

# Whiskey in the Jar



As I was going over the  
first produced my pistol then  
far famed Kerry mountains, I met with Captain de  
I pro - duced my rapier saying "Stand and de -  
Far - rel and his money he was coun - ting. I  
li - ver for you are a bold de -  
ci - ver." Mush - a ring du - ram do du - ram dah,  
whack fol de da - di - oh, whack fol de  
da - di - oh, there's whis - key in the jar!

2. He 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 swore she loved my and never would deceive me  
But the devil take the women, for they always lie so easy.
3. I went onto my chamber all for to take a slumber,  
I dreamt of golden jewels and for spree it was no wonder.  
But Jenny drew my charges and she filled them up with water,  
Then sent for Captain Farrel to be ready for the slaughter.
4. T'was early in the morning just b'fore I rose to travel,  
Up comes a band of footmen and the likewise Captain Farrel.  
I first produced my pistol for she'd stol'n away my rapier,  
But I couldn't shoot the water, so a pris'ner I was taken!
5. They put me n'to a jail with a judge all a-writin'  
For robbin' Captain Farrel on the old famed Kerry mountain  
But they didn't take me fists and I knocked the jailor down  
And I bid a good farewell to this tight-o-fisted town.