

## Craig Herbertson

### "Lord Of Whisky"

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2. The company then drank to me

A' happy wit and merrily

And a' their speech being bold and free

They called me Lord o Whiskey

3. The harvest moon was riding high

I climbed the Ladder to the sky

And from the Seat I took the view

And fell asleep as tipplers do

4. And then when I was in my dreams

Screams awoke me from the deep

Burning lights surrounded me

Cackling screams and shouts of glee

5. A fire threw up sweet perfume

smoked curled up unto the moon

And Forms arose from the mist

Witches crying to be kissed D

6. A clamjafrae o' cutty sarks

Were thrown into the fiery sparks

And naked saw the loons advance

And dance and dance and dance

7. On Lammas nicht we cut the corn

And wish for golden yellow dawn

The land o cakes where we are born

Reveres the son, John Barley corn

8. As Ceres rises in the night

We hold our scythes up to the light

To bring them down upon the head

And in a blow we wake the dead

9. I saw that they had cornered me

A sacrifice to barbarity

And in their lust I would be torn

For Lugh must die to be reborn

10. I screamed then with a mournful cry

I knew I was about to die

An' reflected if it must be so

There are worse ways to go

Thanks to Silke

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