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1912

## The Live Wire: Collection of Prohibition Songs

The Rodeheaver Company

J B. Herbert

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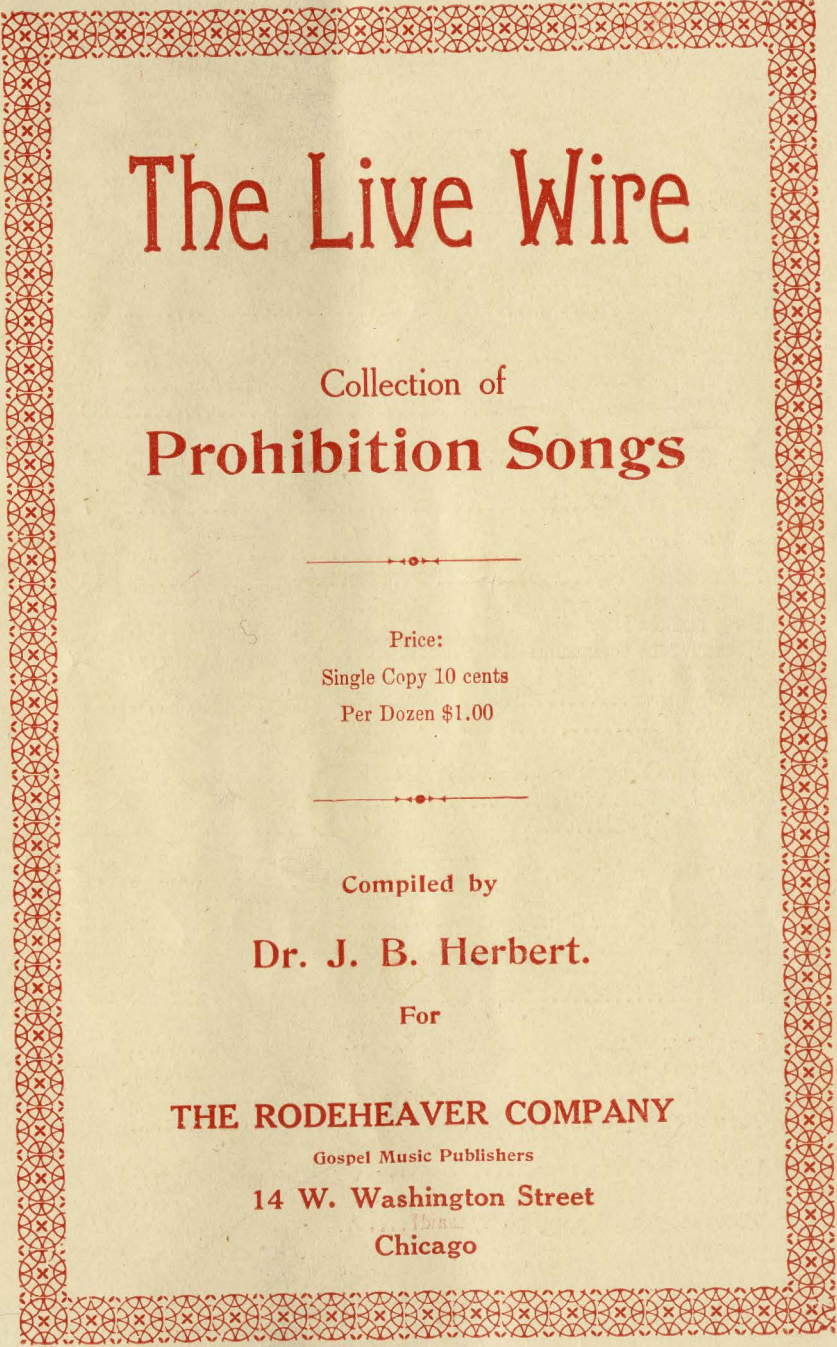
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# The Live Wire

Collection of  
**Prohibition Songs**

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Price:  
Single Copy 10 cents  
Per Dozen \$1.00

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Compiled by  
**Dr. J. B. Herbert.**

For

**THE RODEHEAVER COMPANY**

Gospel Music Publishers

14 W. Washington Street  
Chicago

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No. 1.

The Glorious Victory.

H. S. Taylor.

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Arr. from Verdi  
by J. B. Herbert.

1. Hark! the thrill approaching nigh Of le - gions on-ward, on-ward stamping!
2. Lo! be-neath a lur - id sky Like stars, like stars their helmets gleaming;
3. See! a tide that sweeps a-long, Each moment firm-er, firm-er, bold-er;

It stirs the heart, it fires the eye, This ar-my tramp-ing, on-ward tramp-ing!  
And sweeping onward bright and high, A thou-sand ban-ners, ban-ners streaming!  
With bristling ranks and columns strong, And shoulder touching, touching shoulder!

CHORUS.

March-ing on-ward, on-ward, onward, onward, { On - ward, lol they come, like  
On - ward, with rallying drum, this  
Tramping, tramping, tramping, tramping,

o - 'cean bil-lows storm - y! } List! list! Hear the bat - tle cry;  
glo-rious, glorious ar - my. }  
tramping, tramping, tramping, tramping;

'Tis "Pro - hi - bi - tion," 'Tis "Pro - hi - bi - tion shall win the vic - to - ry!"

# No. 2.

# The Walls of Jericho.

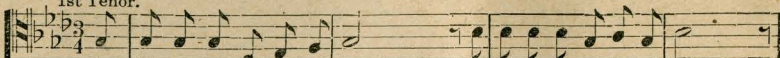
J. B. H.

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J. B. Herbert.

*Deliberately.*

1st Tenor.



- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1. The walls of Jer - i - cho fell down, | As Israel's host marched boldly round, |
| 2. They marched around for seven days;   | The walls stood silent in amaze;       |
| 3. The li- quor men are on the run;      | Their troubles now are just begun;     |
| 4. Get read- y for the ju - bi - lee;    | We're marching on to vic - to - ry;    |

2nd Tenor.

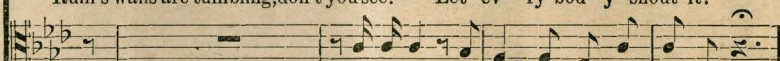
they fell down,  
sev - en days:  
on the run;  
ju - bi - lee;

boldly round,  
in a - maze;  
just be - gun;  
vic - to - ry;

1st and 2nd Bass.



- |  |                                     |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| Led on by thrilling trumpet's sound, —   | And ev - 'ry - bod - y shout - ed.  |
| Then fell down flat, the scripture says, | When ev - 'ry - bod - y shout - ed. |
| It's our turn now to have some fun;      | Let ev - 'ry - bod - y shout it!    |
| Rum's walls are tumbling, don't you see? | Let ev - 'ry - bod - y shout it!    |



trumpet's sound. And ev - 'ry - bod - y shout ed.  
script - ure says, When ev - 'ry - bod - y shout - ed.  
have some fun; Let ev - 'ry - bod - y shout it!  
don't you see? Let ev - 'ry - bod - y shout it!



CHORUS. *Very spirited.*

1st and 2nd Tenor.



Old whiskey's walls have got to go Just like the walls of Jer - i - cho!



The rummies won't know where they're at; Their walls must tumble down, down flat.



\*All shout. A stirring effect may be produced by the audience joining in the shout at the end of each verse.

\*\*With palms turned downward, stoop till the hands are near the floor, for the word "flat."

## No. 3.

## What's All This Commotion.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. B. H.

Arr.

1. O what's all this com - mo - tion, com - mo - tion, com - mo - tion.  
 2. O what means all this march - ing with ban - ners, with ban - ners,  
 3. What means this great as - sem - bly, as - sem - bly, as - sem - bly,  
 4. We'll take a hand and help you, and help you, and help you,  
 5. Then there'll be great re - joic - ing, re - joic - ing, re - joic - ing,

O what's all this com - mo - tion, So near E - lec - tion day?  
 O what means all this march - ing, So near E - lec - tion day?  
 What means this great as - sem - bly So near E - lec - tion day?  
 We'll take a hand and help you Un - til E - lec - tion day.  
 Then there'll be great re - joic - ing On next E - lec - tion day.

## CHORUS.

We're go - ing to vote sa - loons out, sa - loons out, sa - loons out,

We're go - ing to vote sa - loons out, And vote them out to stay.

## No. 4.

## The Wettest Dry Town.

J. B. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY J. B. HERBERT.  
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. B. Herbert.



1. When sa - loons are driv - en out of a - ny town, (a - ny town,)
2. O you can't fool all the peo - ple all the time, (all the time,)
3. O the keep - ers of sa - loons are so dis - tressed, (so dis - tressed,)



You can hear at once that old fa - mil-iar chime, (old chime,) "Now they'll  
Tho' the brew - ers and dis - till - ers say 'tis true, (so true,) "Men will  
When we vote them out they sing this lit - tle song: (this song) "To the



drink a great deal more Than they ev - er drank be - fore!" But you  
drink more beer and gin When they have to ship it in," But that  
law we will not bow! We will sell it a - ny - how!" - If they



can't fool all the peo - ple all the time.  
does - n't sound like sense to me and you. For the wet - test dry town,  
do we'll put them all where they be - long.



wet - test dry town is dri - er than the dri - est wet town, Yes, the



## The Wettest Dry Town.

wet-test dry town, wet-test dry town, Is dri-er than the dri-est wet town.

## No. 5. We Ring the Challenge Out.

H. S. Taylor, alt.

MALE VOICES.

Arr. fr. Sullivan.

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by J. B. H.

1. We ring the chal-enge out, All e - vil hosts de - fy - ing;  
 2. Our bea-cons clear and bright, Like myr - iad stars are glow-ing;  
 3. We mus - ter fast and strong, The skies are bright'ning o'er us;

Our bat - tle - cry we shout, With col - ors proud-ly fly - ing.  
 They stud the dark-ling night, In con - stel - la - tions grow-ing.  
 We swift - ly sweep a - long, Our foes re - treat be - fore us.

CHORUS.

Pro - hi - bi - tion for - ev - er! Pro - hi - bi - tion for - ev - er!

The bat - tle - cry we shout is "Pro - hi - bi - tion for - ev - er!"



## No. 6.

## Gheer, Boys, Gheer.

MALE VOICES.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY THE RODEHEAVER CO.

Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

## CHORUS.



Cheer, boys, cheer! We fight for pro - hi - bi - tion; Cheer, boys, cheer! Sa-



loons will have to go! Cheer, boys, cheer! We'll send them to per - di - tion!



Shout vic - to - ry! We'll tri-umph o'er the foe. 1. Ranks arrayed, undismayed,  
2. For the fame, and the name,



Not a heart of us a - fraid, Ear - nest - ly, ear - nest - ly, We'll  
Of the coun - try that we claim, Loy - al - ly, loy - al - ly, We'll



work with our might. Heart and hand, thro' the land, Faith - ful pro - hi -  
work with our might. We will stand for our land And her past so



# Cheer, Boys, Cheer.

D. C.

bi - tion band; On - ward, right on - ward, to bat - tle for the right.  
great and grand; On - ward, right on - ward, to bat - tle for the right.

## No. 7.

## Get Into the Fight.

Anon.

*Solo, or all voices in unison.*

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USED BY PER.

J. B. Herbert.

1. Get in - to the fight for God and right, The fight that is on to - day,
2. Get in - to the fight with heart and might For the sake of the weary throng,
3. Get in - to the fight! for the Lord of might Has bid - den His church bestow,
4. Get in - to the fight! for the dawn is bright, Of a day not far re - mote,

For a church increased in a land re - leased From rum's sa - tan - ic sway.  
Of waif un - clad, and wom - en sad, And broth - er men gone wrong.  
Her pow'r and wealth for the nation's health, And kingdom of God be - low.  
When o'er our land, from strand to strand, A "stain - less flag" shall float.

CHORUS.

Get in - to the fight for God and right, Get in - to the fight to - day!

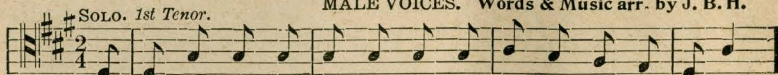
There's work to do - the call means you - Get in - to the fight to stay.

# No. 8.

# Barber-Shop Song.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY THE RODEHEAVER CO.

MALE VOICES. Words & Music arr. by J. B. H.



1. This na-tion's bad - ly mud-dled up, And none a doubt can har-bor,
2. The dram-shop bar-ber slash-es men, O he's a reck-less cut-ter!
3. His vic-tim he will fair - ly scalp, He'll shave and scrape and bleed him;
4. O there's the talk-ing bar - ber bold, He swears that pro - hi - bi - tion
5. The li - cense bar-bers, they're so wise! They talk of reg - u - la - tion;
6. But if the men can't drive it out We'll call for wom - en vo - ters;



This world is all a bar-ber shop, And ma - ny act the bar-ber.  
 He shears their Samson locks of strength, Then dumps them in the gut-ter.  
 He'll take the last cent he has got Then let the poor-house feed him.  
 Does not pro - hib - it, that's his talk, And talk-ing seems his mis-sion.  
 But the way to reg - u - late this curse Is to scrape it off cre - a - tion.  
 They'll scrub out the nation's barber shop With all the whis - ky bloat-ers.



And none a doubt can har-bor,	That ma - ny act the	bar-ber;
He steals their bread and but-ter,	Then dumps them in the	gut-ter;
To pov - er - ty he'll lead them,	Then let the coun-ty	feed him;
Yes, that's his earth-ly mis-sion,	To talk 'gainst pro-hi -	bi - tion;
Yes, that's our oc - cu - pa - tion,	We'll drive it from this	na-tion:
When we get wom-en vo - ters,	Good-by to beer-keg	to-ters;

CHORUS.

O - ho!	O - ho!	Yes, ma - ny act the bar-ber;	act the bar-ber.
O - ho!	O - ho!	He dumps them in the gut-ter;	in the gut-ter.
O - ho!	O - ho!	Then let the coun-ty feed him;	county feed him.
O - ho!	O - ho!	To talk 'gainst pro-hi - bi - tion;	pro-hi - bi - tion.
O - ho!	O - ho!	We'll drive it from this na-tion;	from this na-tion.
O - ho!	O - ho!	When we get wom-en vo - ters;	wom-en vo - ters.

# No. 9.

# Street Talk.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY THE RODEHEAVER CO.

MALE VOICES.

Words and music by J. B. H.

O we hear this kind of ar - gu - ment each day up - on the street,  
*last v.* O we hear this kind of non-sense ev - 'ry day, but 'tis our rule,

# Street Talk.

FINE

And we feel like say - ing some-thing, but we just keep sweet.  
That we nev - er, nev - er ar - gue when we meet a —\*

\* After a pause, all voices hum the last chord.

BASS SOLO. (*Different voices take solos.*)

D. C.

1. "O, men will have drink, and therefore I think It's bet-ter to license the bus'ness."
2. "When your town is dry, your taxes are high, Saloons always keep down the taxes."
3. "It's the land of the free, I want lib-er-ty, So I'll keep on voting for license."
4. "O, I never drink, but whiskey, I think, Is a mighty good thing for a snake bite."

## No. 10. Nobody Knows, (Encore.)

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SOLO. *Baritone.*

MALE VOICES.

Arr. by J. B. H.

No - bod - y knows the way I vote, The "Wets" think I vote wet,

No - bod - y knows the way I vote, The "Drys" think I vote dry;

TRIO. *1st and 2nd Tenor.*

FINE

Fid - dle - de - dee, fid - dle - de - dee, you can't fool me;  
*Bass.*

D. S.

The man who won't tell how he votes, He al - ways votes for whis - ky;

# No. 11. The Home That Used to Be.

(SONG AND CHORUS.)

Arr. from an English air  
by J. B. Herbert. By per.

H. S. Taylor,



1. I re-mem-ber well a cot-tage, With its ros-es climb-ing o'er, The
2. Oh, a cloud shut out the sun-shine, And the ros-es fad-ed lay! And the
3. Oh, I've fal-len and I've suf-fer'd, But my heart it still will hope, That the



- bir - dies in the or-ward, And the sun-shine at the door; The  
cheer-ful hearth-stone mu-sic, Sob-bing, wail-ing died a-way; As the  
Sav - ior he will help me, And the gold-en gate will ope; For the



- lit - tle blue-eyed prattlers, And the wife so dear to me; Oh, the  
ser-pent came to E-den, So the temp-ter came to me, And he  
sake of wife and chil-dren, If the Lord be good to me, I'll



# The Home that Used to Be.

*rit.*

mo - ments ran like mu - sic, In the home that used to be!  
 drove me from my heav - en, In the home that used to be!  
 bring the glad - ness back a - gain, To the home that used to be!

## CHORUS.

Oh, the warbling birds have flown! The flow - ers all are gone! And shadows fall where

sunshine used to fall so warm and free! My heart is full of care, I can  
 fall so warm and free!

*rit.*

on - ly breathe a pray'r, That God may give me back again, The home that used to be.

# No. 12. O Leave the Banquet Halls.

Anna Allen.

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J. B. H.

1. O leave the ban - quet halls, And cool thy fev - ered brow, In calm-ness  
 2. O wa - ter cool and bright! Its treasures far out-shine The pur-ple  
 3. Its halls are na-ture's groves, The din-gle's cool re-treat; The blue sky

of the fields, Where gen-tle breez - es blow. And by the brooklet's verge,  
 floods that flow From vin-tage of the Rhine. Then cleanse the wine-stained cup,  
 smiles between The branches as they meet. There charmed by birds and flow'rs,

O sit thee down and think! Then breathe a pray'r and stoop, and fill the  
 be-side the brook-let's brink, And stoop and fill it up, fill up the  
 be-side the brook-let's brink, Re-nounce the ru - by wine, fill up the

## REFRAIN.

cup and drink! Fill up, fill up, fill up, fill up, fill

up to health, fill up to wealnh, Fill up to those who love us most; Fill

## O Leave the Banquet Halls.

up, fill up the wa - ter - cup, For tem-p'rance is the toast.

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves.

## No. 13. Right Must Win the Day.

Faber.

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J. Bidlake Habington.

1. Work-man of God! O lose not heart, But learn what God is like;  
2. Thrice blest is he to whom is given The in - stinct that can tell  
3. Blest too, is he who can di - vine Where re - al right doth lie,  
4. Then learn to scorn the praise of men, And learn to lose with God;

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves.

And in the dark - est bat - tle - field Thou shalt know where to strike.  
That God is on the field, when He Is most in - vis - i - ble.  
And dares to take the side that seems Wrong to man's blind-fold eye.  
For Je - sus won the world thro' shame, And beck-ons thee his road.

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves.

### CHORUS.

For right is right, since God is God, And right the day must win.

Musical notation for the chorus first line, including treble and bass staves.

To doubt would be dis - loy - al - ty, To fal - ter would be sin!

Musical notation for the chorus second line, including treble and bass staves.



# No. 14.

# Everybody Wake Up.

MALE VOICES.

J. B. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY THE RODEHEAVER CO.

J. Bidlake Habington.

1. Ev - 'ry - bod - y, Ev - 'ry - bod - y, Ev - 'ry - bod - y wake up!  
 2. Pro - hi - bi - tion, Pro - hi - bi - tion, Pro - hi - bi - tion must win!  
 3. Close the dram-shop, Close the dram-shop, Close the dram-shop up tight!  
 4. Ev - 'ry - bod - y, Ev - 'ry - bod - y, Ev - 'ry - bod - y vote right!

Ev - 'ry - bod - y, Ev - 'ry - bod - y wake up!  
 Pro - hi - bi - tion, Pro - hi - bi - tion must win!  
 Close the dram-shop, Close the dram-shop up tight!  
 Ev - 'ry - bod - y, Ev - 'ry - bod - y vote right!

Ev - 'ry - bod - y, Ev - 'ry - bod - y,  
 Pro - hi - bi - tion, Pro - hi - bi - tion,  
 Close the dram-shop, Close the dram-shop,  
 Ev - 'ry - bod - y, Ev - 'ry - bod - y,

# No. 15.

# Pretty Little Maiden.

MALE VOICES.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY THE RODEHEAVER CO.

J. B. H.

1-2. Pret-ty lit-tle maid-en, chide not fate! Learn a sim-ple les-son ere too late;

1. The man who drinks when he is young, will drink when he is old.  
 2. If you can-not re-form a man be-fore you mar-ry him,



# No. 17. Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?

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Arr'd by J. B. H.



1. O where are you go - ing, my pret - ty maid? O where are you
2. For what are you vot - ing, my pret - ty maid? For what are you
3. And may I go with you, my pret - ty maid? And may I go



go - ing, my pret - ty maid? I'm go - ing a - vot - ing,  
 vot - ing, my pret - ty maid? I vote pro - hi - bi - tion,  
 with you, my pret - ty maid? O yes, if you vote right.



Sir, she said, Sir, she said, Sir, she said, I'm go - ing a - vot - ing,  
 Sir, she said, Sir, she said, Sir, she said, I vote pro - hi - bi - tion,  
 Sir, she said, Sir, she said, Sir, she said, O yes, if you vote right,



Sir, she said, I'm go - ing a - vot - ing Sir, she said.  
 Sir, she said, I vote pro - hi - bi - tion, Sir, she said.  
 Sir, she said, O yes, if you vote right, Sir, she said.



H. S. Taylor.

J. B. Herbert. By per.

*cres.*

1. There's an ad - der in the cup, There's a woe in ev - 'ry sup,
2. There's dis - ease in ev - 'ry glass, There's re - morse and shame, a - las!
3. There is sor - row in the bowl, There is thirst be - yond con - trol,
4. Then spurn the lur - ing wine, O for - sake her dead - ly shrine,

CHORUS. *Spirited.*

*f*

Will you dare to drink it up? Cast it down!  
 And a gulf you can - not pass! Cast it down! Cast it down! Cast it down!  
 There is ru - in to your soul! Cast it down!  
 By the help of God, di - vine, Cast it down!

Now's the day and now's the hour; Cast it down! Cast it down!

Then no long - er creep and cow'r; Cast it down! Cast it down! Spurn the

de - mon and his pow'r; Cast it down! Cast it down! Cast it down!

## No. 19.

## Hail the Day.

Charlotte G. Homer.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We stand for right, we are in the fight, And we'll nev - er give up the  
 2. We hail the dawn, for the night is gone, And the morn - ing of joy is  
 3. King Al - co - hol shall the world ap - pal With his trav - ail and pain no

bat - tle, the bat - tle, Till rum goes out and the vic - tor's shout Shall re -  
 breaking, is the breaking; Our long - ing eyes hail the clear - ing skies, For the  
 long - er, no long - er, For men of might are now in the fight, And the

sound with a can - non's rat - tle, yes, rattle! When vot - ers wake then the  
 peo - ple are now a - wak - ing, a - wak - ing! De - ceit and crime, like a  
 ranks of de - fense are strong - er, are strong - er; We'll vote and pray for a

chains will break, And the slaves of sin shall their free - dom win; With want no  
 win - ter rime, Shall be driv'n a - way with the sun of May; With heart and  
 bet - ter day, We will hope and trust for a law that's just; We'll stand and

more standing at the door; 'Twill be joy to see all the peo - ple free.  
 voice shall the world re - joice, As it hails the end of the ty - rant's trend.  
 fight for the truth and right, For the God of love rules and reigns a - bove.

# Hail the Day.

## CHORUS.

Joy shall reign ..... with the ty - rant  
Joy, and peace, and love shall reign, with the might - y

slain;..... Sin and wrong shall fail..... and  
ty - rant slain; Sin and wrong shall fail of these terrors, and

right pre - vail!..... The day - dawn  
right at last pre - vail o - ver er - rors! The day-dawn now in

breaks,.... and the world a - wakes!.....  
beau - ty breaks, and the world from slum - ber a - wakes!

Hail! hail! hail! Hail! hail the day!  
Hail to the glo - ri - ous dawn - ing of lib - er - ty!

No. 20.

Her Wandering Boy.

MALE VOICES.

Rev. Johnson Oatman,

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY J. B. HERBERT.

J. B. Herbert.

*p* *cres.*

1. Lone-ly at ev'n-ing a moth-er is sit-ting, Striv-ing with  
 2. Vain-ly she strives to con-trol her e-mo-tion, When, with a  
 3. She can look back, and in child-hood be-hold him Pure as a  
 4. Watching and pray-ing, she waits his re-turn-ing, With love un-

*dim.* *cres.*

nee-dles her hands to em-ploy; But from her la-bor her  
 love time can nev-er de-destroy, She holds him up with a  
 lil-y, her dar-ling, her joy; Now she is long-ing once  
 meas-ured, un-mixed with al-loy; See her, with light in the

*dim.*

tho't will keep flit-ting—Think-ing to-night of her wand'ring boy, Think-ing,  
 moth-er's de-vo-tion, Pray-ing to-night for her wand'ring boy, Pray-ing,  
 more to en-fold him—Long-ing to-night for her wand'ring boy, Long-ing  
 win-dow still burn-ing, Weep-ing to-night for her wand'ring boy, Weep-ing,

*rit. e dim.*

think-ing, think-ing, think-ing, Think-ing to-night of her wan-d'ring boy.  
 pray-ing, pray-ing, pray-ing, Pray-ing to-night for her wan-d'ring boy.  
 long-ing, long-ing, long-ing, Long-ing to-night for her wan-d'ring boy.  
 weep-ing, weeping, weeping, Weep-ing to-night for her wan-d'ring boy.

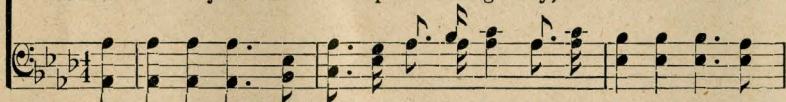
Charlotte G. Homer.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Our cause is just, and at the righteous bid-ding Of Him who guides the
2. Our cause is just! The ty-rant shall be conquered! Too long, too long has
3. Our cause is just! Look out up-on the high-way, Be-hold the mill-ions



stars and rules the sun, We an-swer—"Here am I! nor will I quit the  
been his cru-el reign! Awake, and In the name of God with us de-marching to the grave, And pon-der! Rise, oh, men! Your manhood bids you



## CHORUS.



field Un-til the vic-t'ry's won!"  
clare The mon-ster shall be slain! Ral-ly! ral-ly, O ye true and  
rise, The cap-tive souls to save.



faith-ful, For our homes and country shall be free! Hur-rah! hur-rah!



Our cause is just, and with a pur-pose true We'll march to vic-to-ry.





# No. 22. Down in de Bottom ob de Glass.

BASS SOLO.

J. B. H.

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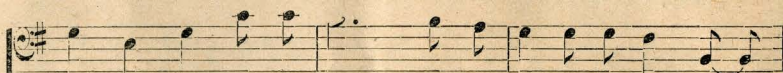
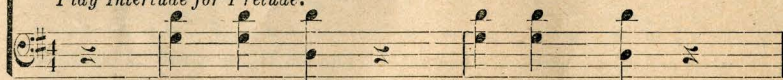
J. B. Herbert.



1. O de spark - lin' wine! Yas it look might - y fine When yo'
2. O de red looks great in de whis - key straight, But it
3. O de foam - y beer it bring good cheer, An' it
4. You kin sing an' laugh, as de wine you quaff, But



*Play Interlude for Prelude.*



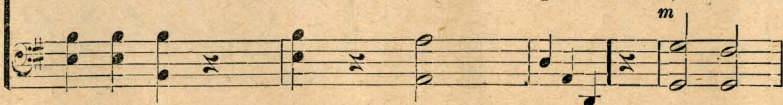
pour it out in de glass; But you jes' wait a while till it  
 don't look good on de nose; An' de mo' dat you wink, an'  
 make you glad might-y soon; But it piz - en your hide, an' your  
 look out dar! by an' by It'll run you down lak' an'



REFRAIN.



lose dat smile, As de weeks an' months go pas'.  
 blink, an' drink, De red - der an' red - der it grows. For down, down,  
 whole in - side, An' bloat you lak' a balloon.  
 ole blood houn', An' leave you dar to die!



# Down in de Bottom ob de Glass.

down, down, down in de bot-tom ob de glass, Dere's snakes, an'

*cres.* bugs, an' dregs an' drugs Dat - 'll git you, sure, at  
*f*

las'!..... *rit. e dim.* Down in de bot-tom ob de glass.  
*p* *a tempo.*

*Interlude.*

No. 23.

Roll Along, Childeren.

SONG AND CHORUS.

H. S. Taylor.

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J. B. Herbert.

1. Oh, mis-ter brew-er man, what you gwine to do? Pro - hi - bi-tion am a  
 2. Ole mis-ter lick-er-coon, set - tin in de tree—Boys wid der ax - es a-  
 3. Han' down my hat, hanner, but - ton up my coat, Tem-d'rance sheep neb-ber

com - in' ar - ter you, O, kind o' 'pears to me dat you's  
 mak - in might-y free, O, sum - pin's gwine to drap in de  
 neigh-bo' wid a goat, O, mo - sey to de polls wid a

look-in' sort - er blue, Roll a - long, chil-der - en, roll.  
 year ob ju - bi - lee, Roll a - long, chil-der - en, roll.  
 pro - hi - bi - tion vote, Roll a - long, chil-der - en, roll.

# Roll Along, Gchildren.

CHORUS.



Roll a - long, chil - der - en, nev - er mind de wed - der,



Buck - le up your belts, boys, keep de step to - ged - der;



Roll a-long, childer-en, roll,..... roll a-long, chil-der-en, roll,.....



Roll a-long, childer-en, roll,..... Roll a-long, chil-der - en, roll.



# No. 24. Molly and the Baby, Don't You Know.

## SONG AND CHORUS.

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H. S. Taylor.  
SO' O.

J. B. Herbert.



1. There's a pa-tient lit-tle wom-an here be-low,                      And a  
2. You may tell the liq-our-sel-ler not to crow,                      He will  
3. You may tell the pol-i-ti-cians they may go,                      I am



lit-tle kid that ought to have a show;                      Now I'll give the whis-ky up,  
nev-er get a nick-el from me now;                      He may keep his pois-oned trash,  
in for pro-hi-bi-tion, head and toe!                      For at last I've turned my cost,



And I'll take a cof-fee cup With Mol-ly and the Ba-by, don't you know!  
And I'll put a-way my cash For Mol-ly and the Ba-by, don't you know!  
And I'll cast a temp'rance vote For Mol-ly and the Ba-by, don't you know!



# Molly and the Baby.

CHORUS.



Don't you know, don't you know, what a fel-low ought to do,



When he's got a lit-tle fam-ly de-pend-ing on him so?



He should try to be a man, and to do the best he can



For Mol-ly and the Ba-by, don't you know, don't you know!



No. 25.

De Brewer's Big Hosses.

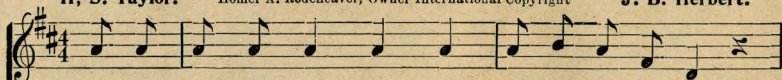
SOLO AND CHORUS.

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J. B. Herbert.



1. O de Brew-er's big hoss - es, com - in' down de road,  
 2. O de lick - er men's act - in' like dey own dis place,  
 3. O I'll har - ness dem hoss - es to de temp'-rance cart,



Tot - in' all a-round ole Lu - ci - fer's load; Dey step so high,  
 Liv - in' on de sweat ob de po' man's face. Dey's fat and sas-  
 Hit em' wid a gad to gib 'em a start, I'll teach 'em how



an' dey step so free, But dem big hoss-es can't run o - ver me!  
 sy as dey can be, But dem big hoss-es can't run o - ver me!  
 for to haw and gee, For dem big hoss-es can't run o - ver me!



# De Brewer's Big Hosses.

CHORUS.



Oh, no! boys, oh, no! De turnpike's free wher-eb-ber I go, I'm a tem-per-ance



Oh, no! boys, no, no, no!



in-gine, don't you see, And de Brew-er's big hoss-es can't run o - ver mel



(Same as above) for male voices.

CHORUS.



Oh, no! boys, oh, no! De turnpike's free wher-eb-ber I go, I'm a temperance



Oh, no! boys, no, no, no!



in - gine, don't you see, And de Brew-er's big hoss-es can't run o - ver mel





## No. 26.

## Bury Him Deeply Down.

BASS SOLO.

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H. S. Taylor.

J. B. Herbert.



1. A cru-el old King from a cas - tle strong, Has reigned in the world for
2. This ty-rant has ruled with an i - ron hand, Has robbed and destroyed in
3. The wid-ow and or-phan have felt his stroke, The strong and the brave have



a - ges long; He has marched in wrath thro' the frightened years, And  
 ev - 'ry land; He has pierced old age with a pois-oned thrust, And  
 worn his yoke; He has poured from bot - tom-less springs of hate A



laughed at hu-man-i-ty's pit-i - ful fears, But we'll bur-y him deep-ly down,  
 tram-pled the glo - ry of youth in the dust, But we'll bur-y him deep-ly down,  
 curse on the home, on the church and the state, But we'll bur-y him deep-ly down.



## Bury Him Deeply Down.

REFRAIN.

Bur-y him down, deep-ly down, This fierce old king with his serpent crown;

He shall reign no more in cit - y or town, For we'll bury him deep-ly down.

## No. 27. Mourn for the Thousands Slain.

S. C. Brace.

CHANT.

Tallis.

1. Mourn for the thousands slain, The youthful and the strong;  
 2. Mourn for the tarnished gem, For reason's light di - vine;  
 3. Mourn for the ruined soul, Eternal life and light,  
 4. Mourn for the lost—but call, Call to the strong, and free;

Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign, And the de - lud - ed throng.  
 Quenched from the soul's bright diadem, Where God had bid it shine.  
 Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl, And turned to hope-less night.  
 Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall, And to the ref - uge flee.

## No. 28.

## No Surrender.

H. S. Taylor.

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J. B. Herbert.

SOLO or UNISON.



1. "No sur-ren-der!" pass the word, For the con-flict quick-ly gird!
2. "No sur-ren-der!" daunt-less heart, Prov - i-dence will take our part;
3. "No sur-ren-der!" for - ward now, Vic - to-ry shall wreath-e each brow;



Let each heart be faith-ful found, "No sur-ren-der", hold your ground.  
 God will bring the spoil-er low, No sur-ren-der to the foe!  
 Shout your chal-lenge bold and high, "No sur-ren-der", be the cry.



## CHORUS.



No sur-ren-der! live or die! No sur-ren-der! lift the cry!



No sur-ren-der! truth and right Con-se-crate our ban-ner bright.



# No. 29. Down in the Licensed Saloon.

An answer to "Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?"

Words and Music by W. A. WILLIAMS.

*p* *rit.*

Where is my wan-d'ring boy to-night! Down in the li-cenced sa-loon.

1. Down in a room all co - zy and bright, Filled with the glare of  
2. Learning new vi - ces all the night long, Tempt-ed to all that's  
3. Lit-tle arms once were thrown round my neck, Look at him now, my  
4. Brother, I guess you'd en - ter this fight, If it were your boy

ma - ny a light, Beau - ti - ful mu - sic the ear to de - light,  
sin - ful and wrong, Help - less - ly led by the rev - el - ling throng,  
poor heart will break! Think of that boy to - night a sad wreck,  
down there to-night, Ru - ined and wrecked by the drink ap - pe - tite,

CHORUS.

Down in the licensed sa - loon. There is my wan-d'ring boy to-night, There is my

wan-d'ring boy to-night, Down, down, down, down, Down in the li - censed sa - loon!

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"Was It for Me," Solo . . . . .	Gabriel	and Tenor . . . . .	Gabriel
"Forgive Me, Lord," Solo . . . . .	Ackley	"Nobody Like Jesus," Solo, . . . . .	Gabriel
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