

Whiskey in the Jar

Traditional

G **Em**

As I was a-rovin' o'er the Cork and Kerry mountains

C **G** **Em**

I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was countin'

C **G** **Em**

I first produced my pistol and then produced my rapier

C **G** **Em**

Sayin' "Stand and deliver for you are a bold deceiver"

D **G**

Chorus: Mush a rig a du rum dah, whack fol the daddy ol

C **G** **D** **G**

Whack fol the daddy ol, 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 said and she swore that she never would deceive me

But the devil take the women for they never can be easy

I went in to my chamber all for to take a slumber

I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder

But Jenny took my charges and she filled them up with water

Then sent for Captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter

'Twas early in the morning as I rose up for travel

The guards were all around me and likewise Captain Farrell

I first produced my pistol but she stole away my rapier

And I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken

If anyone can aid me it's me brother in the army

If I can find his station down in Cork or in Killarney

And if he'll come and save me we'll go rovin' near Kilkenny

And I swear he'll treat me better than me darlin' Sportin' Jenny

Now some men take delight in the drinkin' and the rovin'

And others take delight in the gamblin' and the smokin'

But I take delight in the juice of the barley

And in courtin' pretty fair maids in the mornin' bright and early