



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

Touch not, taste not, join the temperance throng.

Thomas, J. R. (John Rogers), 1830-1896; Buntline, Ned, 1822 or 1823-1886

London: C. Sheard, Musical Bouquet Office (192 High Holborn),
2022-03-09

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/VUSCXLSPZLD758C>

<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.



14
SUNG WITH ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE,
BY
SAMUEL CAPPER, ESQ.

TOUCH NOT, TASTE NOT,
JOIN THE TEMPERANCE THRONG,
SONG.

Dedicated to the Members of the

TEMPERANCE SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN,

Written by

F. JUDSON, ESQ.^{RE}

MUSIC COMPOSED BY

J. R. THOMAS.

LONDON

PUBLISHED BY C. SHEARD, MUSICAL BOUQUET OFFICE, 192, HIGH HOLBORN.

CITY WHOLESALE AGENTS, E. W. ALLEN, 11, AVE MARIA LANE, AND F. PITMAN, 20, PATERNOSTER ROW.

TOUCH NOT, TASTE NOT,
JOIN THE TEMPERANCE THROG.

Words by E.Z.C. JUDSON Esq^{re}

Music by J.R. THOMAS.

ALLEGRETTO.

1. There is col-or in the wine-glass, There is fire beneath its crest: There are
2. There is laughter where they rev-el In their wild and drunken glee, But 'tis

1. sparkles in the gob-let, Gems of light made man-i-fest. But the
2. cold, and false, and hol-low, Born for woe and mi-se-ry; Friendship

1. hue is red, in-fer-nal, Hot with food for mad de-sire; Ev'-ry
2. form'd by wine is fleet-ing, Love ab-hors its unchaste light; No-thing

1. spar_kle is a de_mon, Glad_ly leap_ing in the fire.
2. born of wine is last_ing, With its spar_kles joy takes flight.

CHORUS.

* AIR.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

PIANO.

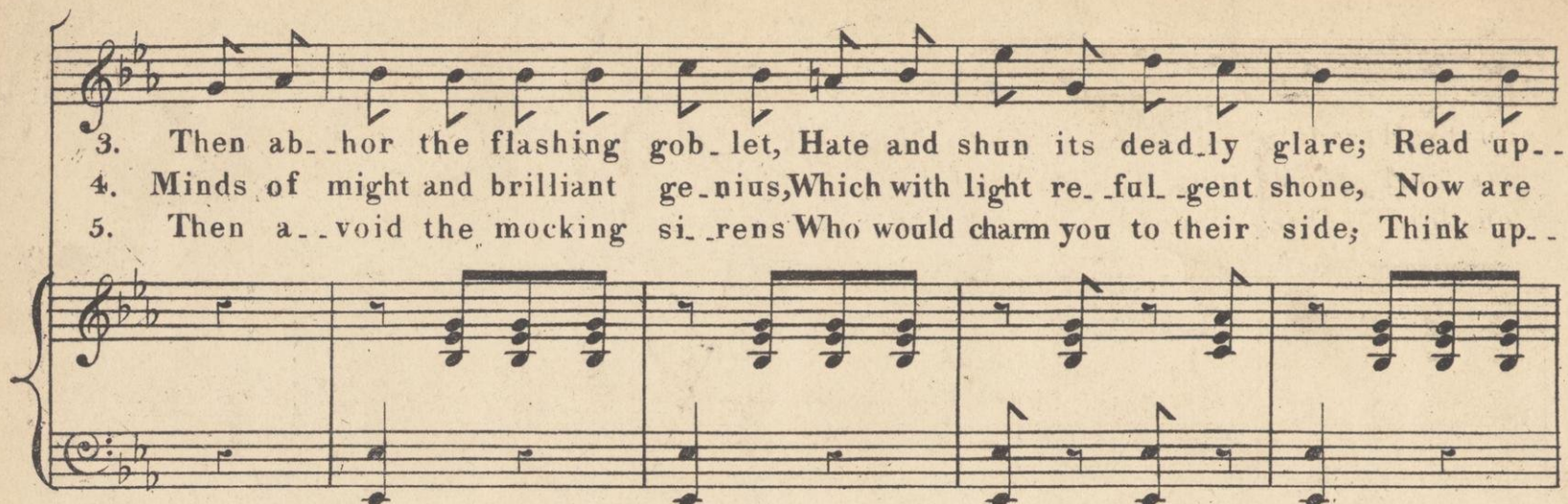
O! then, touch not, taste not, Join the temprance throng; Precious moments

waste not, List our temprance song.

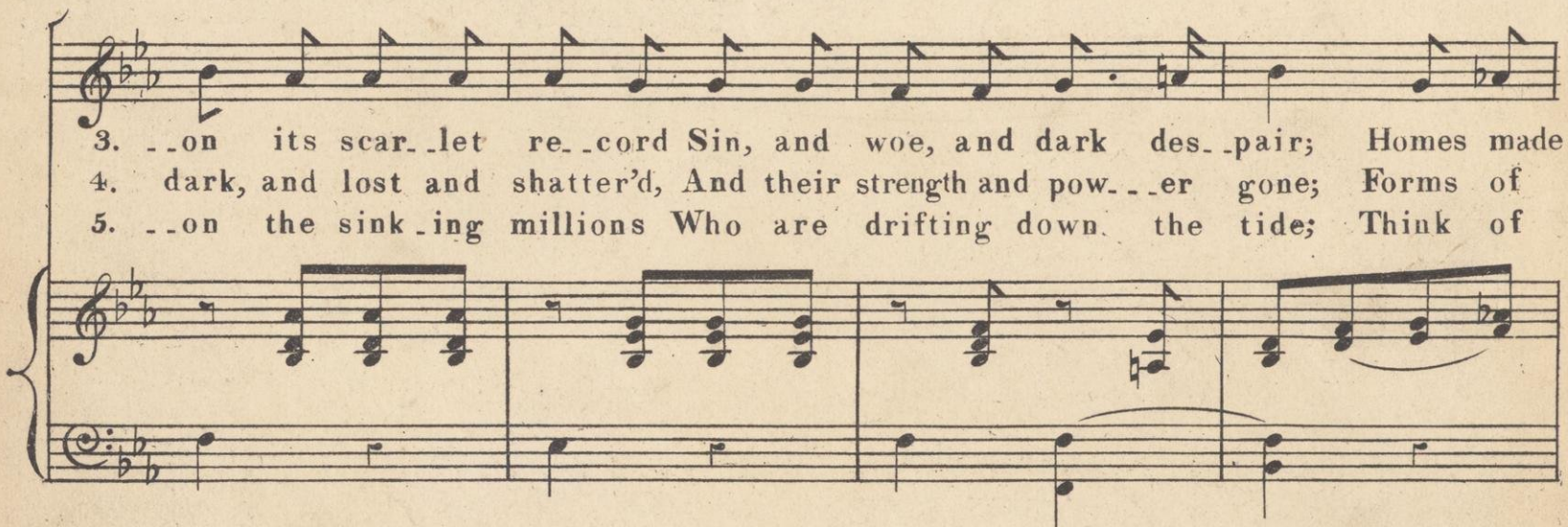
waste not, List our temprance song.

waste not, List our temprance song.

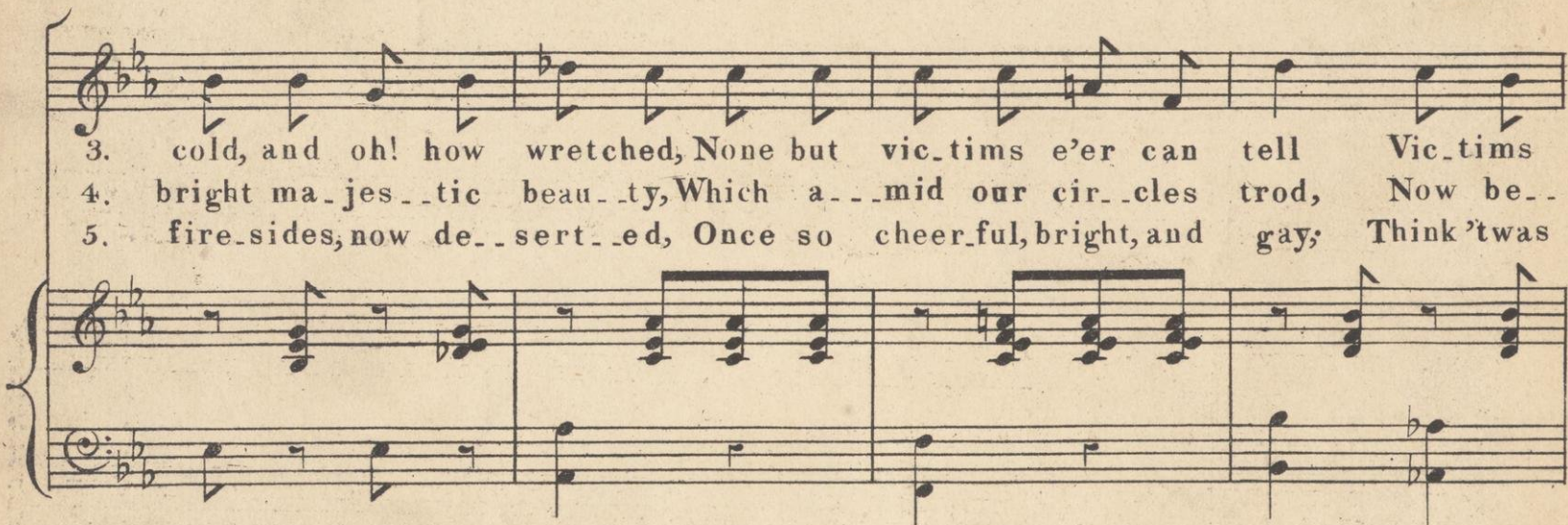
waste not, List our temprance song.



3. Then abhor the flashing goblet, Hate and shun its deadly glare; Read up--
 4. Minds of might and brilliant genius, Which with light refulgent shone, Now are
 5. Then avoid the mocking sirens Who would charm you to their side; Think up--

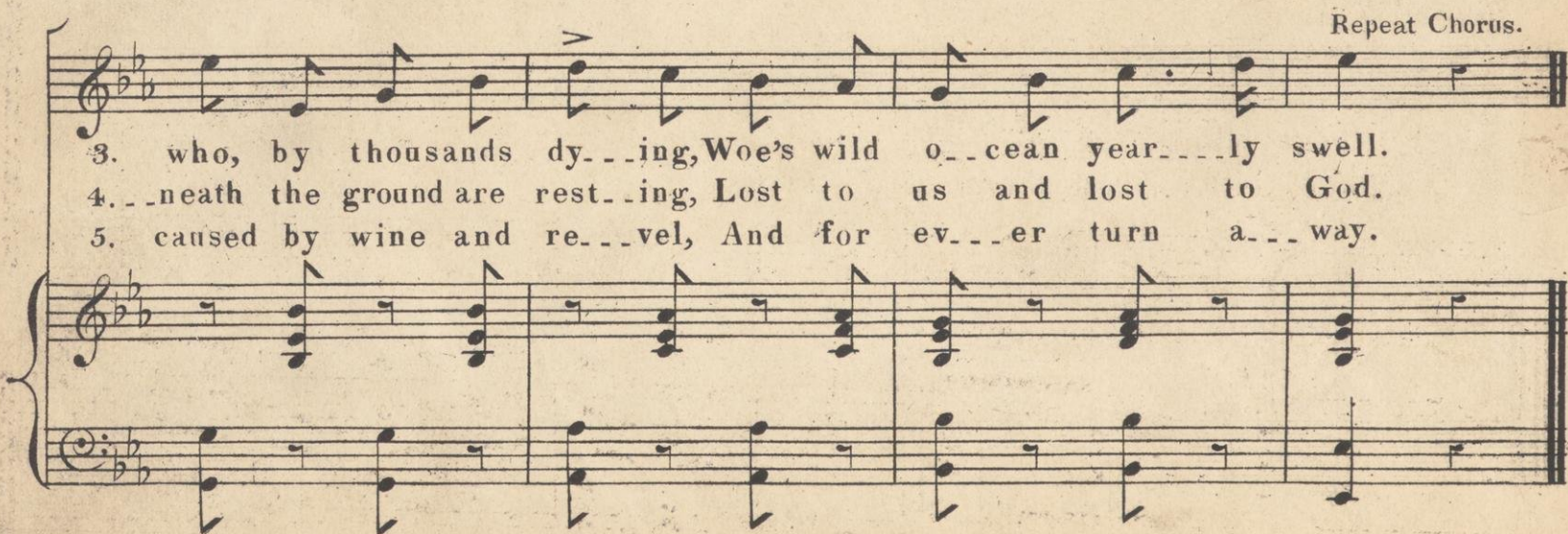


3. on its scarlet record Sin, and woe, and dark despair; Homes made
 4. dark, and lost and shatter'd, And their strength and power gone; Forms of
 5. on the sinking millions Who are drifting down the tide; Think of



3. cold, and oh! how wretched, None but victims e'er can tell Victims
 4. bright majestic beauty, Which amid our circles trod, Now be--
 5. fire-sides, now deserted, Once so cheerful, bright, and gay; Think 'twas

Repeat Chorus.



3. who, by thousands dying, Woe's wild ocean yearly swell.
 4. neath the ground are resting, Lost to us and lost to God.
 5. caused by wine and revel, And for ever turn away.