

Whiskey in the Jar

trad.

As I was going over the Kilmagenny mountain, I met with Captain Farrell and his
 money he was counting, I first produced me pistol, and then I drew my rapier, saying
 'Stand and de-li-ver for you are a bold de-ceiver!' With me ring dum a doodle um dah,
 whack fol the dad-dy o, whack fol the dad-dy o, there's whis-key in the jar!

D
 He counted out his money,
Bm
 and it made a pretty penny,
G
 I put it in me pocket
D
 and I took it home to Jenny.
 She sighed and she swore
Bm
 that she never would betray me,
G
 but the Devil take the women
D
 for they never can be easy!

A
 Mush a ring dum a doo dum a da

D **D7**
 Whack fol the daddy o

G
 Whack fol the daddy o

D **A** **D**
 There's whiskey in the jar

D
 I went into my chamber
Bm
 all for to take a slumber,
G
 I dreamt of gold and jewels
D
 and for sure it was no wonder.
 But Jenny drew me charges,
Bm
 and she filled them up with water,
G
 and she sent for captain Farrell
D
 to be ready for the slaughter!

CHORUS

D
 And it was early in the mornin
Bm
 before I rose to travel,
G
 up comes a band of footmen
D
 and likewise Captain Farrell.
 I then produced my pistol,
Bm
 for she'd stole away my rapier,
G
 but I couldn't shoot the water,
D
 so a prisoner I was taken!

CHORUS

D
 If anyone can aid me,
Bm
 it's me brother in the army,
G
 If I can find his station
D
 in Cork or in Killarney.
 And if he'd come and join me,
Bm
 we'd go roving in Kilkenny,
G
 I'm sure he'd treat me better
D
 than me darling sporting Jenny!

CHORUS