

*Presented to
Wif. W. Fletcher by
Fanny Mason*

TO JOHN B. GOUGH, ESQ.

A Cup of Cold Water



BY

JOHN R. SWENEY, M.B.

PHILADELPHIA: LEE & WALKER, 922 CHESTNUT ST.

W. H. BONER & CO. 1102, CHESTNUT ST.

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A CUP OF COLD WATER.

TEMPERANCE SONG.

Words By GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

Music by JOHN R. SWENEY.

Moderato.

1. Let oth-ers praise the ru-by bright, In the red wine's spark-ling glow · Dear - er to me is the

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diamond light Of the fountain's clear-est flow. The feet of earth - ly men have trod The

juice from the bleeding vine; But the streams come pure from the hand of God To fill this cup of mine.

CHORUS.

Soprano. Then give me a cup of cold wa-ter, The clear, sweet cup of cold wa-ter; For his
Alto. Then give me a cup of cold wa-ter, cold wa-ter, The clear, sweet cup of cold wa-ter, cold wa-ter; For his
Tenor. Then give me a cup of cold wa-ter, cold wa-ter, The clear, sweet cup of cold wa-ter, cold wa-ter; For his
Bass. Then give me a cup of cold wa-ter, cold wa-ter, The clear, sweet cup of cold wa-ter, cold wa-ter; For his
Piano.

The musical score consists of four vocal staves and two piano accompaniment systems. The vocal staves are arranged in two pairs, each with a treble and bass clef. The lyrics are: "arm is strong, though his toil is long, Who drinks but the clear cold wa - ter." The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and features a steady, rhythmic accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands.

2.

The dew-drops lie in flow'ret's cup;
 How rich the perfume now!
 And the fainting earth with joy looks up,
 When the rain falls on her brow;
 The brook gives forth with a pleasant voice
 To gladden the vale along;
 And the bending trees on her banks rejoice
 To hear her quiet song.

CHO.— Then give me a cup of cold water;
 The clear, sweet cup of cold water;
 For bright is his eye, and his spirit high,
 Who drinks but the clear cold water.

A cup of cold water.

3.

The lark soars up with a lighter strain,
 When the wave has washed his wing;
 And the steed flings back his flowing mane,
 In the might of the crystal spring;
 This was the drink of paradise,
 Ere blight on her beauty fell;
 And the buried streams of her gladness rise
 In every moss-grown well.

CHO.— Then here's to the cup of cold water;
 The pure, sweet cup of cold water;
 For nature gives to all that lives,
 But a drink of the clear cold water.