

# Chad Mitchell Trio, Rum By Gum

Away, away with rum, by gum, rum, by gum, rum, by gum  
Away, away with rum, by gum, the song of the Temperance Union

We're coming, we're coming, our brave little band  
On the right side of temperance we do take our stand  
We don't use tobacco because we do think  
That the people who use it are likely to drink

Away, away with rum, by gum, rum, by gum, rum, by gum  
Away, away with rum, by gum, the song of the Temperance Union

We never eat cookies because they have yeast  
And one little bite turns a man to a beast  
Can you imagine a sadder disgrace  
Then of a man in the gutter with crumbs on his face

Away, away with rum, by gum, rum, by gum, rum, by gum  
Away, away with rum, by gum, the song of the Temperance Union

We never eat fruitcake because it has rum  
And one little bite turns a man to a bum  
Can you imagine a sorrier sight  
Than a man eating fruitcake until he gets tight

"He gets tight. He gets tight.  
Man eating fruitcake. Fruitcake gets tight.  
We wish you a merry fruitcake."

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We don't use tobacco because we do think  
That the people who use it are likely to drink

Away, away with rum, by gum, rum, by gum, rum, by gum  
Away, away with rum, by gum, the song of the Temperance Union