

Down in the Licensed Saloon

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

Words and Music by W. A. WILLIAMS.

p *Rit.*

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

mf

1. Down in a room all co-zy and bright, Filled with the glare of
 2. Learning new vi-cies all the night long, Tempt-ed to all that's
 3. Lit-tle arms once were thrown round my neck, Look at him now, my
 4. Bro-ther, I guess you'd en-ter this fight, If it were your boy

mp

man-y a light, Beau-ti-ful mu-sic the ear to de-light,
 sin-ful and wrong, Lis-ten-ing to the bar-let's foul song,
 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.

Cres.

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

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MAKE THE MAP ALL WHITE.

By Leona Mabel Dufford, Evanston, Ill.

Tune, "The Wearing of the Green."

1. O my com-rades, have you heard the glo-rious word that's go-ing round?
 There's a wave of Pro-hi-bi-tion roll-ing up from ev-'ry strand,
 Ref.—Till we make the map all white, Till we make the map all white;

Fin.

There'll ver-y soon be no sa-loon on all Co-lum-bia's ground.
 And all the states it in-un-dates, straight-way be-come 'dry' land!
 We'll work for Pro-hi-bi-tion Till we make the map all white!

By cit-y, state, or coun-ty, or by town-ship, or by town;

D. C. for Refrain.

Just let the peo-ple have a chance we'll vote the dram-shops down—

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, Missouri, 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 agitate, and organize, and surely win the fight.
 We'll work for Prohibition, till we make the map all white.—REFRAIN.

The Prohibition Band-Wagon.

Dedicated to Mrs. Carrie L. Grout.

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

1. O, friends of pro - hi - bi - tion, I've a proph - e - cy to make, I
2. We ask you friends of temp'rance here who do not vote our way, To
3. O, the time is quick - ly coming when the driv - er takes his seat, And

think you all will sanction what I say; We are going to ride to Washing -
join us while your help is need - ed most; For when we real - ly get our
cracks the whip of justice as we start; 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.

CHORUS.

O, it won't be long, is the bur - den of our song, Till we get our wagon

started on the way; (on the way;) And our friends who vote for gin, Will all

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The Prohibition Band-Wagon.

scramble to jump in, When we get our big band-wagon, some sweet day,
some sweet day.

When Prohibition Wins.

Rev. T. C. JOHNSON.

J. H. F.

1. There'll be joy abroad, shouts of praise to God, When pro - hi - bi - tion wins;
2. There'll be more bright homes when the glad day comes, When prohibition wins;
3. 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 pro - hi - bi - tion wins;
5. So, my lads, stand fast, and your ballots cast, Till pro - hi - bi - tion wins;

There'll be hearts made light, gloomy days made bright, When prohibi - tion wins.
Then will sor - row flee, and the bond go free, When pro - hi - bi - tion wins.
There'll be pau - pers few, am - ple work to do, When pro - hi - bi - tion wins.
And the state may be from cor - rup - tion free, When pro - hi - bi - tion wins.
Let the bu - gle sound ring the world a - round, Till pro - hi - bi - tion wins.

CHORUS.

When pro - hi - bi - tion wins, When pro - hi - bi - tion wins, What a

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

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