The Anti-Saloon Song Book.

No. 1. We Will Fight But Never Yield.


WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. We are fighting for prohibition, In the army of the Lord;
2. We are fighting for prohibition, And we march with gallant tread;
3. We are fighting for prohibition, We will conquer every foe;
4. We are fighting for prohibition, Moving on to yonder shore,

We are marching forth to conquer, Trusting only in His word.
While the footprints of the faithful O'er the sands of time are spread.
We shall meet with many dangers, Many conflicts here, we know.
Where immortal crowns await us, When our fighting work is o'er.

CHORUS.

We are fighting for prohibition, Jesus calls us to the field;

With our colors proudly waving, We will fight but never yield.
No. 2.  A Thousand Years of Prohibition.

Eben E. Rexford.  COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. Exell.
Henry C. Work.  WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. Lift up your hearts in ex-ul-ta-tion, Ye who have feared your fight was vain,
2. Long have we fought against the de-mon, Luring our sons to drunkard's graves:
3. O land of ours, that weeps in nor-row O-ver the graves that drink has made,
4. God's on our side, He will not fail us, Rise in the strength God gives to-day;

Hear the glad cry that thrills the na-tion, We shall be free from liq-uo's chain,
Brothers of mine, let us be free men, Down with the drink that makes men slaves.
Pray and be glad, for on the mor-row Low in the dust the foe be laid.
Strike down the foes that would as-sail us, Ban-ish the liq-uo's curse for aye.

Chorus.

A thou-sand years of pro-lif-er-a-tion, Lift up your eyes, be-hold the dawn!

The Nation's hope shall find fru-i-tion, When from our land the curse has gone.

No. 4.  As a Volunteer.

W. S. Brown.  COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY CHAR. H. GABREL.
Chas. H. Gabriel.  E.O. Exell, OWNER.

1. A call for loy-al soldiers Comes to one and all; Sol-diers for the con-flict,
2. Yes, Jesus calls for soldiers Who are filled with pow-er, Soldiers who will serve Him
3. He calls you, for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was broken,
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic-t'ry won, When the true and faith-ful

Will you heed the call? Will you an-swer quick-ly, With a read-y cheer,
Ev-ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev-er near;
Bro-ken for man-kind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in no-cent heart.
Gath-er one by one, He will crown with glo-ry All who there ap-pear.

D. S.—Je-sus is the Cap-tain, We will nev-er fear;

Chorus

Will you be en-list ed As a vol-un-teer? A vol-un-teer for Je-sus,

Will you be en-list ed As a vol-un-teer?

D. S.

A sol-dier true! Oth-ers have en-list ed, Why not you?

Oh, why not?
No. 6.

*Vote It Out!*

By Eben E. Root.

1. There's a question we must settle,—Vote it out! (vote it out!)
2. It's a most important question,—Vote it out! (vote it out!)
3. It is "up to you," my brother,—Vote it out! (vote it out!)
4. In the name of Right and Justice Vote it out! (vote it out!)

O, my brother, show your mettle,—Vote it out! (vote it out!)

Act up—on this wise suggestion,—Vote it out! (vote it out!)

Face the question, there's no other,—Vote it out! (vote it out!)

Help us, Lord, in whom our trust is,—Vote it out! (vote it out!)

Shall the dram-shop rule the nation With its crime and disaster?
Wrong is wrong, who dares defend it? There is but one way to save our land.
Let us settle it forever, Voters, it is now or never To end this degradation, Vote to have a clean, pure nation.

No. 7.

*Touch Not, Taste Not.*

By Dwight Williams.

1. There's danger in the flow'ring bowl! Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!
2. "Strong drink is raging!" God hath said; Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!
3. Come, let us join each heart and hand, Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!
4. Oh, hasten then, the happy time! Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!

'Twill run in blood, run in soul! Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!
And thousands it hath captive led! Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!
To drive the traitor from the land; Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!
When joyful bells the notes will chime; Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!

'Twill rob the peck of its cash; 'Twill scourge thee with a cruel lash; It leads the young, and strong, and brave; It leads them to a drunkard's grave; We need the strongest, bravest hearts To foil the cruel tempter's arts. Then raise the temperance flag on high, And lift your voices to the sky—

And all thy hopes of pleasure dash,—Touch not, taste not, han-dle not! It leads them where no arm can save—Touch not, taste not, han-dle not! And heal his fearful wounds and smarts—Touch not, taste not, han-dle not. Sing, glo-ry be to God on high—Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!
No. 8.  Hark! There's a Call to the Brave.


1. Hark! there's a call for the brave and true! Brother, en-list, for the
2. Come to the front, brother, take a stand; Fall in to line at your
3. Who'll vol-un-teer in the ranks to-day, Ready to plunge in the

Lord wants you! Facing the foe with your sword in hand, Brave-ly go
forth at your Lord's command. God, and for truth and right. Hear the call, (brother,) hear the call, list! for the Lord wants you.

Chorus: Plead-ing for help from one and all; Hear the call, (brother,) hear the call, Plead-ing for help from one and all.

No. 9.  The National Prohibition Wave.

James Rowe.  COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. D. EXCELL.  J. B. Herbert.

1. Forth to the con-flict, hearts strong and steady, Now is the time to
2. To who have slumbered, duty is call-ing, Now is the time to
3. Long of our rights we all have been cheated, But now has come our

show our faith in right; Forward for temp'rance, armored and read-y, We shall win strike a mighty blow; Souls strong for temp'rance in line are falling, Sworn to fight, op-or-tun-i-ty: Led by the One whom none has de-feat-ed, If we fight,

Chorus: glow-ry in the fight. sworn to beat the foe. Onward, ev'er on-ward, Soldiers true and brave, vic-tors we shall be.

Onward sweeps the Nation's Pro-hi-bi-tion wave; Hearts strong and steady, ar-mored and read-y, Speed a-way, A-mer-i-ca from drink to save,
No. 10.  Be a Hero.

Adam Crabb.

1. On the battle-field of life Be a hero! In its tur-moil and its strife
2. There are giants in the land, Be a hero! In the strength of God we stand,
3. When you see a brook fall, Be a hero! Lean a helping hand to all,

Be a hero! Show your colors in the fight, And, with sword and armor bright,
Be a hero! In the darkness and the light, Fight like David for the right,
Be a hero! In the name of Christ draw near, Speak a word of hope and cheer,

D. S.—On, ye sold-iers, to the fray, Hear the great Com-man-do cry,

Fine. Chorus.

Strike out bravely for the right; Be a hero!
Stay the tempter in his might; Be a hero!
Trust in God, what good you can while here; Be a hero!
Be a hero!

"We shall sure-ly gain the day!" Be a hero!

D. S.

God and nev-er fear! Be a hero! He will help you, He is near;

No. 12.  Count Me In.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

1. When the call to serve the Mas-ter in op-poses ranks of sin Sounds a
2. Where the cause of right is half-est, And the wrong seems bent to win, Let the
3. Let us go with faith un-yield-ing, And our per-verse true with-in; To the

long the march of a-ges, Where the bat-tle fier-est rages,—And the
truth he strong-ly pleaded, Let the call for help be heard-est,—Where the
post of dan-ger far-ing, Let us go with hope and dar-ing, Then at

Chorus.

brav-est heart en-ga-ges, Count me in. Count me in, Count me
fear-less ones are need-ed—Count me in.
last, the tri-umph shar-ing, Count me in.

Count me in.

Count me in in the hot-test of the fight,

Where the foe is strong to oppose,—On the side of truth and right, Count me in
No. 14.  
Keep the Battle Raging.

James Rowe.  
COPYRIGHT, 1870, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Would we free our favored country from the awe-ful curse of drink, We must show des-i-ration in the fray; Never fail-er, never waver, keep our loved ones from its gates a-way. We must swell our ranks with fighters and dier from the battle-field must stay: For, until its dews and pal-a-sol then the fight re-new, and de-si-ration too, Till we drive this mon-ster e- vil from our shore.

No. 17.  
My Heart Keeps Right.

Lizzie DeArmond.  
COPYRIGHT, 1923, BY E. S. EXCELL.

B. D. Ackley.

1. There's a song of joy, I sing it ev-e ry day, For my ev-e ry sin the Lord has washed away; Trusting in His word, I yield to His control, heart is keep-ing right; In the nar-row way I'm press-ing tow'rd the goal, an-chor hold-eth fast; Tho' I once was lost, His grace hath made me whole, Since the lov-ing Je-sus saved my soul. My heart keeps right since Jesus saved my soul.

2. As I live for Him each burden seems so light; While He walks with me my doubts are past, I am se-cure at last; Thou' my strength may fail, my joy I'm press-ing tow'rd the goal; My heart keeps right since Jesus saved my soul.
No. 18.  The King's Business.

Dr. E. B. Cassel.  COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL.
Flora M. Cassel.  WORDS AND MUSIC.  Haldor Lillenas.

1. I'm a stranger here, with ia a for-eign land; My home is
far a-way, up on a gold-enstrand; Ams-bas-sa-dor to be of
realm be-yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King,
reconciled, ''Thus saith my Lord and King, ''Oh, be yo-

2. This is the King's command; that all men, ev-ry-where, Re-pent and
from a-way from sin's sea-tive snare; That all who will o-be, with
shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the
message that I bring, A message angles fain would sing; ''Oh, be ye

3. My home is bright-er far than Shal-on's ro-sy plain, E - ter-

Chorus.

1. Steady, brother, steady, tho' the storm-winds rise, And darkness gather-
2. Steady, brother, steady, tho' the wild waves sweep, Your bark will ride in
3. Steady, brother, steady, look you o-ver there, Be-yond the cloud and
o'er you and it veil your skies; Keep your course un-wa -vered, and be
brave, be true; Fear not while the Mas-ter holds the helm with you.
Fi - lot's neer, By the chart He giv - eth you, your course can steer.
Steady, steady, tho' clouds veil the sky; Steady, steady, tho' waves roll high;
Steady, steady, be brave, be true, Fear not while the Master holds the helm with you.

Chorus.
No. 22.  Marching Orders.

Eleanor W. Long.
Chas. H. Gabriel.

Copyright, 1897, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There's a war to wage with sin, Foes with-out and foes with-in. Gird your
   armor on! Gird your armor on! We've a Captain tried and true, And He
2. Tho' to-day the warfare cease, And the world seem hushed in peace, Keep your
   armor on! Keep your armor on! Not far off the camp-fires shine; Soon there'll
   says to me, to you, It is time to dare and do—Gird your armor on!
3. When our Captain gives command, At "At-ten-tion!" we will stand, With our
   armor on! With our armor on! We are soldiers of His grace; We shall
   see Him face to face, And He'll find us in our place With our armor on!

We will march, march, march, By night as well as day, We are
a-stopping ev-er firm and stead-y! Yes, we'll
for- der comes to [Omni. . . . . . .] march, we are ready!

We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav-y bur-den share, With a
word, a kin-tly deed, or sun-ny smile; We may gir-diug day and night
arias the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds a-way,
with a ha-lo of de-light, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
In the world we trav-er the, If we keep the heart singing all the while.

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In the world we trav-er the, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
No. 26. We Shall See the King Some Day.

L. E. J.  
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.  
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER  
L. E. Jones.

1. Tho' the way we journey may be oft-en drear, We shall see the
2. After pain and anguish, after toil and care, We shall see the
3. After foes are conquered, after battles won, We shall see the
4. There with all the loved ones who have gone before, We shall see the

King some day; On that blessed morning clouds will disappear;
King some day; Thro' the endless ages joy and blessing share,
King some day; After strife is over, after set of sun,
King some day; Sorrows past forever, on that peaceful shore,

CHORUS.

We shall see the King some day. We shall see the King some day (some day),

We will shout and sing some day; Gathered round the throne,

When He shall call His own, We shall see the King some day.
"The world is turning Godward, when everybody sings."

Everybody Sing

Songs of the W. G. T. U.

Compiled by
ANNA ADAMS GORDON

Seventh Edition

PRICES
10 cents per copy. 75 cents per dozen; $5.00 per hundred

NATIONAL WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE
UNION PUBLISHING HOUSE
EVANSTON, ILLINOIS
Everybody Sing

Everybody Sing

1. Keep the vict'ry bells a-ring-ing, Ring-ing ev'-ry-where! Keep the vict'ry
2. Sing the songs of true al-le-giance, Lib-er-ty in law; Pu-ri-ty and
3. Sing the old sweet songs our mothers loved all songs a-bove; Songs of faith in

Play four measures for prelude

song a-singing, With our noon tide prayer; Ev-'ry-bod-y join the cho-rus,
peace and freedom That our pil-grims saw; Ev-'ry-bod-y join the cho-rus,
God and others, Gold-en Rule of love; Ev-'ry-bod-y join the cho-rus,

Make the echoes ring; To help the world that's turning Godward, Ev-'ry-bod-y sing!
Make the echoes ring; To help the world that's turning Godward, Ev-'ry-bod-y sing!
Make the echoes ring; To help the world that's turning Godward, Ev-'ry-bod-y sing!
Crusade Hymn
Gerhardt, J. Wesley, Tr. (Tune: "St. Thomas")
Tansur

1. Give to the winds thy fears; Hope, and be un-dis-mayed;
2. Thro' waves and clouds and storms, He gen- tly clears the way;
3. Far, far a-bove thy tho't His coun-sel shall ap- pear,

God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head.
Wait thou His time; the dark-est night Shall end in bright-est day.
When fell- y He the work hath wrought That caused thy need-less fear.

Crusade Glory Song
—Forty-five Years After—
Antoinette Arnold Hawley
Tune, "Glory Song" (Key, A flat)

1. When, long ago, in the snow and the sleet
   Womanhood knelt in the pitless street,
   Out of that agony, out of defeat,
   Blossomed a glory for you and for me.

Chorus

Now sea to sea shouts, Glory to Thee,
Lord of our mighty host, God of the free,
Dearest of lands, millions of hands
Strike off rurn's chains, singing, Glory you're free.

2. Far sped the seed of that wonderful flower,
   Telling the world of its heavenly dower.
   God in the germ was its hiding of power,
   Linking its glory with you and with me.

3. Hands all electric with impulse divine
   Now span the globe with a white ribbon line,
   Conquer we did, for the cross was our sign,
   Gleaming with glory for you and for me.

4. Now every home is protected and sweet,
   Now our beloved are safe on the street,
   Now the saloon is an outlaw complete.
   God of white ribboners, Glory to Thee.

America, the Beautiful
Katharine Lee Bates

1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain,
   For pur-ple moun-tain maj-es-ties Above the fruit-ed plain.
   A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness.
   A-mer-i-cal! A-mer-i-cal! God shed His grace on thee,

2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet Whose stern im-pas-sioned stress
   Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than life.
   A-mer-i-cal! A-mer-i-cal! God mend thine ev-ry flaw,
   A-mer-i-cal! May God thy gold re-fine

3. O beau-ti-ful for he-roses proved In lib-er-at-ing strife,
   Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than life.
   A-mer-i-cal! A-mer-i-cal! God mend thine ev-ry flaw,
   A-mer-i-cal! May God thy gold re-fine

4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years
   Thine al-a-bas-ter cit-ies gleam Undimmed by hu-man tears
   A-mer-i-cal! God shed His grace on thee
   A-mer-i-cal! May God thy gold re-fine

And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea.
And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea.
This Is My Father’s World

Arrangement copyrighted 1915 by the Trustees of the Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work
Maltbie D. Babcock, 1901

Traditional English Melody

1. This is my Father’s world, And to my list’ning ear All
nature sings, and ‘round me rings The music of the spheres.
morn-ing light, the lil-y white, De-clore their Make-er’s praise.
tho’ the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the Rul-er yet.

2. This is my Father’s world, The birds their car-ols raise, The
This is my Father’s world, I rest me in the thought Of
This is my Father’s world, He shines in all that’s fair; In the
This is my Father’s world, The bat-tle is not done, Je-

3. This is my Father’s world, O let me ne’er for-get That
rocks and trees, of skies and seas—His hand the won-ders wrought.
rus-tling grass I hear Him pass, He speaks to me ev’ry-where.
sus who died shall be sat-is-fied, And earth and heav’n be one. A-MEN.

The Triumph Song

Anna A. Gordon

Tune: (“Ancient of Days”)

J. Albert Jeffery

1. Lord God of hosts, to Thee we give the glo-ry,
To Thee we lift our hearts in grate-ful praise; To all the world we
tell the wondrous sto-ry, Thy love has led us to these joy-ful days, ban-
er waving o’er us, Our path is light- ed by its shin-ing gleam,
built on truth’s foundation, Then shall we sing with joy our triumph song. A-MEN.

2. Far from the line of bat-tle now be-fore us,
Still lead us on, Thou Con-quer-or Su-preme; Thy name is on the

3. Lord God of hosts, we plead for our great na-tion;
Grant her the vic-t’ry o-ver sin and wrong; Per-fect in law and

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Flag of America

The Soprano part may be sung in unison throughout.

Lyric and Music by
Dr. Alfred Beirsty

Sostenuto. Moderato. With force and dignity

Drums or Silence

O wondrous flag! O glorious flag! Beloved by all mankind; True
Brilliant flag! O matchless flag! "Old Glory" is our pride; En.
Our souls exult in praise of Him Who reigneth as of yore, His

far and wide: Flag of the free, Thrice hail to thee Whatever may be
stand unfurled: Lustrous and grand Wave o'er our land, Thus joy of the
bounteous ways: Sovereign Divine, Ever be Thine Our

herald of our liberty, Well established and enshrined; Dear
Transcending colors, gleam afar Where freedom is denied; Great
love ordained and grandly wrought. The banner we adore, He

Third or last ending

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*The upper Soprano notes for highest voices. The other parts by the medium voices.
America

S. F. Smith

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the noble, free, Thy name I love: I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, and ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our fathers' God, to Thee, Author of liberty, To Thee we sing: Long may our

fathers die! Land of the pilgrims' pride! From every mountain side Let freedom ring!
rocks and hills, Thy woods and temples of my heart with rapture thrill Like that above.
tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break. The sound prolong.
land be bright. With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

Song of Consecration

Anna A. Gordon

Tune, "The Morning Light Is Breaking" (Key of B flat)

1. To thee, beloved country, Forever land and free! From ocean unto ocean Immanuel's land to be,
   On thee our souls are strong; With heart to heart united In prayer, in work, in song.
2. Our land that's now triumphant O'er foes that have oppressed; The crown of Christ, our crown Will bring a glad tomorrow In righteousness to glow.
3. The dawning day is glorious, The world-wide sky grows bright; We hail the holy radiancy Of prohibition's light! O God of nations, hear us, Our trust is all in Thee; To Thee we'll give the glory In psalms of victory.

The Brighter Day

(Chorus: "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning")

(East Syracuse Y. P. B.)

1. Glorious dawns the morn so radiant, Scattering all of night's dark fear; Like the hope of youth and maiden With its beam so bright and clear. Listen to the voices from the Spirit, Faithful ever, still they say: "Up and join the hosts of glory, Battling for a brighter day!"
2. Thru the heat they fought unwearied, Strong hearts glowing in the fight; Glowing now with gallant spirit In the toil spent for the right. Every age its knight and lady Rallied round the white and blue, Flaring out its folds to heaven, Beckoning to the pure and true.
3. Twilight falls on martyrs, warriors, Hearts beat high with victory sweet; Hopeful and with faith they call us, Listening for our marching feet. Deeds immortal challenge action. Honor bids us take their place. Forward then, and let us kindle Brighter flame for nobler race.

March of Allegiance

Anna A. Gordon

Spirited.

Rev. R. Lowry, by per.

1. Ring out, ye Victo-ry bells, With joy-ful, gold-en notes Pro-
2. Ring out, ye Victo-ry bells, With notes from heav'n a-bove, To

claim al-le-giance to our laws, Pro-claim al-le-giance to our laws,
God and home and ev-'ry land, To God and home and ev-'ry land,

Where'er Old Glor-ry floats, Where'er Old Glor-ry floats.

Our loyalty and love, Our loyalty and love.

Whe-er Old Glor-ry floats, Where'er Old Glor-ry floats.

Chorus.

Al-le-giance! Al-le-giance! Glo-rious march of al-le-giance! Al-

mer-i-ca's march of al-le-giance To lib-er-ty found-ed on law.

al-le-giance true.

al-le-giance true.
Lead On, O King Eternal
Ernest W. Shurtleff

1. Lead on, O King Eternal, The day of march has come;
   Henceforth in fields of conquest Thy tents shall be our home;
   Through days of preparation Thy grace has made us strong,
   And now, O King Eternal, We lift our battle song.

2. Lead on, O King Eternal, Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
   And holiness shall whisper The sweet Amen of peace;
   For not with swords loud clashing, Nor roll of stirring drums;
   With deeds of love and mercy, The heavenly kingdom comes.

3. Lead on, O King Eternal, We follow, not with fears,
   For gladness breaks like morning Where'er thy face appears;
   Thy cross is lifted o'er us; We journey in its light;
   The crown awaits the conquest; Lead on, O God of might.

---

Some Glad Day
Katharine Lent Stevenson (Tune: "Old Black Joe")
Stephen C. Foster

1. All round the world the ribbon white is twined; All round the world the glorious light has shined;
   cause has right of way; We'll raise the anthem swell of vic'try some glad day, pu - rity's bright ray.

2. All round the world where sounds the note of woe, There in God's strength our ribbon white shall go;
   Em-belm of peace, of claim the Savior's praise shall sing; No jar-ring note shall
   'Twill bind our sin-stained earth to heaven some glad day.

3. All round the world hush-nas yet shall ring; All lands and
   'Twill rise from all the sin-saved nations some glad day.

CHORUS.

It's com-ing, it's com-ing, the morn for which we pray;
   We'll take the world for Christ's own King-dom some glad day.
Alma Mater

Words by Bathrick Y. P. B., Rochester

Tune: "Annie Lisle"

Allegretto

1. Like a mighty fortress standing, is our Y. P. B.,
2. Stand thou strong, O torch of service; Send abroad thy rays,

Lifting high a flaming torch of Love and purity,
Till no wrong can bear thy brightness, And the right prevails.

Lift the chorus, speed it onward, Loud and full and free;

Hail to thee, our Alma Mater, Hail our Y. P. B.

Cheering Some One On

(Tune: "Autumn" Ad or "What a Friend We Have in Jesus" Key of F)

1 Don't you mind about the triumphs,
   Don't you worry after fame;
   Let the future guard your name.
   All the best in life's the simplest,
   Love will last when wealth is gone;
   Just be glad that you are living,
   And keep cheering some one on.

A. A. G.

Victory Bells

Anna A. Gordon.

1. Swing! Ring! Victory bells! That usher in the glad new day;
2. Hark! how sweetly the bells Ring out their call to work and pray;
3. Swing! Ring! Victory bells! And we will catch your echoes sweet;

D.C.—Swing! Ring! Victory bells, That usher in the glad new day;

Swing! Ring! Victory bells! Ever ring on, we pray.
Swing! Ring! Victory bells! We will your call obey.
Swing! Ring! Victory bells! We will your song repeat;

Swing! Ring! Victory bells! Ever ring on, we pray.

Sweet is the music of these sounds so clear,
Glad is youth's morn- ing; joy- ous is its song;
Till every nation—pure, and free, and strong,

D.C.

Waking the echoes far and near.
Join in the chorus, we all belong.
Peals bells of glad- ness, Join in our triumphant song.
Follow the Gleam

Anna A. Gordon

Sadie Dempster Burgess

Moderato

1. From west to east, the new Crusade is calling; From south to
north its bugle notes we hear; With hearts a-glow we rally to its
world with heart and voice we sing, Follow the gleam, nor falt'er where it
laws that truest freedom bring; For love of God and home and happy
summons, March on and on with ringing cheer on cheer,
leadeth; Truth shall prevail; we follow Christ our King,
children, Hold high the torch as bells of victory ring.

2. March on and on to greater, grander conquests; Christ for the
Chorus

Follow the gleam, it guides to prohibition;

Follow the gleam though it may lead afar;

Follow the gleam till seen in every nation

Shineth the light of prohibition's star.
Prohibition Marching Song

Words and Music by Amanda Neal Wheelock
Chattanooga, Tenn.

INTRO.

1. On a crusade victorious, marching on,
   Marching on, for a cause so glad and
   Glorious marching on,
   For world prohibition marching on.

2. Great Soul of Frances Willard, marching on,
   In the faith of Lillian
   Stevns marching on,
   To world peace and freedom lead us on.

3. In the light of mothers' prayers, marching on,
   For the children of the
   Nations marching on,
   Lead us on, lead us on.

Chorus.

Lead us on, lead us on, Great God of our Fathers, lead us on; Lead us on, lead us on, For world peace and freedom lead us on, Lead us on, lead us on.

For world prohibition marching on.
Carry On

Words by Anna A. Gordon

Music: "Baby Mine"

1. There's a greater task now calling, Carry
2. There's a greater task now calling, Carry
3. There's a greater task now calling, Carry

On, Carry On; Catch a vision soul enthralling, Carry
On, Carry On; Catch a vision soul enthralling, Carry
On, Carry On; Catch a vision soul enthralling, Carry

On, Carry On; Human happiness increase, Bring the
On, Carry On; Hearts must seek the Holy Grail, Precepts
On, Carry On; Prohibition's in the air, Pray and

Advice to the Drys

A. A. G.

(A CITIZENSHIP SONG SLOGAN) A. A. G.

All sing the Soprano

Get out your vote! Get out your vote! Get out your
vote! Get out your vote! Get out your vote!
For All the Saints
Bishop How

1. For all the saints who from their labors rest,
   Who Thee by
   faith before the world confessed,
   Thy name, O Jesus,
   take me in the well-fought fight;
   Thon in the darkness
   be forever blest, Alleluia! Alleluia!
   still their one true Light, Alleluia! Alleluia!
   gain, and arms are strong, Alleluia! Alleluia!
   Beautiful Hour of Noontide

(Tune: "BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF SOMEWHERE")

1 Somewhere the hands are lifted,
2 Somewhere the day is brighter,
3 Somewhere the ranks are filling,
4 Somewhere the souls are hallowed,
5 Somewhere the morning stars sing together,

2. Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
   Their love, O Jesus,
   Captain and the first to fight;
   Thon in the darkness
   they did, 'neath the holy sign; Yet all are one in
   ear the distant triumph-song, And hearts are brave a-
   to me in the well-fought fight;
   Thon in the darkness
   be forever blest, Alleluia! Alleluia!
   still their one true Light, Alleluia! Alleluia!
   gain, and arms are strong, Alleluia! Alleluia!

Chorus:
Noontide, noontide,
Beautiful hour of noontide;
On land or sea, we bow the knee—
Beautiful hour of noontide.

—Rev. E. S. Ufford.

Sir J. Barnby

2. They fight as the faith before the world confessed;
   Their love, O Jesus,
   Captain and the first to fight;
   Thon in the darkness
   they did, 'neath the holy sign; Yet all are one in
   ear the distant triumph-song, And hearts are brave a-
   to me in the well-fought fight;
   Thon in the darkness
   be forever blest, Alleluia! Alleluia!
   still their one true Light, Alleluia! Alleluia!
   gain, and arms are strong, Alleluia! Alleluia!

3 Take my life, and let it be Consecrated:
   Thy love, O Jesus,
   Captain and the first to fight;
   Thon in the darkness
   they did, 'neath the holy sign; Yet all are one in
   ear the distant triumph-song, And hearts are brave a-
   to me in the well-fought fight;
   Thon in the darkness
   be forever blest, Alleluia! Alleluia!
   still their one true Light, Alleluia! Alleluia!
   gain, and arms are strong, Alleluia! Alleluia!

Character
Tune: "CONSECRATION"

1 Build it well and build it straight,
   Strong enough to buffet fate,
   Some one a curse will shun.
   Wherever false and nowhere mean,
   Close to the pledge abide.

—Edgar A. Guest

Consecration
Frances Ridley Havergal

1. Take my life, and let it be Consecrated:
   Thy love, O Jesus,
   Captain and the first to fight;
   Thon in the darkness
   they did, 'neath the holy sign; Yet all are one in
   ear the distant triumph-song, And hearts are brave a-
   to me in the well-fought fight;
   Thon in the darkness
   be forever blest, Alleluia! Alleluia!
   still their one true Light, Alleluia! Alleluia!
   gain, and arms are strong, Alleluia! Alleluia!

2. Take my hands, and let them move At the impulse
   Thy love, O Jesus,
   Captain and the first to fight;
   Thon in the darkness
   they did, 'neath the holy sign; Yet all are one in
   ear the distant triumph-song, And hearts are brave a-
   to me in the well-fought fight;
   Thon in the darkness
   be forever blest, Alleluia! Alleluia!
   still their one true Light, Alleluia! Alleluia!
   gain, and arms are strong, Alleluia! Alleluia!

3 Take my voice, and let me sing, Alwaysonly,
   Thy love, O Jesus,
   Captain and the first to fight;
   Thon in the darkness
   they did, 'neath the holy sign; Yet all are one in
   ear the distant triumph-song, And hearts are brave a-
   to me in the well-fought fight;
   Thon in the darkness
   be forever blest, Alleluia! Alleluia!
   still their one true Light, Alleluia! Alleluia!
   gain, and arms are strong, Alleluia! Alleluia!

4. Take my silver and my gold; Not a mite would
   Thy love, O Jesus,
   Captain and the first to fight;
   Thon in the darkness
   they did, 'neath the holy sign; Yet all are one in
   ear the distant triumph-song, And hearts are brave a-
   to me in the well-fought fight;
   Thon in the darkness
   be forever blest, Alleluia! Alleluia!
   still their one true Light, Alleluia! Alleluia!
   gain, and arms are strong, Alleluia! Alleluia!

5. Take my will, and make it Thine; It shall be no
   Thy love, O Jesus,
   Captain and the first to fight;
   Thon in the darkness
   they did, 'neath the holy sign; Yet all are one in
   ear the distant triumph-song, And hearts are brave a-
   to me in the well-fought fight;
   Thon in the darkness
   be forever blest, Alleluia! Alleluia!
   still their one true Light, Alleluia! Alleluia!
   gain, and arms are strong, Alleluia! Alleluia!

6. Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its
   Thy love, O Jesus,
   Captain and the first to fight;
   Thon in the darkness
   they did, 'neath the holy sign; Yet all are one in
   ear the distant triumph-song, And hearts are brave a-
   to me in the well-fought fight;
   Thon in the darkness
   be forever blest, Alleluia! Alleluia!
   still their one true Light, Alleluia! Alleluia!
   gain, and arms are strong, Alleluia! Alleluia!
White Ribbon Rally Song
Frances B. Damon
Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic"

1. From the home-land to the far-land, from the captive to the throng,
2. While the homes of earth are dark-ened, and the strong men fall as prey,
3. See! our ban-ner waves,—the whit-est that has ev-er swept the blue;

Where-so-ev-er we are need-ed to up-lift a soul from wrong,
While the wom-en toil in an-guish, and the lit-tle chil-dren stray,
And it goes be-fore a will-ing host to serv-ice kind and true;

'Tis our coun-try and our kin-dred, all to-geth-er we be-long,
There's a Voice—who has not heard it, call-ing to us night and day?
Come and join our ranks, dear com-rades,—oh, here's the place for you,—

Reach out the help-ing hand. Wind the rib-bon 'round the na-tions,
D.S.—The na-tions of our God.

Win Them One By One
Adapted by A. A. G. C. Austin Miles
(A MEMBERSHIP MUSICAL SLOGAN)

In march time

Win new mem-bers day by day, We'll help win them—here's the way—
Just one way can this be done—We must win them one by one.

CHORUS

So you win the one next to you, And I'll win the one next to me; In
If you'll win the one next to you, And I win the one next to me, In

all kinds of weather, we'll all work to-geth-er, And see what can be done;
no time at all we'll have them all, So win them, win them one by one.

Use, by permission
Angel of Peace

Oliver Wendell Holmes

Maestoso

1. Angel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long; Spread thy white

2. Brothers we meet on this altar of thine, Mingling the

3. Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain! Hark! a new

wings to the sunshine of love! Come while our voices are

gifts we have gathered for thee; Sweet with the odors of

birth-song is filling the sky! Loud as the storm-wind that

blend in song, Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove.

myrtle and pine, Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea,

turns the main, Bid the full breath of the organ reply,

Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove, Speed o'er the

Meadow and mountain and forest and sea; Sweet is the

Loud let the tempest of voices reply; Roll its long

Angel of Peace

H. P. Smith

f
cres.
cres.

far-sounding bilows of song, Crowned with the olive-leaf

fragrance of myrtle and pine, Sweet'er the incense we

surge like the earth-shaking main! Swell the vast song till it

garland of love; Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long!
of fer to thee, Brothers once more round this altar of thine!

mounts to the sky! Angel of Bethlehem, echo the strain!

O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee

W. Gladden

1. O Master, let me walk with Thee In lowly paths of serv ice free;

2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love;

3. Teach me Thy pleasure still with Thee In closer, dearer company,

4. In hope that sends a shining ray Far down the future's broadening way,

Tell me Thy secret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Teach me the wayward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.

In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs o'er wrong,

In peace that on ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O Master, let me live.
All Hail the Power of Jesus’ Name

E. Perronet  O. Holden

1. All hail the pow’r of Je-sus’ name! Let an-gels prostrate fall;
2. Sin-ners, whose love can ne’er for-get The worm-wood and the gall,
3. Let ev-’ry kin-dred, ev-’ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Go, spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj-es-ty as-crite, And crown Him Lord of all;

Blest Be the Tie That Binds

Rev. John Fawcett  H. G. Nageli

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
2. Be-fore our Fa-ther’s throne We pour our ar-dent prayers;
3. We share our mu-tual woes, Our mu-tual bur-dens bear;
4. When we a-sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain;

The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
And oft-en for each oth-er flows The sym-pa-thy-ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a-gain.

Onward, Christian Soldiers

(Key of E)

1 Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus going on before;
Christ, the Royal Master, leads against the foe;
Forward into battle see His banners go.

Refrain:
Onward, Christian soldiers! marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus going on before.

2 Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never ‘gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ’s own promise—and that cannot fail.

3 Onward, then, ye people, join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph song:
“Glory, praise, and honor, unto Christ the King,”
This through countless ages men and angels sing.

A Charge to Keep I Have

(Tune: "BOYLSTON." S. M. Key of C)

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glory,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master’s will!
The Battle Hymn of the World

Mrs. William Jennings Bryan
Tune, "Materna" page 3

1. Our thanks we raise, O Lord of Hosts,
   In gratitude to Thee,
   Whose mighty arm has given us strength
   To win this victory.
   We need Thy aid, Thy presence still,
   Do not withdraw Thy hand
   Till subtle foes Thy will fulfill.

2. Shall morning sun flee from the day?
   Shall rain drop cease to bless?
   Shall beauty and no cheering ray
   O'er wat'ry wilderness?
   No more can we refuse to share
   The blessings God bestows,
   To ease the burdens others bear,
   And lessen human woe.

3. A voice from overseas we hear,
   As in the days of Paul,
   The Macedonian cry rings clear,
   A summons for us all.
   Then when a world reclaimed at last
   Is brought to Wisdom's ways
   Will hosts in heaven join hosts on earth
   In worship, love and praise.

Christ for the World We Sing

(Key of C)

1. Christ for the world we sing;
   The world to Christ we bring
   With loving zeal;
   The poor and them that mourn
   The faint and over-born;
   Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
   Whom Christ doth heal.

2. Christ for the world we sing;
   The world to Christ we bring
   With fervent prayer;
   The wayward and the lost,
   By restlesss passion tossed,
   Redeemed at countless cost,
   From dark despair.

3. Christ for the world we sing;
   The world to Christ we bring
   With one accord;
   With us the work to share,
   With us the cross to bear
   For Christ our Lord.

How Firm a Foundation

Portuguese Hymn, (Key A flat)

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!
   Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
   What more can he say, than to you he hath said,
   To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

2. Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed.
   For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
   I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to triumph;
   I'll sustain thee with m'gracious, omnipotent hand.

3. When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
   The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
   For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
   And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4. The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
   I will not—I will not desert to his foes;
   That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
   I'll never—no never—no never forsake it!
   —G. Keith.

The Trumpet Call Has Come

Arthur D. Ropes
(Tune, page 22)

1. O the world is marching onward from the shadows of the past,
   And the hosts of God are gathering about His standard, fast.
   We have nailed His snow-white banner to the shining, cloud-wreathed mast;
   The trumpet call has come!

   Chorus:
   Glory, glory, hallelujah!
   Glory, glory, hallelujah!
   Glory, glory, hallelujah!
   The trumpet call has come!

2. We will raise "a greater army for the greater task" before;
   They are flocking to our standard from the far Pacific shore
   And the hillsides of New England raise their battle-cry, once more:
   The trumpet call has come!

   Chorus:

3. In the war-scarred fields of Europe, in the deserts of the East,
   They are waking to the summons, from the greatest to the least;
   We have gathered strength and courage, as our army has increased;
   The trumpet call has come!

   Chorus:

4. We can see the signal flashing far across the sunset sky;
   We can hear the mighty thunder of our message from on high;
   We will follow where He leads us, ready still to do or die;
   The trumpet call has come!

Chorus:

America to Be

Georgia B. Weston
Rearranged by Annie Fyson
Tune, "When the Mists Have Rolled Away"

1. When the golden gates of morning,
   Outward swing to radiant day,
   When the dark of night is ended,
   And the shadows pass away,
   We shall see fulfilled the promise
   Of America to be;
   For the women have the ballot—
   And its use shall make us free.

   Chorus:
   In its glory we shall see,
   Land of larger liberty,
   Stainless stars and stripes forever,
   O'er America to be;
   With the men and women voting,
   And their votes shall set us free.

2. When the Golden Rule in voting,
   Measures every civic plan—
   For thyself and for thy neighbor,
   For the woman and the man—
   Then the gates of truth and justice,
   Shall swing out in unity;
   Government of people ruling,
   Home of full equality.

3. When this golden era dawning,
   Flashes joy around the world,
   Universal peace and freedom
   Flags of victory unfurled—
   Then with nations all proclaiming
   Justice and equality,
   Usurers in the new evangel,
   And a world's forever free.
Nearer My God to Thee

(Key of G)

1. Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
Even though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

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

3. Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee! —Sarah Flower Adams

Rock of Ages

(Key B flat)

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2. Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

—Augustus M. Toplady

The Star Spangled Banner

1. O, say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.

Chorus:
O, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

2. O, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and wild war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"

Chorus:
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

—Francis Scott Key

Look Ahead!

Anna A. Gordon
Tune, "Dixie"

1. In the coming years of jubilation
Fasing God for our great nation
Work away! Work away! Work away! Comrades all;
Our torches must be daily lighted,
Held aloft with faith united;
Work away! Work away! Work away! Comrades all.

Chorus
We're out for law observance. We are! We are!
We're out for law observance, yes, we're out for law observance
We are! We are! We're out for law observance;

2. God help us bring a blest tomorrow
Crowned with peace, undimmed by sorrow;
Talk away! Talk away! Talk away! Comrades all;
Proclaim the truth of prohibition,
Tell to all its sure fruition;
Talk away! Talk away! Talk away! Comrades all.

Chorus

3. While working, talking, praying, voting,
Our great cause each day promoting,
Look ahead! Look ahead! Look ahead! Comrades all;
Still grander tasks tomorrow calling,
Stirring, solemn, soul-enthraling,
Look ahead! Look ahead! Look ahead! Comrades all.

Chorus
Heavenly Orders

Anna A. Gordon

1. With dedicated purpose, The world for Christ to win,
2. Our hearts we first surrender In consecration new;
3. We'll trust Him in the darkness, As well as in the light;
4. The Golden Rule's our watchword, Throughout the long campaign,

To render loyal service In overcoming sin;
Accept divine commission The will of Christ to do;
His strength upholds, His shield is sure, His watch-care knows no night.
Till Christ, our Lord, in triumph In every heart shall reign.

Chorus

White ribboners united, Our banner still unfurled,

For we have heavy orders To conquer all the world.

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Little Crusaders

Mary A. Latbury

"Thou hast the dew of thy youth"

Lucy Rider Meyer

Quick March movement

1. Who are these, a singing band, Marching through the listening land.
2. O, the coll—dren march away, In the dawning of their day,
3. What is this they singing bea, Thro' the dew—y morn—ing air,
4. O, that ho—ly sign, half—furl—ed, Means re—demp—tion for the world,

In the ten—der dew of youth, In their ar—mor, white as truth, In the To the bat—the—field that lies Just be—yond their trust—ful eyes; And they Shin—ing like a cross of gold Which the stars and stripes en—fold, And it And borne on from hand to hand "For our God—and ev—ry land!" They will

CHORUS.

name of Him who calls them In the morn—ing? Sing! Sing!

march a—way with sing—ing In the morn—ing.

leads the chil—dren on—ward Thro' the morn—ing?

plant it on the up—lands In the morn—ing.

Chil—dren of a King! And march to meet Him ear—ly in the morn—ing.

Note—This song may be sung with excellent effect by responsive choirs, the second and fourth verses being replies to the questions in the first and third—both choirs joining in the chorus.

Copyright, 1904, by Anna A. Gordon.
Our Heroes

Carolyn R. Freeman. Adapted

1. When Washington was a youngster he swore to tell a lie; To be honest, brave and
   manly he always seemed to try. And Lincoln—from his boyhood—was
   eager for his books; His mind was great and noble; strung his rugged looks,
   one of us a patriot true should be; Strong drink shall never tempt us; we'll
   spurn the cigarette; To carry out this purpose, we our faces have set.

2. Our Washington, the sol-dier, was always brave and true; So Lincoln in his
   con-flicts came off vic-to-rious too. They both were valiant leaders of
   this fair, growing land, And trusted One who led them with unerring hand.
   The boys and girls are singing; A glad new day has come.
   We cannot all be Lincolns or Washingtons, you see; But every single
   honor and strong and free, And work as truest patriots for liberty.

CHORUS

We cannot all be Lincolns or Washingtons, you see; But every single

America Is Free

Anna A. Gordon

1. Hark! hark! the bells are ringing, Exultantly they're swing-ing,
   The boys and girls are singing; A glad new day has come.
   (Tune, “Little Drops of Water”)
   We will sing for temperance
   Like the little birdies
   We can talk for temperance,
   In our happy school;
   And the flowers bright,
   Speaking words of love.
   Pure and sparkling water
   We will drink cold water,
   That will please our Father
   Is the only rule.
   For we know 'tis right.
   In His home above.

2. We're marching in its glory, We're telling all the story
   Of pro-hibition's triumph, That blesses us to-day.

3. The future's in our keeping, On guard we'll not be sleeping;
   But faithful be in reaping The fruits of victory.

4. Amer-i-ca, we love thee, No other land above thee;
   True patriots we shall serve thee; Amer-i-ca, the free!

KINDERGARTEN SONG

Anna A. Gordon

We will sing for temperance
In our happy school;
Pure and sparkling water
Is the only rule.
Like the little birdies
And the flowers bright,
We will drink cold water,
For we know 'tis right.
We can talk for temperance,
Speaking words of love.
That will please our Father
In His home above.
Fight the Wrong

Mrs. Haycraft

Air—"Bonnie Dundee"

Chorus

So do not de-lay, but join us to-day, And march, march a-

long in the Temper-ance way! We're young, it is true, yet how

much we can do—So shout for the right, and for vic-to-ry too!

1. We are ready to fight in the cause of the right, To help on the
2. The forces against us are mighty and strong, The work may be
3. But, oh, in our land there is room thro' the land For hundreds, yes,
4. Thou feeble we are, yet our Help is not far, And forces of

triumph of love and of light; And shoulder to shoulder we
hard, and the struggle is long; But the world shall be free, and the
hundreds as soldiers to stand; Oh, won't you unite in the
darkness our road shall not bar; God blesses the hearts for their

joyfully go To strive with the wrong, and to conquer the foe!
dawning we'll see Of beauty and blessing and gladness to be, glo-
rious fight! Our foe-man is Evil, our watchword is Right!
brothers who care: Then forward, right forward, in faith and in prayer!
Work and Play

L. P. B. L. P. Bradford

1. The mountain is high, with its top in the sky, And we climb up the
side very slowly; Men and women are tall, little blessing I'm giving;" We will take what is best, and, that
children are small, And they grow to be great very slowly.

CHORUS

Work and play, work and play, Fill up the moments of each happy day;

2. The brook sings a song as it ripples along, "Pure water's the
more may be blest, Let us, too, be as free in our giving.

Little by little all things are done That are worth the doing of.

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Our Wonderful House

Rev. W. F. Crafts A MOVEMENT SONG F. C. T.

1. A wonderful house have I, That God has made for
me, With windows to see the sky, And keepers strong and
free, And keepers strong and free.

2. The door has a tuneful harp, A mill to grind my
thread, A beautiful silver thread,

3. A fountain is in the house; A pitcher lies at
land, To bear me o'er the land.

4. The keepers must work for God; The harp must sing His
ways, The strong men walk His ways.

5. And when this house shall fall, As death at last shall
home, A boy in Jesus' home.

Let the teacher study and explain the allegory in Ecclesiastes, XII, 1-7. "Keepers"—hands; "Strong men"—legs; "Grinders"—teeth; "Windows"—eyes; "Door"—mouth;
"Music"—the voice; "Silver cord"—spinal cord; "Golden bowl"—top of skull; "Pitcher" and Wheel—urine; "Churner" and "Fountain"—heart; "Lone Home"—grave. It will
and much to the interest, while singing, to touch the parts of the body symbolized, when it
can be appropriately done.

From Songs for Little Folks, by per.

7
Pledge Song

Alice Gordon Gulick
March time

Arr. from Spanish Royal March
by Chas. T. Kimball

1. Never, never, With God's help I'll never touch, Nor
2. Ever, ever, With His help We'll ever live For

taste, nor handle the accursed drink.
God and Home and our dear Native Land.

CHORUS.

This is the pledge that we will keep forever, In the
Never, never, with God's help we'll never touch, Nor
Sweet is the service of Loyal Temperance Legion, All u-
Ever, ever, with His help we'll ever live For

name of Him who gives the victory,
faith in our joyous temperance band.

In singing the 2d verse the effect will be heightened by transposing to key of A, (3 sharps).

Prohibition Echo Song

Anna A. Gordon
Quick time

Tyrolese Air, Arr.

Anna A. Gordon

1. Come, boys, come, girls, The echoes a wake.
2. Rejoice! rejoice! From sea unto sea!

Sing loud and clear, and you will hear The answer they will make.
Let voices ring and gladly sing, America is free!

Prohibition is our song, To its army we belong.
See the liquor traffic go! Hearts with joy are all aglow;

Sing Prohibition, Prohibition, Echo, sing our song.
We shout and sing, We shout and sing The Song of Jubilee.

* Send a boy or girl out of the room to sing the echo, where the words are repeated, the whole school singing them the first time.
Temperance Pilgrim's Marching Song

Mrs. Nelly Bayley  Chas. T. Kimball

Solo (May be sung in unison)

1. We are Temp'rance pil-grims, Pray-ing as we go, Tell-ing all the
2. We are Temp'rance sol-diers, Fight-ing as we go, Wav-ing in the
3. We are Temp'rance sing-ers, Sing-ing as we go, All the way re-

sto-ry Of man's sin and woe, He, the gen-tle Shep-herd,
blew out our Ban-ner white as snow; Du-ty is our watch-word,
nov-ing, For we sure-ly know The vic-to-ry is ours, When we

Leads our lov-ing band, As we all go march-ing To the bet-ter land.
And our law is love, As we all go march-ing To the home a-bove.
fight and sing and pray, As we all go march-ing In the bet-ter way.

CHORUS

Come and join our ar-my, Come and join our band, Come and join our

Duet

ar-my, And for temp'rance stand. With Je-sus for our lead-er, We'll

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The Triumph of Truth

Anna A. Gordon

Lyons. 10s & 11s.

1. We drink at the fount of tem-per-ance truth,
2. The glow of this truth is light-ing our land,

For knowl-edge is pow'r in age and in youth:
A torch lit-t-ed high from moun-tain to strand;

Sound sense and sound sci-ence are say-ing to-day,
Let each be a vic-tor o'er sell and o'er sin,

Ab-stain from strong drink—tis the on-ly safe way.
The tri-umph of truth we will then ush-er in.
The Children's Jubilee

E. E. Hewitt
(Tune: "March On, Bright Hours")

Unison. Majestically.

1. Joy! joyful joy! joyful joy! We're so full of joy! 'Tis a happy day for each girl and boy, Since from our Heav'n-ly King, Who has led us country is set free: Oh! it is the Children's Jubilee.

2. Praise! praise! praise! praise! Let your praises ring To our great Commander, the Heav'n-ly King, Who has led us on to victory: Oh! it is the Children's Jubilee.

Chorus.

Dear old Red and White and Blue, Tell your story now anew Of a land from tyranny set free, Oh! 'tis the Children's Jubilee.

Used by permission of Chas. Fillmore.
*Waves flags during chorus.*

The Children's Jubilee

W. A. Post

Ring! Bells, Ring!

L. B.

Mrs. Lillie Billington

1. Ring! Bells, Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Send the news across the sea, Oh! Ring! Bells, Ring!

2. Ring! Bells, Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding!

D. S.—Ring! Bells! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Fine.

Victory is ours at last, so, Ring! Bells, Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding!

Sound the note of jubilee and, Ring! Bells, Ring!

Pealing out the tidings, As our joy you voice, That it is our day, glad day of Jubilee, D. S.

Bid-ding all the land look up, give thanks, re-joice! Oh, Tell them we will help them, They too shall be free, So,
The Bubbling Spring

Anna A. Gordon

Adapted from Pinsuti

p Allegro moderato

1. I sing the praise of water clear In yonder brimming,
   2. O youth and maid-en, lis-ten now To yonder brimming,
   3. God guide all lit-tle child-ren dear To yonder brimming,

bub-bling spring: A draught will quench your burn-ing thirst, And
bub-bling spring: Its song hath hope and hap-pi-ness For
bub-bling spring: To drink its spar-ling wa-ter clear, The

leave no ser-pent sting: God's love is in the song, (la, la,) it's
ev-ry liv-ing thing: God's love is in the song, (la, la,) it's
wea-ry pil-grim bring: Where sun-beams bright and gay (la, la,) are

sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, Good health and ev-ry joy (la, la,) up-
sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, With-in my heart for aye (la, la,) 'tis
laugh-ing, laugh-ing, laugh-ing, Is drink that's ev-er safest (la, la,) for

Whoever Heard of a Poor Old Horse?

Mrs. M. T. Field

Chas. T. Kimball

Allegretto

1. Who ev-er heard of a poor old horse That had to go reel-ing home,
2. Who ev-er heard of a drunk-en cow? Or e-ven a tip-sy rat?
3. No, each of the crea-tures God has made, On earth, in sea, in air,
4. So when we are great, big, grown up folks, And while we are children small,

Be-cause he had ta-ken a drop too much Of some-bod-y's poisoned rum?
Or who ev-er knew of a nice old pass That was not a tem-p'rance cat?
Needs noth-ing ev-er to quench its thirst But wa-ter pure and fair.
We'll have as much sense as the dogs and cats, Or we will not drink at all.
The Fairy in the Well

Corney Simmonds
Joseph P. Holbrook

1. I know a little fairy Who lurks within the well;
2. I love this little fairy, Her charms are ever new;
3. Ah, pretty little fairy, Thou shalt be ever mine;

She is so pure and sparkling, So sweet her magic spell;
I know she'll never deceive me, She is so good and true;
A sweeter friend and truer Than richest ruby wine;

She sings a-down the hill-side, And glides along the plain;
She bringeth peace and plenty, And giveth health a gain;
Then hail! blest little fairy, For ever dear to me,

She is the dear-est blessing, Bright Water is her name.
The sweet-est, dear-est blessing, Bright Water is her name.
The day is never coming That parted thee and me.

The Flag of Stars

Mary A. Lathbury

1. The stars that float up on the blue, The holy white, the
2. We bear the flag before our band, For God, and Home, and

crimson hue, Are splendid lent us by the night, Are
Native Land; For we are children of the King, And
glories of the morning light. Our colors gathered from the sky,
ever as we march we sing. Our arms are truth and righteousness,

Our hands shall ev-er hold on high; To peace-ful vic-to-ries, thro';
Our hope the land we love to bless; Be-neath the ho-ly white, the

ho-ly wars, We fol-low, fol-low still the flag of stars.
crimson bars, We fol-low, fol-low still the flag of stars.

Published by Alice M. Guernsey, 11 Webster Place, East Orange, N. J. Used by permission.
Hear the Brooklet

Flora Kirkland
In slow flowing tempo

1. Hear the brook-let as it hastens from its moun-tain home,
2. Heed the mer-cy lit-tle brook-let as it speaks to you,
3. God hath giv-en sil-ver wa-ter that will quench our thirst,

How it sing-eth as it light-ly runs a-way!
For tem-por-a-tion shall approach you, soon or late.
He hath fur-nished it for us with lav-ish hand;

Tell-eth of the beau-ty it hath seen and heard,
How it sings of star-ry paused in hes- i-ta-tion where the wine-cup glows.
And to-day they sad-ly take with glad thanksgiving what His love hath wrought,

CHORUS.

night and sun-lit day,
mourn a bit-ter fate,
firm and prayer-ful stand,

Hear the brook-let as it sings,

Copyright, 1901, by Tullar-Meredith Co.

What a mes-sage true it brings! For it says “Be true! be true! Do what

God would have you do!” Hear the brook-let as it sings, How its voice of warning

rings! For it brings a song of temp’rance from its mountain home to you.

Total Abstinence Round.
In Four Parts.

Chas. T. Kimball

Nev-er drink Liq-uor, Nev-er drink Beer,

Al-ways drink Wa-ter And keep your head clear.
Loving-Kindness To All

Words adapted from "Our Dumb Animals"
Tune: "Happy Greeting to All"

1. Be kind to all creatures, be gentle, be true. For food and provision,
   For affection and help to your life, and your love they must share; And He who the sparrow's fall
   Make their life's labor happy, not

2. Be kind to all creatures, nor grudge them your care; God gave them their
   bountiful return; Oh, do not their trusting hearts wantonly spurn!
   ten-derly heeds, Will lovingly look on compassionate deeds,
   dear and sad, Their working and serving you, easy and glad.

3. The brave are the tender, then do not refuse Most kindly to
   Chorus.
   Loving-kindness to all! Loving-kindness to all!
   Loving-kindness, Loving-kindness, Loving-kindness to all!

Children's Prayer

Anna A. Gordon
Tenderly
cres.

1. Our heavenly Father, hear us now, And help us keep this sacred vow;
2. Bless these who join our Band today, That they may never from Thee stray;

Tho' we are young, Oh make us strong Always to fight against the wrong,
Oh, keep them pure: Help them to stand For God and Home and Native Land.

ROUND FOR BOYS

Anna M. Hammer
(Tune, "Three Blind Mice")

We wise boys,
We wise boys
Have all signed the pledge!
Have all signed the pledge!

We've signed for now and we've signed for life;
To avoid the woe and keep out of the strife;
We'll all succeed and get a good wife;
We wise boys!
The Water-Drinkers

J. Saffery (Adapted)  T. Crampton
Allegretto cantabile

1. Around the sparkling fountain clear The pretty birds are flying;
2. The patient horses tramp along, The welcome trough emptying;
3. Where water flows all nature's blest; For spring with rill is Syriaing.

The water bright to them is dear, Their thirsty wants supplying.
With joy the camel sniffs the brook, Al though 'tis faint or dying.
To banish thirst at God's behest, A bevergage pure supplying.

The fleecy flocks that stud the fields, The cattle by them lowing,
The tiger, tired, for water pants, In sultry jungle lying;
And they who drink from nature's fount Are pure life enjoying.

All drink from streams that nature yields, As they are home-ward going.
And busy bee, and toiling ants, For water will be praying.
In water's praise their voices mount, Its sweetness never is cloying.

From English "Band of Mercy Melodies."

This Is My Father's World

Arrangement copyrighted 1913 by the Trustees of the Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work

Maltbie D. Babcock, 1901  Traditional English Melody

1. This is my Father's world, And to my listening ears All
2. This is my Father's world, The birds their carols raise, The
3. This is my Father's world, O let me ne'er forget That

Nature sings, and 'round me rings The music of the spheres,
Morning light, the sky white, Declare their Maker's praise,
The wrong seems oft so strong, God is the Ruler yet.

This is my Father's world, I rest me in the thought Of
This is my Father's world, He shines in all that's fair; In the
This is my Father's world, The battle is not done, Je-

Rocks and trees, of skies and seas—His hand the wonders wrought.
Rushing grass I hear Him pass, He speaks to me everywhere.
Sus who died shall be satisfied, And earth and heav'n be one. A-MEN.

Words from "Thoughts for Every Day Living." Copyright, 1901, by Chas. Scribner's Sons. Used by permission
Make the World More Bright

Rev. Thomas Timmins
Arr. from Mendelssohn

1. On streets, in homes, and schools, Be lov-ing, gen-tle, brave;
2. Stand by the weak and small, And speak up for the right;

To oth-ers and your-self be true, From wrong God's crea-tures save.
Be like God's sun-beams ev'-ry-where, And make the world more light.

Be courteous, kind to all, Keep on life's bright, true side; Spread
Bless all with-in your pow'r, In thoughts and words be true; And

hon-or, truth, and kind-ness round, In peace and love a-bide.
do to oth-ers as you would That they should do to you.

We'll Turn Down Our Glasses

Alice M. Guernsey
T. Martin Towne

1. Ap-ples, ripe ap-ples, we'll pick from the trees, But ci-der, no
ci-der for us, if you please; Grapes, pur-ple grapes for your
be it is poi-son in stead. We'll en-joy all the good things God
eating and mine, But we'll turn down our glass-es where
mak-eth to grow, But if changed in-to poi-sons we'll

Refrain

pours the red wine. We'll turn down our glass-es, We'll turn down our
brave-ly say: No!

glass-es, We'll turn down our glass-es where pours the red wine.
World Campaigners

Anna A. Gordon

Adapted by Alice Williams

1. Oh! we are vol-u-unteers in the world Campaigner's Band! Use-ful vol-u-

n-teers, with a pur-po-se grand; We are hap-py vol-u-unteers, don't you

know the rea-son why? We are help-ing bring the Ju-bi-lee, the whole world dry,

know the rea-son why? We are help-ing bring the Ju-bi-lee, the whole world dry.

Chorus.

Rally, young campaigner's, the world is go-ing dry! Rally, young cam-

paigner's, Vic-to-ry is nigh! Fierce will be the bat-tle

'gainst a gi-ant sin, But with God to help us we shall sure-ly win.

Victory Bells

Anna A. Gordon

A.A.G.

1. Swing! Ring! Vic-to-ry bells! That ush-er in the glad new day;

Swing! Ring! Vic-to-ry bells! Ev-er ring on, we pray.

Sweet is the mu-sic of those sounds so clear,

2. Hark! how sweet-ly the bells Ring out their call to work and pray;

Swing! Ring! Vic-to-ry bells! We will your call ob*y.

Glad is youth's morn-ing; joy-ous is its song;

3. Swing! Ring! Vic-to-ry bells! And we will catch your ech-oes sweet;

Swing! Ring! Vic-to-ry bells! We will your song re-peat;

Till ev-ry na-tion—pure, and free, and strong,

D.C.

Wak-ing the ech-oes far and near.

D.C.—Swing! Ring! Vic-to-ry bells, That ush-er in the glad new day;

Join in the cho-rus, we all be-long.

Peals bells of glad-ness, Join-ing our tri-umph song.
March of the Loyal Legion
Dedicated to the Loyal Legion of Connecticut

Anna A. Gordon

With spirit

1. We come, we come, an ar-my true, Our ban-ners proud-ly
2. We come, we come, a joy-ous band, In the fresh-ness of life's
3. We march, we march, with prayer and song, On the field you're sure to
4. A "Loy-al Le-gion" may we stand, Mid the storm of earth's tem-

bring-ing, With a shield of faith and a badge of blue; And a
morn-ing; We are grow-ing up with a pur-pose grand, And a
find us; In a fight for right and a war with wrong We'll
ta-tion; That in days to come, join-ing hand in hand, We may

song of vic-t'ry sing-ing, A song of vic-t'ry sing-ing.
glad new day is dawn-ing, A glad new day is dawn-ing.
cast all fear be-hind us, We'll cast all fear be-hind us.
guard our glo-ri-ous na-tion, Safe-guard our glo-ri-ous na-tion.

The Windmill

Mrs. M. H. Field

Fr. Seidel

1. The windmill needs the wind to blow, Or else it can-not go, go, go;
2. It pumps the wa-ter as it whirls, The on-ly drink for boys and girls;
3. It pumps no foam-ing wine or beer, But wa-ter cold, and pure, and clear;
4. We love to watch it while it whirls, For we are tem-p'rance boys and girls;

It needs the wind to blow, blow, blow, Or else it can-not go, go, go;
But first we want the wind to blow, Or else it can-not go, go, go;
Hur-rah! we want the wind to blow, And make the wind-mill go, go, go;
Hur-rah! we want the wind to blow, And make the wind-mill go, go, go;

Hur-rah! we want the wind to blow, And make the wind-mill go.

Note.--A little boy is placed in the middle with a hoop around his waist, wound with
bright colored tapes and with the ends of the tapes left long so that a circle of children can
move around him, each holding the end of a tape. Four little ones stand outside the ring
and represent the four winds blowing in turn or together, while all sing.
NEVER DRINK WHISKEY OR BRANDY

Anon.

(English Air, "Here We Go 'Round the Barberry Bush")
Children join hands and skip in circle. Stamp right foot once
as they take up the words, "Never drink whiskey or brandy," etc.

1. Gloom and care away we fling,
   Hand in hand, a merry ring;
   This is the chorus we will sing—
   "Never drink whiskey or brandy."

2. Water bright, on all the hills,
   Hangs in dew, or leaps in rills,
   Quenches our thirst, and runs the mills,
   "Never drink whiskey or brandy."

3. Take the pitcher to the spring,
   Homeward healthful water bring;
   Merrily let the kettle sing—
   "Never drink whiskey or brandy."

OUR SECRET

Mrs. Haycraft

(Air, "Annie Laurie")

Semi-Chorus, or Solo:

1. Tell me, oh tell the secret,
   That makes your hearts so light,
   That gives you health and gladness,
   And keeps your faces bright.

   Chorus (Briskly)
   Oh yes, the news is true,
   And good alike for you;
   The Temp’rance path we’ve chosen.
   Now, won’t you tread it too?

2. Tell me, oh tell the secret
   That fills your lives with song,
   And makes the music echo,
   Where’er you pass along.

3. Tell me, oh tell the secret
   That’s best for barn and store,
   And bringeth joy and plenty,
   And comfort to your door.

Good Night

Franz Abt
Harmonized by Chas. T. Kimball

Anna Gordon
PLEDGE OF THE LOYAL TEMPERANCE LEGION

I promise, God helping me,  
Not to buy, drink, sell, or give  
Alcoholic liquors while I live.  
From all tobacco I'll abstain,  
And never take God's name in vain.

WATCHWORDS  
Love, Loyalty, Light

Motto  
"We'll help to safeguard America's Future."

Rally Cry  
America! America! Free! Free! Free!  
Dear old Glory is the flag for me!  
America! America! Dry! Dry! Dry!  
We can help keep it so if we try!  
The Eighteenth Amendment forever!

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Y.P.B.
Song Book

YOUNG PEOPLE’S BRANCH
NATIONAL W. C. T. U.
Evanston, Illinois
Y.P.B. Song Book

Prices
10 cents per copy; 75 cents per dozen; $5.00 per hundred

NATIONAL WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION PUBLISHING HOUSE
Evanston, Illinois
Rally Song of the Y. P. B.

Helen L. Byrnes
Solo Alto or Bass
Lucy Rider Meyer

1. There's a challenge loud and clear, to the youth in this great day,
   The enemy's a-field, and his darts at youth are hurled,
   Prohibition's here to stay, homes are happy, bright and gay,

2. 'Tis the voice of prohibition, "I am here, and here to stay!"
   But purity's white banner will forever be unfurled;
   Our schools are full of children with their laughter and their play;

3. We are coming to the rescue, we are coming in our youth!
   The homes we build tomorrow shall be guarded by the truth;
   We are coming, coming to the battle of purity and right;

Law enforcement is the issue, ring out its message free,
See the hosts for law enforcement, raly from the hill and dale,
What a price was paid in service, prohibition's law to write,

And around you quickly gather, loyal hearts for victory,
And the enemy defeated, will no longer youth assail.
And we'll rally to defend it, loyal to the ribbon white.

Chorus

We are coming, coming to the battle of purity and right;
We are coming, coming to the battle for country, God, and right;
And for a winsome token, we wear the ribbon white.
And for a winsome token, we wear the ribbon white.

Music Copyright, 1904, by Anna A. Gordon
Alma Mater

Words by Bathrick Y. P.B., Rochester

Tune: "Annie Lisle"

Allegretto

1. Like a might-y for-tress stand-ing, Is our Y. P. B.,
2. Stand thou strong, O torch of serv-ice; Send a-broad thy rays,

Lift-ing high a flam-ing torch of Love and pu-ri-ty.
Till no wrong can bear thy bright-ness, And the right pre-vails.

Lift the cho-res, speed it on-ward, Loud and full and free;

Hail to thee, our Al-ma Ma-ter, Hail our Y. P. B.

Cheering Some One On

(Tune: "AUTUMN" Ab or "WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS" Key of F)

1 Don't you mind about the triumphs,
Don't you worry after fame;
Don't you grieve about succeeding,
Let the future guard your name.
All the best in life's the simplest,
Love will last when wealth is gone;
Just be glad that you are living,
And keep cheering some one on.

2 Let your neighbors have the blossoms,
Let your comrade wear the crown;
Never mind the little setbacks,
Nor the blows that knock you down.
You'll be there when they're forgotten,
You'll be glad with youth and dawn,
If you just forgot your troubles,
And keep cheering some one on.

—I—Baltimore Sun

I Would Be True

Howard Arnold Walter, 1883-1918

Joseph Yates Peck

1. I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
2. I would be friend of all—the foe, the friend-less;

I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be giv-ing, and for-get the gift;

I would be strong, for there is much to suf-fer;
I would be hum-ble, for I know my weak-ness;

I would be brave, for there is much to dare,
I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift,

—I—Baltimore Sun

Used by permission of J. Yates Peck
Carry On

Words by Anna A. Gordon
Music: "Baby Mine"

1. There's a greater task now calling, Carry
2. There's a greater task now calling, Carry
3. There's a greater task now calling, Carry

On, Carry On; Catch a vision soul enthralling, Carry
On, Carry On; Catch a vision soul enthralling, Carry
On, Carry On; Catch a vision soul enthralling, Carry

On, Carry On; Human happiness increase, Bring the
On, Carry On; Hearts must seek the Holy Grail, Precepts
On, Carry On; Prohibition's in the air, Pray and

Advice to the Drys

A. A. G.

(A CITIZENSHIP SONG SLOGAN)

All sing the Soprano

Get out your vote! Get out your vote! Get out your

slower

vote! Get out your vote! Get out your vote!
Forward! to Enforce the Constitution
Words and Music by Lue R. Middlebrook

Stately March: 4 steps to measure

1. Moth-er Na-tional calls young peo-ple true,
2. All a-long the front of bat-tle fray
3. For our Chil-dren’s chil-dren yet to be-

Loy-al to the W. C. T. U. Hear the Or-ders of the Day,
Stand young soldiers, fear-less as the day,
For our Flag that floats o’er land and sea, We shall nev-er cease to fight,

Say them o-ver as you pray, Hold fast! and without dis-may Go for-ward!
Working wonders by her will, Trusting Him who tells us still, “Go for-ward!”
While an en-e-my’s in sight; God is with us; Right is Might—“Go for-ward!”

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The Song of the Y. P. B.

Mary Crosby

1. We stand for a noble cause of right, All take note; We reach our hands for a torch of light, We plant our flag up.
2. Our brains are clear as nature gave, All take note; We waste no time where drinkers rave, And sink no cash in.
3. It is not good to be alone, All take note; For two chase ten times more than one, And men and women's
4. Our day of victory waits not far, All take note; We've "hitched our wag-on to a star." Twill prove the world's tri-

on the height; All take note, We pull in the world's life-boat.
bon-or's grave; All take note, Our pledge will do to quote.
best is done; All take note, When nei-ther stands re-note.
umphal car; All take note, When men with wom-en vote.

Copyright, 1911, by Anna A. Gordon

OUR Y. P. B.
Carl A. Munn, Ohio
(Tune, "America")

God bless our Y.P.B., help us our land to free
Thy kingdom bring.
Help us to send the light, victorious make our fight,
Help us with Thy great might,
Our God and King.
We love our Y.P.B., glorious society,
Of thee we sing,
Made of a noble band, for righteousness to stand,
Throughout our fatherland,
Till Christ is King.

10

Our Badge

Mary Henry
Solo.

1. Three magical letters we sing of to-night, Val-or-ous Y. P. B.;
2. This badge rep-re-sent-eth a trin-i-ty rare, Val-or-ous Y. P. B.;
3. For pu-rity, mod-est-y, strength, here unite, Val-or-ous Y. P. B.;

Chorus.

Three letters that stand as a pledge to the right, White ribbon, Y. P. B.
Each branch as a phase of its char-ac-ter fair, White ribbon, Y. P. B.
Let all of you swear it true service to-night, White ribbon, Y. P. B.

Chorus.

Daunt-less, in-vin-ci-ble, white rib-on pure, Daunt-less, in-
vin-ci-ble, white rib-on pure, Daunt-less, in-vin-ci-ble,

white rib-on pure. Badge of the Y. P. B.-------

11
It Must Be Settled Right

E. W. Wilcox  Adapted

1. How-ev-er the bat-tle is end-ed, Tho' proud-ly the
   vic-to-r com-es, With flut-ter-ing flags and
   pran-cing nag, And ech-o-ing roll of drums; Still truth pro-
   claims this mot-to, In let-ters of liv-ing light; plau-d take warn-

2. Tho' the heel of the strong-est op-press-or May grind the
   weak in the dust, And the voice of fame with
   aloud ac-claim May call him great and just; Let those who ap-
   plaud take warn-ing, And keep their mot-to in sight; morn-ing fol-

3. Let those who have failed take cour-age, Tho' the en-e-my
   seems to have won, Tho' His ranks are strong, if he
   morn-ing fol-lows The dark-est hour of night,
   Chorus

   No ques tion is ev-er set-tled Un-til it is set-tled right;
   No ques tion is ev-er set-tled Un-til it is set-tled right;
   No ques tion is ev-er set-tled Un-til it is set-tled right.

RALLY, ROUND THE LEADERS

(Tune, "Rally Round the Flag")

We will rally round our leaders;
Yes, we'll rally one and all;
Standing firm for law enforcement,
We'll gather from the city,
We'll gather from the plains,
Together we work for law enforcement.

Chorus

Enforcement, forever,
Hurrah! Yes, hurrah!
Down with law breakers,
Up with the law,
We will rally round our leaders;
Yes, we will rally one and all
Shouting hurrah for Prohibition.
Raise the Song Triumphant

VOICES IN UNISON Spirited

Words and Music by Geo. Noyes Rockwell

1. Raise the song triumphant, Sing in chorus strong, Let all earth re-
   2. Tho' sin and temptation Ev'ry-where a-bound, Tho' the hosts of
   3. Would we reign in glory And a crown there wear, We must here be

Play first four measures for prelude

echo As we march a-long; We are Chris- tian sol-diers,
Satan Com- pass us a-round, They can-not af-fright us;
faith-ful To the trust we bear; So when death shall call us,

We are proud to be Fol-l'wers of a Cap-tain Who has made us free.
Christ, who leads the way, Conquered them, and by Him We shall gain the day.
And our con-flict's o'er, We shall reign in glo-ry, Vic-tors ev-er-more.

CHORUS

Then march on to bat-tle, Prompt the call obey, Forward to the con-flict,

Strong in faith al-way; Sing ing as we go,

Sing ing as we go; Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-

le-lu-jah!

Interlude.
America, the Beautiful

Katharine Lee Bates
Samuel A. Ward

1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am- ber waves of grain,
2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet Whose stern im-pas-sioned stress
3. O beau-ti-ful for he-roes proved In lib-er-at-ing strife,
4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years

For pur-ple moun-tain maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain,
A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness,
Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than life,
Thine al-a-bas-ter cit-ies gleam Undimmed by hu-man tears.

A-mer-i-cal! A-mer-i-cal God shed His grace on thee,
A-mer-i-cal! A-mer-i-cal God mend thine ev’ry flaw,
A-mer-i-cal! A-mer-i-cal May God thy gold refine,
A-mer-i-cal! A-mer-i-cal God shed His grace on thee,

And crown thy good with brother-hood From sea to shin-ing sea.
Con-firm thy soul in self-con-trol, Thy lib-er-ty in law.
Till all suc-cess be no-ble-ness, And ev’ry gain di-vine.
And crown thy good with brother-hood From sea to shin-ing sea.

March of Allegiance

Anna A. Gordon
Rev. R. Lowry, by perm.

1. Ring out, ye Vic-to-ry bells, With joy-ful, gold-en notes
2. Ring out, ye Vic-to-ry bells, With notes from heav’n a-bove, To

claim al-le-giance to our laws, Pro-claim al-le-giance to our laws,
God and home and ev’ry land, To God and home and ev-ry land,

Whe-er’er Old Glo-ry floats, Whe-er’er Old Glo-ry floats.
Our loy-al-ty and love, Our loy-al-ty and love.

Whe-er’er Old Glo-ry floats, Whe-er’er Old Glo-ry floats.

Al-le-giance! Al-le-giance! Glo-ri-ous march of al-le-giance! A-
Al-le-giance true, al-le-giance!

mer-i-ca’s march of al-le-giance To lib-er-ty found-ed on law.
al-le-giance true.
This Is My Father's World
Arrangement copyrighted 1915 by the Trustees of the Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work
Malvina D. Babcock, 1901
Traditional English Melody

1. This is my Fa-ther's world, And to my lis-t'ning ears All
   na-ture sings, and 'round me rings The mu-sic of the spheres.
morn-ing light, the lil - y white, De - clare their Mak-er's praise.
the' the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the Rul-er yet.

2. This is my Fa-ther's world, The birds their car-ols raise, The
   This is my Fa-ther's world, I rest me in the thought Of
   This is my Fa-ther's world, He shines in all that's fair; In the
   rocks and trees, of skies and seas—His hand the won-der wrought.

3. This is my Fa-ther's world, O let me ne'er for-get That
   This is my Fa-ther's world, The bat-tle is not done, Je-
   rus - ting grass I hear Him pass, He speaks to me ev'-ry-where.
   sus who died shall be sat - is-fied, And earth and heav'n be one. A-MEN.

O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee

W. Gladden
H. P. Smith

1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low-ly paths of serv - ice free;
Tell me Thy se-cret; help me hear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Have Thine own way, Lord,

2. Help me the slow of heart to move By seas clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
Have Thine own way, Lord,

3. Teach me Thy pained still with Thee In clos'er, dear-er com - pa-ny,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs o - ver wrong.
Have Thine own way, Lord,

4. In hope that sends a shin-ing ray Far down the future's broad'ning way,
In peace that on-ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O Mas-ter, let me live.

HAVE THINE OWN WAY, LORD

Have Thine own way, Lord,
Have Thine own way.
Thou art the Potter,
I am the clay.
Mould me and make me,
After Thy will.
While I am waiting,
Yielded and still.

Have Thine own way, Lord,
Have Thine own way.
Search me and try me
Master today.
Whiter than snow Lord,
Wash me just now.
As in Thy presence,
Humbly I bow.
Consecration

Frances Ridley Havergal
A. H. C. Malan

1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-cr-at-ed,
   Lord, to Thee; Take my mo-ments and my days; Let them of Thy love; Take my feet, and let them be Swift and
   flow in cease-less praise, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
   1 Build it well and build it straight,
   3 Build your character to be
   2 Have it rugged, have it clean,
   4 He gives power to his foe,

2. Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse
   for my King; Take my lips, and let them be Filled with
   beau-ti-ful for Thee, Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee.
   2 Have it rugged, have it clean,
   3 Build your character to be
   4 He gives power to his foe,

3. Take my voice, and let me sing, Al-ways, on-ly,
   mes-sag-es from Thee, Filled with mes-sag-es from Thee.
   pow’r as Thou shalt choose, Ev’ry pow’r as Thou shalt choose.
   3 Build your character to be
   4 He gives power to his foe,
   4 He gives power to his foe,

4. Take my sil-ver and my gold; Not a mite would
   be Thy roy-al throne, It shall be Thy roy-al throne.
   4 He gives power to his foe,
   4 He gives power to his foe,

5. Take my will, and make it Thine; It shall be no
   on-ly, all for Thee, Ev'er, on-ly, all for Thee.

6. Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its

Rise! For the Day Is Passing

Adelaide E. Procter
Tune—"The Loreley"

1. Rise! for the day is pass-ing, And you lie dream-ing on; The others have buckled their armor, And forth to fight are gone. A
   place in the ranks a-waits you, Each has some part to play, The rise! for the day is pass-ing, And you lie dream-ing on; The past and future are nothing In face of stern to-day, others have buckled their armor, And forth to fight are gone.

2. Rise! if the past de-tails you, Her suns and storms for-get; No chains so un-wor-thy to hold you, As those of vain regret. A
   place in the ranks a-waits you, Each has some part to play, The rise! for the day is pass-ing, And you lie dream-ing on; The past and future are nothing In face of stern to-day, others have buckled their armor, And forth to fight are gone.

Character

Tune: "Consecration"

1 Build it well and build it straight,
   Strong enough to buffet fate,
   Stanch enough to bear the blow
   Life compels us all to know.
2 Have it rugged, have it clean,
   Nowhere false and nowhere mean,
   Whosoever be your post,
   Make your character your boast.  
3 Build your character to be
   Fit for every eye to see;
   Never let some secret sin
   Or some shameful thing creep in.
4 He gives power to his foe,
   Who must hide what he may know,
   But he who keeps his record true
   Has no foe who may pursue.

---Edgar A. Guest

FOLKS FROM Y. P. B.

(Tune, "Auld Lang Syne")

We are the folks from Y. P. B.
We're glad to have you know
You could not find so fine a lot
However far you go.

Chorus

For every Y. P. B., my friend,
For every Y. P. B.
We'll give a cheer for everyone
Who comes to Y. P. B.

---
THE WONDEROUS STORY

Words by Mabel M. Walker, New Jersey
(Tune, "I Will Sing the Wondrous Story")

Let us sing the wondrous story,
How those mothers long ago,
Slaught and noble Christian women
Knelt and prayed in drifted snow.
Yes we'll sing the wondrous story
They who now with saints above
Dwell forever more in glory,
Leaving us their work and love.

Woman's Christian Temperance Union,
Outcome of that Crusade time
Members number by the thousands,
And it's known in every clime.
Yes we'll work, and pray, and conquer,
And we'll pledge ourselves anew
So the world will see and know us,
Know the W. C. T. U.

Prohibition—what a blessing
To our dear old U. S. A.
Fruit of those who never ceasing,
Fought King Alcohol's dark way.
Yes we'll sing the wondrous story,
Of that noble Christian band;
And our motto be it ever
God and Home and Every Land.

SONG OF CONSECRATION

Anna A. Gordon
(Tune, "Stand Up, Stand Up For Jesus"—Key of B flat)

1. To thee, beloved country,
   Forever grand and free!
   From ocean unto ocean
   Immanuel's land to be,
   To thee we pledge allegiance,
   For thee our souls are strong;
   With heart to heart united
   In prayer, in work, in song.

2. Our land that's now triumphant
   O'er foes that have oppressed;
   This pilgrim-land of nations,
   Today so richly blessed,
   Will heed a world that's calling,
   The curse of drink o'erthrow;
   Will bring a glad tomorrow
   In righteousness to glow.

3. The dawning day is glorious,
   The world-wide sky grows bright,
   We hail the holy radiance
   Of prohibition's light!
   O God of nations, hear us,
   Our trust is all in Thee;
   To Thee we'll give the glory
   In psalms of victory!

I WANT TO BE HAPPY

I want to be happy, but I won't be happy,
Till I make you happy too—
Life's really worth living, when we are mirth giving,
Why can't I give some to you?
When skies are gray, and you say you are blue—
I'll send the sun smiling through—
I want to be happy, but I won't be happy
Till I make you happy too.

LOOK AHEAD!

Anna A. Gordon
(Tune, "Dixie")

1. In the coming years of jubilation
   Praising God for our great nation
   Work away! Work away! Work away! Comrades all;
   Our torches must be daily lighted,
   Held aloft with faith united;
   Work away! Work away! Work away! Comrades all.

   Chorus
   We're out for law observance. We are! We are!
   We're out for law observance, yes, we're out for law observance
   We are! We are! We're out for law observance;
   We are! We are! We're out for law observance;
   God help us bring a blest tomorrow
   Crowned with peace, undimmed by sorrow;
   Talk away! Talk away! Talk away! Comrades all;
   Talk away! Talk away! Talk away! Comrades all.
   God and Home and Every Land.

2. While working, talking, praying, voting,
   Our great cause each day promoting,
   Look ahead! Look ahead! Comrades all;
   Still grander works tomorrow calling.
   Stirring, solemn, soul-enthralling.
   Look ahead! Look ahead! Look ahead! Comrades all.

   Chorus

3. Now we must make the whole world dry,
   We can if we all try;
   In England, France, and Italy and all the lands of the sea,
   We say John B. must die, we MEAN John B. must die,
   We say, we SAY and MEAN John B. must die.
   Each one must work to win the cause, we must enforce the laws,
   We must, we MUST enforce the laws, if we would win this world-wide cause;
   We must enforce the laws, WE MUST enforce the laws.
   We MUST, WE CAN, WE WILL ENFORCE THE LAWS.

   3. Come help us friends, come one and all and banish alcohol;
      The fight is fierce, 'tis just begun, God calls and wants you everyone;
      Come join our Y.P.B., come join our Y.P.B.,
      Come and join us and help us bury old JOHN B.
HOLD FAST

Dr. N. Louise Rand, Mass.
(Tune, "Yield Not To Temptation")
1. "Hold fast and go forward," our slogan this year,
Foes may be around us, God bids "Do not fear,"
Our cause it is righteous, this war against sin,
Keep steadfastly onward, we know we shall win.

Chorus
All hold fast and go forward, on persistently onward
God will give us the victory, we know we shall win.
2. "Hold fast and go forward," world-wide is the fight,
We'll not be discouraged while we're in the right;
Each one bear his burden, each one do his share,
Then we shall be helping, all lands over there.
3. "Hold fast and go forward," new members secure,
Help make prohibition real, lasting and sure;
Add more to our numbers, keep those that we've won
Work so that the Master'll say "It is well done."

BRIGHTLY BEAMS THE TEMPERANCE BANNER

Dr. N. Louise Rand, Mass.
(Tune, "Let the Lower Lights be Burning")
Brightly beams the temperance banner, going forth o'er all the world,
God be praised we know that ever this fair flag shall be unfurled.

Chorus
Y. P. B., you will be loyal, true to all that's pure and right,
Loyalty shall be our watchword as we carry on the fight.
2
We must rouse the Christian people to their duty day by day,
Never let us be discouraged for we know it is God's way.
3
We will strive for law observance in this dear old U. S. A.
For we want the world to follow at no very distant day.

WORK FOR ENFORCEMENT WHERE YOU ARE

Anna A. Gordon
(Tune, "Brighten the Corner Where You Are")
1. There's a slogan we must shout and sing these victory days,
When we've reached our prohibition goal;
Let it be the ringing keynote of our hymn of praise,
Stirring to action ev'ry soul.

Refrain
Work for enforcement where you are;
Work for enforcement where you are;
Warfare is not over, shout the slogan near and far.
Work for enforcement where you are.
2. Days of triumph and rejoicing find us battling still
'Gainst the foe of purity and right;
Let the slogan, Law Enforcement, ev'ry patriot thrill,
Stirring to action day and night.
("Law Observance" can be substituted for "Law Enforcement.")

TEMPERANCE TOILERS

Wallace Y.P.B., New York
(Tune, "Jingle Bells")
All hail the Y.P.B.
We're a jolly temperance band,
And we are out to see,
Enforcement in our land.
We've won a victory;
Let's keep our flag unfurled,
Now that our land is liquor free.
We're for a temperance world.

Chorus
Y.P.B., Y.P.B., we are proud of you,
We'll work for right
With all our might.
And to our pledge be true.
(Repeat Chorus)

COUNT THE BLESSINGS

Dr. N. Louise Rand, Mass.
(Tune, "Count Your Blessings")
When in nineteen-twenty came the glorious day
That we drove the liquor traffic out for aye;
Drink we banished from the land we love so well
And the news to all the world we gladly tell.

Chorus
Count the blessings prohibition's brought,
Thank your heavenly Father as you ought.
Count the blessings, count them one by one,
And it will surprise you what the dry law's done.
2
3
Yes, we know that people disobey the law,
We have only started in this righteous war;
Benefits will come to us as years pass by,
Many now are all about you can't deny.
3
Let us tell to all the world the gains we've made,
How in spite of poor enforcement it has paid:
Many homes are happy, many children glad,
Mothers everywhere rejoice that once were sad.

GET ANOTHER Y.P.B.

(H.L.B.)
(Tune, "Pack Up Your Troubles")
Get another Y.P.B. in your old state
Then smile, smile, smile.
Don't let your vision or your purpose lag,
Y.P.B.'s the style.
There's no use of sighing,
Or any use of dying,
Get another Y.P.B. in your old state,
Then smile, smile, smile.
TEMPERANCE RALLY SONG

(Tune, "Old Black Joe")

Up in the North, where giant forests grow,
Down in the South, where cotton blossoms blow,
Out in the West, where golden acres lie,
The North, the South, the East, the West, have all gone dry.

Chorus:

 Enforcement! Enforcement!
 Join in the rallying cry!
 With law observance as our watchword,
 Hold for ore!

Fiercely the conflict raged throughout our land,
Splendid the day that brought our victory grand,
Proudly our hosts marched on from sea to sea,
America, America is free, free, free!

Onward, ye brave, with unfurled banners white,
March 'gainst the foe that tramples down the right;
God's on our side, the law observed will be;
The East, the West, the whole wide world, will soon be free!

SHOW YOUR COLORS

Helen G. H. Estelle, New York
(Tune, "Onward, Christian Soldiers")

Come, ye loyal people, conie and take your stand In the fight for temperance over all the land.
Come armed with the ballot, come with flags unfurled.
Stand and show your colors proudly to the world.
Stand for law observance, stand for God and right,
Stand for home and country in this noble fight.

Traitors to our country, we will never be,
We uphold together law's supremacy;
Rum, the dire invader, from our land MUST go,
Then shall peace and plenty in our borders grow.
Stand for law enforcement, stand for God and right;
We shall win the victory in this noble fight.

WE HOLD THE KEY

(Tune, "Auld Lang Syne")

We hold the key that bars the gates,
Heroic hands have locked;
The beer brigade shall never pass
For you their way have blocked.
For daughters and for sons we sing
Hurrab for Y. P. B.!
Columbia's young folks, stout of heart
Forever hold the key.

We're here for work right from the start
Come join our Y. P. B.;
Just laugh and sing with all your heart,
Now show your loyalty.
Though other meetings be forgot,
Let this one be our best.
Join in the song we sing today,
Be happy, Y. P. B.

DING, DONG, DING

(Tune—Chorus, "Pack Up Your Troubles")

(Key of G)

Peal out the jubilee across the land,
It's "ding, dong, ding;"
Shout forth the victory, the victory grand,
Every bell make ring;
'Tis our day of victory,
The day we've prayed to see, so
Peal out the jubilee across the land,
It's "ding, dong, ding."

Peal out the jubilee, be glad, give praise
And smile, shout, sing;
Join in the chorus of the song we raise,
Praise to God the King;
Many years of laboring
Have borne their fruit today, so
Peal out the jubilee, be glad, give praise
And smile, shout, sing.

Peal out the jubilee across the seas
It's "ding, dong, ding;"
Fling out the standard to the ocean breeze,
Loud our anthem sing;
Send a song of courage
The world afar to cheer, so
Peal out the jubilee across the seas,
It's "ding, dong, ding."

ENFORCEMENT SONG

Batrick Y.P.B., Rochester, N. Y.
(Tune, "The Long, Long Trail"—Key of G)

We will work for law enforcement,
For dear America's sake;
As God is our great leader
We this stand must take.

Set the temperance bells a-ringing
In every state of the land,
We will work for law enforcement,
Catch the vision, temperance band.

There's a great big task awaiting
Oh, Y.P.B.'ers for you
And it needs each one uniting
Strong to dare and do.

There must be a strong look upward
Before our dreams will come true,
But you lift up those who need you
To that same, same trail with you.

WE'LL REMEMBER YOU

(Tune, "Always")

We'll remember you, always,
Friendships strong and true, always,
We'll see you next year,
When the gang's all here,
Filled with joy and cheer,
Always, always.

We'll be strong for you, always,
We'll live the "Y's" fine way, always,
Not for just a month,
Not for just a day,
Not for just a year,
But Always.
WORLD PEACE
Clinton N. Howard
(Tune, "Materna")
Oh God the Father of us all
Teach us to love mankind,
Help us to see that all are one
In Thy eternal mind;
Let each for all and all for each
Unite the world in one
And brothers be in lands made free
Through Thy Eternal Son.
Speed universal brotherhood.
Let wars forever cease.
And nations show their loyalty
To Christ the Prince of Peace.
Let Peace around the world abound
And all have liberty.
Let love and faith possess the earth
And ring from sea to sea.
The promised day will surely come
With prophecy fulfilled
When all the battle flags are furled
And all the guns are stilled.
Let fellowship put fear to flight
And forces give way to faith,
Then peace will come to bless the earth
Throughout eternal years.

STAND FAST FOR PROHIBITION
Delaware Y.P.B.
(Tune, "Stand Up for Jesus")
Stand fast for prohibition,
Ye of the Y.P.B.
The fight, tho won, still rages,
Our land is not yet free.
The grip of drink is broken
The hand of right is strong.
Fight on, fight on ye valiant,
And overcome the wrong.
To falter now is failure,
Our strength must firm remain,
Christ leads us in the battle,
The fight shall not be vain.
Your work will not be ended,
Oh noble Y.P.B.
Until our glorious nation
Is made entirely free.

THE CALL IS NOW
Helen G. H. Estelle, New York
(Tune, "Materna")
O noble host of loyal youth
With purpose strong and clear;
The task of heroes is your lot
To build for future years.
Oh, Y. P. B.'s, Oh, Y. P. B.'s,
The call is now to you,
Yes we'll sing their wondrous story,
The call is for the best you hold
And undimmed lives so true.
Go forward now, yours is the day
To shape a nobler world;
To mould the homeland’s soul and thought
And keep the flags unfurled.
Oh, Y. P. B., arise and do,
Christ leads our noble band;
For our own blessed land.

PARTING SONG
(Tune, "Till We Meet Again")
Till we meet, we'll bid you all adieu,
We've enjoyed the time we've spent with you.
We hope next time you'll all be here,
For these good times we hold so dear,
May the days that we must spend apart,
Be filled with pleasures dear to every heart,
Let's all shake hands and say good-bye—
Till we meet again.

BATTLE HYMN FOR YOUTH
(Adapted)
(Tune, "Battle Hymn of the Republic")
Our eyes have caught the vision of a line against the sky;
Hundreds, thousands of our growing youth—an army passing by!
Hear their challenge, Oh young people! It's a lusty one they cry!
Our girlhood marching by.
Refrain
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Our girlhood marching on!

We the youth of yesterday, must never call retreat;
It is we who set the pace, who blaze the trail for younger feet;
Yet the boys, so soon to follow us, may wonder why we meet
Unless we too, march on.
Refrain
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Our boyhood marching on!

Let us ring aloud our watchword, "Young America be strong"
Be the bulwark of a nation! Be a force to right her wrong!
Oh young people, pledge your loyalty, your love to her in song,
Our youth is marching on!
Refrain
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Americans! March on!

SING A SONG OF Y.P.B.
Helen L. Byrnes
(Tune, "Marching Through Georgia")
Sing a song of Y.P.B.
And sing it every day.
Sing it as you ought to sing it
All along the way.
Sing it in your churches, in your classes, in your clubs,
While you work in county, state and nation.

Chorus
Hurrah, Hurrah, we're after Y.P.B.'s
Hurrah, Hurrah, oh help us won't you please?
We would have more Y.P.B.'s in the good old U.S.A.
While you work, in county, state and nation.

Y. P. B.
Maychew Y. P. B., New Jersey
(Tune, "Keep the Home Fires Burning")
Keep the Y.P.B. growing.
Fill the people's minds
All the while its sowing
With law enforcement.
Seed of joy and culture
Keep the Y. P. B. booming
In this world of ours;
All the year around.

MEMBERS
(Tune, "One Little, Two Little, Three Little Indians")
We must have a lot of members,
One dozen, 2 dozen, 3 dozen members,
We must have a lot of members,
Four dozen, 5 dozen, 6 dozen members,
We must have a lot of members,
Seven dozen, 8 dozen, 9 dozen members,
A lot of members now,
Ten dozen members now.

28
THE Y'S ARE MARCHING
Nellie M. Seibert
Dedicated to New Jersey Y's
(Tune, "Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!")
Oh, the Y's they have the grit,
And they never waver, not a bit,
You will find them at the front of every fray,
They've the rumbles on the run.
Since they fired their temperance gun
And their singing—It is there,
It's there to stay.

Chorus
Tramp! tramp! tramp! the Y's are marching,
Cheer up, comrades, here we come
And beneath the starry flag
We will keep our nation dry
And will give protection to our country's home.
In the battle front we stand
Neath the red, the white and blue,
Hark, we hear the cry of victory once again
Hail! the W. C. T. U.
And together hand in hand
We will fight to keep our nation,
Free from stain.

THE Y.P.B.
Fullerton Calif. Y.P.B.
(Tune, "Smiles")
There's a group opposed to warfare,
There's a group that stands for peace,
There's a group that has a special purpose,
There's a group whose value will increase.
There's a group whose membership is growing,
There's a group that's making history,
And the group whose mission is the noblest,
Is the group called the Y.P.B.

OUR TASK
Varna Y.P.B., New York
(Tune, "Sweet Bye and Bye")
There's a task that is waiting for you,
For the youth of our nation today.
We must keep our lives clean and true,
And the laws of our country obey.

Chorus
Work and pray, Y.P.B.
We shall finish our task bye and bye.
Work and pray, Y.P.B.
We shall finish our task bye and bye.
We need others to help in the fight,
For the bootlegger's never at rest.
New members who'll help win for right,
Keep their pledge when it comes to the test.

GET ACQUAINTED
(Tune, "Tipperyary")
It's a good thing to get acquainted
It's a good thing to know
Who is sitting close beside you
And to smile and say hello
Good-bye that lonesome feeling
Good-bye glassy stare
Here's my hand oh shake,
My name is (Say your name)
Now put yours right there.

A SMILE
(Tune, "Auld Lang Syne")
A smile is quite the funny thing,
It wrinkles up your face,
And when it's gone you'll never find
It's secret hiding place.
But far more wonderful it is
To see what smiles can do,
You smile at one, he smiles at you,
And so one smile makes two.
He smiles at someone, since you smiled,
And then that one smiles back,
And that one smiles until, in truth,
You fail in keeping track.
And since a smile can do great good
By cheering hearts of care,
Let's smile and smile and not forget
That smiles go everywhere.

BOOSTERS
(Tune, "Bubbles")
We're forever hunting boosters,
Peppy boosters for the branch,
We want to grow, we want to show
That we're alive and not so slow,
Talent's always hiding, we've looked everywhere,
We're forever wanting boosters,
Peppy boosters are so rare.

RELAXATION
(Tune, "Till We Meet Again")
Smile awhile, and give your face a rest,
(All smile)
Stretch your arms and elevate your chest,
(Arms to side)
Reach your arms up toward the sky,
(Hands up)
While you watch them with your eye,
(Head backward)
Limber up and stretch your neck a bit.
(Head sideways)
As you were, and now before you sit
Just reach out to some one near,
Shake his hand and smile.

THE MUMMY SONG
(Tune, "The Long, Long Trail"—Key of G)
It's a short, short life we live here, so let us laugh while we may.
With a song for every moment of the whole bright day;
What's the use of looking gloomy, or what's the use of our tears,
When we know a mummy's had no fun for more'n three thousand years.
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