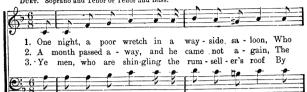
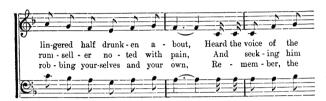
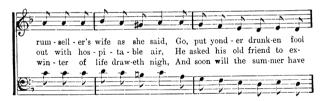
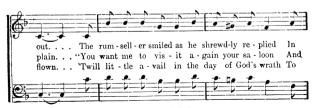
Arranged.

Durt. Soprano and Tenor or Tenor and Bass.









Copyright, 1900, by J. G. DAILEY.



tones that would brook no re - proof, "Let him stay if he will, he is ask why I lin-ger a - loof? With thanks for your kindness alof - fer high heaven the proof, That your house is now des - o - late



be the first the first term of the first term of



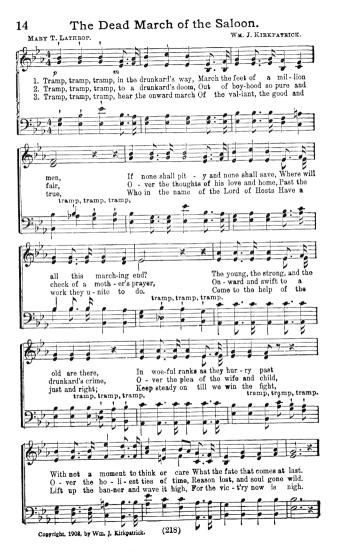
Are you shingling the rum-sell-er's .roof? . Are you shingling the rum-sell-er's roof?



rum-sell-er's roof?.... While your own house de-cays, Are you



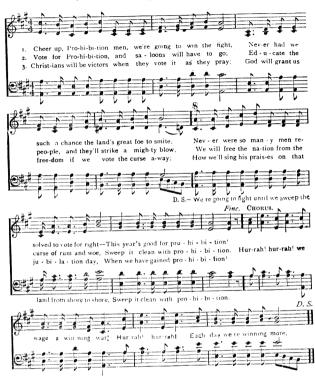






16

(Tune: "Marching Through Georgia.")



Marching From Georgia

Bring the good old bugle, boys, We'll have a grand new song; Sing it as we mean to sing it, eighty million strong; Sing it as we love to sing it, while they march along; Rum-shops are marching from Georgia

Chorus: Hurrah! Hurrah! They lead the jubilee! Hurrah! Hurrah! Our land will soon be free; Hear the Dixie chorus, from Atlanta to the sea. While they are marching from Georgia!

Marching From Georgia.—(Continued.)

Oklahoma answered, when she heard the joyful sound; Kansas took new courage: while old Maine felt sure her ground: All the South awakens, and the North will soon come 'round. Swelling the new march from Georgia!

Chorus: And now Nebraska's heard the news, and will not be left out. She's ready for the conflict, and lines up with a shout, She calls for volunteers, and hears her heroes say,

We'll fall in line with Georgia. Chorus: Hurrah! Hurrah! We'll vote the jubilee! Hurrah! Hurrah! Columbia shall be free! Swell the Dixie Chorus, from the mountains to the sea,

Nebraska is proud to follow Georgia.

Crusade "Glory Song." When long ago, in the snow and the sleet.

Womanhood knelt in the pitiless street: Out of that agony, out of defeat,

Blossomed a glory for you and for me. Chorus:

Oh! that will be glory for me, Glory for me, Glory for me; When this dear land of the white-ribbon band Strikes off rum's chain, shouting

Far sped the seeds of that wonderful flower,

"Glory, I'm free."

Telling the world of its heavenly dower: God, in the germ, was its hiding of

Linking its glory with you and with me.

Chorus:

Hands with all electric impulse Devine Now span the globe with a white-ribbon line:

Conquer we must, for the cross is our Gleaming with glory for you and for

me. Chorus:

When every home is protected and sweet: When our belov-ed are safe on the

street; When the saloon is an outlaw complete;

That will be glory for you and for me. Chorus:

-A. A. Hawley.

New America. (Tune: "America.")

We face a cruel foe, That fills out land with woe; King Alcohol: Armed with a poisoned dart.

He aims it at the heart. Nor heeds the mortal smart Of them that fall.

Our fathers' God! to thee. We how the suppliant knee, In fervent prayer: Stretch forth thy mighty hand, Against the murderous band That desolates our land, This land so fair.

Awake ve freemen, all, Attend your country's call: For freedom stand: Armed with God's truth and right, And ballots clean and white, Stand forth in manhood's might,

And save our land.

United everyone, King Alcohol dethrone. And end his sway: Forth to the conflict go, And with united blow. Rum's legions overthrow, And win the day.

When rum's foul stream is dry. We'll wave our banners high, And sing God's praise: With rescued homes and free, We'll celebrate with glee, Our nation's victory, In joyful lays.

-Rev. Hiram Burch.