THE REVELLERS' CHORUS

"We'll all meet again in the morning."

POETRY & MUSIC BY

B. R. HANBY.

BOSTON.

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THE REVELLER'S CHORUS.

The occurrence which prompted this song actually occurred recently in a city of California. Some nineteen abandoned inebriates had been for days and nights together carousing in a fireman's club house until delirium tremens ensued. As soon as reason began to return, one of them, stung with feeling of deep self-reproach, declared his intention never to drink another drop, and urged his comrades to join him. His proposition was heartily agreed to, and a league was formed which from that day to the present has rapidly increased in its membership till it now numbers several thousand staunch confederates.

W. R. HANBY.

Moderato.

Shouts at the Reveller's banquet. Rum is the Reveller's

king. Wild is the Reveller's car-ol, Wild is the chorus thy sing.
CHORUS.

SOP.

Drink and care not for the mor-row! Drink boys and banish all sor-row,

ALTO.

Think boys oh, think of to mor-row, Death with his poi-son tipp'd ar-row,

TENOR.

Think boys oh think of to mor-row, Pover-ty, anguish and sor-row,

BASS.

Neighbors shall greet as to mor-row Wives bid a-dieu to their sor-row,

Blithe be to day and to night shall be gay, And we'll all meet a-gain in the morning.

Down with the cup and to Heaven look up, And a-way, all a-way ere the morning.

Weep oh weep while our lovd'ones sleep, And let's all go to work in the morning.

Down with the cup and to Heaven look up, And we'll all go to work in the morning.
Hark! there is one of them sobbing, Manhood is struggling again. What
doth kind Heaven see here, boys? Demons that ought to be men.

3. Wives there are weeping and weary
Hearts there are heavy as lead
Homes there are silent and dreary
Little ones begging for bread.

CHORUS.

4. Down with a clash and a clangor
Flagon's and goblets they fling.
Back to our tools and our benches.
Rum shall no longer be king.

CHORUS.

5. Joy like a beautiful angel.
Hovers with silvery wing
Over those Revellers hearthstones
This is the chorus they sing.

CHO: Hope, brothers, hope for tomorrow
Heaven hath banished our sorrow
Brave be the strife till the last day of life
When we'll all meet again in the morning.