

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year
1867, by **HANDY & HIGGINS**, in the Clerk's Office
of the District Court of Rhode Island.

THE
Temperance Songster

A COLLECTION OF

Songs and Hymns

FOR ALL

TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES,

BY **NATHANIEL SAUNDERS.**

PROVIDENCE:
PUBLISHED BY **HANDY & HIGGINS,**

AND FOR SALE AT

HANDY'S BOTANIC STORE, No. 140 BROAD STREET.

PRINTED BY **BRO. THOMAS M. HARKER,**
With Knowles, Anthony & Co.

THE
TEMPERANCE SONGSTER.
SONGS AND HYMNS.

1 Tune—*Thy will be done.*

LORD, for the guidance of Thy hand,
And strength that we may firmly stand,
We come, a lowly temperance band,
 We come to Thee.
Still would we labor to relieve
The families that round us grieve;
But Thou canst every blessing give; We come &c.
Though many, Lord, would help us on,
Away from Thee our hope is gone,
And strength without Thee there is none; We, &c.
To Thee, our Father and our Guide,
That Thou wouldst o'er our work preside,
That truth may grow and love abide, &c.

2 Tune—*Sweet rest in heaven.*

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 bears away the mighty, the holy, and the good;
The poor man in his cottage, the monarch on his throne,
And the young in life's fair morning, they perish one by
 Lead us onward, O Lord. [one.
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 onward, O Lord.

Tune—*Star of Peace.*

FATHER Thou art great and holy,
 Hear us when we bend the knee,
 Make us humble, meeek, 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, &c.
 Temperance may we love and treasure,
 And from every evil flee,
 Fill our hearts with holy pleasure, Guide, &c.
 By Thy love and power defended,
 May we ever faithful be,
 And when life's short day is ended, &c.

Tune—*A day's march nearer home.*

ALAS! in many a home the tide of sorrow flows,
 And many a heart that once was gay
 No ray of comfort knows;
 Thou God of truth and love,
 From whom all blessings flow,
 In mercy bless the temperance cause,
 And with us onward go.
 Ye lovers of mankind, your friendly aid impart,
 And help us every home to cheer,
 And gladden every heart. Thou God, &c.
 O Lord to Thee we pray, our nation's woe remove,
 And send the time of happiness,
 Of holiness and love. Thou God, &c.

Tune—*Home.*

HOME! home! well as we love thee,
 Home! home! shall we refrain,
 Home! home! far to remove thee,
 Far from all sorrow and pain?
 Home! home! sweet home!
 Long may thy pleasures remain.
 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!
 Chicfest delight of the earth.
 Home! home! friend of the lowly,
 Home! home! strength of the brave,
 Home! home! cherubim 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?

6

Tune—*Commandments.*

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 we may 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;
 Oh teach him from all sin to flee,
 Restore and make him clean within.

7

Tune—*I'd choose to be a daisy.*

GIVE not the reins of reason, my soul, to passion's power,
 At any festive season, in any place or hour:
 Though saint or sage defend it, and lips of love invite,
 Though song and dance attend it, resist its magic might.
 Give not the reins of reason my soul to passion's power,
 At any festive season in any place or hour.
 Oh for the strong decision of Daniel who refused
 The monarch's rich provision, which nobles so abused,
 Though royal blood was running within his veins, yet he
 Was royal dainties shunning, and trusting, Lord, in Thee.
 Give not the reins, &c.
 He nobly did his duty, and rose to honours rare,
 Improved his health and beauty upon the plainest fare;
 Oh for that pure devotion, that self-denying zeal!
 Be that my happy portion, I ask no higher weal.
 Give not, &c.

TEMPERANCE SONGSTER.

Tune—*To us a child of hope.*

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.
 Oh may Thy peaceful reign begin,
 Thine utmost will be done,
 Till all the nations of the earth
 Thy majesty shall own.

Tune—*Rosseau's Dream.*

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, oh 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
 Gallingly bondage from our shore.
 Thousands in Thy courts assembled
 Then shall give Thee nobler praise;
 Angels in the realms of glory
 Shall their lofty anthems raise
 For the drunkard,
 Living in Thy holy ways.

Tune—*I'm a little pilgrim.*

I'M a young abstainer, and I'm glad to say
 The good cause of temperance prospers every day.
 Some may deem it foolish that I should engage

In the cause of temperance at an early age;
 But we must remember seeds of ill are sown
 Often in our childhood, bringing sorrow on.
 Let me then endeavour, while I journey here,
 In all ways of goodness still to persevere.
 I'm a young abstainer, and I'm glad to say,
 Friends of truth and temperance soon shall win the day.

11 Tune—*St. Helen's—Sicilian Mariners.*

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.

12 Tune—*National Anthem.*

THOU God of earth and sky,
 To Thee we humbly cry; hear from Thy throne,
 Thou art our Father still, Teach us Thy perfect will,
 Guard us from every ill and lead us on.
 The drunkard's family
 Behold in misery from day to day;
 Spread truth and holiness, drunkards restore and bless,
 Removing all distress from earth away.
 Fill every heart with love,
 Our nation's woe remove forevermore,
 And not our land alone, but where strong drink has gone
 Be love and temperance known from shore to shore.

13 Tune—*Rosalie the prairie flower.*

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.

TEMPERANCE SONGSTER.

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 vigor 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.

14 Tune— { *The girl I left behind me.* }
 { *This world is not so bad.* }

THE drunkard as he steals away
 To scenes of dissipation,
 No angu' sh warns, no tears delay;
 He fears not the temptation.
 I wish I could but reach his mind,
 And set him once a thinking;
 I'm sure he'd be a father kind,
 And leave off all his drinking.
 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.

15

Tune—*Auld Lang Syne.*

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, like, &c.
 Though wine be honored at the feast,
 Cold water is a friend
 That comes to cheer and welcome us,
 And help us to the end.
 Then, like, &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, like, &c.
 For God that made the birds and flowers,
 So beautiful and gay,
 Ne'er made the drink that spreads around
 Sorrow and pain away.
 Then, like, &c.

16

Tune—*We plough the fertile.*

BEAR on the temperance banner, ye noble-hearted band,
 The cause of truth and freedom shall prosper in our land.
 Swell high the temperance anthem, march on your joyful
 way,
 And God, in love and mercy, shall send a better day.
 Sons of temperance now arise, swell the temperance band,
 And spread the cause of Abstinence through all our
 favoured land.
 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,
 And young and old shall welcome the joyful temperance day
 Sons of temperance, now arise, &c.
 Around the temperance banner a mighty 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 temperance, drink is done away!"
 Sons of temperance, now arise, &c.

17 Tune—*When, His salvation bringing.*

UNFURL the bloodless banner, and wave it in the breeze,
 Exulting shout Hosanna to Him who rules the seas;
 Our armies are progressing through all our native land,
 And cheered by heavenly blessing we still maintain our
 stand.

We make no bloody slaughter, we cause no widow's tears;
 We wound no son or daughter, but heal the grief of years;
 Our path is full of pleasure, our progress joy and peace,
 We magnify our treasure, and sacred health increase.
 Come then ye friends of Zion, ye lovers of our land,
 To chase the roaring lion assist our noble band;
 Oh, stand aloof no longer, no coward fears allow,
 To make our army stronger come forth and join us now.

18 Tune—*Beautiful star.*

STAR of the temperance morning shine,
 And shed thy beams of love divine;
 Spread thy light o'er earth afar,
 Star ever welcome, beautiful star.
 Long have we sought thy cheering ray,
 Come and chase our mist away;
 To the drunkard's dwelling come,
 Making a glad and peaceful home.
 Saints of old were led by thee,
 And men of truth and liberty,
 And happy spirits in worlds afar.
 Rejoice at thy rising, beautiful star.

19 Tune—*Evan—Magnus.*

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 soon 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.

20

Tune—*A little ship was on the sea.*

I STOOD beside a mountain stream,
 And thought I heard it say,—
 I am the friend of young and old
 Through every passing day.
 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.

21

{ *No glory I covet—My own native*
land—Sing the last line twice
over instead of "Yes, yes," &c. }

THE song-birds that carol in woodland and grove
 Are fed from a kind Father's hand,
 And drink of the water that flows from the spring;
 They belong to the abstinence band.
 The flowers that adorn every valley and mead
 With colors 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.
 As long as I live, though humble I be,
 I will help on the abstinence band.

22 Tune—*Our Highlandmen—Ye banks and braes.*

A BETTER time would soon appear,
 If all who now drink wine and beer,
 Would join with us the temperance band,
 To spread the cause through all the land.
 Then away! away from beer and wine,
 Our drink is water when we dine;
 For water, as it flows along,
 Is the safest drink for old and young.
 What pleasure would the drunkard gain,
 Were he from drinking to abstain!
 Oh 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?
 Then, &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.

23 Tune—*Come, come away.*

STRONG drink is the bane of many in our nation,
 It leads the young and old astray, then let us abstain:
 I would not like the drunkard be
 For all that I might have or see,
 To live in misery, in sadness and pain.
 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
 Then let us for the drunkard pray, [pain;
 Before his life shall pass away,
 And help him, while we may, from drink to abstain.
 True temperance shall prosper in our favoured nation,
 And many yet shall join our cause and with us abstain;
 The young and old their aid shall give,
 And children shall no longer grieve.
 But shall rejoice and live in bright homes again.

24 Tune—*I'll away to the Sabbath School.*

WHEN I wish to roam far away from home,
 There's a friend that's ever near,

Water pure and bright filled with crystal light,
 Ever sparkling ever clear.
 And I'll sing this merry song,
 Water as it flows along,
 Is the drink for old and young,
 Every day, every day;
 I will love it still; I will love it still;
 'Tis a friend so kind and dear.

How I love to stray in the woods away,
 When the flowers in bloom appear;
 How I love to look at the silvery brook
 Flowing by so fresh and clear. And I'll sing, &c.
 I will not refuse, but will always use
 Water bright and water clear:
 It will pleasure gain, and will health obtain
 Every day and every year. And I'll sing, &c.
 In the temperance band I will firmly stand
 Every day and every year;
 In the work of love I will faithful prove,
 Spreading temperance far and near! And I'll, &c.

25 *Tune—Rosseau's Dream—Calcutta.*

Rise and shine o'er every nation,
 O thou temperance star divine;
 With thy light bless all creation,
 Enter every heart and mine;
 On the drunkard
 In thy matchless glory shine.
 Guided by the great Jehovah,
 Strengthened by His mighty hand;
 Even drunkards are made sober,
 See them travel through the land;
 They shall prosper,
 Joined in one teetotal band.
 Who will come and join our standard,
 Help to pull the strongholds down?
 Temperance men, unite, come forward!
 Then the victory is your own;
 Heavenly blessing
 Will your useful labours crown.

26 *Tune—There is a happy land.*

Come join the temperance cause, come, come away,
 Learn all a Father's laws e'en while you may,
 For when the world began, water was the drink of man,
 The noble temperance plan, come sign to-day.

Bright soon shall be our land, barbers shall fly,
 And homes shall all be grand, God shall be nigh,
 Oh then all evil shun, every daughter, every son,
 Be heavenly treasure won, looking on high.
 Speed now the glorious time not far away,
 When truth o'er every clime shall shed its ray;
 And let us sweetly sing praises to our heavenly King,
 For He will surely bring the happy day.

27

Tune—*Hazel Dell.*

ROUND the temperance 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,
 For we love to spread the cause of freedom
 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 shore to 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.

28

Tune—*Bay of Biscay.*

AWAY! away for ever! from brandy, beer, and wine,
 For often do they sever the ties that are divine;

On water's merry friends the victory now depends;
 Bring the day! joyful day!

Merry, merry friends of water, O!
 While drink is all-prevailing the drunkard cries for more.

Though every joy is failing, and every earthly store!
His children and his wife share anguish, pain, and strife.

Bring the day, &c.

But wait a little longer, the drunkard yet shall stand
In mind and body stronger, and swell the temperance band,
What pleasure then shall come to every drunkard's home,

Bring the day, &c.

29

Tune—*Never forget.*

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 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, 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.

30

Tune—*Never part again.*

WHEN every drunkard shall abstain
With all the brave and free,
And purest joys and pleasures reign,
How happy we shall be.
We'll spread the temperance cause around
And let the joys of truth abound
And then we all shall sober be,
And never drink again.

Girls.—What! never drink again?

Boys.—No! never drink again.

We'll spread the temperance cause around,
And never drink again.

In homes of gladness then shall dwell
The daughters of our land,
And every son shall proudly swell
The noble temperance band. We'll spread, &c.
With help that cometh from above
The drunkard shall abstain,
And earth shall be a scene of love,
A paradise again. We'll spread, &c.

31

Tune—*Evan.*

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 as we,
 And loved 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.
 Oh may we love the Band of Hope,
 And may it ever be
 The hope of freedom and the world,
 Leading the soul to Thee.

32

Tune—*Spanish Chant—In a cottage.*

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.

33

Tune—*The Rhine wine.*

FORTH from the mountain side still flows
 The bright and sparkling river,
 And every son of Temperance knows
 Bright water is a joy for ever.

For Temperance men,
 Both far and wide,
 Like the deep, deep spring
 From the mountain side.
 Go to the drunkard's home, and see
 His wretched, cheerless dwelling;
 But in the mansions of the free
 A thousand hopes and joys are swelling, For, &c.
 Firm to the pledge, the storm we'll brave
 For thousands round us dying;
 We'll haste the drunkard's soul to save;
 For other's good ourselves denying, For, &c.
 Soon shall the drink be swept away,
 No more to curse our nation;
 For God is with the men that pray
 And labour in this reformation, For, &c.

34 Tune—*Shining shore.*

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 no'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,
 Husband's and wives, and children too,
 Oh, what a joyful meeting! The drunkard's
 The temperance ship is sailing on,
 A faithful hand is steering,
 That safely guides the trusty ship,
 Nor foe nor danger fearing. The drunkard's, &c.
 The temperance ship is sailing on,
 And banners now are waving;
 Long may it sail triumphantly,
 The foaming billows braving. The, &c.

35 Tune—*Uncle Ned.*

SHOULD relation, friend, or a neighbour to us say,
 Come and take a glass or so,
 We will tell them all we have found a better way,
 We will never drink it, no!
 Onward forever we go, we go,
 Onward to battle with the foe,

While the joys of temperance shall remain,
 We'll never drink it, no, no, no!
 We'll never drink it, no!

In our land drink slays sixty thousand every year,
 They were sober once we know,
 But they are downward led, till the drunkard's name they
 They begin with a glass or so! Onward, &c. [bear,
 Wise and good men fall, rich and mighty, youth and age,
 Share alike the drunkard's woe;
 Only they are safe who have signed the temperance pledge
 And ne'er take a glass or so! Onward &c.
 In all ways of truth we will evermore abide,
 And renounce the cup of woe,
 While supported by our Father and our Guide,
 We will never drink it, no! Onward, &c.

36 Tune—*Troubadour*—*I'd be a butterfly.*

Water is best for the trees of the forest;
 Water is best for the flowers of the field;
 Streams from the fountain are flowing in beauty,
 Purest of pleasures forever they yield:
 Emblem of purity, truth, and of freedom,
 Still let me love thee and still be thou mine;
 Gliding in streamlet and rolling in ocean,
 Telling of God ever glorious, divine!

Water is best for the rich and the mighty,
 Water is best for the humblest that toil;
 Children and fathers may drink from the fountain
 Flowing forever to gladden the soil.
 Emblem, &c.

Soon shall the drunkard remember his folly,
 Striving and trusting in God like a man:
 Soon shall hosannas be heard in the valley,
 Offered to God for the abstinence plan.
 Emblem, &c.

37 Tune—*Weel may the heel row.*

HERE may we sing together
 In bright or gloomy weather,
 Here may we sing together,
 And speed the happy day.
 Will you come and help us
 To speed the happy day?
 A sister or a brother
 May kindly help another,
 A sister or a brother

May speed the happy day. Will you, &c.
 We love the temperance measure,
 That spreadeth joy and pleasure;
 We love the temperance measure
 That speeds the happy day. Will you, &c.
 We'll set the world a thinking,
 And banish all the drinking;
 We'll set the world a thinking,
 And speed the happy day. Will you, &c.

38 Tune—*Britannia the pride of the ocean.*

THERE'S a shout that is heard through the nation,
 And a flag that is waving on high,
 Telling out that the source of vexation
 From the coast of New England shall fly.
 The chain of the drunkard we'll sever,
 And the soul shall in liberty be,
 For the men of New England are ever
 The sons of the brave and the free.
 Though the nations be tossed in commotion,
 And the foe still our forces assail,
 We will show to the world our devotion,
 To the cause that shall ever prevail. The chain, &c.
 Like true men of temperance we'll cherish
 A feeling of kindness to all;
 But the bowl and the barrel shall perish,
 And the foes of New England shall fall. The, &c.

39 Tune—*Joyfully, joyfully.*

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 away.
 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 glorious day!"
 Joyfully, joyfully let us away.

40 Tune—*Merrily O!*

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.

41 Tune—*Rosalie, the prairie flower.*

TELL the friends of temperance what the pledge hath done,
 Tell them God will bless them, every one.
 Tell the friends of temperance what the pledge hath done,
 We've a happy temperance home.

Have you seen my father
 Since the pledge he signed?
 He's so very gentle and so very kind,
 Not a better father could you wish to find,
 We've a happy temperance home.
 All that is holy, loving, and fair,
 Proudly we cherish, gladly we share.
 Oh the bliss when father never cares to roam!
 We've a happy temperance home.

Now we read the Bible, and we love to pray,
 Charlie goes to school on Sabbath day;
 Now we read the Bible, and we love to pray,
 We've a happy temperance home. Have you, &c.
 Rich men have their lands that cover many a mile;
 Give to me a loving father's smile.
 Rich men have their lands that cover many a mile;
 We've a happy temperance home. Have, &c.

42

Tune—*Lilly Dale.*

FROM every beer and brandy shop
 King Alcohol shall go,
 Like soldiers brave our Bands of Hope
 Shall chase the people's foe.
 Firm ever! we'll never
 Drink wine or beer;
 We will work and pray
 To bring the day
 When the good time shall appear.
 The maltster goes like a lion for prey,
 While thousands starve around,
 And gathers grain that would cheer our way,
 And make our joys abound. Firm, &c.
 The brewer takes the people's bread,
 No friend of man is he,
 While fathers on to gaol are led,
 And sent far o'er the sea. Firm, &c.
 The landlord in his mansion fine,
 More famed than kings of old,
 Defies the laws that are divine,
 To fill his stores with gold. Firm, &c.

43

Tune—*Rest for the weary.*

I'vz 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.
 Now that Bands of Hope are waking,
 Drink will get such a shaking,
 That they'll soon give over making
 Whiskey, wine and beer.
 Near me lived a drunken father,
 Wasting every earthly thing,
 But he heard my darling sister,
 And she taught him how to sing. Now, &c.
 In that home where all was sadness,
 Happiness and comfort reign,
 And a little band of singers
 Now repeat the joyful strain Now, &c.
 Oh that every home on earth
 Were as peaceful all the day,
 Many a little darling sister
 Then would sing this merry lay. Now, &c.

44

Tune—*Yankee Doodle.*

Now don't you know the reason why
 The Temperance cause is winning?
 Our Bands of Hope resolve to try
 The pledge when life's beginning.
 That's the way to win the day,
 Wait a little longer;
 Drink shall fall with tyrants all,
 When Bands of Hope are stronger.
 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.

45

Tune—*Sound the loud timbrel.*

BEAUTIFUL water my beverage shall be,
 Beautiful water so bounteous and free;
 Friend of all living, joy to the world giving,
 In streams ever gliding through valley and plain:
 From cloud covered mountain still flows the bright fountain
 That all may enjoy without sorrow or pain.
 Beautiful water my beverage shall be,
 Beautiful water so bounteous and free.
 Beautiful river of wisdom and grace,
 Flowing forever the righteous to bless,
 Where holy feasting and joys everlasting,
 Bright angels and saints of all ages are found:
 Sweet emblem of blessing, thy treasure possessing,
 I'm richer than merchants or monarchs around.
 Beautiful water my beverage, &c.
 Beautiful dwelling where abstinence reigns,
 Joyfully telling religion's bright gains;

Children all gather around a loved father,
 And hear the sweet story of Jesus so kind.
 Bright visions steal o'er them, for heaven is before them,
 And onward they press leaving earth's joys behind.
 Beautiful water, my beverage, &c.

46 Tune—*Only believe.*

THE barrel is a mighty foe,
 The bowl is a deceiver.
 But you can slay them at a blow,
 And keep the pledge forever.
 Down with your name, you'll never repent,
 And keep the pledge forever.
 Then come my brother, come along,
 Your galling chain to sever,
 And soon you'll sing this joyful song,
 And keep the pledge forever. Down, &c.
 The path that long has led astray
 You now will enter never;
 But live rejoicing every day,
 And keep the pledge forever. Down, &c.
 Your wife and children will rejoice
 To see your good endeavour,
 And sing with cheerful heart and voice,
 And keep the pledge forever. Down, &c.

47 Tune—*Never to be late.*

THERE'S a footstep light and a pleasant sight,
 And the heart is gay through the passing day,
 In my happy home, for it is our rule
 Never to attend the drunkard's school.
 There's a merry throng, and a joyful song,
 And a father kind, with a peaceful mind. In my, &c.
 There's a dear old book, with a sacred look,
 And a truth is taught, and a blessing sought. In, &c.
 Of the bliss in heaven there's a foretaste given,
 While we love the Lord and obey His word. In, &c.
 Would you love to be where the soul is free,
 And to swell the song of the merry throng,
 Take the pledge, and say, it shall be my rule
 Never to attend the drunkard's school.

48 Tune—*Happy day.*

ALL you that would be sober here,
 Come join our cause with hearts sincere;
 Forsake strong drink without delay,
 And you will surely win the day.

Happy day! when drinking times are done away.
 Come sign our pledge without delay,
 And live rejoicing every day. Happy day, &c.
 What though the conflict be severe,
 And you have many trials here,
 Press bravely on, look up and pray,
 And you will surely win the day. Happy, &c.
 The children, too, will take a part,
 And join our cause with hand and heart,
 And help to send strong drink away,
 So shall we surely win the day. Happy, &c.
 The glorious day will surely come,
 When truth shall gladden every home;
 And then we'll sing this joyful lay,
 And shout "Hurrah, we've won the day!" Hap. &c.

49 Tune—*Cheer boys, cheer.*

CHEER, boys, cheer! our cause is great and glorious;
 Cheer boys cheer! to conquer march away!
 Cheer, boys, cheer! for truth shall be victorious;
 Cheer, boys, cheer! for the bright and happy day.
 Raise high the song in proudest exultation;
 Peace hath her victories more glorious than war;
 Freedom forever shall gladden all the nation,
 And angels rejoice in that better land afar. Cheer, &c.
 Cheer, boys, cheer! the flag of freedom's waving,
 Far o'er the mountain, the valley, and the plain;
 Onward forever the fallen we are saving,
 Onward ye brave till the drunkard shall abstain.
 All that is holy forever let us cherish;
 Faithful and strong is He that goes before;
 Trust yet in Him and Intemperance shall perish,
 And glory transcendent shall spread from shore to
 shore. Cheer, &c.

50 Tune—*Wait for the wagon.*

WILL you sign the pledge, poor drunkard? we wish to
 set you free
 From appetite and passion, and custom's slavery;
 Strong drink has been your ruin we ask you to abstain;
 Come throw down the bottle, and never drink again.
 Throw down the bottle, throw down the bottle,
 Throw down the bottle, and never drink again.
 Oh, your wife will smile with gladness to know that you
 have signed:
 She'll bid adieu to sadness, for comfort she will find;

Within your home what pleasure what happiness will reign;
 Then throw down the bottle, and never drink again.
 Oh, your children, too, will bless you, they'll dance with
 very glee,
 And joyfully caress you, as they climb upon your knee;
 Their little eyes will sparkle, as they sing the joyous strain,
 We've thrown down the bottle, and we'll never drink again,
 Then come along, my brother, tho' fallen you may rise;
 You then may help another who now in bondage lies;
 The best of men will bless you; you will not live in vain;
 So, throw down the bottle, and never drink again.

51 Tune—*Nelly Gray.*

I HAVE wandered in my folly 'mid the scenes of vice and
 I have thrown many precious hours away; [crime,
 Oh, I look with pain and sorrow on that worse than wasted
 And I wish I had never gone astray. [time,
 For I'm happy all the day,
 Since I threw the glass away,
 And I'll never take to drinking any more;
 With water from the fountain
 Flashing in each sunny ray,
 I have health and I've happiness in store.
 Let the drinkers in the tavern in their wild and drunken glee
 Shout the praise of the rosy god of wine:
 But to sing the praise of water as it sparkles fresh and free,
 Let the glad and the cheerful task be mine. For, &c.
 With the lark at early morning, I can sing a cheerful song,
 Or at eve when the nightingale is heard;
 Let me listen in the meadow where the river sweeps along,
 To the voice of each water-drinking bird. For, &c.
 In the dew drop on the flower, or the heavy sounding sea,
 Or the stream leaping down the mountain glen,
 "There is beauty none can barter, and it all belongs to
 I'm the richest and merriest of men. For, &c. [me,"

52 Tune—*Lily Dale.*

How delightful to sing of the crystal spring,
 When the balmy breezes play,
 And the lark soaring high in the sunny sky
 Carols forth her sweetest lay.
 Bright water, bright water, fresh, full and free,
 Was the drink of man when the world began,
 'Tis the safest drink for me.
 The sparkling wine shall ne'er be mine,
 While upon this earth I stay;

I will drink of the spring and joyfully sing,
 Water never leads astray. Bright, &c.
 The drunkard's life is full of strife,
 He is sad from day to day;
 But the crystal tide from the mountain side
 Yieldeth happiness alway. Bright, &c.

53

Tune—*Crystal Spring.*

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
 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;
 When the flowers are in bloom and the echoes ring
 From the woods o'er the verdant lawn.
 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.
 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.

54

Tunes— { *Partant pour la Syrie—I do believe.* }
 { *Auld Lang Syne—Norway.* }

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.
 Oh, we will bear and we will do
 Whatever must be done,
 Till for this good old cause of truth
 The victory shall be won.

55 Tune—*Long, long ago.*

Touch not the cup, it is death to thy soul,
 Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
 Many I know who have quaffed from the bowl,
 Touch not the cup, touch it not:
 Little they thought that the demon was there,
 Blindly they drank and were caught in the snare,
 Then of that death-dealing bowl oh beware,
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 Touch not the cup, O young man in thy pride, Touch, &c.
 Thousands around thee have fallen and died, Touch, &c.
 Go to each lonely and desolate tomb:
 Learn from their death, from their sorrow and gloom,
 Now to be free and escape from their doom, Touch, &c.
 Touch not the cup, oh, renounce it, I pray, Touch, &c.
 All that thou lovest entreat thee to stay, Touch, &c.
 Stay for the home that to thee is so dear,
 Stay for the friends that to thee are so near,
 Stay for thy country, the God thou dost fear. Touch, &c.

56 Tune—*Life let us cherish.*

Oh! for the noble mind that ne'er will stoop to shame,
 But strives to leave behind a spotless name;
 A soul above the sordid men
 Who basely wrong will do for gain,
 A soul that scorns to grovel thus—
 Be this the soul for us. Oh! for the noble, &c.
 Oh! for the will to keep the way we know is right,
 And may that way, though steep, be our delight;
 Give us the heart no fears can shake,
 Nor pain nor loss for Jesus' sake,
 Our consciences shall ne'er be sold
 For all their shining gold. Oh! for the will, &c.
 Oh! for the times again when conscience ruled the day,

When holy, faithful men shall truth obey;
 The sacred cause of Jesus love,
 Like martyrs firm and steadfast prove,
 Who rather than from duty fly
 Shall bravely choose to die, Oh! for the times, &c.

57 Tune—*Buy a Broom. Nature's gay day.*

WHEN the bright sun is up and the 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!
 Though far we may wander o'er forest and mountain,
 Cold water shall cheer us while onward we go,
 And 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!

58 Tune—*Hanover. As Jacob on travel.*

Oh, WATER for me, bright water for me,
 So pure and reviving, so copious and free;
 It cooleth the brow and it cooleth the brain
 Restoring the fainting to vigour again.
 It comes o'er the sense like a breeze from the sea,
 So pure and reviving, so copious and free;
 It gives to the strong ones an increase of strength.
 The days of the aged receive from it length.
 Oh, water for me, bright water for me,
 Reviving to leaf, and to flower and tree;
 It freshens the heart and it brightens the sight,
 'Tis grateful as beams of the first morning light.
 It cooleth the brow and it cooleth the brain,
 Restoring the fainting to vigor again;
 Oh, water for me, bright water for me,
 So pure and reviving, so copious and free.

59 Tune—*Edmeston.*

GOD entrusts to all talents few or many,
 None so young and small that they have not any;
 Though the great and wise have a greater number,
 Yet my one I prize, and it must not slumber.

God will surely ask ere I enter heaven,
 Have I done the task which to me was given:
 Little drops of rain bring the springing flowers,
 And I may attain much by little powers.
 Every little mite, every little measure,
 Helps to spread the light, helps to swell the treasure;
 God entrusts to all talents few or many,
 None so young and small that they have not any.

60

Tune—*Scots wha hae.*

FRIENDS of freedom swell the song,
 Young and old the strain prolong,
 Make the Temperance army strong,
 On to victory!
 Lift your banners let them wave,
 Onward march, a world to save!
 Who would fill a drunkard's grave,
 Bear his infamy?
 Give the aching bosom rest,
 Carry joy to every breast,
 Make the wretched drunkard blest,
 Living soberly.
 Raise the glorious watchword high,
 "Touch not, taste not till you die,"
 Let the echo reach the sky,
 Swelling joyfully.
 God of mercy hear us plead,
 Help us while we intercede,
 Oh! how many bosoms bleed,
 Heal them speedily.
 Hasten, Lord, the joyful day,
 When strong drink shall pass away,
 And the the world shall own Thy sway;
 Reign triumphantly.

61

Tune—*To the west.*

Do the best! do the best in the land where you live,
 Your help to restore the poor drunkard now give;
 Let a man be a man in his own native isle,
 Then plenty shall flourish and virtue shall smile;
 The noblest reform you can never obtain
 While gin shops on shores of Columbia remain;
 Then arm for the battle to save the oppressed,
 Arise! brother rise! like a man do the best. Do, &c,
 Never say, never say your influence is small,
 The victory is won when united are all;

You've a hand and a heart that for others may care,
 And blessings to thousands around you may bear.
 The oak in the forest, the mountain afar,
 The vast foaming ocean and beautiful star,
 Still minister good to the east and the west,
 Then rise! brother rise! like a man do the best. Do, &c.
 Look around! look around what the tyrant has done,
 Defiling our daughters and cursing each son;
 In the cots of the poor, and the halls of the great,
 Yet thousands in fetters for liberty wait.
 But see! through the land waves the flag of the free,
 And soon from his strongholds the tyrant shall flee,
 And drunkards shall follow to realms of the blest;
 Then rise! brother rise! like a man do the best. Do, &c

62

Tune—*Greek Air.*

I THINK when I read the 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 arm had been thrown around me;
 And that I might have seen his kind look when He said
 "Let the little ones come unto me."
 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
 And ask for a share of His love;
 And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
 I shall see Him, and hear him above;
 In that beautiful place he has 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."

63

Tune—*St. Helen's*

LORD, a little band and lowly,
 We are come to sing to Thee;
 Thou art great and high and holy,
 Oh, how solemn we should be!
 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.
 For we know the Lord of glory
 Always sees what children do,
 And is writing now the story
 Of our thoughts and actions too.

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.

64 Tune—*A life on the ocean wave.*

WHERE temperance blessings lie, a father is ever kind,
 He passes the gin shop by, his home in peace to find:
 When the hours of toil are o'er, with a heart that's free
 from guile,
 He meets at his cottage door his wife and his children's
 smile.

Where temperance blessings lie, a father is ever kind,
 He passes the gin shop by, his home in peace to find.
 Like any fine lord or squire, life's pleasures have all the free,
 They share what the good desire, no monarch can hap-
 pier be;

Let the miser seek his gold, and the soldier spoils of war,
 The treasures abstainers hold are brighter and nobler far.

Where temperance blessings lie, &c.
 At evening's silent hour how many God's Word now read,
 And seek His protecting power for every time of need;
 When the Sabbath morning brings the hallowed time of
 prayer

To worship the King of kings in His temple they appear.
 Where temperance blessings lie, &c.

Then give me the temperance cause, the cause that removes
 distress;

I covet not earth's applause; be mine the power to bless;
 This alone can drunkards save from a life of shame and woe,
 Then hurrah for the men so brave that battle with our foe!
 Where temperance blessings lie, &c.

65 Tune—*Harts.*

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.

66 Tune—*There'll be no more sorrow there.*

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 I'm, &c.

My Father rules on high, and bids me onward go,
 For other's good myself deny, and serve him here below,
 For I'm, &c.

Should I some brother gain, a rich reward is mine,
 Where angels chant the enraptured strain, and saints in
 glory shine, For I'm &c.

67 Tune—*Morn amid the mountains.*

LITTLE children meeting in the temperance place,
 All so kindly greeting, smiling every face.
 Now we raise our voices, sweetest strains prolong,
 Every heart rejoices, blissful is the song.
 Useful lessons gaining, treading wisdom's way,
 From strong drink abstaining in life's early day.
 Oh, 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.

68

Tune—*French.*

A GENTLE word hath healing power,
 The broken heart to bind;
 And comfort in the darkest hour
 In gentle words we find.
 True Temperance is a work of love,
 And kindness shall prevail,
 The drunkard's error to remove,
 When words of anger fail.

69 Tune—*In a cottage by the sea. Isle of beauty.*

HERALDS of New Englands 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 drunkards ways,
 Children holy, just, and prayerful,
 God will bless through all their days.
 Drunkards &c.
 Let not sinful gain or pleasure
 Lead our youthful feet aside;
 Temperance let us love and treasure,
 And in holy ways abide. Drunkards, &c.

70 Tune—*A day's march nearer home.*

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.
 This was our plighted word from strong drink to abstain,
 And with Thy kind assistance, Lord, to drink it ne'er again.
 Rejoice, &c.
 Teach us to watch and pray, our inward strength renew,
 And grant us grace from day to day to keep our promise true.
 Rejoice, &c.
 For Thee, O God, we fight, may we be strong in Thee,
 Receiving of Thy strength and might for final victory.
 Rejoice, &c.

71 Tune—*Poor Mary Ann, or Absent Friends.*

SHINE thou forth in fullest glory,
 Bright temperance star,
 Shine upon the young and hoary, Bright &c.
 Shine upon our favored nation,
 Far removing all temptation,
 And the source of all vexation, Bright, &c.

Shine upon the drunkard's dwelling, Bright, &c.
 Of a better future telling, Bright, &c.
 And the children that in sorrow,
 Think not of thy dawn to-morrow,
 From thy rays a joy shall borrow, Bright, &c.
 Shine, O star of peaceful glory, Bright, &c.
 Chase the darkness now before thee, Bright, &c.
 Like as when the night is going,
 And the beams of morn are glowing,
 Joy and gladness far bestowing, Bright, &c.

72

Tune—*Beautiful Star.*

BEAUTIFUL home so fair and bright,
 Centre of joy and soul's delight,
 Circle of friends and friendships sweet,
 Home with its soft and calm retreat;
 Beautiful home, beautiful home,
 Home ever peaceful, beautiful home.
 Beautiful children wait to see,
 They lovingly wait to welcome me;
 Faces all radiant with youthful bloom,
 Lights that illumine my beautiful home. Beautiful, &c.
 Beautiful Sabbath, day of rest,
 Of all the week the first and best,
 To sons of toil an earnest given
 Of labour done and rest in heaven. Beautiful, &c.
 Beautiful home beyond compare,
 Beautiful all who enter there,
 At home for ever all who come,
 Home of the pilgrim, beautiful home. Beautiful, &c.

73

Tune—*Gentle Annie.*

SOME would tell me strong drink is needful,
 And would lead my youthful feet astray;
 But to my true friends I'm heedful,
 I will not care what other people say;
 I shall never be a drunkard
 While I drink bright water fresh and clear;
 Then hurrah for streamlet and fountain!
 Merry friends, ever welcome, ever dear.
 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 shall, &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 shall, &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.

74 Tune—*The days we went a gipsying.*

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 Bard 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.

75 Tune—*See the conquering hero comes.*

HAPPY children meet to-day,
 Leave their books and leave their play,
 Brightly beaming every face
 In the temperance meeting place.
 Oh, how happy we shall be
 When we gain the victory!
 Temperance, let us shout it round,
 'Tis a happy joyful sound,
 Let the drunkard hear it roll,
 Let it spread from pole to pole. Oh, how, &c.
 Children let us faithful be
 'Till the nations all are free,
 And the wondering earth shall say
 Temperance now has won the day. Oh, how, &c.

76

Tune—*There is beauty everywhere.*

I'm a soldier in the temperance army,
 I will fight to set the drunkard free,
 This my song shall be when foes alarm me,
 Soldiers march away for victory!
 March away, yes, march away for victory!
 Old king Alcohol has long been spreading
 Death and sorrow over land and sea:
 Soon he'll perish for my Captain's leading.—
 Soldiers march away for victory! March away, &c.
 My brave Captain is the God of battle,
 And my Leader he will ever be;
 Fearless I will be though cannons rattle,—
 Soldiers march away for victory! March away, &c.
 Every noble deed shall be recorded,
 Where brave soldiers are from conflict free,
 And in heaven they shall be rewarded,—
 Soldiers march away for victory! March, &c.

77

Tune—*Old Hundred.*—*Warrington.*

EACH effort to redeem our race
 That 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 less our labours to the end,
 Let us in this employ of love
 Look unto God our Guide and Friend.

78

Tune—*Auld Lang Syne.*

SHALL e'er cold water be forgot
 When we sit down to dine?
 Oh! no, my friends, for is it not
 Poured out by hands divine?
 Poured out by hands divine, my friends,
 Poured out by hands divine,
 From springs and wells it gushes forth,
 Poured out by hands divine.
 To beauty's cheek, though strange it seems,
 'Tis not more strange than true,
 Cold water found in limpid streams
 Imparts the rosiest hue,
 Imparts the rosiest hue, my friends,
 Imparts the rosiest hue,
 Yes, beauty in a water pail
 Doth find her rosiest hue.

Cold water, too, though many think,
 How strange it seems again!
 The weakest of all earthly drink,
 Doth make the strongest men,
 Doth make the strongest men, my friends,
 Doth make the strongest men,
 Then let us take the weakest drink,
 And be the strongest men.
 The sturdy oak full many a cup
 Dpth hold up to the sky,
 To catch the rain, then drinks it up,
 And thus the oak gets high;
 Then let the temperance cause abound,
 The cause we love so dear,
 For strength and beauty yet are found
 In water bright and clear.

79 Tune—*Little drops of water.*

LITTLE drops of water, little grains of sand,
 Make the mighty ocean, and the beauteous land;
 And the little moments, humble though they be,
 Make the mighty ages of eternity.
 So our little errors lead the soul away
 From the path of virtue oft in sin to stray;
 Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,
 Make our earth an Eden, like the heaven above.

80 Tune—*We'll win the day.*

HERE in the dawn of youth we stand,
 The hope and promise of our land,
 Guide us, O God, in Thine own way,
 And we shall sing this happy lay;
 We'll win the day, we'll win the day,
 On we'll go right merrily, merrily,
 Ever pray to win the day,
 And work away right earnestly!
 * We'll teach the young all drink to shun,
 For sin by little is begun,
 We urge them to abstain alway,
 And lead them on to win the day; We'll win, &c.
 We'll spread the temperance cause around,
 And let the joys of truth abound,
 And kindly to the drunkard say,
 Come, brother, come and win the day; We'll win, &c.
 So shall we try a world to move
 By gentle words and deeds of love,
 And come what will our course to stay,
 With help divine we'll win the day. We'll win, &c.

81 Tune—*Canaan, bright Canaan.*

I wish all men would sober be,
 And join the ranks of temperance,
 A glorious time we soon should see,
 All through the pledge of temperance.
 Let us work and pray to bring the day,
 When might shall stand with temperance,
 The drinking-store shall be no more,
 All through the pledge of temperance.
 Temperance, yes temperance,
 The right good pledge of temperance.
 The drinking-store shall be no more,
 All through the pledge of temperance.
 In homes of beauty then shall dwell
 The happy sons of temperance,
 'Mid pleasures more than we can tell,
 All through the pledge of temperance. Let, &c.
 Columbia then shall proudly rise
 In ways of truth and temperance,
 And train her children for the skies,
 All through the pledge of temperance. Let, &c.

82 Tune—*Village choristers.*

BRAVE soldiers hear the call, "Arm for the battle all!"
 The tyrant from his throne shall fall,
 The monarch of renown, in city and in town,
 Shall lose his kingdom and his crown;
 King Alcohol will surely fall, march on! march on!
 King Alcohol will surely fall, march on! march on!
 Ye soldiers brave your banners wave,
 And sound the martial strain! Tra la la, &c.
 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, &c.

83 Tune—*So early in the morning.*

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, &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, &c.

With joyful hearts we onward go
To battle with the Nation's foe;
And though strong drink our land assail,
The cause of temperance shall prevail. We're, &c.

84

Tune—*St. Helens.*

Lord on us bestow Thy blessing,
E'er we to our homes repair;
May we still Thy grace possessing,
Only for Thy service care.

85

Tune—*O Willie we have missed you.*

O WHISKEY, beer and brandy ne'er will do for me,
While sacred laws command me still sober I must be,
Through life I would enjoy the gifts that God bestows,
And every day my hours employ in less'ning human woes.
I long to see the time when drunkards all are free,
Oh, whiskey, beer and brandy, ne'er will do for me.

Mine is the dearest fountain, filled with delight,
From shady rock and mountain still bearing pleasure's
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,
Oh whiskey, beer and brandy ne'er will do for me.
Strong drink has ruined 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,
Oh whiskey, beer and brandy ne'er will do for me.

- 86 Tune— { *Month of Mary—Conquering Hero.* }
 { The chorus is for "Month of Mary" only. }

SOLDIERS, brave and gallant be,
 We shall gain the victory,
 Rise and put your armour on,
 Nobler deeds shall yet be done,
 Onward march a world to save,
 Singing as your banners wave.

Chorus.—Sign the pledge and keep it.
 Truth we'll spread from shore to shore,
 And increase the drunkard's store,
 Give his starving children food,
 Make them holy, pure, and good,
 And in peaceful homes to sing,
 "Temperance is a joyful thing." Sign the, &c.
 Men shall worship God on high,
 Gaol and poorhouse empty lie,
 Peace shall spread her blessings round,
 Plenty through our land abound;
 Home of truth and liberty
 This land shall forever be. Sign, &c.

- 87 Tune—*Crystal spring.*

WE love to sing with the temperance band,
 We are sober, gay, and free;
 And we drink water bright from the fountain grand,
 And a merry band are we.
 Onward we go with the temperance band,
 We've a noble end in view,
 We'll spread peace and pleasure through all the land,
 And be generous, kind, and true.
 Now we rejoice with the temperance band,
 We are cheered by good and great,
 With the humblest that toil many noble stand
 To remove strong drink from the state.
 Victory shall come to the temperance band,
 We've a friend in heaven above,
 He will chase every foe with a mighty hand,
 He will bring the time of love.

- 88 *Spanish Chant*

FAR over land and sea,
 Spread, oh spread the temperance cause,
 Where sin and man may be, Spread, &c.
 Where human foot has trod,
 In every dark abode,

9
 PL
 An
 T
 A
 Our
 And
 Fo
 Sh
 Then
 Chee
 Nor
 Res

91
 Go
 Ob
 Ma
 Eve

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.

89

Tune—*Evening Hymn.*

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.
 And let the anthem rise to God,
 Whose favouring mercies so abound,
 And let his praises fly abroad,
 The circuit of the earth around.
 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.

9

Tune—*Animation.*

PLEGGED in a noble cause, we here each other greet,
 And bound by temperance laws as friends and brethren
 To make a full determined stand, [meet,
 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 youthful band
 Shall chase intemperance from our land.
 Then let us onward press, our cause is good and great,
 Checked by our past success, we'll make the foe retreat;
 Nor for a moment quarter give,
 Resolved for this to work and live.

91

Tune—*National Anthem*

GOD bless our youthful band,
 Oh 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 labors bless;
 And save us now we pray from all that leads astray,
 And take strong drink away and all distress.
 May we all firmly 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!"

92 Tune— { *Nature's gay day.—Jenny Jones.* }
 { *Angel's whisper.* }

THE dark clouds of evil, of sorrow and sadness,
 Afe chased by the rays of the bright temperance star,
 And thousands are hailing its rising with gladness,
 Beholding its beautiful beams from afar;
 So swiftly and widely the light is progressing,
 O'er mountain and valley, o'er island and sea,
 That soon every land shall rejoice in possessing
 The blessings of temperance, so bounteous and free.
 We hail thee, bright star, every sorrow dispelling,
 And spreading o'er nations the comforts of home:
 Soon shall the glad beams cheer the lowliest dwelling,
 And shine o'er the world till the good time shall come.
 So swiftly and widely, &c.
 Our hearts shall rejoice when the source of all sadness
 No longer shall fill the the poor drunkard with pain,
 And the gospel of holiness, freedom, and gladness,
 Shall spread peace on earth and good will among men.
 So swiftly and widely, &c.

93 Tune—*Try, try, try again.*

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,
 Spreading temperance far and wide, Try again.
 Raise the shout in street and lane, Try again,
 Spread our cause till all abstain, Try again,
 Bands of Hope shall lead the way,
 And shall speed the joyful day,
 Onward brothers never stay, Try again.

Still let truth our hearts inspire, Try again,
 Never falter, never tire, Try again,
 Let the temperance banner wave,
 Onward still a world to save.
 Victory yet shall crown the brave, Try again.

94

Tune—*Ye banks and braes.*

My fatherland, my fatherland,
 My peaceful rest and joyful home,
 Where angels robed in brightness stand,
 And Christian pilgrims never roam.
 Soon shall I see thy golden gates,
 And all thy shining glories share,
 For Jesus in thy mansion waits
 To welcome all his children there.
 My fatherland, my fatherland,
 How blest are they who now appear,
 Within Thy courts, a ransomed band,
 No grief or sorrow shall they fear. Soon, &c.
 My fatherland, my fatherland,
 Be mine to leave earth's joys behind,
 To bear the cross at thy command,
 And onward press a crown to find. Soon, &c.
 My fatherland, my fatherland,
 When life's short pilgrimage is o'er,
 Upward I'll fly to God's right hand,
 And sing his praise for evermore. Soon, &c.

95

Tune—*Come home father.*

FATHER, dear father, come home with me now!
 The clock in the steeple strikes one;
 You said you were coming right home from the shop
 As soon as your day's work was done.
 Our fire has gone out—our house is all dark,
 And mother's been watching since tea,
 With poor brother Benny so sick in her arms
 And no one to help her but me.
 Come home! come home! come home!
 Please, father, dear father, come home!
 Father, dear father, come home with me now!
 The clock in the steeple strikes two;
 The night has grown colder—and Benny is worse—
 But 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!
 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 with the angels of light:
 And these were the very last words that he said,
 "I want to kiss Papa to-night?"
 Come home! come home! come home!
 Please, father, dear father, come home!
 Hear the sweet voice of the child
 Which the night winds repeat as they roam
 Oh, who could resist this most plaintive of prayers,
 Please, father, dear father, come home!

96

Tune—*Be kind to thy Father.*

Be kind to thy Father—for when thou wert young,
 Who loved thee so fondly as he?
 He caught the first accent 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 smiles 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 you are,
 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 the many sweet hours,
 And blessings thy pathway to crown;
 Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers
 More precious than wealth or renown.

97

Tune—*America.*

In Honor's name we meet,
 With Love's fond smiles we greet
 Friends of our cause.
 Our hearts by Hope made strong,
 We'll press our work along,
 And teach the erring throng
 God's holy laws.
 Firm let each brother stand
 United heart and hand,
 To Love and Truth;
 Here let poor drunkards come,
 We'll burst their chains from rum,
 And give life's hope and bloom
 To age and youth.
 Come, sign the pledge, and live!
 'Twill brighter blessings give
 Than dazzling gold.
 Then temp'rance, with pure light,
 Shall make your path more bright,
 And cheer your life's last night
 With joys untold.

98

Tune—*Shining Shore.*

We gladly laud the limpid sweets,
 Which from the fountain floweth,
 And every thirsty palate greets
 With bliss no tippler knoweth!
 We'll sing the praise of water pure,
 Nor mind the sot's delusion;
 The wine cup never shall allure
 Our souls to dark perdition!
 Oh! who that knows the chaste delight
 This beverage induces,
 Would e'er the claims of water slight,
 And drink decay's foul juices? We'll sing, &c.
 As clear as famed Castalia's spring,
 Cool waters gush about us,
 And while these to our aid we bring,

The rum-ranks ne'er can rout us! We'll sing, &c.
 True temperance! encourage us
 To wisdom's wealth acquire;
 More choice than gold of Pactolus—
 'Twill sate the heart's desire! We'll sing, &c.

Oh, I am a Temperance man,
 And my heart is filled with glee,
 For I've signed the temperance pledge,
 And from alcohol I'm free:
 I'll never touch or taste
 The poisoned cup again;
 From all that can intoxicate
 Forever I'll abstain;
 For I am a temperance man, &c.

Since I put my name to the pledge,
 The pimples have left my nose,
 And, instead of having rags to my back,
 I now have plenty of clothes:
 I once had but one meal a day,
 And sometimes I got none;
 But now, although I always eat three,
 Yet in debt I never run;
 For I am a temperance man, &c.

When I drank rum, the pretty girls
 With me could not agree;
 But now I stick to the temperance pledge,
 And they all stick to me:
 Once people all looked black at me,
 And called me drunken Jake;
 But now they touch their hats, and say,
 Your servant, Mr. Blake;
 For I am a temperance man, &c.

Then haste ye, all, and quickly sign
 Our pledge of liberty,
 And break the chains of alcohol,
 And be forever free:
 Then gather round your social hearths,
 And hymns of gladness sing,
 For alcohol is at last dethroned,
 And is no longer king.
 For we are temperance men, &c.

100

Tune—*Belshazzar is king.*

COLD WATER is king, cold water is lord,
 And a thousand bright faces now smile at his board;
 Fruits glisten, flowers blossom, and beauty is here,
 And the stream that God giveth is joyous and clear.
 Gay dancers are here, and a plenty of mirth,
 And the fair of creation, that cheer us on earth;
 And the crowd all shout, and the crowd all sing,
 All praise to cold water, cold water is king!
 All praise to cold water, our king!
 Bring forth, cries the monarch, the vessels of gold,
 Which our fathers all drank from—our fathers of old,
 Bring forth, let us drink while the trumpet is blown,
 That sounds the shrill death-note of misery's home.
 Bring forth! and before us the vessels all shine;
 But we bow not to Bacchus, nor drink the dark wine;
 While the trumpets bray, and the cymbals ring,
 All praise to cold water, cold water our king!
 All praise to cold water, cold water our king!
 Now, what cometh? Look! without menace or call,
 Who writes with the lightning's bright hand on the wall?
 What pierceth KING ALCOHOL, like the point of a dart?
 What drives the bold blood from his cheek to his heart?
 Teetotal magicians the letters expound—
 They are read—and the monster lies dead on the ground!
 And now we come on a conqueror's wing,
 Singing praise to cold water! cold water is king!
 Tinging praise to cold water! cold water is king!

101

Tune—*Turn to the Lord.*

Come ye drunkards sad and weary;
 Come, the pledge can make you whole;
 Only that alone can save you
 From the poisonous, mad'ning bowl.
 Come sign the pledge; 'tis your salvation;
 Shout its praises o'er the land;
 Come and aid the reformation;
 Swell the happy temp'rance band.
 Oh, 'tis joy, beyond all telling,
 When the inebriate breaks his chain,
 Feels his heart with rapture swelling,
 Knows himself a man again;
 Come, sign the pledge, &c.
 Hark, from mountain, hill, and valley,
 Hark, the cry, They come, they come!

Long as on earth we stay we will abstain,
 And labor while we may drunkards to gain;
 Assured that God above will spread the work of love,
 And strong drink far remove drunkards to gain.

104 Tune—*Cambridge.*

How long, O Lord our God, shall sin and sorrow reign,
 And drunkards love to tread the road

That leads to endless pain?

With zeal and 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,

105 Tune—*Portuguese.—Hanover.*

COME children and help us a battle to fight,
 Arise at the welcome and shout for the right,
 For band of hope children though tender and young,
 Can fight in the battle of right against wrong.

The foe of our nation is mighty and high;

But truth shall prevail and the giant shall die;

Columbia for ever the pride of the sea,

Shall then be more glorious, more happy and free.

The glad day of triumph is coming again,

When mountain and valley shall echo the strain,

"Hurrah for true temperance, the cause that we love,
 And thanks to our Leader, our Father above!"

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.

106 Tune—*Home, sweet home.*

LET children of New England for ever beware,

Strong drink leads the soul to the place of despair,

Where the wine cup is sparkling, oh, let us not stay,

For the angel of temperance says, Come, come away.

Come, come, oh 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 cothes!
 His home is the scene of distress, I am sure,
 Oh, who would the ills of a drunkard endure?

Come, come, oh 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 vigor for body and mind,
 And makes us more happy, more holy, and kind.

Come, come, oh come away,
 The angel of temperance says, Come, come away.

107 Tune—*Sicilian Hymn.*

HEAVENLY Father, give thy blessing,
 While we now this service end;
 On our minds each truth impressing,
 That may to thy glory tend.
 Safe from all intoxication,
 From its fountain may we flee,
 When assailed by strong temptation,
 Put our trust alone in Thee.

108 Tune—*Old Hundred.*

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!

