

Whiskey You're the Devil [C]

Jerry Barrington 1873 (Ireland)

Oh now, brave boys, we'll run for march, and not to Por - tu - gal or Spain, the
drums are beat - ing, ban - ners fly, the devil at home we'll find to - night, Oh

Chorus
Love, fare thee well, with me ti - ther - ee - i doo - dle - um - a day, with me
ti - ther - ee - i doo - dle - um - a day, My right - fol to - ra - lad - die o, there's
whis - ky in the jar. Whis - ky you're the dev - il, you're lead - ing me a - stray,
o - ver hills and moun - tains and to A - me - ri - cay. You're strong - er, sweet - er, de - cent - er, you're
spunk - i - er than tay, Oh, whis - ky you're my dar - ling drunk or so - ber.

Oh the French are fighting boldly,
Men are dying hot and cowardly,
Give every man his flask of powder,
His firelock on his shoulder.

Chorus

Says the mother, "Do not wrong me,
Don't take my daughter from me,
For if you do I shall torment you,
And after that my ghost will haunt you."

Chorus

Whiskey You're the Devil [G]

(Ireland)