

# Whiskey in the Jar

Irish Folk

C Am F

As I was go-ing ov-er the far famed Ker-ry Moun-tains I met with Cap-tain

C

Far-rell and his mon-ey he was count-ing. I first pro-duced my pis-tol and

Am F C

then pro-duced my rap-ier, sayin' stand and de-li-ver for you are a bold de-

G C F

cei-ver Mash-a - ring um a dur um a da, wack for the der-ry-o, Whack for the

C G C

der - ry - o there's whis - key in the jar.

I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny,  
I put it in my pocket and I gave it to my Jenny,  
She sighed and she swore that she never would decieve me,  
But the devil take the women for they never can be easy.

I went into my chamber for to take a slumber,  
I dreampt of gold and jewels and sure it was no wonder.  
But Jenny took my charges and filled them up with water,  
And sent for Captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter.

'Twas early in the morning before I rose to travel,  
The guards were all around me and likewise Captain Farrell.  
I then produced my pistol for she'd stolen away my rapier,  
But I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken.

If any can aid me, it's my brother in the army,  
I think that he is stationed in Cork or Killarney,  
And if he'd come and join me, we'd go rovin' in Kilkenny,  
I swear he'd treat me better than my darling sporting Jenny.

Some take delight in the fishin' and the trappin'  
Some take delight in the carraiges a'rollin'  
But I take delight in the juice of the barely  
And courting pretty women in the morning bright and early.