

12 Shingling The Rumseller's Roof

Arranged.

J. G. DAILEY.

DUET. Soprano and Tenor or Tenor and Bass.

1. One night, a poor wretch in a way-side, sa-loon, Who
2. A month passed a-way, and he came not a-gain, The
3. Ye men, who are shingling the rum-sell-er's roof By

lin-gered half drunk-en a-bout, Heard the voice of the
rum-sell-er no-ted with pain, And seek-ing him
rob-bing your-selves and your own, Re-mem-ber, the

rum-sell-er's wife as she said, Go, put yond-er drunk-en fool
out with hos-pi-ta-ble air, He asked his old friend to ex-
win-ter of life draw-eth nigh, And soon will the sum-mer have

out. . . The rum-sell-er smiled as he shrewd-ly re-plied In
plain. . . "You want me to vis-it a-gain your sa-loon And
flown. . . 'Twill lit-tle a-vail in the day of God's wrath To

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Shingling The Rumseller's Roof 13

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 al-
of-fer high hea-ven the proof, That your house is now des-o-late

do-ing no harm, That fel-low is shin-gling our roof."
low me to say, Be-cause I am shin-gling my roof."
on-ly be-cause You've shingled some rum-sell-er's roof.

CHORUS.

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
rum-sell-er's roof?

spend-ing your days In shin-gling the rum-sell-er's roof?

The Dead March of the Saloon.

MARY T. LATHROP.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Tramp, tramp, tramp, in the drunkard's way, March the feet of a mil-lion
 2. Tramp, tramp, tramp, to a drunkard's doom, Out of boy-hood so pure and
 3. Tramp, tramp, tramp, hear the onward march Of the val-iant, the good and

men, If none shall pit - y and none shall save, Where will
 fair, O - ver the thoughts of his love and home, Past the
 true, Who in the name of the Lord of Hosts Have a
 tramp, tramp, tramp,

all this march-ing end? The young, the strong, and the
 check of a moth - er's prayer, On - ward and swift to a
 work they u - nite to do. Come to the help of the
 tramp, tramp, tramp.

old are there, In woe-ful ranks as they hur - ry past
 drunkard's crime, O - ver the plea of the wife and child,
 just and right, Keep steady on till we win the fight,
 tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp.

With not a moment to think or care What the fate that comes at last.
 O - ver the ho - li - est ties of time, Reason lost, and soul gone wild.
 Lift up the ban-ner and wave it high, For the vic - try now is nigh.

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The Dead March of the Saloon.

CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, What a
 They are rushing mad-ly on,
 (Last verse.) To the rescue one and all, Hear the
 tramp, tramp, tramp,

fear - ful, ghash-ly throng; Rouse, cit - i - zens, rouse, And shout the
 drunkard's pleading call:
 tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,

bat - tle cry: "Close the vile saloon, and let the State go dry."
 tramp, tramp, tramp,

Native Land.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

I. FLEVEL.

1. Native Land, our country bright, Land where shines the gospel's light.
 2. Native Land, thy shores we love, Plains so fair, and hills a - bove,
 3. Native Land, as years shall roll, Yield thee still to His con-trol,

Land where dwells the noble free, Na-tive Land, we sing of thee.
 Truth thy rock, and God thy King, Na-tive Land, of thee we sing.
 Guid-ed by His high be - hest, Na-tive Land, be great and blest.

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Cheerup Prohibition Men

(Tune: "Marching Through Georgia.")

1. Cheer up, Pro-hi-bi-tion men, we're going to win the fight, Never had we
 2. Vote for Pro-hi-bi-tion, and sa-loons will have to go, Ed-u-cate the
 3. Christ-ians will be victors when they vote it as they pray: God will grant us

such a chance the land's great foe to smite, Nev-er were so man-y men re-
 peo-ple, and they'll strike a might-y blow, We will free the na-tion from the
 free-dom if we vote the curse a-way: How we'll sing his prais-es on that

D. S.— We're going to fight until we sweep the
Fine. CHORUS.

solved to vote for right—This year's good for pro-hi-bi-tion!
 curse of rum and woe, Sweep it clean with pro-hi-bi-tion. Hur-rah! hur-rah! we
 ju-bi-la-tion day, When we have gained pro-hi-bi-tion!

land from shore to shore, Sweep it clean with pro-hi-bi-tion. D. S.

wage a win-ning war! Hur-rah! hur-rah! Each day we're winning more.

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-rib-
 bon band
 Strikes off rum's chain, shouting
 "Glory, I'm free."

Far sped the seeds 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.

Chorus:

Hands with all electric impulse Divine/
 Now span the globe with a white-rib-
 bon line;
 Conquer we must, for the cross is our
 sign,
 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 com-
 plete;
 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 bow the suppliant knee,
 In fervent prayer:
 Stretch forth thy mighty hand,
 Against the murderous band
 That desolates our land,
 This land so fair.

Awake ye 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.