

The Controllin' Influence Of Drink - song lyrics

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The Controllin' Influence of Drink
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In a tenement of brick.
Where the families were thick,
Lived McMullin, a poor little tailor;
And although he was small,
At a party or ball,
He was nimble and as light as a sailor
As a man he was quiet,
Kept out of a riot,
His nose was as red as pink;
Oh! but whin he got full
He was like a mad bull,
From the controllin' influence of drink.

Chorus.
Yes, for when he got full,
He was like a mad bull,
From the controllin' influence of drink.

Whin the war it begun,
Oh' he followed the drum,
In the Sixty-Ninth Regiment a soldier;
He wint to the front,
The rebels to hunt,
The divil a man there was bolder;
Whin he marched to the fight,
Oh! McMullen was tight,
He never took time for to think;
He was shot in the head,
And was left there for dead,
From the coutrollin' influence of drink.

Chorus.
He was shot in the head,
And was left there for dead,
From the controllin' influence of drink.

When McMullen got home,
He was all skin and bone,
'Pon my sowl, the poor fellow was failing;
Whin the doctor came in.
Says he, Give him some gin!
For that's where the tailor is ailing!"
Oh! he swallowed a quart,
Plenty more was soon brought,
His life was beginning to sink;
"More gin, " then he cried,
Rolled over and died,
From the controllin' influence of drink.

Chorus.
Yes. "More gin "then he cried;
Rolled over And died
From the controllin' influence of drink.

Oh! the liquor and cake
That rolled in at the wake,
'Twould fill up a confectionery;
The neighbors came in
To take the last look at him
Who'd a smile on his face like a fairy;
Wid sobs and wid sighs,
And tears in their eyes,
They gave one another the wink,
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And slobbering said:
"I'm tould that he's dead,
From the controllin' influence of drink. -Chorus.

There's a nate little spot,
Beyant in a plot,
Where the poor little tailor was buried;
And carriages fine,
And soldiers in line,
In a boat cross the river were ferried;
They stood round the grave,
Many sighs then they gave,
As the dirt was shoveled up to the brink;
And on the tombstone
Was read: "Died alone
From the controllin' influence of drink. -Chorus.