

# Robin Williamson, Rab's Last Wollen Testament

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 weatherhane  
He was never exactly drunk, but then he was never exactly sober anyway  
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