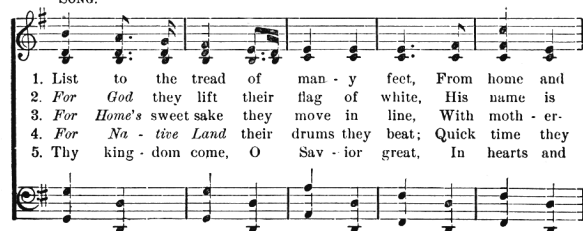
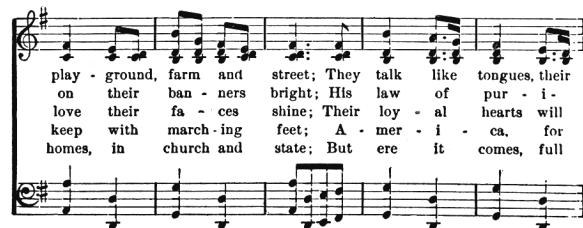


FRANCIS E. WILLARD.
INTRODUCTION.

SONG.



1. List to the tread of man - y feet, From home and
2. For God they lift their flag of white, His name is
3. For Home's sweet sake they move in line, With moth - er-
4. For Na - tive Land their drums they beat; Quick time they
5. Thy king - dom come, O Sav - ior great, In hearts and



play - ground, farm and street; They talk like tongues, their
on their ban - ners bright; His law of pur - i -
love their fa - ces shine; Their loy - al hearts will
keep with march - ing feet; A - mer - i - ca, for
homes, in church and state; But ere it comes, full



words we know: "Sa - loons, sa - loons, sa - loons must go!"
ly doth show, "Sa - loons, sa - loons, sa - loons must go!"
have it so, "Sa - loons, sa - loons, sa - loons must go!"
thee they know, "Sa - loons, sa - loons, sa - loons must go!"
well we know, "Sa - loons, sa - loons, sa - loons must go!"

NOTE:—In the chorus let the boys and girls mark time gently to the words,
"Saloons, saloons, saloons must go!"



SOLO.

ALL TOGETHER.

Must go! must go! must go! Sa - loons, sa -
CHORUS. Must go! must go! must go! Sa - loons, sa -

loons must go!..... With pray'r and work the

world we'll show, Sa - loons, sa - loons, sa - loons must go!

"Vote It Out"

(Tune: "Anywhere With Jesus.")

Alcohol is trembling, for he hears the roar
As the wave of Temperance sweeps from shore to shore,
Long he's ruled this nation, but the time has come
When the people, roused at last, cry: Death to Rum!

Chorus: Vote it out! Vote it out! Let the traffic die,
Shout for Prohibition. 'Tis our battle-cry.

News is heralded each morn of victories won;
Also noise of battles that have just begun.
Liquor hosts are beaten back on every hand,
Christian men, united, will redeem our land.

Chorus:

States both south and north are joining in this fight;
They will free Columbia. God is with the right.
Nebraska's marching forth. We challenge now the foe;
Banners to the breeze we fling. Saloons must go!

—Harriet Vance.

Who'll be the Boy for the Place?

(A SALOON KEEPER'S APPEAL.)

Composed by REV. E. S. UFFORD.
*Except first two stanzas.**Moderato.*

1. Johnson the drunkard is dy-ing to-day, Dy-ing with woe on his face . . .
2. Simonds the gambler was shot in the fight, Died without pardon or grace . . .



- Missed he will be at the club, bar and play, Want-ed,—a boy for the place . . .
Someone must train for his burden of blight, Want-ed,—a boy for the place . . .



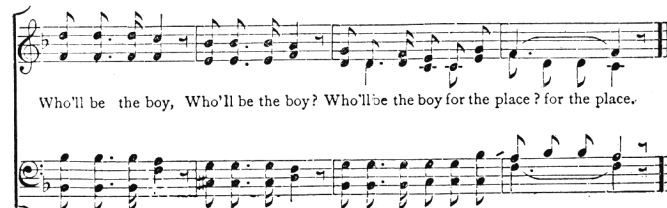
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Who'll be the Boy for the Place?—Concluded.

CHORUS.



Wanted boy! Wanted a boy! out of this fair ris-ing race; . . .



Who'll be the boy, Who'll be the boy? Who'll be the boy for the place? for the place.

- 3 Mary, the wife of the drunkard is dead,
Sadly her sorrows we trace;
Someone again to the snare will be led,
Wanted,—a girl for the place.

- 4 Come then my neighbors vote license I pray,
Help me to win in this race;
Men who will vote for my traffic to-day,
Must furnish the boy for the place.

CHORUS.

- Wanted, a girl! Wanted, a girl!
Out of this fair rising race;
Who'll be the girl? Who'll be the girl?
Who'll be the girl for the place?

CHORUS—

- Wanted, a boy! Wanted, a boy!
Out of this fair rising race;
Who'll be the boy? Who'll be the boy?
Who'll be the boy for the place?

- 5 Over the land peals the loud bugle call,
Someone this evil must face;
Some noble leader to rouse one and all,
Wanted,—a man for the place.

CHORUS.

- Wanted, a man! Wanted a man
Out of this fair rising race;
Who'll be the man? Who'll be the man?
Who'll be the man for the place?

GENII OF WINE.

Word: by N. K. GRIGGS.

Andante.

1. O the ro-sy wine is blushing, Like a ru-by, kist with light, O the
 2. O the blushing wine is glowing, Like the ruddy cheeks of mirth; O the
 3. O the glowing wine is glar-ing, Like the dragon eyes of hate; O the
 4. O the glaring wine is burning, Like the wasting fires of woe, O the

ring-ing, thrill-ing mu-sic, Makes the dreary hours grow bright, O the diz-zy, dreamy
 love-ly, cost-ly mirrors Seem re-flect-ing on-ly worth; O the pleas-ing, princely
 reck-less, fren-zed gambler Is de-fy-ing God and fate; O the brain-less, brutal
 dead-ly, gleaming dag-ger Gives the wanton, wick-ed blow, O the dis-mal, darkness

dancing, True and loving hearts en-thrall. O the art-ful, lur-ing si-rens, Seem the
 paintings Seem ev-chanting as a smile. O the winning, woo-ing billiards Seem re-
 brawler Is io-vit-ing pain and shame. O the worthless, sotted beggar Is pro-
 dungeon Is a-wakened by no prayer: O the aw-ful, fearful scaffold Tells of

Genii of Wine Continued.

an-gels of the ball;— Ah! the si-rens and the danc-ing, And the
 peat-ing, 'Pause a- while;— Ah! the bil-lards and the paint-ings, And the
 fan-ing man, hood's came— Ah! the beg-gar and the braw-ler And the
 hope-less, black de-spairs— Ah! the scaf-fold and the dun-geon, And the

mu-sic and the wine. Are the spir-its of the rev-el, That the
 mir-rors and the wine. Are so charm-ing that the care-less, To their
 gambler and the wine. Are com-pa-nions wor-thy on-ly, Those at
 dag-ger and the wine. Are the ri-pened fruits of So-ber-ty, Aye, thou

fool-ish deem di-vine; But the wan-ton smiles of pleasure, Soon will van-ish, chased by
 mag-ic, oft re-sig-n. But that stately hall of splendor, So be-guil-ing, so sub-
 tend-ing Plu-to's shrine; But the drunkard, witch'd to madness, By a strangely po-
 De-mon they are thine!— But, poor drunkard, child of weakness, Yours the anguish not a

sneers, And the frag-ile cup of gladness Soon be-run-ning over with tears.
 time. Is a reek-ing hot-house, on-ly, Filled with springing shoots of crime.
 spell, Gropes for ev-er in their darkness, Sinks for-ev-er in their hell.
 lone, For your kinsmen, too must harvest From the sor-rows you have grown