"Say, father, how are you going to vote?"
"Twas a boy's bright word, and he could note
How the red blood mounted his father's face
As he clasped the child in a close embrace;
But the lad prattled on in childish glee,
"Say, father, why don't you vote for me?"
With a smile the father whispered low,
"If I vote for my boy, I can vote only 'NO'!"
Throw Out the Life-Line.

Chorus.

Dixie.

Chorus.

Marching Through Georgia.

Chorus.

I'm the Child of a King.

Chorus.

Hold the Fort.

Chorus.
"BEER OR BOYS?"
MAINE SAYS "BOYS!"

MAINE MUST CONTINUE TO TAKE CARE OF HER CHILDREN INSTEAD OF SUPPORTING LICENSED SALOONS

"HOME or SALOON?"
MAINE SAYS "HOME!"

Vote NO on September 11th

Maine is at the Head! Keep Her There!

MAINE MUST KEEP PROHIBITION

By Anna A. Gordon

[Tune—"Marching through Georgia"]

I.
Now's the day and now's the hour that calls for service new,
Patriot service for the home, for all that's pure and true;
Service for our Pine Tree State, the best we all can do—
Maine must keep prohibition!

CHORUS
For Maine for Maine, the victory we must win,
For Maine for Maine to license would be sin;
Talk and work and sing and pray,
From dawn till close of day—
Maine must keep prohibition!

II.
Hero men and women all, will hold aloft the light;
Light of truth that comes from God and glorious in its might
Will prevail against the curse that seeks our homes to blight—
Maine must keep prohibition!

CHORUS

III.
Dear old state that long has led the nations of the world,
Grand old state against thee now the liquor power is hurled;
In this conflict we declare thy flag shall not be furled—
Maine must keep prohibition!

CHORUS
The liquor traffic is the deepest and most organic ill known to mankind and to society. Organic treatment requires the placing of Prohibition in the Constitution of the State.

The repeal of the Constitutional Prohibitory amendment would be a backward step, and the people of Maine are not accustomed to go backward on questions of moral and social reform. Mothers, sisters, wives, and fathers, too, ask for the protection of those they love from the terrible and pathetic danger of the licensed liquor traffic.
A True Story

Five little children, already worse than fatherless through drink, were about to lose their mother. It was in a home of refinement. The mother was a devoted and educated Christian lady; the father was a talented lawyer and, when sober, a kind parent and husband. The licensed saloon was his undoing. Broken with grief and shame and realizing the approach of death the mother, with no word of reproach for her husband, but in agony of mind and body, again and again with heart-breaking emphasis repeated the question, "What will become of my children?" The author of the stanzas opposite, then her pastor, after calling and giving such poor comfort as was possible, left the house with a new and indelible sense of the ruthless cruelty of the liquor traffic. Down the stairs, out on the street for half a block away, he could hear the mother's terrible cry in her dying delirium, "What will become of my children?"

What Will Become of Our Children?

1. Wrung from the lips of the mothers of men,
   Charged with an anguish no others may ken,
   Rises the heart-cry of Rachel again,—
   What will become of our children?

2. Drink-shadowed firesides of village and farm
   Summon the guards of the hearthstone to arm,
   Lifting to heaven that cry of alarm—
   What will become of our children?

3. Slaving for sustenance others should earn,
   Buying with blood what the dramshop will burn,
   Robbed of their birthright to play and to learn,—
   What will become of our children?

4. Answer, O State on which heaven has smiled!
   Answer, O Church of the Bethlehem Child!
   Speak! If the Rum-Beast is left to run wild
   What will become of our children?

*This can be sung to the tune of "Throw Out the Life Line," using the melody as far as the chorus, and adapting the last measure to the two dotted quarter notes, a and g.

Voter, Was It You?

1. Somebody voted to ruin my boy, Was that somebody you?
2. Somebody argued in favor of wrong, Was that somebody you?
3. Somebody turned all my day into night, Was that somebody you?
4. Somebody licensed another to sell, Was that somebody you?

Somebody helped his pure life to destroy, Was that somebody you?
Somebody hushed in my life a sweet song, Was that somebody you?
Somebody voted to throttle the right, Was that somebody you?
That which could turn Paradise into hell, Was that somebody you?
October 15, 1910, passed the following Resolution:

"Resolved, That any person who votes, or in any way influences others to vote, directly or indirectly, to so amend our State Constitution as to admit the enactment of the license of the liquor traffic, high or low, local or State-wide, is equally guilty of giving his neighbor drink and putting the bottle to him, as the rumseller himself, and the woe of the prophet of God is upon him."

PROHIBITION

MAINE

Sent to the Penitentiary in 1908

65 CONVICTS

LICENSE

MISSOURI

Sent to the Penitentiary in 1908

887 CONVICTS

RALLY SONG

---FOR---

Christian Laymen's Movement

By REV. ROBERT G. HARBU T

[Tune—March of the Men of Harlech]

I.

Hark! The trumpet call is sounding,
Over hills and vales resounding,
Christ, the foes of truth confounding,
Leads us to the fray!
Sons of Pilgrims, why delaying?
Human wrongs await the slaying;
Would ye now the cost be weighing?
Will ye say Him nay?
Now no longer dally!
Christian freemen, rally!
Loud and clear the summons hear
Against the foe to sally!
Comrades, 'tis no time for doubting,
Let not men your faith be flouting,
Onward press, the watchword shouting:
We will win the day!

II.

See! Before you Satan's forces,
Backed by all of Hell's resources,—
Sinful lures and evil courses,—
Desolation bring.
What though comrades fall beside ye,
And the powers of sin deride ye,
Rouse! and cast your fears aside ye,
Songs of triumph sing.
Heroes famed in story
Died in battles gory,
Feared not blame, but suffered shame,
For Christ's own kingdom's glory.
Forward then, be sin defeated,
On his throne let Christ be seated,
Be his victory thus completed,
Christ, the Lord, be King!
PROHIBITION BELLS
By Ralph Adams.

I.
Ring-a-ling-ling, ring-a-ling-ling,
List! the prohibition bells,
Ring-a-ling-ling-ling, blessed bells;
Glad the news their melody tells
Ring-a-ling-ling, Maine's sweet bells!

II.
Ring-a-ling-ling, ring-a-ling-ling,
Prohibition's in the air!
Ring-a-ling-ling-ling, blessed bells;
Prohibition is our prayer,
Ring-a-ling-ling, Maine's sweet bells!

III.
Ring-a-ling-ling, ring-a-ling-ling,
Voters listen to their song,
Ring-a-ling-ling-ling, blessed bells;
Ding and dong "Saloons are wrong!"
Ring-a-ling-ling, Maine's sweet bells!

IV.
Ring-a-ling-ling, ring-a-ling-ling,
Swing and ring on voting day,
Ring-a-ling-ling-ling, blessed bells;
Prohibition! Clear the way!
Ring-a-ling-ling, Maine's sweet bells!

Can be used with bell accompaniment. Send to Maine W. C. T. U., 150 Free St., Portland, for Marching Songs. Price, ten cents.

THE MAINE DIXIE
By F. B. Damon

I.
We've no use for license money
In a land of milk and honey—
Keep out, keep out, keep out the sin and folly.
To the traffic's greed and pillage
We'd not trust one peaceful village,—
Keep out, keep out, keep out the sin and folly.

CHORUS
'Tis Maine and Prohibition.
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For half a hundred years to be.
From Mt. Katahdin to the sea,
'Tis Maine, hurrah!
'Tis Maine and Prohibition.

II.
If you want a law that's better
Move away with no regretter,—
Don't wait, don't wait, don't wait, for us to follow.
We're not after something stronger
So we'll stay a little longer,—
Don't wait, don't wait for us to follow.

CHORUS

III.
Purpose high we hold a token
Maine will do what she has spoken:
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! we'll vote to prove it.
Nothing less than Prohibition
Can fulfill Maine's noble mission;—
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! we'll vote to prove it.

CHORUS
Have YOU a BOY to Spare for the Saloon?

"Liquor costs the Nation one boy out of every five families. Have you a boy to spare? Brother, think this over well, then think again—then think some more BEFORE you vote."

The prohibition of the liquor traffic is pledged by the right of every child to be sheltered from harm.

—Frances E. Willard.

Vote to keep the Saloon Out of Maine!

WILL IT PAY?

By Mary T. Lathrop

[Tune on page 96, "The Temperance Songster"]

I.

Out from the hearth-stone the children go,
Fair as the sunshine, pure as the snow:
A licensed wrong on the crowded street
Waits for the coming of the guileless feet.
Child of the rich, and child of the poor,
Pass to their wreck thro' the dram-shop's door;
Oh, say, will they ever come back as they go,
Fair as the sunshine, pure as the snow?

II.

Out from the hearth-stone the children fair
Pass from the breath of a mother's prayer:
Shall a father's vote on the crowded street
Consent to the snare for the thoughtless feet?
Ah! fathers, your finest gold grows dim,
Black with the rust of such nameless sin!
Oh, say, will your dearest come back as they go,
Fair as the sunshine, pure as the snow?

THE AMOUNT IN THE SAVINGS INSTITUTIONS OF MAINE IS EQUAL TO $225.00 FOR EVERY INHABITANT OF THE STATE.

THE PROMOTERS OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC LOOK WITH GREEDY EYES UPON THE RAPIDLY SWELLING SAVINGS BANKS ACCOUNTS IN MAINE, AND LONG TO TURN THAT GLITTERING CURRENT FROM ITS PRESENT COURSE OF THRIFT, INTO THE TILLS OF THE LIQUOR DEALERS.

THE REPORT OF THE STATE ASSESSORS SHOWS THAT IN 1910 MAINE INCREASED IN STATE VALUATION MORE THAN $20,000,000.

FOR EVERY DOLLAR THE SALOON BRINGS IN IT CALLS FOR AN OUTPUT OF AT LEAST TEN DOLLARS.

I HAPPEN TO KNOW THE OPINIONS UPON THIS SUBJECT OF MANY OF THE PRESIDENTS AND VICE-PRESIDENTS OF OUR VARIOUS FINANCIAL INSTITUTIONS. AND OF THOSE WHOSE OPINIONS I AM ACQUAINTED WITH—A LARGE MAJORITY OF ALL—MORE THAN EIGHTY-FIVE PER CENT ARE FAVORABLE TO PROHIBITION

Col. Fred N. Dow (President Casco Nat'l Bank),
Portland, Maine.

PROHIBITION'S HERE TO STAY

By Rupert Ames

[Tune—"Upidee"]

I.
Take courage friends, our cause is just,
Work and pray—work and pray.
Our God in whom is all our trust
Guides us every day;
License shall not come to Maine,
With deadly evils in its train—
Prohibition's here to stay, here to stay, here to stay, here in Maine to stay!

II.
Our state's the best in U. S. A.,
That we know, that we know;
Our wealth not wasted day by day,
Motto, "Dry I go!"
We'll keep the foe of home at bay,
A foe that leads our boys astray—
Prohibition's here to stay, here to stay, here to stay, here in Maine to stay!

III.
Then shout for prohibition boys,
Ring it out, ring it out;
Though liquor folks can make a noise
They'll be put to rout.
They work in vain to conquer Maine,
She's like a rock to stand the strain—
Prohibition's here to stay, here to stay, here to stay, here in Maine to stay!
“THERE IS NOT NOW AND NEVER HAS BEEN IN THIS COUNTRY A LOCALITY WHERE THE POLICY OF LICENSE HAS DIMINISHED THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC OR THE EVILS COMING FROM IT.”

Neal Dow.

“THE MOST EFFECTUAL REMEDY WOULD BE THE PASSAGE OF A LAW ALTOGETHER ABOLISHING THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC. THERE MUST BE NO MORE ATTEMPTS TO REGULATE THE CANCER; IT MUST BE ERADICATED.”

Abraham Lincoln.

“NOW, IT IS MAD, IT IS DRIVELING, TO TALK OF REGULATING THE TRAFFIC IN INTOXICATING BEVERAGES. RAISE THE CHARGE FOR LICENSE TO $10,000 AND ENACT THAT NOBODY BUT A DOCTOR OF DIVINITY SHALL BE ALLOWED TO SELL. AND YOU WILL HAVE NO MATERIAL IMPROVEMENT ON THE STATE OF THINGS NOW PRESENTED. BECAUSE SO LONG AS ONE MAN IS LICENSED TO SELL, THOUSANDS WILL SELL WITHOUT LICENSE. THE LAW IS ROBBED OF ALL MORAL SANCTION AND FORCE BY THE FACT THAT IT GRANTS DISPENSATIONS TO SOME WHO DO WITH IMPUNITY AND FOR THEIR OWN PROFIT THAT WHICH IS FORBIDDEN TO OTHERS.”

Horace Greeley.

“THE LIQUOR BUSINESS IS UNDER THE BAN OF THE STATUTE AND THE LIQUOR DEALER IS AN OUTLAW. I HOPE THE GOOD PEOPLE OF MAIN WILL NEVER CONSENT TO MAKE THE NEFARIOUS BUSINESS LAWFUL AS THEY CERTAINLY CAN NEVER MAKE IT RESPECTABLE.”

Judge Percival Bonney of Portland.

THE OLD PINE TREE

By F. B. Damon

[Tune—“My Old Kentucky Home”]

I.

Long may the pine tree its starry shadow fling
On the schoolhouse, the highway beside,
Its banners sway where the merry children play
As it looks o'er the land far and wide.
Away, away, up the hill and down the dale,
The land is with homes over-strewn
And bright streams flow, and the busy hamlets grow,
But with never an open saloon.

Chorus

Happy, happy children!
Oh, may they never see
The saloon in Maine till the stars begin to wane
From the branches of the old pine tree.

II.

The schoolhouse stands where in sorry days of yore
The wrecker of manhood abode;
The pine grew before—it shall never, never more—
The saloon by the side of the road.
Oh, fields untilled, and the houses scanty-filled,
Roof sunken and broken the pane,
When drink ran free in the times that used to be
Ere the dawn of prohibition Maine.

III.

Oh, earth has sin and the spots are on the sun
That were there in the days lang syne,
But thriving Maine knows the glory and the gain
Of the schoolhouse under the pine.
Away, away, up the hill and down the dale,
The land is with homes over-strewn
And bright streams flow, and the busy hamlets grow,
But with never an open saloon.

(This can also be used as a recitation.)
Would you drive out the dives?
License *NEVER* Accomplished this

Would you stop pocket peddling?
License has *NEVER* succeeded in doing this

Would you close the kitchen bar-rooms?
They **THRIVE** in LICENSE STATES

Missouri has the **LARGEST BREWERY** in the World and the **Largest Penitentiary**!

---

Hallelujah! Prohibition!

By S. B. Morris (Adapted)

[Tune—"Hold the Fort"]

I.
Ho! my comrades hear the watchword!
Hear the rally cry!
Prohibition! Prohibition!
Victory is nigh!

CHORUS
Hallelujah! Prohibition!
Hear the rally cry!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Victory is nigh!

II.
On they come from home's sweet shelter,
Strong to guard their own;
Fathers, mothers, bravely marching
'Till the battle's won.

CHORUS

III.
List, the rallying cry of thousands,
Comrades heed the call;
Dear old state we cannot let thee
Under license fall.

CHORUS
The Maine Farmers

WHEREAS: ABSOLUTE PROHIBITION IS THE ONLY RIGHT AND RATIONAL METHOD OF DEALING WITH THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC, AND THE ONLY METHOD THAT WE CAN CONSCIENTIOUSLY SANCTION, THEREFORE BE IT

RESOLVED: BY THE STATE OF MAINE GRANGE IN ANNUAL SESSION ASSEMBLED (1910) REPRESENTING NEARLY 60,000 PATRONS, THAT WE EMPHATICALLY PROTEST AGAINST THE REPEAL OF THE 21st AMENDMENT TO OUR STATE CONSTITUTION PROHIBITING THE MANUFACTURE OR SALE OF ALCOHOLIC LIQUORS WITHIN THE STATE.

A lawyer was discussing with no little show of learning the clauses of the prohibitory law. An old farmer who had been listening attentively, shut his knife with a snap and said, "I may not understand everything you lawyers say, but I have got seven good reasons for voting for prohibition." "What are they?" asked the lawyer. And the wise old farmer responded, "Four sons and three daughters."

DON'T FORGET YOUR MOTHER
By DALE HUBBARD

[Tune—"Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet"]
I.
There's a wonderful commotion,  
Since the legislative notion  
That the men of Maine must say  
What they think of prohibition  
In a case of resubmission,  
And they've set a voting day.  
Let banners bright be lifted,  
Every cloud of doubt be rifted  
Men and women, boys and girls must workers be;  
Every father, son and brother  
Work for home, and work for mother,  
'Till the victory we see.

CHORUS
  When at the polls we rally,  
  Every ballot must tally,  
  With the home assailed by deadly foe;  
  So when you vote, my brother,  
  Don't forget your mother  
  And you'll mark your ballot, NO!

II.
All the years of prohibition  
Maine has been in fine condition,  
So the savings banks all say;  
Business surely would be blighted  
If saloons should be invited  
To come into Maine today.  
But worse than all the sadness  
That would drive away the gladness  
That is lighting up the homes in our old state;  
Woe to him that votes for sorrow  
To come into Maine's tomorrow,  
He'll repent when it's too late.

CHORUS
"Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet" can be purchased at any music store.
LOCAL OPTION IN MAINE WOULD INCREASE DRUNKENNESS

The value of local option in comparison with State prohibition has been clearly demonstrated in New Hampshire and Vermont. In New Hampshire the last year under prohibition there were 473 persons committed for drunkenness; following this under local option the arrests in one year were 2,187. In Vermont the last year under State prohibition there were 878 commitments for drunkenness; under the first local option year there were 2,432.

LIQUOR DEALERS WANT LOCAL OPTION

The New Hampshire Wholesale and Retail Liquor Dealers' Association embraces every wholesale and retail liquor dealer in the State, and this Association plans by public speakers, advertisements and literature, to create a strong license and anti-prohibition feeling in the State, and asks for a check at once toward a large fund needed to carry out the work in opposing the repeal of the local option law and the effort to substitute therefor statutory prohibition. This furnishes conclusive proof that the liquor dealers will fight against prohibition and uphold in its place local option.

If prohibition did not reduce the amount of liquor sold the brewers, distillers and liquor sellers would not always oppose prohibition and raise vast sums of money for its overthrow.

A SONG TO THE FLAG

[Tune—"America"]

I.
We love thee, banner free,
Emblem of liberty
For our fair land;
Best flag in all the earth
And priceless in thy worth,
True freedom gave thee birth!
Old Glory, grand!

II.
With pride we raise thee high
Dear flag for which men die
On fields of fame;
These stars and stripes shall wave
Above each hero brave
And o'er his quiet grave
Exalt his name.

III.
We are a patriot band
Beneath our flag we stand
Children of Maine;
Let not these sacred stars
Float over licensed bars
While brewers shout hurrahs
Our flag to stain.

IV.
"Our fathers' God to Thee
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our state be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God our King!"

( Teach the boys and girls to sing this with spirit. Do not let it drag. Each singer should carry a flag. At the last line of first verse vigorously wave all flags. At first line of second verse raise high the flags and quietly hold them throughout the verse, singing the last two lines with tenderness. Flags on the shoulder at beginning of third verse and at fourth line extend the flags (raised) toward the audience. Fourth verse wave the flags from left to right and back again in time with the song.)
STRONG WORDS OF A CATHOLIC FATHER

"O Labor, labor! In the words of your great leader, Duncan: 'March with heads erect, proud of your calling and your cause,' but if you ever stamp upon your unstained banner the mark and seal of the striped beast of the saloon, then march with heads bowed down, ashamed of your calling and your traitored cause. But this perversion of the natural order shall never be effected, for the saloon lusteth against labor and labor lusteth against the saloon 'and these two are contrary one to the other.'"

Rev. Father Cassidy
of Massachusetts.

THE SALOON IS FUNDAMENTALLY LAWLESS

"There is absolutely no law of God or man that the saloon will keep, or ever has kept, all its promises and assertions to the contrary notwithstanding. The world has never seen a more despicable hypocrisy than the holy horror that the opponents of our prohibitory law are expressing over the 'hypocrisy' that is created and cultivated by that law."

Rev. J. K. Wilson, D. D.,
Editor Zion's Advocate,
Portland, Me.

THE CHILDREN'S CAMPAIGN

By Rupert Ames

[Tune—"We March to Victory" (Barney)]

I.
We come, we come, a children's band,
In the freshness of life's morning;
Working hand in hand, for a cause that's grand
For a blessed victory dawning,
A blessed victory dawning.

II.
We march, we march, with shout and song,
On the field you're sure to find us;
In a war 'gainst wrong we will all belong
We will cast all fear behind us,
Will cast all fear behind us.

III.
We pledge, we pledge, our faith anew,
Prohibition banners bringing;
We are all true-blue in the work we do,
Prohibition songs we're singing,
Prohibition songs we're singing.

IV.
We pray, we pray, (we know we're right,) You'll heed a child's petition;
The saloon you'll smite with ballots white, While we cheer for prohibition!
We cheer for prohibition!
SIX REASONS FOR OPPOSING LICENSE

1. THE SALOON NEVER EMPTIES ALMSHOUSES AND PRISONS, BUT FILLS THEM.
2. IT NEVER MAKES HAPPY FAMILIES, BUT Miserable ONES.
3. IT NEVER DIMINISHES TAXES (WITH ALL ITS SALOON REVENUE), BUT INCREASES THEM.
4. IT NEVER PROTECTS OUR PROPERTY, NOR PERSONAL SAFETY, BUT ENDANGERS THEM.
5. IT NEVER BUILDS UP THE CHURCH, BUT PEOPLES THE PRISONS AND JAILS.
6. IT NEVER PROTECTS A MAN, BUT ROBS HIM OF HIS MONEY, HIS FAMILY, HIS HAPPINESS, HIS GOOD NAME, HIS HOPES AND ALL ENDEARMENTS OF LIFE.

SHALL I HELP TO HAND OVER THE PRESS, THE BILLBOARD, THE SCHOOL, THE STATE TO THE DRUNKARD-MAKING TRUST?

THE SALOON Keeper IS THE ONLY MAN ENGAGED IN A LEGALIZED EMPLOYMENT WHO IS ASHAMED OF THE FINISHED PRODUCT OF HIS LABORS.

THE SALOON ENCOURAGES EVERY CRIME AND DISCOURAGES EVERY VIRTUE; MAKES LIFE LESS SAFE AND MORE EXPENSIVE; RENDERS WORKMEN LESS EFFICIENT AND DISEASES MORE ABUNDANT.

Rev. J. H. Crooker, D. D.
SWING OUT A LIGHT
A Song for Very Little Singers By Anna A. Gordon

[Tune—"The Slumber Boat"]
We are sailing out to sea;
Sea of life so fair;
Every little human boat
Must be sailed with care;
Swing out a light,
Father, brother dear;
Don’t forget the little boats
Sailing very near.
Past the dangerous rocks of sin
If we safely steer;
You must keep the temperance light
Shining bright and clear;
Swing out a light,
Father, brother dear;
Don’t forget the little boats
Sailing very near.

Like a star of radiant light
Prohibition gleams;
We can guide our little boats
By its radiant beams;
Swing out a light,
Father, brother dear;
Don’t forget the little boats
Sailing very near.

"The Slumber Boat" is for sale at all music stores.

THE RIGHT, HAPPY WAY
By F. B. Damon [Tune—"Child of a King"]
The trees on the height, the mosses that creep,
They love the sweet rain and they drink of it deep;
The sober red-robin, the gay bobolink
Are calling, "Tis water, tis water we drink."

CHORUS
Prohibitionists say,
"Of course that’s the way."
All over creation that’s the right, happy way."

Tis here all the birds may dwell at their will
In a land that is blessed with the rock and the rill;
A bountiful land,—oh, here let us abide!
Whatever of good are her people denied?

But like a kind mother whose children from harm
She shields by her faithful and sheltering arm,
Maine guardeth her own—well her enemies know!
She offers the best while she keeps out the foe.

If ever a mother grow careless and cold,
And barter her children for pieces of gold,
Or leave to be tempted and captured and slain,
May it never, oh never, oh never be Maine!

THROW OUT THE LIFE LINE
By Rev. E. S. Ufford

[Tune—"Sacred Songs," No. 147]

I.
Throw out the life-line across the dark wave;
There is a brother whom someone should save;
Somebody’s brother, O, who then will dare
To throw out the life-line his peril to share?

*CHORUS
Throw out the life-line! Throw out the life-line!
Someone is drifting away;
Throw out the life-line! Throw out the life-line!
Someone is sinking to-day.

II.
Throw out the life-line with hand quick and strong,
Why do you tarry, my brother, so long?
See! He is sinking! Oh! hasten to-day!
And out with the life-line! Away, then, away!

CHORUS

III.
Throw out the life-line to danger fraught men,
Sinking in anguish where you’ve never been;
Winds of temptation and billows of woe
Are pressing them downward where dark waters flow.

CHORUS

IV.
Soon will the season of rescue be o’er;
Swiftly they drift to eternity’s shore;
Hasten to help them far out o’er the wave;
O tell them of Jesus, the Mighty to save.

CHORUS

*The following chorus is suggested:
Put a cross in the "NO" square! Put a cross in the "NO" square!
Someone is drifting away;
Put a cross in the "NO" square! Put a cross in the "NO" square!
Someone is sinking today.
THE "MAINE LAW"

[Tune—Chorus of "Bringing in the Sheaves"]

Maine must keep her law,
Maine must keep her law,
Praise the Lord who'll help us,
Maine must keep her law,
Maine must keep her law,
Maine must keep her law,
Praise the Lord who'll help us,
Maine must keep her law.

Maine Campaign
Prohibition Songs
And Campaign Literature
Published by the
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