

The Rainbow Temperance Song



Dedicated to the Sons of Temperance and
Good Templars of the United States. By their
Friend & Brother E. Z. C. JUDSON (Ned Buntline.)

MUSIC BY

J. R. THOMAS.

NEW YORK

THE PUBLISHERS OF THIS SONG ARE THE FOLLOWING:

Published by W. A. POND & CO. 547 Broadway.

NEW YORK
C. F. BAKER

ALBANY
A. H. BENTLEY

CHICAGO
JOHN & GARY

BOSTON
H. A. BENTLEY



THE RAINBOW TEMPERANCE SONG.

Words by
S. Z. C. JUDSON.

Musical by
J. R. THOMAS.

Allegretto.

I. There is col - or in the wine - glass, There is fire be - neath its
 II. There is laugh - ter where they rev - el In their wild and drunk - en

crest: There are spar - kles in the gob - let, Gems of light made man - ly -
 glee, But 'tis cold, and false, and low - ly, Born for use and mis - er -

Fest But the fire is red, in - fer - nal, Not with food for mad de -
 vi Friendship form'd by wine is fleet - ing, Love ab - hors its unchaste

sire: Ev'ry sparkle is a de - mon, Glad - ly leap - ing in the fire.
 light; Noth - ing born of wine is last - ing, With its sparkle joy takes flight.

CHORUS.

Supr. *Ol then, touch not, taste not, Join the tem'rance throng;*

Alto.

Tenor. *Ol then, touch not, taste not, Join the tem'rance throng;*

Bass.

Accomp't.

Pre - cious mo - ments waste not, List our tem'rance song.

Pre - cious mo - ments waste not, List our tem'rance song.



Then adore the flashing goblet,
 Hate and shun its deadly glare;
 Read upon its scarlet record
 Sin, and woe, and dark despair:
 Homes made cold, and old men wretched,
 None but *victims* e'er can tell
 Victims who, by thousands dying,
 Wave's wild ocean yearly swell.

Chorus.

Minds of might and brilliant genius,
 Which with light refulgent shone,
 Now are dark, and lost, and shattered,
 All their strength and power gone;
 Forms of bright majestic beauty,
 Which adorned our circles true—
 Now beneath the ground are resting
 Lost to us and lost to God.

Chorus.

Then avoid the mocking sirens
 Who would charm you to their side;
 Think upon the stinking millions
 Who are delving down the tide;
 Think of Hresides, now deserted,
 Once so cheerful, bright, and gay;
 Think 'twas caused by wine and revel,
 And forever turn away.

Chorus.

Chorus.