

# S O T - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

S. O. T.

Old Adam was a hero,  
His like you'll never find,  
Although he was the first man.  
He was the last one of his kind;  
For every sip that wet his lips  
Was pure cold water, sparkling free,  
An honest man with an honest grip,  
Son of Temperance, S. O. T.

Chorus.  
Then come and join the noble band,  
Humanity, salvation,  
Push along, sing the song,  
Set the whole world free;  
Help every man, who walks the land,  
To a proud and lofty station;  
Join hands all ye Sons  
Of Temperance, S. O. T.

Don't talk about your whiskey,  
To aggravate a man  
Who's signed the temperance pledge, boys,  
And resolute I'll stand;  
The bowl defy until I die.  
To drink I'll never bend the knee;  
No blush or shame to mar the name,  
Sons of Temperance, S. O. T.-Chorus.

The little birds that warble,  
So cheerful they sing,  
Just after sipping Adam's ale,  
From nature's lovely spring.  
While flowing from a mountain side,  
An example for the world to see;  
Take my advice and join the band,  
Sons of Temperance, S. O. T.-Chorus.