Marching On To Victory

Words and Music: Dr. H. R. Palmer

1. March-ing, march-ing, march-ing on to vic-to-ry, Raise our ban-ner high,
Let it reach the sky; March-ing, march-ing, march-ing on to vic-to-ry,
Lift the tem-p’rance ban-ner high, "Touch not, taste not, han-dle not" the
dread-ful thing, Ser-pent fangs lie hid-den in the bowl; "Touch not, taste not,

2. March-ing, march-ing, march-ing on to vic-to-ry, See the dread-ful foe!
Hear the cry of woe; Weep-ing thou-sands urge us on to vic-to-ry,
Falter not, but on-ward go, Sweep-ing, surg-ing, like a might-y
tid-al wave, Far and wide the whel-ming wa-ters roll, Vic-tims soon will
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handle not" the dreadful thing, Poison not the precious soul.

Brothers, let us then be Marching, marching, marching on to victory,

Raise our banner high Let it reach the sky; Marching, marching,

marching on to victory, Lift the temperance banner high.

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