

WHISKEY IN THE JAR

C **Am**
As I was going over the far famed Kerry mountains,
F **C**
I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was counting,
Am
I first produced my pistol and I then produced my rapier,
F **C**
Saying Stand and Deliver for you are the bold deceiver,
G **C**
Musha ring dum a do dum a da Whack fol the daddy-o.
F **C** **G** **C**
Whack fol the daddy-o, There's whiskey in the jar.

I 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.

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

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

They put me into jail with a judge or writing
For robbing Colonel Farrell on the far famed Kerry Mountains
They didn't take me fists, so I knocked the sentry down
And bid a fond farewell to the jail in Limerick Town

There's some take delight in the carriages a rollin',
And others take delight in the hurlin' and the bowlin',
But I take delight in the juice of the barley
And courtin' pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early.

If anyone can aid me it's my brother in the army,
If I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney,
And if he'll go with me we'll go roving in Kilkenny,
And I'm sur he'll treat me better than my own disporting Jenny.