

Ost

"Whiskey You're The Devil"

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Now brave boys we'll run for march, not to Portugal or
Spain,
The drums are beatin', banners flyin', the devil at home
we'll find tonight.

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,
Me right-fo' toor-a-lad-die o, there's whisky in the jar.
Hey! Whisky, you're the devil, you're leading me
astray,
Over hills and mountins and to Americay,
You're sweeter, stronger, decenter, you're spunkier
than tay,
O, whisky you're me darlin', drunk or sober.

The French are fighting boldly, men are dyin' hot and
cowardly,
Give every man his turn of powder and firelock on his
shoulder.

Chorus

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

Chorus

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