



# LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

## Appeal of the reformed inebriate.

New York: Firth, Pond & Co. (1 Franklin Sq.), 1848

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/MRNNXFXJ4BA2C8F>

<http://rightsstatements.org/vocab/NKC/1.0/>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

# SONGS OF THE EUPHONIANS

N <sup>o</sup> 1 SAILOR-BOY'S SONG OF THE SEA .....	cts 25	N <sup>o</sup> 7 THERE'S A CHANGE IN THE THINGS I LOVE	cts
- 2 GREEN OLD HILLS OF ALLEGHANY.....	38	- 8	
- 3 THE APPEAL OF THE REFORMED INEBRIATE	38	- 9	
- 4 OH HOW I LOVE MY MOUNTAIN HOME.....	38	- 10	
- 5 THE IVY AND ELM.....	38	- 11	
- 6 TREAD LIGHTLY.....		- 12	

The Music

Composed by

J. P. WEBSTER.

NEW YORK

Published by FIRTH, POND & C<sup>o</sup>. Franklin Sq.

1848

# APPEAL OF THE REFORMED INEBRIATE.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

Poetry by Mrs Ellen Stone.

Music by Joseph P. Webster.

The musical score is arranged in four systems. Each system consists of a piano accompaniment (left hand and right hand) and a vocal line (treble clef). The piano accompaniment is in 3/4 time. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "Oh call us not back to the fes...ti...val board, To the". The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words split across lines. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support for the vocal line. The score is written in black ink on aged, yellowed paper.

Reformed Inebriate.

gay light.....ed halls where the wine.....cup is



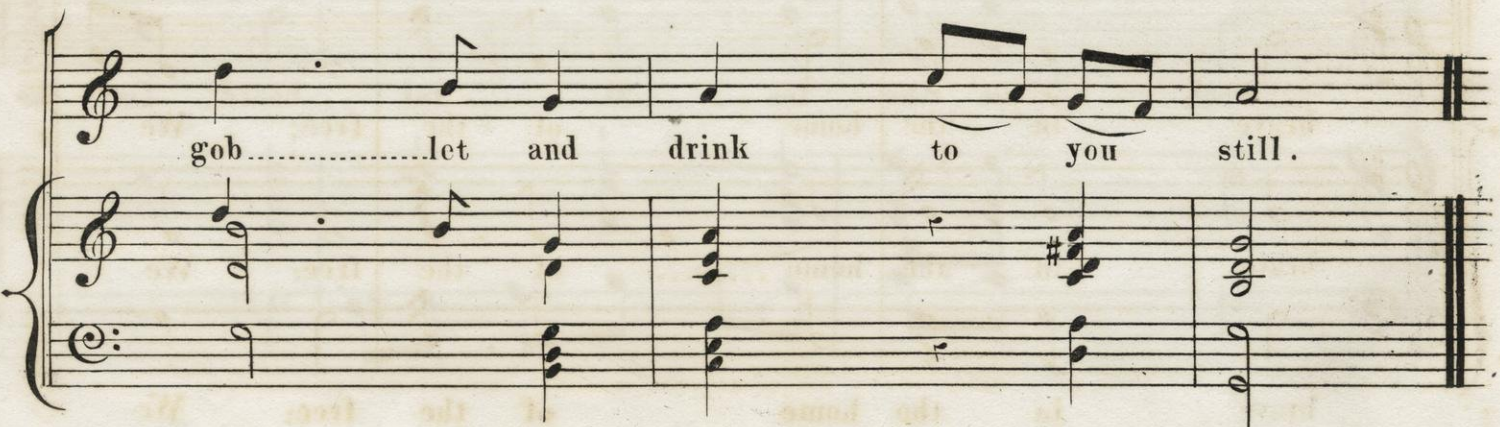
poured, We come not we heed not from



foun\_tain and rill We fill up the



gob.....let and drink to you still.



Reformed Inebriate.

CHORUS.

TENOR. We drink to the hour when like  
TREBLE. We drink to the hour when like  
ALTO. We drink to the hour when like  
BASS. We drink to the hour when like

us you shall be, With the heart of the  
us you shall be, With the heart of the  
us you shall be, With the heart of the  
us you shall be, With the heart of the

brave in the home ..... of the free; We  
brave in the home of the free; We  
brave in the home ..... of the free; We  
brave in the home of the free; We

Reformed Inebriate.

drink to the home where our banner shall

drink to the home where our banner shall

drink to the home where our banner shall

drink to the home where our banner shall

wave O'er the land of the free and the

wave O'er the land of the free and the

wave O'er the land of the free and the

wave O'er the land of the free and the

home of the brave.

home of the brave.

home of the brave.

home of the brave.

APPEAL OF THE REFORMED INEBRIATE.

1  
Oh call us not back to the festival board,  
To the gay lighted hall, where the wine cup is poured,  
We come not, we heed not, from fountain and rill  
We fill up the goblet, and drink to you still.

CHORUS.

We drink to the hour when like us you shall be,  
With the heart of the brave in the home of the free;  
We drink to the hour when our banner shall wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

CHORUS— We drink to the hour, &c.

2  
Can that festival board yield a nectar as sweet  
As the pure sparkling water that flows at our feet;  
That comes from the fountain, all glittering and pure,  
The dying to heal, and the wounded to cure.

CHORUS— We drink to the hour, &c.

3  
We turn from the revel, the banquet, the song,  
To the home and the fireside deserted so long;  
And there every friend so long banished shall be,  
To greet us returning, the ransomed the free.

CHORUS— We drink to the hour, &c.

4  
Oh call us not back to the festival board,  
To the gay lighted hall, where the wine cup is poured,  
For sorrow and gloom to its portals belong,  
And the death-knell of hope is the bacchanal's song.

CHORUS— We drink to the hour, &c.