

Whiskey In The Jar.

D Bm
As I was a going over the Cork and Kerry mountains,
G D
I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was counting.
D Bm
I first produced me pistol and I then produced me rapier,
G D
saying "Stand and deliver" for he were a bold deceiver.

A
Mush-a ringam duram da,
D
whack fol da daddy-o,
G
whack fol da daddy-o,
D A D
there's whiskey in the jar.

I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny,
I put it in me 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 up to my chamber, all for to take a slumber,
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder.
But Jenny drew me charges and she filled them up with water,
then sent for Captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter.

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

They threw me into prison without a writ or bounty,
for robbing Captain Farrell near the Cork and Kerry mountains.
But they couldn't take me fists so I knocked down the sentry,
and bade no farewell to the Captain or the gentry.

If anyone can aid me It's me 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 Killkenny,
and I'm sure he'll treat me better than me own my faithless Jenny.

Now there's some take delight in the carriages a-rolling,
and others take delight in the hurley and the bowlin'.
But I take delight in the juice of the barley,
and courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early.