THE REVELLERS' CHORUS

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

POETRY & MUSIC BY

B. R. HANBY.

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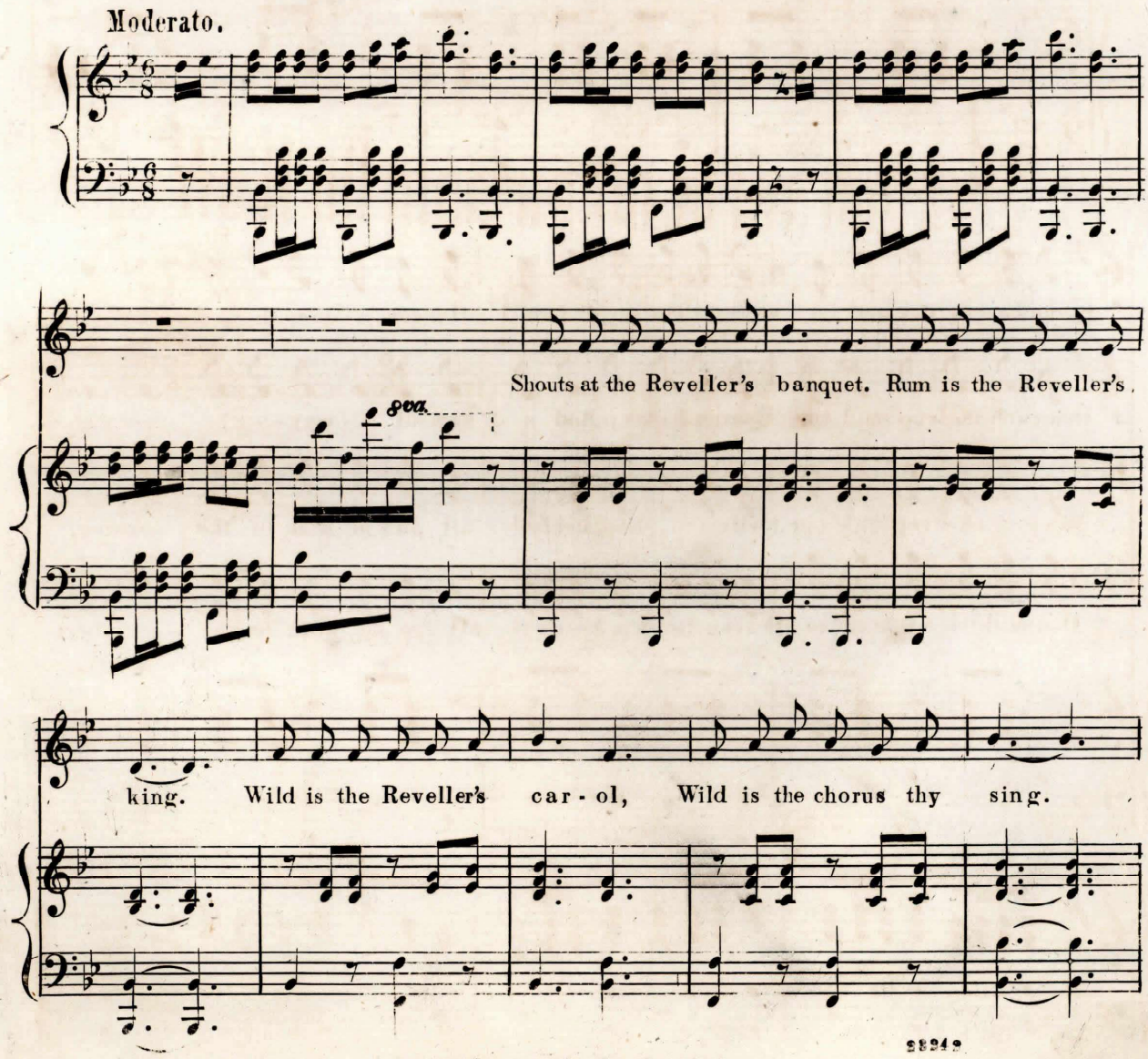
THE REVELLER'S CHORUS.

The occurrence which prompted this song actually occured 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 comrads 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.



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,

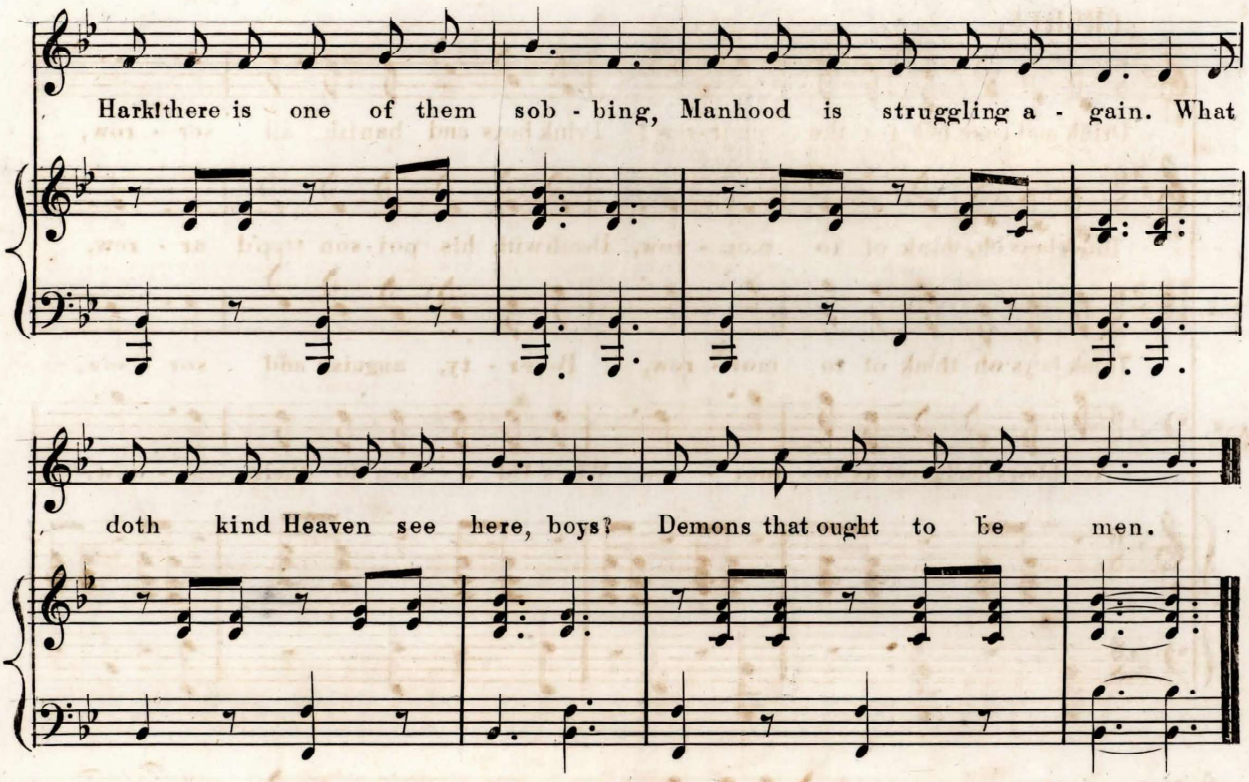
BASS. Neighbors shall greet as to - mor - row Wives bid a - dieu to their sor - row,

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 lov'd 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.



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
Flagons and goblets they fling,
Back to our tools and our benches
Rum shall no longer be king

CHORUS.

5.

Joy like a beautful angel.
Hovers with silvery wing
Over those Revellers hearthstones
This is the chorus they sing.
CHO: Hope, brothes, 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.

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