

Rab's Last Wollen Testament

Robin Williamson

by Robin Williamson

When I was a little boy
I used to take the time
To go and see old Rab McPhee
Down by the railway line
He was getting on in years then you know
And very fond of a drop of mountain whisky, and didn't he tell me so
He was always full of a good story, and he'd a nose like a weatherhan
e
He was never exactly drunk, but then he was never exactly sober anywa
y
And I often remember these words he used to say

Water is the strong stuff
It carries whales and ships
But water is the wrong stuff
Don't let it get past your lips
It rots your books
It wets your suits
Puts aches in all your bones
Dilute the stuff with whiskey
Aye, or leave it well alone

Chorus:

Whisky pure
O whisky you're
a charmer
Drunk or sober

Spare yourself contortions
With a drop of barley wine
A sensible precaution
To counteract the times
Brandy and rum are dandy for some
Wherever they might be sold
But a drop of mountain whisky
Isn't ot worth its weight in gold

Whisky, Nancy whisky
You're as sweet as the dew
I'm lonesome my darling
Since parting with you
Kiss me when you're with me
Be easy and free
and I'll throw away the bottle
and take you with me