

# Pogues, Whiskey You're The Devil

Now brave boys we're on the march  
Off to Portugal and Spain  
Drums a-beating, banners a-waving  
The devil a-home will come tonight  
La, fare thee well  
With me tither-y-eye dum dah  
Me tither-y-eye dum da  
Me right fol tur-a ladee oh, there's whiskey in the jar

Hey, whiskey you're the devil  
You're leading me astray  
O'er hills and mountains  
Into Amerikay  
Your sweetness from the bleachner  
You're spunkier than tea,  
Ah, whiskey you're me darlin', drunk or sober

The French are fighting boldly  
Men are dying hot and coldly  
Give every man his flash, gunpowder  
His firelock on his shoulder  
La, fare thee well  
With me tither-y-eye dum dah  
Me tither-y-eye dum da  
Me right fol tur-a ladee oh, there's whiskey in the jar

Says the mother, "Do not wrong me  
Don't take me daughter from me  
For if you do, I will torment you  
And after death me ghost will haunt you"  
We're off, fare thee well  
With me tither-y-eye dum dah  
Me tither-y-eye dum da  
Me right fol tur-a ladee oh, there's whiskey in the jar