## 24 Out for Prohibition. FANNIE B. DAMON. Tune: "Dixey." DAN D. EMMETT. for - get your sor - row, Give to - day and your ease. more of wheat and bar - lev. Down with com - pro mon - ev take no lon - ger. Li - cense makes the (Trait - ors' Don't vou know from the be - gin - ning There's one way to to - mor-row. Come out (come out), come out (come out), come mise and par-lev, Come out (come out), come out (come out), come e - vil stronger, Come out (come out), come out (come out), come deal with sinning? Come out (come out), come out (come out), come CHORUS. out for Pro - hi - bi-tion! We're out for Pro - hi - bi - tion! Hur-rah! Hurout for Pro-hi-bi-tion! } We're out for Pro-hi-bi-tion! Hur-rah! Hurre out for Pro - hi - bi-tion! Yes, we're out for Pro - hi - bi - tion! Hur - rah (Hurrah)! Hurrah (Hurrah)! We're out for Pro - hi - bi - tion!

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## We're Out for Prohibition.

(Tune: "Dixie.")

Quit your ease, forget your sorrow, Give today and save tomorrow-Come out, come out, come out for Pro-

hibition!

Waste no more of wheat and barley, Down with compromise and parley-Come out, come out, come out for Prohibition!

Chorus:

We're out for Prohibition! Hurrah! It is! It is! Hurrah!

We're out for prohibition!

Yes, we're out for Prohibition! Hurrah! Hurrah! We're out for Pro-

hibition! Traitors' money take no longer,

License makes the evil stronger-Come out, come out, come out for Prohibition!

Don't you know from the beginning There's one way to deal with sinning?

Come out, come out for Prohibition!

Chorus:

-Fannie B. Damon.

## The New Dixie Song.

From Dixie land so fair and bright, King Alcohol must take his flight; Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Down South-in Dixie Land.

Too long to rum we've bowed the knee.

But now we've vowed we will be free. Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Down South-in Dixie Land.

First Chorus: Prohibition's on in Dixie. It is! It is! From mountain top to sandy plain, Prohibition's sure to reign.

It is! It is! O Praise the Lord-for Dixie!

Away down South-in Dixie. When a man votes Dry, he takes his

stand "For God, and Home, and Native Land."

Vote it Dry! Vote it Dry! Vote it Dry-Christian men. And the answer comes-well' make it ring.

"In the name of Jesus as King." Yes we will! Yes we will! Praise the Lord-we will!

When a woman will-she will, you know.

And that is why-that rum must go. Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Down South-in Dixie Land. 'Tis not by power, or not by might. But by Thy grace we'll win this fight, Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Un North-Nebraska land!

Second Chorus: Prohibition's on-in Nebraska.

From North to South, from East to West.

Prohibition's come to bless. It is! It is!

O praise the Lord-in Nebraska. —C N. Howard.

## Our God Is Marching On. (Tune: "John Brown.")

1. 'Tis the battle cry of freedom, Now resounds from sea to sea. God is marshalling His hosts, For truth and right to victory, The tears and prayers from broken hearts.

Have reached the throne on high, Our God is marching on.

Chorus: Glory, glory, hallelujah,

Glory, glory, hallelujah, Glory, glory, hallelujah, Our God is marching on.

2. The home is marshalled for the right ...

To wage war 'gainst the wrong, They are coming praying mothers, A hundred thousand strong. To save their sons and fathers, From the fiend, they've waited long, Our God is marching on. 3. A mighty army wise and strong, Aye, godly men and true. Have sworn their life's allegiance, To see this warfare through, Their votes will tell, to save the boys, To God they pledged anew, Our God is marching on. 4. Ave, the cohorts of the nation, Stand aghast at crime and woe. They have girded on their armor. And are ready for the foe No more this monster peril, The saloon must go, Our God is marching on

-Mrs. Lovern P. Brooks.

Down in the Licensed Saloon

An answer to "Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?"

Words and Music by W. A. WILLIAMS.

Where is my wand'ring boy to-night? Down in the licensed sa - loon.

1. Down in a room all co - zy and bright, Filled with the glare of

2. Learning new vi - ces all the night long, 3. Lit - tle arms once were thrown round my next, 4. Bro - ther, I guess you'd en - ter this fight, tf it were your boy

man - y a light, Beau - ti - ful mu - sic the ear to de - light,

nmn - y a ngnt, sin - ful and wrong, poor heart will break! Think of that boy to - night a sad wreck, down there to-night, Ru - ined and wrecked by the drink ap - pe - tite;

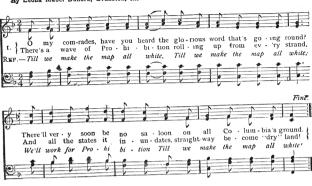
CHORUS.

Down in the li-censed sa loon. There is my wand ring boy to-night,

There is my wand ring boy to night, Down, down, down, down, Down in the licensed saloon!

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By Leona Mabel Dufford, Evanston, Ill. Tune, "The Wearing of the Green."



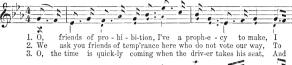




- 2 Maine is at the head, for she has led for half a hundred years, And Kansas great and North Dakota stand among their peers, Georgia next, and Oklahoma, won their place among the free; Alabama, Mississippi, North Carolina, Tennessee. Oregon, Missouff, Florida, are "listed" in the fight. And all the rest will follow, till we make the map all white.—REFRAIN.
- 3 The distillery and the brewery and the winery all must go:
  The saloons can stay no longer, when the people have said "NO!"
  So we'll sing them out, and pray them out, and educate them out,
  We'll talk them out, and vote them out, and legislate them out,
  We'll work for Prohibition, till we make the map all white —REFRAIN.

Dedicated to Mrs. Carrie L. Grout.

Words and Music by W. EUGENE KNOX, of the "Meneley Trio."





join us while your help is need- ed most; cracks the whip of justice as we start; We are going to ride to Washing-For when we real - ly get our O. 'twill be the crack of doom and

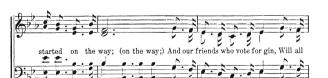




ton, the Cap - i - tol to take, When we get our big band-wagon some sweet day. big band-wagon, don't you know, You may not be counted with the temp'rance host. death to old King Al - co - hol, When we drive to Washington our temp'rance cart.

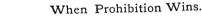


long, is the bur-den of our song, Till we get our wagon



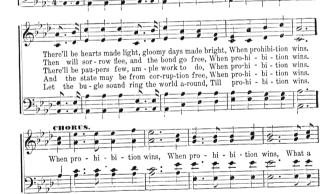
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- 2. There'll be more bright homes when the glad day comes, When prohibition wins;
- The sa-loon will die and the slums go dry, When pro-hi bi tion wins;
- 4. Many crimes will cease, there'll be love and peace, When prohi bi tion wins;
- 5. So, my lads, stand fast, and your ballots cast, Till pro hi bi tion wins;



of re-joic-ing ev'ry-where there'll be, When pro - hi - bi - tion wins.

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