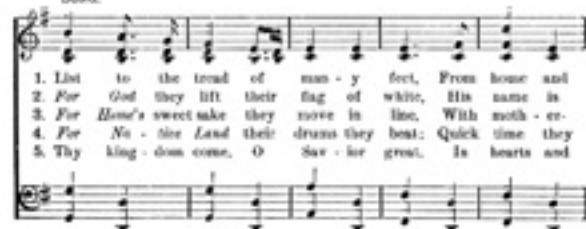
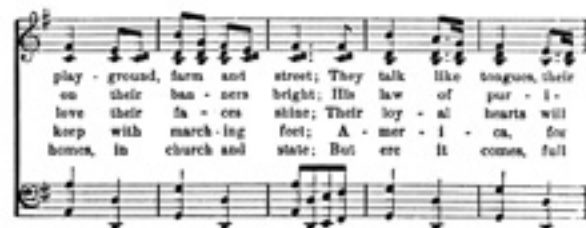


FRANCIS E. WILLARD,
INTRODUCTION.

Solo.



1. Lift to the tread of man - y feet, From home and
2. For God they lift their flag of white, His name is
3. For Home's sweet sake they move in line, With north - er -
4. For No - tice Land their drums they beat; Quick time they
5. Thy king - dom come, O Sav - ior great, In hearts and



play - ground, farm and street; They talk like tongues, their
 on their ban - ners bright; His law of pur - i -
 love their fa - ces shine; Their joy - al hearts will
 keep with march - ing feet; A - mer - i - ca, for
 homes, in church and state; But ere it comes, full



words we know, "Sa - loons, sa - loons, sa - loons must go!"
 ly doth show, "Sa - loons, sa - loons, sa - loons must go!"
 have it so, "Sa - loons, sa - loons, sa - loons must go!"
 these they know, "Sa - loons, sa - loons, sa - loons must go!"
 well we know, "Sa - loons, sa - loons, sa - loons must go!"

NOTE:—In the chorus let the boys and girls mark time gently to the words,
 "Saloons, saloons, saloons must go!"

Solo. ALL TOGETHER.

Must go! Must go! Must go! Sa - loons, sa -
 loons must go!..... With pray'r and work the
 world we'll show, Sa - loons, sa - loons, sa - loons must go!

"Vote It Out"

(Tune: "Anywhere With Jesus.")

Alcohol is trembling, for he hears the roar
 As the wave of Temperance sweeps from shore to shore,
 Long he's ruled this nation, but the time has come
 When the people, roused at last, cry: Death to Rum!

Chorus: Vote it out! Vote it out! Let the traffic die,
 Shout for Prohibition. 'Tis our battle-cry.

News is heralded each morn of victories won;
 Also noise of battles that have just begun.
 Liquor hosts are beaten back on every hand,
 Christian men, united, will redeem our land.

Chorus:

States both south and north are joining in this fight;
 They will free Columbia. God is with the right.
 Nebraska's marching forth. We challenge now the foe;
 Banners to the breeze we fling. Saloons must go!

—Harriet Varce.

Who'll be the Boy for the Place?

(A SALOON KEEPER'S APPEAL.)

Moderato.

Composed by REV. E. S. UFFORD.
Except first two stanzas.

1. Johnson the drunkard is dying to-day, Dying with we on his face . . .
 2. Simons the gambler was shot in the fight, Died without pardon or grace . . .

Missed he will be at the club, bar and play, Want-ed,—a boy for the place . . .
 Someone must train his burthen of blight, Want-ed,—a boy for the place . . .

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Who'll be the Boy for the Place?—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Wanted - boy! Wanted a boy! out of this fair rising race; . . .

Who'll be the boy, Who'll be the boy? Who'll be the boy for the place? for the place.

3 Mary, the wife of the drunkard is dead,
 Sadly her sorrows we trace;
 Someone again to the snare will be led,
 Wanted,— a girl for the place.

4 Come then my neighbors vote license I pray,
 Help me to win in this race;
 Men who will vote for my traffic to-day,
 Must furnish the boy for the place.

CHORUS.

Wanted, a girl! Wanted, a girl!
 Out of this fair rising race;
 Who'll be the girl? Who'll be the girl?
 Who'll be the girl for the place?

CHORUS-

Wanted, a boy! Wanted, a boy!
 Out of this fair rising race;
 Who'll be the boy? Who'll be the boy?
 Who'll be the boy for the place?

5 Over the land peals the loud bugle call,
 Someone this evil must face;
 Some noble leader to rouse one and all,
 Wanted,— a man for the place.

CHORUS.

Wanted, a man! Wanted a man
 Out of this fair rising race;
 Who'll be the man? Who'll be the man?
 Who'll be the man for the place?

GENII OF WINE.

Waltz by F. K. GRIGGS.

Ardante

1. O the re-ry wine is blushing, Like a re-ly, And with light, O the
 2. O the blushing wine is glowing, Like the rusty chains of earth, O the
 3. O the glowing wine is glittering, Like the dragon eyes of hate, O the
 4. O the glittering wine is burning, Like the wastefulness of wine, O the

rag-ing, thro'-ing an-er, Makes the dreary hours glow bright, O the de-ry dream
 see-ry, and 't'is gaudy, soon re- flecting on 't' world, O the glowing proudly
 evul-ter, thro'-ing gambler is de- ly-ing God and fate, O the soulless, brutal
 and-ly, glowing dagger gives the waster, wicked slow, O the dis-aid, darkness

dancing, True and bring forth as - staid, O the art-ful, for-ing so - ren, from the
 gaudy, from re - churing as a snake, O the waning, waning billiards from re -
 bewar- is as - vil-ling pain and shame, O the worthless, wretched beggar is get -
 despairs is a - wakened by no prayer, O the an - fal, fearful scaffold hills of

an - gen of the hall - All the so - ren and the dan- ing, And the
 post- ing, Pious s. - shall be All the bid - buds and the post- ing, And the
 the - ing, one, hand's name - All the beg- gar and the brow let, And the
 hope - less, black de - spair - All the wof-ful and the dan- gen, And the

we - re and the wine Are the spe - ds of the ren - al, That the
 gar- ven and the wine, Are so charming that the can- line, To there
 gambler and the wine, Are com- pite - ions war - thy - ly, Those of
 dig- ger and the wine, Are the fi - good fruits of so - let - ing, then

see, ah death de - vice, But the was the spin - of glassy time will run, oh, chased by
 and 't' is re - igh, But that stony ball of greed, So be - gull- ing, we ask
 wad- ing, Ple - ty, shrew, But the drunken, white - to - ness, By a straightly po - tent
 De - god they are there - But, poor drunkard, rior of weakness, from the engunk out a

secret, And the frag - ile cup of glassy time be - run - ing over with tears
 like is a - wakened by no prayer, O the an - fal, fearful scaffold hills of