

# Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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### Bottle o' the Best

Bottle o' the Best  
(Jack Foley; tune trad.)

When your time o' work is done, and ye've earned yersel' some fun  
In the pub ye start tae sup, ye're drinkin', clinkin' every cup  
And the pint pots ye're preusin', and ye're boozin' till ye're  
snoozin'  
And ye're losin' a' yer senses tae the drink.  
But when a' these folks sae prim are swiggin' swill up tae the  
brim  
Nips o' gin and numbered Pimms wi' sugar rubbed aroon the rim  
Let them drink until they drop, for the sly, besotted Scot  
He'll be breakin' oot a bottle o' the best.

Aye, tae hell wi' a' the rest, give me a bottle o' the best  
The amber bead I'll down wi' speed; it's no bad taste or waste,  
just greed  
And a whisky still I'll kill, I'll drink my fill and if I spill a  
gill  
You know I will, I'll lick it off the floor.  
I'll not touch Teachers, Grants nor Haig, gie me Bowmore or  
Laphroaig,  
Glenfarclas in a glass, well ye can throw the top away  
For there's no use tae pretend that ye'll need the top again  
When ye've broken oot a bottle o' the best.

And the English like their ale warm and flat, straight oot the  
the pail  
They aye slitter wi' their bitter; it would slaughter Jack the  
Ripper,  
And they sip their cider rough, they huff and puff and sniff and  
snuff,  
And as if that's no' enough, they start tae sing.  
When Jones' Ale Was new, or John Barleycorn's fine brew  
Fathom the Bowl, the Barley Mow, Bring us a Barrel, just a few  
But their songs are far surpassed by the tinkle in the glass  
When you've broken oot a bottle of the best.

And the Irish, wi' their Pride o' Erin, think they can deride  
Oor golden watter wi' their patter when they're oot upon the  
batter,  
Sixteen hundred pints o' stout, a drinkin' bout wi' oot a doubt  
And if they've no' got the gout they start tae dance.

Father O'Flynn and Larry O'Gaff, Biddy the Bowlwife, for a  
laugh  
The Young May Moon, the Garry Owen, the Blackbird drives them  
daft  
But their jigs have no appeal tae a Scot who likes tae reel  
When he's broken oot a bottle o' the best.

Aye, a bottle o' the best, that's what it is, nae idle jest  
Nae Mickey Finn, nae rotgut gin, nae bathtub wine that tastes  
like Vim  
Have no fear, it's not like beer; malt whisky's strong and bright  
and clear  
And it's also bloody dear, but what the hell.  
And it belts ye in the belly like a heavyweight Lochgelly  
A glow begins tae grow six in a row turns ye tae jelly  
Then ye dream, perchance tae sleep, but ye fall down in a heap  
For ye've broken out a bottle of the best.

batter: spree

Lochgelly: a thick leather strup used until recently by Scottish  
teachers to enforce disdipline.

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