

Whisky, You're The Devil - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Whisky, You're the Devil.

Now, brave boys, we're on for marching,
Off to Portigil and Spain,
Drums are beating, colors flying,
Devil a home we'll go again.

Chorus.

Love, farewell,
With my rearruh arrah, with my rearruh arrah,
My rearruh a raddy,
Oh! there's wiskey in the jar,
Oh! whisky you're the devil, you've led me astray,
Over hills, and over mountains, and out of the way,
You're stronger, sweeter, decenter, and spunkyer than tea.
Oh, whisky, you're my darling, drunk or sober.

Says the mother do not wrong me,
Do not take my daughter from me,
For if you do I will torment you,
And after death my ghost will haunt you.-Chorus.

Now the drums are beating boldly,
Men are dying hot, and coldly,
Give every man his flask of powder,
And his firelock on his shoulder.-Chorus.