

Unknown

"Farewell To Whisky"

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FAREWELL TO WHISKY

I'll gang to the alehouse and look for my Jimmy.
The day is far spent and the night's comin' on.
You're sittin' there drinkin' and leave me lamentin',
So rise up, my Jimmy and come awa' hame.

Nae mind o' the bairnies that are at hame greetin',
Nae meal in the barrow to fill their wee wames.
You're sittin' there drinkin' and leave me lamentin',
So rise up my Jimmy and come awa' hame.

Wha's that at the door that is speakin' so kindly,
It's the voice of my wifie, called Jeannie by name.
You're sittin' there drinkin' and leave me lamentin',
So rise up my Jimmy and come awa' hame.

Fareweel to the whisky that mak's me so brisky.
Fareweel to the alehouse I'll visit nae mair.
Sin Jeannie is waitin', her pair hairt is breakin'.
So fare thee well, alehouse, and I'll awa' hame.

Recorded on Folk Songs of Britain 3, Jack of all Trades
Collected from Jessie Murray of Buchan Scotland

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