

# 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