

# The Temperance Brigade - song lyrics

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THE TEMPERANCE BRIGADE.

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Words by T. Conley. Music by Felix McGlennon.

In Ireland, sure, they started once a temperance brigade,  
All for the country's good, the leader said;  
With their banners and their music they all marched about the town,  
Forty men, with Michael Crogan at their head.  
Making speeches asking landlords to close up their saloons;  
No doubt it would have gone on very well.  
All the people went and joined them from Kinsella's whiskey inn,  
Then they tried to paralyze McGee's hotel.

Refrain.

And the band was loudly playing; sure, it was a splendid sight;  
Ould Crogan he was raving to the boys with all his might;  
Ay, and at the first beginning every one attention paid;  
They drank nothing else but water in the Temperance Brigade.

First Crogan started speaking to McGee; says he, "My man,  
Shut up your house and throw away your beer;  
Make a coffee palace of it and sell only lemonade."  
All the Temperance Brigade then called, Hear! hear!  
Then McGee got on a barrel, all the boozers gathered round,  
For they knew that he was rolling in his wealth;  
Then of beer he drew nine gallons And he cried to all the crowd:  
Here, boys, I ask ye come And drink my health.

Refrain.

But the band still kept on playing-oh! it was a splendid sight;  
Ould Crogan he was raving to the boys with all his might;  
But McGee, with his nine gallons, did the trick, I am afraid;  
All the boys were getting thirsty in the Temperance Brigade.

Then the boys they all "hurrooed!" and cried, "Three cheers for Pat McGee!  
For he's the boy that gives the beer away;  
And down with all teetotalers, we don't want any here."  
Poor Crogan looked at them in bland dismay;  
Said he, "I will reclaim them;" so he shouted to the crowd,  
"Give over drinking; sure, ye make me shrink."  
Said McGee, I'll paralyze him; with a gallon in his hand  
He invited them once more to have a drink.

Refrain.

But the band still kept on playing-oh! it was a splendid sight;  
Ould Crogan he was raving to the boys with all his might;  
But the band was nearly gasping, and a desperate charge they made;  
All the boys were drinking whiskey in the Temperance Brigade.

Ould Crogan said: "That's done it; I must bid ye all good day;"  
But Pat McGee cried out for him to stop-  
"I don't bear any malice," said McGee, "just step inside,  
Come on with me and have a little drop."  
Then old Crogan took on whiskey, and it got into his head,  
Says he, "D---all teetotalers," quite loud;  
As McGee got three more gallons, with a smile upon his face,  
And took it to the ever thirsty crowd.

Refrain.

Then the band gave over playing, and they drank with all their might;  
Ould Crogan on a shutter, sure, was carried home that night;  
And the thought of water drinking slick away did quickly fade;  
All the boys got paralytic in the Temperance Brigade.