

THE
NEW-BRUNSWICK
TEMPERANCE SONGSTER;
A COLLECTION OF
SONGS AND HYMNS,
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE SEVERAL TOTAL
ABSTINENCE SOCIETIES THROUGHOUT THE
BRITISH PROVINCES.

BY A MEMBER OF
The "Saint John Temperance Association Choir."

J. & A. McMILLAN, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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PREFACE.

THE Compiler has been induced to offer this Work to the Public, with the view of placing within the reach of every one, a Collection of TEMPERANCE SONGS, suited to the wants of the community at the present time. As many of them have never before been published, and great care has been taken in selecting such as are adapted to the most familiar tunes, (the greater part of which will be found in the fifth edition of the "Boston Melodian,") it is hoped, from the variety it contains, that it will be found fully to answer the purpose for which it is intended.

In order to make this little Work more generally useful, a Second Part has been added, containing a collection of HYMNS, adapted to church music.

CONTENTS.

	<i>Number</i>
And are ye sure the news is true,	9
Away with Melancholy,	40
All hail the Temp'rance Cause,	48
A life of temperance,	72
A glorious day is breaking,	74
Arise, ye Sons of Temp'rance,	76
A beacon has been lighted,	89
A serpent lurks within the bowl,	90
Awake from thy slumbers, Inebriate awake,	114
At eve and morn I'll on it gaze,	150
Away, away, base Alcohol,	155
Be days of drinking wine forgot,	51
Brightly has temperance dawned on our land,	60
Brothers, I the pledge have taken,	81
Come to the water spring, sparkling and bright,	7
Come, come, come to the Temp'rance Hall,	10
Come hither, poor Inebriates,	22
Come, brethren, ere we part again,	29
Come, brethren, ere we part,	33
Can we forget the gloomy time,	36
Come, brothers, come, join our noble band,	46
Come, Soldiers of the Pledge,	80
Come, friends and brethren, all unite,	94
Come, let us shout with gladness,	97
Come, brethren, engage in the war,	125
Come, brothers, come, to the rescue come,	139
Come away, come away, to the temp'rance hall,	142
Come, let our voices all unite,	149
Drink not, drink not, ye hapless sons of clay!	45
Don't touch the cup, the pois'nous cup,	106
Dearest brother, thou hast left us,	162
Farewell whiskey! tears are streaming,	4
Flow gently thou tear-drop down woman's fair cheek,	23
Friends of Freedom, swell the song,	31

Far, far o'er hill and plain.....	38
Fling abroad its folds to the cooling breeze	62
From the bright crystal fountain.....	95
Fresh and strong the temp'rance army.....	116
From intemp'rance now depart	118
From vale and mountain, from hill top and glen.....	136
Friend of my boyhood! oh touch not the bowl	140
Father! who with sorrow bending	141
From the halls of intemp'rance.....	146
From temp'rance rich blessings upon us do flow.....	147
Go, go, thou that enslavest me.....	32
Go forth friends of temp'rance and still persevere....	111
Goddess of temp'rance wheresoe'r we roam	123
Hail! hail to the blessing by temp'rance given.....	15
Hark, brothers hark, to the startling cry	39
How long shall virtue languish	41
Hail! all hail! thou merry month of May	103
Hark! the Trumpet of Temperance sounds out the alarm.....	107
Hail temperance! bright celestial ray	110
How blest is the dwelling where temp'rance doth reign	113
How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood	135
Haste ye, to the temp'rance meeting.....	151
Hark! the trumpet of temperance sounds loudly the call	156
Hail! all hail! the happy happy day.....	158
I am a poor inebriate	6
I asked a sweet robin one morning in May	8
I have come from the Fairy stream, a fount pure and bright	17
I will not drink away, no ere I depart.....	82
Intemp'rance is a fearful thing.....	129
In my cottage near the wood.....	134
I saw a little girl.....	161
Kind friends welcome here, with pleasure do we greet you	12
Lift on high the temp'rance banner.....	19
Life let us cherish while yet the taper glows.....	30
Lift up the temp'rance banner high.....	108
Let the joys of youth appearing	130
May every year but draw more near.....	24
Mid sorrow and sadness I'm destin'd to roam.....	25
Mid scenes of confusion, from morning till eve.....	55
Merrily every bosom boundeth.....	56

CONTENTS.

5

March to the battle field	70
May Heaven's protecting hand	164
Now haste ye friends while hope is dawning.....	128
O come, come away while life and hope is dawning..	3
Once I was pale and fearful	21
Once by intemp'rance I was bound	28
On, bothers, on, with your noble band	50
Our youthful hearts with Temperance burn	57
Oh, pity me, lady, I'm hungry and cold	59
O gaily speeds the Temperance Barge,	63
O'er Mexic's bounding billow,.....	73
Oh no, we cannot touch the bowl.....	77
O, water, pure water, how brightly it flows	83
Once I was happy and free as the air.....	87
O leave the sparkling wine cup bright	98
O'er the world now spreading	99
Once I was gay and cheerful	100
Our voices now we raise, come join our song.....	101
O dear is my dwelling unclouded by sorrow	102
Onward, onward Sons of Temperance.....	126
Oft at the twilight hour.....	127
Oh come to the fountain of pleasures	142
O temp'rance is the safest guide.....	145
O, tis when free from drinking that comforts sur- round us	148
Oh how, tell me how, does the cause of temp'rance speed.....	159
O may the temp'rance cause.....	163
Roll on thou temp'rance river.....	18
Some sing the praise of rosy wine.....	11
Sons of Temp'rance arise and with glad hearts and voices.....	13
Stretched on a heap of straw, his bed!	16
Should auld affection be forgot	20
Sons of temp'rance joy around ye.....	27
Sweetly each tuneful voice we raise.....	37
Some love strong rum, or the ale's white foam	52
Say not that women's voice	53
See yon feeble infant kneeling	75
Shout, shout, your voices raise,	78
Sparkling and bright in its liquid light,	84
Swell, swell, the strain ! ye caverns fling	85
Stay, mortal stay ! nor heedless thus	86

Stay, brother stay! whither going so fast	92
Some love to drink from the goblet's brink	96
Shades of darkness fast are fleeing	138
Soon may the temp'rance banner wave	152
Sweet the hour when freed from labour	157
Sparkling with light is the water bright	160
Taste the springs of water flowing	2
The trump of jubilee proclaims the drunkard free	5
Tiny stalk of tender form	35
The dawn is on the mountain top, the darkness flies the plain	43
The rose that shoots so gaily up	49
There is light on the drunkard's mind	54
The last tie is severed	58
The temperance shout is ringing	64
Temperance, mild blessing! goddess serene,	65
The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl	66
'Tis but a drop, the father said,	67
Touch not the cup; it is death to thy soul	71
Through all our wild rambles in search after bliss	88
The cause we all are pleading	91
There's joy in a thousand hearts	93
The temperance flag is now afloat	109
The sun has gone down o'er the towering high moun- tain	112
The time is past and long has fled	117
The wife of the inebriate her fate doth bemoan	119
'Tis said that wine will cheer the heart	132
The temp'rance trump is sounding	133
The temp'rance cause we dearly love	144
The joys of other days are faded	153
The temp'rance army comes, fresh, bold and strong	154
When Temp'rance first at Heaven's command	1
Will you come to the grove, 'tis a beautiful shade	14
With banner and with badge we come	26
What tho' the small cloud arose	31
Where are the friends that to me were so dear	42
What fairy like music steals over the sea	44
Where, oh where thou worse than demon	47
Who in fire his brains would lave	61
When bright rosy morning	98
What sound do we hear coming over the land,	79
While others in that cup delight	101

While others to the cup do cling	105
When the day with rosy light	115
When by intemp'rance hurried on	120
We sing to the cause, the cause we love	121
While the cause of temp'rance pleading	122
Will you come sign the Pledge we now offer to you ..	131
Why, O why, my heart this sadness	137
Ye whose health and wealth have fled	69
Ye who for wealth and sordid gain	124

PART II.

Arise my tenderest thoughts arise	22
Almighty Father, while we own	24
Ah! I am sinking in woe	32
Behold the glorious banner's spread	3
Behold the trophies of our cause	10
Be present at our table, Lord	44
Child of my hopes and fears	35
Come Christian friends, before we part	46
Deep are the wounds strong drink has made	11
Forward let us daily go	1
Friends of Temp'rance onward go	13
Farewell, my drunken brethren, now	39
God of love whose boundless mercy	8
God gave the gift to man	30
Glory to God, whose sovereign grace	41
How long shall virtue languish	25
How foolish he who counts it good	29
Hark! what cry arrests the ear	34
Heavenly father, give thy blessing	47
I heard a voice from heaven	33
Long and gloomy was the night	6
Let us join to praise the Lord	15
Lift up your hearts and voices too	17
Let temperance and her sons rejoice	26
Lovers of pleasure more than God	40
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing	48
O hasten drunkard to be wise	12
Onward's the animating sound	20

O thou from whom all gifts proceed	23
Only this once the wine cup glow'd	31
Oh! thou source of ills unnumber'd	38
Oft have we passed the guilty night	42
Pledg'd in a noble cause	19
Raise your triumphant songs	2
Rise and shine through every nation	21
Shall we whose souls are lighted	7
Self punish'd here the drunkard is	27
Stay, mortal, stay! nor heedless thus	36
Stop, drunkard, stop! thine is the road	37
Thou heavenly boon that forms the spring	4
The drunkard's home shall soon be sweet	5
Thousands now intemperance dreading	18
We praise thee—if one rescued soul	9
Who hath sorrows! who hath woes	28
Watch'd by the world's malignant eye	43
We thank thee Lord, for this our food	45
Ye sons of temp'rance join	14
Ye lovers of mankind	16

TEMPERANCE SONGSTER.

1.

TUNE—*Rule Britannia.*

WHEN Temp'rance first at Heaven's command
Throughout our land began its reign—

Throughout, throughout, &c.

This was the motto, the motto of that band—

We'll spread the cause o'er earth and main,
Still, may temp'rance, its bauner wide unfurl,
Till it spreads o'er all the world.

Still more majestic may it rise,

More powerful may each effort prove;

More powerful, powerful, &c.

And on it may rich blessings from the skies,

Descend from Him, that rules above,

Still, may temp'rance, &c.

The nations truly bless'd by thee,

Their cities shall with commerce shine,

Their cities, cities shall, &c.

And all their sons, in songs united be,

In singing praises truly thine,

Still, may temp'rance, &c.

Now may we with thy blessings crown'd
Unto our happy homes repair,
Unto, unto our happy, &c.
Bless'd cause, thy name throughout the world resound,
Let all, thy precious blessings share,
Still, may temp'rance, &c.

2. TUNE—*Days of Absence.*

Taste the springs of water flowing,
Clearly from the green hill side;
Tints of heaven's blue azure glowing—
Smile upon its sparkling tide.
Quench your thirst with streams life-giving,
Blooming health they ever bring,
Drink, O drink those waters living,
Bubbling up from nature's spring!

Who would drink full draughts of sorrow,
From the cups of mad'ning joy,
Shun the pleasure, for the morrow
Brings a curse of dire alloy.
For the monster vice alluring,
With his false deceitful charms,
Still would lead to woe enduring,—
Mercy shield us from his chains!

Ladies in our cause uniting,
Join to put intemp'rance down,
And the glorious warfare fighting
Will at last receive a crown.
Young and old the pledge receiving,
Shun the drunkard's sinful joy,
And the precious truth believing,
All escape from rum's decoy.

Taste the springs of joy and gladness,
Nature's pure and simple streams,
Woe shall flee, and pining sadness
Be like some forgotten dream.
Quench your thirst with streams life-giving,
Blooming health and joy they bring,
Drink and love those waters living,
Gushing from the mountain spring.

3. TUNE—*Come, come away.*

O come, come away, while life and hope is dawning,
O leave the wine, our pledge come sign,
O come, come away.

O come, the voice of friendship heed,
And from intemperance now be freed,
The pledge then sign with speed;
O come, come and sign.

O come, come away, affection loudly calls you,
The path of woe, no more pursue,

O come, come away;
Take heed, take heed, tho' bright the wine,
It leaves a fatal sting behind,
The pledge then come and sign,
O come, come and sign.

O come, come away, come take our kindly warning,
Shun ere too late the drunkard's fate,

O come, come away.
Come join our host who fighting now,
With temp'rance banners face the foe,
And on to vict'ry go,
O come, come and join.

O come, come away, the star of hope 's appearing,
Its banners wave, to cheer the brave,

O come, come away.
Emblem of peace and hope to me,
Unstained may it ever be,
Blest pledge of liberty,
O come, come and sign.

4. *TUNE. — Bride's Farewell.*

Farewell Whiskey! tears are streaming
From my red and swollen eyes;

I in gems and roses beaming,

Bid farewell to all our ties:

Farewell Brandy, now I leave thee,

Joy and hope my bosom swell;

I can't trust thee, you deceive me,

Farewell monster! Fare thee well.

Farewell Porter! thou art smiling,

Yet there's poison in thy flow;

Long you've tempted me, beguiling,

Chaining me when I would go.

Farewell Toddy! thou didst curse me,

E'er my lips thy name could tell!

See the wounds where you've caress'd me;

Vile seducer, fare thee well.

Farewell drinking! now I leave thee,

Thinking all my sorrows o'er!

Every thought of thee must grieve me,

Though I shun thee ever more.

Harken brothers who deride me,

I to thee a tale can tell;

Come and join with scores beside me

And bid tippling haunts farewell,

5. TUNE—*Trump of Jubilee.*

The trump of Jubilee proclaims the drunkard free,
In gladsome strains, in gladsome strains;
The cheering notes resound:—The spacious world
 around,
And drunkards catch the sound, and break their
 chains.

Now the glad time is come, the captives hasten home,
There to abide, there to abide;
Love which from thence had flown, once more erects
 its throne;
Discord no more is known, peace doth preside.

Men of all ranks combine, gladly our pledge they sign,
Firmly they stand, firmly they stand;
One end we have in view, one course we all pursue,
Intemp'rance to subdue throughout the land.

Let all arise and sing, loud praises to our king
With heart and voice, with heart and voice;
From him doth help proceed, our cause he doth
 succeed,
And drunkards fully freed, with us rejoice.

6. TUNE—*Poor way-faring man.*

I am a poor inebriate,
I come to seek relief of you!
O save me from my lost estate,
I'll sign your pledge, and keep it, too.
I've lost my all, I've come to you,
To save me, ere it be too late!
Your pity, friends, is all I ask,
O save me now for mercy's sake.

My frame is weak—my heart is sick—
I've suffer'd more than tongue can tell!
Thoughts run apace; they bring me back
To home, to friends, when all was well.
I've drained the cup, I've revell'd long—
At Bacchus' shrine no more I'll meet;
My wife is dead, my children gone,
And now I have no friends to greet.

Your pity now I humbly crave,
I come to seek relief of you!
O save me from a drunkard's grave,
I'll sign your pledge, and keep it, too.
I've lost my all, I've come to you,
To save me ere it be too late!
Your pity, friends, is all I ask,
O save me now for mercy's sake.

7.

TUNE—*Troubadour.*

Come to the water spring, sparkling and bright;
Drink from the fountain clear, lucid and white,
Singing as on we go, happy and free,
Water spring, water spring, we come to thee.

Look not upon the wine when it is bright,
Giving its color out, moving aright—
Leave it and sing with us happy and free,
Water spring, water spring, we come to thee.

Touch not the mocking draught, death's in the bowl;
Serpents are lurking there, stinging the soul.
Come all and sing with us happy and free,
Water spring, water spring, we come to thee.

See here upon the bank wild flowers grow !
And in the very midst pure waters flow---
Join in the chorus, all sing loud and clear,
Water spring, water spring, we are all here.

Come join our happy band, come form a ring,
While all in merry sport, dance round the spring,
Singing with gladsome voice happy and free,
Water spring, water spring, we come to thee.

8. TUNE---*Pirates' Serenade.*

I asked a sweet robin, one morning in May,
Who sung in the apple-tree over the way,
What 'twas she was singing so sweetly about,
For I'd tried a long time, but I could not find out,
"Why I'm sure" she replied, "you cannot guess wrong
Don't you know I'm singing a Temperance song?"

"Teetotal---O, that's the first word of my lay,
And then don't you see how I rattle away,
'Tis because I've just dipp'd my beak in the spring,
And brushed the fair face of the Lake with my wing,
COLD WATER, COLD WATER, yes that is my song,
And I love to keep singing it all the day long."

"And now my sweet Miss, won't you give me a crumb
For the dear little nestlings waiting at home ?
And one thing beside; since my story you've heard,
I hope you'll remember the lay of the bird,
And never forget while you list to my song,
All the birds to the COLD WATER ARMY belong."

9. *TUNE---There's nae luck about the house.*

And are ye sure the news is true,
And are ye sure he's signed ;
I can't believe the joyful tale,
And leave my fears behind.
If John has sign'd and drinks no more,
The happiest wife am I,
That ever swept a cottage hearth,
Or sung a lullaby.

Whose eye so kind, whose hand so strong,
Whose love so true will shine,
If he have bent his heart and hand
The total pledge to sign.
But what puts breaking in my head ?
I trust he'll taste no more ;
Be still, be still, my beating heart !
Hark ! hark ! he's at the door.

And blessings on the helping hands,
That sent him back to me ;
Haste, haste, ye little ones, and run
Your father's face to see.
And are you sure, my John, you've sign'd :
And are you sure 'tis past :
Then mine's the happiest, brightest home
On temperance shores at last.

10. *TUNE---Tyrolese Evening Hymn.*

Come, come, come to the temp'rance hall,
The pledge of freedom sign---
Come banish alcohol ;
Rum, brandy, beer, and wine ;

Come from the dens of mirth,
The dark abodes of rum,
Where sorrow has its birth,
Come, ye poor Inebriates come.
Come, come, come to the temp'rance hall.

Comê, cômê, come ye that the brandy red
Are mighty to consume,
Come! let it ne'er be said
That ye fear the temp'rance room;
Ye beerers leave your beer,
Brightly although it doth foam---
To water cold and clear
Come, ye red faced beerers, come.
Come, cômê, come, &c.

Come, cômê, come ye boys that quaff the wine
With faces all in bloom,
March up in goodly line,
Room for the wine-boys, room;
Come one, come all, and flee
From the drunkards dreadful doom,
Awake, arise, be free---
And to health, wealth, honour, come.
Come, come, come, &c.

11.

TUNE--*Roger Williams' Spring.*

Some sing the praise of rosy wine,
Its sparkling color bright,
But in such songs with them to join,
We cannot take delight.

We have a rich and noble theme,
Fit for a prince or king,
'Tis Water pure, and fresh, and good,
From Roger Williams' Spring.
Sing merrily O, sing merrily, sing merrily O,
Sing merrily, sing merrily O,
Sing merrily O, sing merrily, sing merrily O.

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

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

12. TUNE---*Come, come away.*

Kind friends welcome here, with pleasure do we
greet you;
With heart and voice we now rejoice---
And welcome you all---

In praise of temp'rance let us sing,
For joy and comfort it does bring,
Then let the chorus ring, throughout all the world.

With heart and voice united, the cause of temp'rance
pleading,
On you we call, come one, come all,
And spread, spread the cause---
For reckless victims crowding still
Around the immolating pile,
The earth with mis'ry fill,
Then spread, spread the cause.

While throughout the land, intemperance is raging,
And thus we see deep misery
Still spreading around,
While drunkenness the cause of woe
Does from that fatal fountain flow,
Let us still onward go,
Inebriates to save.

The ladies' with us join, and now the foe engaging,
Their banners wave, to cheer the brave,
And spread, spread the cause---
Let us in songs of triumph shout,
And firmly to the end hold out,
Till vict'ry's gained throughout,
Throughout all the world.

13. TUNE---*Come, come away.*

Ye Sons of Temp'rance rise, and with glad hearts
and voices,
Let all mankind, in spirit joined,

Their praises present,
Tô Him who spite of all its foes,
Has own'd and bless'd the temp'rance cause,
Let endless praise be given
By all, all around.

Then on, onward go, with Temperance prevailing,
Still persevere, you've nought to fear;
Then on, onward go,
For drunkenness with open jaws,
Is yielding to the temp'rance cause;
And health, hope, happiness,
Is spreading around.

Children of the cot who late in want were suffering,
They now may share a parent's care,
And happy be made,
For from their dwelling want withdraws,
And plenty crowns the temp'rance cause,
And love, joy, happiness,
Is spreading around.

Nor are these alone the only joys prevailing,
For higher joys of gospel grace
Are spreading around;
And many a soul now overflows
With blessings on the temp'rance cause,
And health, hope, happiness,
Is spreading around.

14. TUNE--- *Will you come to the bower.*

Will you come to the grove, 'tis a beautiful shade,
And partake of the viands so tastefully spread;
Will you, will you, will you, will you,
Come to the grove ?

Will you come to the spot where the evergreens grow,
Whose leaves drink the dew, and decay never know,
Will you, will you, will you, will you,
Come to the spot!

We will sportively chat, and will merrily sing,
While we drink of the water that flows from the spring,
Will you, will you, will you, will you,
Come to the grove!

Will you bring each his mate and invite him to sign,
The sweet pledge, the safe pledge, to drink water,
Will you, will you, will you, will you, [not wine,
Each bring his mate!

'Tis the hope of our country, that pledge---it will save,
Full many a youth from th' inebriate's grave,
Will you, will you, will you, will you,
All sign the pledge!

15. *TRICE---Hail to the brightness.*

Hail! hail to the blessing by temperance given,
Joy! joy to the lands that in bondage have lain;
Hush'd be the accents of sorrow and mourning,
Temp'rance in triumph extends its bless'd reign.

Hail! hail to the blessing by temperance given
Long may its praises our voices employ;
Hail to the thousands from bondage returning,
The blessings of temp'rance now to enjoy.

Lo! lo in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along,
Loud from the mountain tops echo's are ringing,
While we in concert the chorus prolong.

See! see from all lands---from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fall'n are the engines of drunken commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

16. TUNE---*Oh no we never mention him.*

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

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

17. TUNE---*I have come from a happy land.*

I have come from the fairy stream, a fount pure and bright,
Where the tiny waves gush and gleam in the clear sun
light.
Thither, haste with me, where the sparkling rill flows free;
Strains of melody to rest invite.

† The wine cup, in the festal hall, may shine bright and clear;
Soft music on thy ear may fall, and hope be near.
Yet her meteor ray dazzles only to decay;
From her syren sway turn—death is here.

Has time its strain of sadness breathed, thy glad heart to
bow? [brow?
Or grief its gloomy chaplet wreathed o'er thy anxious
Not 'mid revelry, where the wine cup circles free,
Shall thy spirit be bless'd with peace now.

But a draught from our fairy stream shall banish thy care;
And joy shall light, with fadeless beam, the gloom of
despair. [given,
In our bowers shall gentle slumbers to thine eyes be
And sweet dreams of heaven visit thee there.

Then haste to our lovely bowers, where bright waters
flow; [bestow;
Where the breath of our summer flowers shall perfume
Where the bird's soft note on thy happy ear shall float,
And care be remote, and thought of wo.

18. TUNE---*Blue eyed Mary.*

Roll on, thou temp'rance river!
A branch we are of thee;
Our land we must deliver,
From Bacchus wash her free.
Cold Water is our motto,
From purest fountains flow,
Distill'd from deepest grottos,
And from the sparkling snow.

A small and noiseless streamlet,
We're winding t'wards that shore
Where temp'rance's sparkling sea yet
Will a broad ocean roar.
Cold Water, &c.

Come all ye smiling beauties,
Ye matrons, too, appear ;
Come, now perform your duties,
Come, pledge to water clear.
Cold Water, &c.

There's virtue in this goblet,
Young men, we drink to you ;
Pure nectar now flows from it,
'Tis Hermon's spicy dew.
Cold Water, &c.

19. TUNE—*Days of Absence.*

Lift on high the Temperance banner—
Freemen ! freemen ! to your posts ;
Hear the victims, how they stammer !
Hasten—save them or they're lost !
Look, e'en now a drunken father !
Reels along yon noisy way ;
From their home, the wretched mother
Leads her trembling babes away.

Father, rouse thee ! see yon treasure ;
Yonder thoughtless, yielding one,
Seeks the goblet for his pleasure,
Madly quaffs, and is undone.
Sisters ! snatch thy wretched brother
From the spoiler's cruel grasp :
Ere another—and another
Victim to their arms they clasp !

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

Husband ! watch around her pathway—
Save thy idol from the snare ;
Tear her from their fangs away,
Husband, husband, O beware !

Oh ! let not thy children curse thee,
As the authors of their woe !
Fathers, mothers, rouse thee—rouse thee,
Break the fatal chain and go !
Patriots, Christians, Friends of Freedom !
The cry is loud—can nought be done ?
Nought to break this cruel thralldom ?
Falter not ! or we're undone !

20. *TUNE---Auld Lang Syne.*

Should auld affection be forgot,
All drowned in Rum and Wine---
The love that blessed our happy lot
In days o' lang syne ?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
Come take the Pledge 'Teetotal, now,
For auld lang syne.

How happy in our early love !
How bright each scene did shine !
But, O, what darkening clouds and storms
Have rose from Rum and Wine !
For auld, &c.

In wedlock's sacred union joined,
What blessings crowned our board !
But, O, what floods of want and woe
From Rum and Wine have poured !
For auld, &c.

Stil here's my hand my husband dear
My heart, too, still is thine,
O, give to me your own again,
Forsaking Rum and Wine.
For auld, &c.

Then auld affection shall revive
As 'twas in auld lang syne;
Our early, wedded love shall live,
Restored from Rum and Wine.
For auld, &c.

21. *TUNE---The Watcher.*

Once I was pale and fearful,
The time hath long passed by
I now am gay and cheerful,
And gladness fills my eye.
Kind friends do now surround me,
Rich comforts I now share;
'Tis Temp'rance that hath freed me
From sorrow and from care.

Within my lonely dwelling,
Once want and darkness reign'd;
My heart with misery filling,
Till Freedom I obtained.
'Tis Temp'rance that hath freed me,
I feel it thus to be;
'Twas Temp'rance that relieved me,
From bondage set me free.

The Temp'rance Star still shining,
Doth cheer me on my way,
My footsteps firmly guiding,
Beneath its gentle ray.
Come banish all your sadness.
The pledge can make you whole ;
'Twill fill your heart with gladness,
If ye forsake the bowl.

22. TUNE---*Poor way-faring man.*

Come hither poor inebriates,
Relief we offer now to you,
To save you from a lost estate,
Our labour freely we bestow.
To sign the pledge is all we ask,
O hasten ere it be too late,
'Tis this alone can make you free
O, come and sign for mercy's sake.

We never pause, when at our door
A wretched, trembling drunkard stands,
To ask the cause that made him poor,
Or why he now should help demand---
Come to the waters flowing wide,
Its crystal fountains soft and clear---
Come sign the pledge ; nought shall betide,
You've temp'rance friends---you need not fear.

We heal the sick, we clothe the poor ;
The drunkard's wife and children feed ;
We bring them in at virtue's door,
We bind their hearts no more to bleed.

Come then, and in this cause engage,
Its name throughout the land make known,
Come to our halls, come sign the pledge,
We welcome give to all who come.

23.

TUNE---*Flow gently.*

Flow gently thou tear-drop, down woman's fair cheek;
Thou tellest of joys that the tongue cannot speak,
Full many a tear of sorrow she has shed---
Full often enough has her wounded heart bled:
But now she doth weep that the lost has returned
And pillowed his head on the bosom that burn'd
With flames of affection she cannot restrain;
For he that once was dead now liveth again.

The hearth once deserted, and cheerless, and cold,
Now witnesseth beauty, and love as of old;
The altar now smokes with devotion's pure flame,
And incense ascends to the Deity's name.
The peace and contentment pervading the mind
Is as calm and as sweet as summer's soft wind;
Pure faith and bright hope like twin sisters doth stand,
And point out the way to the blest spirit land.

24.

TUNE—*To all you Ladies.*

May every year but draw more near
The time when strife shall cease,
And truth and love all hearts shall move
To live in joy and peace,
Now sorrow reigns, and earth complains,
For folly still her power maintains;

But the day shall yet appear,
When the might with the right and the truth shall be,
And come what there may,
To stand in the way,
That day the world shall see.

Let good men ne'er of truth despair,
Though humble efforts fail;
Oh! give not o'er, until once more
The righteous cause prevail.
In vain, and long, enduring wrong,
The weak may strive against the strong,
But the day shall yet appear,
When the might, &c.

Though interest dreads that noble deeds
The world will not regard;
To noble minds, that duty binds,
No sacrifice is hard.
The brave and true may seem but few,
But hope has better things in view;
And the day will yet appear,
When the might, &c.

25. TUNE—*Home, Sweet Home.*

Mid sorrow and sadness I'm destined to roam,
Forlorn and forsaken deprived of my home,
Intemp'rance hath robb'd me of all that was dear,
Of my home in the skies, and my happiness here;
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
An exile from God, I shall ne'er find a home.

I vainly presumed when I first took the cup,
I could drink if I chose, or I could give it up;
But I tamper'd too long, too long tempted heaven,
Till an outcast from God and his presence I'm driven:
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
On earth or in heaven, I shall ne'er find a home.

My heart broken wife in her grave hath found rest,
And my children have gone to the land of the blest;
While I a poor wretch, a vile wand'rer like Cain,
With the 'mark' of the beast on the earth still remain;
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
How happy was I with my loved ones at home.

Farewell to the social endearments of home,
Justly loathed by my fellows I wander alone;
For presumptuously sinning and tempting the Lord,
Of the fruits of my ways, I must reap the reward;
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
An exile from God, I shall ne'er find a home.

26.

TUNE—*The Harp that once.*

With banner and with badge we come,
An army true and strong;
To fight against the hosts of rum,
And this shall be our song :—
 We love the clear cold water springs,
 Supplied by gentle show'rs;
 We feel the strength cold water brings,
 " The victory is ours !"

" Cold Water Army,"—is our name,
O may we faithful be,

And so in truth and justice claim
The blessings of the free.

We love the clear, &c.

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

We love the clear, &c.

We pledge to thee both heart and hand,
In faith and friendship strong;
Then come and join our noble band,
The chorus of our song:

We love the clear, &c.

27.

TUNE—*Deliverance.*

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

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

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

28.

TUNE—*Bonny Doon*.

Once by intemp'rance I was bound,
In sorrow passed each mournful day;
No friends or kindred gather'd round,
To cheer my lonely hapless way.
When on my path, there gleam'd a star
That woke me from my horrid trance;
And scatter'd all my gloom afar,
It was the star of temperance.

That star, the brightest in the sky,
Has shed its beams of joy and light;
And bid despair, and darkness fly,
And chang'd to day the gloom of night.
My friends rejoice that I am free,
Hope beams in ev'ry countenance,
I'll sound its praise o'er earth and sea,
The star of temperance.

At eve and morn on it I'll gaze—
That *pledge* of hope and joy for me,
My voice shall ever sing its praise;
It from intemperance keeps me free.
I'll keep it as a treasure, far
Above earth's jewels, 'tis so bright,
And prize it as a polar star,
To steer and guide my steps aright.

29.

TUNE—*Good Night.*

Come, brethren, ere we part again,
In friendship's holy light,
Let each one join the cheerful strain,
Good night, good night, good night.

O, may the Lord each meeting bless,
Bless with his presence bright,
That we may sing with joyfulness,
Good night, good night, good night.

May every drunkard join our band;
With feelings pure and right,
And sing while joining heart and hand,
Good night, good night, good night.

And, brethren, when we meet again,
O, may it bless our sight,
To see some drunkard saved—till then,
Good night, good night, good night.

30.

TUNE—*Life let us cherish.*

Life let us cherish while yet the taper glows,
Touch not the deadly draught or it will close,
The bird on water gaily sings,
His onward course he lightly wings,
The rose on water upward springs,
Let life be then as gay.

Hope let us cherish, while yet our life shall last,
E'en till our life shall close hope is not past;
The sun shall set at close of day,

The flowers in winter die away,
At morn and spring they are as gay,
Let hope then be as bright as they.

Long let us cherish, till life with us is o'er,
But not the drunkard's joys, they mis'ry pour;
In vain the drunkard seeks for bliss,
This life to him deep sorrow is;
The next is worse, far worse than this,
Such joys we ne'er will seek.

31.

TUNE—*Conquering.*

What tho' the small cloud arose,
O'er the sky of human woes,
What tho' small as human hand,
Now it overspreads the land.

From its bosom blessings pour,
Joy in large abundance show'r,
Peace and love commingling flow,
Temp'rance thou art conqu'ring woe.

Let your praise like incense rise,
To the Ruler of the skies,
In his strength to conquest go,
Banish drink and human woe.

Then his pow'r shall drunkards own,
Sin's strong hold be overthrown;
Man in man will find a friend,
Joys begin that never end.

32.

TUNE—*Thou reign'st in this bosom.*

Go, go, thou that enslavest me ;
 Now, now, thy power is o'er,
 Long, long have I obeyed thee ;
 Now I'll not drink any more.
 No, no, no, no ;
 No, I'll not drink any more.

Thou, thou, bringest me, ever,
 Deep, deep sorrow and pain ;
 Then, then, from thee I'll sever ;
 Now I'll not serve thee again.
 No, no, no, no ;
 No, I'll not serve thee again.

Rum, rum, thou hast bereft me
 Home, friends, pleasures, so sweet,
 Now, now, forever I've left thee ;
 Thou and I shall never meet.
 No, no, no, no ;
 Thou and I shall never meet.

Joys, joys, bright as the morning,
 Now, now, on me will pour,
 Hope, hope, sweetly is dawning ;
 Now I'll not drink any more.
 No, no, no, no ;
 No, I'll not drink any more.

33.

TUNE—*Blue Eyed Mary.*

Come brethren ere we part,
 Join in our choral song ;
 Uniting voice and heart,
 The joyous sound prolong.

Then brethren sing with cheer,
In praise of temp'rance sing ;
O sing with hearty cheer ;
Loud let the chorus ring.

We'll sing one song to those,
Who brothers now we call ;
Then brethren ere we close,
A welcome give to all.
 Then brethren sing with cheer ;
 A song of welcome sing ;
 O sing with hearty cheer,
 Loud let the chorus ring.

To sisters of our band,
We sing a song to-night ;
Welcome with heart and hand,
To aid us in the fight.
 Then let us sing with cheer,
 Let ev'ry voice unite ;
 For Sisters we have here,
 To aid us in the fight.

Once more in cheerful song,
Let ev'ry voice unite ;
The happy strain prolong,
One joyous, sweet, good-night---
 Then brethren sing with cheer,
 Let ev'ry voice unite ;
 O sing with hearty cheer,
 Good night, good night, good night.

34.

TUNE—*Bruce's Address.*

Friends of freedom swell the song,
Young and old the strain prolong,
Make the temp'rance 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 !

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 ev'ry spot—
"Touch not—taste not—handle not !"
Who would be a drunken sot ?
Worst of miseries !

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,
Earth keep jubilee.

35.

TUNE—*Temperance Tree.*

Tiny stalk of tender form,
Was our cause in other years ;
Now to battle with the storm,
High its giant trunk it rears.

Blasts which have their onset made,
Our young tree to over-blow,
Gave its roots a firmer braid,
Round the rocks which lie below.

O'er our land its shade is thrown,
Cooling passions, noontide heat,
And our nation's pulse hath grown,
Steadier, stronger, in its beat.
Shelter from the tempests keen,
Do its stretching branches wreath,
And an army's hosts are seen,
Taking refuge underneath.

On its fair delicious fruit,
Fruit of hope and love and truth,
Pining forms their strength recruit,
And its leaves renew their youth.
Sweep, ye winds, our temp'rance tree,
Waft those leaves from shore to shore,
Wheresoe'er inebriates be,
Tell the world's worst plague is o'er.

36.

TUNE—*Chase.*

Can we forget the gloomy time,
When Bacchus ruled the day,
When dissipation, sloth and crime,
Bore undisputed sway?
The time—the time—the gloomy time,
The time has passed away,
When dissipation, sloth and crime,
Bore undisputed sway.

Can we forget the tender wives,
 Who found an early tomb?
 For, ah! the partners of their lives
 Had met the drunkard's doom.
 The wives---the wives---the tender wives
 May bid adieu to gloom;
 For now the partners of their lives
 Abhor the drunkard's doom.
 We'll ne'er forget that noble band,
 Who feared no creatures frown,
 And boldly pledged both heart and hand
 To put intemperance down.
 The band---the band---the noble band,
 The band of blest renown:
 Who boldly pledge both heart and hand
 To put intemperance down.
 Nor shall the pledge be e'er forgot,
 That so much bliss creates;
We'll touch not---taste not---handle not,
Whate'r intoxicates.
 The Pledge---the Pledge is not forgot,
 The Pledge that Satan hates;
 We'll touch not---taste not---handle not,
 Whate'r intoxicates.

37.

TUNE—*Canadian Boat Song.*

Sweetly each tuneful voice we raise,
 And joyfully sing our temp'rance lays,
 And joyfully, &c.
 Unto the cause our aid we give,
 Then, brothers, though small, the gift receive,
 Sing! sisters, sing, the cause speeds fast,
 Intemp'rance is falling, all danger's past,
 Intemp'rance is, &c.

Why should not woman's aid be given,
To forward a cause that is bless'd by Heaven,
To forward, &c.
Angels to aid it well might sing,
Then cheerfully we our songs will bring.
Sing, &c.

Come ye who have not join'd our band,
Away from our side why fearful stand,
Away, &c.
Come join to aid the cause we love,
And sound forth its praise to realms above.
Sing, &c.

To Him who kindly leads us on,
We'll raise once more the thankful song,
We'll, &c.
And labour on, with heart and hand,
Its blessings to spread throughout the land.
Sing, &c.

38.

TUNE—*Far, Far o'er Hill and Dale.*

Far, far o'er hill and plain,
On the winds stealing;
List to the happy strain,
Joyously pealing;
Hark! hark! they seem to tell,
As louder still they swell,
“Burst is the tyrant's chain,”
Man now is free again.”

Long, long in bondage sore,
'Neath the tyrant Rum,
Man now shall groan no more
Brighter days have come,
Hark, hark each passing breeze,
Tells of new victories;
Soon shall our banners wave.
Over the tyrant's grave.

On, on, our cause is just,
Triumph will be ours;
Fall soon the tyrant must,
For lost are all his powers.
Hark, hark, the joyous strain,
Rings through the earth again;
Join ev'ry voice the sound,
Till heaven and earth resound.

39.

TUNE—*Maltese Boat Song.*

Hark, brothers hark, to the startling cry,
See those wretched victims fly—
Hark! how the cry of dread and fear,
sadly sounds upon the ear.

Then on to the rescue, with speed let us go,
To save these poor victims our labour bestow,
Then save, when all danger's gone,
How sweet will be our welcome home,
Home, home, home, how sweet our welcome home,
Sweet, oh! sweet, our welcome home.
Welcome home! welcome home! welcome home!

Hark, brothers, hark, the cry still resounds,
Mercy calls us to bestir,
Yielding unto her sacred sounds
No danger let us then fear. Then on, &c:

With willing hearts and with ready hands,
One course let us all pursue,
In the front rank take up our stands,
Intemp'rance we'll then subdue.
Then on to the rescue, &c.

40.

TUNE—*Away with melancholy.*

Away with melancholy,
Let all our voices ring,
We've given up our folly,
Then merrily, merrily let us sing—
Too long on land and ocean
We've serv'd a tyrant King,
Farewell perpetual motion!
And merrily, merrily we will sing.

The heads that once were reeling,
Caused by the demon's sting;
The hearts once lost to feeling,
Now merrily, merrily they do sing—
We've raised the temp'rance banner,
Our bark is on the wing;
May fav'ring breezes fan her,
And merrily, merrily we will sing.

What tho' some foes assail us,
We do not fear their sting,
Our strength shall never fail us;
So merrily, merrily let us sing—
Then come ye sober hours,
Life's happiest moments bring,
Our path is strewed with flowers,
And merrily, merrily we will sing.

41.

TUNE—*Harvest Time.*

How long shall virtue languish,
And many hearts with anguish
Go weeping o'er the plain? Go weeping, &c.
How long shall dissipation,
Throughout our favour'd nation,
Her deadly waters pour? Her deadly, &c.
And millions still, and millions still,
And millions still devour?

When shall the veil of blindness,
Replaced by human kindness,
Health, industry and ease, health, industry, &c.
With all the claims so luring,
The end at once securing,
Of temperance and peace. Of temperance, &c.
Of temperance, of temperance,
Of temperance and peace.

We hail with joy unceasing,
Our numbers now increasing
Amid the smiles of heaven, amid the smiles, &c.
Our efforts never failing,
While temperance prevailing,
Shall lead to brighter days, shall lead, &c.
And fill the earth, and fill the earth,
And fill the earth with praise.

42.

TUNE—*Long, long ago.*

Where are the friends that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago, long, long ago,
Where are the friends that my heart used to cheer,
Long, long ago, long ago,

Friends that I loved, in the grave are laid low,
Hopes that I cherished have fled from me now,
I am degraded, for rum was my foe,
Long, long ago, long ago,

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

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

43.

TUNE—*Brignal Banks.*

The dawn is on the mountain top, the darkness flies
the plain, [toil again;
And we spring up from healthful sleep, renewed for
Our brows unpain'd, our spirits free, as they ne'er
were before, [death no more,
For we have pledged ourselves to drink the liquid
The temp'rance cause we dearly love, and in its
praise we'll sing, [from it spring.
Bright hope is dawning from above, rich blessings

When evening spreads her dusky veil, we to our
homes repair, [coming there,
No weeping wife, no trembling babes, await our
But cheerful hearts and sparkling eyes now meet us
at the door,
For we have pledged ourselves to drink the liquid
death no more.
Cold water is the drink we love, pure from the
sparkling stream;
This cooling draught revives our strength, while
homes with comforts gleam.
The pledge! the pledge! the glorious pledge! no
earthly boon like this!
So pure, so full of present good, so fraught with
future bliss!
We'll drink the pledge, in water bright, our goblets
brimming o'er, [no more,
And wine we leave for slavish sots, but we, we drink
The temp'rance cause we dearly love, and in its
praise we'll sing,
Bright hope is dawning from above, rich blessings
from it spring.

44.

TUNE—*What Fairy like music.*

What fairy like music steals over the sea,
Entrancing the senses with charmed melody?
'Tis the sweet song of temp'rance that floats o'er the
Inviting Inebriates to join in the strain! [main,

Oh! come, gentle brother, we are waiting for thee,
Come, throw off the yoke, and resolve to be free,
And make glad the heart of thy mother once more,
Who hath long wept in silence, thy loss to deplore.

Oh! come to thy sister, you'll find her the same,
Although you have caused her much anguish and
shame;

Oh! come, take the pledge, and resolve to be wise,
While songs of devotion, ascend to the skies.

What fairy like music steals over the sea,
Entrancing the senses with charmed melody?
'Tis the sweet song of temp'rance that floats on the
Inviting all classes its comforts to share. [air,

45.

TUNE--*Love Not.*

Drink not, drink not, "ye hapless sons of clay!"

'The brightest smiles it turns to sorrows tears,

It breaks love's strongest tie, and steals away

'The hopes and prospects of our future years.

'The hopes, &c.

Drink not, drink not.

Yield not, yield not, though friends invite to drink;

Such friendship proves untrue, and leads to death.

Firmly resist the cup, and from it shrink,

'Twill cause you sorrow, and destroy your health.

'Twill cause, &c.

Yield not, yield not.

Touch not, touch not, "the poison'd cup again,"

The rosy lip 'twill change to paler hue,

The kindly beaming eye make cold and dim,

The heart make cruel, and to friends untrue.

The heart, &c.

Touch not, touch not.

46.

TUNE—*Maltese Boatman's Song.*

Come, brothers, come, join our noble band,
 Drive intemp'rance from the land;
 Long under bondage you have lain,
 Burst asunder now the chain. [a ray,
 Then haste, come and sign, while of hope there's
 Remember, there's danger each moment you stay:
 Then sign, and when all danger's gone,
 How sweet will be your welcome home,
 Home, home, home, how sweet your welcome home,
 Sweet, oh sweet will be your welcome home.
 Welcome home! welcome home! welcome home!

See how your old companions die,
 Soon with them you too may lie;
 Friendship and love now loudly call,
 Burst from alcohol's dread thrall.
 Then haste, come and sign, &c.

47.

TUNE—*Switzer's Song of Home.*

Where, oh where thou worse than demon,
 Where are all the friends thou'st slain,
 Oh make me once again a freeman,
 Give me all I've lost again.

Give me back my gentle mother;
 No! to me she ne'er will come,
 Give me my sister and my brother,
 Give, oh give me back my home.

Thou hast stolen every treasure,
 Robbed me of my dearest friends;
 Too long hast o'er me ruled with pleasure,
 Now thy power ever ends.

Every joy and hope thou'st taken
Lonely o'er the earth I roam;
By friends and kindred all forsaken,
Fast I seek my silent home.

Still while life is yet remaining,
Thou thy power shalt ne'er resume,
For thou again thy might obtaining,
Would'st plunge me into endless doom.

48

TUNE—*God save the Queen.*

All hail the temp'rance cause,
With true teetotal laws,
Safest and best;
Long meritorious,
See it victorious,
In effects glorious,
Blessings and blest.

Thousands from drink abstain,
And with their health regain,
Domestic joys;
Home is all cheering now,
Wife so endearing now,
Children not fearing now,
Scanty supplies.

And though the sot may sneer,
We still would persevere,
Whoe'er oppose;
Drunkards refusing ale,
Brandy shops losing sale,
Tell us it must prevail,
Spite of its foes.

Hail then the temp'rance cause,
With its teetotal laws,
Join heart and hand :
Till inebriety,
With its impiety,
Yield to sobriety,
Throughout the land.

49.

TUNE—*Blushing Rose.*

The rose that shoots so gaily up,
To deck the flowing plain,
With blushes holds its little cup
To catch the genial rain;
And then it looks so fresh and fair,
Within its native bow'r,
That all delight to breathe the air,
And linger near the flow'r.

Let smiling fashion gaily sip
Her sparkling glass of wine,
I'd dash it quickly from my lip,
If such a glass were mine;
I'd think I heard the flow'ret speak,
"Oh! would ye like to see
A blush like mine bedeck your cheek!
Then come and drink with me."

The young full oft in drink resort
To boist'rous mirth and play,
I'd ne'er consent to join a sport
That takes my sense away.

But think I heard the flow'ret call,
" O would you always be
Admired and loved, and sought by all ?
Then drink the stream like me.

When drunkard's breathe their latest breath
Forgot or loathed they lie ;
O ! such a death is not the death
That I should like to die ;
But let my drink, like flow'rets gay,
The crystal waters be,
That when I die, sweet mem'ry may
Delight to dwell on me.

50.

TUNE—*Maltese Boatman's Song.*

On, brothers, on, with your noble band,
Drive intemp'rance from our land ;
Long under bondage has she lain ;
Burst asunder now the chain !
Then haste to the rescue, no longer delay,
Remember ! there's danger each moment you stay.
Yes, haste, and when all danger's gone,
How sweet will be your welcome home !
Home, home, home, how sweet your welcome home !
Sweet, O sweet will be your welcome home !
Welcome home ! welcome home ! welcome home !

On, brothers, on, till our land is free
From this fatal enemy ;
Yes, onward still, still onward go,
Fast before you flies this foe.
Then haste to the rescue, &c.

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

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

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

'Tis not that you, or I, my friend,
Would e'er exceed her line;
But fundamental truths, we know,
Example must combine.

To aid a great, a giant cause,
More worth than seas of wine !
Then let us stand, join heart and hand
'Gainst customs of "lang syne."

'Tis right the heart should cherish still
Some customs of "lang syne,"
But never let them supersede
A cause almost divine !
A cause inspiring hopes, my friend,
We never must resign ;
Nor let it fail, or cringe, or quail,
To customs of "lang syne."

52.

TUNE—*Some love to roam.*

Some love strong rum, or the ale's white foam,
When it gushes forth so free ;
And for right good cheer, some tipple beer,
But the limpid stream for me.
To the forest shade or the mountain glade,
So cheerily forth I go,
To drink my fill at the gurgling rill,
When the sun is sinking low.

In the stream I dip my glowing lip,
And the cooling draughts pour in ;
I ask no spring of brandy sling,
Or toddy made of gin—
For what nature gave, I only crave,
The font that gurgles free ;
The greenwood tree, a cooling breeze,
And a limpid stream for me.

Say not, that woman's *voice*
Must stay its silvery note,
While the far hills and vales rejoice,
And on each breeze doth float.
Glad tidings, from the field,
Where Temperance armies stand,
Against king Alcohol to wield
The sword with fearless hand!

Let woman, *too*, rejoice,
To see the foe recede;
And let *her*, in the "still small voice,"
The cause of Temperance plead:
And while the thunder-tone
Of eloquence is stirred,
Her whispered warning God may own—
His voice through *her's* be heard.

Say not, that woman's *heart*
Its fulness must contain,
Nor from Compassion's fount impart
To other hearts again:
For, since her sex hath shared
The evils of the foe,
Let not her sympathy be spared,
Where yet is felt his blow.

Say not, that woman's *hand*
For Temperance hath no power—
That she must meek *spectator* stand,
In Reformation's hour;

Behold in garments made,
What woman *now* hath wrought !
How is the inebriate's home arrayed
In comforts *she* hath brought !

See how the gentle band
Of sisters, *onward* move—
How in one cause, have heart and hand
United works with love !
Go on—do what ye *can* ;
And as by Eden's laws,
Woman must be "help meet for man,"
So, in the Temperance cause.

54.

TUNE—*Life on the Ocean Wave.*

There's light on the drunkard's mind !
There's hope in the drunkard's heart !
For the pledge he now has signed,
And he feels his life-pulse start !
Like an eagle bound—his soul
For sweet freedom long hath pined ;
Cut loose—he now seeks the goal,
And leaves all his chains behind.
There's light on the drunkard's mind, &c.

Once more by his side, his wife
And his smiling children stand !
Hurrah ! how bright now is life !
And friends how they grasp his hand !
And mark with what sweet surprise
The thousands throughout our land,
Of the great, the good, the wise,
Around that pledged one stand.
There's light on the drunkard's mind, &c.

Let Fashion still on him frown,
Or Avarice seek his gold;
The accursing thirst must down,
Before the humane and bold.
No more with the poison-spell
Will he craze his fevered brain;
For he knows its slavery well,
And values aright his gain.
There's light on the drunkard's mind, &c.

Then gather around the pledge;
There's might in its simple spell,
For the war it loves to wage
To a victory shall swell.
Yes, the living, hopeless death
Soon before its life must flee,
And the captives draw the breath
Of peace and of liberty.
There's light on the drunkard's mind, &c.

55.

TUNE—*Home, Sweet Home.*

Mid scenes of confusion, from morning till eve,
With no heart to pity, no hand to relieve,
The drunkard abandoned, was once left to roam,
His family neglected, deserted his home.
Home, home—sweet, sweet home,
Oh, what drunkard's dwelling was ever a home.
Oh, sad was the heart of his grief-stricken wife,
Whom he vowed at the altar to cherish through life;
His children, once fondled 'neath heaven's wide dome,
Roamed, hungry and naked, unknowing a home.
Home, Home—sweet, sweet home, &c.

For drear was their dwelling, unsheltered from cold,
There Boreas uncheck'd, nightly revels did hold;
The hearts of its inmates were saddened and lone,
When Hope came once more to brighten their home.

Home, home—sweet, sweet home—
Even Hope, fondly cherished, can sweeten our home.

A band of *true freemen* did proudly arise,
And scales of delusion quick tore from their eyes;
Now sobered, to them soon fair Plenty did come,
And Virtue and Peace again sweet made their home.

Home, home—sweet, sweet home—
Peace, plenty and joy can make *any* place, home.

56.

TUNE—*Tyrolase Song of Liberty.*

Merrily every bosom boundeth,
Merrily O! merrily O!
Where the song of temperance soundeth,
Merrily O! merrily O!
There the hours fly,
Without measure;
There each maiden's eye
Shines with pleasure—
Every joy the place surroundeth,
Merrily O! merrily O!

Wearily every bosom sigheth,
Wearily O! wearily O!
Where Intemperance's victim lieth,
Wearily O! wearily O!
There the hours creep,
Without gladness;

There the maidens weep
Tears of sadness—
Every joy and pleasure flieth,
Wearily O! wearily O!

Cheerily then from hill and valley,
Cheerily O! cheerily O!
Like your native fountains, rally,
Cheerily O! cheerily O!
Nerve each manly arm,
With each brave heart;
Bring each maiden's charm,
Bear all a part—
Round the flag of temperance rally,
Cheerily O! cheerily O!

57.

TUNE—*Away the Bowl.*

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

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

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

58.

TUNE—*The Last Link is broken.*

The last tie is severed
 That bound me to thee,
And the pledge I have taken
 Has rendered me *free*.

Thy smiles so deceitful,
 May *others* beguile,
But *never again*,
 Shalt thou *my* lips defile.

I have bowed at thy shrine,
 But that error is o'er;
I have tasted thy *fruits*,
 And now prize thee *no more*.

Thou hast *mocked* me, thou "*mock*er,"
 I think of thee yet,
And thy *stings* I shall never,
 No, *never forget*.

My Mary's heart is broken,
 Once buoyant and free,
And the cause of her grief
 Lies embosomed in thee.

The pledge of our love
Is now with her above,
Where the weary find rest,
And their souls dwell in love.

O, how hast thou tortured
Thou sad ones, now gone,
And bereaved me, and left me.
To sojourn alone !

I loved them, I loved them !
I think of them yet !
And shall ever lament them,
Till life's sun is set.

59.

TUNE—*The Bower of Prayer.*

Oh, pity me, lady, I'm hungry and cold ;
Should I all my sorrows to you now unfold, —
I'm sure your kind breast with compassion would flame
My father's a drunkard—but *I'm not to blame.*

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

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

Time was, when each morning around the fireside,
Our sire in the midst, like a saint would preside,
And kneel, and for blessings would call on God's name,
But now he's a drunkard—*can we be to blame ?*

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

60.

TUNE—*Gaily the Troubadour.*

Brightly has temperance dawned on this our land,
Spreading her radiance on every hand;
Kind were her beauteous rays, chasing our fears;
Temperance, temperance, give her three cheers!

Richly she brought us, too, tidings of peace;
Giving the heart of woe, joyful release.
Message of gladness she brought to our ears;
Temperance, temperance, give her three cheers!

Food with her visits comes, cheering the soul;
Bringing our needy homes bread to the full.
She wipes with Mercy's hand, Want's briny tears;
Temperance, temperance, give her three cheers!

Raiment of goodly store, where'er she goes,
She on the tattered poor, freely bestows;
Banish, ye needy ones, all your dark cares;
Temperance, temperance, give her three cheers!

They whom the dramshop's swill turned out of door
She, with her magic skill, shelters once more,
Home, with its joys again, for them appears;
Temperance, temperance, give her three cheers!

61.

TUNE—*Scots wha hae.*

Who in fire his brains would lave ?
 Live a soul-degraded slave ?
 Who would fill a drunkard's grave ?
 Let him drink and die !

Who for temperance and her cause
 Signs her pledge and keeps her laws,
 Temperate lives, and temperate fa's ?
 Hither let him hie.

Now's the time, and now's the hour ;
 See advance our temperance power ;
 Soon before it vice shall cower,
 And despairing flee.

Temperance now your tyrant braves !
 See her banner proudly waves !
 Sign her pledge ! she frees and saves
 The soul from misery.

By the blessings 'tending health,
 By the joys entailed on wealth,
 By your children, by yourself,
 Read it, and agree.

By the hopes to Christians given,
 By foul crime from mankind driven,
 By fear of hell, and faith in heaven,
 Sign it, and be free.

62.

TUNE—*Carrier Dove.*

Fling abroad its folds to the cooling breeze,
 Let it float at the mast-head high ;
 And gather around, all hearts resolved
 To sustain it there or die.

An emblem of peace and hope to the world,
Unstained let it ever be;
And say to the world, as you raise it high,
Our flag is the flag of the free !

That banner proclaims to the listening earth,
That the reign of the tyrant is o'er,
The galling chains of the monster Rum
Shall enslave mankind no more ;
An emblem of hope to the poor and lost,
O, place it where all can see,
And say to the world where'er it waves,
Our flag is the flag of the free !

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

63.

TUNE—*Bonny Boat.*

O gaily speeds the Temperance Barge,
Along our rock-bound shores,
Nor heeds it now the stormy sea,
Or when the tempests roars ;
The waves that beat around her prow
No more her crew alarm—
Beneath her temperate banner pledge,
They safely rest from harm.

Then gaily speed the Temperance Barge,
A life-boat on the sea ;
We'll watch her foes and guard her friends,
Wherever they may be,
'Till all the world with joy shall share
The sweetest freedom known,
And all with one accord shall give
The praise to God alone.

Once on a hidden rock we lay,
A wild, despairing crew,
While round our heads the thunder roared,
And vivid lightnings flew ;
But now, a summer sky is seen,
Our drooping hearts to cheer,
And light and life around our way,
In brightening hues appear.
Then let's sing our songs with glee,
As on our Barge shall float,
To bear the tidings to each sea,
And every clime remote ;
We nail our banner to the mast,
In spite of cruel foes,
Nor strike our flag whate'er betide,
Or men or cause oppose.

For, all around us, far and wide,
A thousand barges see,
Like ours, a life-boat on the coast
Of human misery.
'Mid shouts that greet the listening ear,
Which grateful hearts can give,
Their crews like ours redeemed from sin,
In heavenly freedom live.

Oh ! let us join the gallant fleet,
That flies before the wind,
Nor linger in the noble race
'Till we are left behind ;
But oars and sails alike employ,
And cast our fears aside,
'Till in the haven of our rest,
We, safely anchored, ride.

And see ! on yonder headland shines,
To guide us from afar,
The long lost Pleiad of our race,
The gentle Temperance Star ;
No more her light from mortal ken,
Shall sink in dark despair,
But ever shall its seraph form
Shine on in radiance there.

Then gaily speed the Temperance Barge,
A life boat on the sea—
We'll watch her foes and guard her friends,
Wherever they may be ;
'Till all the world shall with us share
The sweetest freedom known,
And all with one accord shall give
The praise to God alone.

64.

TUNE—*Blue Eyed Mary.*

The temperance shout is ringing
In triumph through the air,
From every vale is bringing
The freed-man's grateful prayer ;
The distant mount re-echoes
The victors thrilling cry,
And sends the joyful anthem,
Up to the azure sky.

The cries of helpless orphans
Ring sadly on the ear,
The mothers bitter wailings
Demand the crystal tear;
The blood of friends departed
Calls loud on us to save
Our country from oppression—
Our brethren from the grave.

Then rouse ! ye sons of Brunswick,
No longer bend the knee,
Strike off the galling fetters,
And swear you will be free !
Come ! join the mighty army,
Whose banner's now unfurled,
And spread its conquering pinions,
Triumphant o'er the world.

65.

TUNE--*Gentle Zitella.*

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

Lend, gentle goddess, oh ! lend us thine aid ;
It is of ourselves we are afraid ;
Make us love water,
Thou saver of gains ;

Make us love water,
Thou cooler of brains.
The wish for perfection each bosom inspires;
Oh! make us whatever thy service requires.

Venders of Alcohol, ha! have a care:
Proffer no poisons; or, do, if ye dare!
Bring us a glass
From the purest of springs,
'Tis a Teetotaller
Himself who now sings!
Temperance, mild blessing! goddess serene,
Virtue's fair daughter, water's bright queen!

66.

TUNE—*The rose that all are praising.*

The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl
Is not the drink for me;
It kills his body and his soul;
How sad a sight is he!
But there's a drink which God hath given,
Distilling in the showers of heaven,
In measures large and free:
O, that's the drink for me,
O, that's the drink for me,
O, that's the drink for me.

The stream that many prize so high
Is not the stream for me;
For he who drinks it still is dry;
Forever dry he'll be.
But there's a stream so cool and clear,
The thirsty traveller lingers near;
Refreshed and glad is he!
O, that's the stream for me, &c.

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

67.

TUNE—*Auld lang syne.*

"'Tis but a drop," the father said,
And gave it to his son ;
But little did he think a work
Of death was then begun.
The "drop" that lured him when the babe
Scarce lisped his father's name,
Planted a fatal appetite
Deep in his infant frame.

"'Tis but a drop," the comrades cried,
In truant schoolboy tone ;
"It did not hurt us in our robes—
It will not now we're grown."
And so they drank the mixture up,
That reeling, youthful band ;
For each had learned to love the taste
From his own father's hand.

"'Tis but a drop—I need it now,"
The staggering drunkard said :
"It was my food in infancy---
My meat, and drink, and bread.

A drop—a drop—O let me have,
"Twill so refresh my soul!"
He took it—trembled—drank, and died,
Grasping the fatal bowl.

68.

TUNE—*The bright rosy morning.*

When bright rosy morning
Peeps over the hills,
With blushes adorning
The meadows and fields,
While the heavy, heavy, heavy sot,
In woe slinks away,
We wake from sweet slumbers,
And hail the new day.

Intemp'rance before us
Is ready to fly,
And quails at the chorus
We raise to the sky.
Then follow, follow, follow, follow
The Cold Water chase,
Where pleasure, and vigor,
And health, all embrace.

The day's work, when over,
Makes the blood circle right—
The cold water lover
Sweet rest finds at night.
Then let us, let us life enjoy
In this cold-water way,
And peace crown our night, boys,
As joy crowns our day.

69.

TUNE—*Scots wha hae.*

Ye whose health and wealth have fled !
 Ye who groan on sleepless bed,
 With fiery thirst, distracted head,
 And horror-stricken brain !---

See, the clouds of ruin lower !
 Now's the day, and now's the hour,
 To break the fell Destroyer's power---
 O, never taste again !

On the brink of ruin pause;
 Join our noble Temperance cause ;
 Bind yourselves by wholesome laws,
 And never taste again.

By the most endearing ties,
 By your famished children's cries,
 By your wives' heart-rending sighs,
 We charge you to abstain !

70.

TUNE—*Oft in the stilly night.*

March to the battle field ;
 The foe is now before us !
 Love is our sword and shield,
 And Heaven is smiling o'er us.
 The woes and pains,
 The galling chains.
 Of Rum that kept us under,
 In deep disdain
 We've broke in twain,
 And torn each link asunder
 March to the, &c.

Who, for his country, brave,
Joins not against th' Invader,
Who doth her sons enslave,
And ruin and degrade her?
Our hallowed cause,
By Kindness' laws,
'Gainst tyrant Rum sustaining,
We'll wear the crown
Of true renown,
And die the right maintaining.
March to the, &c.

71.

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 *O* beware!
Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Touch not the cup when the wine glistens bright;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup,
Though like the ruby it shines in the light,
Touch not the cup, touch it not.
The fangs of the serpent are hid in the bowl;
Deeply the poison will enter thy soul:
Soon will it plunge thee beyond thy control,
Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Touch not the cup, young man in thy pride ;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.
Hark to the warning of thousands who've died :
Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Go to their lonely and desolate tomb ;
Think of their death, of their sorrow and gloom ;
Think that perhaps thou may'st share in their doom !
Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Touch not the cup ; O drink not a drop ;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup ;
All that thou lovest entreat thee to stop :
Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Stop for the home that to thee is so near ;
Stop for thy friends that to thee are so dear,
Stop for thy country, the God that you fear !
Touch not the cup, touch it not.

72. TUNE—*Life on the ocean wave.*

A life of temperance,
And a home of peace and joy,
Where bounteous blessings dwell
And love without alloy !
Like a stricken bird I pined,
When the rosy wine did rule ;
An aching head was mine,
And reason never cool :
A life of temperance,
And a home of peace and joy,
Where bounteous blessings dwell,
And love without alloy :
And love, and love, and love without alloy ;
And love, and love, and love without alloy.

The nights in revelry,
And the days in foolishness,
Were always spent by me,
With no one near to bless;
My aching heart would throb,
My burning brain would reel,
My fevered hand would shake
Like the warrior's glistening steel:
A life of temperance, &c.

But now I've signed the pledge,
And meet with no reproof:
With blessings I am crowned,
Beneath this temperance roof;
Then give a glorious shout;
Let the bells be merrily rung;
The "Monster's" lease is out,
And his death-dirge we have sung:
A life of temperance, &c.

73. TUNE—*From Greenland's Icy Mountains.*

O'er Mexic's bounding billow—
O'er Plymouth's icy strand,
Where the pilgrim erst did pillow
His head on this our land---
Where Hudson's wave is flowing,
Where Alleghanies rise,
The temperance flag is flowing,
Beneath the smiling skies.

Where Erin's shamrock sparkles
Where England wears her rose—
And where the wild pine darkles
Above the Alpine snows—
In cot and princely dwelling,
Where'er the sun has beamed—
A thousand tongues are swelling
The song of the redeemed.

On lands so long benighted,
Where the inebriate hurled
His curses, till, affrighted,
Peace left a groaning world,
The star of temperance, beaming
From centre to the pole,
Shall, o'er our altars gleaming,
A sea of glory roll.

74. TUNE—*The morning light is breaking.*

A glorious day is breaking
Upon our sinful earth;
Our land to life is waking,
With shouts of joy and mirth:
Our army is preparing
To meet the rising sun,
On all its banners shewing
The work we have begun.

We meet to-day in gladness:
As moves our host along,
No note of painful sadness
Is mingled with our song.

This day, renowned in story,—
The day of Freedom's birth,—
We hail in all its glory;
We highly prize its worth.

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

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.

75.

TUNE—*Days of Absence.*

See yon feeble infant kneeling,
On a dark and gloomy mound;
Down his face the tears are trickling—
Why hath he such misery found?
Infant like, his hands toward Heaven
Seem upraised in silent prayer;
While his sobs, so deeply thrilling,
Echo sadly on the ear.

Why hath infancy such sorrow ?
Why so feeble, pale and wan ?
Alas ! poor child, the coming morrow
Reflects but wretchedness again.
Thou hadst friends that fondly loved thee,
Parents, kindred, all thine own ;
But, alas ! they all have left thee,
Sad, dispiritless, and lone.

Rum, that vile malignant poison,
Robbed thee of thy Mother dear ;
With a heart thrice broke with anguish,
She died, and left her darling here.
Thy father, too, a loathsome drunkard,
His wretched life at last gave up ;
Drinking in death the dregs unholy,
That linger in the Drunkard's Cup.

Yet wipe away thy tears, poor infant,
Thy mother looks from Heaven above ;
Her fondest prayers encircle round thee,
To shield the object of her love.
Avoid through life the wary tempter
That caused thy parents so much pain ;
And may, at last, the child and mother,
In Heaven's mansions meet again.

76.

TUNE—*Blue Eyed Mary.*

Arise ye sons of Temp'rance,
Join in the joyful strain,
The galling chains that bound us,
Shall bind us ne'er again ;

For He who rules the thunder,
God of the earth and sea,
Has broken them asunder,
And made his children free.

When we were most forsaken,
And plunged in anguish deep,
His voice bid us awaken
From our lethargic sleep ;
We heard the cry of warning,
Resounding through the land,
And Fashion's mandate scorning,
Joined in the Temp'rance band.

Then come, ye sons and daughters,
Come listen to our call,
And drink the cooling waters,
Which freely flow for all ;
Then pain and grief and sadness,
Shall flee far, far away,
And peace, and joy, and gladness,
Be yours from day to day.

77.

TUNE—*The Harp that once.*

Oh no, we cannot touch the bowl,
There's death in every sip ;
It sinks the mind—destroys the soul,
It ne'er shall press our lip.
Cold water is the drink we love,
Pure from the sparkling stream ;
This cooling draught revives our strength,
While homes with comfort gleam.

Let others boast the praise of wine,
And Alcohol so bold;
We sing in notes almost divine,
The praise of water cold.
Cold water is the drink we love,
Pure from the sparkling stream;
This precious gift unites our hearts
To home—where treasures gleam.

A band united now we stand,
Of fearless hearts and true;
To drive the poison from our land,
And all rum-sellers too.
Yes, all rum-sellers now must give,
Their barb'rous traffic o'er;
We pledge to chase this demon foe,
Far from our native shore.

78.

TUNE—*Tyrolese Shout of Liberty.*

Shout, shout, your voices rise,
The rocks and hills with echo ringing;
Shout aloud until the skies,
Send back their joyful sound.
Let every tongue, in every land,
Join in the joyful, happy sound,
While every happy temperance band,
Their tuneful notes prolong.
Shout, shout, for victory;
With cheerful hearts we now are singing.
Shout aloud, we now are free!
Let all the earth resound.

Now, no longer then shall our wives or mothers
 mourn,
Or widow's hearts be filled with woe;
 But now, returning to their happy home,
Yes, see the now reformed ones go.

Hail, hail, the glorious day,
When first the temperance banner waving,
 Hail, when the glorious lay
First struck the drunkard's ear.

 Then raise your banner to the breeze,
A beacon unto all the world;
 It brings the prisoner sweet release,
Where'er it is unfurled.

Hail, hail, the glorious day,
When first we signed the pledge of freedom;
 Now we join the glorious lay
Of temperance with a cheer.

 Come now let us celebrate with the dance and
 song,
The second day of our liberty,
 When first we broke the tyrant's cruel thong,
And joyful cry, we're free, we're free.

79.

TUNE—*What Fairy like music.*

What sound do we hear coming over the land;
The deep thrilling notes how triumphantly grand;
'Tis the Trumpet of Temp'rance that sounds with
 applause,
Inviting us all to come join in the cause.

The Trumpet is sounding its voice far and wide,
Its echoes are heard to the deep mountain side;
And in its rebounding it breaks o'er the plain,
And rolls off its music on the wide spreading main.

The Trumpet of Temp'rance it sounds through the
sky,
It sends forth the mandate that Alchy must Die;
Then in sounds of sweet music our voices will raise,
While God guides the Trumpet his goodness we'll
praise.

80.

TUNE—*Soldier's Tear.*

Come soldiers of the pledge,
And listen to the call
We make on you, good men and true,
To fight 'gainst Alcohol.
Then hoist the temp'rance flag,
And let it wave on high;
So all may see, that we are free,
And Alcohol defy.

Too long, beneath his sway,
We've groaned in anguish deep;
Now we'll unite, and in the fight,
The tyrant foe defeat.
Then hoist the temp'rance flag, &c.

The shield we wear is truth,
And justice is our sword;
Our flag's unfurled, throughout the world;
Our leader is the Lord.
Then hoist the temp'rance flag, &c.

We fight for aged dames
And hoary-headed sires;
And they shall be from sorrow free
When Alcohol expires.
Then hoist the temp'rance flag, &c.

For widows and for wives,
And little children too,
We onward go to meet the foe,
Their happiness in view.
Then hoist the temp'rance flag, &c.

And when the battle's o'er,
And victory is won,
We'll all rejoice, with heart and voice,
And lay our armor down.
Then hoist the temp'rance flag, &c.

81.

TUNE—*Hours there were.*

Brothers, I the pledge have taken,
Poor and wretched though I be :
If by former friends forsaken,
Yet I feel that I am free.
Broken are the chords which bound me ;
Severed is each iron chain ;
Brothers now are gath'ring round me ;
All is bright and fair again.

My heart with rapture now is beating,
Filled with new and strange delight ;
Dark despair is now retreating
Into everlasting night.

The star of hope is shining o'er me;
Clouds no longer round me play;
Sweet the prospect now before me;
All my cares have passed away.

Friends, be warned by my example;
Shun the tempter's fatal snare;
Else upon your heart he'll trample,
Leaving you in sad despair.
Fly, O fly, from sin and sorrow;
Dash the poisoned bowl away;
Put not off until to-morrow
That which you should do to-day.

82.

TUNE—*I would not live away.*

I will not drink away; no, ere I depart,
I'll dash the vile cup that has maddened my heart;
O'er the past may oblivion throw her dark pall,
And hope cheer me onward from Alcohol's thrall.

I will not drink away; the craving within,
Which fettered me closely to sorrow and sin,
No more shall enslave me; from bondage I'll flee,
And drain with thanksgiving the *cup* of the free.

I will not drink away; my children no more
Shall eat the cold morsel they craved from each door;
Their heart-broken mother no more shall despair,
But breathe with more fervor to heaven her prayer.

O, who would drink away the brain-maddening bowl,
Destruction and misery and death to the soul?
Who then will not pledge from this *monster* to flee,
And drink from the fountain that sparkles so free?

83.

TUNE—*Sweet Afton.*

O, water, pure water, how brightly it flows,
An emblem of virtue wherever it goes!
The cot and the hamlet, they too are supplied [side.
With the bright sparkling water that runs by their

O, water, pure water, thy praises we'll sing,
And tell of the beauties and comforts you bring;
That home where was misery, thou'st banished its
gloom,
And saved the fond father from the drunkard's sad
doom.

O water, pure water, thou bright crystal stream,
Flow on in thy channel; thy virtues are seen,
While thousands are praising thy fountain of life,
And echo thy goodness from morning till night.

O water, thou emblem of peace to the mind,
Thou'st caused those to see, who by habit were blind.
Then wend thy way onward; we'll conquer the world,
With the banner of temperance forever unfurled.

84.

TUNE—*Sparkling and Bright.*

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

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

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

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

85.

TUNE—*Bonny Doon.*

Swell, swell the strain ! ye caverns, fling,
Ye mountains, back respond the cry—
Forth from your rocky beds upspring,
Ye fountains, that in secret lie.
Ocean, make known the joyful tale,
By swelling wave of crested foam ;
Bear it, ye winds, through every vale
Where'er ye wayward wist to roam.

O, whisper it, ye stirring groves—
Forests, your topmost branches bend ;
Ye birds, that sweetly sing your loves,
Your melodies uniting lend.
Visions which to the dreamer come,
O, bring it to the wanderer's soul ;
When slumbering he revisits home,
Join it to memory's blest control.

Fate, by a sign do thou it bear
To climes, where sad is felt and known
The white man's curse, and dark despair—
The burning death he there hath shown.
Proclaim it loud through every land
That man's deliv'rance now is nigh;
Raise every voice and every hand
In prayer and praise to God on high.

86.

TUNE—*The Rose of Allandale.*

Stay, mortal, stay! nor heedless thus
Thy sure destruction seal;
Within that cup there lurks a curse,
Which all who drink shall feel:
Disease and death, forever nigh,
Stand ready at the door,
And eager wait to hear the cry,
O, give me "one glass more!"

Go, view the prison's gloomy cells,
Their pallid tenants scan!
Gaze, gaze upon those earthly hells,
And ask when they began;
Had these a tongue, O man, thy cheek
Would burn with crimson o'er;
Had these a tongue, they'd to thee speak—
O, take not "one glass more!"

Behold that wretched female form,
An outcast from her home,
Crushed in affliction's blighting storm,
And doomed in want to roam;

Behold her! ask that prattler dear
Why mother is so poor—
He'll whisper in thy startled ear,
'Twas father's "one glass more!"

Stay, mortal, stay! repent, return!
Reflect upon thy fate;
The poisonous draught indignant spurn,
Spurn, spurn it ere too late.
O, fly the alehouse horrid din,
Nor linger at the door,
Lest you perchance should sip again,
The treacherous "one glass more!"

87.

TUNE—*Long, long ago.*

Once I was happy and free as the air,
Long, long ago—long, long ago;
My heart beat with hope, a stranger to care,
Long, long ago—long ago.
My dreams were so sweet, and thoughts were so pure,
The syren Intemp'rance in vain did allure;
I thought that my footsteps were steadfast and sure,
Long, long ago—long ago.

How fair and how lovely the world did appear,
Long, long ago—long, long ago;
I dreamed not that sorrow or trouble was near,
Long, long ago—long ago.
But fashion allured, and led me astray;
Slowly, but surely, I wandered away;
My heart filled with anguish and bitter dismay,
Long, long ago—long ago.

'Twas fashion that filled my young heart with despair,
Long, long ago—long, long ago ;
And left me a victim to sorrow and care,
Long, long ago—long ago.
But now I'm resolved to turn from the bowl,
That once o'er my senses so cautiously stole,
Dark'ning my mind and enslaving my soul,
Long, long ago—long ago

88.

TUNE—*Home, Sweet Home.*

Through all our wild rambles in search after bliss,
Experience informs us there's no place like this ;
A charm for the soul seems to hallow this place,
And open our hearts to the whole human race.

This, yes, this, 'tis this, there's no place like this,
There's no place like this.

A brother who breaks from his festering chain,
And seeks for that freedom he scarce hopes to gain,
Kind friends and protection will find in this Hall,
And freedom of speech that's awarded to all.

This, yes, this, &c.

The slave of intemperance, tho' chained to the car,
As victors of old dragged their trophies of war,
If he would be free let him whisper our call ;
We'll tender the pledge, and his fetters will fall.

This, yes, this, &c.

To all we the hand of affection extend,
And hail every man as a brother and friend ;
The seal of our God on his forehead we trace,
And ask not his title, his seet or his race.

This, yes, this, &c.

Men, women and children, together we join,
To drive out the curse of rum, brandy, and wine;
Experience assures us that temp'rance is bliss,
Then come to her altar, there's no place like this.
This, yes, this, &c.

89.

TUNE--*Blue Eyed Mary.*

A beacon has been lighted,
Bright as the noonday sun;
On worlds of mind benighted
Its rays are pouring down.
Full many a shrine of error,
And many a deed of shame,
Dismayed has shrunk in terror
Before the lighted flame.

Victorious, on, victorious!
Proud beacon, onward haste,
Till floods of light all glorious
Illume the moral waste.

Intemperance has foundered;
The demon gasps for breath;
His rapid march is downward
To everlasting death.
Old age and youth, united,
His works have prostrate hurled;
And soon himself affrighted,
Shall hurry from this world.

Victorious, on, &c.

Bold temperance untiring,
Strikes at the monster's heart;
Beneath her blows expiring,
He dreads her well aimed dart.

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

90.

TUNE—*Will you go.*

A serpent lurks within the bowl,
Touch it not—touch it not ;
Its sting is poison to the soul,
Touch it not—touch it not.
Although it looks so bright and fair,
And such a golden tint doth wear,
Yet sorrow, pain, and death are there.
Touch it not—touch it not.

Old age it hurries to the tomb,
Touch it not—touch it not ;
From youth it steals the cheek's soft bloom,
Touch it not—touch it not.
To those in health it sickness brings,
It gorges up the wealth of kings,
And dooms to death whome'er it stings.
Touch it not—touch it not.

If you would shun the fatal snare,
Touch it not—touch it not,
That leads to madness and despair,
Touch it not—touch it not.
If you would burst the cords in twain
Which bind you like an iron chain,
Then never touch or taste again.
Touch it not—touch it not.

Then fly from the destroying fiend,
Touch it not—touch it not;
And from its influence be weaned,
Touch it not—touch it not.
And He who giveth length of days
To those who walk in wisdom's ways,
Will fill your hearts with love and praise,
Evermore—evermore.

91.

TUNE—*The Rose Tree.*

The cause we all are pleading,
Bless'd of Heaven, it cannot fail;
Triumphantly succeeding,
Yet cease not your ardent zeal,
For countless eyes are weeping,
Thousands strong delusions mourn,
While folly's wages reaping;
Then stretch forth the friendly hand.
The Eye that is all-seeing,
Prompting every righteous deed,
By thee thy brother freeing,
Can save e'en the hopeless one;
Then let not means be wanting,
Brothers, sisters, lend your aid;
What e'er is needful granting,
Heaven will pay the debt again.
And hearts that now are breaking
Sav'd by you from ruin's fangs,
To hope and joy awaking,
Will strew flowers in your path,
And fill your hearts with pleasure;
For love gains by all it gives
In God's own gen'rous measure;
Then trust him the faithful one.

Stay, Brother, stay! whither going so fast?

Danger is there! danger is there!

Ruin, which rides on the merciless blast,

Sweeps not so bare, not so bare.

Poison, they give, which corrupt and degrade,

Pitfalls and snares for the drunkard are laid.

Death and destruction to life is their trade.

O, then beware, O, beware.

Why let the bar with its man-demon slay?

Danger is there! danger is there!

Once fall a victim, what flood shall allay

Thirst like despair---like despair.

'Tis a disease which will prey on the form,

Gnaw like a serpent, and waste like a storm,

God's lovely image defile and deform,

O, then beware, O, beware.

Thousands you've heard of with once happy homes;

Where are they now? where are they now?

Millions you've heard of, who rushed to the tombs,

Weep, thinking how, thinking how.

Think of the fathers the foe has beguiled,

Think of the heart-broken mother and child,

Think of the homes made distracted and wild;

Then take the vow, take the vow.

Touch not the cup then, as long as you live;

Safety is there! safety is there!

Pleasures you sigh for, sweet Temp'rance can give;

Make her your care, her your care.

Come to her pledge, and enrolling your name,

Hail it the passport from ruin and shame,

To happiness, health, pure friendship, and fame.

Come, Brother dear, Brother dear.

There is joy in a thousand hearts,
That wept but yester eve ;
For the poison fiend departs,
And our friends no longer grieve.
The temperance pledge appears,
The manual seal is set ;
The hearts that sighed in tears
Will throb in their gladness yet.
Then shout for the thousand hearts,
That wept but yester eve ;
For the poison fiend departs,
And our friends no longer grieve.

The cup that we now cast by,
By a demon's hand was given ;
It is stained by tear and sigh,
Accursed by man and heaven.
Abroad, on land and sea,
Our joyful shout is borne,
And our fearful enemy
Is withered by our scorn.
Then shout for the thousand hearts, &c.

The bright millennium's near,
Which prophet lips foretold ;
Even now its dawn is here,
Calm, beautiful, and bold.
Up, up, in its morning ray,
Lift, lift our banner high ;
Benevolence guides the way.
And temperance be our cry.
Then shout for the thousand hearts, &c.

We war with a despot king,
Usurping nature's throne;
Down, down, the tyrant fling;
Let none his sceptre own.
Then wreaths for the temperates' brow,
More bright than shine in glen,
For the temperance maids bring now
Their pledge to the temperance men.
Then shout for the thousand hearts, &c.

94.

TUNE—*The Harp that once.*

Come, friends and brethren, all unite
In songs of hearty cheer;
Our cause speeds onward in its might;
Away with doubt and fear.
We give the pledge, we join the hand,
Resolved on Victory;
We are a bold, determined band;
We strike for Liberty.

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

Base avarice may tempt in vain!
We will not enter where
Dwell *Rum*, and *Misery*, and *Pain*,
And *Death* and deep *Despair*.
We give the pledge, we join the hand, &c.

The cup of death no more we take ;
That cup no more we give ;
It makes the head, the bosom ache :
Ah, who can drink and live ?
We give the pledge, we join the hand, &c.

Henceforth we one and all proclaim
Eternal war with Rum ;
This is our pledge, "*We drink no more.*"
Come, join us, Brothers, come.
We give the pledge, we join the hand, &c.

95. TUNE—*From Greenland's Icy Mountains.*

From the bright crystal fountain
That flows in beauty free
From shady hill and mountain
Fill high the cup for me !
Sing of the sparkling waters,
Sing of the cooling spring—
Let Brunswick's sons and daughters
Their joyous tribute bring.

'Twas the pure pledge in Eden,
Ere sorrow's notes were heard,
Ere our first mother, heeding
The subtle serpent's word,
Forgetting her Creator,
Plunged her long race in woe,
And caused o'er bounteous nature
The seeds of death to grow.

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

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

96.

TUNE—*Some love to roam.*

Some love to drink, from the goblet's brink,
The red and the rosy wine;
But give me the rill, from nature's still—
Its sparkling cup be mine.
The streams that flow from the mountain's brow,
The spring in the vale below,
At the crystal lake, our thirst we'll slake,
As cheerily on we go,
Yo! ho! yo! ho! &c.

The rock's rude side, where the streamlets glide,
Adown to the flow'ry dell—
The marble font, in the princely court
And the simple cottage well—

Have charms divine, which no sparkling wine
Can boast; for they cause no woe;
They give us health, they give us strength,
As cheerily on we go.
Yo! ho! yo! ho! &c.

97.

TUNE—*Blue Eyed Mary.*

Come let us shout with gladness,
The joyous notes prolong,
And banish far our sadness,
With strains of happy song:
Let temp'rance, sweet, sweet temp'rance
Be now our glorious theme,
It brings from vice deliv'rance,
From mis'ry can redeem.

Raise, raise aloud your voices,
Proclaiming we are free,
Till ev'ry heart rejoices
In temp'rance liberty.
Wives, mothers, sisters, ceasing
To shed their tears of woe,
Our numbers fast increasing
Strike terror to the foe.

Then spread, oh spread our banner,
Triumphant to the sky,
And let us sing hosanna!
In strains of melody:
Our cause is good and glorious—
Then join without delay—
And soon we'll be victorious,
O'er rum's unhallowed sway.

98.

TUNE—*Erin is my home.*

O leave the sparkling wine cup bright,
 From whence such evils grow;
 And seek the fountain of delight,
 Where health and vigour glow.
 The mad'ning wine-cup cannot soothe,
 Thy drooping spirits grief;
 Nor closer bind the ties of love,
 Or give thy soul relief.

Should fortune frown on thee through life,
 And man desert thee too;
 Cling not unto the cup for aid,
 But virtue's path pursue.
 Tho' dark the clouds around thee seem,
 Surely they'll pass away,
 And be as bright as when the beam
 Of morning breaks the day.

99.

TUNE—*O'er the waters gliding.*

O'er the world now spreading,
 Our cause pursues its way,
 Onward nobly gliding,
 And bringing back the stray.
 The temp'rance star shines o'er us
 And casts its gentle light,
 Upon the world before us,
 To guide our steps aright.

"Summer's breath is blowing,"
 How gentle is the gale;
 Pearly streams are flowing,
 Swift through the fertile vale.

All nature now rejoices,
While temp'rance moves along:
Then come unite your voices,
In the harmonious song.

Come with joy and gladness,
No longer quaff the bowl,
Come banish all your sadness,
The pledge can make you whole.
All opposition braving,
Our banners we've unfurl'd ;
On high they now are waving,
To save a ruin'd world.

100.

TUNE—*The Watcher.*

Once I was gay and cheerful,
The time hath long pass'd by ;
I now am pale and fearful,
And sorrow fills my eye :
With pleasure once I gazed,
On scenes both bright and fair,
My voice to Heav'n I raised
In thankfulness and prayer.

Within my lonely dwelling,
Now want and darkness reigns,
My heart its misery feeling,
Is bound in slavish chains.
The pledge alone can save me,
I feel it thus to be ;
Then hasten to relieve me,
From danger set me free.

The temp'rance star now shining,
I long to catch its ray ;
To drink no more inclining,
No longer run astray.
Then hasten to relieve me,
From danger set me free ;
The pledge alone can save me---
'Tis this can make me free.

101. TUNE—*Over the mountain wave.*

Our voices now we raise, come join our song,
Come join the temp'rance band, make it more strong,
What tho' the sparkling wine freely doth flow,
Hasten we to be free, onward we go.

No longer wandering, come join our song,
Come and join now our band, make it more strong.

Temp'rance we strive to spread throughout the land,
Come now and lend your aid, strengthen our hand,
What tho' the foe is strong, onward we go,
And with song, peal along, come strike the blow.
No longer wandering, &c.

Come forth ye young and brave, on you we call,
Come forth and strive to save from alcohol.
What tho' his pow'r is great, fear not the foe,
Soon his wrath must abate, come strike the blow.
No longer wandering, &c.

102. TUNE—*O dear is my Cottage.*

"O dear is my dwelling unclouded by sorrow,"
And sweet are the comforts that temp'rance doth give ;
Then nought from the cup of the inebriate I'll borrow,
While blest with the smile of the friends that I love.

The mirth and the gladness from temp'rance now
springing,

Unceasing delight and a blessing doth prove ;
Then talk not of those who take pleasure in drinking,
I've health and contentment, and temp'rance I love.

The birds rejoice and sing, the forest adorning,
"The murmuring streamlet runs clear thro' the vale ;
The primroses blow in the dew of the morning,
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale ;
But what can give pleasure ?" or to us can seem fair ?
If we still of drinking the poison approve ?
If we by intemp'rance our health do impair,
We banish the smile of contentment and love.

When morning awakes us from sleep so refreshing,
We cheerfully labour while health we enjoy ;
While temp'rance enhances each pleasure and blessing,
Come let us in praises our voices employ ;
While loudly re-echoes the sound from each dwelling,
"And harmony lingers amid the sweet grove,
O if there's a bliss such enjoyment excelling,"
It springs from contentment, from temp'rance and love.

103. TUNE—*Hail! thou merry month of May.*

"Hail! all hail! thou merry month of May ;"

Let us to the Temp'rance Hall away,
Among our friends and neighbours gay--

"Then away to hail the merry, merry May ;

The merry, merry May ;

Then away to hail the merry, merry month of May."

Hark! hark! hark! to hail the month of May,

How the songsters warble on each spray!

With temperance we're as blithe as they,

Then away to hail the merry, merry May,

The merry, merry May ;

Then away, &c.

Come, come, for 'tis the month of May,
In which the flowers so sweet and gay,
Invite us o'er the fields to stray ;
Then away to hail the merry, merry May ;
The merry, merry May ;
Then away, &c.

Hail ! all hail ! the happy, happy day,
When the "temp'rance star," the world shall sway,
And all beneath its gentle ray,
Shall away to hail the merry, merry May ;
The merry, merry May ;
Shall away, &c.

104.

TUNE--*Then you'll remember me.*

While others in that cup delight
Which causes so much woe ;
I still prefer the drink so bright
Kind nature doth bestow :
It leaves no sting, it leaves no smart,
Nor doth it cause me woe,
For blessings pure it doth impart.
And freely it doth flow.
Yes, freely it doth flow
Yes, freely flow.

Full oft the young in drink delight
That wastes the health they prize,
But there's a drink more pure and bright,
That sparkles in our eyes.
A drink that health and strength imparts ;
Which nature doth bestow,
It cheers and gladdens all our hearts,
So freely it doth flow, &c.

While others to the cup do cling,
And sorrow fills their hearts,
The songs of temp'rance I will sing,
It joy to me imparts.
It is a cause to me most dear,
Rich blessings from it flow;
The foe no longer now I fear,
My heart is free from woe.

There's not a fiend that stalks abroad,
So fatal to our peace;
Or one that causes so much wrath,
And robs us of our ease.
No more the liquid fire partake,
But from this tyrant flee:
At once the pois'nous cup forsake,
Resolving to be free.

Come aid the temp'rance cause to spread,
Throughout our native land,
The tyrants' pow'r no longer dread,
While join'd in heart and hand.
Ah! how I wish the pow'r was mine,
To seal the tyrants fate,
My utmost strength should then combine,
Against this foe so great.

106. TUNE—*Don't kill the Birds.*

Don't touch the cup, the pois'nous cup,
 There's danger where it flows ;
 The earth it makes a cheerless place :
 It causes many woes.
 We have a drink both pure and bright,
 Which health to us imparts :
 O come, and join with us to-night,
 Come, join with cheerful hearts.

Don't touch the cup, the pois'nous cup,
 For death from it doth flow ;
 'Twill fill your heart with misery,
 To all it causes woe ;
 The poisonous cup at once forsake,
 And with us come unite ;
 Kind nature doth a drink supply,
 In streams both pure and bright.

Don't touch the cup, the pois'nous cup,
 It robs us of our friends ;
 And those we love to look upon,
 It brings to fearful ends,
 O come and sign the pledge to-night,
 A blessing it will prove,
 Where temp'rance is there's happiness,
 It fills our hearts with love.

107. TUNE—*Hark! the Goddess Diana.*

Hark! the Trumpet of Temperance sounds out the alarm,
 The foe is o'erspreading the land;
 And thousands are falling, allured by his charms,
 The victims of his pow'rful band.

Then rouse from your slumbers, no longer delay ;
Let our land by the tyrant no longer be torn ;
The sound of the trumpet, come, quickly obey,
The huntsman is winding, is winding his horn.
The huntsman, &c.

To the demon Intemp'rance no longer give place,
No longer submit to his pow'r ;
But cast off his fetters, the pledge come embrace,
'Tis this that freedom can restore.
Then rouse, &c.

While our Banners are waving so gaily on high,
Our cause to spread let us unite :
To restore the Inebriate our efforts employ,
While to the pledge we all invite.
Then rouse, &c.

108.

TUNE—*The harp that once.*

Lift up the temperance banner high ;
Its numerous trophies show,
Of deathless spirits timely saved
From hell's undying woe.
Lift up the temperance banner high,
In market-place and street ;
Let its bright streamers nobly wave,
Where'er poor drunkards meet.

Lift up the temperance banner high,
In schools, where youth are taught ;
Until the minds of rising age
With its rich truths are fraught.
Lift up the temperance banner high,
In the house of prayer and praise ;
That all who own the Saviour's name,
May shun the drunkard's ways.

Lift up the temperance banner high,
In palace and in cot ;
'Till rich and poor and high and low,
With us cast in their lot.
Lift up the temperance banner high,
On every hill and shore ;
Until the drunkard's voice is heard
O'er this wide earth no more.

109. TUNE—*O swiftly glides the bonnie boat.*

The temperance flag is now afloat,
It waves o'er every shore ;
And loudly sounds our choral note,
While back the echoes roar.
With cheerful hearts thro' life we rove,
And passing thro' the throng,
Still onward in the cause we move,
Its praise shall be our song.
And while we strive with heart and hand,
Still onward may it speed ;
And may it spread o'er ev'ry land,
May all mankind be freed,
" Then happy prove our daily lot,"
From want and sorrow free ;
And may the pledge be ne'er forgot,
Wherever we may be.

" Shine on bright star of temp'rance shine,"
The poor inebriate guide ;
He then with joy the pledge will sign,
And cast his chains aside.

When guided by this star, we meet
Our friends with happy cheer;
And with a hearty welcome greet,
"All those we hold most dear."
"Come take the pledge and faithful be,
And may the plighted vow,
Be sacred held in after years,
And warmly breathed as now."
"Then happy prove our daily lot,"
Wherever we may be,
On sea, or land, or in our cot,
"Where all our treasures be."

110.

TUNE—*Rule Britannia.*

Hail temp'rance! bright celestial ray,
Thou herald of a cheering day!
Thou herald, herald of a cheering day.
Soon may thy glory throughout our land be spread,
And all be by thy influence led.

CHORUS,—Hail! hail temp'rance!
Thou bright celestial ray,
Herald of a cheering day.

May Brunswick's sons thy chaplet wear;
Her daughters in the triumph share;
Her daughters, daughters in the triumph share.
May dire intemp'rance, and all her wretched train,
Be vanquished ne'er to live again.

CHORUS,—Hail! hail temp'rance!
Thou bright, celestial ray,
Herald of a cheering day.

Then Brunswick from the demon free,
Shall stand in glorious liberty :
Shall stand, shall stand in glorious liberty :
Her happy sons, with cheerfulness shall toil,
The freemen of a hallowed soil.

CHORUS,—Hail, hail, temp'rance !
Thou bright celestial ray,
Herald of a cheering day.

111. TUNE—*Come rest in this bosom.*

Go forth friends of temp'rance and still persevere,
Sure success will attend you, go forward with cheer ;
As onward ye go, may your numbers increase,
While with heart and with hand, ye spread temp'rance
and peace.

Go forth with your banners and wave them on high,
Intemp'rance before you will speedily fly ;
With truth, and with love, the foul tyrant o'erthrow,
Spreading temp'rance and peace as still onward ye go.

For temp'rance still pleading, let this be your aim,
Through joy and through sorrow, thro' glory and shame ;
To save poor inebriates your labours increase,
While with heart and with hand, ye spread temp'rance
and peace.

112. TUNE—*Jessie, the Flower of Dumblaine.*

The sun has gone down o'er the tow'ring high mountain,
" And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,"
While lonely I stray in the calm summer evening,
And think of the blessings that temp'rance doth bring.

How sweet are the comforts that from it are flowing,
And cheerful the hearts that do firm to it cling;
Far sweeter and purer the streamlet so glowing,
Than are all the *pleasures* intemp'rance can bring.
Far sweeter, &c.

How oft have I tho't till intemp'rance I banish'd,
The pledge and the banner seem'd foolish and vain;
But since I have freedom, such notions have vanish'd,
And purer enjoyment from temp'rance I gain.
Tho' some in their mansions are living in splendour,
"Amidst its profusion they languish in pain,"
I reckon as nothing all honour and grandeur,
If temp'rance is wanting all else is in vain.
I reckon as nothing, &c.

113.

TUNE—*Dear Land of my birth.*

How blest is the dwelling where temp'rance doth reign,
And how happy the inmates, its joys to obtain;
It causes no sorrow, it causes no woe,
For pure are the blessings that from it do flow.
Then let us our labours with pleasure increase,
While forward we go spreading temp'rance and peace,
While forward, &c.

How broken the slumbers of those who partake,
Of the cup that inflames, and so many hearts break;
How fearful their dreams and how short their repose,
Their eyelids in sleep, they scarce ever do close:
Their friends in sorrow and sadness mourn o'er them,
To temp'rance and health they feign would restore them.
To temp'rance, &c.

The cup of th' inebriate, come quickly forsake,
Of the drink that doth poison no longer partake;
Be free from the tyrant, forsake now his train,
Come cast off his fetters your freedom obtain.
Come lend us your aid to drive out this great foe,
And spread temp'rance and peace as onward we go.
And spread, &c.

114.

TUNE—*Come rest in this bosom.*

Awake from thy slumbers inebriate awake,
Draw near to the fountain and with us partake
Of pleasures inviting, so sweet, so divine,
O come to the fountain and peace shall be thine.

Inebriate, O fear not, 'tis friends that invite,
From our hearts we implore you come forward to-night;
O come take the pledge now and leave the bright wine,
O come to the fountain and joy shall be thine.

O listen most wretched of beings on earth,
O banish the poison, and join in our mirth;
In sorrow or pleasure, O ne'er touch the wine,
But come to the fountain and all shall be thine.

115.

TUNE--*When the day with rosy light.*

[Altered from the original.]

"When the day with rosy light,
In the morning glad appears;
And the dusky shades of night,
Melt away in dewy tears."
We spring up from healthful sleep,
"Upon the sunny hills to roam,"
Or gliding down the mountain steep,
To see the brook's white foam.

"Oh! 'tis sweet at early day,
To climb the mountains rocky steep,"
And see the brook cast forth its spray,
While rushing on towards the deep.
How refreshing are the streams,
Which doth from nature freely flow;
They ne'er disturb us in our dreams,
Nor do they cause us woe.

From the brook so bright and pure,
Your thirst you may with pleasure slake ;
Nor fear the pains that those endure,
Who of the pois'nous cup partake.
Water pure doth health impart,
It cheers the trav'ler on his way ;
'Tis water gives both life and heart,
To flow'rs so sweet and gay.

116.

TUNE—Fresh and strong.

Fresh and strong the temp'rance army,
March through life's uneven tide ;
High their banner proudly waving,
Spreading blessings on each side.
Many hearts with gladness filling,
Chasing sorrow from each breast ;
Doubts and fears now fast dispelling,
Hast'ning to relieve th' oppress'd.

On us now, the work depending,
Loudly calls us to arise ;
What though numbers still contending !
Blessings reach us from the skies.
For the cause of temp'rance pleading,
Forward let us daily go ;
May our efforts fast succeeding,
Soon from earth expel the foe.

'Till from earth the foe is driven,
Let our efforts all unite ;
Humbly seeking aid from Heaven,
While we to the pledge invite.

Come inebriates, come and join us,
Come and in the cause engage ;
Come with heart and hand to aid us,
Come and quickly sign the pledge.

117.

TUNE—*The dream is past.*

The time is past, and long has fled,
Since I with drink my passion fed ;
And wand'ring forth, I knew no shame,
Led on by that which did inflame.
Full oft in sadness and in tears,
I've mourn'd for joys of other years,
For joys that once my heart did know,
While youthful days did o'er me flow.
“But cease my heart, thy throbbing hide,”
The cup long since I've dashed aside ;
The pledge I've signed, this is my stay,
No more the foe shall o'er me sway.

I oft-times grieve when none are near ;
For time mis-spent, the silent tear
Uncheck'd doth fall ; the smother'd sigh
Doth heave my breast when friends are nigh.
But since the cup I did forsake,
The joys of home I can partake,
And those that once I did despise,
My labour all their want supplies.
Then let me aid the cause to spread,
That freed me from a foe so dread,
My brother strive at once to save,
And keep him from th' Inebriate's grave.

118. *TUNE—Here we meet too soon to part.*

From Intemp'rance now depart,
From its pow'r at once be freed ;
Sign the pledge with hand and heart,
This will make you free indeed.
Come, and join with us this night,
From the fatal tyrant flee,
To the pledge we all invite ;
Sign it and you may be free.
From intemp'rance now depart,
From its pow'r at once be freed :
Sign the pledge with hand and heart ;
This will make you free indeed.

From the fatal cup now shrink :
Break the cruel tyrant's chain :
Quickly start from ruin's brink,—
Haste, your freedom to obtain.
Come, the pledge can make you free ;
Come at once and strike the blow ;
Sorrow then will from you flee,
Blessings will upon you flow.
From intemp'rance now depart,
From its pow'r at once be freed :
Sign the pledge with hand and heart ;
This will make you free indeed.

119. *TUNE—The last Rose of Summer.*

The wife of the inebriate her fate doth bemoan,
All her friends and companions have left her and gone ;
Not one of her kindred, no husband is nigh,
To receive her last wishes, "or give sigh for sigh."

But why left thus to linger, to perish alone ?
To the grave of the inebriate, her husband is gone !
Full oft she wept sadly, and mourn'd o'er her fate,
As she gazed on her children, low in the grave laid.

She now wishes to follow, no longer to stay,
All her friends have now left her, have gone far away;
All her hopes have wither'd, and from her have flown,
She no longer now wishes to linger alone.

Oh ! how many thus perish, thus go to the grave ;
By their friends they're forsaken, their husband a slave:
Then come let us labour, and strive to reclaim,
And bring back the inebriate from sorrow and shame

120.

TUNE—*Ship Ahoy.*

When by intemp'rance hurried on,
The poor inebriates, thoughtless run ;
O those who've felt it, know how sweet,
While wand'ring thus, a friend to meet !
While wand'ring, &c.
Quickly doth love beam from each eye,
Temperance ! temperance ! with joy they cry ;
The word repeat, nor longer fear,
Temperance ! temperance ! it brings good cheer :
The joyful sounds still nearer come ;
" Kind words are said of friends and home,"
Those soothing words remove all pain,
And cheerful we our homes regain.
And cheerful, &c.

While we through life pass gaily on,
And think of pleasure past and gone,
The temp'rance cause let us maintain,
And freedom for inebriates gain.
And freedom, &c.
Cheerfully join the joyful shout,
Temperance! temperance! cry out! cry out!
How quickly back the echo bounds,
Temperance! temperance! what cheering sounds.
Then firm let all their posts maintain,
And spread the cause o'er earth and main,
Nor cease till all mankind we see,
Are from the fatal tyrant free.
Are from, &c.

121.

TUNE—*The brave old oak.*

We sing to the cause, the cause we love,
May it reign in our bosoms long;
May health and renown, all our efforts crown,
And our army grow more strong.
Fear reigned in the land, 'till the temp'rance band
With the pledge the demon found out,
And did firmly unite, to restrain his might,
No longer we fear his shout.

Then sing to the cause, the cause we love,
May it in our hearts reign long;
And may we all be, happy and free,
And our army grow more strong.

Our banners we wave, to cheer and save
From the foe that hath ruled so long;
Let all now unite, in the glorious fight,
And our army make more strong.

Though some may look down, we heed not their
frown,
But from drinking we will abstain;
From intemp'rance be freed, with inebriates plead,
And true to our cause remain.
Then sing to the cause, &c.

We honour our Queen, her kindness we've seen,
May she reign o'er our nation long;
May wealth and renown, still her throne surround,
And her army grow more strong.
While we spread our cause, we'll obey her laws,
And her name we will proudly own;
While her flag gaily waves, o'er her seamen brave,
May she firmly hold her throne.
Then sing to the cause, may true British laws,
To us their protection give,
May health and renown, our efforts crown,
And our noble Queen long live.

122.

TUNE—*Hymn to the Madonna.*

While the cause of temp'rance pleading,
Let us raise our voices high,
While our songs we are repeating,
Loud the echo doth reply,—
Come inebriates come and join us,
From intemp'rance quickly flee,
Mis'ry it entail'd upon us,
'Till the pledge did make us free;
Hasten now, why yet delay?
Quickly come, our call obey.

Come and join to aid in spreading
Temp'rance over all the land ;
While thy brothers help are craving,
To relieve extend thy hand.
From the fatal tyrant free them,
Drive intemp'rance from the land ;
With the pledge still strive to save them,
Labour on with heart and hand ;
Hasten temp'rance now to spread,
Free them from the foe they dread.

123.

TUNE—*Glorious Appollo.*

Goddess of temp'rance wheresoc'er we roam,
Throughout our native land or far from home,
Still may prosperity all our steps attend,
Down to posterity, thy influence descend.
All then uniting, hearts and voices joining,
Strive we the cause to spread, with heart and
hand,
With heart and hand, with heart and hand,
With heart and hand, with heart and hand.

O'er ev'ry land may thy bright star soon shine,
May ev'ry one with heart and hand combine;
Then will prosperity all our steps attend,
And to posterity thy blessings will descend.
All then uniting, with heart and voices joining,
Strive we the cause to spread with heart and
hand,
With heart and hand, with heart and hand,
With heart and hand, with heart and hand.

124. TUNE—*Ye high-born Spanish Noblemen.*

Ye who for wealth and sordid gain,
The liquid fire supplies,
How little do you think upon,
The helpless orphans cries.
From this vile traffic now refrain,
No longer spread this woe ;
Let your gains, add no pains,
Free your hands from all stains,
'To the pledge add your names,
Then will blessings on you flow,
Then will, &c.

Come all ye poor inebriates,
The temp'rance pledge come sign ;
Forsake at once these pois'nous draughts,
Rum, brandy, beer and wine.
Come quickly rise and rally round
The temp'rance pledge so true,
Fear no shame, fear no blame,
While from drink ye abstain,
To the pledge add your name,
Then will blessings on you flow,
Then will, &c.

125. TUNE—*Minstrel's Return from the war.*

Come brethren engage in the war,
With hearts that are free as the air ;
The tyrant come banish afar,
No longer his pow'r ye need fear.
No longer, &c.

The struggle we ne'er will give over,
Our banners on high we will wave;
Till freed is the world from its pow'r,
Mankind is no longer its slave.
Then come in this contest engage,
Come haste to the aid of the needy;
From intemp'rance thy brother come save,
'Tis love that now calls us to duty.

With courage come enter the field,
The tyrant no longer now dread;
With truth and with love for your shield,
The blessings of temp'rance come spread.
The blessings, &c.
Intemp'rance then banish forever,
Resolving at once to be free;
Let nought ere the pledge from you sever,
Your guide and protector 'twill be.
Then come in this contest, &c.

126.

TUNE—*Onward.*

Onward, onward "Sons of Temperance,"
Raise your banner, wave it high;
Truth and love make your defence,
Onward, onward still your cry.
Bear it where the inebriate stranger
To its blessings runs astray;
Warn them of impending danger,
Bid them from it turn away.

'Tho' the stormy ocean thunders,
'Tho' the fierce winds wildly blow,
Cease not ye to spread its wonders,
As through life ye onward go.

O'er the earth with rapture spreading,
Thousands yielding to its sway ;
Chasing sorrow from each dwelling
As it speeds swift on its way.

Rudeness banish from each feature,
In the work united be ;
Strive to rescue ev'ry creature,
Break their chains and set them free.
" Onward ! haste to every nation,
Host on host your ranks supply,"
Onward ! fear not rank or station,
Yours is certain victory.

127. TUNE—*Oft in the still night.*

Oft at the twilight hour,
Ere slumbers chains have bound me,
Mem'ry with silent pow'r,
Brings childhoods friends around me ;
They seem to tread, the early dead,
A train so melancholy :
But oft I weep, for many sleep
In graves of drunken folly.
Oft at the twilight hour, &c.

Oh, I have thought of those
Whose youth was bright with gladness,
O'er whom at life's sad close,
Were wept no tears of sadness ;
They gaily laughed and blindly quaffed,
And thought not of the morrow,
Until alone, with none to mourn,
They closed their life of sorrow.
Oft at the twilight, &c.

128. TUNE—*Behold how brightly breaks the morning.*

Now haste ye friends while hope is dawning,
Leave the wine cup's ruddy glow;
Take affections kindly warning,
Turn ye from the path of woe.
Take heed, take heed, tho' bright the wine,
It leaves a deadly sting,
Away, away, the pledge now sign,
And join the songs we sing.
No songs so sweet, so sweet as those we sing,
No songs, &c.

O come, the voice of love be heeding,
Take the warning ere too late;
Woman's voice is warmly pleading,
Why not shun the drunkard's fate.
Take heed, &c.

Then join the host who now are fighting,
O'er whom the temp'rance banners wave;
And who to victory is lighting,
The star of hope to cheer the brave.
Take heed, &c.

129.

TUNE—*The Pilot.*

Intemp'rance is a fearful thing,
There's danger in its path;
It steals our comforts,—mis'ry brings,
The earth it fills with wrath.
Forsake the fatal cup, forsake,
Resolving to be free;
And firmly trust in Providence,
"Wherever thou may'st be."

When once within its fatal grasp,
A wretched, helpless form;
To 'scape again no easy task,
To battle such a storm.
Forsake, &c.

How many by its fatal sting,
Are hurried to the grave;
Then to the cup no longer cling,
No longer be its slave.
Forsake, &c.

130.

TUNE—*Here's a health.*

Let the joys of youth appearing,
Let the joys, &c. Let the joys, &c.
Let the smiles of beauty cheering,
Drive the curse of Rum away,
Drive the curse, &c. } Repeat.

Cheerful singing, lively measure,
Voices ringing, joy and pleasure,
Lengthen out the happy day. Lengthen, &c.
Cheerful singing, lively measure, } Repeat.
Voices ringing, joy and pleasure,
Lengthen out, &c. Lengthen out, &c.

Come, the glorious pledge be signing,
Come, the, &c. Come, the, &c.
Alcohol's foul play resigning,—
Come, resolving to be free.
Come, resolving, &c. } Repeat
Leave the tyrant, aye, forever,
Rum's curst bonds at once dissever—
Shout aloud for liberty. Shout, &c.
Cheerful singing, &c.

Banish every care and sorrow, Banish, &c. Banish, &c. Though to-day be dark to-morrow, Light will gild our path again. Light, &c. Raise your voices, sons and daughters, Earth rejoices, and the waters Echo back the happy strain. Echo back, &c. Cheerful singing, &c.	} Repeat
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131. TUNE—*Will you come to the Bower.*

Will you come sign the Pledge we now offer to you,
 And leave the bright Wine, and drink nothing but Dew;
 It may sparkle and shine as brightly it flows,
 But brighter the dew-drop that shines on the rose.
 Will you, will you, will you, will you, come sign the
 Will you, &c. [Pledge]

See the rill from the mountain joyously gleams,
 Like jewels that shine in the sun's bright beams :
 No wonder it dances with joy on its way ;
 'Twill surely find welcome where'er it may stray !
 Will you, &c.

O, who would drink wine, when nature has given
 A bev'rage that flows from the fountain of Heav'n ?
 The lily and rose from this fountain drink free ;
 Then away with your wines : bright water for me.
 Will you, &c.

Then touch not the wine-cup, tho' bright it may glow :
 A serpent lies hid in the dark depths below !
 Then cast it away,—bid farewell to the wine,
 And join in our ranks;—come forward and sign !
 Will you, &c.

132. TUNE—*'Tis said that absence conquers love.*

'Tis said that wine will cheer the heart,
But oh believe it not;
Touch not the cup, 'twill leave a smart,
Which cannot be forgot.
The wine cup as it passes round,
Is hailed with jovial cheer,
But soon alas is changed the sound—
The smile becomes a tear.

Too many hearts have felt the sting,
That lurks within the bowl;
And many hearts it yet will wring,
Who heed not its control.
But take the warning ere too late,
And leave that cup of woe,
And seek a better, happier fate,
Than wine can e'er bestow.

Nature has given in plenteous streams,
The bev'rage of the rose,
To drink the dew that on them gleams,
The flow'rs their leaves uncloze.
Then why should ye not drink the same,
And leave the ruby wine;
It will not rob thee of thy name,
Nor leave thy heart to pine.

133. TUNE—*Harvest Time.*

The temp'rance trump is sounding,
Our hearts with rapture bounding,
To catch the joyful sound. To catch, &c.

What glorious times are dawning,
The temp'rance star is shining,
Unclouded all around. Unclouded, &c.
The temp'rance star, the temp'rance star,
Still brighter may it shine.

While light is still advancing,
Through future ages glancing,
A pleasing sight obtains. A pleasing, &c.
For freedom is effected,
And drunkards long neglected,
Cast off their slavish chains, cast off, &c.
Cast off their chains, cast off their chains,
Cast off their slavish chains.

The temp'rance star still shining,
Inebriates now inclining,
From drinking to be free, from drinking, &c.
The temp'rance pledge are taking,
Their families happy making,
With pleasure now we see, with pleasure, &c.
With pleasure now, with pleasure now,
With pleasure now we see.

134.

TUNE—*In my Cottage.*

"In my cottage near the wood,"
Health and temp'rance doth combine ;
While I'm blest with ev'ry good,
Why should I to drink incline ?
What with temp'rance can compare ?
It the joy of life doth prove ;
Let not time my love impair,
Give me blessings from above.

Here "beneath my humble cot,
Tranquil peace and pleasures dwell,"
Why should I become a sot ?
Making home worse than a cell.
"Nature's wants are now supplied,
Food and raiment, house and fire;"
Then in drinking why take pride,
Why consume the liquid fire.

Temp'rance, thou dost happy make,
All that do thy precepts heed ;
If they do the cup forsake,
Sign the pledge, they then are freed.
Richer pleasures from thee flow,
Than from wine we can receive ;
Thou dost never cause us woe,
Blessings thou dost ever give.

135.

TUNE—*The old Oaken Bucket.*

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents to my view,
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
And ev'ry lov'd spot which my infancy knew.
The wide spreading pond and the mill which stood near it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket,
The moss covered bucket that hung in the well.

The moss cover'd bucket 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 dropping with coolness it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket, &c.

How sweet from the green mossy rim to receive it,
As pois'd on the curb it inclined to my lips ;
Not a full glowing 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 hung by the well.
The old oaken bucket, &c.

136.

TUNE—*Lutrow's wild Hunt.*

From vale and from mountain, from hill-top and glen,
What shouts through the air are rebounding;
And echo is sending the sounds back again,
And loud through the air they are sounding,
And loud through the air they are sounding.
And if you ask what those joyous strains,
'Tis the songs of bondmen now bursting their chains.

And who through our country is waging the fight,
What host from the battle is flying:
Our true hearted freemen maintain still the right,
The monster intemp'rance is dying,
The monster intemp'rance is dying.
And if you ask what you there behold,
'Tis the army of temp'rance, the free and the bold.

Too long has the monster triumphantly reign'd—
Too long in his chains has enslaved us;
To freedom awaking, no longer enchained,
The goddess of temp'rance has saved us,
The goddess of temp'rance has saved us.
And if you ask what has made us free,
'Tis the pledge that gave us our liberty,

137. TUNE—*Switzer's Song of Home.*

Why, O why, my heart this sadness !
Why, 'mid scenes like these repine ?
When those I love are filled with gladness,
Because I've left the sparkling wine.
Because, &c.

O ! I've injured those that loved me,
Bound by nature's dearest ties ;
The voice of " Father do not leave me,
O leave your cups—be wise, be wise."
O leave, &c.

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

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

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

138. TUNE—*Isle of beauty, Fare thee well.*
Shades of darkness fast are fleeing,
From our once benighted land,
Drunkards now their danger seeing,
Sign the pledge on every hand.
Joyful strains to Heav'n ascending,
Tell of vice's broken spell,
O'er the earth 'tis fast extending,
"Cup of mis'ry, fare thee well!"

The time has come when happy faces—
Eyes with rapture beaming bright—
In their long deserted places,
Smile and sparkle with delight,
Parents with their children round them
Now rejoice that "all is well,"
To the tyrant that hath bound them,
Say exulting "fare thee well!"

Long dissever'd friends are meeting,
Meeting, aye, to part no more;
Sisters, absent brothers greeting,
Now their truant course is o'er.
Night no longer gathers o'er us,
Temp'rance truths the mists dispel;
Hark! the happy, happy chorus,
"Cup of misery, fare thee well!"

139. TUNE--*Maltese Boatman's Song.*
Come, brothers, come, to the rescue come,
Cheerily now our cause goes on;
Hark! how the temp'rance warning clear,
Sweetly falls upon the ear.

Then come let us fight, 'till the battle is o'er,
And man shall yield to temptation no more.
Our strife and warfare being done,
How sweet the conq'ror's welcome home,
Home, home, home, the conq'ror's welcome home.
Sweet, O sweet the conq'ror's welcome home,
Welcome home, welcome home, welcome home.

Come, sisters, come to the rescue bring,
Warmed hopes on beauty's wing,
Come cheer us with your heavenly smiles;
Recompense for all our toils.
Then come let us fight, &c.

140. TUNE—*Bird of the Greenwood.*

Friend of my boyhood! oh touch not the bowl,
Death's hidden in it, death to thy soul;
Why 'mid the snares of intemperance stay,
Friend of my boyhood, away, away.

Midst the intemp'rate thy place should not be,
She whom thou lovest is waiting for thee;
Weeping at midnight for thee she does pray,
Friend of my boyhood, away, away.

Or art thou seeking the pleasures of life,
Thou wilt not find them in drinking and strife;
Midst the intemperate why then delay,
Friend of my boyhood, away, away.

Sorrow and mourning and death come fast,
A life filled with pleasure long will not last;
Thou canst not fly if much longer you stay,
Friend of my boyhood, oh then turn away.

141. TUNE—*Hours there were,—Go forget me.*

Father! who with sorrow bending,
Low beneath thy weight of woe,
And to heaven thy prayers are sending,
Prayers that none but Heaven can know:
Cease to weep! a brighter morning,
Promises a better day,
Hope on thee is sweetly dawning,
Go rejoicing on thy way.

Mother! hast thou lost a daughter,
Has thy loved one gone astray;
And forgot the lessons taught her
In her childhood's early day?
Cease to weep! kind hearts are yearning,
Now to heal thy lost one's pain;
See! perhaps she now is turning,
Haste to welcome her again.

Sister! does thine idol brother,
Clasp unto his heart the foe?
Child! hast thou a father, mother,
Plunging thee in boundless woe?
Cease to weep! though dark the hour,
Darker than the silent grave;
Soon will burst the clouds that lower,
Temp'rance will thy loved ones save.

142. TUNE—*A place in thy memory dearest.*

Oh come to the fountain of pleasures,
From sorrow now flee;
Earth has not amid all its treasures,
A gift so large and free.

Its virtues will ne'er deceive thee,
Nor rob thee of joy or home;
Of hope it will ne'er bereave thee,
Oh then to the fountain come.

The pleasures of wine are deceiving,
And bring nought but woe;
And they who trust in them believing,
Their mis'ry will know.
The present with joy may be shining,
With pleasures each moment be bright;
And round thee sweet flowers entwining,
But the future is dark as night.

Then burst from the chains that now hold thee,
Nor linger and stay,
And haste e'er the serpent enfold thee,
Oh hasten away.
We gladly will welcome you brothers,
From the paths where in sorrow you roam;
Come sisters and fathers and mothers,
Oh come to the fountain, come.

143.

TUNE—*Merry Swiss Boy.*

Come away, come away to the temp'rance hall,
Where the hours glide along merrily,
There cheerful hearts with pleasure glow,
And joyous still no sorrow know.
Will you come, will you come to the temp'rance hall,
Where the hours glide along merrily.

Come away, come away from the halls of mirth,
Where the sons of intemp'rance stay;
For though the red wine brightly flows,
It brings a train of deadly woes.
Will you come, will you come from the halls of mirth,
Where the sons of intemperance stay.

Come away, come away to thy wretched home,
To thy wife poor inebriate come;
She burns the midnight lamp for thee,
And sheds her tears of agony:
Will you come, will you come to thy wretched home,
To thy wife poor inebriate come.

144. TUNE—*In the days when we went gipsying.*

The temp'rance cause we dearly love,
We lov'd it long ago;
For we found out that it would give
Us wealth and honour too.
To youth it gives the cheeks soft bloom
With health it makes them glow;
It keeps us from th' inebriate's gloom,
It banishes all woe.
When friends invite us now to drink,
We always answer, no—
For we're resolved, long as we live,
For temperance to go. For we're, &c.

If you would shun the fatal snare,
The cause of so much woe;
Forsake the cup tho' bright and fair,
For death from it doth flow.
If you would burst the cord in twain,
That bound you long ago;

Then never touch or taste again,
The liquid fire of woe,
But, come and sign the temp'rance pledge,
O do not answer no;
And be resolved while life shall last,
For temperance to go. And be, &c.

O come and sign the temp'rance pledge,
And fear not to be seen,
While we unite with heart to sing,
"God save our gracious Queen."
"May she live long o'er us to reign,
And by her actions prove,
That she has gained her utmost wish,
Her people's lasting love."
And may we always happy be,
Quite free from want or woe;
For we're resolved, where'er we be,
For temperance to go. For we're, &c.

145.

TUNE—*My Mary is the sweetest rose.*

O temp'rance is the safest guide,
That ever found its way to fame;
It is the true teetotaller's pride—
For with it peace and plenty came.
Blest be the day that star arose,
That brought so many wanderer's back
From one of man's most deadly foes,
To travel in the temp'rance track.
Yes, temp'rance is the safest guide.

From her lone height she sings to those
Who now are lingering still behind,
That they may flee from many woes,
And also many pleasures find.
Shine on bright star of temp'rance, shine,
And happiness will greet us all ;
Then with great joy the bells we'll chime,
For the death of old king Alcohol.
Yes, temp'rance is the safest guide.

Under that banner let us fight
Against the fiery tyrant rum,
Till he is banished from our sight,
And we the victory have won.
And now let all with one accord
Assist us in the happy song ;
The Ladies' Banner is unfurl'd
To aid the temp'rance cause along.
Yes, temp'rance is the safest guide.

146. *TUNE—O'er the far blue mountain.*

From the halls of intemp'rance,
Where the red wine foams,
Come thou long parted one,
Back to thy home.
Where the bright fire shineth,
Sad looks thy place,
While the true heart pineth,
Missing thy face.
From the halls of intemp'rance, &c.

Music is sorrowful,
Since thou art gone,
Sisters are mourning thee,
Come to thine own;
Hark ! how lone voices
Call back to thy rest,
Come to thy father's hall,
Thy mother's breast.
From the halls of intemp'rance, &c.

Now we sit sorrowing,
We know thou art there,
Touch not the pois'nous draught,
Our comforts share ;
We no longer can leave thee
In sorrow to dwell,
Drink from the fountain,
Drink from the well.
From the halls of intemp'rance, &c.

147.

TUNE—*The guardian angel.*

From temp'rance rich blessings upon us do flow
And to spread it our labour we freely bestow, [shield,
With the pledge, and with truth, and with love for our
We go forth with our Banner and enter the field.
The foe we fear not, nor will we retreat,
For our hearts with compassion for drunkards do beat :
We now do watch o'er them, and strive to reclaim,
And free them from sadness, from sorrow and shame.
Yes, we will watch o'er them, &c.

Our hearts with compassion for drunkards doth flow,
While the foe that enslaves them we strive to o'erthrow,
And to free from this tyrant, again to restore
To their wonted enjoyment, exert all our pow'r.

Come aid us to spread, with heart and with hand,
The blessings of temp'rance throughout all our land;
Come save poor inebriates, come strive to reclaim,
And free them from sadness, from sorrow and shame.
Come save, &c.

How sound are our slumbers, how pleasant our dreams,
While the pledge, that blest star, still sheds o'er us its
beams,

It saves us from sorrow, our hearts fill with joy,
So rich are its blessings, so free from alloy.
Come let us then strive, with heart and with hand,
Its blessings to scatter, throughout all the land;
The helpless inebriate, come strive to reclaim,
And free him from sadness, from sorrow and shame.
The helpless, &c.

148. TUNE—*Oh! It is not while Riches.*

O, 'tis when free from drinking that comforts sur-
round us,

The pleasures of friendship we then enjoy best;
But when the foul tyrant in its chains hath bound us,
We find that our hearts are then put to the test;
For friends may fawn and fortune dawn,
"And the breeze and the tide waft us steadily on;"
Should intemp'rance o'ertake us, our health soon
forsakes us,
And friends will then leave us to struggle alone.

What though in the cup the red liquor looks glowing,
Still brighter and purer is water by far;
It cheers and it gladdens wherever 'tis flowing,
And nature supplies it as free as the air.
For youth 'tis good, it clears the blood,
While old age in good health it will longer preserve.
How it sparkles and glows as swiftly onward it flows;
For labour it cheers us, and strengthens each nerve.

149.

TUNE—*Blue Moselle.*

Come let our voices all unite
In one harmonious strain,
With words of kindness let's invite,
The inebriate to abstain.
Throw, throw aside the treacherous bowl,
'Tis dangerous to wait;
Be resolute, and free thy soul—
Seal, seal the demon's fate.

Sign, sign our pledge and you shall find,
Friends anxious to assist,
With out-stretched hands, and solace kind,
If you will now desist.
Help us to raise our banner high,
While now the path we ope—
Dispel the cloud that veils the sky,
And view the star of Hope.

150.

TUNE—*If thou wert by my side.*

At eve and morn I'll on it gaze.
That pledge of hope for me,
My voice shall ever sing its praise;
For it has made me free.
I'll keep it as a treasure, far
Above earth's jewels bright,
And prize it as a polar star,
To guide my steps aright.

I'll press it ever to my heart,
My best, my dearest friend;
From there it never shall depart
'Till life itself shall end.

That holy pledge had pow'r to save,
When almost in the tomb;
It saved me from a drunkard's grave,
And from a drunkard's doom.

I love that pledge, and none shall dare
To take it from my side;
In life 'twill ever be my care,
My hope, my joy and pride;
And on the ever blooming plains
Its praises I will ring,
In loud and sweet angelic strains,
The pledge, the pledge, I'll sing.

151.

TUNE—*Near the Lake.*

Haste ye to the temp'rance meeting,
Leave the bright wine;
Hearts and voices are entreating
The pledge come sign:
Friends and kindred all uniting,
Call on thee now;
Home and all its joys inviting,
Come sign the vow.

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

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

152.

TUNE—*Bonny Dson.*

Soon may the temp'rance banner wave
Triumphant over ev'ry land,
And may it many a drunkard save,
To join our ever happy band.
Unfurl'd forever let it be,
A guide to bring the drunkards in,
That they may all their errors see,
And now for temperance begin.

When on that banner we do gaze,
Viewing its beauties fair and bright—
While over us it proudly waves,
Remember we for freedom fight.
Then never let us yield to rum,
For now the flag of temp'rance waves,
But with renewed vigour come
And peace shall crown our future days.

And we shall find that ev'ry year,
Will tell of vict'ries most sublime—
That temperance her flag shall rear
Over the earth's remotest clime.

The temp'rance banner of the brave,
We now will ever hold most dear,
Its radiant folds shall proudly wave,
'Till closes time's expiring year.

153. TUNE—*The Light of other days.*

The joys of other days are faded,
And all my glory's pass'd ;
With grief I wander forth degraded,
For rum has bound me fast :
This world to me is full of sorrow,
My hope it soon decays,
When rum doth make me shake with horror,
I think of other days.

But still there's hope for one that's turning,
From rum's delusive sway,
When the fire of rum my brain is burning—
I think when I was gay.
To bring me back to former pleasure,
I've reformed my loathsome ways ;
The pledge I've sign'd—I hold a treasure,
And think of other days.

154. TUNE—*Over the mountain wave.*

The temp'rance army comes, fresh, bold and strong,
Firmly united see them move along ;
What tho' the sounding gale "howls to the sea,"
They with song peal along, happy and free ;
No longer wanderers, hither they come,
Happily they're now free, welcome them home.

Firmly they move along, stronger they grow,
Come now and join our band, fear not the foe ;
Come aid the cause to spread throughout the land,
And with song, peal along, heart joined with hand.
No longer wanderers, hither we come ;
Happily we're now free, hasten we home.

Come forth ye young and brave, why yet delay ?
Forsake the wine cup bright, haste ye away ;
Come forth and sign the pledge, come strike the blow,
Break the chain, freedom gain, flee from its woe.
No longer lingering, haste to be free,
And with song peal along, right merrily.

155.

TUNE—*Cracovian Maid.*

Away, away base alcohol,
No longer o'er me shalt thou rule,
For I have sign'd the temp'rance pledge,
And left thy fatal school.
No more shall I partake of thee,
Destruction from thee fast doth flow ;
While looking back thy work I see,
Thou art the cause of woe.
Thou art, &c.

While many from the temp'rance cause,
Do blessings rich and pure enjoy ;
All those who to the cup do cling
Their health and strength destroy.
O come forsake the fatal cup,
No more the pois'nous draught partake,
Resolve at once to give it up,
The pledge of temp'rance take.
The pledge, &c.

'Tis this can keep you truly freed,
From that which doth your health destroy;
Come then and sign, our call now heed,
Its blessings come enjoy.
The pois'nous cup far from you fling,
Its fatal sting will pierce your heart,
Come sign the pledge, and to it cling,
'T will joy to you impart.
'T will joy, &c.

156.

TUNE—*Hark! the Goddess Diana.*

Hark! the trumpet of temp'rance sounds loudly the
call,

Let us from slumber quickly rouse,
And with vigour go forth the tyrant must fall,
If firmly our cause we espouse.
Then rouse from your slumbers, to labour away,
The Lark gaily sings while awakens the morn,
The sound of the trumpet come quickly obey,
The huntsman is winding, is winding his horn.
The huntsman, &c.

While Intemp'rance is raging all over the land,
Let us in labour all unite;
And to save poor Inebriates, join with heart and hand,
While to the Pledge we do invite.
Then rouse from your slumbers, to labour away,
The Lark gaily sings while awakens the morn;
The sound of the trumpet come quickly obey,
The huntsman is winding, is winding his horn,
The huntsman, &c.

When the foe is expell'd, and driv'n off from our shore
Each heart with rapture will rebound;
And we then will enjoy all the blessings so pure,
That temp'rance bestows all around.
Then rouse from your slumbers, to labour away,
The Lark gaily sings while awakens the morn;
The sound of the trumpet come quickly obey,
The huntsman is winding, is winding his horn.
The huntsman, &c.

157. *Adapted to the chorus "Sweet the Hour."*
[Page 220, Boston Melodian.]

"Sweet the hour when freed from labour,"
Thus for temp'rance to convene;
Here we meet our friend and neighbour,
How delightful is the scene.
Smiling faces filled with gladness
From all care and sorrow free.
Free from woe, from want and sadness,
What a blessing thus to be.
What a blessing, what a blessing thus to be.
Sweet the hour, &c.

Here we strive to save inebriates,
Turn them from the Pois'nous Cup,
Warn them of the many dangers
That await them while they sup.
To the Pledge we now invite them,
This alone can make them free,
To our band we would unite them,
That its blessings they might see. [see.
That its blessings, that its blessings they might
Sweet the hour, &c.

158. TUNE—*Hail! thou merry month of May.*

Hail, all hail! the happy happy day,
When the temp'rance star the world shall sway,
And all mankind cheer'd by its ray,
Shall unite to hail the happy happy day,
 The happy happy day,
Then away to hail the happy happy happy day.

Hark! hark! hark! how sweetly and how gay,
Do "the Songsters warble on each spray,
And we will be as blithe as they,"
For the temp'rance star with gentle gentle sway
 Shall cheer us on our way.
Then away to hail the happy happy happy day.

Come, come, come, no longer now delay,
Quickly dash the Pois'nous Cup away,
With cheerfulness our call obey,
For the temp'rance star with gentle gentle ray,
 Will guide you on your way.
Then away to hail the happy happy happy day.

Come, come, come, thou happy happy day,
When the temp'rance star the world shall sway,
And all beneath its gentle ray
Shall unite to hail the happy happy day,
 The happy happy day.
Then away to hail the happy happy happy day.

159. TUNE—*Blue Bells of Scotland.*

Oh how, tell me how, does the cause of temp'rance speed?
Oh how, tell me how, does the cause of temp'rance speed?
The cause speeds well, and blessings rich from it doth
 now proceed,
And 'tis oh in my heart that I wish it may succeed.

Oh why, tell me why, do you love this cause so well ?
Oh why, tell me why, do you love this cause so well ?
We love this cause so well, for blessings rich from it doth
flow,

And 'tis oh in our hearts that pure love for it doth glow.

Oh how, tell me how, those rich blessings I may share ?
Oh how, tell me how, those rich blessings I may share ?
The Temp'rance Pledge you first must sign, the Pois'nous
Cup forsake, [partake.

And 'tis then in your heart, that these blessings you'll

Oh come, come with us, all ye that would now be freed,
Oh come, come with us, all ye that would now be freed,
Come forth and sign the Pledge, 'tis this can make you
free indeed, [rance plead.

And with heart and with voice for the cause of Temp'-

160.

TUNE—*Sparkling and bright.*

Sparkling with light is the water bright,

As it flows pure from the fountain ;

Clear in its stream as the rosy beam,

Of the sun that gilds the mountain.

Chorus—Then drink your fill of the grateful rill,

And leave the cup of sorrow ;

Tho' it shine to-night in its gleaming light,

'Twill sting thee on the morrow.

Sweet is each drop as it gushes up,

From the cool spring freely flowing ;

It will not stay, but goes its way,

Health, wealth and joy bestowing.

Then drink, &c.

Touch not the Wine, tho' it brightly shine ;

When nature to man has given,

A gift so sweet his wants to meet,

A bev'rage that flows from Heaven.

Then drink, &c.

161.

TUNE—*Blue Eyed Mary.*

I saw a little girl,
 With half uncover'd form,
 And wondered why she wander'd thus,
 Amid the winter storm :
 They said her mother drank,
 And drove her sense away ;
 And thus she let her children,
 In cold and hunger stray.

I saw them lead a man,
 To prison for his crime ;
 Where solitude and shame,
 And toil divide the time :
 And as they forced him thus,
 Unwillingly along,
 They told me 'twas intemp'rance
 That made him do the wrong.

I saw a woman weep,
 As if her heart would break,
 They said her husband drank,
 Of what he should not take.
 I saw a spot of earth,
 Where weeds and brambles wave,
 No tear had ever fall'n there,—
 It was the drunkard's grave.

162.

TUNE—*Mount Vernon.*

Dearest Brother, thou hast left us,
 Here thy loss we deeply feel,
 Yet 'tis God that hath bereft us,
 He can all our sorrows heal.

Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful, in the grave so low,
Thou no more will join our number,
Thou no more our songs will know.

Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then in heaven, with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

163.

TUNE—*God save the Queen.*

O may the temp'rance cause,
Supported by our Laws,
Prosper and spread;
May those in Power suppress
The crime of drunkenness,
Then shall our cause progress,
'Througout the land.

Soon may we see the day,
When there's no need to say,
Lend us thine aid;
When high and low shall sign,
The rich and poor combine,
And Crown and Mitre join—
The cause to spread.

May all assembled here,
Constantly persevere,
This cause to plead;
Unite with heart and hand,
And form a faithful band,
To save our favor'd land,—
May we succeed.

May Heaven protect our land,
Prosper our temp'rance band,
 For this we pray;
May our most gracious Queen,
Long o'er a Nation reign,
Who sing in sober strain,
 God save the Queen.

164.

TUNE—*God save the Queen.*

May Heaven's protecting hand,
Still guard the temperance band,
 And bless our cause.
May peace its pow'r extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And all our efforts tend,
 'To spread the cause.

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
 God save the Queen.
May she triumphantly,
Reign o'er a nation free,
Whose song shall ever be,
 God save the Queen.

PART II.

TEMPERANCE HYMNS.

1.

7's.

Forward let us daily go,
Not with step, or dull, or slow;
Forward with unwearied might,
Still diffusing temp'rance light.

Never, never look behind,
Still advance with steadfast mind,
'Till our warlike course is run,
And the meed of victory's won.

See! the foe is giving way,
Now's the time, no more delay;
Strike the blow,—hark! hark! the cry,—
At our feet the conquer'd lie.

2.

S. M.

Raise your triumphant songs,
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds,
The temp'rance cause has done.

Sing of the *drunkards* sav'd
By abstinence, from drink;
Sing of their union with the Lord,
Who stood on ruin's brink.

The hopeless are reclaim'd,
Strong drink is given up;
And those are sav'd who were enslaved,
By *moderation's* cup.
The drunkard now may hope,
Deliverance to find;
By abstinence, with faith in Him,
Who died for all mankind.

3.

C. M.

Behold the glorious banner's spread,
And let the trumpet's voice,
Declare to all the hills around,
Your blessings and your joys.

Let parents and their children join,
The chorus to increase;
And tell the world, where temp'rance reigns,
That family has peace.

Then let each bosom firmer be
By heavenly grace embued;
And let the sensual scorner see
The tempter's power subdued.

Ye ministers of Christ the Lord,
Be foremost in the throng;
Your aid and influence afford,
To make the feeble strong.

And ye who wander'd far astray,
In dark and hopeless ways,
But now are *found*, come join the song
Of gratitude and praise.

4.

6-8's.

Thou heavenly boon that forms the spring,
Thou priceless gem, of thee I sing,
While many drink the health each day,
In draughts which take their health away,
In water pure, this toast be mine,
"The temp'rance star long may it shine."

By reason led, the rising youth,
Will join the cause of love and truth;
The cause that stays domestic woe,
And bids unceasing comforts flow;
And they will drink, but not in wine,
"The temp'rance star, long may it shine."

How oft I hear the drinker say,
"This temp'rance scheme will soon decay;"
But know, thou slave to ale and wine,
Our glorious cause will ne'er decline;
For when this age is lost in night,
The temp'rance star will beam more bright.

5.

C. M.

The drunkard's home shall soon be sweet,
If he will but abstain;
With needful comforts all replete,
To soothe each minor pain.

The cheering wife and smiling child,
With cheeks of rosy hue,
And blue eyes beaming, fair and mild,
Shall youthful hope renew.

Oh, drunkard, poor deluded man,
Beguiled from virtue's way;
Thy callous heart, thy visage wan,
Thy hapless state betray.

Oh, come ere it shall be too late
To spring from sorrow's hold;
For thee the dearest blessings wait
In the abstainer's fold.

Come, poor drunkard, come away
From knawing woe and sin;
There is no time for thee to stay,
Haste, come, poor drunkard, in.

The drunkard's home shall soon be sweet,
When he himself is freed;
With zeal and love his heart shall beat—
He'll say, "I'm blest indeed."

6.

7's.

Long and gloomy was the night,
Hanging on our mental sight,
While intemp'rance dark and drear,
Fill'd with storms our atmosphere.

But behold, a star arise,
Brilliant in these northern skies,
Coming like redeeming power,
In the last despairing hour.

Ye who would your children save
From a drunkard's awful grave,
Point them to a prospect fair—
'Tis the temp'rance morning star.

Ye who would redeem a friend
On whom earthly hopes depend,
Sit not down in deep despair—
Hail the temperance morning star.

Onward speed thy radiant way,
Harbinger of dawning day!
Nations hail thee from afar—
Hail the temp'rance morning star.

Sun of Righteousness appear,
Fill the moral hemisphere—
On the scatt'ring shades of night
Pour a flood of heavenly light.

7.

Missionary Hymn.

Shall we whose souls are lighted,
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted,
The temp'rance light deny?
Tee-total! oh, tee-total!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till rocks and hills are vocal
With freedom's blessed name.

Waft, waft, ye winds the story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
'Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;

'Till every *drunkard's* ransom'd,
'Till *drinkers* all abstain;
'Till strong drink is abandon'd,
And Christ o'er all shall reign.

8.

8's-7's. & 4's.

God of love, whose boundless mercy,
Can alone a blessing give;
Help us now to seek thy favour,
That in thee our hopes may live;
Bless our meeting;
With success our labours crown.

Let our zeal be heaven-directed,
Fill with love each humble breast;
May our temp'rance be connected,
With the hope of future rest.
Bless our labours;
That the drunkard may be saved.

Help us now to warn the thoughtless,
Of the danger of strong drink;
Give thy blessing to abstainers,
Make the moderate drinker think
Of the millions,
Sinking to the drunkard's grave.

Let a Saviour's love constrain all
Who a Saviour's love profess;
That they may attempt to gain those,
Whom the Saviour died to bless;—
Hapless drunkards,
Ere they sink to rise no more.

9.

L. M.

We praise thee—if one rescued soul
While the past year prolonged its flight,
Turn'd shudd'ring from the pois'nous bowl,
To health, and liberty, and light.

We praise thee—if one clouded home,
Where broken hearts despairing pined,
Beheld the sire and husband come,
Erect and in his perfect mind.

No more a weeping wife to mock,
'Till all her hopes in anguish end—
No more the trembling mind to shock,
And sink the father in the fiend.

Still give us grace, Almighty King,
Unwavering at our posts to stand,
'Till grateful at thy shrine we bring,
The tribute of a ransom'd land :

Which from the pestilential chain
Of foul intemp'rance, gladly free,
Shall spread an annal, free from stain,
To all the nations and to Thee.

10.

C. M.

Behold! the trophies of our cause;
They furnish glorious proof,
That God himself designs to approve,
Though man may stand aloof.

What arm but an Almighty arm,
Could ever raise them up?
Or free the souls so much enslaved,
By the enticing cup!

The cause is God's and must go on,
Though earth and hell oppose;
It must, it will, it shall prevail,
In spite of all its foes!

11.

L. M.

Deep are the wounds *strong drink* has made,
Where shall the drunkard find a cure?
In vain is Moderation's aid,
The work exceeds its feeble power.

Drink like a raging fever reigns
With fatal strength in every part;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.

And can no remedy be found?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly?

There is a great physician near,
The dying drunkard yet may live!
The name of Jesus charms our ear,
And ABSTINENCE our hopes revive.

12.

L. M.

O hasten, *drunkard*, to be wise,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

O hasten *drunkard*, to return,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear the lamp should fail to burn,
Before the needful work is done.

O hasten *drunkard*, to be blest,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear the curse should thee arrest,
Before the morrow is begun.

Drinkers and Drunkards now abstain,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
Then true sobriety you'll gain,
Through Christ eternal life is won.

13.

7's.

Friends of Temp'rance ! onward go,
Fear not ye, to face the foe;
God and truth are on your side,
Needful strength will be supplied.

Warn the mod'rate to beware,
Lest they fall into a snare;
Bid them from temptation fly,
Touch not, taste not, lest they die.

Warn the Drunkard of his state,
Rouse him ere it be too late;
Tell him hope doth yet remain,
If he only will abstain.

Warn them all with feeling heart,
In this sin to take no part;
Warn them all this curse to shun,
Which hath multitudes undone.

14.

4-6's. & 2-8's.

Ye Sons of Temp'rance join,
And swell each solemn chord,
Your grateful notes combine
To magnify the Lord;
In lofty songs your voices raise,
The God of Temperance claims your praise!

From drunkenness and wo,
He saves us by his grace,
And teaches us to know
And seek his Heavenly face;
Come then, your hearts and voices raise,
And God—the God of Temp'rance praise!

The precious fruits he gives,
O may we ne'er abuse!
But through our future lives
To His own glory rise;
Then rise to Heav'n to sound his praise,
In sweeter strains and nobler lays!

15.

7's.

Let us join to praise the Lord
For the triumphs of his word :
For his gracious blessing given
To the little temp'rance leaven.

Mid the triumphs thus obtained,
Drunkards oft have been reclaimed ;
Men of passions fierce and wild,
Made as gentle as a child.

Men of habits mean and base,
By the power of Jesu's grace,
Through the temp'rance cause we see
Heirs of immortality.

In the heart that had within
Nothing but the fruits of sin,
Satan now is bound in chains,
Jesus now supremely reigns.

Thanks we give thee, gracious Lord,
For the triumphs of thy word ;
Let thy blessing still be given,
To the spreading temperance leaven.

16.

4's-6's. & 2-8's.

Ye lovers of mankind,
Your hearts and voices raise,
And in one spirit join'd
Present a song of praise
To Him, who spite of all its foes,
Has own'd and blest the temperance cause.

The drunkard is reclaim'd,
And in his proper mind;
The turbulent are tam'd,
And peaceably inclin'd.
And fell disease, with open jaws,
Has yielded to the temperance cause.

The children of the cot,
Who lately wanted bread;
And partner of the sot,
Are now well clothed and fed;
While from their dwelling want withdraws,
And plenty crowns the temperance cause.

Nor is it thus alone,
We its effects should trace,
No—higher joys are known—
The joys of gospel grace,
By many a soul, which now o'erflows,
With blessings on the temperance cause.

17.



L. M.

Lift up your hearts, and voices too,
To Him to whom the praise is due;
And let the glorious subject be
The triumphs of sobriety.

What has been done?—Delightful things
Beyond our best imaginings;
The Ethiop's white, the lion's tam'd—
And hoary drunkards are reclaim'd!

This is the great deliverance
Achiev'd by God, through temperance!
And can the Christian ever cease
To pray, and work for its increase!

Christians ! this very hour begin
To check our land's peculiar sin ;
And seek his pow'r, who can afford
The aid of an Almighty Lord !

18.

8's. & 7's.

Thousands now, intemperance dreading,
As the bane of health and peace ;
Better principles are spreading ;
See how temperance men increase !

Every where the work is gaining,
In this highly favour'd land ;
Drunkards now, from drink abstaining,
Spread the cause with heart and hand.

Now unnumber'd habitations,
Once the scene of want and woe,
Ring with psalms, divine orations :
O ! what joys from temperance flow.

Then let temperance ever flourish,
May it spread from shore to shore,
Drinking customs wholly perish,
England's curse defame no more !

19.

148th.

Pledg'd in a noble cause,
We here each other greet ;
And bound by temperance laws,
As friends and brothers meet,
To make a full determin'd stand
Against the foe that rules our land.

'Tis true the work is great ;
Our army is but small ;
The foe is potentate ;
But if united all
In close array, our little band
Shall chase intemperance from the land.

Then, onward let us move ;
Our cause is good and great ;
We'll put to flight the foe,
And renovate the state.
Nor for a moment quarter give ;
Resolv'd for this to work and live.

20.

L. M.

Onward's the animating sound,
From conquering to conquer go,
And let our trophies still abound,
Saving the drunkard from his woe.

We on no feeble arm rely,
Jehovah is our leader's name ;
Our armour Truth—our impulse high ;
Urg'd on by Love, not gold nor fame.

Onward ! still onward ! be the word ;
And soon the foe shall gasp in death ;
Nor slack the hand, nor sheath the sword,
Until intemperance yield its breath.

21.

8. 7. 4.

Rise and shine through every nation,
O thou temperance star divine!
Bless, O bless the whole creation;
Enter every heart and mine;
Rouse the Drunkards!
Teach them to be wise in time.

Guided by the great Jehovah;
Strengthen'd by his mighty hand,
Even drunkards are made sober;
See them travel through the land;
They shall prosper
Joined in one victorious band.

Who will come and join our standard?
Help to pull the strong-holds down?
Temperance men unite—come forward,
Then the victory is your own;
Endless glory!
Will your useful labours crown.

22.

L. M.

Arise, my tenderest thoughts arise,
To torrents melt my streaming eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguish beat,
While drunkards perish in the street.

See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandal poured on Jesu's name;
The laws of God are trampled on;
The world abus'd, and souls undone.

See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night ;
In flames that no abatement know,
Though briny tears forever flow.

My God, I shudder at the scene ;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men ;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the drunkard from the flame.

Lend, lend thy aid, O God of truth,
To save the aged and the youth ;
Thine own all-saving arm employ,
And turn this grief to richest joy.

23.

C. M.

O Thou from whom all gifts proceed,
A blessing now dispense ;
And give us, Lord, with power to plead,
The cause of temperance.

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

That self-denial may we show,
Which men of old enjoin'd ;
And every vain desire forego,
To benefit mankind.

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

24.

L. M.

Almighty Father, while we own,
Thy saving power, and thine alone,
We would attempt in thy great name,
The hapless drunkard to reclaim.

Disposed to every evil thought,
To vice and degradation brought,
Oh, be it our celestial aim,
The wretched drunkard to reclaim.

A nation's curse, a slave to sin,
Despis'd without, reproach'd within ;
Let none refuse, through fear or shame,
T' attempt the drunkard to reclaim.

Since unreclaim'd and unforgiven,
He never can inherit heaven ;
O help us, Lord, in thy great name,
The sinful drunkard to reclaim.

25.

7's-6's.

How long shall virtue languish,
How long shall folly reign ;
While many hearts with anguish
Are weeping o'er the plain ?

How long shall dissipation
Her deadly waters pour
Throughout this favour'd nation,
Her millions to devour ?

When shall the veil of blindness
Fall from the shrine of wealth,
Restoring human kindness,
And industry and health ?
When shall the charms so luring
Of bad example cease,
The end at once securing,
Of temperance and peace ?

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

26.

L. M.

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 spacious universe around.

His children's prayers he deigns to grant,
He stays the progress of the foe ;
And temperance like a cherish'd plant,
Beneath his fostering care shall grow.

27.

C. M.

Self punish'd here the drunkard is,
With woes on every hand,
Guilt, poverty, and dark despair
Dance round,—a ghastly band ?

Time lost and all his prospects gone,
His trembling hands and heart
Declare his constitution worn,
And he must soon depart.

The wings of hope no plumage bear,
Faith wounded shrinks away :
While charity dishearten'd flies
Where shines a brighter ray.

All language fails the curse to tell
Intemperance doth produce ;
Within the soul it makes a hell,
And turns its legions loose.

Sighs cannot half his grief express,
Nor yet the deepest groans,
When death assails his trembling breast,
When endless vengeance frowns.

28.

7's.

Who hath sorrows? who hath woes?
 Who hath babblings? who hath strife?
 Causeless wounds? and fancied woes?
 Redden'd eyes? embitter'd life?

They that tarry at the wine,
 They that love the feast and song,
 They that mingled drink 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 will it bite.

Wantons then will charm the eye,
 Things perverse thy heart disclose,
 On the billow shalt thou lie,
 At the mast-head seek repose.

"I was stricken," thou shalt say—
 Yet when beaten felt no pain—
 When shall wake the morning ray?
 —I will seek it yet again!"

29.

L. M.

How foolish he who counts it good,
 To make his soul a slave to food;
 Vile as the beast, whose spirit dies,
 And has no hope above the skies.

Can meats or choicest wines, procure
 Delights that ever shall endure?
 Was I not born above the swine?
 And shall I make their pleasures mine?

Am I not made for nobler things?
 Made to ascend on angel's wings;
 Shall my best powers be thus debas'd,
 And grieve my God to please my taste?

Lord, elevate my sensual mind,
And let my joys be more refin'd ;
Raise me to dwell among the blest,
There to enjoy eternal rest.

30.

148th.

God gave the gift to man ;
But man with fatal skill,
Insensate form'd the plan
To change the good for ill :
The poison tortur'd from the cane,
Like Sampson, hath it thousands slain.

God gave the golden grain
To hungry men for food ;
But, querulous and vain,
He spurn'd the proffer'd good ;
And Egypt's slothful sons, athirst,
Drew forth the drowsy beverage first.

God gave the clustering vine ;
Ingenious man perverse,
Exchang'd the boon for wine,
And wrought Canaan's curse.
The patriarch, who had safely past
The deluge, was o'erwhelm'd at last.

To earth the cup be hurl'd,
That holds an adder's sting ;
And let us pledge the world
With nectar from the spring ;
That hence, like Rechab's ancient line,
Though prophets urge, we drink no wine.

“Only this once,” the wine-cup glow’d
All sparkling with its ruby ray;
The bacchanalian welcome flow’d,
And folly made the revel gay.

Then he, so long, so deeply warn’d,
The sway of conscience rashly spurn’d;
His promise of repentance scorn’d,
And coward-like to vice return’d.

“Only this once;” the tale is told;
He wildly quaff’d the poisonous tide—
With more than Esau’s madness sold
The birthright of his soul, and died!

I do not say that breath forsook
The clay, and left its pulses dead;
But reason in her empire shook,
And all the life of life was fled.

Again his eyes the landscape view’d;
His limbs again their burden bore;
But years their wonted course renew’d,
And hope and peace return’d no more.

Yes, angel-hearts with pity wept,
When he, whom virtue fain would save,
His vow to her so falsely kept,
And madly sought a drunkard’s grave.

“Only this once,” beware, beware!
Gaze not upon the blushing wine;
O, fly temptation’s syren snare,
And, prayerful, seek for strength divine.

Ah! I am fast sinking in woe,
My spirit is burdened with grief,
My tears are beginning to flow,—
Ah! where shall I fly for relief?

'Twas drink, that detestable thing,
That witch'd and bewilder'd my mind;
And caus'd me on others to bring
The ills that I never design'd.

Ah who can my sorrows sustain?
What tongue can my trouble declare?
My conscience is smarting with pain—
My prospect is black with despair.

The ills I have caused, at my hand
The Judge of the earth will require;
Then how in that day shall I stand,
When the earth shall be flaming with fire?

Some say that the Saviour is kind,
To sinners his mercy is shown,
Who go with a sorrowful mind,
And fall at the foot of his throne.

O merciful Jesus appear,
To shew thy compassion to me;
Thy life-giving voice let me hear,
And henceforth be joyful in thee.

33.

S. M.

I heard a voice from heaven,
Address the thoughtless throng,
Who hasten downward to the tomb
With revelry and song.

It warn'd them not to quench
The holy light within,
And madly dare the fearful doom
Of unrepented sin.

It warn'd them of the shame
That haunts the drunkard's grave,
And of that leprosy of soul
From which no skill can save.

I look'd, and thousands fled
The tempter's fatal snare ;
But some were number'd with the dead ;
Who shall their doom declare ?

34.

6-7's.

Hark ! what cry arrests the ear !
'Tis the accent of despair !
"Men of God, to you we cry,
Help us, Christians, or we die !"
'Tis the dying drunkard's prayer,
Sinking into dark despair.

Hasten, Christians, haste to save,
Snatch him from his yawning grave !
Haste and speak the Saviour's name,
Pluck the firebrand from the flame !
Bid him cast away his cup,
And to Jesus now look up.

35.

S. M.

Child of my hopes and fears,
Fond object of my care,
I've watch'd thee in thy tender years,
And thou hast been my prayer.

Danger is in that scene,
Thou soon must enter on;
And fatal oft its snares have been;
Flee therefore, and begone!

Join not the giddy throng,
The noisy revel shun;
In God through Christ, thy heart be strong,
The battle then is won.

No dainties ever seek,
Nor love the drunkard's drink;
Avoid the snare, be firm but meek
And thou shalt never sink.

Live, live to God above,
In peace thy moments spend;
Strong be thy faith, sincere thy love,
And happy be thine end.

36.

C. M.

Stay, mortal stay! nor heedless thus
Thy sure destruction seal;
Within that cup there lurks a curse,
Which all who drink shall feel.

Go, view the prisoners' gloomy cells,
Their sins and misery scan,
Gaze, gaze upon those earthly hells;
In drink their woes began.

Stay, mortal stay ! repent, return !
Reflect upon thy fate ;
The pois'nous draught for ever spurn,
Spurn, spurn it, ere too late,

Trust not to thy deceitful heart,
The Saviour's grace implore ;
Through Him from every sin depart,
And touch that glass no more.

37.

L. M.

Stop, drunkard, stop ! thine is the road
That leads from virtue and from God ;
O look around ! behold ! and see,
What awful scenes of misery.

Stop, drunkard, stop ! the Saviour cries,
Do not my grace and love despise,
But look to me, I'll wisdom give ;
Come, dying sinner, come and live.

Stop, drunkard, stop ! O hear his voice,
And let thy soul in him rejoice ;
'Tis Jesus bids thee now to come,
And find in him thy lasting home.

Stop, drunkard, stop ! O stop to-day :
Stop now, believe, and watch and pray ;
The offer'd grace receive and live,
And God eternal life will give.

38.

8's. & 7's.

Oh! thou source of ills unnumber'd
 Long by thee I've been enslav'd;
 Much too long has reason slumber'd,—
 But adieu! at last I'm sav'd.

Now farewell! my duty calls me
 To a scene of joy and peace;
 Now no more thy bond enthalls me;
 Now my days of anguish cease.

Free from all such care and sorrow,
 Now I hail the peaceful night;
 Brightly dawns the coming morrow
 To my renovated sight.

Star of Temperance! brightly shining,
 Shed thy radiant beams around;
 Every joyous heart combining,
 Loudly let its praise resound.

39.

8's. & 6's.

Farewell, my drunken brethren now,
 Resolv'd-I take the Temperance vow,
 And cease to meet with you;
 Full oft have I your partner been,
 But now I have my folly seen,
 I bid you all adieu!

Henceforth while I have life and health,
 I'll pleasures seek, and peace, and wealth,
 In temperate, virtuous ways;
 I will a good example give,
 And shew immortals how to live.
 To my Creator's praise.

Great God ! assist me by thy grace,
To spend the remnant of my days,
Obedient to thy laws ;
Make me an honour'd instrument,
Give all my energies a bent,
To aid the Temperance cause.

40.

C. M.

Lovers of pleasure more than God,
For you Christ suffer'd pain :
Swearers ! for you he spilt his blood ;
And shall he bleed in vain ?

Drunkards ! for you his life he paid ;
Your basest crimes he bore ;
Drunkards ! your sins on him were laid,
That you might sin no more.

O cast away the maddening cup,
And loud his grace implore ;
Listen ! he bids thee now look up,
And go and sin no more !

Believe in him that died for thee ;
And, sure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

41.

L. M.

Glory to God, whose sovereign grace
Hath animated senseless stones ;
Call'd us to stand before his face,
And rais'd us into Abraham's sons !

Thou only, Lord, the work hast done,
And bar'd thine arm all in our sight ;
Hast made the reprobates thine own,
And claim'd the outcasts as thy right.

For this we now lift up our voice,
And ceaseless praise to thee is given ;
For this the hosts above rejoice—
We raise the happiness of heaven.

For this, no longer sons of night,
To thee our thankful hearts we give ;
To thee, who call'dst us into light,
To thee we die, to thee we live.

Suffice that for the season past
Hell's horrid language fill'd our tongues ;
We all thy words behind us cast,
And lewdly sang the drunkard's songs.

But, O the power of grace divine !
In hymns we now our voices raise,
Loudly in glad Hosannahs join,
And blasphemies are turn'd to praise !

42.

6-8's.

Oft have we passed the guilty night,
In revellings and frantic mirth !
The creature was our sole delight,
Our happiness the things of earth :
For us suffice the season past :
We choose the better part at last.

Now, blessed Jesus, for thy sake,
We can devote our hours to thee:
Speak but the word, our souls shall wake,
And sing with cheerful melody;
Thy praise shall our glad tongues employ,
And every heart shall dance for joy.

Shout in the midst of us, O King
Of saints, and make our joys abound;
Let us exalt, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph in redemption found:
We ask for every waiting soul,
O let thy glorious joy be full!

43.

6-8's.

Watch'd by the world's malignant eye,
Who load us with reproach and shame;
As servants of the Lord Most high,
As zealous for his glorious name,
We ought in all his paths to move,
With holy fear and humble love.

That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,
From every evil to depart;
To stop the mouth of every foe,
While upright both in life and heart,
The proofs of godly fear we give,
And show them how the Christians live.

44.

L. M.

Be present at our table, Lord ;
Be here and every where ador'd ;
Thy creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee.

45.

L. M.

We thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
But more because of Jesu's blood ;
Let manna to our souls be given,
The bread of life sent down from heaven.

46.

L. M.

Come Christian friends before we part,
Join every voice and every heart ;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,—
One final song of grateful praise.

Christians, we here may meet no more ;
But there is yet a happier shore ;
And there, releas'd from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

47.

8's-7's.

Heavenly father, give thy blessing,
While we now this service end ;
On our minds this truth impressing,
That may to thy glory tend.

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

48.

P. M.

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 crown'd!

THE END.

THE TEMPERANCE MANUAL.

BY REV. JUSTIN EDWARDS, D. D.

Contents.—I. Origin and cause of Intoxication; origin and nature of Alcohol; correction of an error; ways in which alcohol may be extracted; a great deception; medical use of alcohol; its introduction into the mines and the army; its general uses and effects; testimony of an old man; the sermon that was preached; the measures that were taken; a rousing sermon.

II. Change of opinion, and efforts; society formed in 1826; testimony of reformed drunkards in 1834; the way to cure all drunkenness; a great question, and its answer; illustration by facts.

III. The process by which alcohol deceives men; reasons why drinkers of alcohol increase the quantity; peculiarity of the alcoholic appetite; illustration by facts; violation of moral law; difference between immediate and ultimate effects; medical testimony.

IV. The process by which Alcohol causes death; Alcohol in the stomach, heart, brain, &c.; effects of giving it to children; hereditary predisposition to disease; history of eight families.

V. A great principle; influence of alcohol on digestion; its course around the body; organs for the supply of nourishment; organs for the removal of nuisances; importance of cleanliness; influence of poison; manner of treatment by different sets of organs; its effects on them; testimony of one hundred and twenty physicians; sudden deaths and deaths by cold water; deaths by cholera; effects of Alcohol on the muscles, nerves, and on the mind; illustrations by facts, with regard to crimes; immorality of the traffic in spirits; opinion of Chief Justice Cranch.

VI. A principle in law; effects of the liquor traffic on its authors; the guilt of selling Alcohol to *sober men*; having a license does not make it right to sell; not necessary, in order to support a family; appalling consequences; no excuse that Alcohol is drunk voluntarily; the cases of two men; light increases responsibility; influence for evil, extensive and eternal; death-bed retrospection & prospect.

The above valuable Manual has just been published—and should be in the hand of every Temperance man, not only for strengthening and confirming his own opinions, but for circulation among the opponents of total abstinence. No one can read it without being convinced of the immorality of the use of alcoholic drinks.

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