The Song of the Temperance Union

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We're coming, we're coming, our brave little band
On the right side of temp'rance we do take our stand.
We don't use tobacco, because we do think
That the people who use it are likely to drink

Away, away, with rum, by gum,
Rum by gum, rum by gum
Away, away, with rum, by gum,
The song of the Temperance Union.

We never eat fruitcake because it has rum,
And one little slice puts a man on the bum.
Oh, can you imagine the pitiful plight
Of a man eating fruitcake until he gets tight?

A man who eats fruitcake lives a terrible life.
He's mean to his children and beats on his wife.
A man who eats fruitcake dies a terrible death,
With the odor of raisins and rum on his breath!

We never eat cookies because they have yeast,
And one little bite turns a man to a beast.
Oh, can you imagine the utter disgrace
Of a man in the gutter with crumbs on his face?

We never drink water -- they put it in gin,
And one little sip and a man starts to grin.
Oh, can you imagine a sorrier sight
Than a man drinking water and singing all night?

We never eat peaches because they ferment,
And a peach will ferment at the least little dent.
Oh, can you imagine a sight more obscene,
Than a man getting tipsy on peaches and cream!

Beware of plum pudding, the kind that they light.
They drench it in brandy so it will ignite.
The thought is revolting to temperate folk,
For people go blotto inhaling the smoke.

We never touch coffee; it makes our eyes gleam,

At least when they add Irish whiskey and cream.
Oh, can you imagine a fate more unkind
Than sluggin' down coffee and going stone blind?

We never drink milkshakes 'cause they're made with malt,
And one little slurp makes your brain somersalt.
Oh, can you imagine behavior so rash
As bartop gymnastics with a frothy mustache

We never play jumprope 'cause jumpers take hops,
And once they start hopping, they hops 'til they drops.
This vile degradation starts out as a game
And grammar school innocence turns into shame.

We never have backrubs because it's a crime,
And we will oppose them in song and in rhyme.
For an alcohol backrub is worse than straight gin
When you think of the liquor absorbed through the skin.

We never use Brylcream 'cause that's got bay rum,
And too many rubbings can turn your head numb,
But if there's a thought that'll leave you in fits,
Just imagine the millions of paralytic nits.

Now if you go hiking and get sores on your feet,
Don't use rubbing spirits as a means for to treat,
'Cause it seeps through the pores of your feet by osmosis,
And you end up by having ten drunk little toesis.

We never eat cornflakes because they have malt,
And we can't imagine a much greater fault.
Oh, can you imagine a sight that's more droll
Than a woman at breakfast slumped over her bowl!

We never dance Morris -- you have to drink ale,
And respectable people, who see us, turn pale.
Oh, can you imagine the staggering sight
Of a man who drinks ale, dancing ``Saturday Night?''

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