

## Whisky in the Jar

Traditional – Irish folk song IV-132

As I was going over the far fam'd Kerry Mountains, A F#m  
 I met with Captain Farrell, and his money he was countin' D A  
 I first produced my pistol, and I then produced my rapier, F#m  
 Sayin' "Stand and deliver for you are a bold deceiver." D A

### Chorus:

Musha ring dumma doo dumma daa, E  
Whack for the daddy-oh, A  
Whack for the daddy-oh, D  
 There's whisky in the jar. A E A

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

### Chorus

I went into my chamber all for to take a slumber, A F#m  
 I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder, D A  
 But Jenny drew my charges and she filled them out with water, F#m  
 Then sent for Captain Farrell, to be ready for the slaughter. D A

### Chorus

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

### Chorus

If anyone can aid me 'tis my brother in the army, A F#m  
 If I can find his station, in Cork or in Killarney, D A  
 And if he'll go with me, we'll go roving in Kilkenny, F#m  
 And I'm sure he'll treat me better than my old a-sporting Jenny. D A

### Chorus

Now there's some take delight in the carriages a rolling A F#m  
 And others take delight in the hurling and the bowling D A  
 But I take delight in the juice of the barley F#m  
 And courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early D A

### Chorus