

# Andy M. Stewart - The Humours Of Whiskey

tom:

Let quacks and newspapers be cutting their capers  
Of curing the vapors the scratch and the gout  
With medical potions, their serums and lotions  
Upholding their notions, they're mighty put out

Who can tell the true physic to all that's pathetic  
And pitch to the divil, cramp, colic and spleen  
You'll know it I think if you take a big drink  
With your mouth to the brink of a jug of poteen

So stick to the cratur' the best thing in nature  
For sinking your sorrows and raising your joys  
Oh what botheration, no dose in the nation  
Can give consolation like whiskey me boys

No liquid cosmetic to lovers athletic  
Or bodies pathetic can give such a bloom  
As sweet by the powers in gardens of flowers  
Gave their own bowers a darling perfume

And this liquid so rare if you willingly share  
To be taking your hair when it's frizzled and dead  
Oh the sod has the merit to yield the true spirit  
So strong it will shake all the hairs from your head

Then stick to the cratur' the best thing in nature  
For sinking your sorrows and raising your joys  
Oh since its perfection, no doctor's direction  
Can cleanse the complexion like whiskey me boys

While a child in me cradle, me nurse with her ladle  
Was filling my mouth with a notion of pap  
When a drop from her bottle fell into my throttle  
I stumbled and capered clean out of her lap

On the floor I lay crawlin' and screaming and bawling  
'Til me mother and father were called to the fore  
All sobbing and sighing they feared I was dying  
But soon found I only was crying for more

So stick to the cratur' the best thing in nature  
For sinking your sorrows and raising your joys

Oh lord how they'd chuckle if babes in their truckle  
They only could suckle on whiskey me boys

Through my youthful aggression, through times of depression  
My childhood's impression still clung to my mind  
And at school or at college the basis of knowledge  
I never could gulp 'til with whiskey combined

And as older I'm growin' times ever bestowin'  
On Erin's potation, a flavor so fine  
And how e'er they lecture on jove and his nectar  
Itself is the only true liquid divine

So stick to the cratur' the best thing in nature  
For sinking your sorrows and raising your joys  
Oh lord, 'tis the right thing for courting and fighting  
There's nowt so exciting as whiskey me boys

Come guess me this riddle: what beats pipes and fiddle  
What's hotter than mustard, and milder than cream?  
What best wets your whistle? What's clearer than crystal  
Sweeter than honey, and stronger than steam?

What can make the dumb talk? What can make the lame walk?  
What's the elixir of life and philosopher's stone?  
And what helped Mr. Brunel to dig the Thames tunnel?  
Sure wasn't it whiskey from old Innishowen?

So stick to the cratur' the best thing in nature  
For sinking your sorrows and raising your joys  
And boys, I'd half wonder if lightning and thunder  
Was made from the plunder of whiskey me boys

You maidens pathetic, with lovers athletic  
For liquid cosmetic, you can't beat the drop  
With a glow to your cheek, it will make your heart leap  
It'll quiet a stallion or cure an old cob

At the mouth you would drool, be reduced to a fool  
You'd kick up your heels and you'd peel to the buff  
Then 'tis he'd be pathetic while you'd be athletic  
If only you'd take a few drops of the stuff

So stick to the cratur' the best thing in nature  
For sinking your sorrows and raising your joys

For there's nothing like whiskey to make maidens frisky  
 It soon separates all the men from the boys

Come guess me this riddle: what beats pipes and fiddle  
 What's hotter than mustard, and milder than cream?

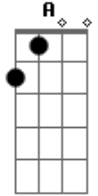
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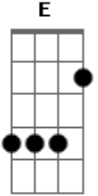
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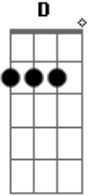
## Acordes



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