

THE GRAND



PROCESSION.

COMPOSED BY EDWARD MUNDY, T. T.

To the Air of St. Patrick's Day.

1.

You true Sons of Erin, that's sober and steady,
I pray unto me give attention;
The glorious plan of each abstinence man,
A blessing will be to our nation.
When Saint Patrick the truth did first preach on our plains,
The Shamrock he took as a logical means
To show divine Union unto Erin's Sons;
So let Irishmen be like the Shamrock united,
In the dark paths of drunkenness never benighted,
With true Christian principles always delighted
To worship their God night and morning.

2.

On the 18th of March, in the year 39,
Our members assembled together;
As they marched along, they appeared most sublime
With their Sashes and Banner so clever;
You would laugh had you seen all the Grocers struck dumb,
When they heard the sound of our Abstinence Drum;
They were pain'd in their hearts, when they saw the day come,
When our Band of Tee-totalers assembled together,
From drunkenness and misery their land to deliver,
With Medals and Ribbons, and Banner so clever,
The 18th of March in the morning.

3.

When evening came on, so cheerful and gay
In the Round-room they all did assemble,
And there they were feasted on Cakes and Strong Tea,
While Publicans all they did tremble;

Erin's daughters were there with eyes clear and bright,
With roseate cheeks full of social delight;
With Husbands and Sweethearts, they then did unite:
While the Drunkards, a disgrace unto the brute asses,
Sat tearing and swearing o'er pints, quarts and glasses;
Our Tee-total Tradesmen were feasting their lasses,
Quite fit to go work the next morning.

4.

In the days of old, in Scripture we read,
When man was created in Eden,
The Almighty his wants at that time did supply,
And a pure crystal spring he did give him;
But discord came forth with an ill-thriven plan,
To work ruination and disunite man,
And send to destruction the fruits of our land;
But our Tee-total boys all his schemes they will tatter,
And to the four winds his inventions will scatter,
Our Shamrock we'll drown in glass of pure water,
Each Patrick's day in the morning.

5.

So now I'll conclude and finish those verses;
My boys, be still sober and steady;
When temperance calls, attend to her voice,
With your president, Thomas, be ready;
My boys, you'll be fat drinking Coffee and Tea,
Your eyes will be bright, and your faces be gay,
While the poor silly drunkard is going to decay,
Kicked out of the dram shop, and thrown on the Stretcher;
His wife in the ashes, no scare-crow can match her;
She is dirty and ragged, and that ought to teach her,
Each Patrick's day in the morning.

