

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Fareweill tae Whisky

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"Oh Johnnie, ma man, dae ye no think o risin?
For the day is weill spent an the nicht's comin on
The siller's aa deen an the gill-stoup is empty
Sae rise up, ma Johnnie, an come awa hame

The bairns at hame are aa roarin an greetin
Nae meal in the barrel tae fill thair wee wames
While ye sit here drinkin ye leave us lamentin
Sae rise up, ma Johnnie, an come awa hame"

"Wha's that at the door that is speakin sae kindly?
It's the voice o ma wee wifie, Maggie by name
Come in ma dear lassie an sit doun aside me
Thair's room in this alehous for mair nor me"

"Oh Johnnie, ma man, dae ye no mind o courtin?
Whan thae lang simmers days we ne'er thocht wad end
We'd spen thae lang days mang the sweet scentit roses
An ne'er gied a thocht upon gaun awa hame"

"Weill dae A min o thae times that ye speak o
Bit thae days thae are gane an will ne'er come again
Bit as for the present, we will try for tae mend it
Sae gie's yer haun Maggie an A'll awa hame"

An Johnnie arose an he banged the door open
Cryin "Curst be the alehous that ere lat me in
An curst be the whisky that made me aye thirsty
An fare ye weill whisky for A'm awa hame"

note: If memory serves me right, I learned this from a singer called
Christine Henry who was one of the residents at the St. Andrews Folk
Club in the late 60s. DG

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apr97