Bottle O the Best -- Jack Foley

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 perusin

And ye're boozin till ye're snoozin

Ye're losin a yer senses tae the drink

 But when a these folks saw prim

 Are swigging 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 drinkin 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 whiskey 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

 Give 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 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.

 Aye, 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 ye've broken oot a bottle o 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 Gary Owen,

 The Blackbird drives them daft

 But their jigs have no appeal

 Tae the 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 no like beer;

Malt whiskey's strong and bright and clear

And it's also bloody dear, but what the hell.

 And it hits 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

 And ye fall doon in a heap

 For ye've broken oot a bottle o the best.