

Andy M. Stewart - The Humours Of Whiskey

| tom: A | The |
|--|----------|
| A E Let quacks and newspapers be cutting their capers | |
| D A E Of curing the vapors the scratch and the gout | Thi |
| A E With medical potions, their serums and lotions | Му |
| D A E A Upholding their notions, they're mighty put out | And |
| A E | Ιr |
| Who can tell the true physic to all that's pathetic A E | And |
| And pitch to the divil, cramp, colic and spleen A D E | 0n |
| You'll know it I think if you take a big drink A E A | And |
| With your mouth to the brink of a jug of poteen | Its |
| A E So stick to the cratur' the best thing in nature | |
| D A E A For sinking your sorrows and raising your joys | So |
| E A D Oh what botheration, no dose in the nation | Foi |
| D A E A Can give consolation like whiskey me boys | 0h |
| A E | The |
| No liquid cosmetic to lovers athletic D A E | Cor |
| Or bodies pathetic can give such a bloom A | Wha |
| As sweet by the powers in gardens of flowers D A E A | Wha |
| Gave their own bowers a darling perfume | D Swe |
| A E And this liquid so rare if you willingly share | Α |
| A To be taking your hair when it's frizzled and dead | Wha A |
| A D E Oh the sod has the merit to yield the true spirit | Wha |
| A So strong it will shake all the hairs from your head | And |
| A E A E | Sui |
| Then stick to the cratur' the best thing in nature D A E A | So |
| For sinking your sorrows and raising your joys E A D | Foi |
| Oh since its perfection, no doctor's direction D A E A | And |
| Can cleanse the complexion like whiskey me boys | Was |
| A While a child in me cradle, me nurse with her ladle | |
| D A E Was filling my mouth with a notion of pap | You |
| A E When a drop from her bottle fell into my throttle | Foi |
| D A E A I stumbled and capered clean out of her lap | Wi1 |
| A E | It |
| On the floor I lay crawlin' and screaming and bawling A E | At |
| 'Til me mother and father were called to the fore $f A$ | You |
| All sobbing and sighing they feared I was dying A B A | The |
| But soon found I only was crying for more | If |
| A E A E So stick to the cratur' the best thing in nature | |
| D A E A For sinking your sorrows and raising your joys | So |

```
Oh lord how they'd chuckle if babes in their truckle
  ey only could suckle on whiskey me boys
  rough my youthful aggression, through times of depression
  childhood's impression still clung to my mind
  d at school or at college the basis of knowledge
  never could gulp 'til with whiskey combined
  d as older I'm growin' times ever bestowin'
  Erin's potation, a flavor so fine
  d how e'er they lecture on jove and his nectar
  self is the only true liquid divine
  stick to the cratur' the best thing in nature
  r sinking your sorrows and raising your joys
  lord, 'tis the right thing for courting and fighting \stackrel{\frown}{D} \stackrel{\frown}{A} \stackrel{\frown}{E} \stackrel{\frown}{A}
  ere's nowt so exciting as whiskey me boys
  me guess me this riddle: what beats pipes and fiddle
  at?s hotter than mustard, and milder than cream?
  at best wets your whistle? What?s clearer than crystal
  eeter than honey, and stronger than steam?
  at can make the dumb talk? What can make the lame walk?
  at?s the elixir of life and philosopher?s_stone?
  d what helped Mr. Brunel to dig the Thames tunnel?
  re wasn?t it whiskey from old Innishowen?
  stick to the cratur the best thing in nature
  r sinking your sorrows and raising your joys
  d boys, I'd half wonder if lightning and thunder
  s made from the plunder of whiskey me boys
  u maidens pathetic, with lovers athletic
  r liquid cosmetic, you can't beat the drop
  th a glow to your cheek, it will make your heart leap
  'll quiet a stallion or cure an old cob
  the mouth you would drool, be reduced to a fool
  u'd kick up your heels and you'd peel to the buff
A E
  en 'tis he'd be pathetic while you'd be athletic

A

E

A
  only you'd take a few drops of the stuff
  For sinking your sorrows and raising your joys
```

For there's nothing like whiskey to make maidens frisky D A E A

It soon separates all the men from the boys

A E

Come guess me this riddle: what beats pipes and fiddle D A E

What?s hotter than mustard, and milder than cream?
A E

What best wets your whistle? What?s clearer than crystal D A E A

Sweeter than honey, and stronger than steam?

A E

Acordes

