

Whiskey in the Jar Arranged by J. Ferguson 108bpm

Verse 1.

C Am
As I was goin' over the far-famed Kerry mountains
F C
I met with captain Farrell, and his money he was countin'.
C Am
I first produced me pistol, and then produced me rapier,
F C
sayin', "Stand and deliver, for I am a bold deceiver!"

Chorus:

G
Musha ring, dumma too, damma ta.
C
Whack fol the daddy 'o,
F
whack fol the daddy 'o—
C G C
there's whiskey in the jar!

Interlude:

C Am F C

Verse 2.

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 sighed and she swore, that she never would deceive me,
but the devil's in that woman, and you know she tricked me easy.

Chorus:

Verse 3.

I went into my chamber, all for to take a slumber;
I dreamt of gold and riches, and sure it was no wonder.
But Jenny drew me charges, and she filled them up with water,
then called for captain Farrel to be ready for the slaughter.

Chorus:

Verse 4.

It was early in the morning, as I arose to travel:
up comes a bunch of troopers and likewise captain Farrel.
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.

Chorus:

Verse 5.

Now, 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 rovin' in Kilkenny,
and I know he'll treat me better than me only sportin' Jenny.

Chorus:**Verse 6.**

Now, some men take delight in the fishin' in the ocean;
others take delight in the carriages a-rollin'.
Me, I take delight in the juice of the barley
and courtin' pretty women in the mornin' bright and early.

Chorus: [repeat]