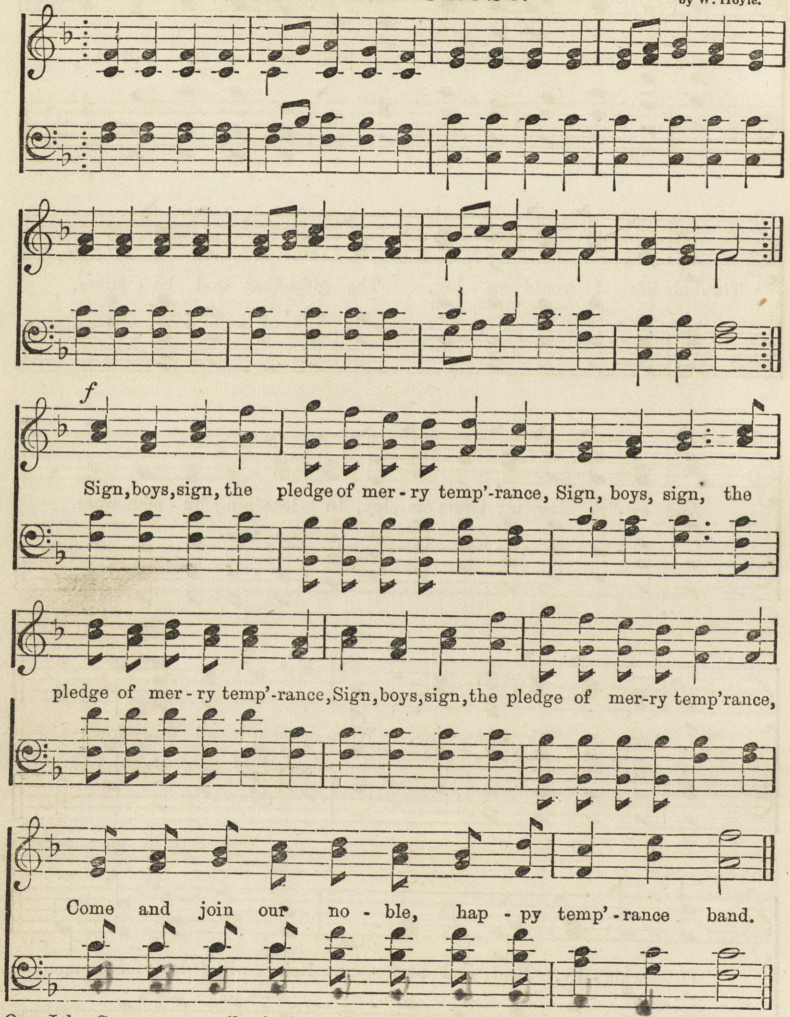


Mine is the dearest fountain,
  Filled with delight,
From shady rock and mountain,
  Still bearing pleasures bright;
The crystal streams that flow
  Through valleys fair and wide,
They seem to whisper as they go,
  "Come, drink the sparkling tide."
The bounteous gift of God
  In water bright, I see,
O whisky, beer, and brandy
  Ne'er will do for me.

Strong drink has ru'ned many,
  Distant and near,
And I am weak as any,
  Then I have need to fear.
If I should break my pledge,
  How soon I might be found
Descending to the drunkard's stage,
  Where sorrows all abound.
Then let me watch and pray
  That sober I may be,
O whisky, beer, and brandy
  Ne'er will do for me.

94. OLD JOHN CROSS.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.



OLD John Cross was merrily singing,
While his friendly hammer was swinging,
And his anvil loudly was ringing,
  Merrily sang he all the day.
Would you like to know the measure,
Which this good smith deemed a treasure,
And sang out with joy and pleasure ?
  You shall hear it if you stay.
    Sign, boys, sign, &c.

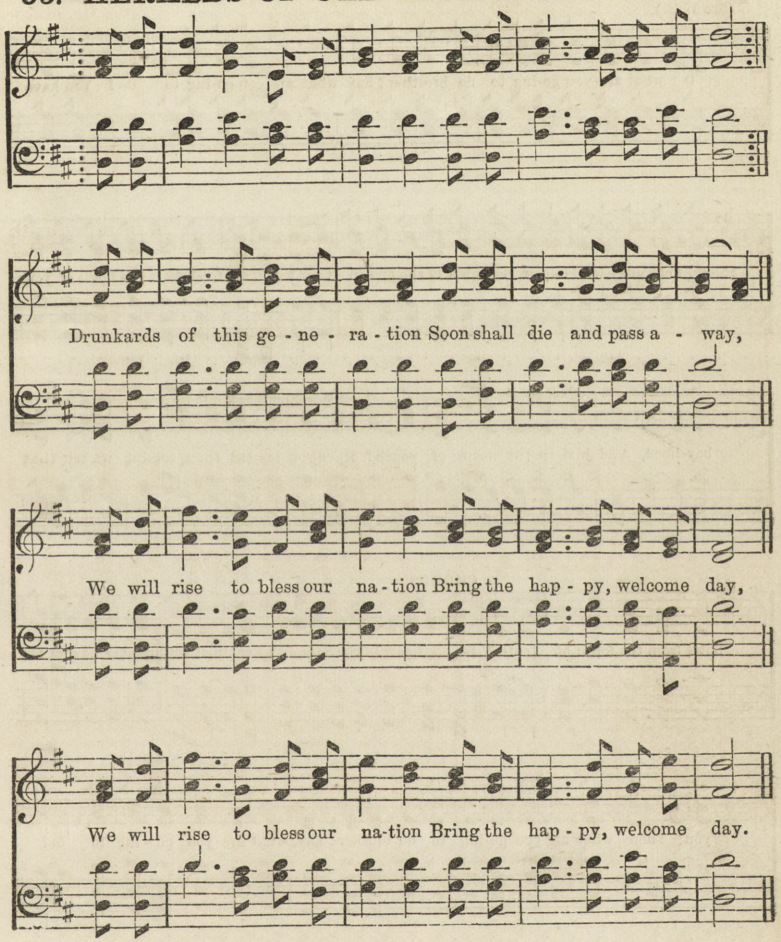
While each day his fire was glowing.
To the world John Cross was showing
Lofty deeds and ways worth knowing,
  Brighter far than miser's gold.
While the sparks around were flying,
In his earnest soul was lying
Priceless, holy, never dying
  Truth, that makes the humblest bold.
    Sign, boys, sign, &c.

While the hot iron he was bending,
With great soul his thoughts were blending,
Evil ways and fashions mending,
  Foremost in each sacred plan.
Friends or foes might gather round him,
Friend of all they ever found him :
Pride or meanness never bound him—
  John Cross was a noble man.
    Sign, boys, sign, &c.

Warriors triumph in battles gory ;
John Cross sought a brighter glory ;
Now he lives in deathless story,
  Benefactor of mankind.
Let us nobly share his spirit,
All his lofty thoughts inherit,
What he suffered bravely bear it ;
  Leave a deathless name behind.
    Sign, boys, sign, &c.

95. HERALDS OF OLD ENGLAND'S.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.



HERALDS of old England's glory
Are abstainers young and free!
Who can tell, in future story,
How supreme their power shall be?

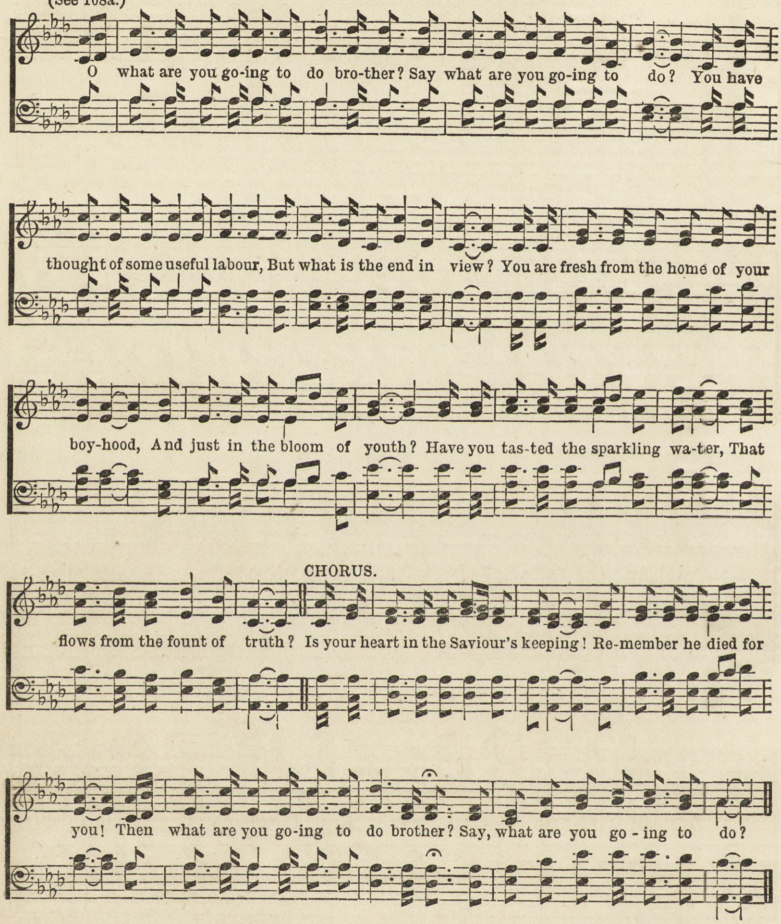
Drunkards of this generation
Soon shall die and pass away,
We will rise to bless our nation,
Bring the happy, welcome day.

Young abstainers should be careful
To avoid the drunkard's ways,
Children holy, just, and prayerful,
God will bless through all their days.
Drunkards of this, &c.

Let not sinful gain or pleasure
Lead our youthful feet aside;
Temperance let us love and treasure,
And in holy ways abide.
Drunkards of this, &c.

96a WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO. PHILLIPS.

(See 108a.)



O what are you going to do, brother?
The morning of youth is past,
The vigour and strength of manhood,
My brother are yours at last,
You are rising in worldly prospect,
And prospered in worldly things;
A duty to those less favoured,
The smile of your fortune brings,
Go prove that your heart is grateful,
The Lord has a work for you,
Then what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?

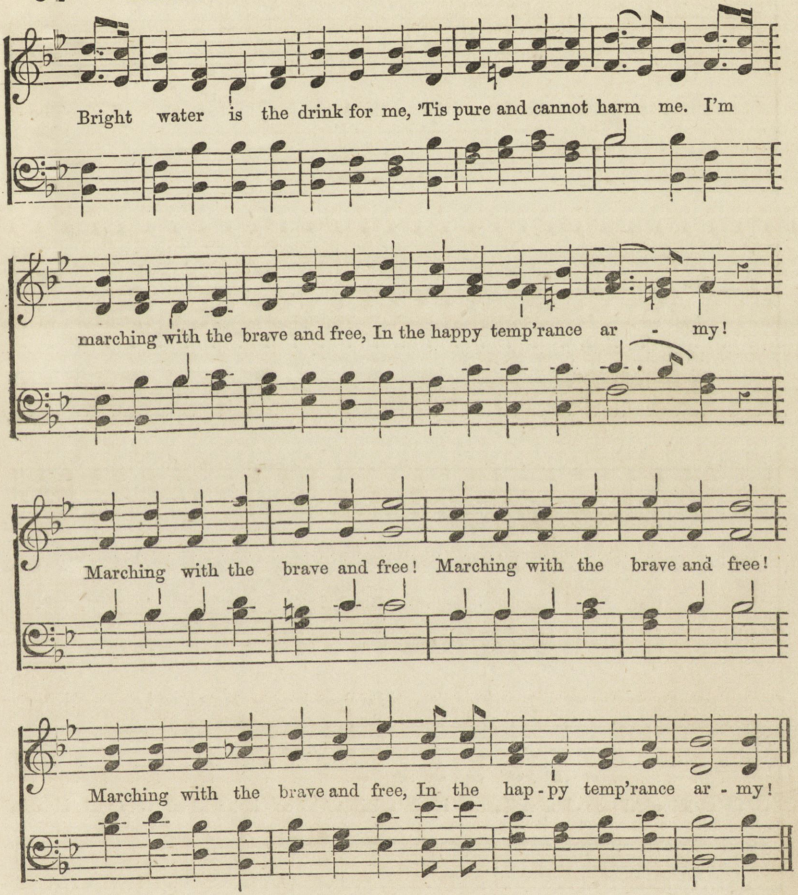
O what are you going to do, brother,
Your sun at its morn is high,
It shines in meridian splendour,
And rides through a cloudless sky,
You are holding a high position,
Of honor, of trust and fame.
Are you willing to give the glory,
And praise to your Saviour's name?
The regions that sit in darkness,
Are stretching their hands to you,
Then what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?

O what are you going to do brother?
The twilight approaches now;
Already your locks are silvered,
And winter is on your brow.
Your talents, your time, your riches,
To Jesus your Master give,
Then ask if the world around you,
Is better because you live,
You are nearing the brink of Jordan.
But still there is work for you,
Then what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do.

This piece is intended as Solo and Chorus.

97. BRIGHT WATER.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.



When Adam dwelt in Paradise,
He drank from sparkling fountains;
Then why not I, while streams arise,
From cloud-capp'd hills and mountains, Marching, &c.

Lo, in the barren wilderness
God sent His people water;
It flowed the aged sire to bless,
And cheer each son and daughter, &c.

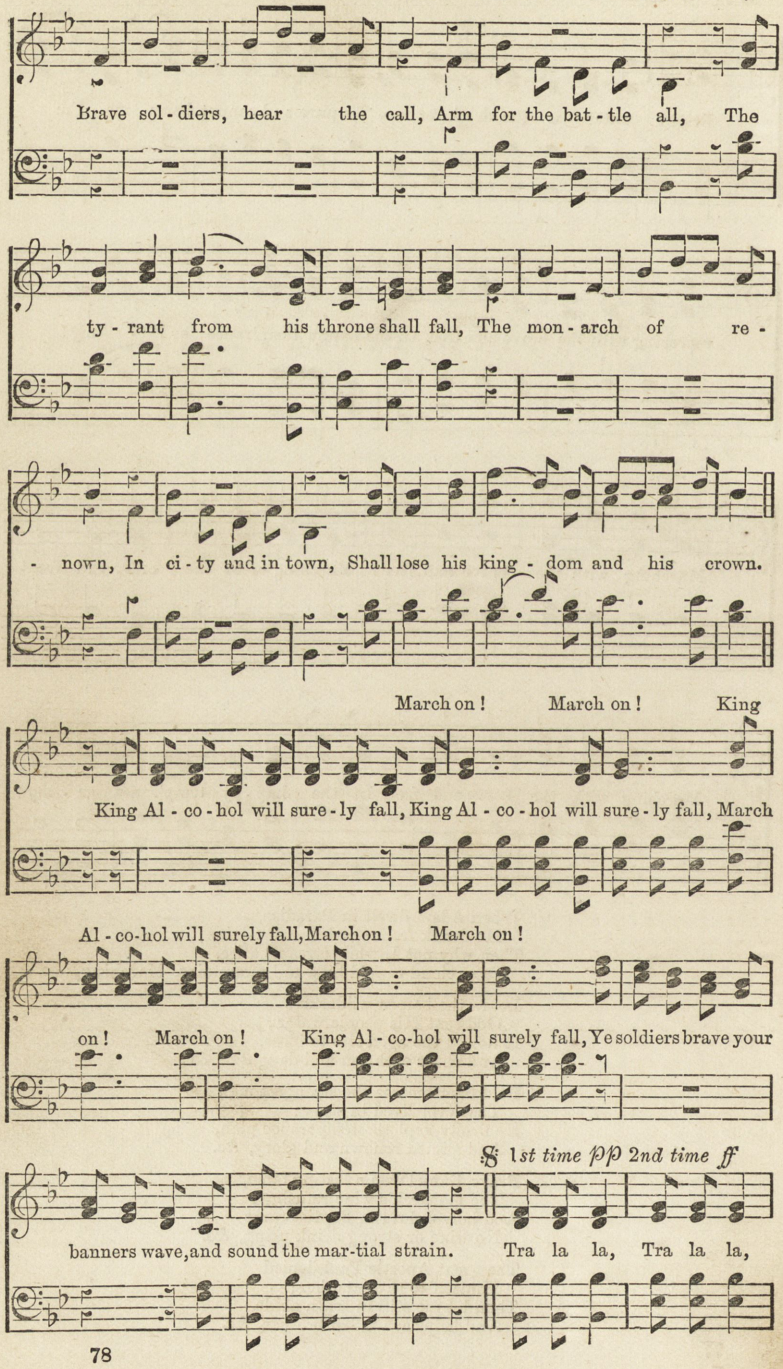
Bold Samson was the strongest man
That ever lived in story;
He firmly kept the temperance plan,
And gained renown and glory, &c.

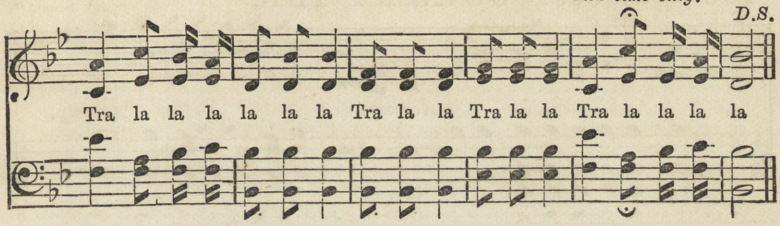
Brave Daniel won a lasting fame,
The monarch's wine refusing;
And holy John the Baptist came
No wine or strong drink using, &c.

The great Apostle Paul denied
Himself to save another;
Then let me still in truth abide,
And help each fallen brother, &c.

98. BRAVE SOLDIERS, HEAR.

Music by Moscheles.
Words by W. Hoyle.



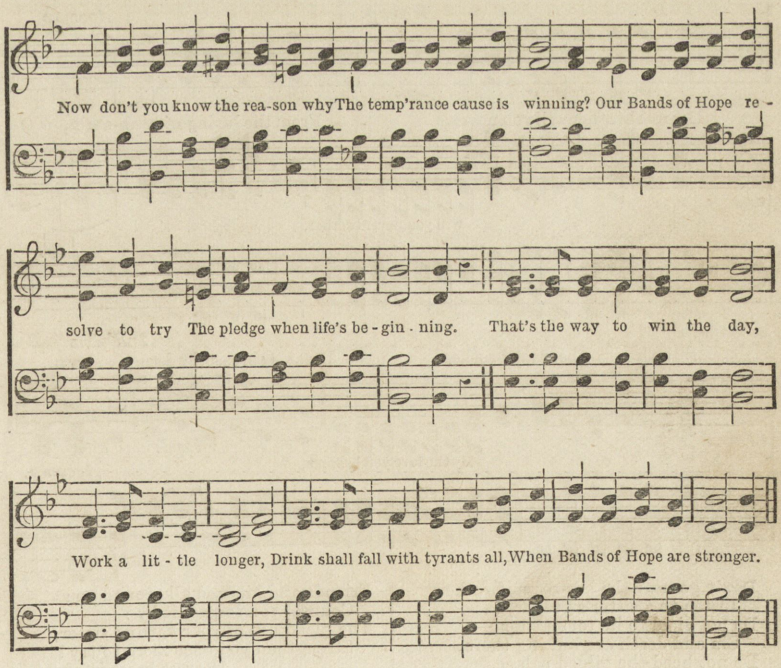


Our noble temperance band, united heart and hand,
Shall chase King Alcohol from the land,
His final overthrow soon shall the nations know,
For bands of hope to battle go.—King Alcohol, &c.

His kingdom's on the wane, for thousands now abstain,
And break away their galling chain;
Far over land and sea, the noble and the free,
Shall raise the shout of victory.—King Alcohol, &c.

99. NOW DON'T YOU KNOW.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.



King Alcohol, a giant great,
Will find that he's not wanted,
For Bands of Hope shall fill the state,
In every quarter planted.—That's, &c.

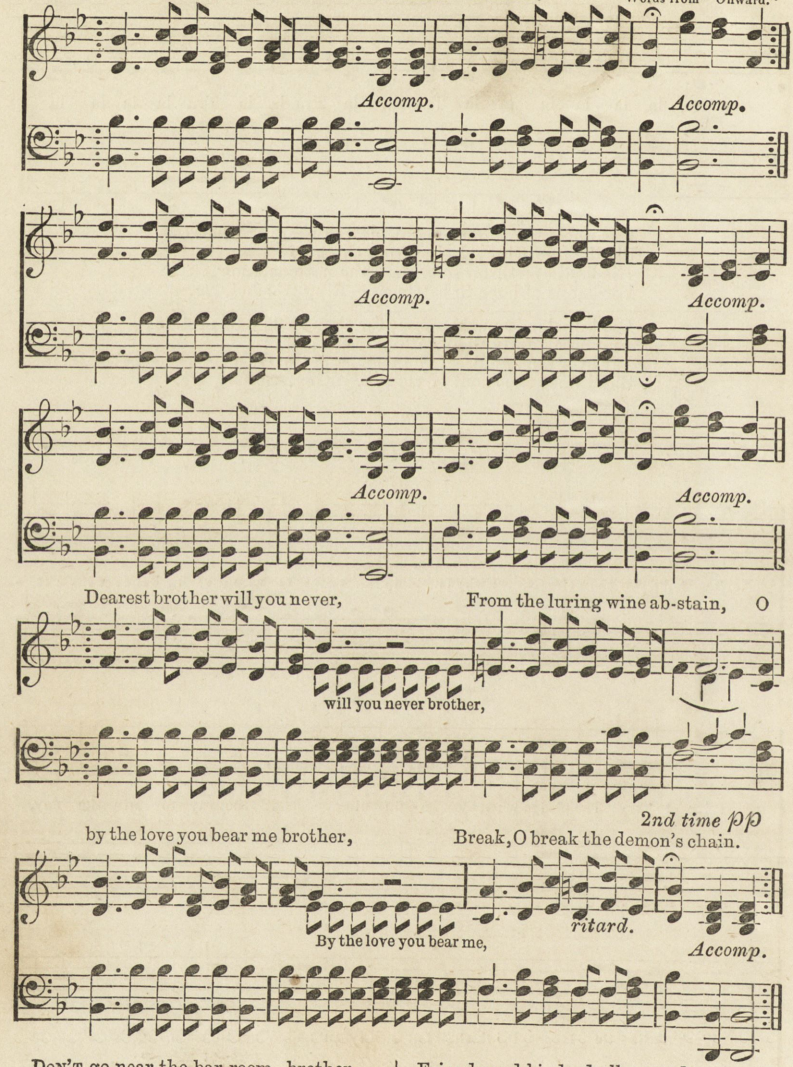
He's hindered many a noble plan,
And scattered death and ruin;
But soon we'll show him, every man,
What Bands of Hope are doing. That's, &c.

We'll give him such a mighty blow
He never will recover,
And then we'll set to work, you know,
And turn his kingdom over.—That's, &c.

The gin shop, built in rich design,
Shall wear a lofty steeple,
And serve for school and college fine,
To educate the people.—That's, &c.

100. *DON'T GO NEAR THE.

Music by G. F. Root.
Words from "Onward."



Don't go near the bar-room, brother,
Listen to a sister's prayer,
Do not yield to its temptation,—
Sin and death are lurking there.
Do not heed the gilded palace,
'Tis a mask the tempter wears,
For deep destruction lurks beneath it,
And will meet you unawares.
Dearest brother, &c.

Don't go near the bar-room, brother,
Shun it as an evil place;
It will bring you desolation,—
Cover you with deep disgrace.

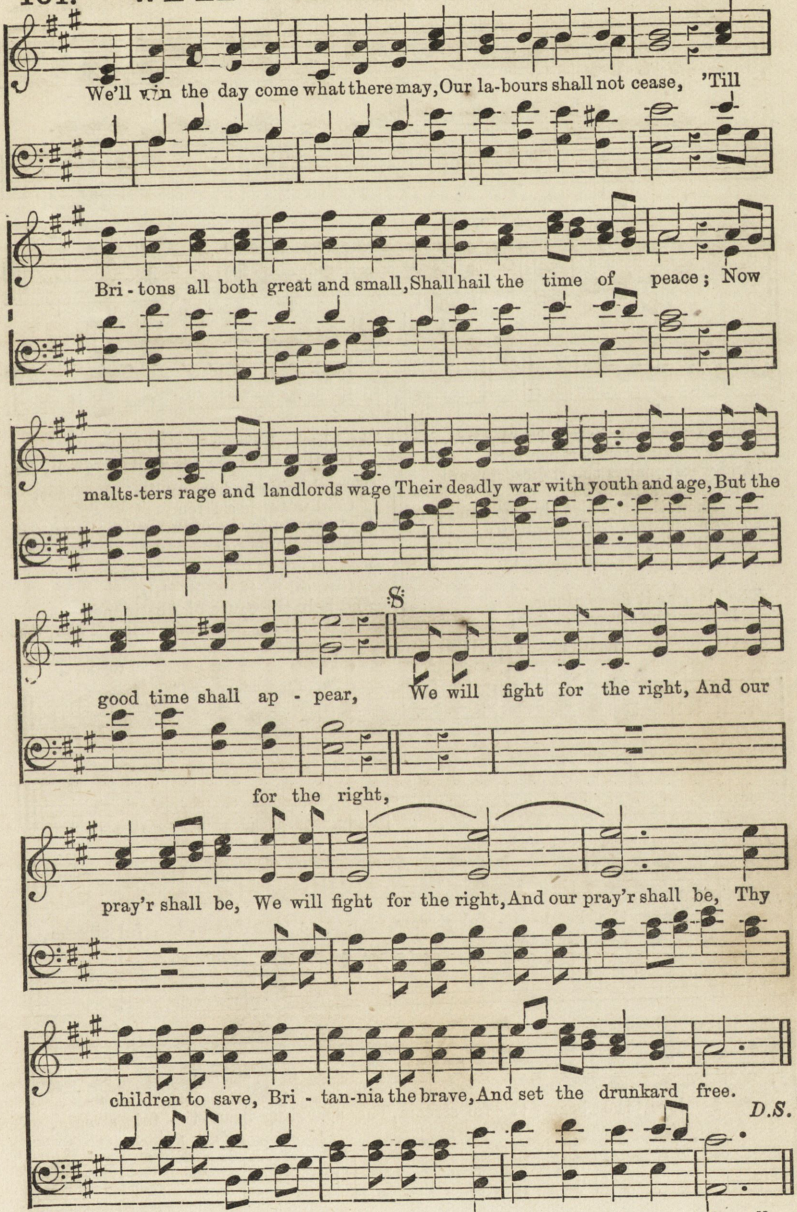
Friends and kindred all around you
Counsel you to pass it by:
The pleadings of your darling sister,
Strengthen you once more to try!
Dearest brother, &c.

Don't go near the bar-room, brother,
Touch not, taste not of the wine,
There is poison in its contact,—
Do not worship at its shrine.
Join the grand teetotal army,
Shun the bar-room and the cup,
Then in strong love we'll work together,—
'Till the demon shall give up.
Dearest brother, &c.

** This Piece may be sung as a Solo and Chorus.*

101. WE'LL WIN THE DAY.

Words and adaptation of harmony by W. Hoyle.

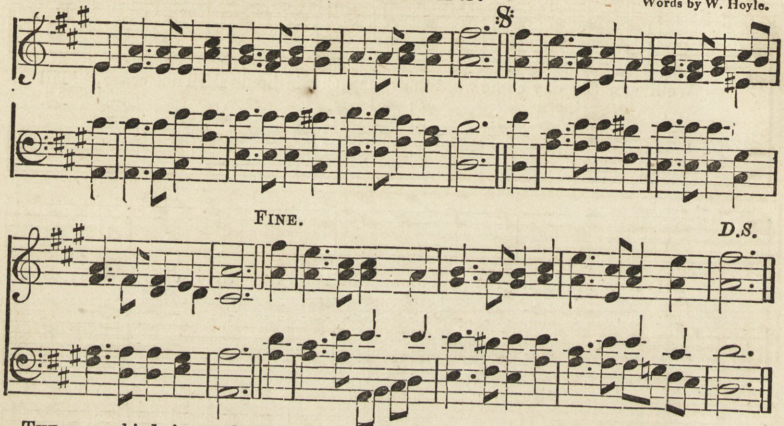


Now landlords fine sell beer and wine
In places rich and vast;
Their sinful trade shall soon be stayed
By men of noble cast;
With speech and song we'll train the young
And make the Temperance army strong,
'Till the good time shall appear. We, &c.

Then Britons all, both great and small,
To battle with us go:
For truth and right let all unite,
And lay the tyrant low;
We'll win the day come what there may,
Strong drink shall flee from earth away,
And the good time shall appear. We, &c.

102. THE MERRY BIRDS.

Words by W. Hoyle.



THE merry birds in wood and grove,
They sing a temperance lay;
And water makes the richest flowers
So beautiful and gay.
Then, like the birds in wood and grove
And flowers so rich and gay,
I'll drink of water from the spring,
And sing a temperance lay.

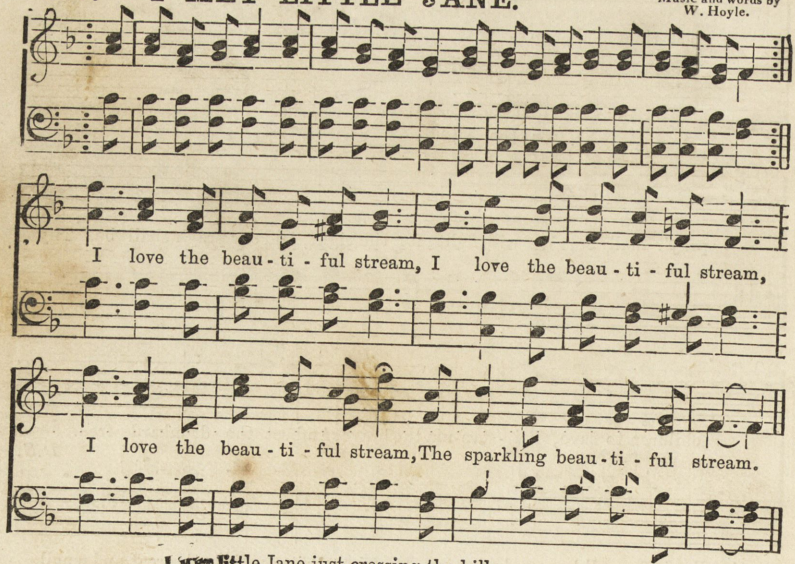
The river as it flows along
Is from the streamlet fed;
And little drops may still increase
Until the drunkard's made. Then, &c.

Though wine be honoured at the feast,
Cold water is a friend
That comes to cheer and welcome us,
And help us to the end. Then, &c.

For every joy that water gives,
I would be thankful still,
And help the cause of Abstinence
With all my heart and will. Then, &c.

103. I MET LITTLE JANE.

Music and words by W. Hoyle.



I MET little Jane just crossing the hill,
She'd been down the lane her pitcher to fill;
Her apron is white, her face like the rose;
She sings with delight this song as she goes;—"I love, &c.

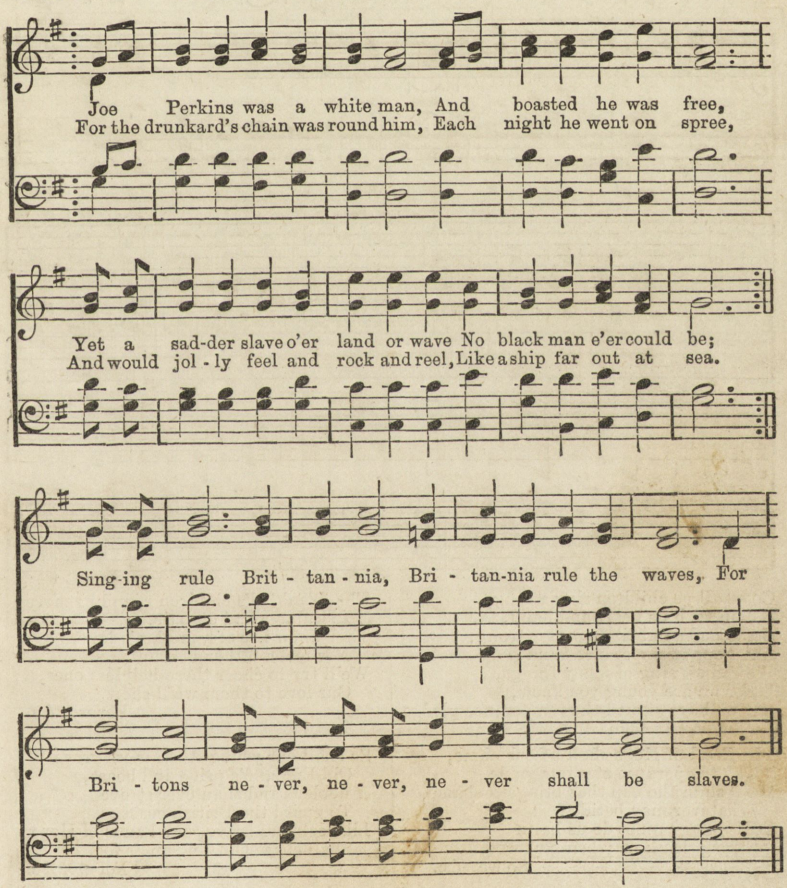
Her father works hard his bread to secure:
He finds a reward although he is poor;
He cares not to roam, his daughter's sweet voice
Brings joy to his home, and makes him rejoice:—"I love, &c.

In winter Jane goes kind acts to perform,
And help all she knows exposed to the storm;
In the bright sunny hours through meadows again
She gathers wild flowers and sings the sweet strain,—I love, &c.

Then let me receive a lesson from Jane,
And try to relieve a brother in pain;
Myself to secure from many a foe,
I'll drink water pure, and sing as I go;—I love, &c.

104 JOE PERKINS.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.



One night at the "Crown and Anchor,"
So jolly and strong got he,
And he tried to go, but his legs said, "No!
This night you must carried be;"
So he fell flat in the gutter;
Like a general down fell he,
For I do declare he was shouting there
"Three cheers for the brave and free," &c,

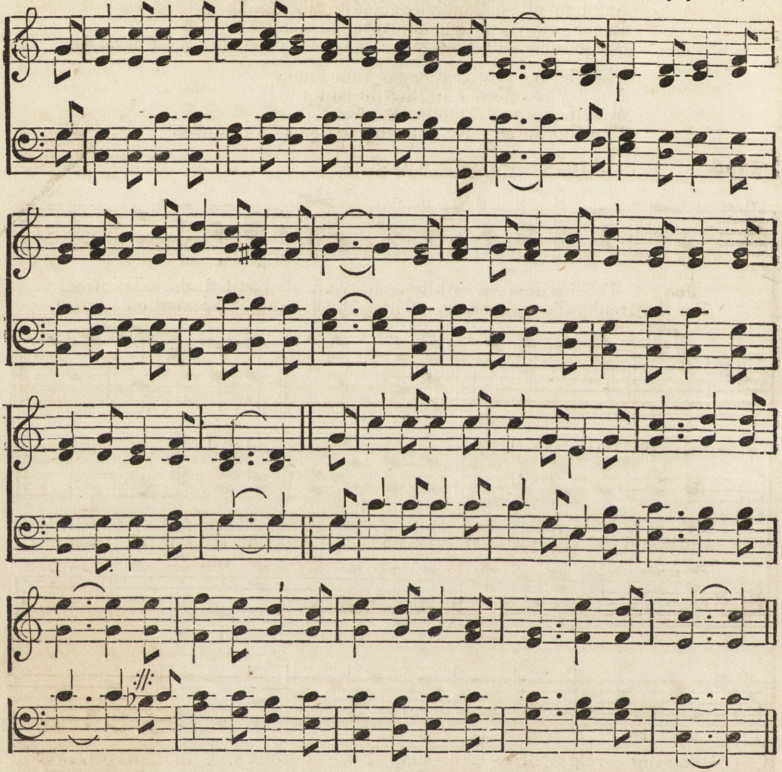
But a man in blue soon found him;
To the magistrates went he;
And the very next day he had to pay,
Or in gaol he was to be.
Though the landlords they all knew him,
Not a friend in court had he;
So he had to lie, and a new dance try,
Where nobody wants to be, &c.

But when he came from prison,
The temperance pledge signed he;
And in six months time he was healthy and prime
As any man could be;
When he sees the crafty landlords,
He says 'You don't catch me!
For I've had enough of your filthy stuff,
I'm a member of the free!" &c.

Now his home it is a palace,
And his wife a queen is she;
And his children all both great and small,
Are happy as can be;
Then let us help to keep him
From the deadly Upas tree;
And ne'er give o'er till the drinking store,
A thing of the past shall be, &c.

105. COME ALL YE CHILDREN.

Words by J. T. [illegible]nichffe.
Harmony by W. Hoyle.



COME all ye children sing a song,
Join with us heart and hand,
Come make our little party strong,
A happy temperance band;
We cannot sing of many things,
For we are young you know,
But we have signed the temperance pledge,
A short time ago.

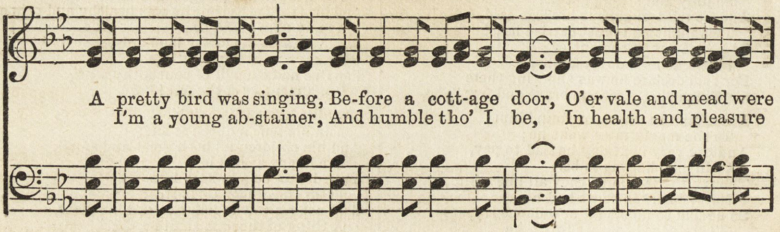
The Band of Hope shall be our name,
The temperance star our guide,
We'll shun the cup that bringeth shame,
Whatever may betide;
Cold water cannot do us harm
Strong drink may bring us woe.
So we, &c.

The drunkard's children round us move
In sadness and despair,
They know not of a mother's love,
Nor feel a father's care,
We'll try to cheer these helpless ones,
Our love to them we'll show.
For we, &c.

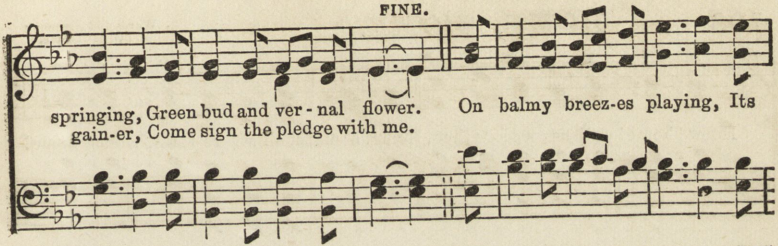
So shall our young Abstainers prove
Old England's pride and boast,
A nobler band than ever strove
To guard the British coast;
Like soldiers brave, our Bands of Hope
Shall chase Old England's foe.
For we, &c.

106. A PRETTY BIRD.

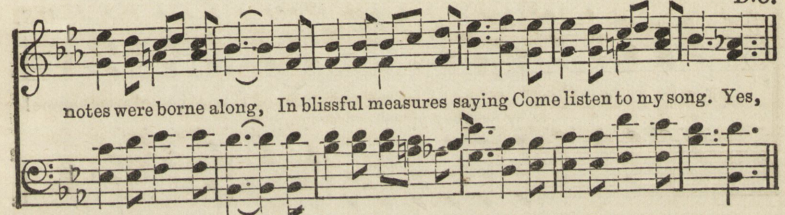
Words by W. Hoyle.


A pretty bird was singing, Be-fore a cott-age door, O'er vale and mead were
I'm a young ab-stainer, And humble tho' I be, In health and pleasure

FINE.



D.C.

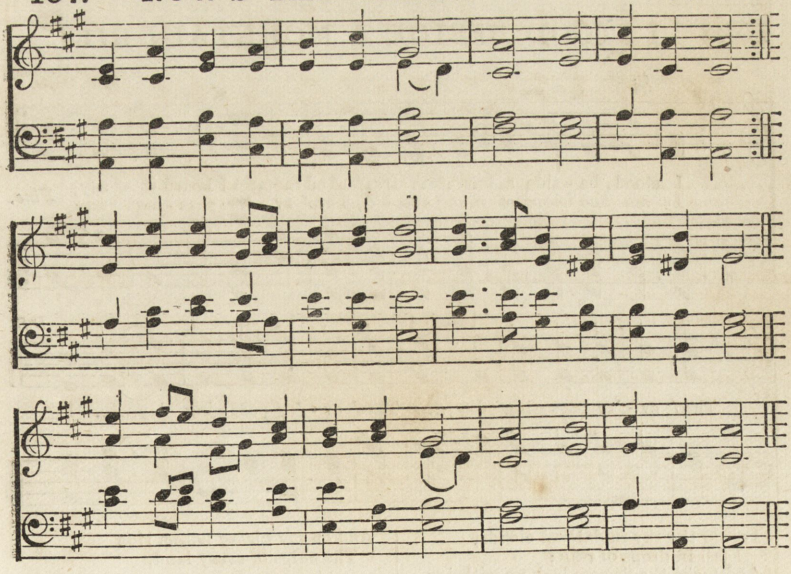


Away unto a river
It flew, where waters glide,
And thanking God, the Giver,
Drank of the sparkling tide.
Again in blissful measure
The sweetest notes I heard,
Bright water is a treasure
To every pretty bird.—Yes, &c.

Sweet bird, then let me ever
With thee in water find
A dear friend that shall never
My soul in fetters bind.
I'll sign the pledge of temperance,
And every evil flee,
With thee in fond remembrance
My song of joy shall be.—Yes, &c.

107. NOW'S THE TIME.

Harmony by W. Hoyle.



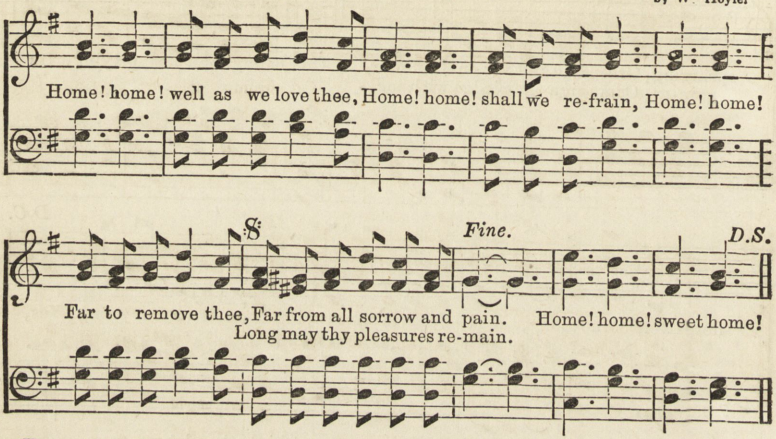
Now's the time to win the day, Try again,
Onward, brothers, never stay, Try again,
Duty's path is straight and clear,
Trust in God and persevere,
Truth shall conquer, never fear. Try again.

What if landlords fiercely rage, Try again,
Bravely let us all engage, Try again,
Thousands now are on our side,
Let us still in truth abide, [again,
Spreading temperance far and wide, Try

Raise the shout in street and lane, Try again.
Spread our cause 'till all abstain, Try again,
Let the temperance banner wave,
Onward still a world to save,
Victory yet shall crown the brave, Try again.

108 HOME, HOME.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.



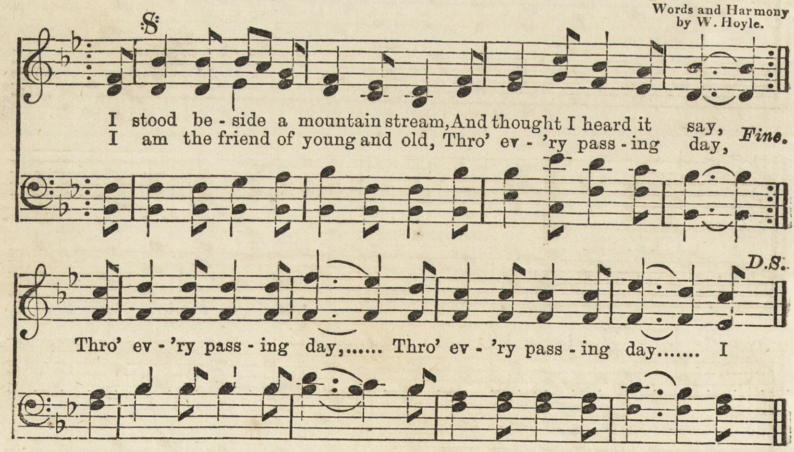
Home! home! wine bringeth sadness
Home! home! unto thy hearth,
Home! home! folly and madness
Often have mixed with its mirth,
Home! home! sweet home,
Chiefest delight of the earth.

Home! home! friend of the lowly,
Home! home! strength of the brave,
Home! home! cherubin holy,
Wings of defence round thee wave,
Home! home! sweet home!
Heaven in thy presence we have.

Home! home! peaceful, abiding,
Home! home! where I would be,
Home! home! humble, confiding
Pilgrims thy glory shall see;
Home! home! sweet home;
When shall I fly unto thee?

108a I STOOD BESIDE A MOUNTAIN RILL.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.



I roam the sky in darkest clouds,
I fall in drops of rain;
And make the flowers look up with joy,
From many a thirsty plain.

The sons of labour seek my aid
In every useful art,
And in the works of might and skill
I bear a friendly part.

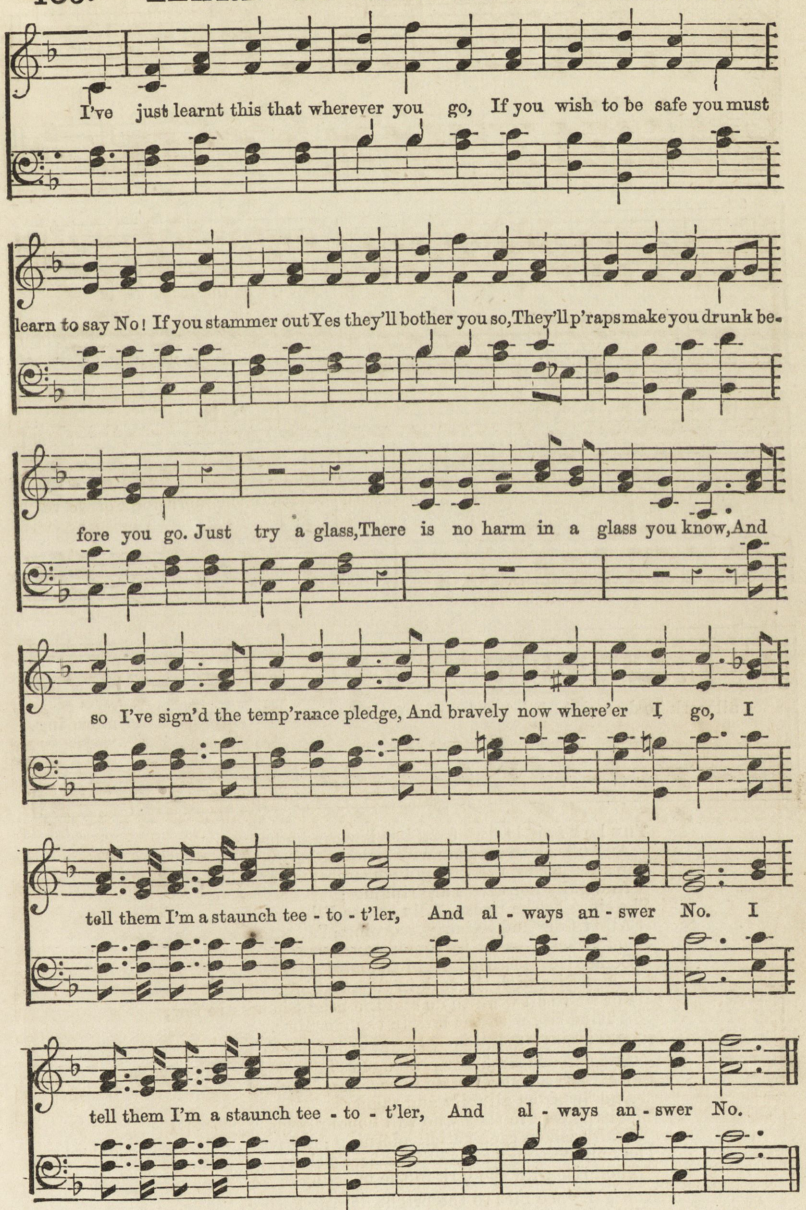
I sweep along in rivers wide,
I sport in fountains grand,
And on my glassy bosom ride
The ships of every land.

I fill with pleasure and delight,
The birds on many a tree,
The cattle on a thousand hills,
The fishes in the sea.

Then come, ye children, one and all,
With cheerful heart and mind,
Receive a pleasure from the stream,
So bountiful and kind.

109. LEARN TO SAY NO.

Music by W. Hoyle.
Words by E. P. Hood.



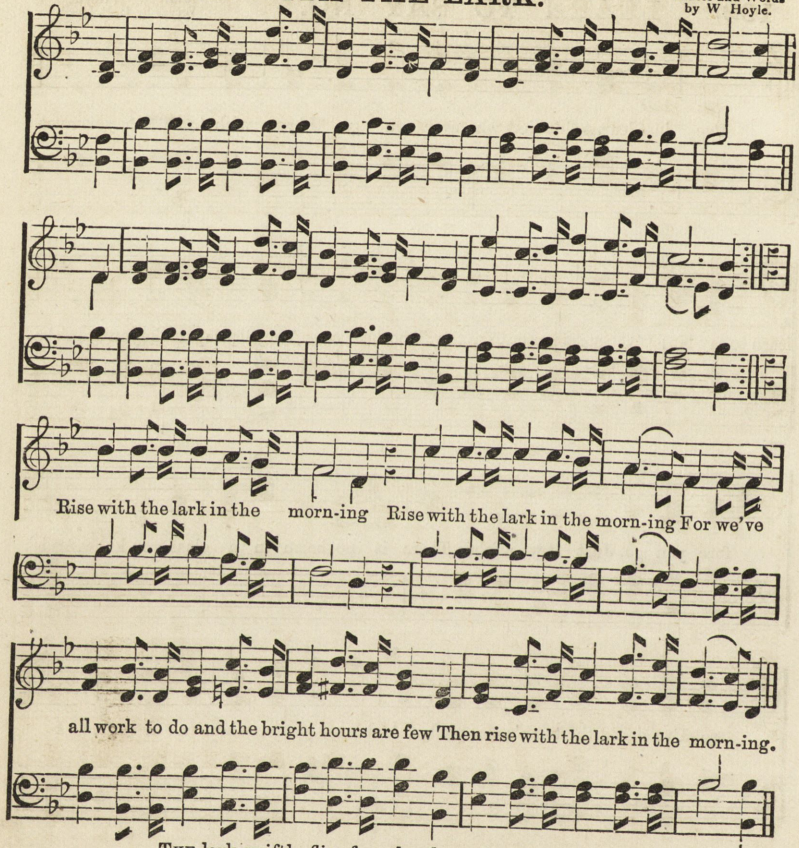
Come Tom, old fellow, just step in here,
You must try a glass of our home-brewed beer;
A gossip is pleasant on winter nights, [&c.
And we'll soon set the nation all to rights. Just,

Said master to me, the other day, [ly pay,
You've earned something more than your week-
Just step in the kitchen, and there you'll see
A glass of ale for your industry. Just, &c.

I like to hear, where'er I go,
A young man's brave determined "No!"
A hero's soul must throb below [&c.
The heart that can bravely answer "No!" Just,

110. RISE WITH THE LARK.

Music and Words by W Hoyle.



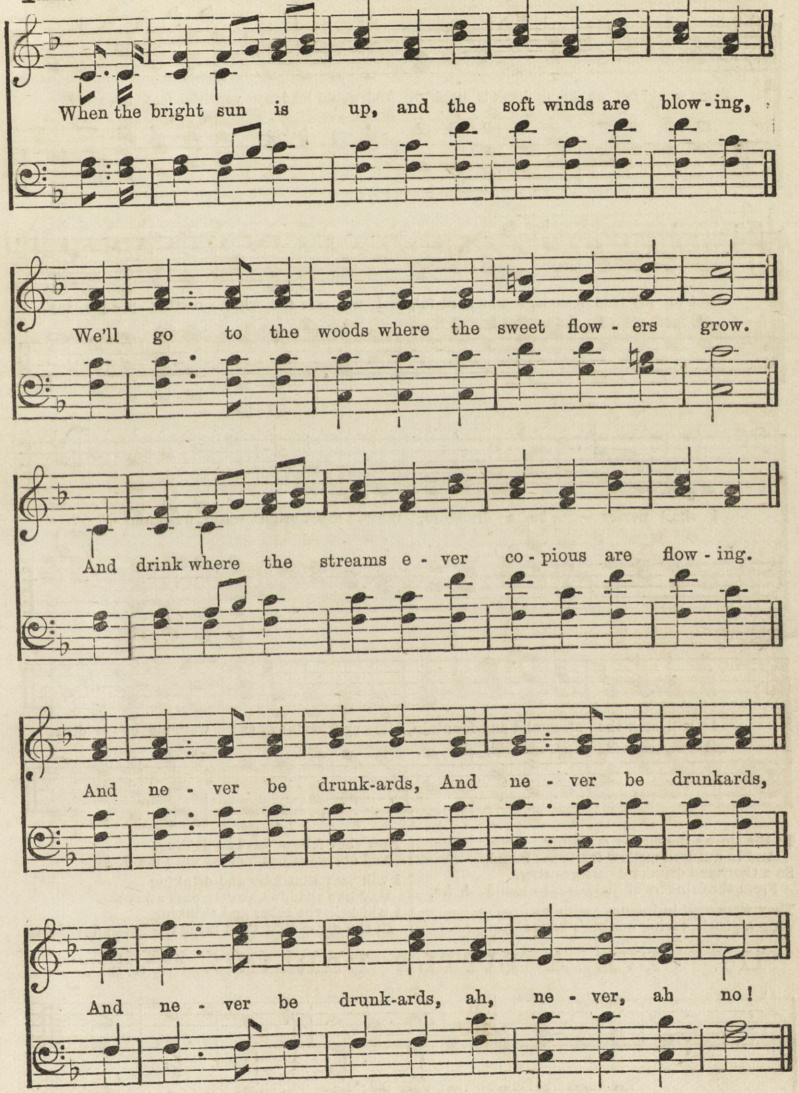
THE lark swiftly flies from her low grassy bed,
And fills the sweet air with her singing;
She soars where the first golden sunbeams are shed,
And gaily her carols are ringing;
She sings as she rises: "My course I'll pursue,
All trifling and lethargy scorning;"
She teaches a lesson both noble and true—
Come rise with the lark in the morning,
Rise with the lark in the morning.
For we've all work to do and the bright hours are few,
Then rise with the lark in the morning.

She's no mean instructor, as upward she flies,
And spreads forth her pinions in gladness;
She says to the slothful and cheerless, "arise!
And flee from all folly and sadness.
The happiest are they who will hopefully go,
With wisdom each action adorning;
The humblest may strive like a hero below,
Then rise with the lark in the morning." &c.

How gaily she flies to the bright flowing spring,
Which serves for each wise sober thinker;
When soaring so high do you think she could sing
Were she not a cold-water drinker?
Then let us be sober and watchful below,
All trifling and lethargy scorning;
Old Time with his scythe is advancing, you know,
Then rise with the lark in the morning, &c.

111. WHEN THE BRIGHT SUN.

Music by W. Hoyle. also 1st and 2nd verses.



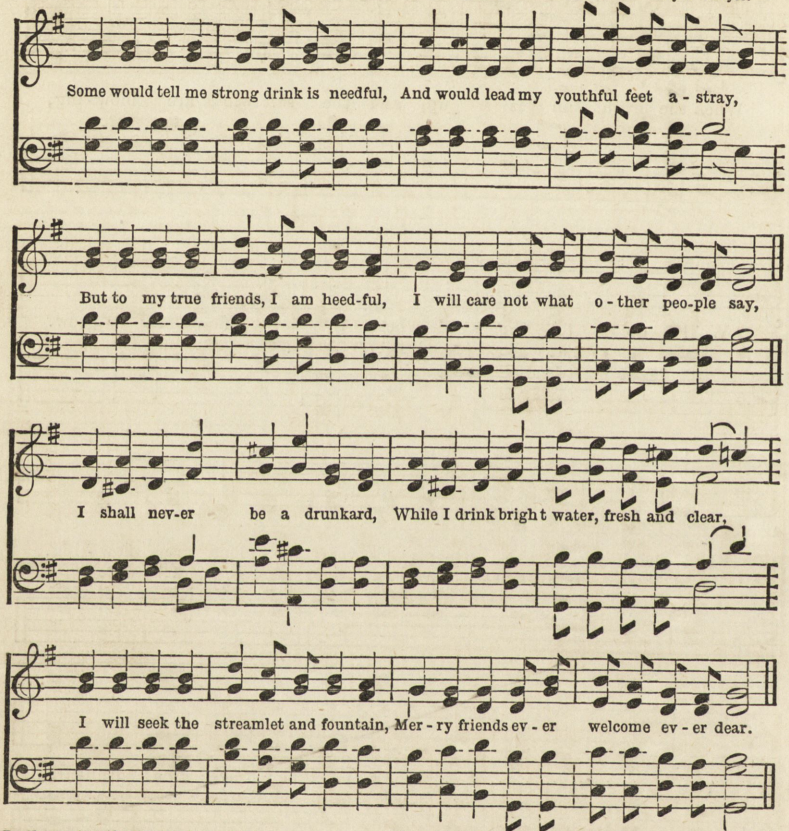
Though far we may wander o'er forest and mountain,
Cold water shall cheer us while onward we go,
We'll sing of true temperance near streamlet and fountain,
And never be drunkards, ah never, ah no!

The first little drop of strong drink that is taken,
Leads many to sadness and sorrow we know
If the first little drop be in earnest forsaken,
We shall never be drunkards, ah never, ah no!

The pledge we have taken will never be broken,
If we stand by our temperance wherever we go;
Then let us remember the words we have spoken,
And never be drunkards, ah never, ah no!

112. SOME WOULD TELL ME.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.



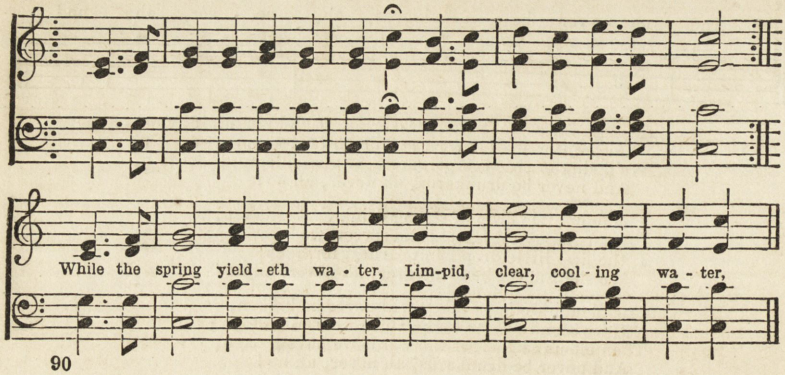
In the spring the farmer is sowing,
And in autumn mellow fruits are found,
So a thousand drunkards are growing,
From the drinkers of little drops around. I, &c.

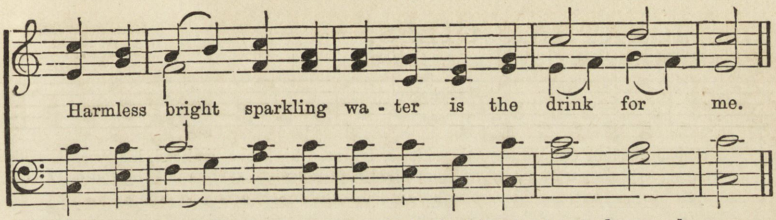
They were seen in infancy smiling
On a gentle, loving mother's knee;
Now they follow ways so defiling,
And are warnings for ever unto me. I, &c.

I will pray that folly and drinking
May like shadows swiftly pass away:
I will help the sober and thinking
In the cause that shall bring the happy day. I, &c.

113. I'VE A LITTLE DARLING.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.





I've a little darling sister,
And she's happy all the day,
It would make you smile to see her
As she sings this joyful lay;
While, &c.

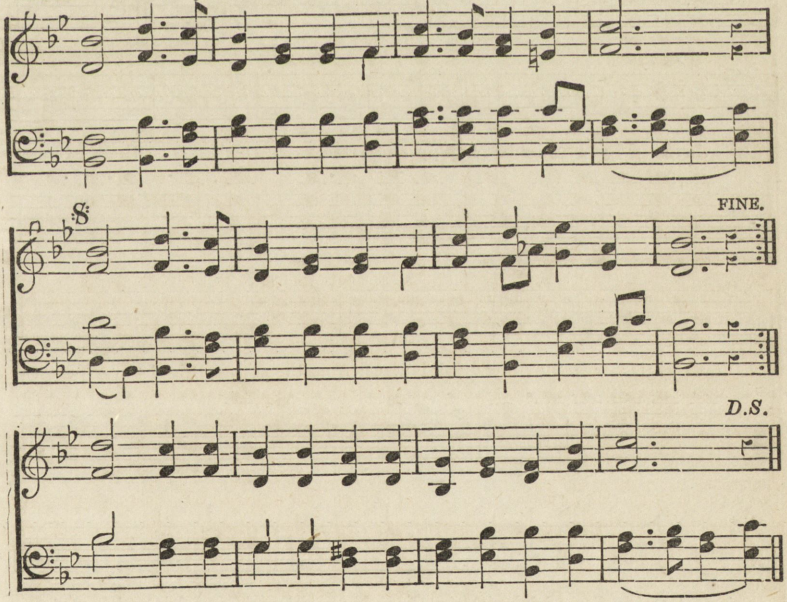
Near me lived a drunken father,
Wasting every earthly thing,
But he heard my darling sister,
And she taught him how to sing:
While, &c.

In that home where all was sadness,
Happiness and comfort reign,
And a little band of singers
Now repeat the joyful strain:
While, &c.

O that every home in England
Were as peaceful all the day,
Many a little darling sister
Then would sing this merry lay:
While, &c.

114. YES, I'VE A HOME.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.



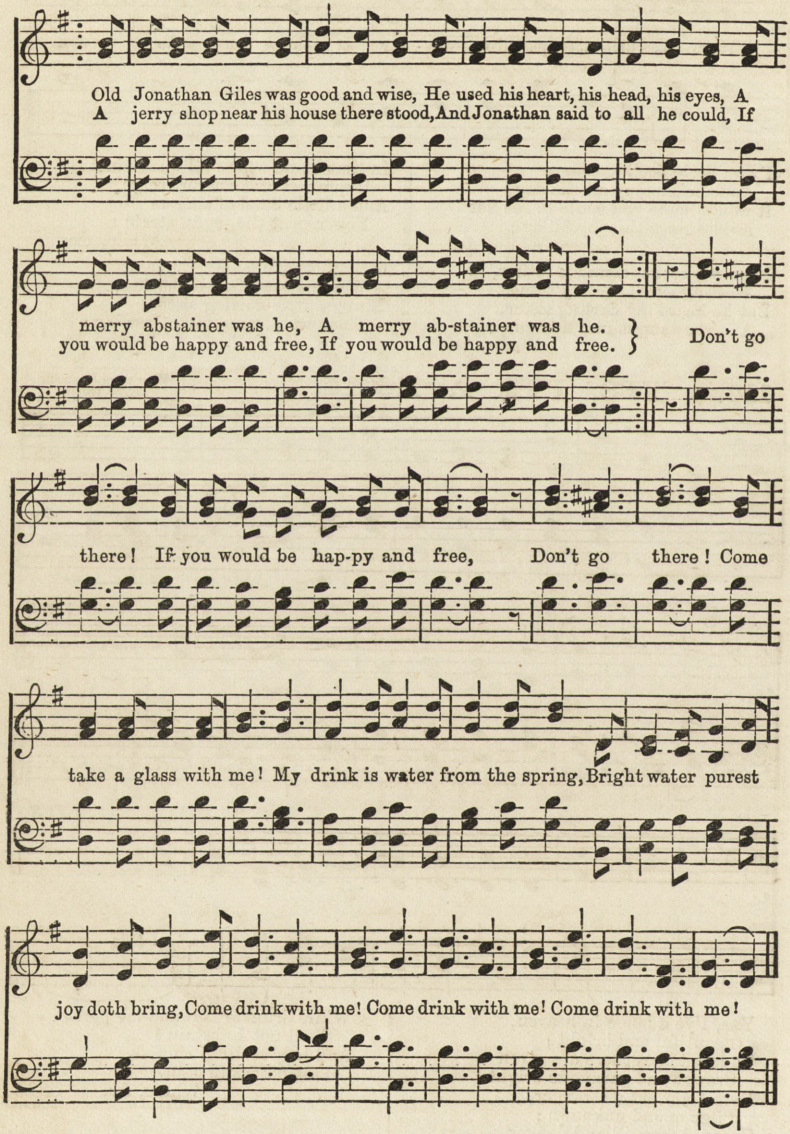
Yes, I've a home in heaven,
Beautiful and bright;
To loved ones there are given
Crowns and garments bright.
Here I am but a stranger,
Pilgrim and unknown;
Guarded from ill and danger,
I am travelling on.
Where angel songs are swelling,
Jesus waits for me;
My happy heavenly dwelling,
Soon thy joys I'll see.

He stooped to shame and trial,
Peace on earth to make;
Shall I no self-denial
Show for His dear sake?
While drunkards round me perish,
Shall not I abstain?
And holy feelings cherish,
Fallen ones to gain.
Where, &c.

Yes, I've a home in heaven,
What have I to fear?
Though now a cross be given,
Soon a crown I'll wear.
All things appointed for me,
Are for me the best;
My way though rude and stormy,
Leads me to my rest.
Where, &c.

115. JONATHAN GILES.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.



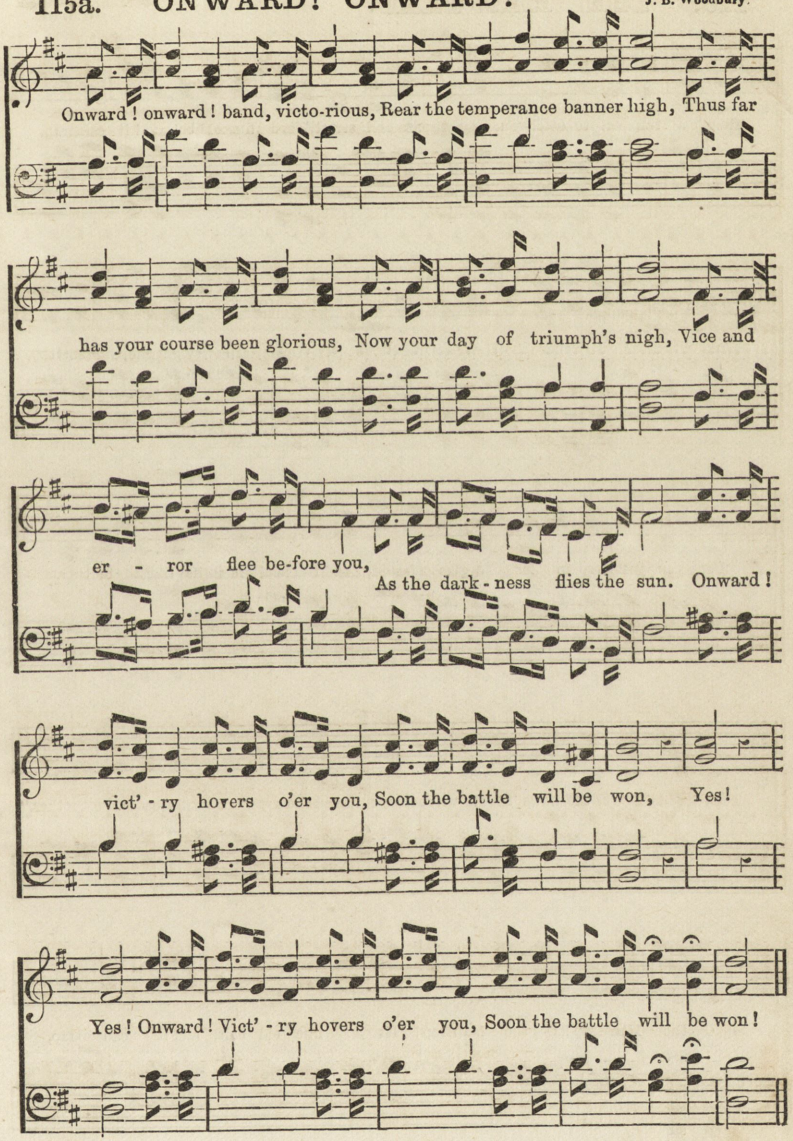
When Jonathan was a thoughtless man,
He followed many a foolish plan,
A sorrowful man was he.
The jerry shop was his direst foe,
From which a thousand ills do flow,
He never was happy and free. Don't, &c.

When Jonathan first the pledge began,
His friends they said, "Poor, foolish man!
It never will suit him you'll see."
But Jonathan grew like a forest oak,
A strong wise man—his pledge ne'er broke,
And soon he was happy & free. Don't, &c.

O then let us be both good and wise,
And use our heart, our head, our eyes,
And firm to the pledge ever be.
Like Jonathan Giles this kind word drop,
To all who visit the brandy shop:
If you would be happy and free, &c.

115a. ONWARD! ONWARD!*

J. B. Woodbury.



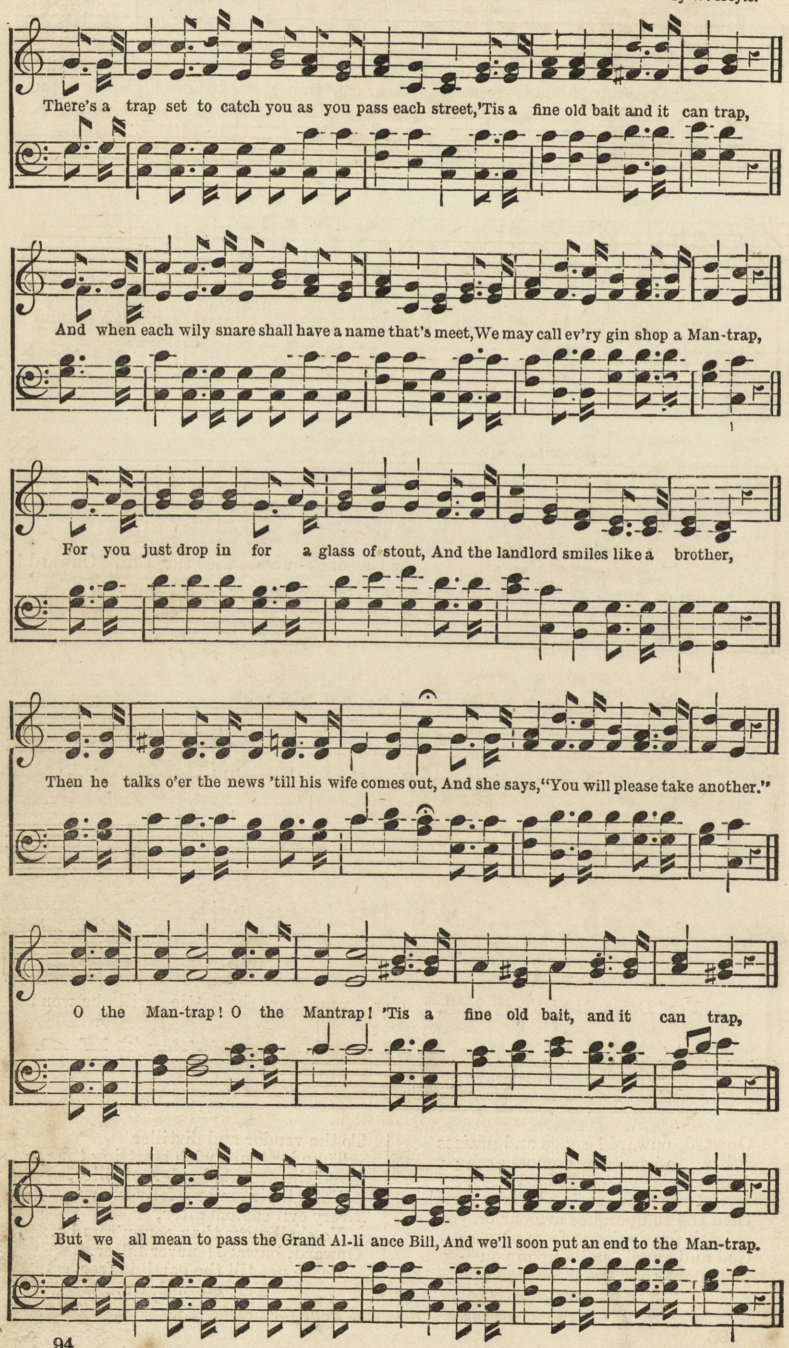
Onward, onward! songs and praises
Ring to heaven's topmost arch;
Wheresoe'er your standard rises,
And your conquering legions march;
Gird the temperance armour on you,
Look for guidance from above;
God and angels smile upon you—
Hasten, then, your work of love,
Yes, onward, &c.

To the vendor and distiller
Thunder truth with startling tone,
Swell the accents louder, shriller,—
Make their sin and folly known.
Every evil custom alter,
Ye shall more than conqu'rors be.
Onward, onward! never falter,
Cease not till the earth is free.
Yes, onward, &c.

* *The above piece is a second Tune for number* 28.

116. THE MAN-TRAP.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.



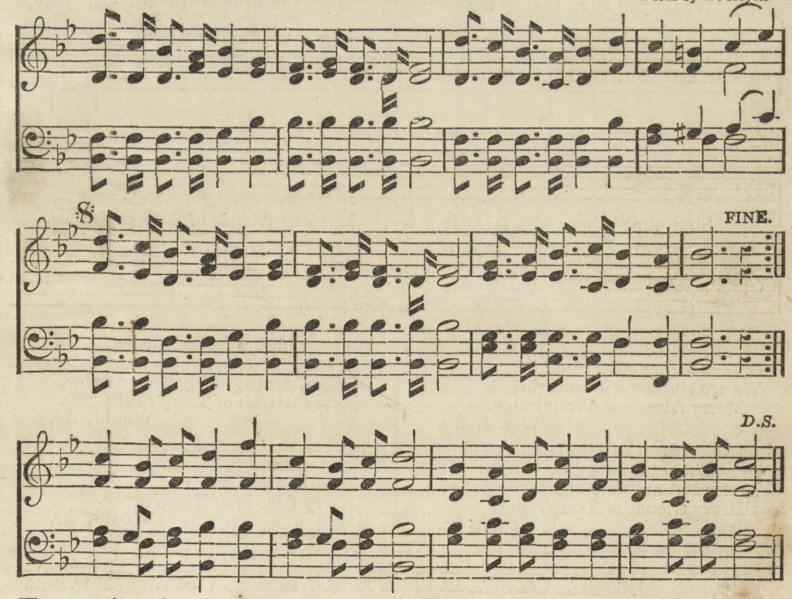
There's a spell thrown around you when the drink goes in,
And you feel quite a new sort of being;
And you call for another glass of wine or gin,
Tho' at first you ne'er thought about spreeing.
But you meet your old friends, Smith and Brown,
And you hear the music mellow,
And the landlord says, "You're the best man in town,"
Then you sing, "He's a jolly good fellow!"
O the mantrap! &c.

When your cash all is gone the landlord looks about,
And displays his designing so truly,
He will send John, the waiter, just to put you out,
And he'll say, "You are drunk and unruly."
What a victim you were when you just dropt in,
And you stood near the bright shining mirror;
Let us hope you will think of this warning again,
And strive like a man against error.
O the mantrap! &c.

There's a trap set to catch you morning, night, and noon,
'Tis a fine old bait and it can trap;
But the voice of the people will decide it soon,
We will then put an end to the mantrap.
Let the hosts of drinkdom storm and rail,
We have God's own approbation;
And the pow'rs of hell shall one day fail,
We will leave not a trap in the nation.
O the mantrap! &c.

117. WATER AS IT GUSHES.

Music by G. F. Root.
Words by W. Hoyle.



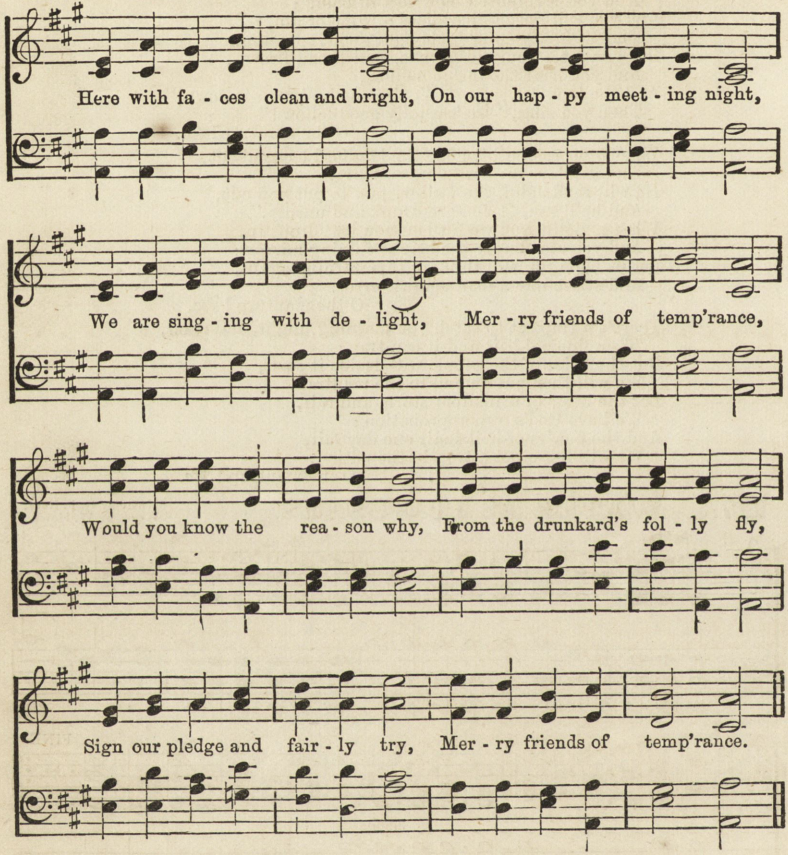
WATER as it gushes through the leafy vale,
In the streamlet gliding o'er the dale;
Water as it gushes through the leafy vale,
Water is the drink for me.
Take away the wine cup, take away the beer,
Water, give me water, fresh and clear,
Take away the wine cup, take away the beer,
Water is the drink for me.
Water, it yieldeth vigour and health;
Water's a mine of riches and wealth;
Friend of all creation, bounteous and free,
Water is the drink for me.

Water, as it dances on the pebbly strand,
In the summer sunshine looking grand;
Water as it dances on the pebbly strand,
Water is the drink for me.
Take away, &c.

In the cause of temperance let us all abide;
Let its banners wave on every side;
Spread the cause of temperance,
Spread it far and wide;
Aid the work of truth and love.
Take away, &c.

118. HERE WITH FACES CLEAN.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.



HERE, with faces clean and bright,
On our happy meeting night,
We are singing with delight,
Merry friends of Temp'rance.
Would, &c.

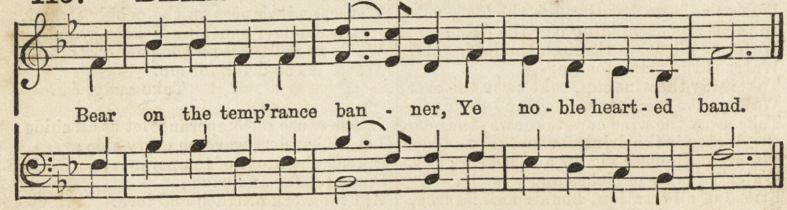
We that sign the Temp'rance pledge;
In a noble cause engage,
And are at an early age
Merry friends of Temp'rance.
Would, &c.

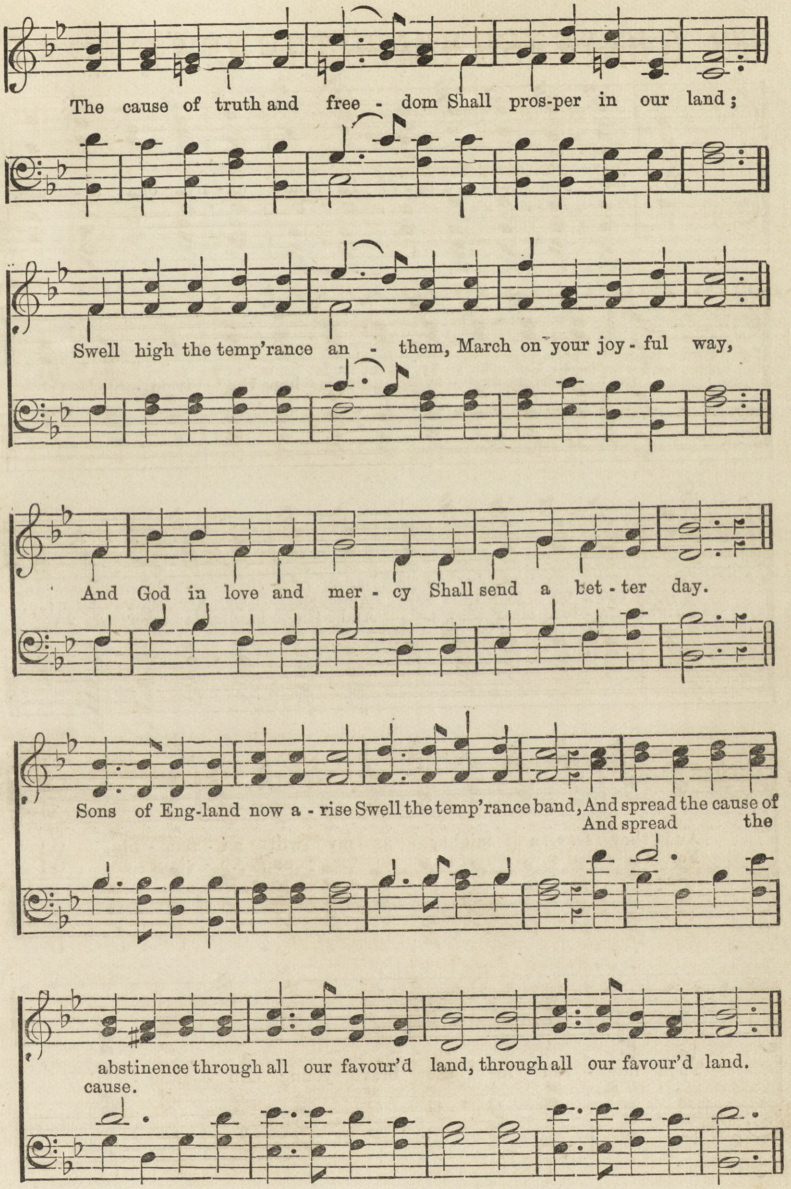
Sign our pledge before you go,
Share the bliss abstainers know,
Wisdom, truth, and goodness snow,
Merry friends of Temp'rance.
Would, &c.

Break away your galling chain,
Be determined to abstain,
You will never seek in vain,
Merry friends of Temp'rance.
Would, &c.

119. BEAR ON THE TEMPERANCE.

Words by W. Hoyle.



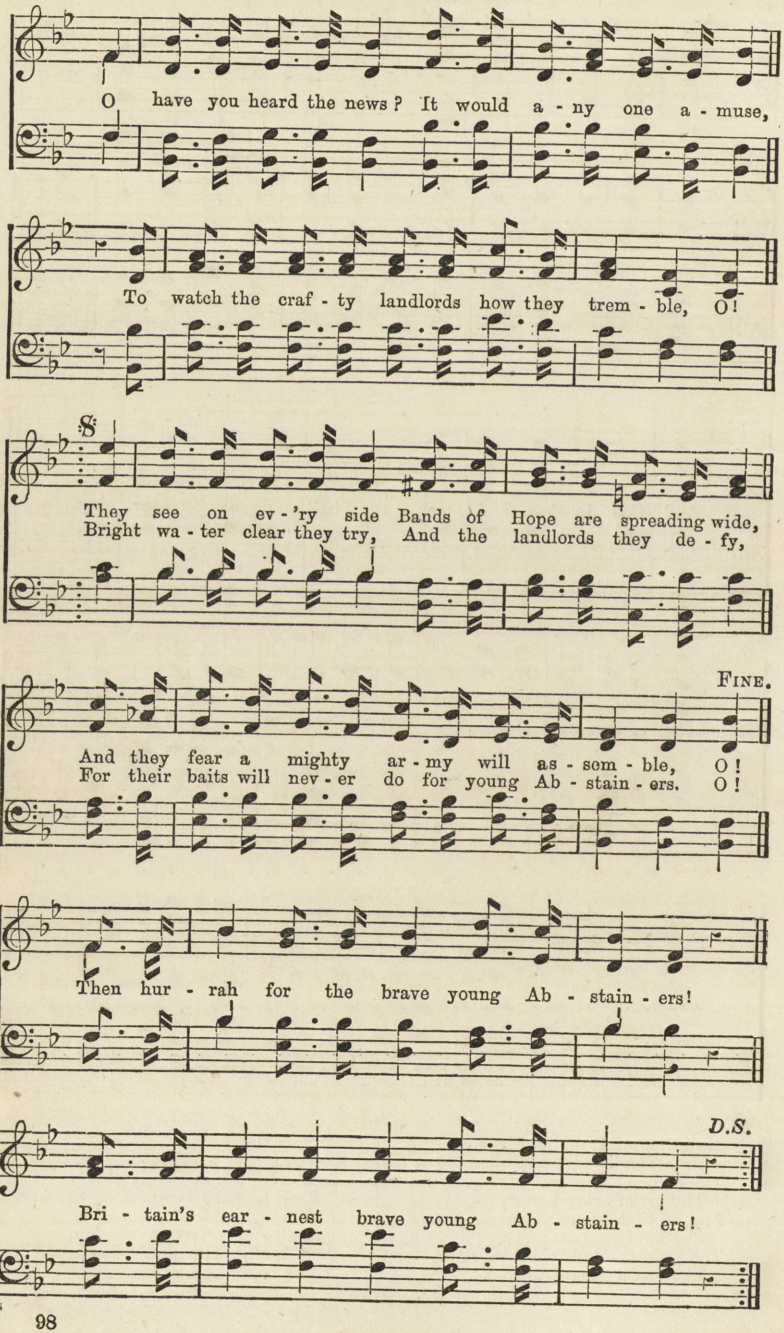


Majestic, mild, and glorious,
True Temperance shall become
The pride of high and lowly,
The joy of every home;
And all that bringeth sorrow
Shall swiftly pass away,
The young and old shall welcome
The joyful Temperance day.
Sons, &c.

Around the Temperance banner
A mightier host shall stand,
And every son and daughter
Shall hail the Temperance band;
And every distant nation
Shall sing a Temperance lay,
And shout "Hurrah for England!"
Her drink is done away.
Sons, &c.

120. O HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS?

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.



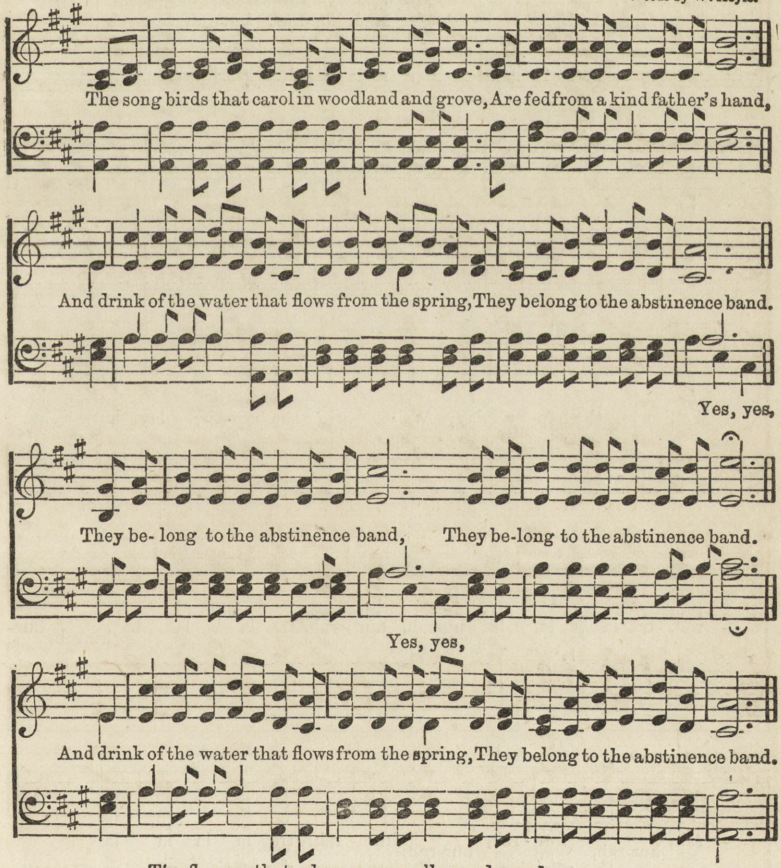
They've music of the best, gilded rooms, and all the rest,
Beside a score of fools with painted faces O!
And every night and day don't they make a fine display,
Just to draw the foolish people to their places O?—Then, &c.

No poet could define all their stock of beer and wine,
They keep a choice selection for each season O!
Stout, bitter, mild, and clear, summer drink, and christmas cheer,
And they only wish to see you drink in reason O!—Then, &c.

But thaeks to age and youth, hearts that burn with honest truth,
And raise the great Alliance agitation O!
The time is drawing near when the drink shall disappear,
And we'll use the gilded rooms for education O!—Then, &c.

121. THE SONG BIRDS.

Music by Bradbury.
Words by W. Hoyle.



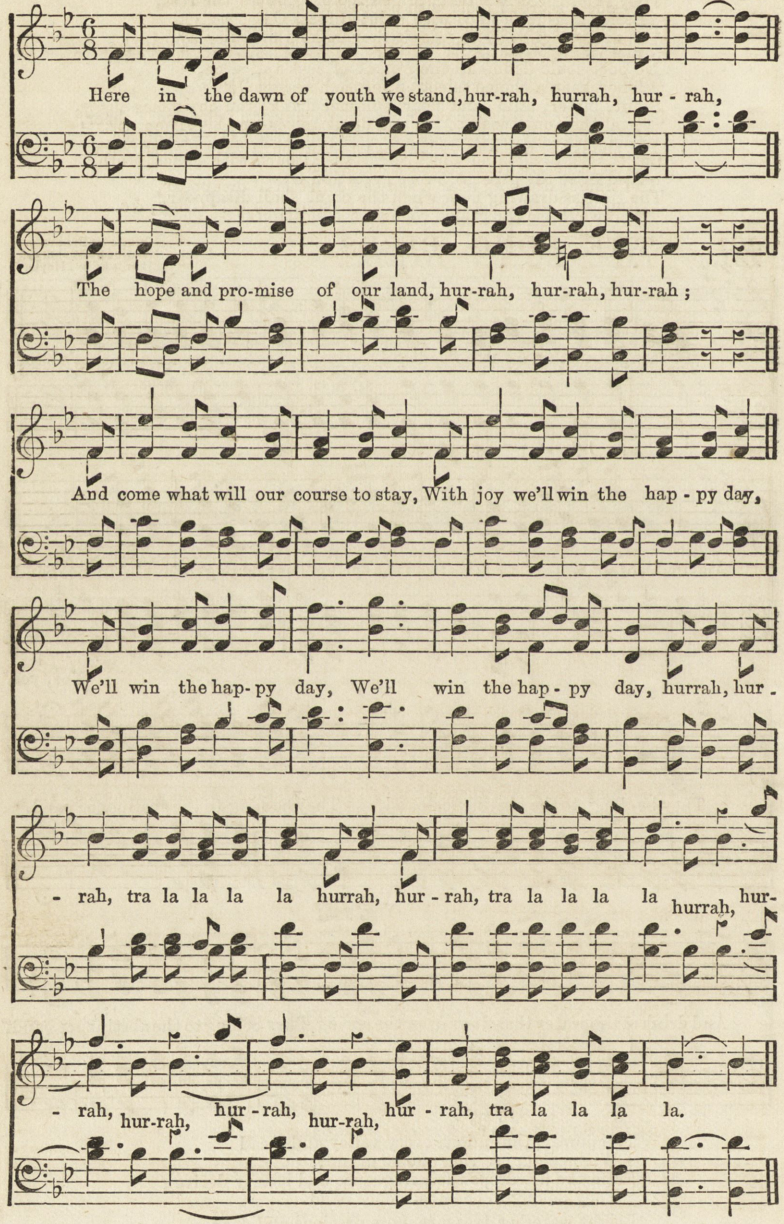
The flowers that adorn every valley and mead
With colours so rich and so grand,
From the dewdrops their fragrance and beauty derive;
They belong to the abstinence band.

Bright water's a treasure more precious and dear
Than gems from a far distant land,
And happy are they who in water delight;
They belong to the abstinence band.

Then I, like the birds and the flowers in the mead,
To the pledge ever firmly will stand,
And long as I live, though humble I be,
I will help on the abstinence band.

122. HERE IN THE DAWN.

Music by F. Abt.
Words by W. Hoyle.



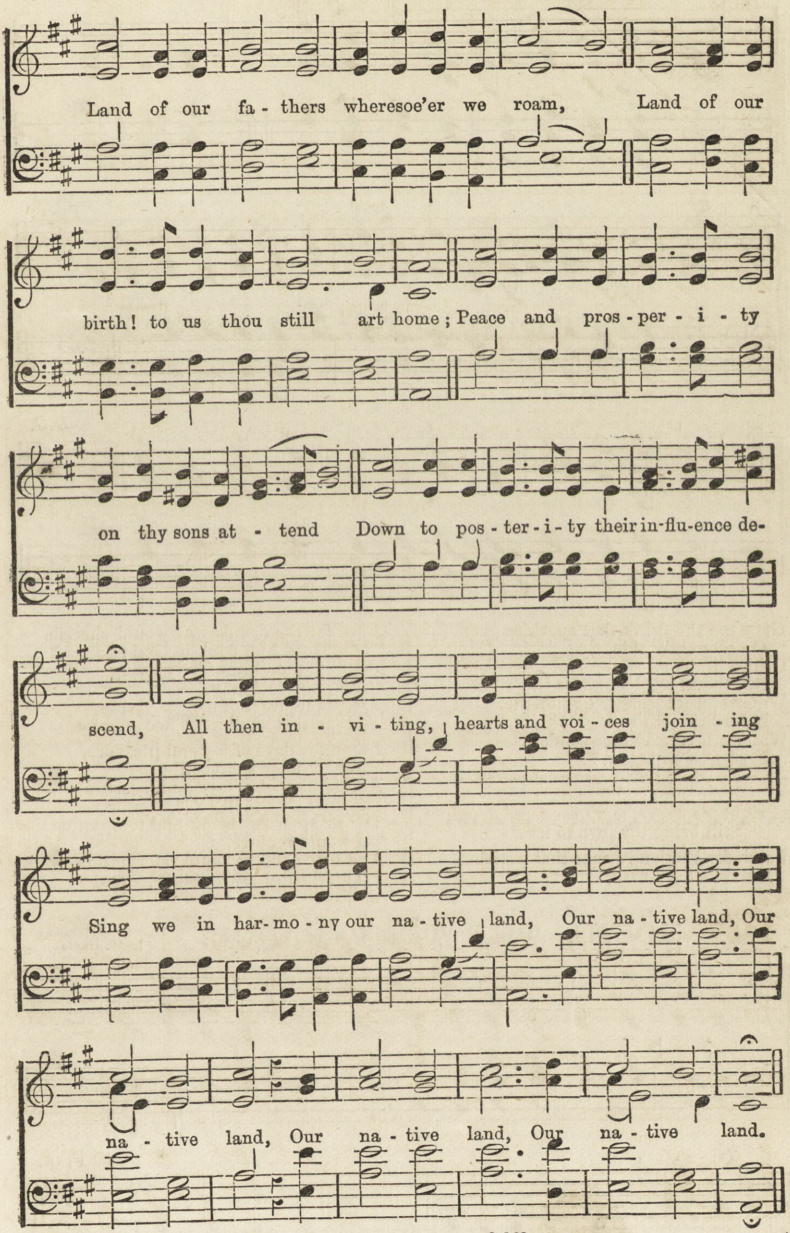
We'll teach the young all drink to shun, hurrah!
We'll stay not till our work is done, hurrah!
We'll urge them to abstain alway,
And lead them on to win the day.—We'll, &c.

We'll spread the temperance cause around, hurrah!
And let the joys of truth abound, hurrah!
And kindly to the drunkard say,
Come brother, come, and win the day.—We'll, &c.

So shall we try a world to move, hurrah!
By gentle words and deeds of love, hurrah!
And come what will our course to stay,
With help divine we'll win the day.—We'll, &c.

123. LAND OF OUR FATHERS.

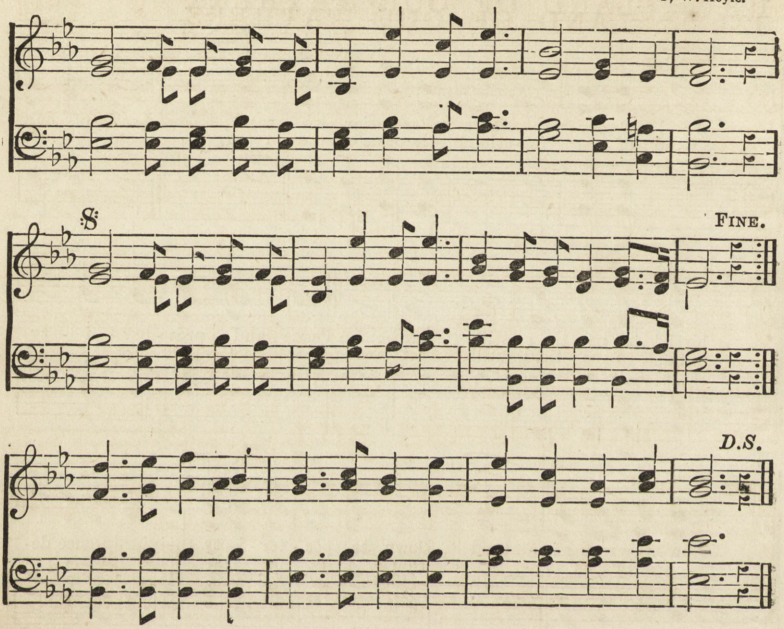
Webbe.



Tho' other climes may brighter hopes fulfil,
Land of our birth, we ever love thee still;
Heaven shield our happy home from each hostile band,
Freedom and plenty ever crown our native land;
All then inviting, hearts and voices joining,
Sing we in harmony, our native land.

124. GIVE ME THE DRINK.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.



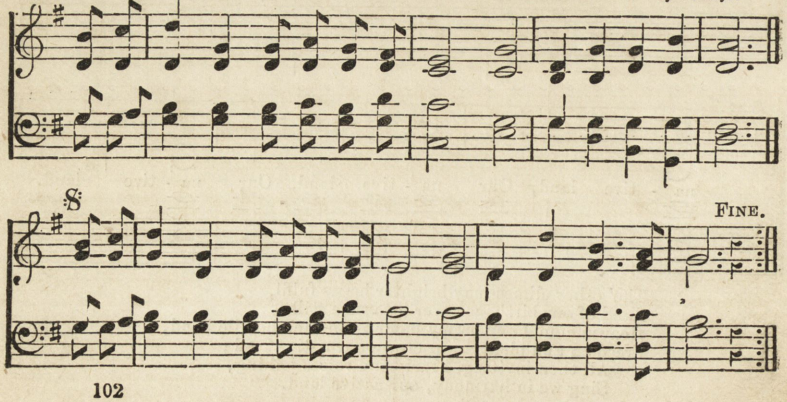
GIVE me the drink that sparkles ever
On mountain side,
Glides in the streamlet and the river,
Sweeps in the boundless tide;
Water a brother ne'er offendeth,
Ne'er bringeth woe,
Water a loving Father sendeth
Freely to all below.
Sparkling water, crystal water,
Ever pure and free;
Bright pleasures bear to son and daughter,
Still bring thy joys to me.

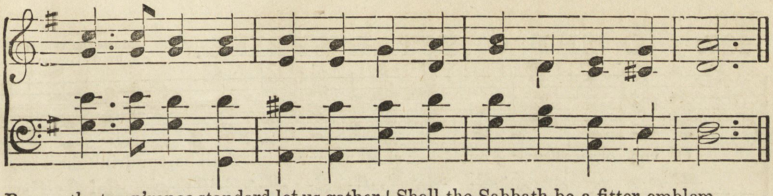
I sigh for England's sons that perish
On sin's dark road,
Love for the drunkard I would cherish,
And lead him back to God;
Be mine the bliss of holy living
While here I stay,
Joy to the heart of sorrow giving,
Hope that shall ne'er decay. &c.

I long for days of joy and pleasure,
When home shall smile,
And fathers only love and treasure
Scenes that shall ne'er beguile;
The drunkard's sorrow and temptation
I would remove,
And bring the peaceful reformation,
The time of joy and love. &c.

125. ROUND THE TEMPERANCE.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle





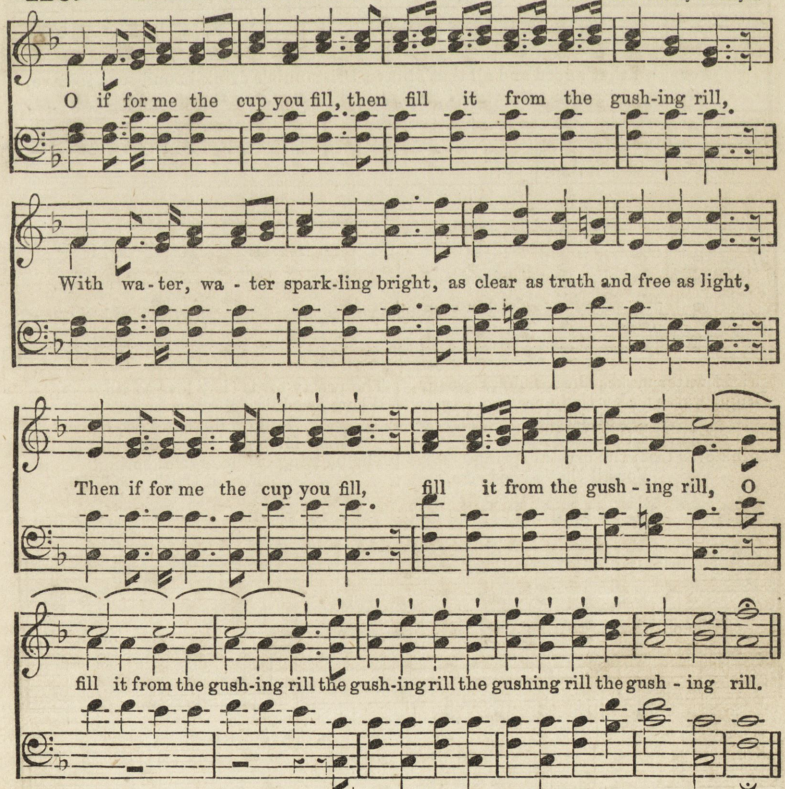
ROUND the temp'rance standard let us gather,
Shouting for the free;
And the drunkard, living now in sorrow,
Better days shall see;
He shall live a life of joy and pleasure,
In a pleasant home.
Where the sound of sadness and of sorrow
Never more shall come.
Every day we yet are spreading
Temperance through the land, (dom,
For we love to spread the cause of free-
With the temperance band.

Now the day of holy rest is broken;
In the time of love
Shall the Sabbath be a fitter emblem
Of the rest above;
For the drunkard shall no longer wander
In the downward road;
But shall mingle with the good and holy
In the house of God.—Every day, &c.

Who shall tell the glory of the good time,
When from England's shore
Shall ascend the shout of joy and gladness,
"Strong drink is no more!"
Who will help us now to bring the good time,
Who will with us stand,
And for temperance, holiness and freedom,
Swell the noble band?—Every day, &c.

126. THE GUSHING RILL.

Music by Woodbury.
3rd. & 4th. verses by W. Hoyle.



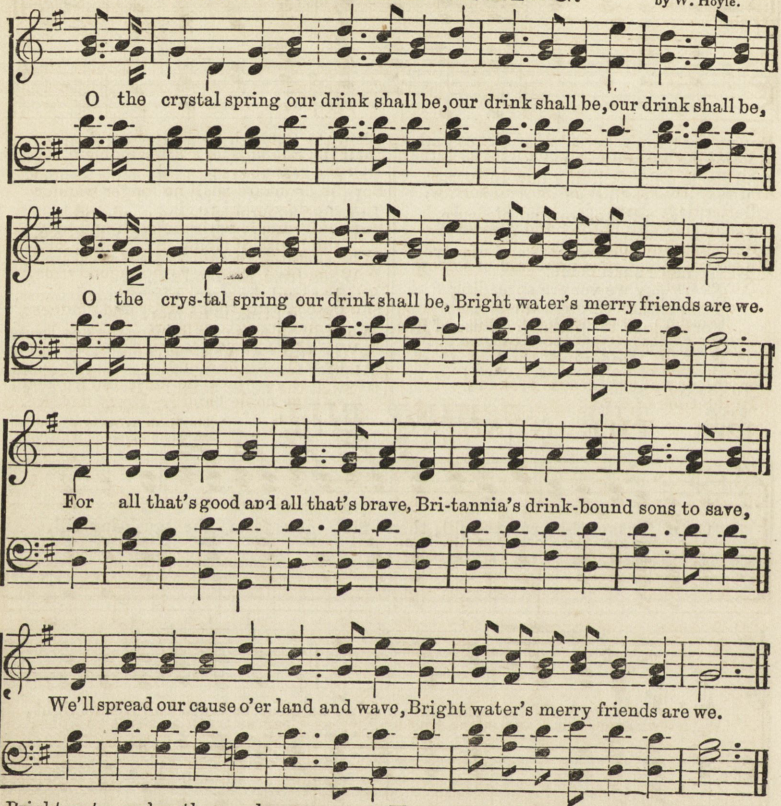
Speak not to me of rosy wine,
Of nectar cups and draughts divine;
The taste of bitter tears is there,
Wrung from the hearts most true and dear.
Then, &c.

With thankful heart I move along,
Cold water bright is still my song;
Should drunkard say, "Come, with me go,"
I'll bravely answer, "No, sir, no!"
Then, &c.

I love the cause that seeks to bless,
I love the men that onward press;
Long as I live with them I'll go,
And help to chase Old England's foe.
Then, &c.

127. O THE CRYSTAL SPRING.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

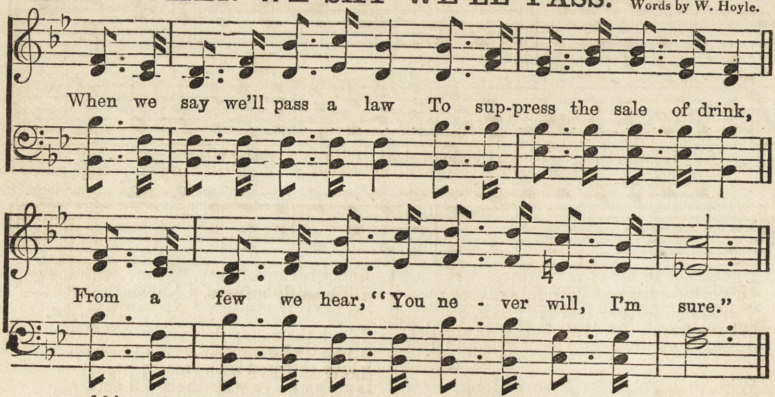


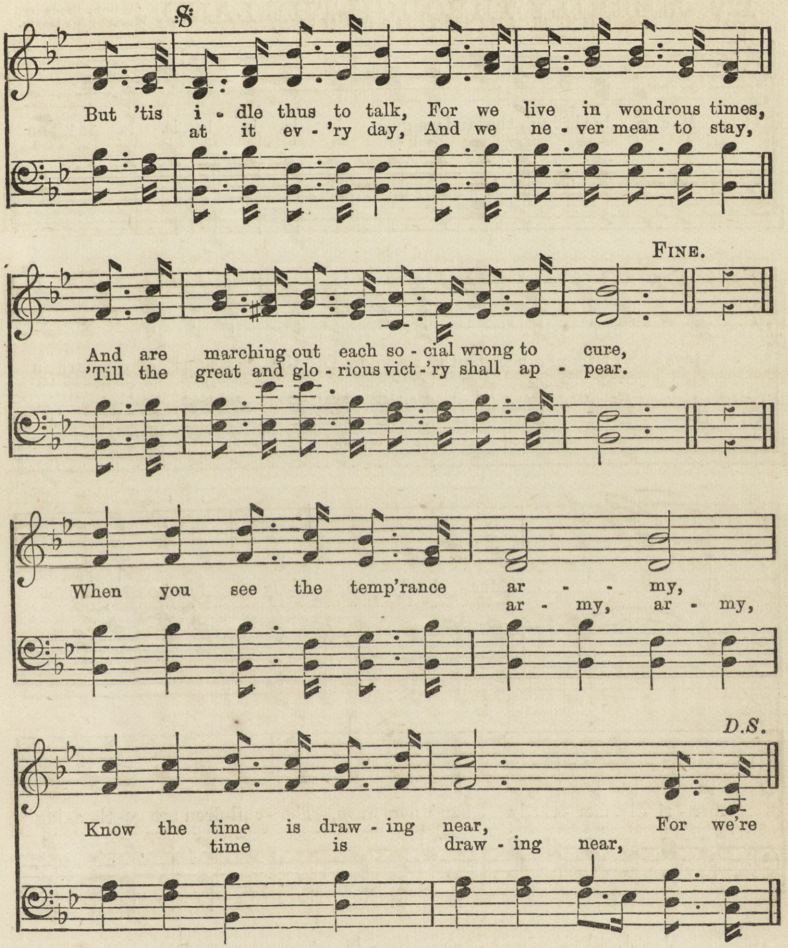
Bright water makes the meadows green,
Bright water makes the flowers so gay,
For all that's good, &c.
The cattle on a thousand hills,
Drink ever from the crystal spring,
For all that's good, &c.

The pretty birds they love to sing
Where sparkling rivers sweep along.
For all that's good, &c.
Our tradesmen all they know right well
The blessing of the crystal spring.
For all that's good, &c.

128. WHEN WE SAY WE'LL PASS.

Music by G. F. Root. Words by W. Hoyle.





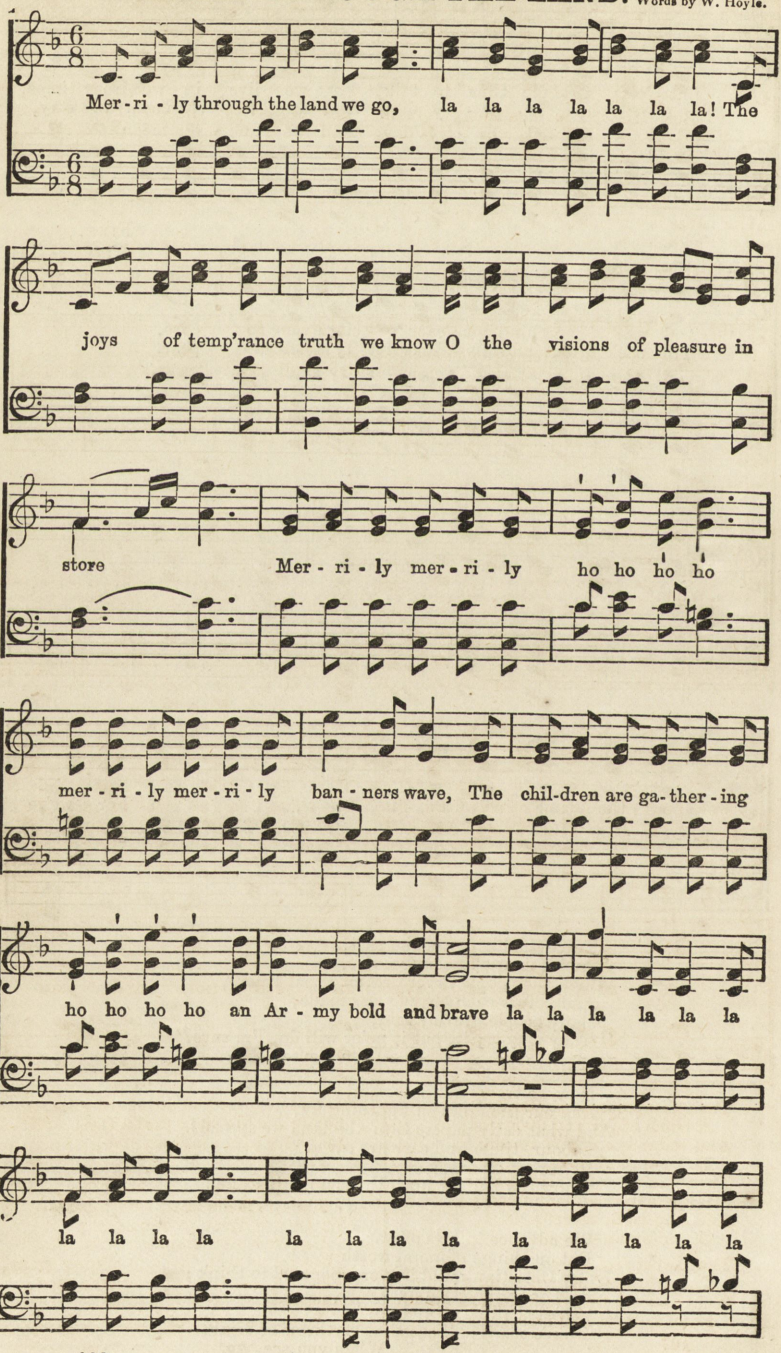
Trace the history of the past,
And a thousand changes rise,
Which the people never dreamt about before,
And before each change was made,
Many people gravely said,
"They may try it, but it ne'er will do, I'm sure."
When you see, &c.

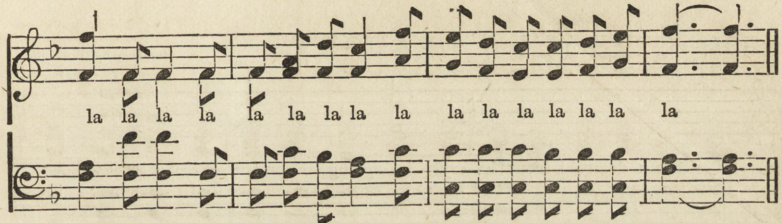
Now we travel out by steam,
And our thoughts on lightning fly,
And what daily papers thro' the land we spread!
Labour, time, and cash are saved
By invention every day,
Yet how few believe until the change is made!
When you see, &c.

We advance in arts of war,
But on things of moral worth
Every Christian mind is more disposed to think;
And as sure as God hath said,
"Evil shall be rooted up,"
Britain's sons shall see the overthrow of drink.
When you see, &c.

129. MERRILY THROUGH THE LAND.

Music by Bradbury.
Words by W. Hoyle.





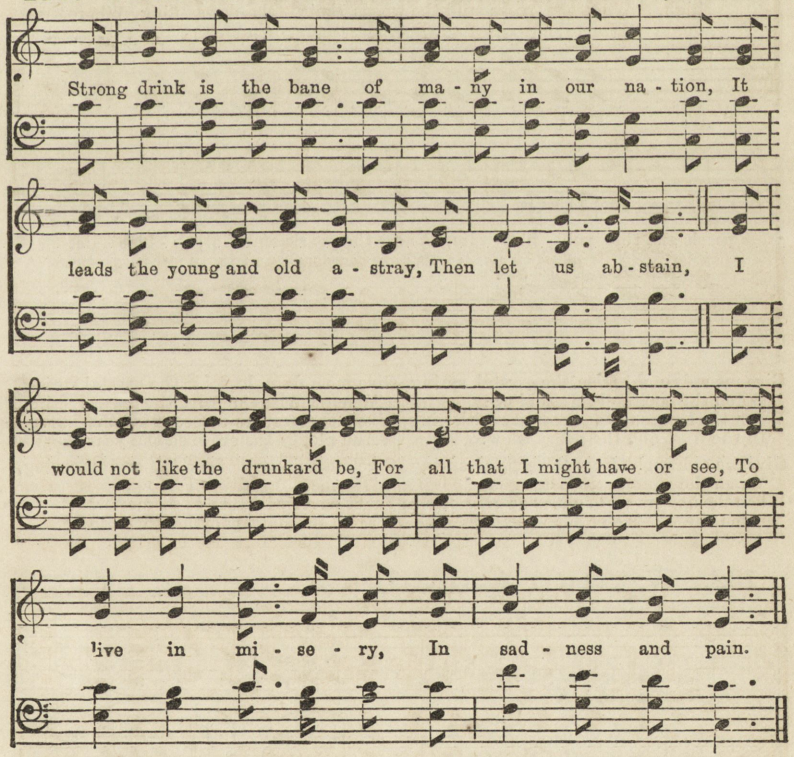
Beautiful homes on every side, la, la
Our cause is spreading far and wide;
To the bounds of each distant shore, &c.

Joyfully come the good and great, la, la;
They'll help us to improve the state,
'Till the reign of the tyrant is o'er, &c.

Merrily through the land we go, la, la;
Come join our ranks and you shall know
The pleasures that truth has in store, &c.

130. STRONG DRINK IS THE BANE.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.



True Temperance can make
A home of joy and gladness;
And water is a friend sincere
To all that abstain.
Then like the wild birds let us be
Strangers to drink and misery;
And sing right merrily
Of temperance again.

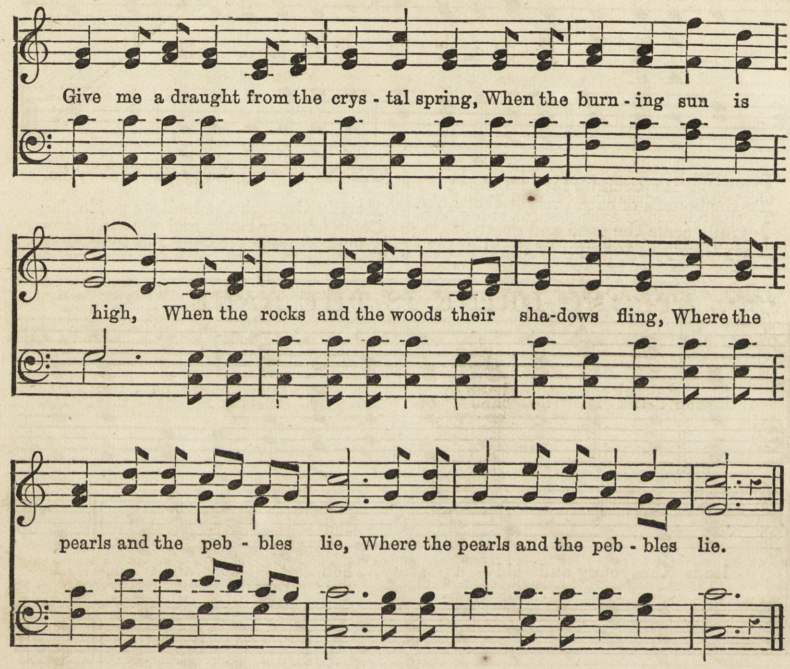
That sweet rest above
The drunkard cannot enter;
Where all are free from sin and death,
From sadness and pain.

Then let us for the drunkard pray,
Before his life shall pass away;
And help him while we may,
From drink to abstain.

While Temperance we keep,
This truth we must remember:—
Without religion in our heart;
Unsaved we remain;
Then let us seek God's pard'ning grace,
That we may see our Saviour's face;
And find in heav'n a place
With Him to reign.

131. GIVE ME A DRAUGHT.

Harmony by W. Hoyle.



Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the cooling breezes blow;
When the leaves of the trees are withering,
In the frost and the fleecy snow.

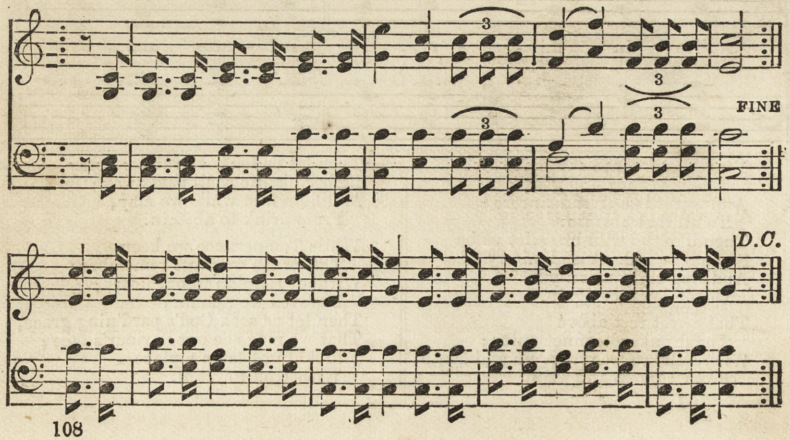
Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the wintry winds are gone; [ring
When the flowers are in bloom and the echoes
From the woods o'er the verdant lawn.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the ripening fruits appear; [sing,
When the reapers the song of the harvest
And plenty has crowned the year.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
'Tis the safest drink I know,
For it never will pain or sorrow bring
From its sunless depths below.

132. WE ARE A BAND.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.



We are a band of young abstainers,
Merrily O ! merrily O !
In health and pleasure we are gainers,
Merrily O ! merrily O !
With the brave we go, chasing every foe,
Chasing every foe, with the brave we go,
A joyful band are young abstainers.—Merrily O !

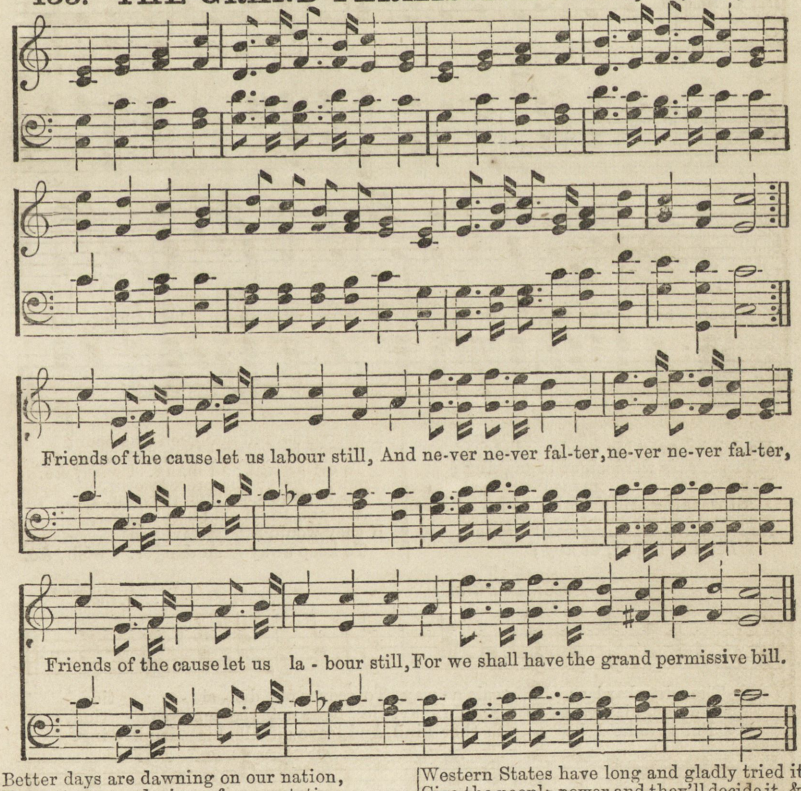
A gentle word, a kind endeavour, Merrily O,
Will help the drunkard's chain to sever, Merrily O !
With the brave we go, &c.

The longest march in time is ended, Merrily O !
And strength is gained when minds are blended, Merrily O !
With the brave we go, &c.

The signs of victory are appearing, Merrily O !
Then let us still be persevering, Merrily, O !
With the brave we go, &c.

133. THE GRAND PERMISSIVE BILL,

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.



Better days are dawning on our nation,
Earnest men and wise, of every station,
Speed the great Alliance reformation ;
We shall have the grand Permissive Bill.
Let us one and all be up and doing,
Haste to save the drunkard's soul from ruin,
In the great Alliance work pursuing,
We shall have the grand Permissive Bill.
Friends of the cause, &c.

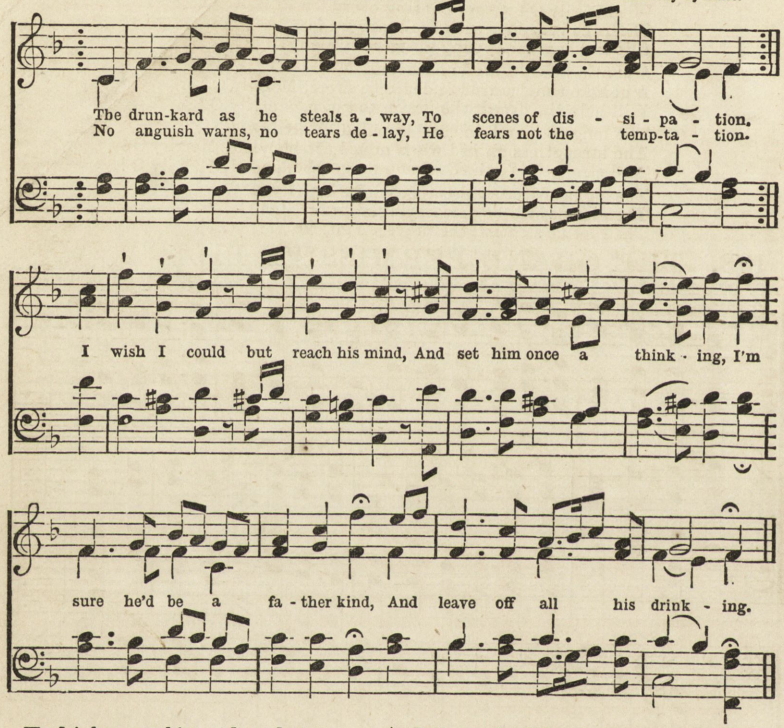
Shall the people lie in galling slavery,
Shall they tolerate drinksellers' knavery ?
Hear the voice of truthful, deathless bravery, &c.
Brewers and distillers may deride it ;
Western States have long and gladly tried it ;
Give the people power and they'll decide it. &c.

Why should laws be made that curse our nation
Fill the land with crime and desolation ?
Raise the shout for Britain's reformation, &c.
Let the voice arise from every quarter,
From the lips of every son and daughter,
Like the sound of mighty rushing water. &c.

Let the great Alliance cannon thunder,
Make the rulers of old England ponder,
Break the people's galling chains asunder, &c.
Friends of youth and age no danger fearing ;
Onward ! in the conflict persevering ;
Signs of victory daily are appearing, &c.

134. THE DRUNKARD.

Words by W. Hoyle
Harmony by Balfe.



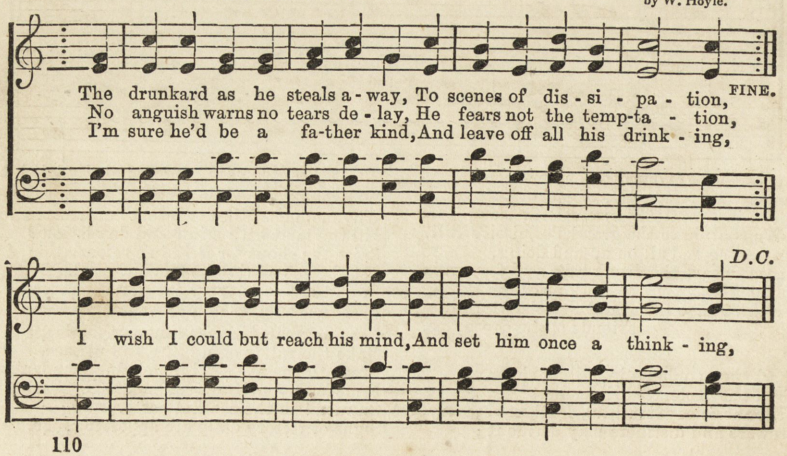
He drinks away his goods and store,
That years were spent in making;
Yet day by day he craves for more,
All warning still forsaking. I wish, &c.

As free from drinking was he found,
When life began, as any;
But soon he fell and then was bound
To evils great and many. I wish, &c.

Then let us all the precept own,
And tell to friend and stranger,
If they would safely travel on,
To keep away from danger. I wish, &c.

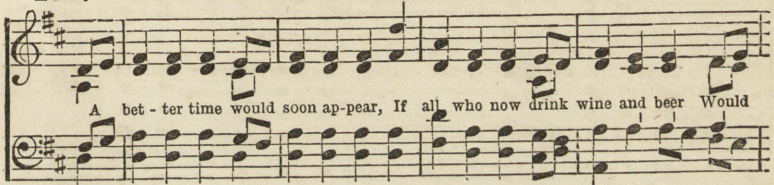
Second Tune.

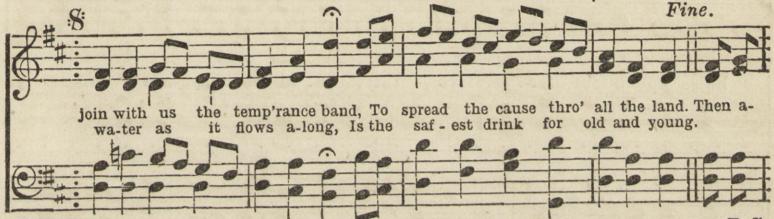
Words and Harmony
by W. Hoyle.

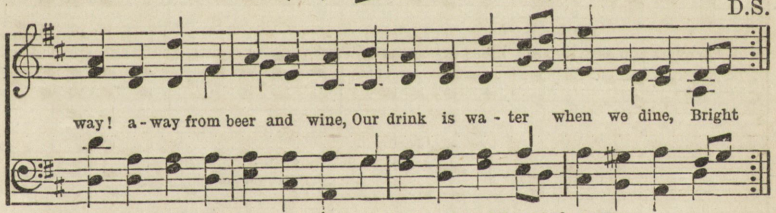


135. A BETTER TIME.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.





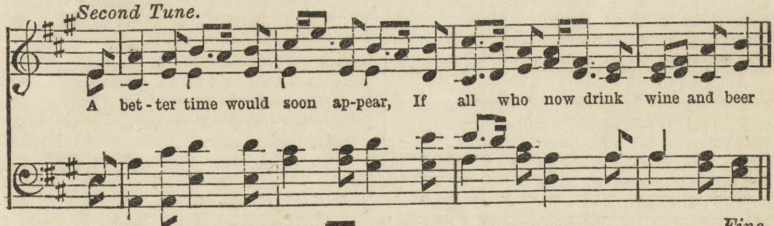


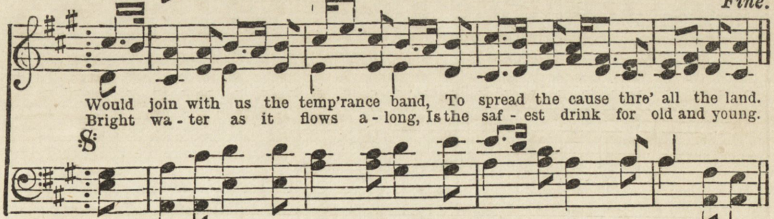
What pleasure would the drunkard gain,
Were he from drinking to abstain!
O let us help him while we may,
And lead him in a better way. Then, &c.

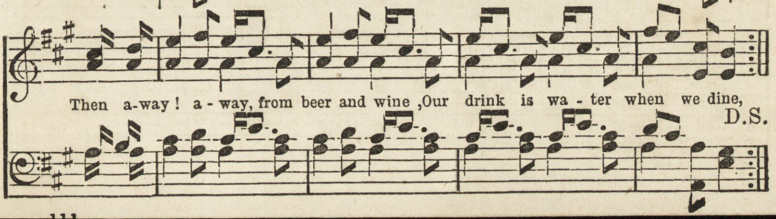
From wine and beer how often come
A starving child, a cheerless home,
A mother sinking to her grave,
And a thoughtless father none could save. &c.

Let young and old at once begin,
To shun whate'er may lead to sin,
And let us all unite in one,
To help the cause of temperance on. Then, &c.

Second Tune.

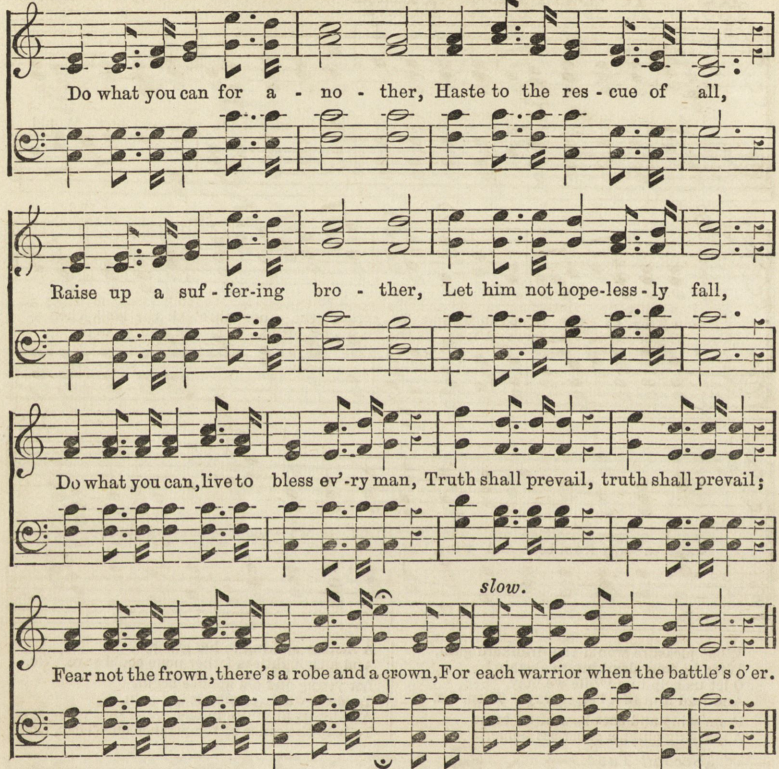






136. DO WHAT YOU CAN.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.



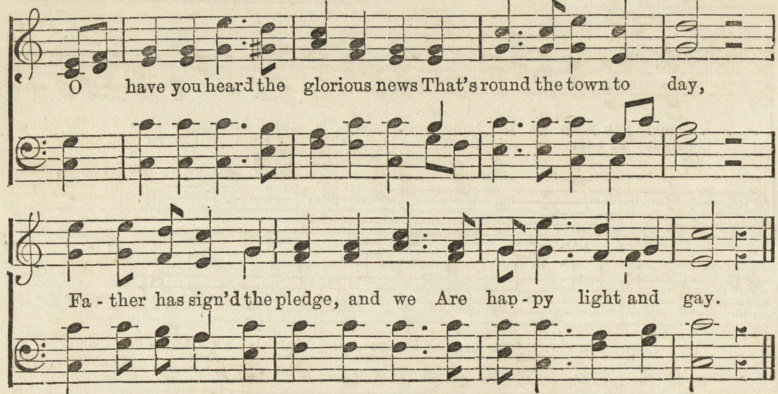
Glory to God in the highest,
Peace and good will unto men,
Angels pealed forth the glad chorus,
Mortals still echo the strain.—Do, &c.

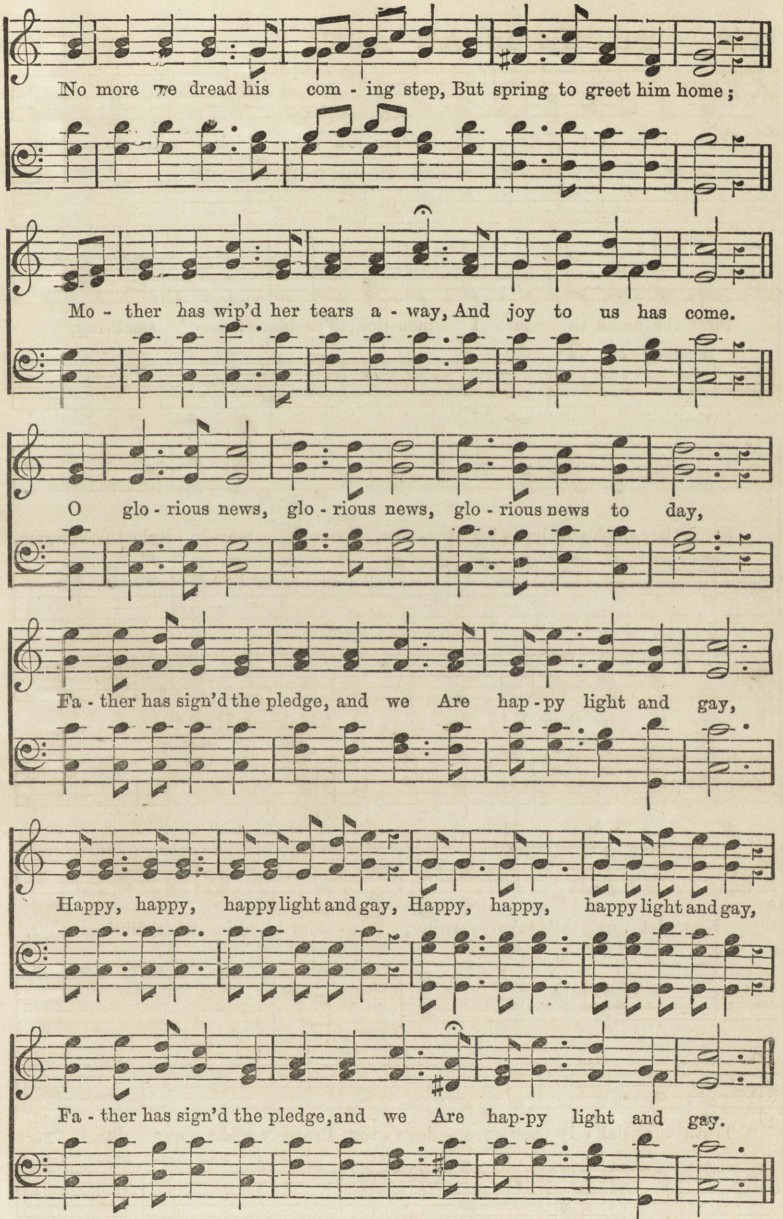
Footprints of goodness and mercy
Deep on life's pathway we trace,
Monuments, sacred and lasting,
Rise up around every place.—Do, &c.

Ever some duty fulfilling,
Let us each strive to do good,
Be our reward the approval,
"Nobly they did what they could. Do, &c.

137. GLORIOUS NEWS.

Music by L. O. Emerson.



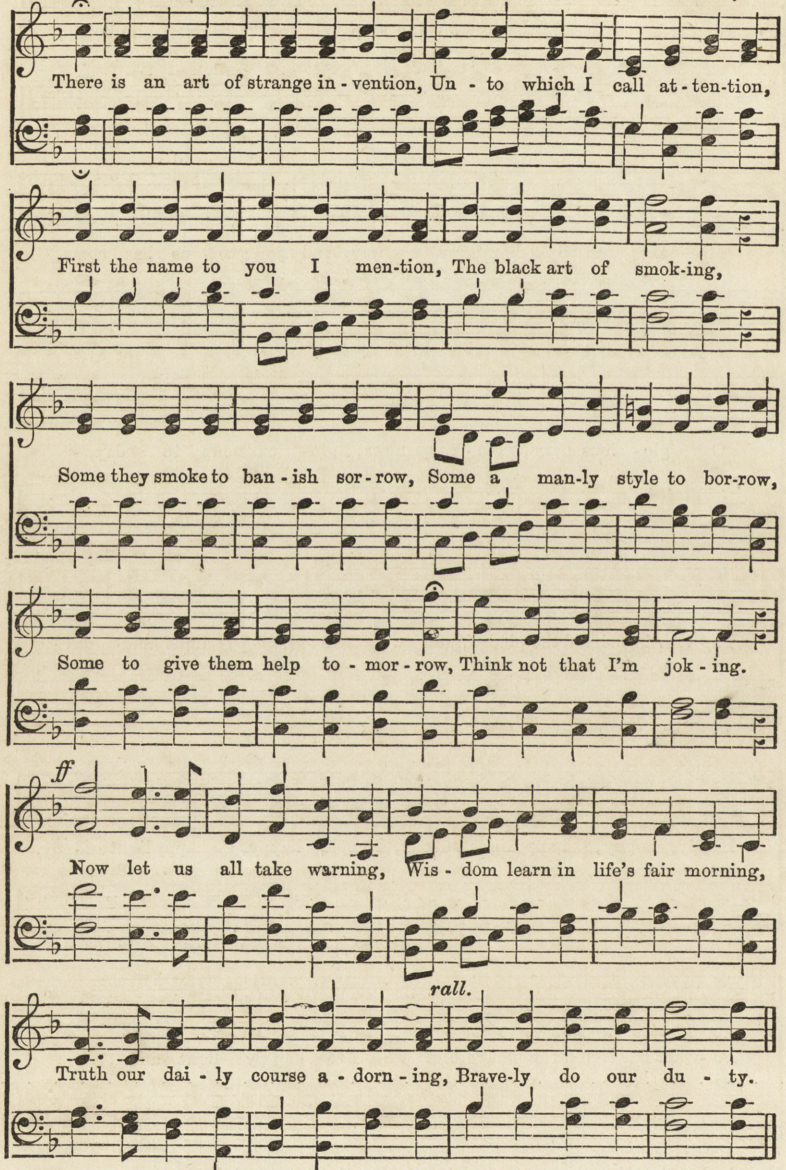


Many's the sorrowing time we've had,
But such we'll have no more;
Father has driven the demon out;
And locked and barr'd the door.
No more we'll want for food and clothes,
No more we'll mourn and sigh;
Our home shall be a home of peace,
With every comfort nigh. O glorious, &c.

Now thanks we raise to God on high
For this great blessing giv'n:
Earth to us henceforth shall be
The entrance door to heav'n.
Sing loud and full, sing clear and free,
Let hill to valley call,
And bear up on the wings of wind,
The glorious news to all. O glorious, &c.

138. THERE IS AN ART.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.



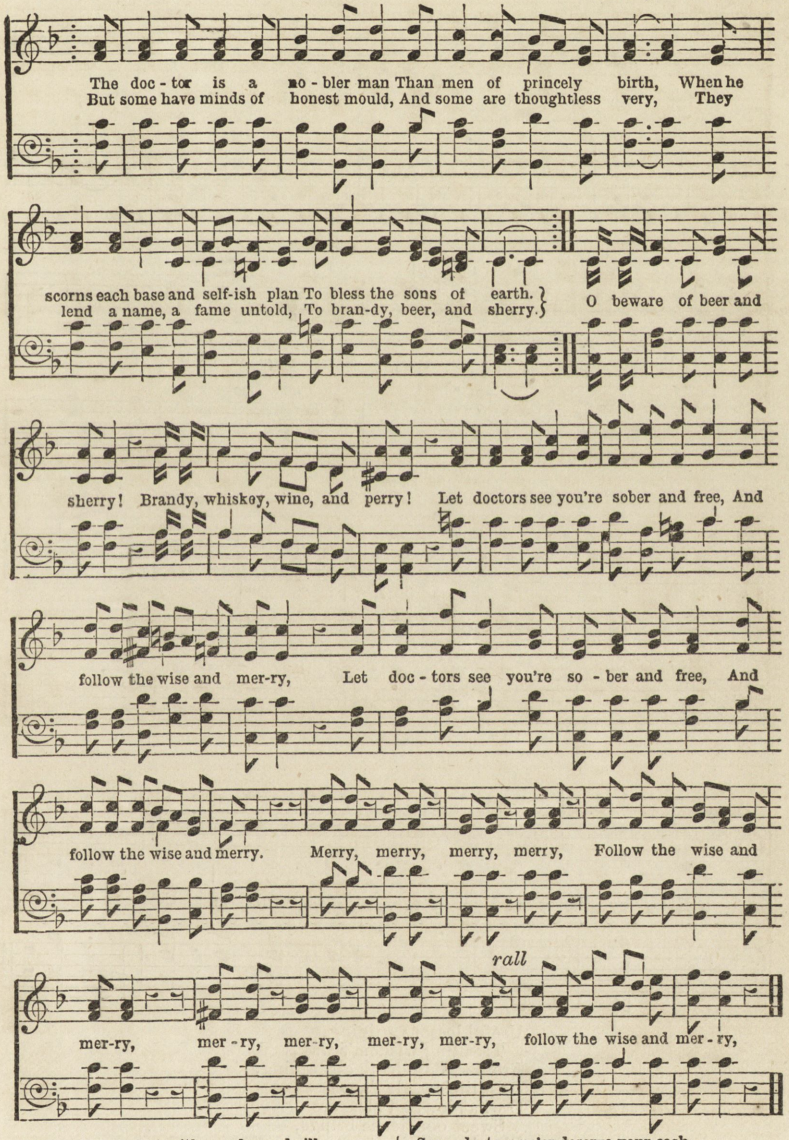
This art, I say, is indefensive,
Idle, filthy, and expensive;
No man ever would commence, if
He but thought it over.
Some men's minds are seldom wanted,
Many things they take for granted,
Hence this idle art is planted
'Till they can't recover.—Now, &c.

Now smoking gives an indication
Of defective information,
Lowers a man in moral station,
Be he prince or proctor.
Men have better health without it,
And, if any one should doubt it,
Let him read the truth about it,
Or consult the doctor.—Now, &c.

There is an art of strange invention,
O that all would give attention,
Help to stay the sad declension,
Error's fort assailing.
Wise men flee from smoking, drinking,
Envy, pride, and foolish thinking;
Noble deeds such folly sinking,
These are still availing.—Now, &c.

139. THE DOCTOR.

Words and Arrangement of Music by W. Hoyle.



They try you first with powder and pill,
Their guile will soon appear;
They gravely say, "You're feeble still,
You take some wine or beer;"
And many, though they knew you were
One of the wise and merry.
Would say, "I tell you plainly, sir,
You'll die if you don't take sherry!" O &c.

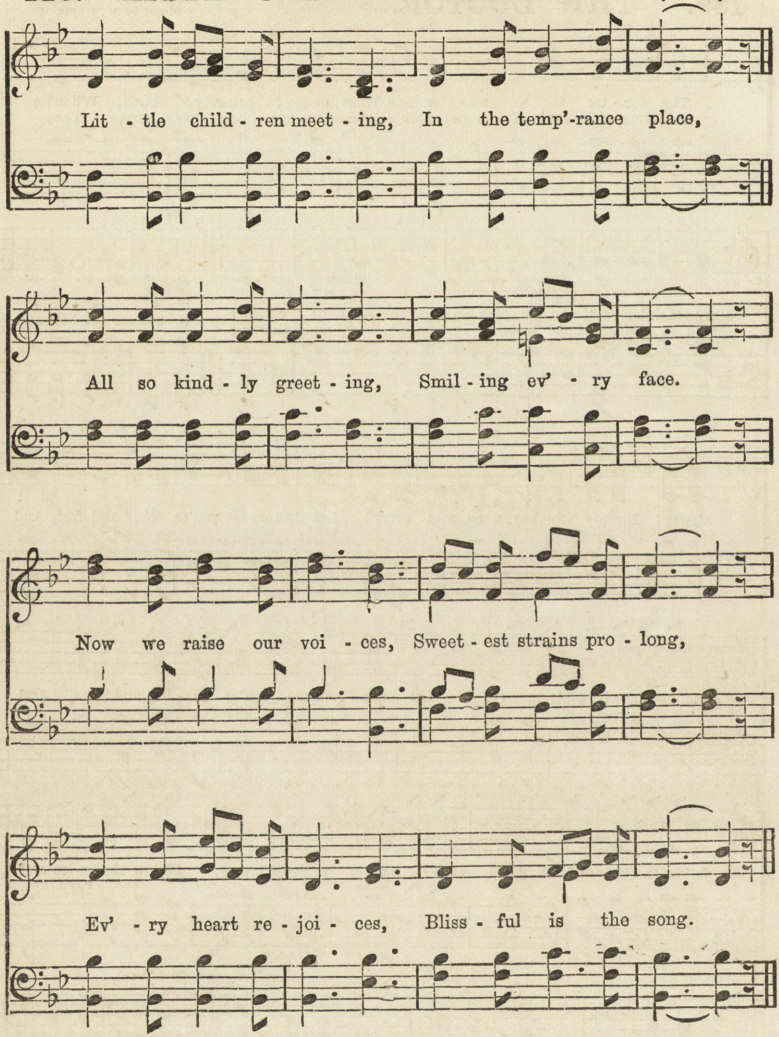
Now science says to drinkers all,
"Leave off your beer and port,
For if you don't king Alcohol
Will make your pleasures short,"

Some doctors ne'er deserve your cash,
For when you're feeble, very,
They set you up with powder wash,
And knock you down with sherry! O, &c.

King Alcohol would lose his head,
No matter how he fought,
If doctors all the truth would spread,
As every good man ought.
Our means are large, our wants are few,
We may be just and merry;
Then let us to ourselves be true,
And shun the friends of sherry, O, &c.

140. LITTLE CHILDREN MEETING.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.

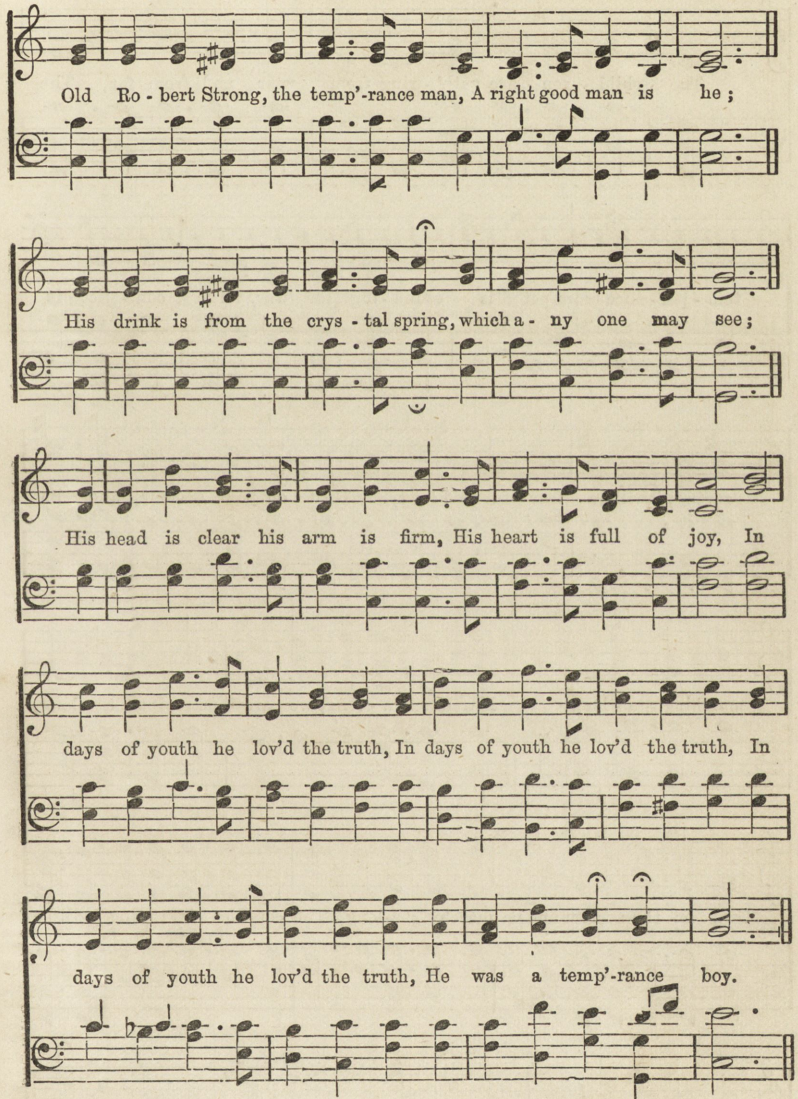


Useful lessons gaining,
Treading wisdom's way,
From strong drink abstaining,
In life's early day.
O what joy and pleasure
Sweet obedience brings,
Blessings without measure
From the King of kings.

Father, let us never
Rude and sinful be,
Bless and guide us ever,
Bring us safe to Thee.
There we'll sing the story
Of redeeming love,
Ever dwell before Thee,
With Thy saints above.

141. OLD ROBERT STRONG.

Words and Music by W. Hoyle.



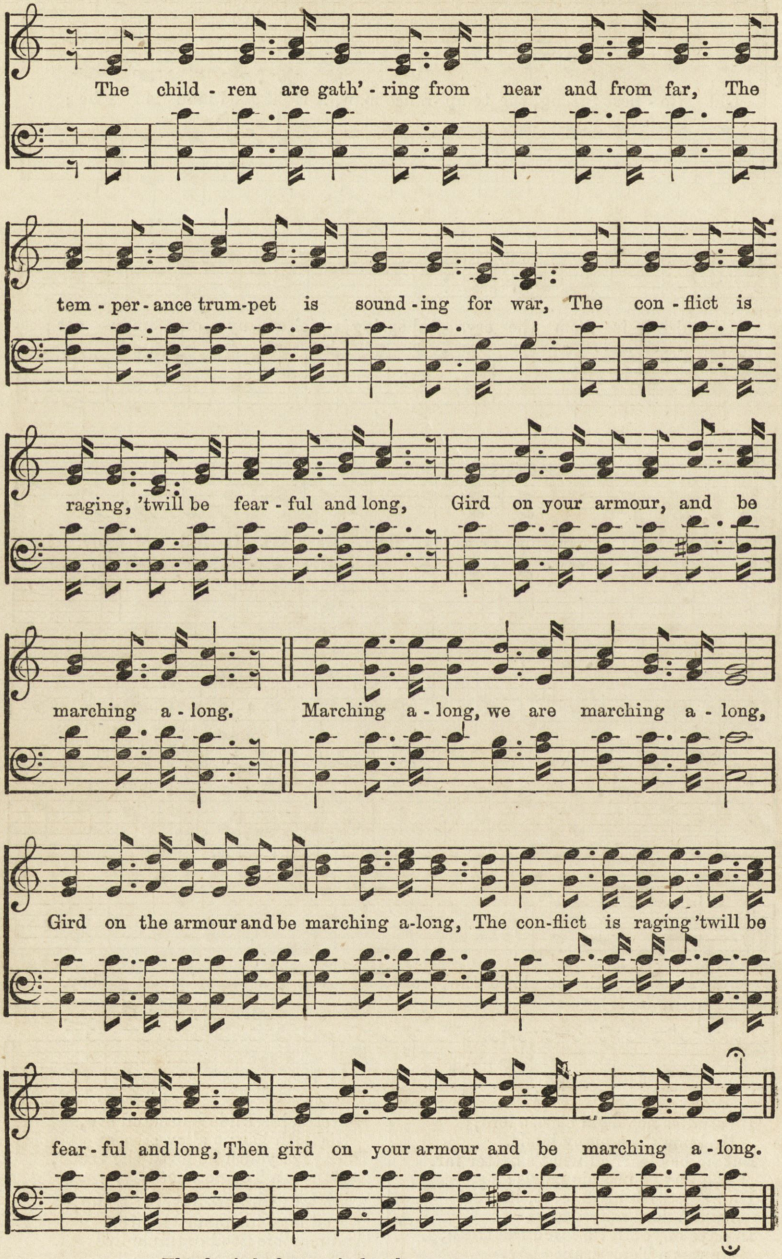
He studies not from classic lore,
He knows not many lands,
But he has learned what's better far,
The way to use his hands ;
He walks with head erect, his feet
No landlord may decoy;
In days of youth he loved the truth,
He was a Temperance boy.

He cannot boast of golden store,
His house is not so high,
But he has laid up treasure bright
Where thieves can ne'er come nigh :
He reads his Bible morn and eve,
His faith has no alloy ;
In days of youth he loved the truth,
He was a Temperance boy.

Then let us follow Robert Strong,
And may his name endure,
And may his good example live
In many thousands more.
Bright water is the drink for all,
It bringeth peace and joy,
To British youth, who love the truth,
And every Temperance boy.

142. THE CHILDREN ARE GATHERING.

Harmony by W. Hoyle.



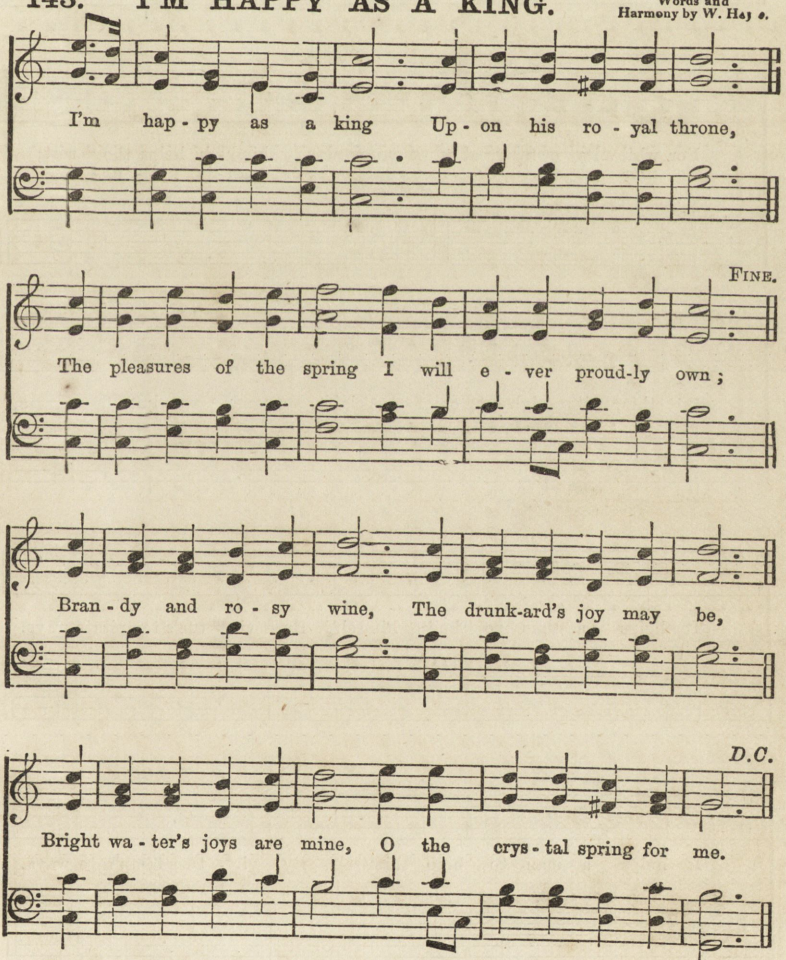
The foe is before us in battle array,
But let us not waver or turn from the way;
The Lord is our strength, be this ever our song,
With courage and faith we are marching along.—Marching, &c.

We've taken the Pledge, and will stand by it true,
With Christ as our captain, we never shall rue;
The "Sword of the Spirit," both trusty and strong,
We'll hold in our hands as we're marching along.—Marching, &c.

Thro' conflicts and trials our crowns we must win,
For here we contend against evil and sin;
But one thing assures us, we cannot go wrong,
If trusting our Saviour while marching along.—Marching, &c.

143. I'M HAPPY AS A KING.

Words and Harmony by W. Hall.

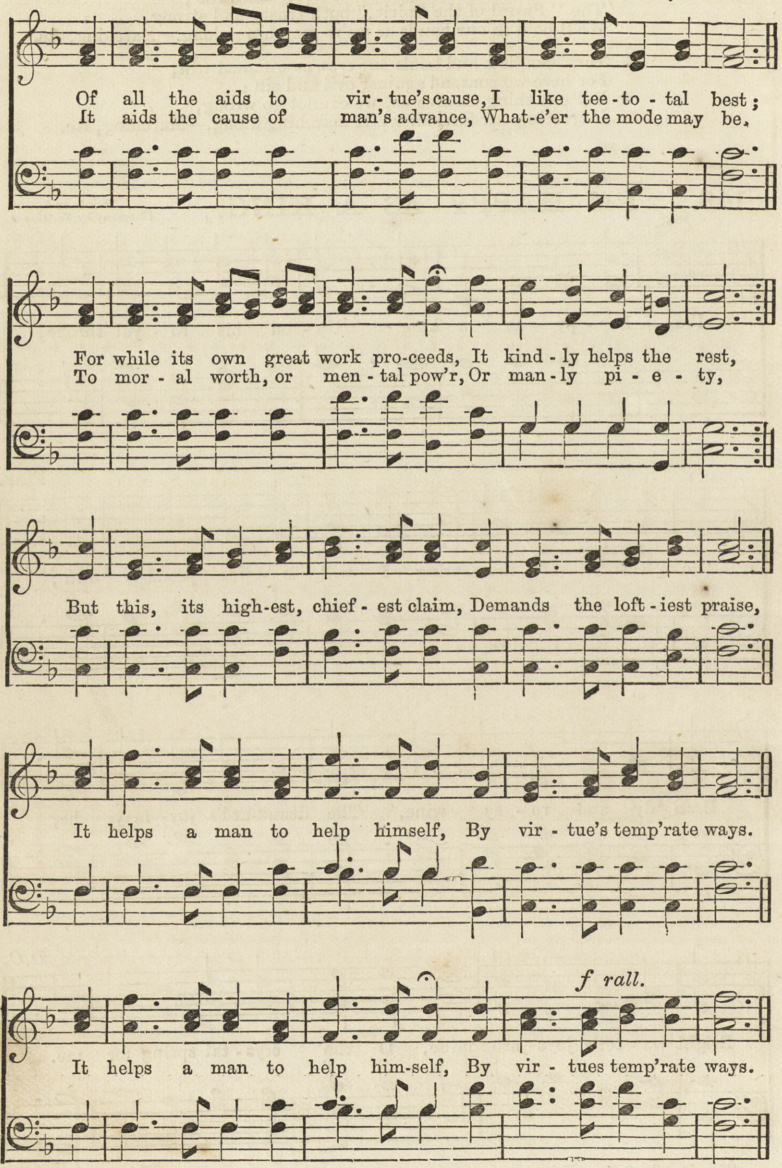


The Band of Hope I love,
It is a joyful place,
Abstainers faithful prove,
Learn to run the heavenly race,
And there I would be found,
That wisdom I may gain,
Rich blessings yet abound,
For all children that abstain.
I'm happy as a king, &c.

With temperance men so brave
I'll tell to drunkards round;
What bliss abstainers have,
And what joys for them abound;
And when I older grow,
With temperance men I'll be,
And sing where'er I go,
"O the crystal spring for me!"
I'm happy as a king, &c.

144. OF ALL THE AIDS.

Music by W. Hoyle.
Words by J. Rewcastle.

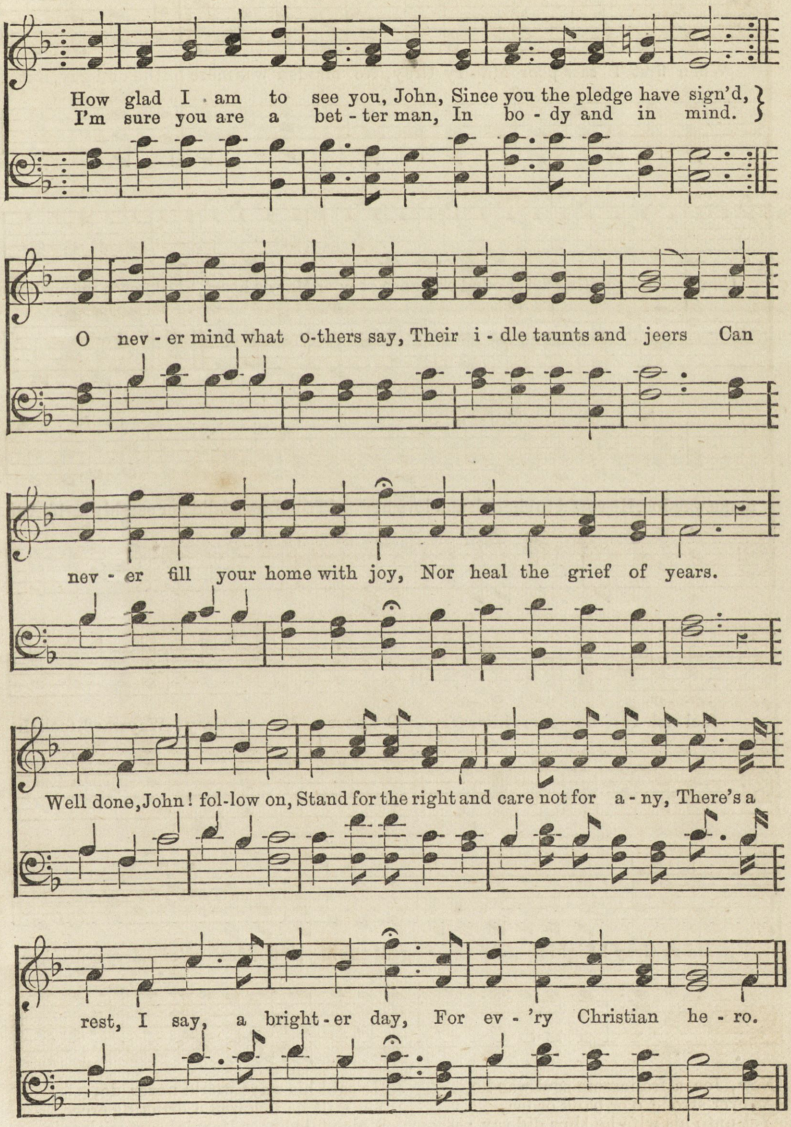


It saves the intemperate in his course
Of drunken revelry;
Awakes him to a proper sense
Of his high destiny.
It stays the moderate in the path
That lures to drunkenness,
And tells him of a surer way
To social happiness. But, &c.

It gives to science and to truth
The mind's pure energy,
To search the secret, hidden depths
Of true philosophy;
It speeds the gospel's onward course,
At home and foreign climes;
Makes light the path, and straight the road
To brighter, better times. But, &c.

145. WELL DONE, JOHN!

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

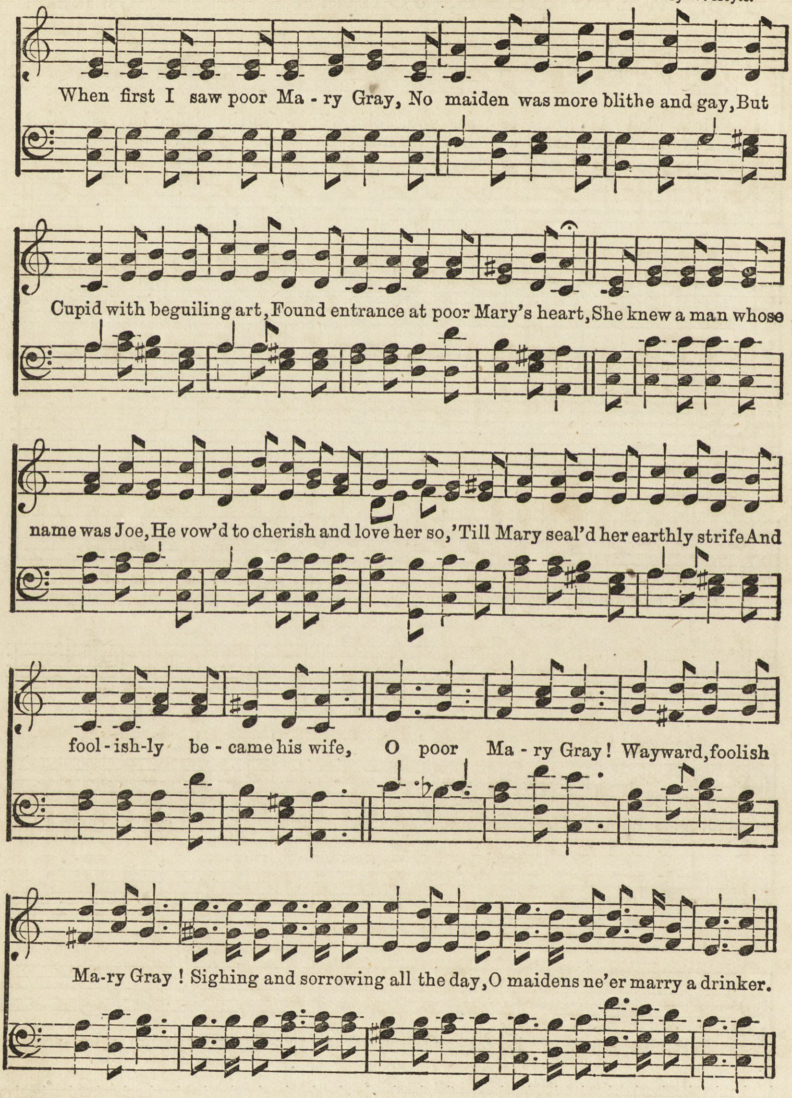


When drinking days were on, how dark,
How dreary was your life,
What sorrow filled the loving hearts
Of children and of wife;
The clouds are passed, the glad sun shines,
Your wife and children smile,
Take courage from the happy change,
When tempters would beguile.
Well done, John, &c.

Though hard to pull against the stream,
They win who nobly try,
For when a man but helps himself,
God's aid is ever nigh.
I never knew an earnest soul
To sink down in despair,
The man who strives, and trusts in God,
Shall conquer anywhere.
Well done, John, &c.

146. POOR MARY GRAY.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.



Now, Joe, a frolicsome soul was he,
As ever strode o'er bank or lea,
Yet unto his wife he thus did say :—
"I will but drink one glass each day,
Believe me, dearest, loving wife,
Your days shall merrily pass thro' life ;"
But, sad to tell, twelve months or so
Revealed a life of bitter woe. O, &c.

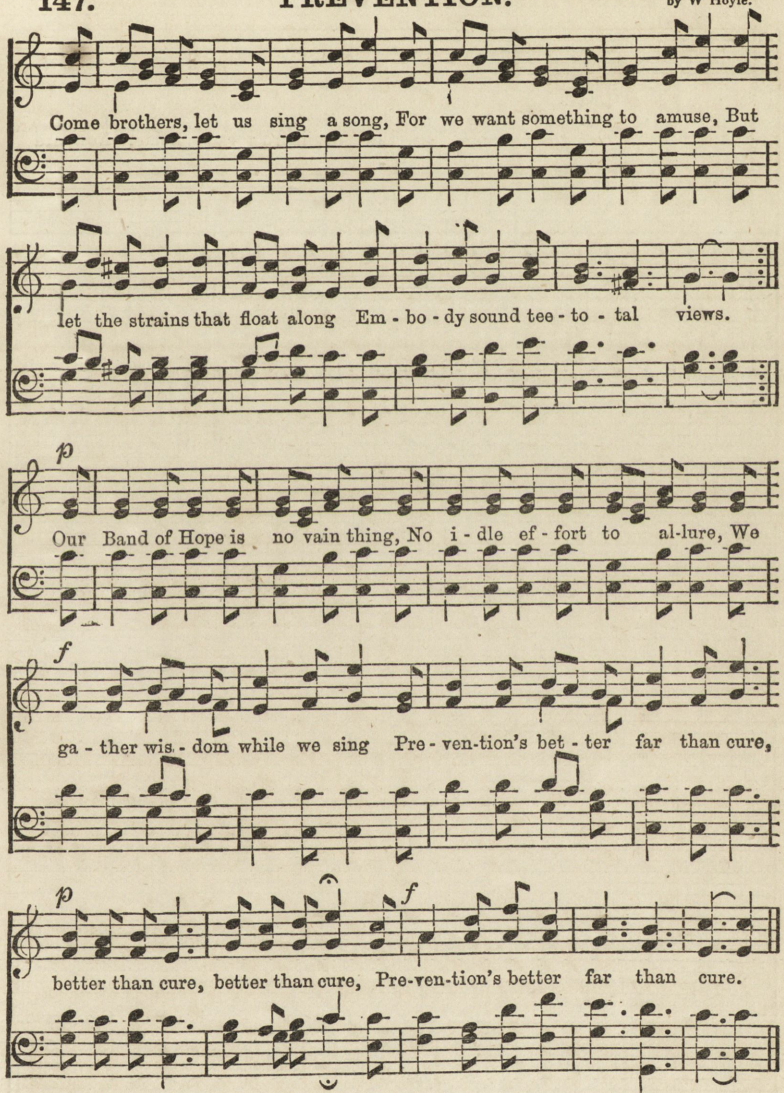
Each night Joe went out for a spree,
And reeling home again came he,
Poor Mary tried, but all in vain ;
Her foolish Joe would not abstain.

He said his ways would never do,
Yet still he followed a drinking crew,
Which filled poor Mary's heart with pain—
She wished that she were single again. O, &c.

Now, maidens all, let wisdom's voice
Direct you to a happy choice ;
Whatever gifts he has be sure
Your lov'd one, drinks but water pure ;
For if you don't you soon may rue,
And find he follows a drinking crew.
Then, maidens all around, I pray,
Take warning from poor Mary Gray. O, &c.

147. PREVENTION.

Music and Words by W Hoyle.



How truly thankful we should be
That we are taught such wholesome truth;
The hoary drunkards that we see
Had ne'er such lessons in their youth,
For boys and girls were thought too young
To form a band devout and pure—
They grew the thoughtless drunken throng;
Prevention's better far than cure.

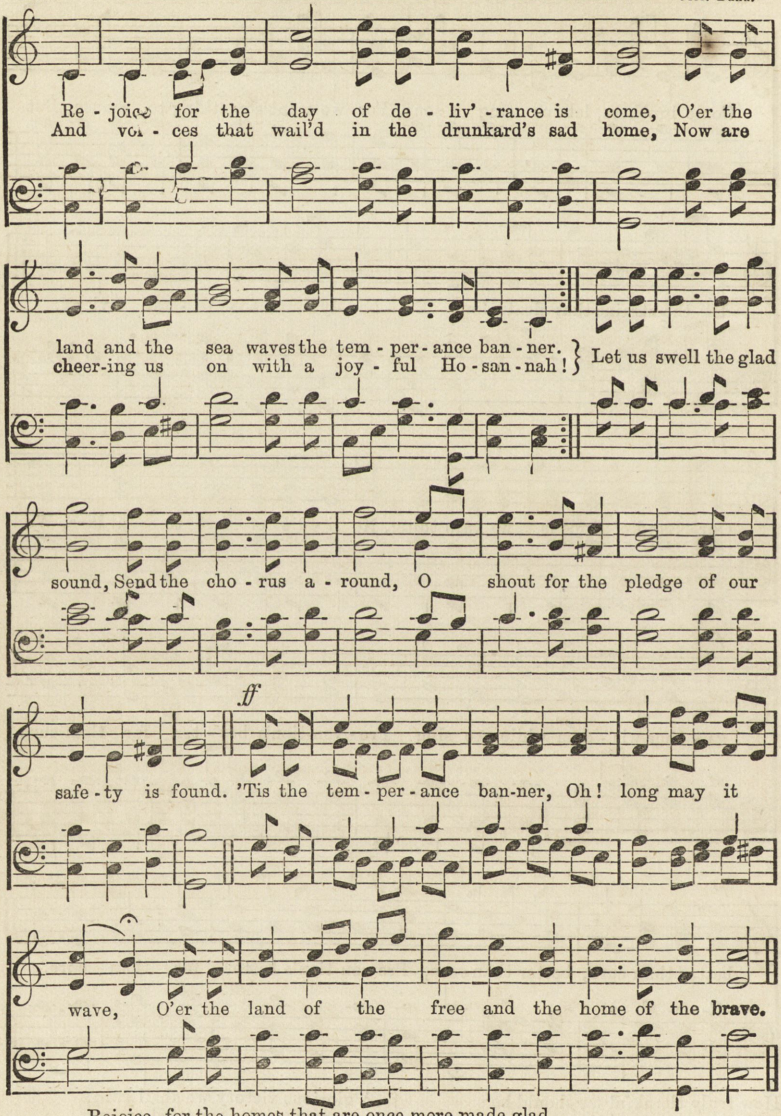
God bless the friends who first began
This gracious movement for the young,
And blessings on each earnest man
Who strives to help the cause along.

A glorious victory we shall gain,
Our principles are tried and sure,
If we will all through life abstain:
Prevention's better far than cure.

The veteran warriors of the past,
They nobly fought and bore abuse;
Our lives in better times are cast,
The victory is reserved for us.
Then let us spread the cause of truth,
The reign of drink can't long endure;
Let's show to all our British youth
Prevention's better far than cure.

THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.

Words by Mrs. Dana.

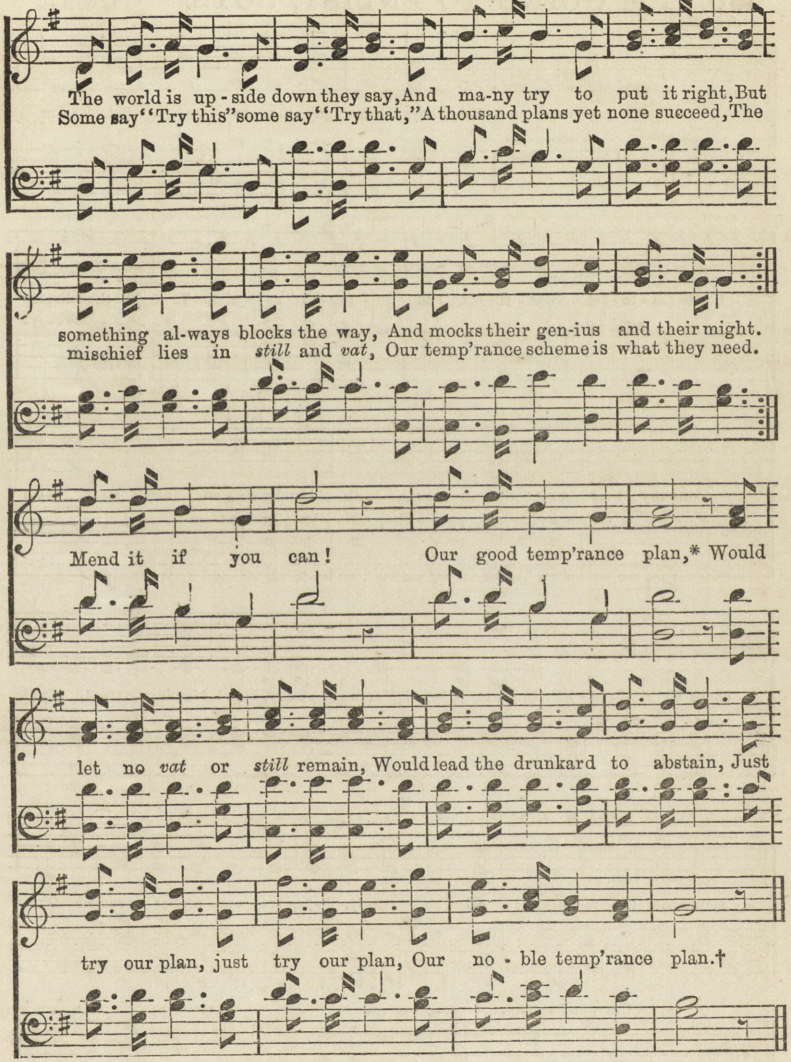


Rejoice, for the homes that are once more made glad,
For the eyes that are bright where the big tears were streaming;
Rejoice, for the hearts that no longer are sad,
For the sweet tears of joy and the smiles that are beaming;
Let the rich and the poor touch the poison no more,
Oh let the red wine-cup be banish'd each door!
Till the Temperance Banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Rejoice, for the names we can now call our own,
For the brothers we claim who are holding high places;
Rejoice, for the fair! they would conquer alone!
It is well they have join'd us, God bless their bright faces!
Through the length of the land, Oh let none coldly stand,
And proudly refuse us the warm helping hand!
For the Temperance Banner in triumph must wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

149. OUR GOOD TEMPERANCE PLAN.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.



We've places for the pauper class,
And yet we've beggars at each door;
So must it be while thousands pass
Their wealth into the landlord's store.
You cannot pay for satin gown,
To make his wife supremely grand,
And have a good dress of your own,
And ample means at your command, &c.

We've houses of correction, too,
Upheld by rates that sorely rest
Upon the shoulders of the true,
Yet thieves our streets and lanes infest
The judges of our land admit
Strong drink creates the vicious class;
Our statesmen will not alter it
Until our temperance laws they pass.

And we've asylums for the sick,
We laud them to the very sky,
Yet call *that* good which makes men weak,
And robs them of their energy.
With want and crime, with wounds and pain,
Our land is one vast lazaret,
And so the foul plague must remain
Until teetotal laws we get, &c.

Then let us go for temp'rance laws,
Nor rest until our statesmen grant
A bill which shall remove the cause—
A measure which the people want.
Oh, say not what we might have been
But for the tyrant's cruel might;
Let's save our Country and our Queen—
Enough to know, Heaven helps the right, &c.

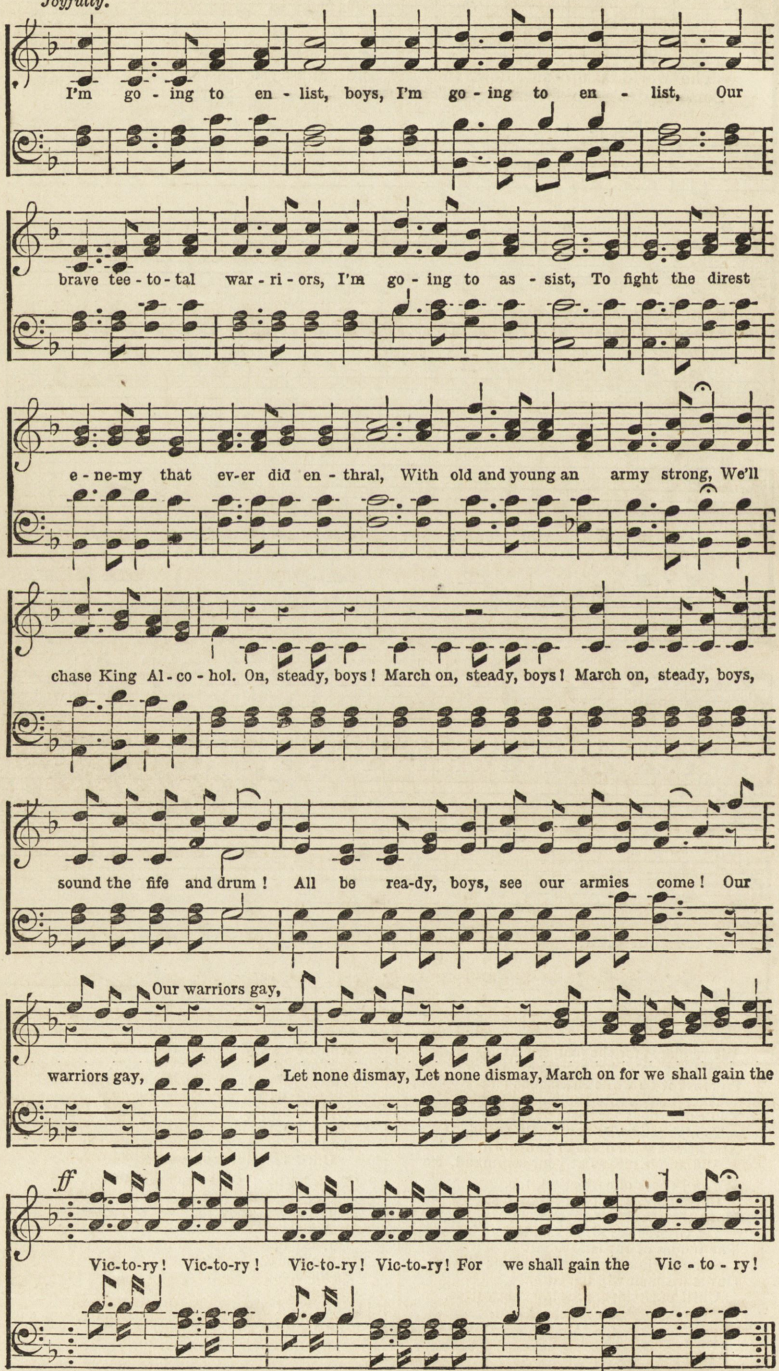
* *Or "our Alliance plan," or "our Good Templar's plan."*

† *Or "our grand Alliance plan," or "our noble Templar's plan."*

150. I'M GOING TO ENLIST, BOYS.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

Joyfully.



The landlords of the town say,
"These puny stripling bands!
What can they do for Temp'rance,
With meagre hearts and hands?"
They think not we are growing, boys,
A fearless mighty host;
We'll make them smell our shot and shell,
We'll drive them from the coast, &c.

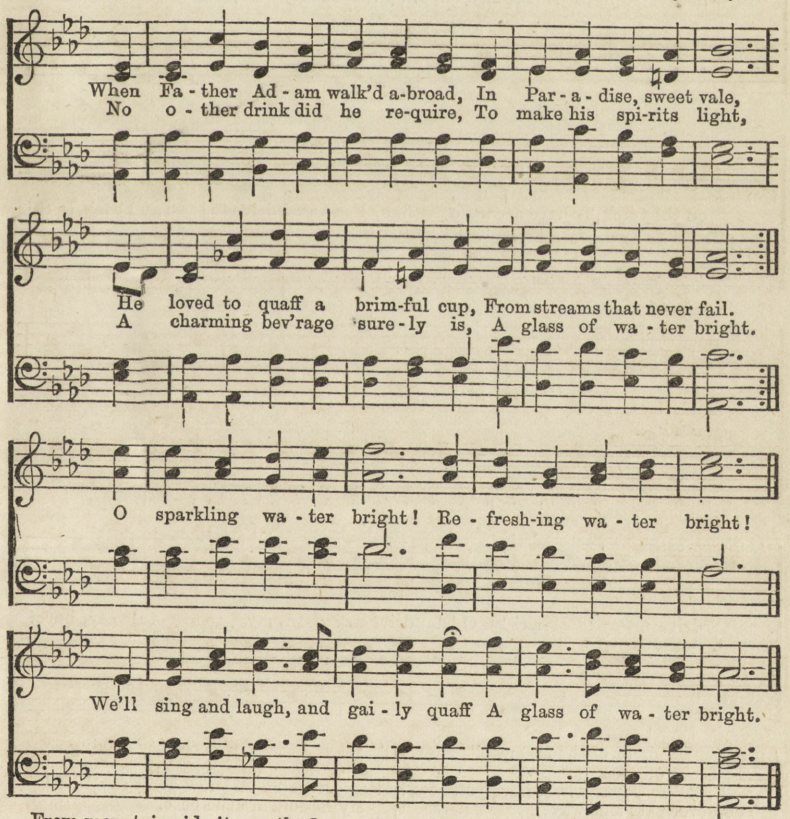
They little know the metal
Of a brave cold-water boy,
Whose heart is strong in temp'rance.
Whose home is peace and joy;
They'd send us up in garrets, boys,
Or down in cellars deep;
If they contrive, we're all alive,
And mean our pledge to keep, &c.

They've sent enough to prison, boys,
They've filled each poorhouse, too,
Our hospitals are crowded so,
They don't know what to do;
But we've a simple remedy,
Then let us all unite;
At once begin, we're sure to win,
We'll set the nation right, &c.

We'll turn the barrels out, boys,
We'll knock them through and through,
And say to every landlord
"We've had enough of you!"
We'll give them marching orders, boys,
To work like honest men,
Or emigrate to some new State,
And not come back again, &c.

151. A GLASS OF WATER BRIGHT.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.



From mountain side it sweetly flows
In rippling streams along;
The cattle browse upon its banks,
The birds renew their song;
The waving cornfields greet its course,
How charming is the sight!
Fair fount of health and pleasure is
A glass of water bright, &c.

Not all the lauded drinks contained
In filthy vat and still,
Can yield one tithe of joys that lie
In nature's sparkling rill.

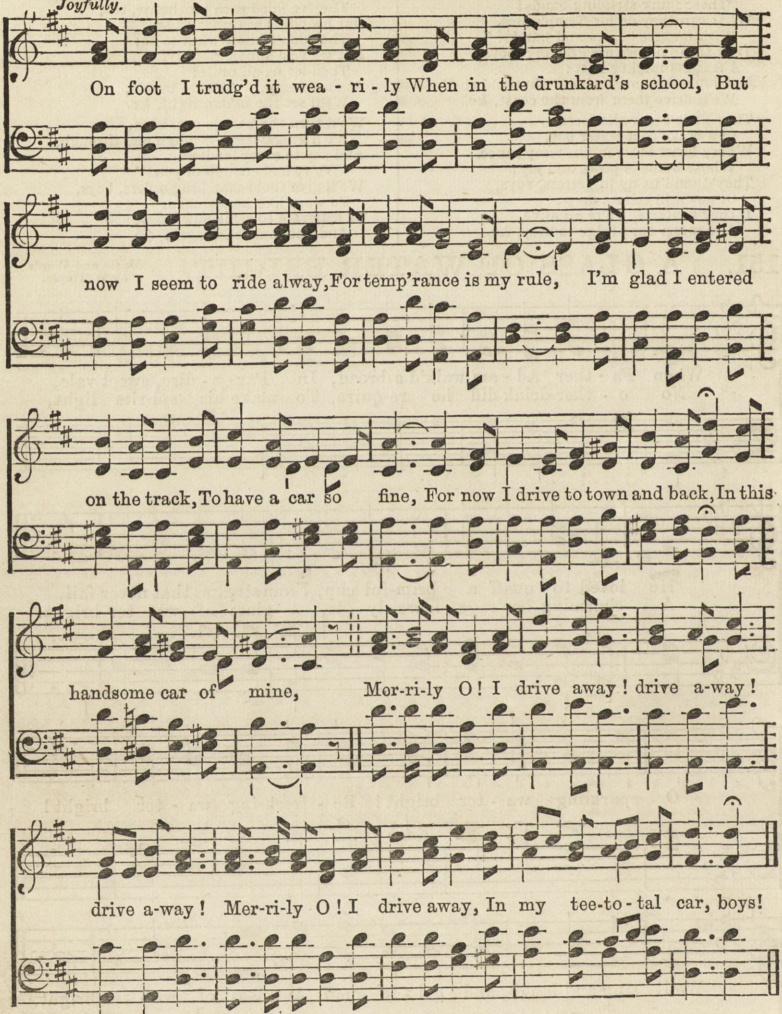
They fear no frowning creditors,
They share no pauper's mite,
Who practice sound philosophy
By drinking water bright, &c.

Then let us pledge good fellowship
In nature's simple drink,
It never drives our reason out,
Nor leads to ruin's brink;
It never bids foul passions rise
Our happiness to smite;
The friend of peace and virtue is
A glass of water bright, &c.

152. THE TEETOTAL CAR.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

Joyfully.



I met the Landlord of the "Queen"
As I drove out one day,
He said, "Why Jack, where have you been?
You never pass this way;
I thought you'd gone to New South Wales,
Or else to Timbuctoo;
You never call to try our ales,
Have I offended you?" &c.

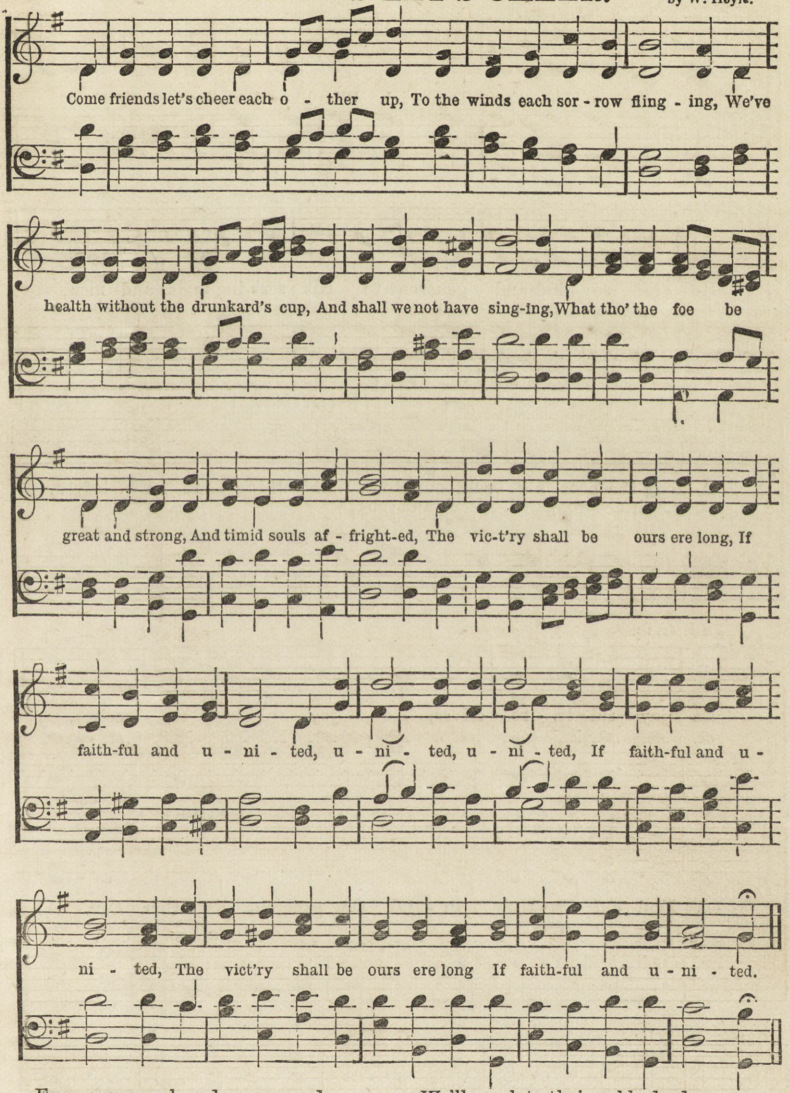
"Why, Landlord, no offence—I mean
I've not roamed very far,
I've only had a journey in
A fine teetotal car.
'Tis very strong, tho' rather old—
Of course, it won't suit you;
They say 'tis worth its weight in gold,
And I believe 'tis true," &c.

"Why, Jack, you're thirsty driving so,
You surely want a rest;
Pray just step in—now don't say 'No'
My liquors are the best.
I've got a fine museum now,
With gems from foreign climes;
If you step in I'll show you how
We keep up with the times," &c.

"Thank you, I'd rather be excused,
I cannot longer stay;
My car improves the more 'tis used,
So I must jog away.
Just tell the lady in the bar,
Who wears the satin gown,
That Jack has mounted on a car,
And cannot well get down," &c.

153. COME FRIENDS LET'S CHEER.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.



From every rank and every creed,
Come words of approbation,
And honour flows to all who lead
Our temperance reformation.
It was not so in years gone by—
The change how great and glorious!
Let's labour on, soon you and I
Shall raise the shout victorious.

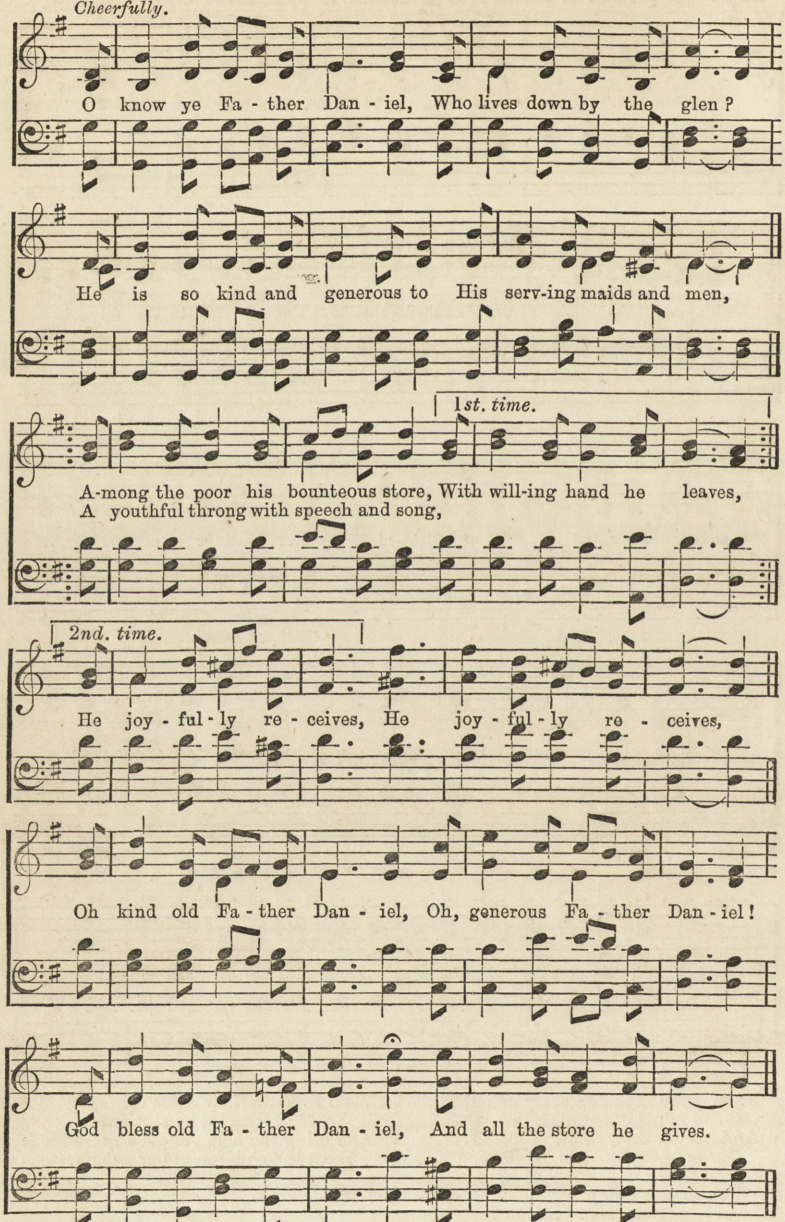
The veteran warriors of the past
Rejoice to see our numbers,
We'll show them by our labours vast
The cause of truth ne'er slumbers.

We'll emulate their noble deeds,
We'll take their lofty station,
And bring the help our good cause needs,
From the children of our nation.

Come friends, let's cheer each other up,
Why foster feelings chary?
Without the drunkard's fiery cup
We may be wise and merry.
There's beauty in the crystal spring,
And rosy health—a treasure,
We're happier far than duke or king,
With abstinence—our measure.

154. FATHER DANIEL.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.



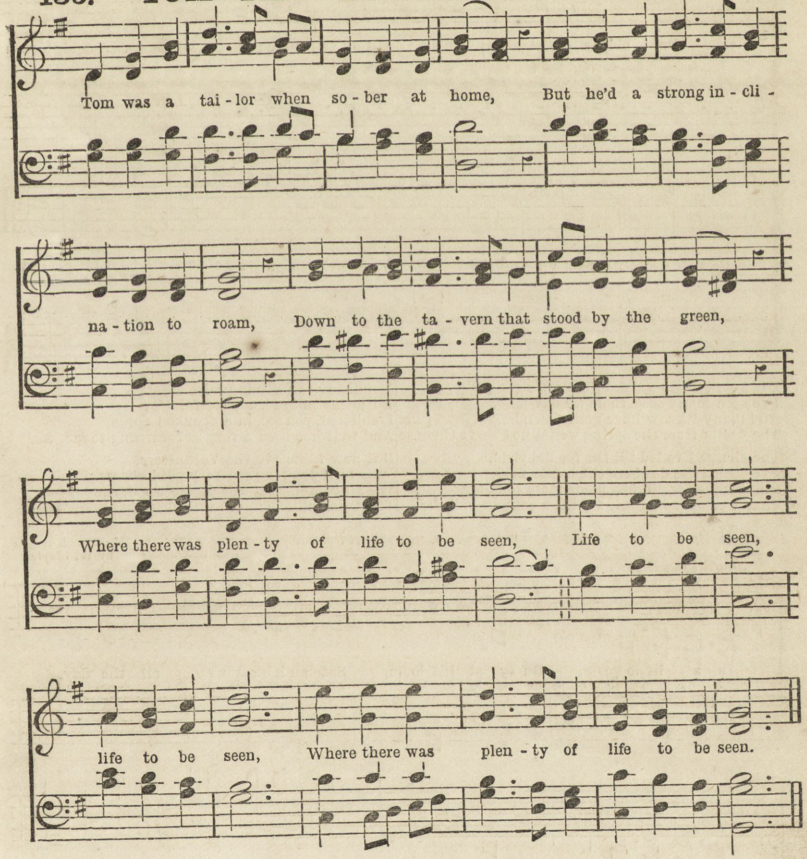
The other day I heard him,
Down by the miller's store,
Conversing with a drunken man
Who seemed depressed and poor;
"My friend," said he, "you ne'er can be
A gentleman so fine,
While hard-earned wealth and precious health
You drown in beer and wine."
Oh, wise old Father Daniel!
Oh, thoughtful Father Daniel!
Long live old Father Daniel,
And all his words divine.

Up came a lusty landlord,
With cautions look and mien,
"Why Dan," said he, "I hear that you
Intend to rob the Queen!
For shame on you! the revenue
You should not try to cheat!
My drink in short, goes to support
Our army and our fleet."
Oh, rare old Father Daniel!
Oh, fine old Father Daniel,
Three cheers for Father Daniel,
His fearless soul we'll greet.

Then spake old Father Daniel—
"The revenue I know
Should always be supported, but
Not by the way you show;
Thro' tears and blood a nation's good
No monarch e'er commands;
With holy lives old England thrives,
Her throne on virtue stands."
Oh, brave old Father Daniel!
Oh, noble Father Daniel,
God bless old Father Daniel,
And all his hopeful bands.

155. TOM THE TAILOR.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.



Stitching all day made him weary and sad—
"Hang the broad cloth! it will drive a man mad;
I'll have a pot of old Jenkin's brown beer"
Out went poor Tom his sad spirits to cheer.

Once in the tavern how jovial was he!
Shirt out at elbow, a patch on each knee;
Ready for dancing or singing his share;
Ready for fighting if any one dare.

In came a cobbler with apron before,
Said he could beat all the tailors twice o'er:
Cobbler and tailor of course came to blows,
After the first round poor Tom broke his nose.

In came the landlady all in a fright—
"Now my good fellows, you never should fight;
Sing and be merry each other to please;
Bring me your money and drink at your ease."

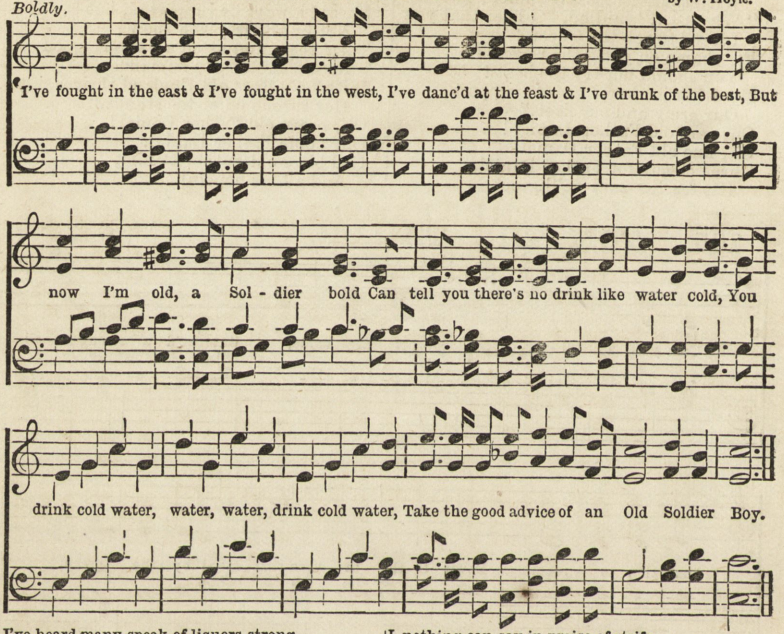
Home went poor Tom with a pain in his head,
Felt in the morning like someone half dead;
Kindly his wife made him gruel and tea,
Whisper'd so fondly, "Tom, don't you love me?"

Sad and repentant, Tom kissed his dear wife,
Called her his jewel—the charm of his life;
Thoughts of the *past* made him better things prize,
Now Tom, the tailor, is sober and wise.

156. THE OLD SOLDIER BOY.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

Boldly.



I've heard many speak of liquors strong
I've seen many seek them all day long,
And many I know have gone down below, [&c.
The nectar from the spring would not serve them so

The charge I've led till the foe did yield,
I've buried the dead on the battle field,
But drink after all, has made more to fall
Than e'er were laid below with a cannon ball, &c.

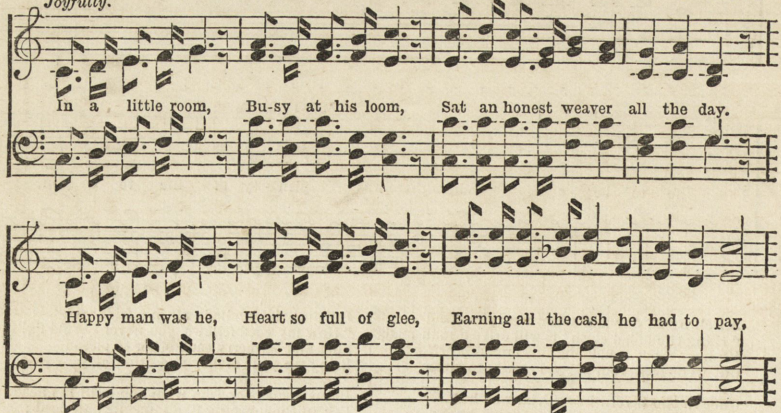
I nothing can say in praise of strife,
I'd rather pray for a peaceful life;
I enlisted, you see, in a drunken spree,
And that has been a very sad warning to me, &c.

But now I serve in the Volunteers,
Who well deserve your very good cheers;
We all combine, by the pledge we sign,
To banish all the force of the drinking line, &c.

157. THE WEAVER AND THE SQUIRE.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

Joyfully.



When the day was done, he would watch the sun
Sinking gently in the golden west;
Read the daily news, think about his views,
Pray for help, and then retire to rest.

Near the weaver's cot lived an idle sot,
Owner of a large estate was he;

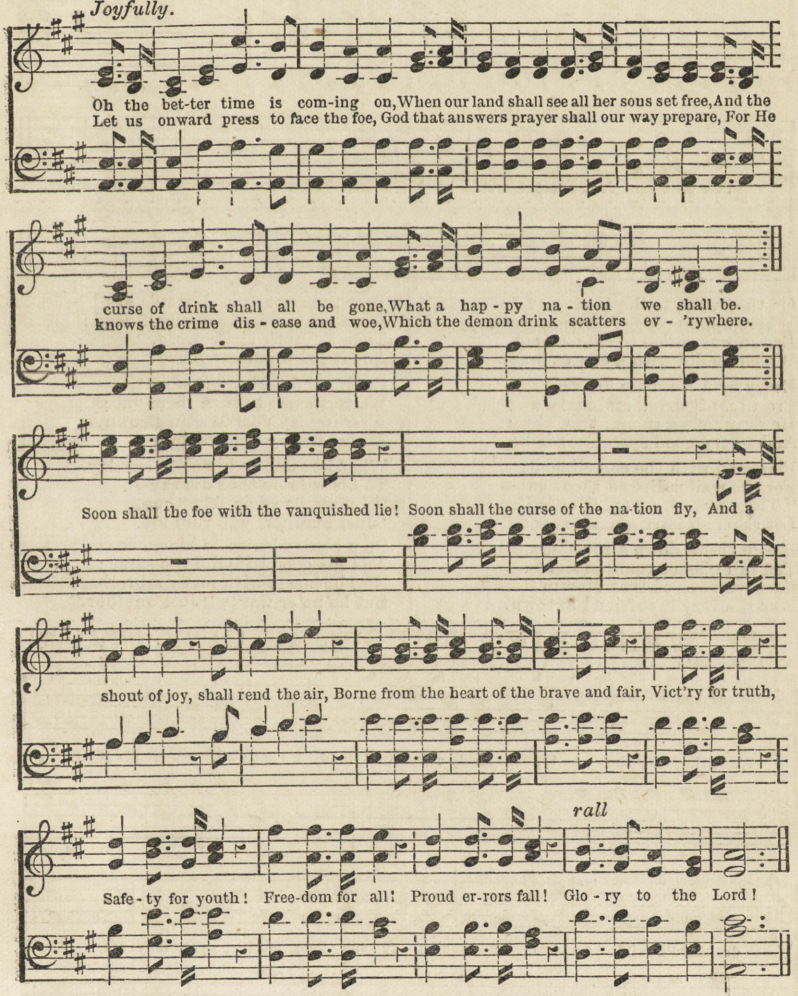
He would shoot and sail, travel by the rail,
Get as drunk as any squire could be.

Servants he had nine, sons and daughters fine,
Heavy debts contracted larger grew;
Living past the rate ruined his estate,
Brought him to disgrace—what could he do!

Creditors then came—oh! the sin and shame
Brought upon the squire by his reckless way;
All his lands were sold, soon the tale was told,
In a pauper's grave at last he lay.
In the weaver's room still was heard the loom,
Merry as the lark in Sol's bright ray;
Humble and content, ready with his rent,
Laying by in store for a rainy day.
Soon he owned a cot, all his toils forgot,
Farm'd a little land at his desire:
Children tell to me which you'd rather be—
Sober Weaver or a drunken Squire?

158. OH THE BETTER TIME.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

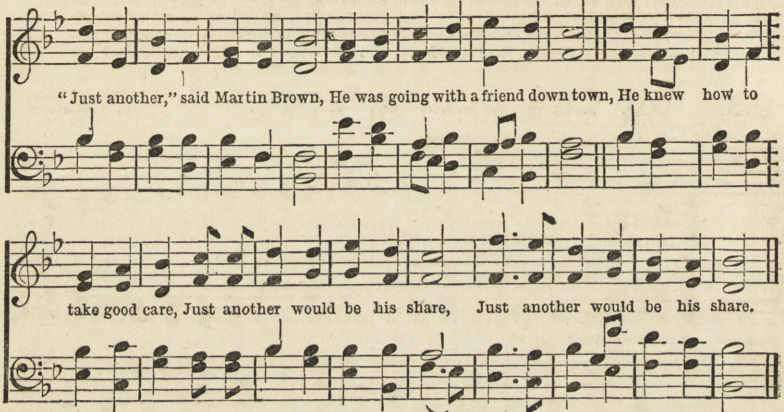


Bands of Hope shall spread and multiply,
Like an army great they shall fill the state,
And shall firmly stand when tempters try
To enslave them with the landlord's bait.
All the landlords of the town shall quake,
For they soon shall find men of sober mind,
Will no longer let them fortunes make
Out of drunkards, wretched, poor and blind, &c.
Pulpit, platform, press shall thunder forth
Till the public mind, unto truth inclined,
Shall demand the laws of moral worth,
And not leave a trace of drink behind.

In the poor man's cot what peace shall reign
When he home returns with the cash he earns,
And his children leap for joy again,
While a grateful heart within him burns, &c.
In the house of God what crowds shall meet,
Hearts and minds renewed, with new life endued
Rescued from the drunkard's scornful seat,
Standing with the holy and the good.
Oh! the better time is coming on
When our land shall see all her sons set free,
And the curse of drink shall all be gone,
What a happy nation we shall be! &c.

159. JUST ANOTHER.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.



On they went to the "Stag and Hounds,"
Where a man played charming sounds;
Brown was called to sing a song,
Which he did with a chorus long.

Every man his glass did reach,
Brown must drink and make a speech;
He drank glasses one, two, three,
And a very good speech made he.

Flattered with the compliment,
For the waiter Brown then sent—
"These are very good friends I've found,
Let them all have glasses round."

Brown threw down a sovereign bright,
Ten full glasses came in sight;
Each man vowed that Martin Brown
Was the very best friend in town.

Beer soon got to each man's head—
Some grew noisy, some half dead:
Then a frantic strife arose,
And it led to furious blows.

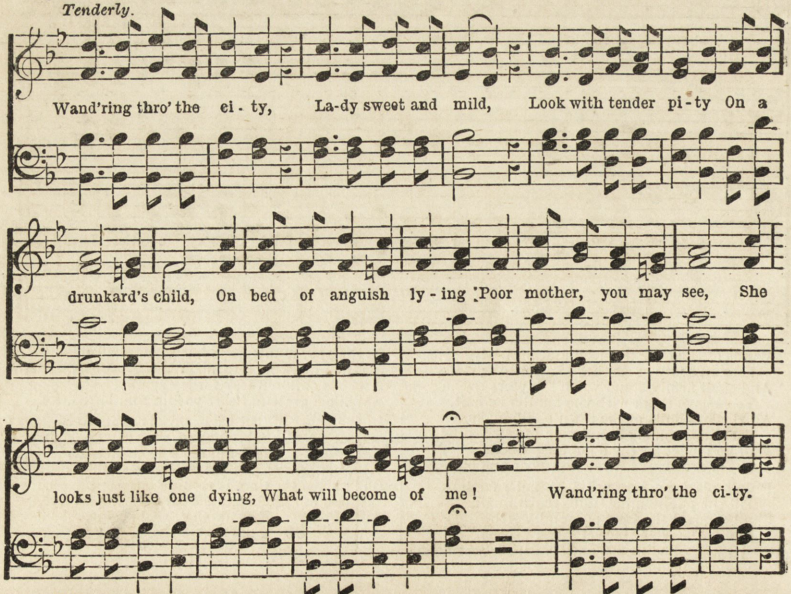
Chairs and tables flew about,
Waiters came to turn them out;
Bleeding lay poor Martin Brown,
All his money and watch were gone.

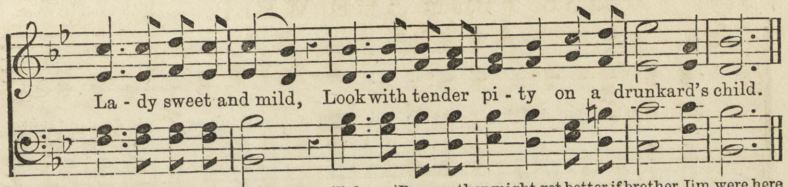
When he came to himself next day,
To his wife he thus did say—
"I must be advised by thee,
'Just another' will ruin me."

On a pledge he wrote his name,
And his good wife did the same;
Now he meets with many a brother,
But he ne'er wants "Just another."

160. WANDERING THRO' THE CITY.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.





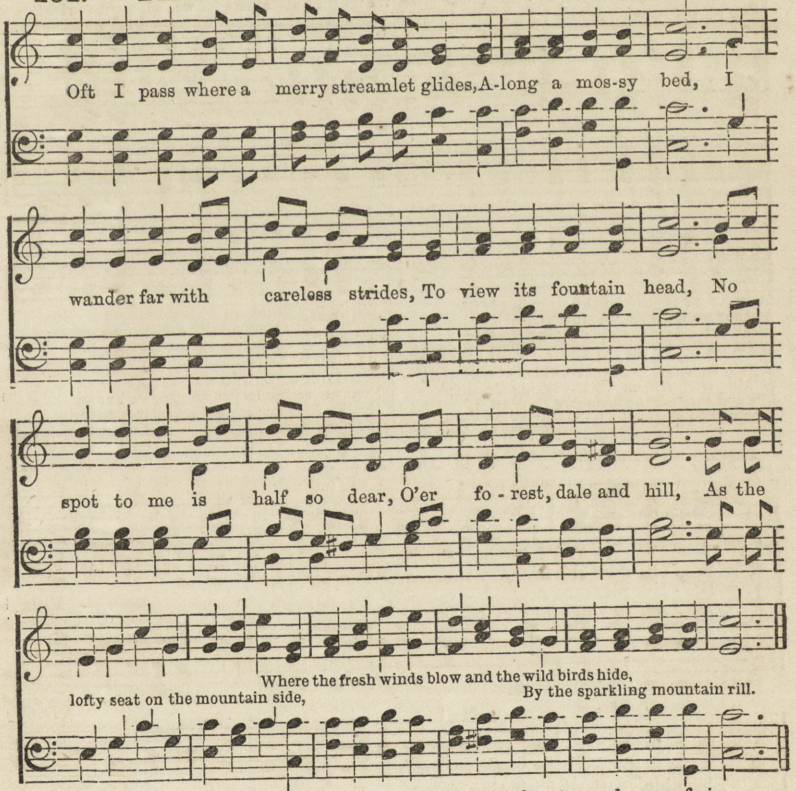
Father comes home reeling, says what he will do
If I don't try stealing, calls me idle too;
Sometimes I beg a penny from gentle passers by,
And when I don't get any, I sit me down and cry, &c.

Once I had a brother, he went o'er the sea,
He was good to mother, and so kind to me,
Poor mother might get better if brother Jim were here
But now we get no letter, he must be dead we fear, &c.

I don't go a stealing, I don't want to try,
But if I'd a shilling I know what I'd buy; [and tea,
I then would do like brother, I'd make some toast
'Twould be so nice for mother, a crust would do for me.

161. THE MOUNTAIN RILL.

Music by G. F. Root.
Words by W. Hoyle.



When I take my frugal meal,
I drink from the mountain rill;
How happy and content I feel,
No drunkard e'er can tell.
Observing nature's simple laws,
I'm blest with rosy health, [light,
With a head that's clear, and a heart that's
No pain nor ache from morn till night,
Is better far than wealth.

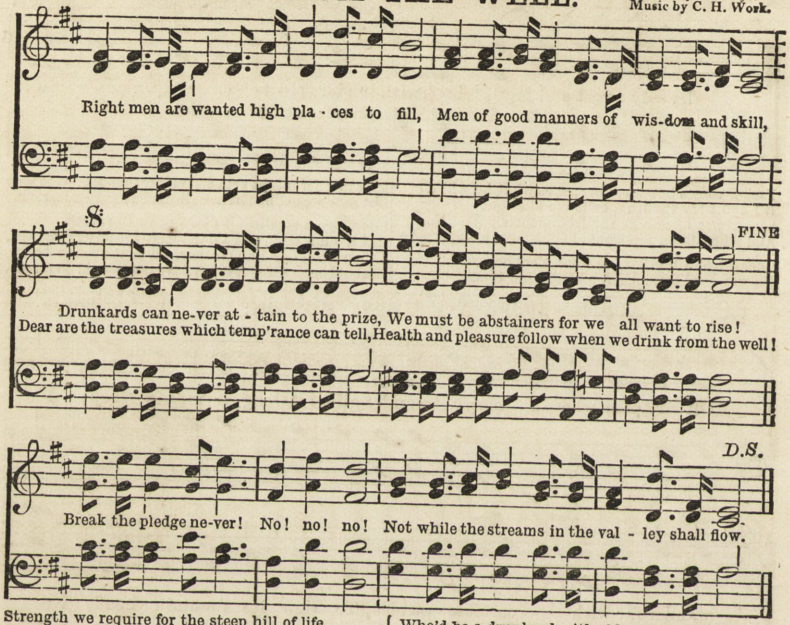
Oft I sigh for deluded souls,
Who seek the drunkard's cup;
Within their veins a poison rolls,
Which soon will burn them up;

In vain they try a change of air,
In vain the doctor's skill:
They ne'er can live, unless they try
Their glass to fill like you and I,
From the sparkling mountain rill.

Soon, ah! soon would a thousand ills
Flee from our native land,
Were all to drink from sparkling rills
That flow on every hand;
They are sent to cheer each living thing,
From boundless stores above,
Then shall we God's own gift despise
For cups wherein a mocker lies,
And thus ungrateful prove?

162. DRINK FROM THE WELL.

Words by W. Hoyle.
Music by C. H. Work.



Strength we require for the steep hill of life,
Armour we want ere we enter the strife,
Weak is the drunkard and helpless he lies,
We must be abstainers for we all want to rise, &c.

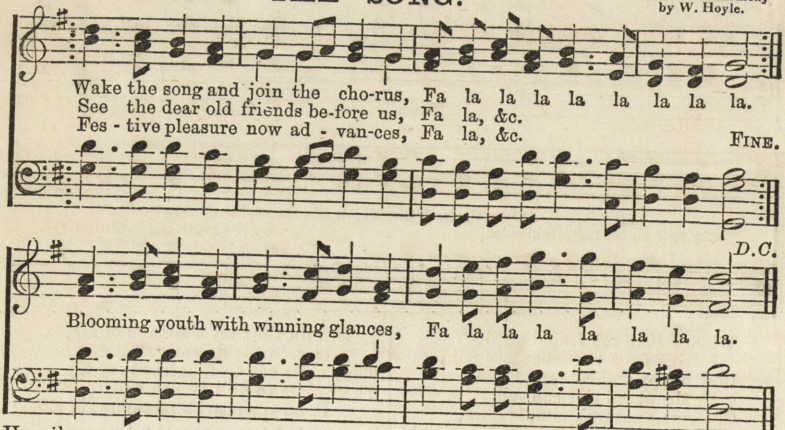
Heav'n helps the man that will help on himself,
Seeking true wisdom while working for pelf;
Idle and careless the drunkard ne'er tries,
We must be abstainers for we all want to rise, &c.

Who'd be a drunkard with old ragged clothes,
Covered with shame, with derision and woes;
Warned by his fall we are sober and wise,
We must be abstainers for we all want to rise, &c.

Drunkards begin with a small glass or so,
None are secure but abstainers we know;
Health, time and money are talents we prize,
We must be abstainers for we all want to rise, &c.

163. WAKE THE SONG.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.



Happily we meet together, fa la,
Heedless of the wind or weather, fa la,
Strangers to the drunkard's folly, fa la,
Banish grief and melancholy, fa la.

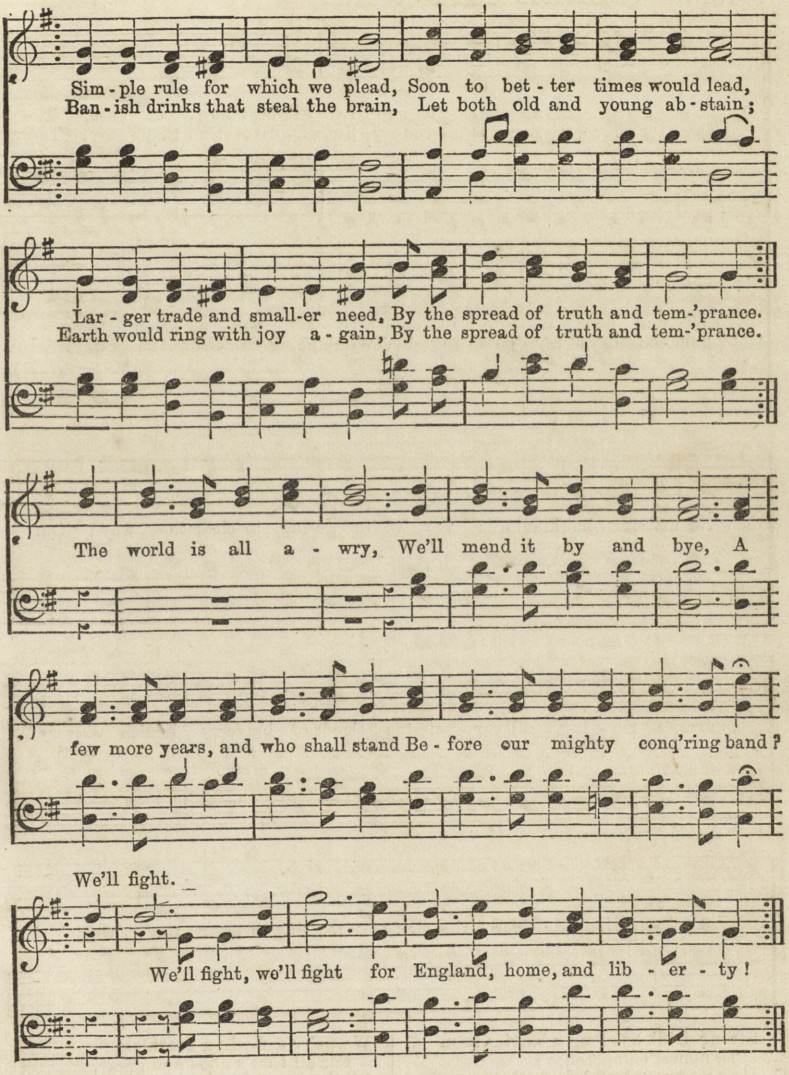
Drinkers drain their fiery glasses, fa la,
Water all their drink surpasses, fa la,
From the crystal fountain flowing, fa la,
Health and happiness are glowing, fa la,

Through the land our cause is gaining, fa la,
Truth, each hostile band disdaining, fa la,
Soon shall cover all the nation, fa la,
Hail the glorious reformation, fa la.

Wake the song and join the chorus, fa la,
Brighter days are yet before us, fa la,
Press we on, the conflict sharing, fa la,
In the good work ne'er despairing, fa la.

164. THE WORLD IS ALL AWRY.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.



Statesmen puzzle their wits to find
Measures to improve mankind;
Don't you think they're very blind
When they can't find truth & temperance?
Patriots, judges, many a score,
Every year drink's work deplore;
Strange they open the ale-house door
While they talk of truth and temperance!

Doctors very politely say,
"Drink a little strong drink you may,"
Well they know what brings their pay;
They're afraid of truth and temperance.

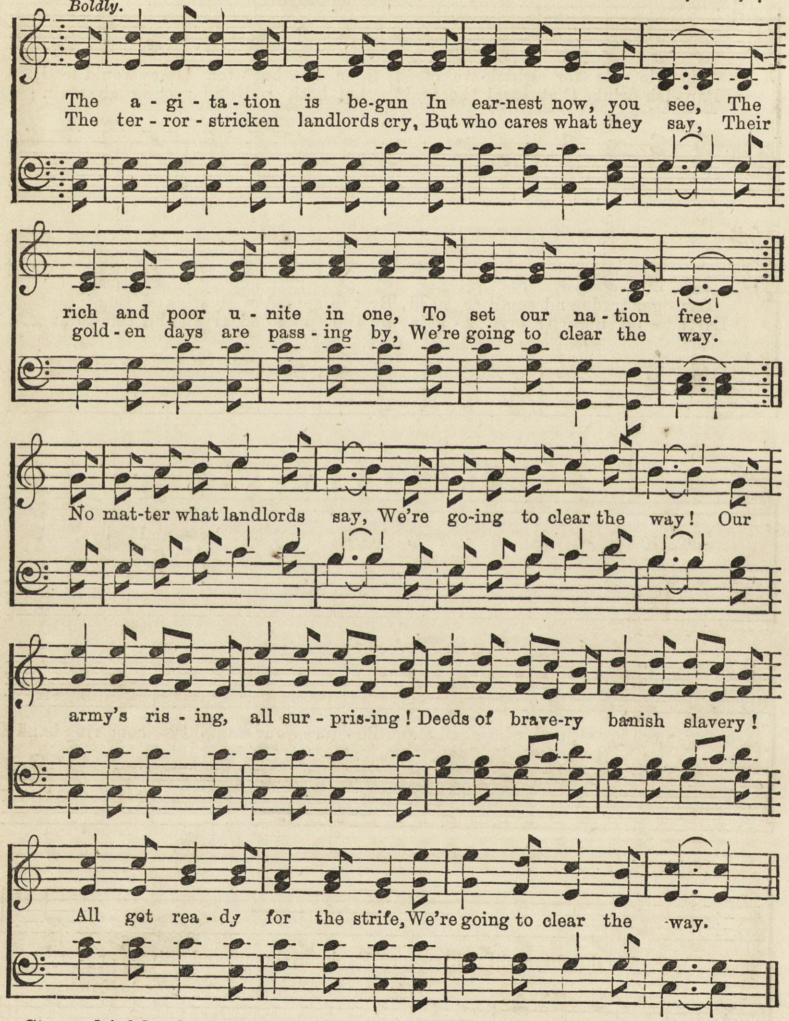
Gentlemen and ladies fine,
When they walk abroad, or dine,
Empty bottles of beer and wine,
Never dream of truth and temperance.

Land of Bibles! land of might!
Messenger of gospel light!
Raise thyself from error's night,
By the spread of truth and temperance.
Land of drunkards! land of crime!
By-word thou in every clime!
When shall dawn thy purer time
By the spread of truth and temperance?

165. CLEAR THE WAY.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

Boldly.



Strong drink has long a barrier been
To honest competence;
How many subjects of our Queen
Lose all their hard-earned pence?
Their starving wives and children sink
In anguish and dismay;
When sober, how they wish the drink
Ten thousand miles away. No, &c.

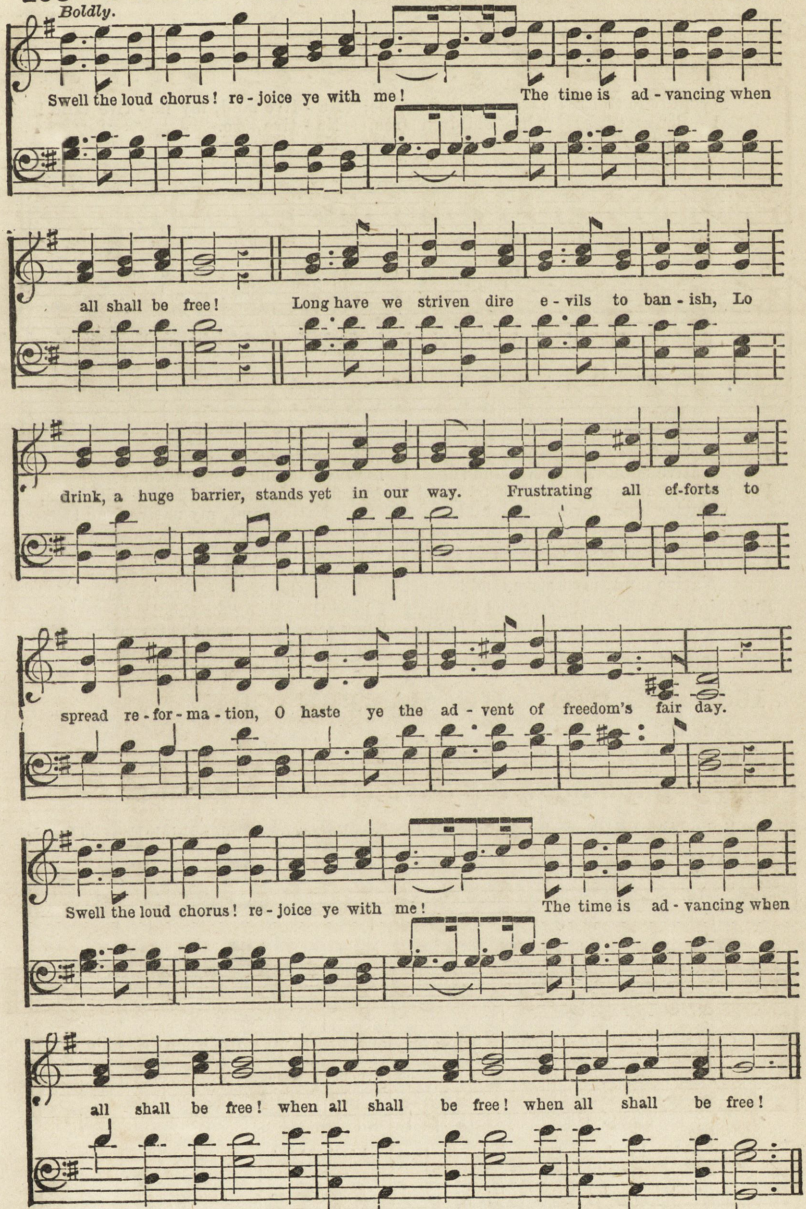
Strong drink assails the intellect,
Drives reason from her throne;
The course of thought we can't direct
While strong drink keeps men down.
In vain we build fine colleges,
In vain we preach and pray;
We cannot make men good and wise
While drink is in the way. No, &c.

We ne'er can win a deathless fame
For all that's good and great,
While strong drink is our country's shame,
The weakness of our state.
Not all our arms, our arts, can save
Our nation from decay,
Unless we rise like patriots brave,
And roll the curse away. No, &c.

All glory to the God of truth,
The cruel trade can't stand,
We're raising up our British youth
To save our fatherland.
Like patriots brave we'll do the right;
We'll surely win the day,
For Heaven will help us in the fight;
So shall we clear the way. No, &c.

166. SWELL THE LOUD CHORUS.

Words by W. Hoyle.
Music by C. Avison.



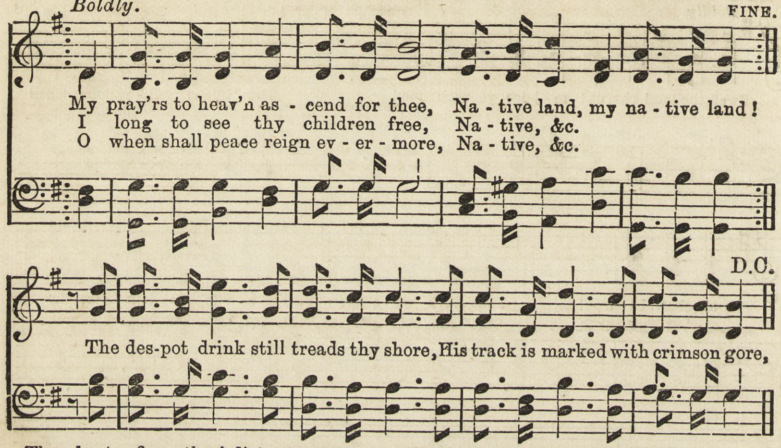
Shouts of thanksgiving shall rise thro' the land,
The freemen of temperance shall gloriously stand;
Drunkards, long pinioned, shall break from their fet-
And rise with religion and temp'rance endued; [ters,
Our young men and maidens, no longer degraded,
Shall live the pure lives of the holy and good.
Swell the loud, &c.

Praise ye the Lord, for the day shall arise;
How vast is our army! the noble and wise,
See how they gather from city and village,
A numberless host marching on to the fight!
Jehovah shall smite every foe with confusion,
And vict'ry shall bring to the champions of right.
Swell the loud, &c.

167 MY NATIVE LAND.

Words by W. Hoyle.
Music Adapted.

Boldly.



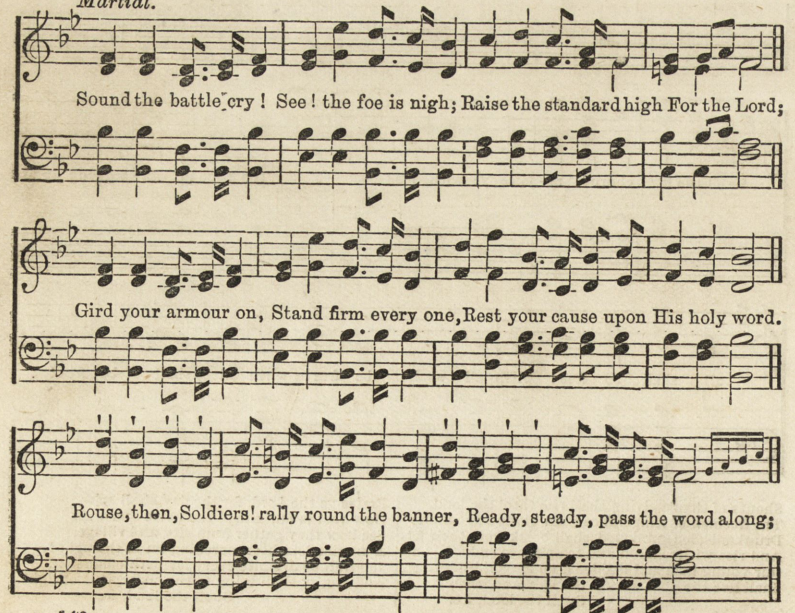
Thou hast a fame thro' distant parts,
Native land, my native land!
For willing hands and loving hearts,
Native land, my native land!
Thy domes of splendour grace the skies;
Like mountains vast thy cities rise;
And thou hast many great and wise,
Native land, my native land!
But think not thou art great and strong,
Native land, my native land!
Boast not thy fame in art and song,
Native land, my native land!

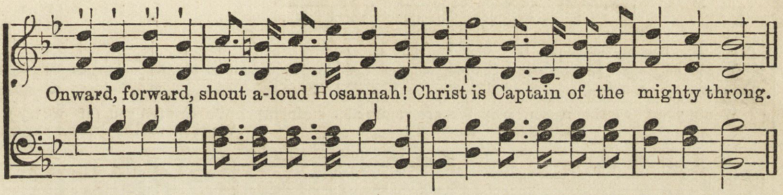
While on thy shore a deadly foe
Is yearly laying thousands low,
And filling hearts and homes with woe,
Native land, my native land!
Yet thou hast many brave and true,
Native land, my native land!
Who nobly will their duty do,
Native land, my native land!
I hear thee rising for the fight,
Thou soon wilt crush the tyrant's might,
For God will surely aid the right,
Native land, my native land!

168 SOUND THE BATTLE CRY.

W. F. Sherwin.

Martial.



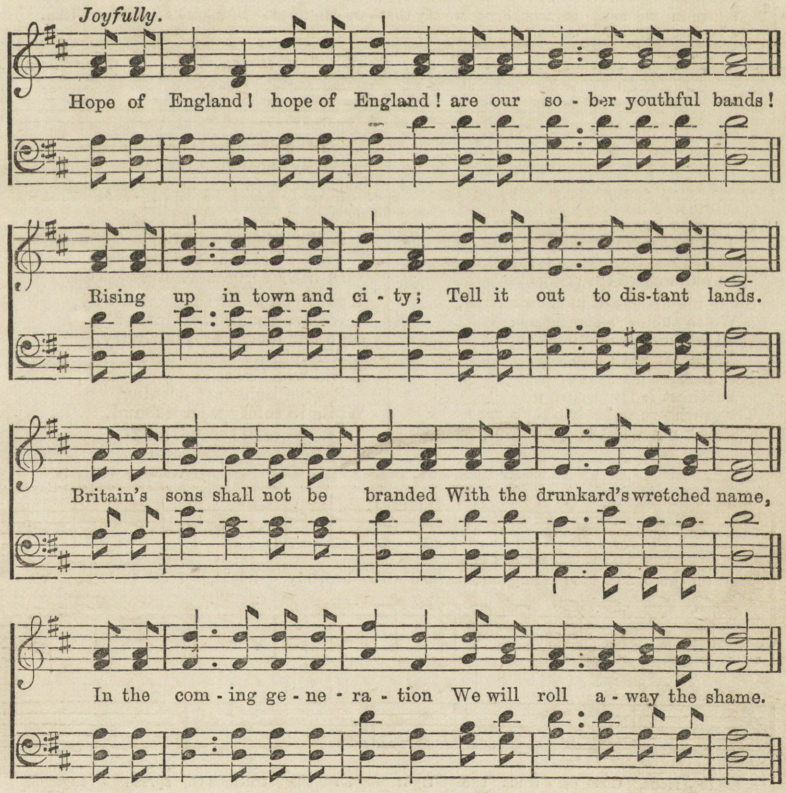


Strong to meet the foe, marching on we go,
Whilst our cause we know must prevail;
Shield and banner bright gleaming in the light,
Battling for the right we ne'er can fail, &c.

Oh, thou God of all! hear us when we call,
Help us one and all by thy grace:
When the battle's done, and the victory won,
May we wear the crown before Thy face, &c.

169. HOPE OF ENGLAND.

Words by W. Hoyle.
Music by G. F. Root.



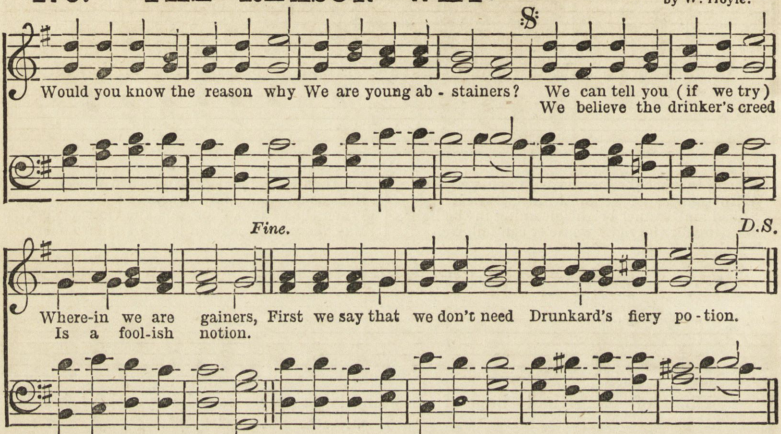
With religion and with temperance
We will face our country's foe,
In the strength of God, our Leader,
Forth to conflict we will go.
Girded with the Christian armour
We will watch and we will pray,
And our solemn vow remember
As we journey on our way.

All the drunkard's ways avoiding
In the days of early youth,
We will heed the voice of conscience,
And regard the word of truth
Growing up a sober people,
Living only for the Lord,
Who can tell our joys and blessings!
Who can count our sure reward!

Hope of England! hope of England!
What a glorious hope have we!
Soon the cause of truth shall triumph,
And our nation shall be free.
Britain's sons shall not be branded
With the drunkard's wretched name,
In the coming generation
We will roll away the shame.

170. THE REASON WHY.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.



Though experience we may need,
We must beg to mention,
Many fail while we succeed,
Simply by prevention:
Count the losses which arise
Through a course of drinking,
You will see there's something wise
In our way of thinking.

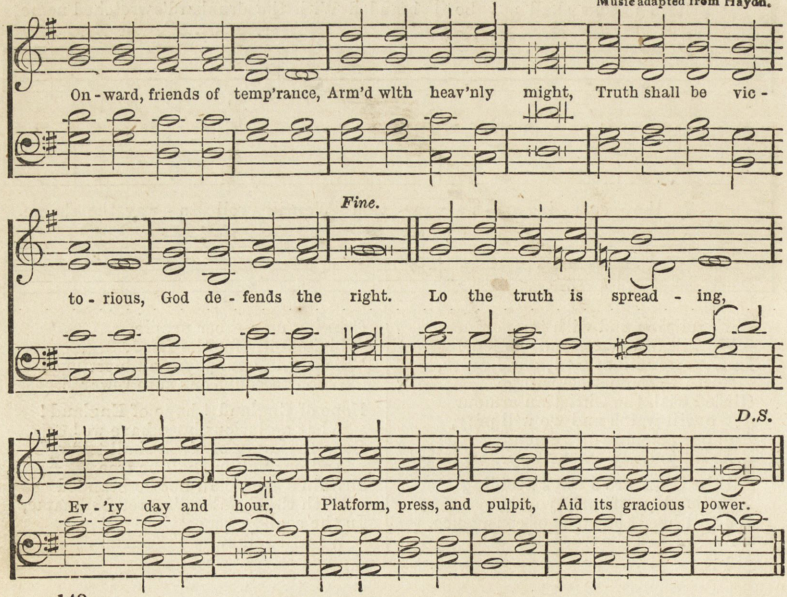
Some may boast of mod'rate cups,
We to such are strangers;
Well we know that little sups
Are beset with dangers,
Farthest from the precipice
Farthest is from ruin;
Those who run the drinker's race
Think not what they're doing.

Mark the drunkards as they pass,
Madly, headlong reeling,
Conscience seared, and heart, alas!
Void of human feeling:
Such can never enter heav'n
Is the solemn warning;
We must heed the counsel giv'n
In life's early morning.

Would you know the reason why,
We are young abstainers?
Sign our pledge and fairly try,
Wherein we are gainers.
Moral wrecks are strewn around,
Beacon lights are burning,
While in safety we are found,
Let us heed the warning.

171. ONWARD FRIENDS.

Words by W. Hoyle
Music adapted from Haydn.



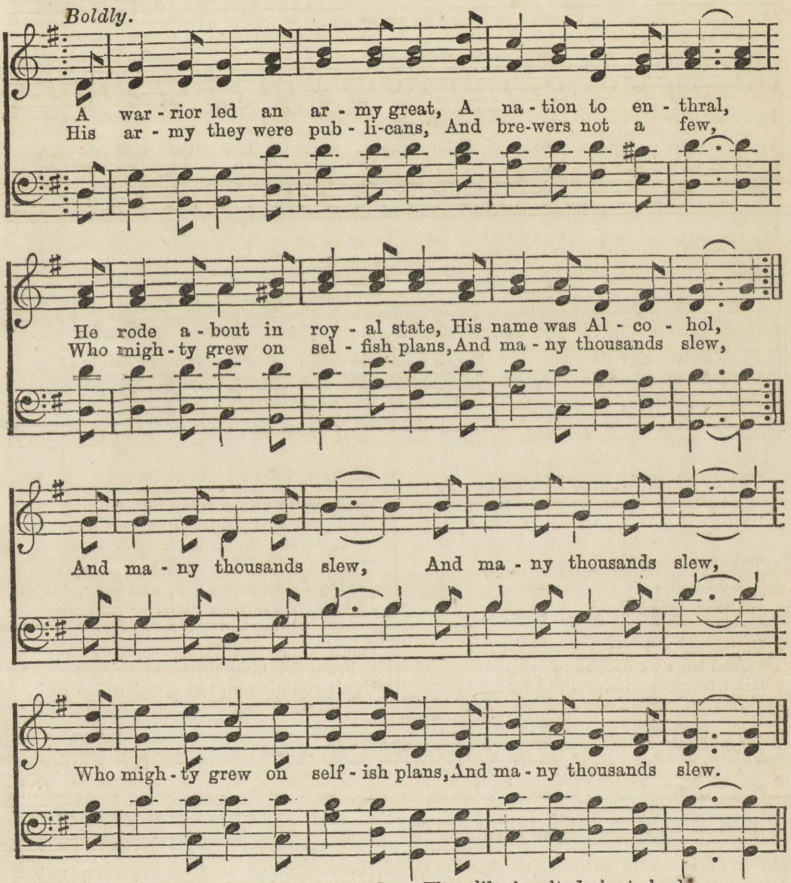
Strong drink's cruel traffic, cursing our dear land,
God will surely banish with his mighty hand;
Though his justice lingers, faithful is His word;[&c.
Only let us trust Him, He will help afford.—Onward,

Glorious is the dawning of the brighter day,
When the tears of orphans shall be wiped away;
When the widow's wailing shall be hushed in peace,
And the sin-bound drunkard find a glad release. &c.

Not in vain we labour, not in vain we pray.
Jesus and his kingdom shall have larger sway;
All that now opposes in the dust shall lie,
And a shout of triumph shall ascend on high, &c.

172. THE DOWNFALL OF ALCOHOL.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.



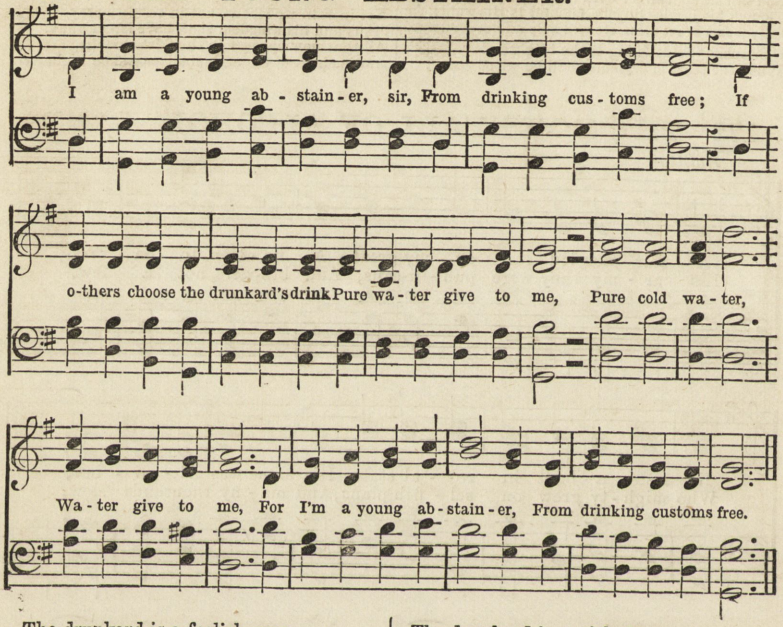
They drew no warrior's glittering sword,
They fired no shot or shell;
But slily into goblets pour'd
A poison dire and fell;
Then drank the peasant and the peer
Till hope and reason fled;
Full sixty thousand every year
Were numbered with the dead.

The cry of mourning filled the air,
For many a noble son;
And many a maiden, chaste and fair,
Laid helpless and undone;
Yet heedless as a sleeping child,
That foolish nation lay;
Till lo! the cry grew fierce and wild,
And louder day by day.

Then like insulted giants 'woke
The chief men of the land,
Swift thro' the tyrant's lines they broke,
And spoiled his cruel band.
They bound him with a mighty chain,
Forbidding him to roam;
His army vanquished on the plain,
Fled each man to his home.

Then rang the bells from many a tower,
Upon that joyful day;
And God was praised, who gave the power,
To drive the foe away.
Restored to peace, religion grew,
And plenty filled the state;
And all the world the tidings knew,
The victory was so great.

173. THE YOUNG ABSTAINER.



The drunkard is a foolish man,
He staggers through the streets,
And he is pointed at with scorn,
By every one he meets. Pure, &c.

The drunkard is a careless man,
He throws his cash away,
He does not save his money up
Against an evil day. &c.

The drunkard is a cruel man,
And thus we often see
His wretched wife and family
In rags and misery. &c.

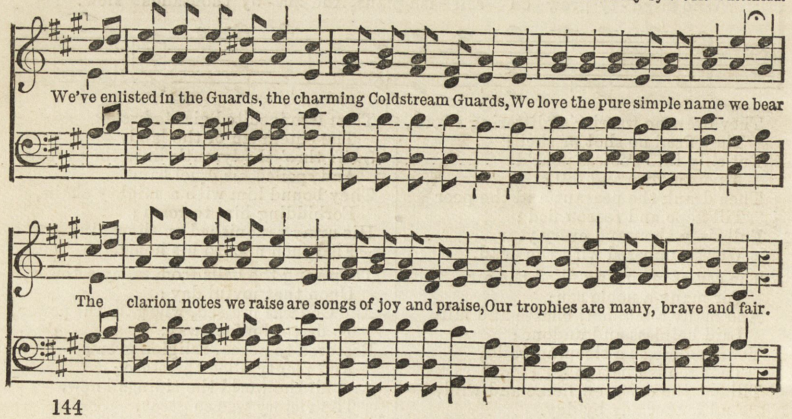
The drunkard is a wicked man,
He quite neglects his mind,
And God will punish him for that,
As he will surely find. &c.

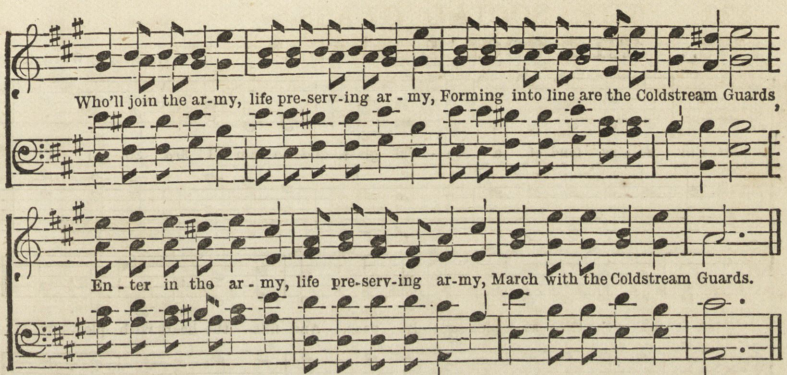
The foolish man and wicked man,
May drink wine, gin, and beer,
But I prefer a wiser plan,
My drink is water clear. &c.

I am a young teetotaler,
From drinking customs free,
Can't you give up the drunkard's drink,
And come and work with me. &c.

174. THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

Words by W. Hoyle.
Harmony by W. H. Whitehead.





The soldiers in the guards may count on sure rewards
In street or lane they will never lie;
They wear no ragged clothes, they fear no fatal woes,
And you may all guess the reason why, &c.

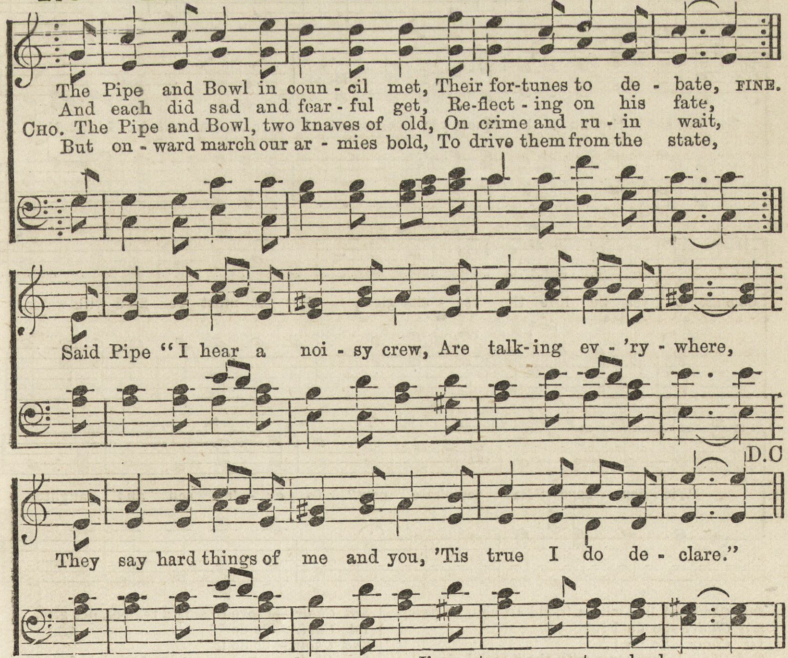
When first you join the force, it may be hard of course,
But when the few early drills you pass,
You learn to smile at those who stand among the foes
And fain would tempt with a friendly glass, &c.

Come, then, and join our staff, and daily learn to quaff
The nectar drawn from the sparkling rill; (wealth,
You'll feel the glow of health, you may attain to
You'll surely save many a doctor's bill, &c.

Our duty we must do, and we appeal to you
To help us now in the great campaign; (be stormed
Our land must be reform'd, strong drink must now
Till not a trace of the curse remain, &c.

175 THE PIPE AND BOWL.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.



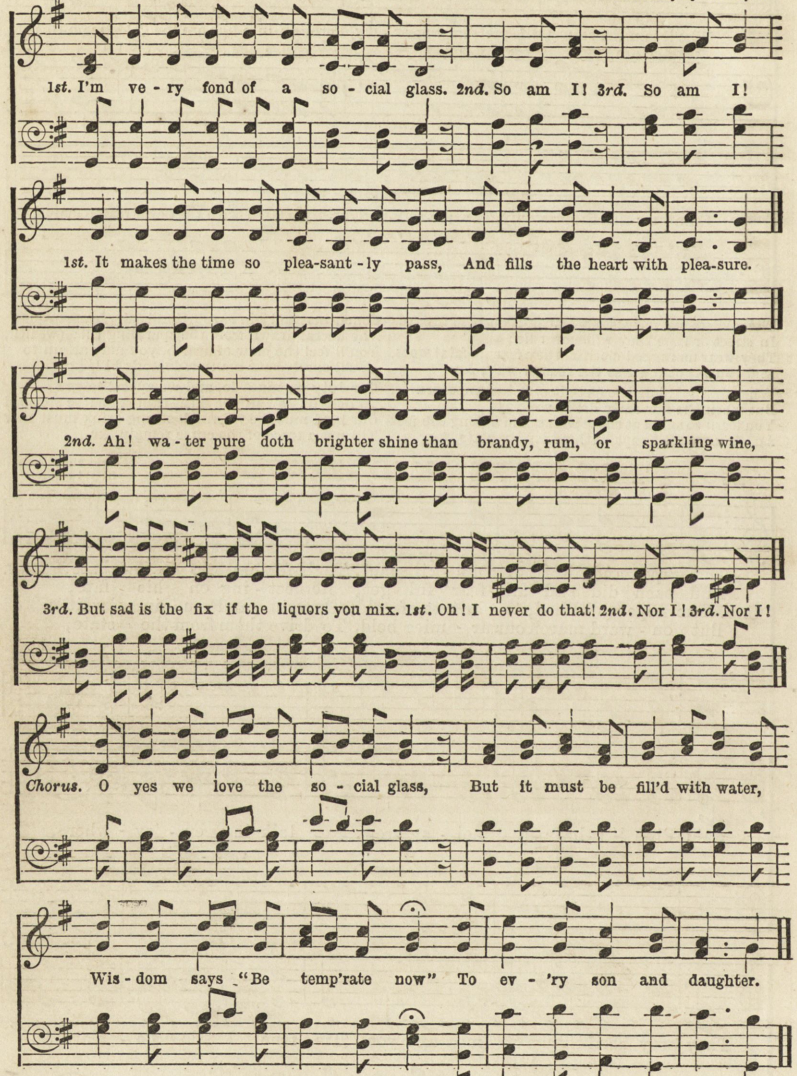
Said Bowl, "I'll tell you what they mean,
This noisy crew I know;
They're charging me with crime and sin,
And mean my overthrow;
And you get threat'ning words from them,
They call you 'Lazy Lout;'
They say they'll break your shining stem
And put your furnace out." The Pipe, &c.

Said Pipe, "and it is true old friend,
That you and I must fly?
I'll fight unto the bitter end,
I'll conquer or I'll die.
I've got an army at my back,
Who love my soothing weed,
They'll join me in the fierce attack,
If only help I need." The Pipe, &c.

Said Bowl "our foes are mighty grown,
It fills me with dismay,
They've young recruits in every town,
Ten thousand strong they say.
Our valiant arms might proudly cope
With foemen of the past;
But these fast gathering Bands of Hope,
Will seal our doom at last." &c.

176. THE SOCIAL GLASS.*

Harmony by W. Hoyle.



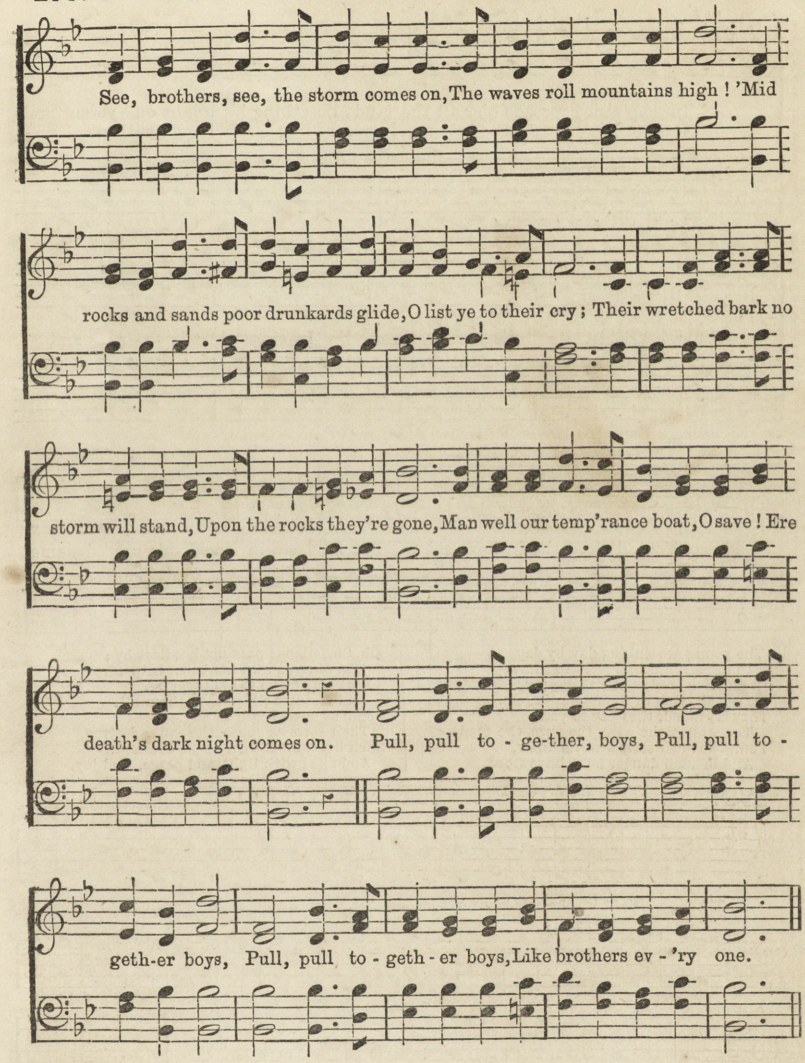
2nd Choir.—I like with a friend an hour to pass.
3rd Choir.—So do I!
1st Choir.—So do I!
2nd Choir.—But never with the "social glass,"
Unless it be cold water.
1st Choir.—No! friendship's joys are so divine,
They never should be mixed with wine;
2nd Choir.—Perhaps you may think
That I love strong drink?
3rd Choir.—I certainly do!
1st Choir.—And I!
2nd Choir.—Not I! *Chorus*—O yes, &c.

3rd Choir.—I love to sing a temperance glee,
1st Choir.—So do I!
2nd Choir.—So do I!
3rd Choir.—I long to see the inebriate free,
And every moderate drinker.
2nd Choir.—I'm glad to meet with friends so true,
For I have long been temperate too;
3rd Choir.—Then I understand he's a temperate man?
1st Choir.—I reckon he is.
2nd Choir.—You're right.
3rd Choir.—All's right. *Chorus*—O yes, &c.

* *Only the Chorus of this piece is sung in harmony. The singers are divided into three Choirs—Treble and Alto 1st, Tenor 2nd, and Bass 3rd. Each Choir must observe where they should sing. The complete harmony is added for the accompaniment only.*

177. PULL TOGETHER BOYS.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.



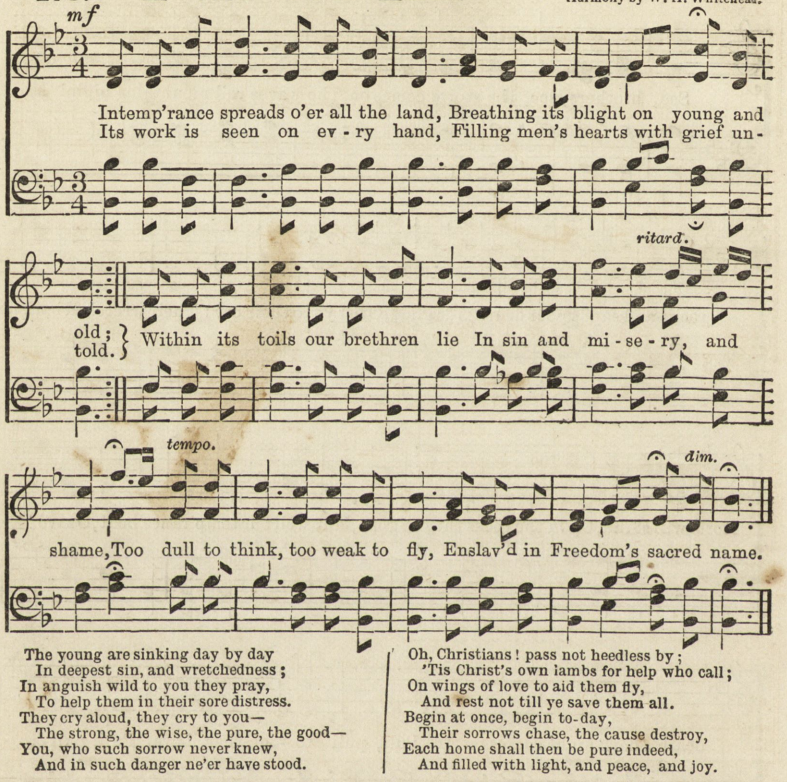
They thought their moderation bark
Would weather any gale,
They heard not warning words from crews
Who knew well how to sail :
Awhile they bask in sunny rays,
Then lo ! a storm comes on,
They wish they'd pull'd together, boys,
Like brothers every one. &c.

The treacherous rocks and quicksands, boys,
Are sin in many forms ;
Life's voyagers may soon be lost
When rise temptation's storms ;
But with our temperance life-boat strong,
Religion leading on,
Our hopes are bright, as on we glide,
Like brothers every one. &c.

Temptation's storms around us rise,
Who does not feel their power ?
Alas ! how many barks are lost
In some unguarded hour !
O let us pray that all good men
May help our life boat on,
And pull through life together boys,
Like brothers every one. &c.

178. A CRY FOR HELP.

Words by Rev. Chas. Garrett.
Harmony by W. H. Whitehead.

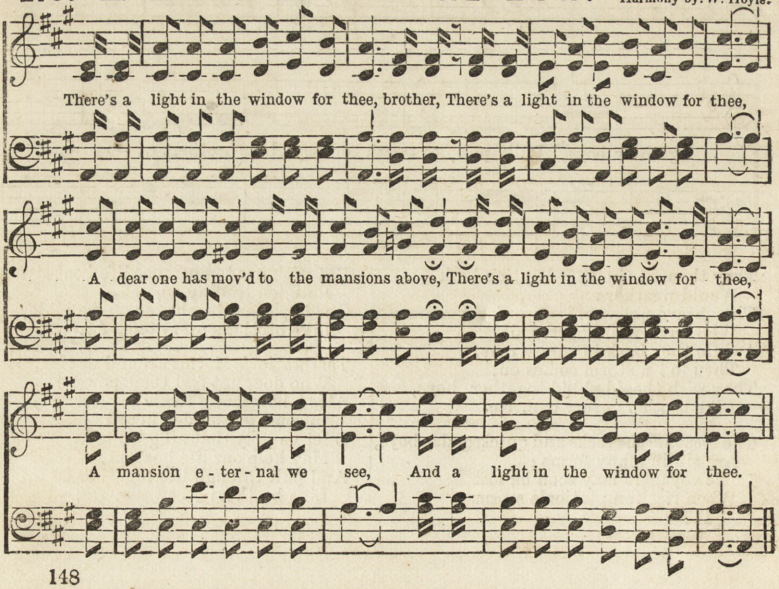


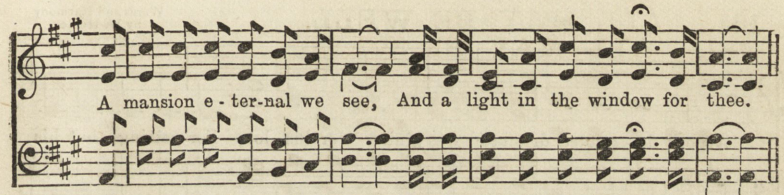
The young are sinking day by day
In deepest sin, and wretchedness;
In anguish wild to you they pray,
To help them in their sore distress.
They cry aloud, they cry to you—
The strong, the wise, the pure, the good—
You, who such sorrow never knew,
And in such danger ne'er have stood.

Oh, Christians! pass not heedless by;
'Tis Christ's own lambs for help who call;
On wings of love to aid them fly,
And rest not till ye save them all.
Begin at once, begin to-day,
Their sorrows chase, the cause destroy,
Each home shall then be pure indeed,
And filled with light, and peace, and joy.

179. A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

Melody by Bradbury.
Harmony by W. Hoyle.





There's a crown, and a robe, and a palm, brother,
When from toil and from care you are free,
The Saviour has gone to prepare you a home,
With a light in the window for thee. A mansion,&c.

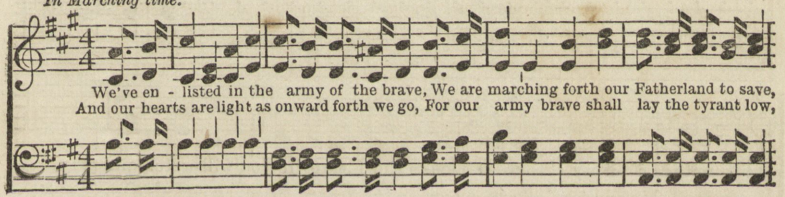
O watch, and be faithful, and pray, brother,
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea,
Though afflictions assail you, and storms beat severe,
There's a light in the window for thee. A mansion,&c.

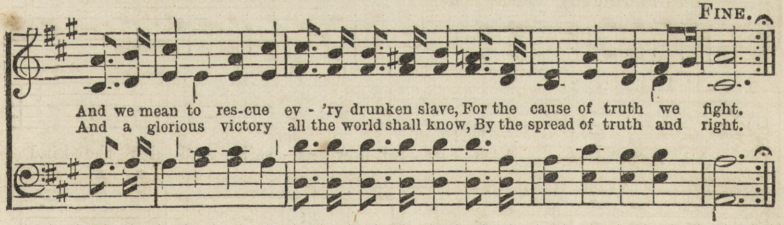
Then on, perseveringly on, brother,
Till, from conflict and suffering free,
Bright angels now beckon you over the stream,[&c.
There's a light in the window for thee. A mansion,

180. THE ARMY OF THE BRAVE.

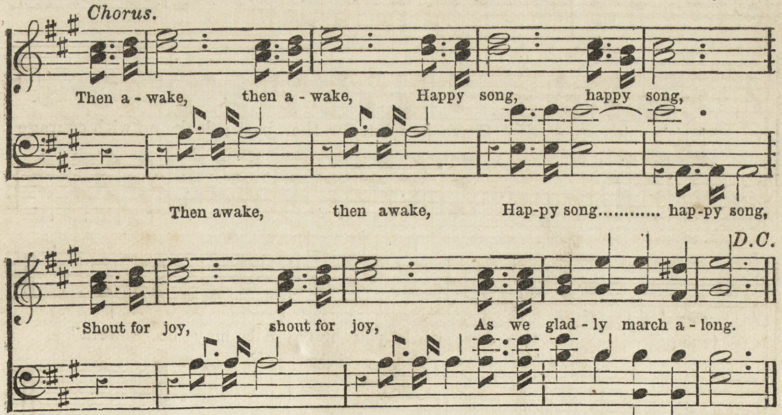
Words by W. Hoyle.
Music by Bradbury.

In Marching time.





Chorus.

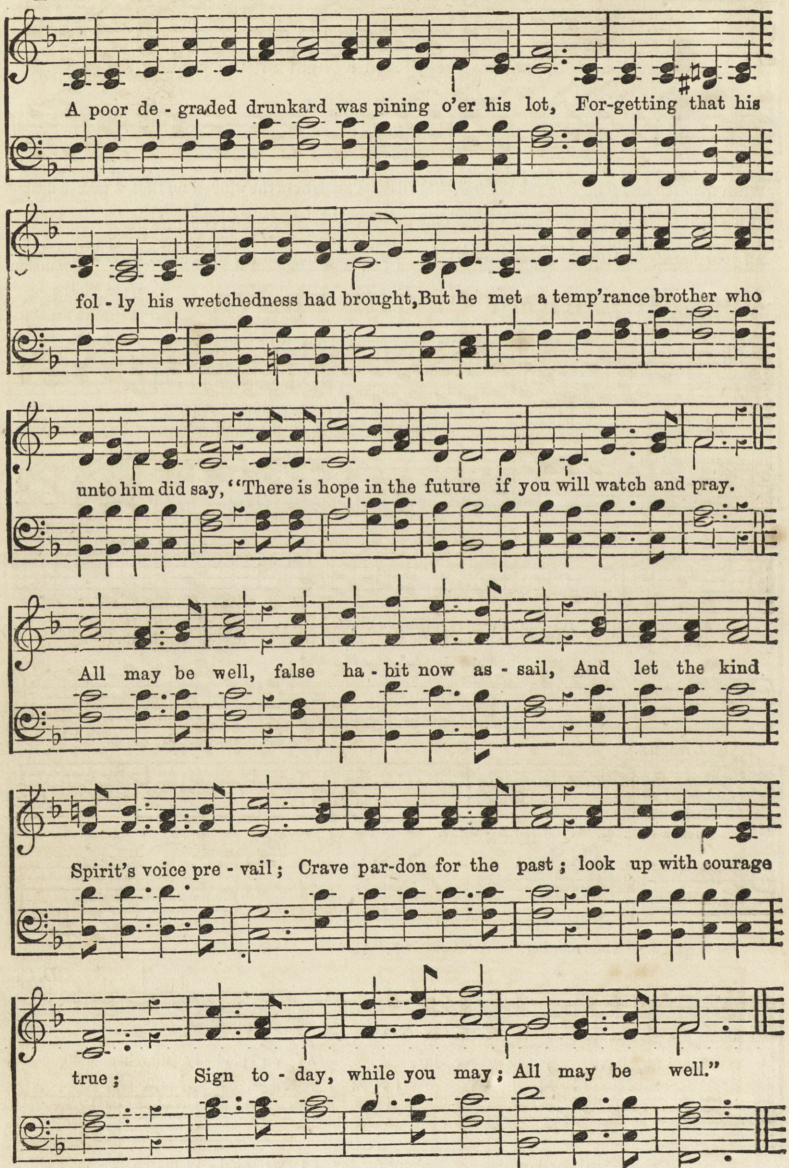


But, we wish to tell you, while we gather here,
There is room for you, if you will volunteer
In the great crusade, to banish wine and beer
And the drinks that sadly blight.
'Tis a glorious work in which we all engage,—
To protect our youth from error's cruel rage,
And to drunkards give the blessings of the pledge,
By the spread of truth and right.
Then awake! &c. And our hearts, &c.

Oh! the land has long in error's fetters lain,
And the tyrant drink has many thousands slain;
But we're rallying all to charge with might & main.
Come and join us in the fight.
And the Lord of hosts shall lead us in the fray,
For He knows our aim, & hears His servants pray,
And His word is sure, strong drink shall flee away
By the spread of truth and right.
Then awake! &c. And our hearts, &c.

181. ALL MAY BE WELL.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.

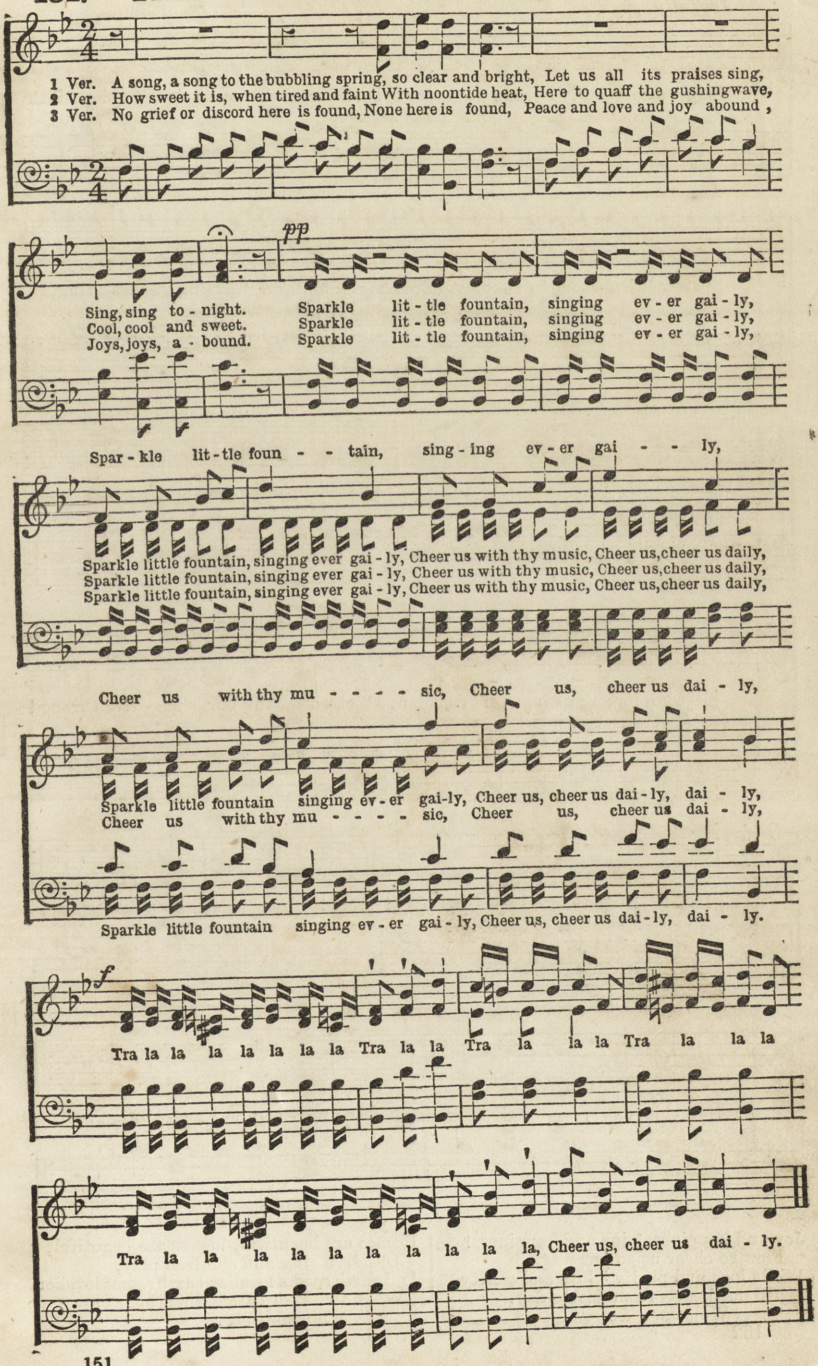


Adown his cheeks so furrowed
The scalding tear-drops stole,
The warning voice of conscience
Awoke within his soul,
For he thought of days departed,
When home's bright joys did twine,
And he cried, broken-hearted,
"Can peace again be mine?"
All, &c.

The pledge book was the token
Of brighter, better days,
His children danced around him,
His wife broke forth in praise,
And he hastens now to rescue
Poor drunkards all around,
By relating the blessings
Which he through grace had found.
All, &c.

182. THE BUBBLING SPRING.

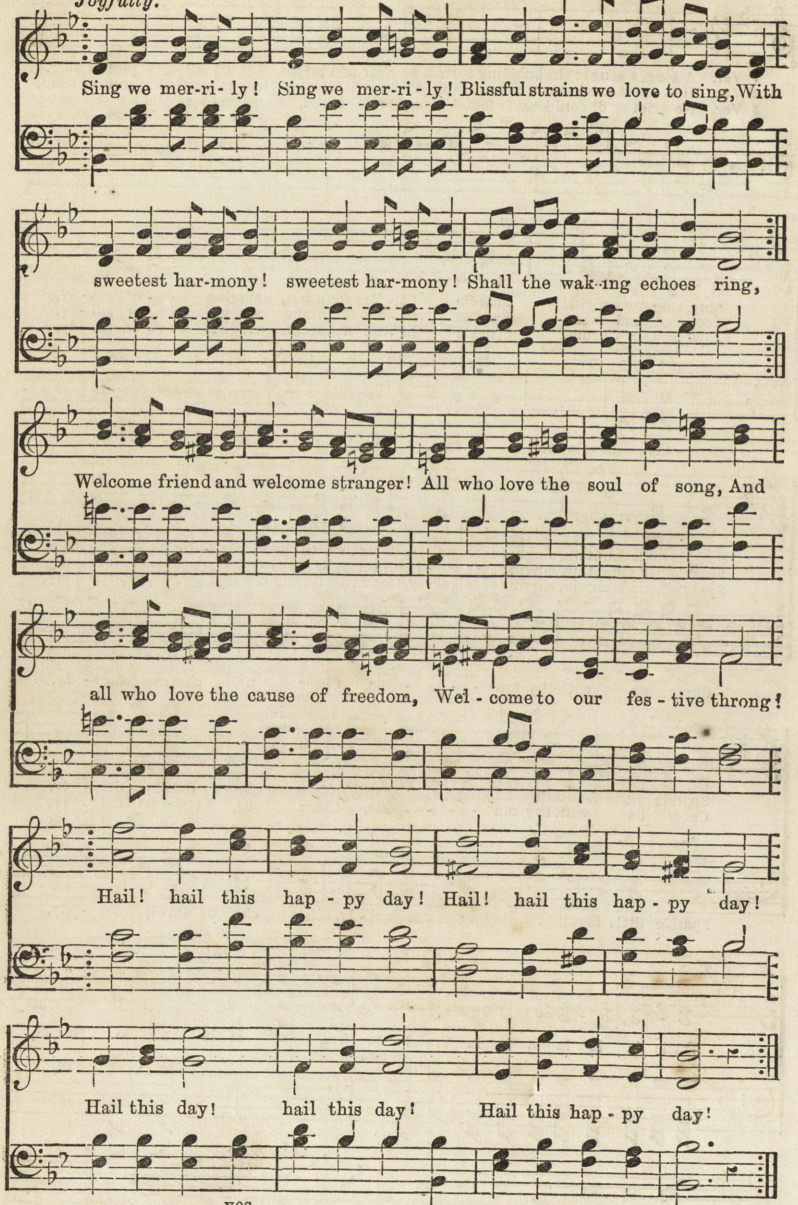
W. B. Bradbury.



183. SING WE MERRILY.

Words by W. Hoyle.
Music arranged by Bradbury

Joyfully.

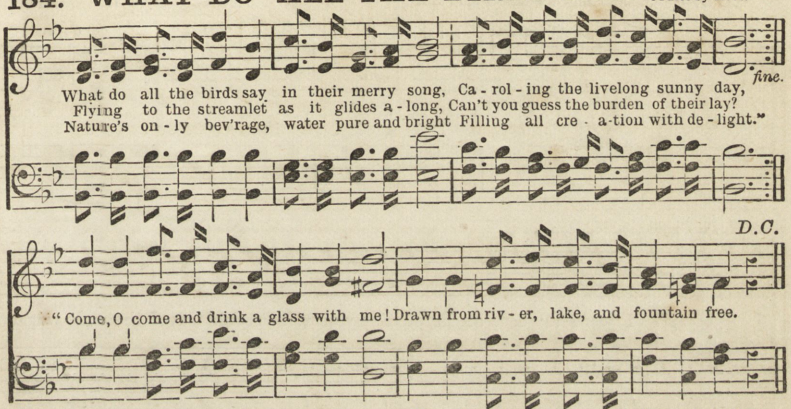


Joy and happiness! joy and happiness!
Flow to cheer us on our way,
While love and purity! love and purity,
Fill our hearts from day to day.
Welcome, &c.

Homes are beautiful, homes are beautiful,
Children sing and children play,
And earth seems lovelier, earth seems lovelier
When true Temp'rance holds her sway-
Welcome, &c.

184. WHAT DO ALL THE BIRDS SAY.

Words by W. Hoyle.
Music by Root.



What do all the beasts say in the distant wold,
Over mountain range or trackless sand?
"We perform our task in seasons hot or cold,
Strength and long endurance we command," &c.

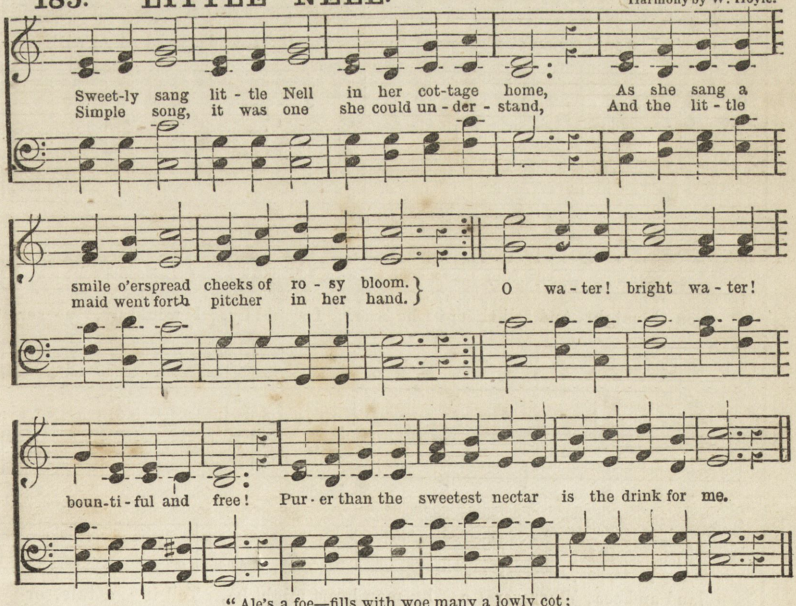
What do all the fish say in the ocean wide,
Gliding on beneath the billows free?
"We could never live where fiery drinks abide,
Water is the only drink we see," &c.

What do all the trees say in their murmurs low
Bending heavy branches to the breeze?
"Water fills our roots and makes our branches grow,
Yielding precious fruit to feed and please," &c.

What do all the flowers say, deck'd with pearly dew,
Sparkling like a thousand gems of light?
"Tints of rarest beauty, sweetest fragrance too,
Dwell in goblets from the fountain bright." &c.

185. LITTLE NELL.

Harmony by W. Hoyle.



"Ale's a foe—fills with woe many a lowly cot;
Those who love it do not know our most happy lot,"
As she sang still her song, soon she reached a rill,
Kneeled the daisied grass among, there her jug to fill. &c.

Near the stream lay a man, careworn, down to rest;
Upward rose the weary sigh from his aching breast,
He to vile drunkenness was a wretched slave,
Well he knew his course might lead to a hopeless grave, &c.

And he heard every word sung so sweetly still,
As she tarried for the pitcher at the sparkling rill,
Then he said to the maid, singing in her glee,
"O that water, precious water, had sufficed for me." &c.

185A. IF I WERE A VOICE.

Arranged by W. H. Whitehead.

