

CHORUS

***Rye whiskey, rye whiskey,
Rye whiskey I cry,
If I don't get rye whiskey
I surely will die.***

Oh Whiskey, you villain,
you've been by downfall;
You've kicked me, you've cuffed
me,
but I love you for all.

Corn whiskey and pretty women,
they've been my downfall,
Beat me and they bang me,
but I love them for all.

I'll tune up my fiddle,
and rosin my bow,
I'll make myself welcome,
wherever I go.

I eat when I'm hungry,
and drink when I'm dry,
And if whiskey don't kill me
I'll live till I die.

I'll eat when I'm hungry,
I'll drink when I'm dry;
If the hard times don't kill me
I'll live till I die.

Its steak when I'm hungry
and whiskey when I'm dry,
Money when I'm hard up,
sweet heaven when I die.

Beefsteak when I'm hungry,
Red liquor when I'm dry,
Greenbacks when I'm hard up,
And religion when I die.

Sweet milk when I'm hungry,
Rye whisky when I'm dry,
If a tree don't fall on me,
I'll live till I die.

Jack o' diamonds, jack o'
diamonds,
I know you from old,
You've robbed my poor pockets
of silver and gold.

I'm a rambler and a gambler
A long ways from home,
And them that don't like me
can leave me alone.

I'll drink and I'll gamble,
My money's my own,
And if you don't like me,
Then leave me alone.

Played cards in England,
I've gambled in Spain,
Goin' back to Rhode Island,
Gonna' play my last game.

My shoes is all tore up,
my toes're stickin out,
Don't get some corn whiskey,
I'm agoin' up the spout.

Gonna' beat on the counter,
or I'll make the glass ring,
More brandy, more brandy,
more brandy to bring.

They say I drink whisky,
My money's my own;
All them that don't like me,
Can leave me alone.

Sometimes I drink whisky,
Sometimes I drink rum,
Sometimes I drink brandy,
At other times none.

But if I get boozy,
My whisky's my own,
And them that don't like me,
Can leave me alone.

If the ocean was whiskey
and I was a duck,
I'd dive to the bottom
and never come up.

But the ocean ain't whiskey
and I ain't a duck,
So we'll round up the cattle
and then we'll get drunk.

I'll cross the wide ocean
my fortune to try,
And when I get over
I'll sit down and cry.

It isn't the long journey
that troubles me so,
Its leavin' the darlin'
I've courted so long.

My foot's in my stirrup,
My bridle's in my hand,
I'm leaving sweet Lillie,
The fairest in the land.

Her parents don't like me,
They say I'm too poor;
They say I'm unworthy
To enter her door.

I'll buy my own whisky,
I'll make my own stew,
If I get drunk, madam,
It's nothing to you.

I'll drink my own whisky,
I'll drink my own wine,
Some ten thousand bottles
I've killed in my time.

I've no wife to quarrel
No babies to bawl;
The best way of living
Is no wife at all.