

## Orthodox Celts

# Whiskey You're The Devil

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.

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.

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.

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".