

Rye Whiskey

traditional

^D Rye whiskey, ^D rye whiskey,
^D I'll drink when I'm dry,
^D If the hard times don't kill me,
^{A7} I'll lay down and die.

^D Rye whisky, ^D rye whisky,
^D Rye whisky, I cry,
^D If you don't give me rye whisky,
^{A7} I surely will die.

I'll tune up my fiddle,
And I'll rosin my bow,
I'll make myself welcome,
Wherever I go.

If the ocean was whisky,
And I was a duck,
I'd dive to the bottom
To get one sweet suck.

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

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

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

Way up on Clinch Mountain
I wander alone,
I'm as drunk as the devil,
Oh, let me alone.

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

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

You may boast of your knowledge
An' brag of your sense,
'Twill all be forgotten
A hundred years hence.

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

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

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

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.

(African-American Variant)
In my little log cabin,
Ever since I been born,
Dere ain't been no nothin'
'Cept dat hard salt, parched corn.

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

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

But I know whar's a henhouse,
De turkey he charve;
An, if ol' Massa don' kill me
I cain't never starve.

Oh, whisky, you villain,
You've been my downfall,
You've kicked me, you've cuffed
me,
But I love you for all.

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

Rye whisky, rye whisky,
You're no friend to me;
You killed my poor daddy,
Goddamn you, try me.