

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?

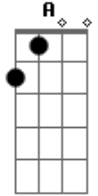
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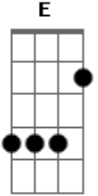
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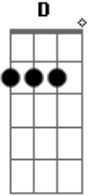
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