

Whiskey in the Jar

(Intro – C – Am – F – G –)

As I was going over the Cork and Kerry mountains
I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was counting
I first produced my pistol and then produced my rapier
Sayin' "Stand and deliver for I am your bold deceiver."

Chorus:

**Musha-ring-um-a-durum-a-da,
whack-fol-the-daddy-oh,
Whack-fol-the-daddy-oh,
there's whiskey in the jar**

He counted out his money and it made a pretty penny
I put it in my pocket and I took it home to Jenny
She sighed and she swore that she never would deceive me
But the devil take the women for they never can be easy

Chorus

I went into my chamber all for to take a slumber
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure, it was no wonder
For my Jenny took my charges and she filled them up with water
And she sent for Captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter

Chorus

T'was early in the mornin', before I rose to travel
Up comes a band of footmen and likewise Captain Farrell
I then produced my pistol for she stole away my rapier
But I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken

Chorus

Now if anyone can aid me it's my brother in the army
If I could learn his station in Cork or in Killarney
And if he'd come and join me, we'd go roving in Killkenny
I swear he'd treat me fairer than my darlin' sportin' Jenny

Chorus x 2