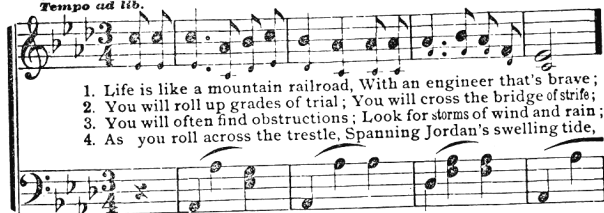


Life's Railway to Heaven.

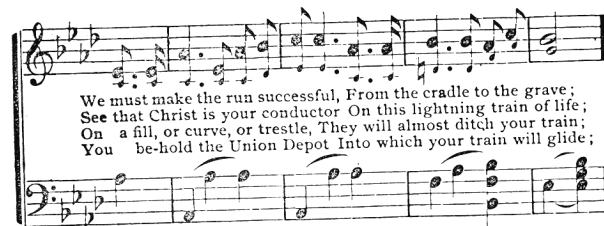
Respectfully dedicated to the railroad men.

M. E. ABBEY.
SOLO OR DUET.
Tempo ad lib.

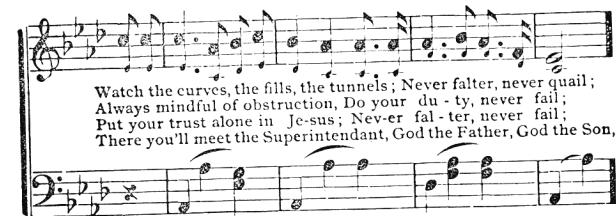
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



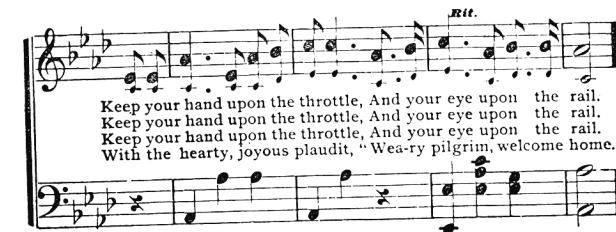
1. Life is like a mountain railroad, With an engineer that's brave;
2. You will roll up grades of trial; You will cross the bridge of strife;
3. You will often find obstructions; Look for storms of wind and rain;
4. As you roll across the trestle, Spanning Jordan's swelling tide,



We must make the run successful, From the cradle to the grave;
See that Christ is your conductor On this lightning train of life;
On a fill, or curve, or trestle, They will almost ditch your train;
You behold the Union Depot Into which your train will glide;



Watch the curves, the fills, the tunnels; Never falter, never quail;
Always mindful of obstruction, Do your du-ty, never fail;
Put your trust alone in Je-sus; Nev-er fal-ter, never fail;
There you'll meet the Superintendent, God the Father, God the Son,

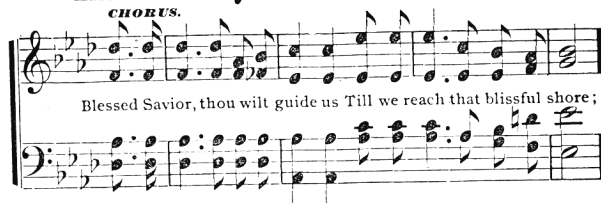


rit.
Keep your hand upon the throttle, And your eye upon the rail.
Keep your hand upon the throttle, And your eye upon the rail.
Keep your hand upon the throttle, And your eye upon the rail.
With the hearty, joyous plaudit, "Wea-ry pilgrim, welcome home."

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Life's Railway to Heaven. Concluded.

CHORUS.



Blessed Savior, thou wilt guide us Till we reach that blissful shore;



Where the angels wait to join us In thy praise for evermore.

Nebraska Rally Cry

(Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic.")

We come to bring glad tidings, From the East and from the West;
We're fighting for our native land—The bravest and the best.
We'll ne'er give up the battle 'Till with victory we are blessed.
Nebraska shall be free!

Chorus: Glory, Glory Hallelujah! Nebraska shall be free!

Fierce and long has been the conflict 'Gainst the Rum King's awful blight;
But Jesus is our captain; We are battling for the right;
Come, join our faithful army And we'll wear the ribbon white;
Nebraska shall be free!

Chorus:

Shall it be said that other states From this great curse are free,
And that our fair Nebraska To the tyrant bends her knee?
No—let us fight it to the end, And this our motto be:
Nebraska shall be free!

Chorus:

God bless Nebraska husbands brave, When at the polls they stand
And help them that they each may work, For home and native land,
We cannot vote but we will pray, Be with you, heart and hand;
Nebraska shall be free!

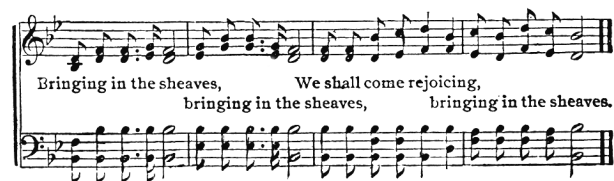
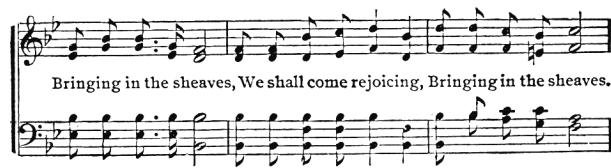
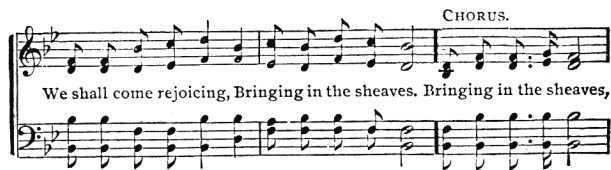
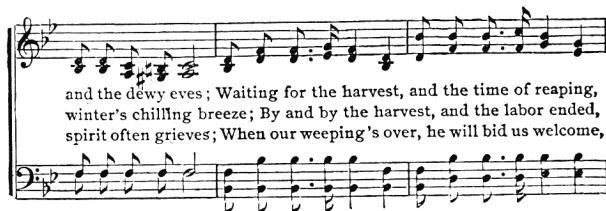
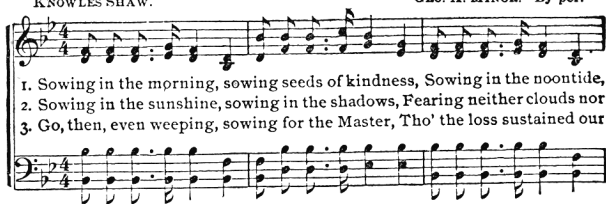
Chorus:

Then unfurl our pure white ribbon, Let it float from sea to sea,
For God, and home, and every land, The emblem of the free.
And when we've won the battle We will shout the jubilee—
Nebraska shall be free!

Chorus: Glory, Glory, Hallelujah! At last Nebraska's free!

KNOWLES SHAW.

GEO. A. MINOR. By per.



(Tune: "Bringing in the Sheaves.")

1. Come ye loyal workers, join the Temperance army;
Shout for Prohibition, now our battle cry;
Forward be our watchword in the mighty conflict,
See the hosts advancing, Nebraska's going dry.

Chorus:

- Nebraska's going dry; Nebraska's going dry;
See the hosts advancing, Nebraska's going dry.
Nebraska's going dry, by faith we bring it nigh;
See the hosts advancing, Nebraska's going dry.
2. Saloons will soon be banished from out state forever;
Hear the children singing, banners lifted high;
Joyous are their voices, happy are their faces;
See the hosts advancing, Nebraska's going dry.

Chorus:

3. "Voting in the morning, votes for Prohibition,
Voting out the darkness and the vile Saloon,
When election's over and the votes are counted,
Glory Hallelujah, Nebraska's going dry."

Chorus:

4. Rally all ye faithful, rally to the conquest,
Shout the glorious message, Victory is nigh;
Prayers will soon be answered, God is leading onward;
See the hosts advancing, Nebraska's going dry.

—Harriet Vance.

Vote Some Prohibition In

(Tune: "Let a Little Sunshine In.")

Do you fear that rum will in the conflict win?
Ought the Christian voter compromise with sin?
Clear your darkened vision, open wide His law,
"Thou Shalt Not" is writ within.

Thou shalt not, is writ within, Thou shalt not, is writ within,
Clear your darkened vision, Open wide His law,
Thou shalt not is writ within.

Do you think that license is the righteous way
For a Christian nation in this glorious day?
Stop this awful traffic, drive the curse away,
Vote some Prohibition in.

Vote some Prohibition in, Vote some Prohibition in,
Stop this awful traffic, Drive the curse away,
Vote some Prohibition in!

Don't you see the gather'ng of the coming storm?
Don't you hear the rummies say, "It's getting warm?"
Join the Temperance Army while the fight is on,
Prohibition's sure to come.
Prohibition's sure to come, etc.

—C. N. Howard.

Major "Bob" ATCHINSON.

(Marching Song.)

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Pro - hi - bi - tion is marching on to win the day,
2. High li - cense can nev - er meet our just de - mand;

Pro - hi - bi - tion is marching on, so clear the way!
Pol - i - ti - cians will have to take a bet - ter stand;

Be you par - ty man or not, let your par - ty be for - got,
For the truth is ver - y clear, we must ban - ish rum and beer,

Pro - hi - bi - tion is now the ques - tion of the day.
Pro - hi - bi - tion a - lone will ben - e - fit the land.

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CHORUS.

Animato.

Fall in - to line, boys, fall in - to line, boys,
Fall in - to line, boys, fall in - to line, boys,

Pro - hi - bi - tion is marching on! Pro - hi - bi - tion is marching on!

Fall in - to line, boys, fall in - to line, boys,
Fall in - to line, boys, fall in - to line, boys,

Pro - hi - bi - tion is marching on to win the day!
to win the day!

3 If you are convinced we're right, let's go ahead,
Never stop 'till the liquor system shall be dead;
Every pound you lift will tell, every vote the count will swell,
Prohibition must plant her standard in the lead!