

Whiskey in the Jar

Irish trad

1

As I was going over the Kilmageny mountain,
I met with Captain Farrell, and his money he was counting,
I first produced me pistol and then I drew my sabre,
Saying "Stand and deliver, for I am your bold deceiver."

Chorus

Musharín gum-da ram-da,
Wack fol the daddy-o, (bis)
There's whiskey in the jar.

2

He counted out his money and't made a pretty penny;
I put it in my pocket and gave it to my Jenny.
She sighed and swore she swore me
that she never would deceive me,
But the devil take the women, for they never can be easy!

3

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

4

It was early in the morning before I rose for travel,
Up comes came a band of footmen
and likewise Captain Farrell.
I then produced my pistol, for she stole my sabre,
But I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken.

5

If anyone car aid me, it's my brother in the army;
If I could learn his station, in Cork or in Killarney.
And if he'd come and join me, we'd go rousing in Kilkenny,
I'll engage he'd treat me fairer than darling sporting Jenny!

Whiskey in the Jar

Pub song

Irish trad.

$\text{♩} = 100$ *C G7 C* *C /G /G Am /E*

1. As I was go - ing o - ver the Kil - ma - ge - ny
 2. coun - ted out his mo - ney and't made a pret - ty
 3. went in - to my cham - ber all for to take a
 4. was ear - ly in the mor - ning be - fore I rose for
 5. if any - one car aid me, it's my bro - ther in

/E , F /C /A C /G /E

moun - tain, I met with Cap - tain Far - rell, and his mo - ney he was coun - ting, I
 pen - ny; I put it in my po - cket and gave it to my Jen - ny. She
 shum - ber, I dreamt of gold and je - wels, and for sure it was no won - der: But
 tra - vel, Up comes came a band of foot - men and like - wise Cap - tain Far - rell. I
 the ar - my; If I could learn his sta - tion, in Cork or in Kil - lar - ney. And

/G /E Am /E /E

first pro - duced me pis - tol and then I drew my sa - bre, Say - ing
 sighed and swore she swore - me that she never would de - ceive me, Bu the
 Jen - ny drew my charges and she filled them up with wa - ter, And she
 then pro - duced my pis - tol, for she stole my sa - bre, But I couldn't
 if he'd come and join me, we'd go roving in Kil - ken - ny, I'll en -

F /C /A C /G /E
chorus

"Stand and de - li - ver, for I am your bold de - cei - ver."
 devil take the wo - men, for they ne - ver can be ea - sy! C. Mu - sha -
 went for Cap - tain Far - rell to be rea - dy for the slau - ghter.
 shoot the wa - ter, so a pri - so - ner I was ta - ken.
 - gage he'd treat me fai - rer than my dar - ling spor - ting Jen - ny!

G7 /D /D C /G C7/G F /C

- rin gum - du ram - da, Whack fol the dad - dy - o, Whack fol the

/A C G7 C > D.S. ♯

dad - dy - o, There's whis - key in the jar.
 2. He
 3. I
 4. It
 5. And