

# THE TEE-TOTAL SOCIETY LEADERS.

TUNE.—THE DANDY FIDDLER.

Good friends I have penned a few lines,  
Concerning a tale of sobriety ;  
A number of selfish divines  
Have started a Total Society.  
They lecture with faces so grave,  
As if they were all 'dowed with piety ;  
But believe me the most of them's knaves,  
That belong the Total Society.

There is one that is very well known,  
In S—— Lane once had a brewery ;  
It's known by the folks of the town,  
He carried it on with great fury.  
He thirsted for riches 'tis true,  
To gain gold he strove with anxiety ;  
He got it, and what think you now ?  
He's a prop to the Total Society.

There's another sly snake in the grass,  
Who boasts of his courage and bravery ;  
He meets in the Tea Total Class,  
But hark ye my friends of his knavery.  
He prints for this ambitious crew,  
But he does not act with propriety ;  
For he sells old tickets for new,  
And is praised by the Total Society.

And there's Mr. Tallow for wit,  
He preaches the truth in reality ;  
All day in his shop he will sit,  
And say his old meat's the best quality.  
He says you must drink no strong beer,  
But eat you may beyond satiety ;  
So friends you may see very clear,  
What a set there is in their Society.

A Skinner's the next one we see,  
Who's one of the Methodist Ministers ;  
And if you want coffee or tea,  
He'll serve you at home from his cannisters.  
When he with the brewer did fight,  
His speeches were quite contrariety ;  
And many a one since that night,  
Has left their fine Total Society.

For instance a convert 'tis true,  
Who their leading men praised for his piety,  
It's a fact I'm telling to you,  
He has strayed from the Total Society.  
He delivered tracts yet he was seen,  
In a state which is called inebriety ;  
And every place yet where I've been,  
They are leaving the Total Society.

A tailor chap near the Arcade,  
Who likes for to cabbage the dimity ;  
When he goes down to Hawks' its said,  
His speeches are full of sublimity.  
He says while the cows eat the grains,  
He cannot sup milk with propriety ;  
But he like his goose has no brains,  
Yet he does for the Total Society.

A whitish man down the South Shore,  
Who is noted for his validity ;  
To Totalers he spoke from the core,  
But his speech it was full of stupidity.  
For he said that a man went to bed  
One night in a state of ebriety,  
And when he got up he was dead,  
And joined himself to their Society.

A thriving man comes to their class,  
With news from the Glass House repeatedly ;  
He stands and he brays like an ass,  
But at the same time it's conceitedly.  
He says he won't eat yeasted bread,  
Nor he cannot with any propriety ;  
For fear he should mix with the dead,  
Then adieu to their Total Society.

The friends are the next on the list,  
Who are noted much for their formality ;  
They will fly from an alcohol mist,  
Lest it should destroy their morality.  
If a brewer's dray comes in their way,  
From it they will walk with rapidity,  
And then to their friends they will say,  
That's a drag to our Total Society.

There's feminine gentry too,  
Declare that liquors won't nourish them ;  
But what do they go there to do,  
But just to get men for to cherish them.  
They gossip and backbite at tea,  
And that is a plain notoriety,  
And I hear they make very free,  
When they come from the Total Society.

My song is almost at an end,  
With madness they seem in affinity ;  
But yet I fain hope they would mend,  
And not go to such an extremity.  
So now to end these few lines,  
You surely have had a variety,  
Then adieu to these selfish divines,  
And away with their Total Society.