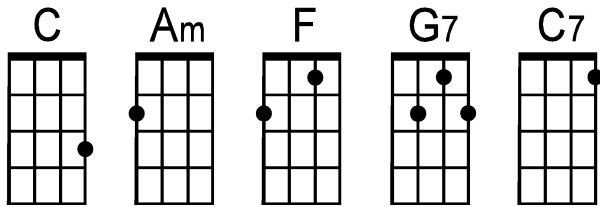


Whiskey in the Jar

Traditional Irish Folk Song



(sing e g)

| C . . . | Am . . .
As I was a-goin', o'er the far-famed Kerry mountain

| F . . . | C . . . Am . . .
I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was countin'

| C . . . | Am . . .
I first pro-duced my pistol and then pro-duced my rapier

| F . . . | C . . . Am . . .
Saying "Stand and de-liver!" for he were a bold de-ceiver

Chorus: | G7 . . . | C . . . C7 . . . |
Musha ring-um a doo-rum a da—— Whack fol de daddy-o
| F . . . | C . . . G7 . . . C . . .
Whack fol de daddy-o There's whiskey in the jar

| C . . . | Am . . .
I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny

| F . . . | C . . . Am . . .
I put it in my pocket and I took it home to Jenny

| C . . . | Am . . .
She sighed and she swore, that she never would de-ceive me—

| F . . . | C . . . Am . . .
But the Devil take the women for they never can be easy

Chorus: | G7 . . . | C . . . C7 . . . |
Musha ring-um a doo-rum a da—— Whack fol de daddy-o
| F . . . | C . . . G7 . . . C . . .
Whack fol de daddy-o There's whiskey in the jar

| C . . . | Am . . .
I went up to my chamber, all for to take a slumber

| F . . . | C . . . Am . . .
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder

| C . . . | Am . . .
But Jenny drew my charges and she filled them up with water

| F . . . | C . . . Am . . .
And sent for Captain Farrell, to be ready for the slaughter

Chorus: | G7 . . . | C . . . C7 . . . |
Musha ring-um a doo-rum a da—— Whack fol de daddy-o
| F . . . | C . . . G7 . . . C . . .
Whack fol de daddy-o There's whiskey in the jar

|C . . . |Am . . .
'Twas early in the morning, just be-fore I rose to travel

|F . . . |C . . . Am . . .
Up comes a band of footmen and likewise Captain Farrell

|C . . . |Am . . .
I first pro-duced my pistol, for she'd stolen a-way my rapier

|F . . . |C . . . Am . . .
But I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken

Chorus: |G7 . . . |C . . . C7 . . . |
Musha ring-um a doo-rum a da—— Whack fol de daddy-o

F . . . |C . . . G7 . . . C . . .
Whack fol de daddy-o There's whiskey in the jar

Inst: |C . . . |Am . . . |F . . . |C . . . Am . . .
e g g c g e g a a b a e g a a b c c b a g c b a e

|C . . . |Am . . . |F . . . |C . . . Am . . .
e g g c g e g a a b a e g a a b c c b a g c b a e

. |G7 . . . |C . . . C7 . . . |F . . . |C . . . G7 . . . C . . . |
f e d d c d e f e e d e f g a a g a b c f e c d d c

|C . . . |Am . . .
They put me in jail with-out a judge or jury

|F . . . |C . . . Am . . .
For robbin' Captain Farrell in the mor-nin' so early

|C . . . |Am . . .
They couldn't take my fist, so I knocked down the sentry

|F . . . |C . . . Am . . .
And I bid a fare-well to Sligo Peni-tentiary

Chorus: |G7 . . . |C . . . C7 . . . |
Musha ring-um a doo-rum a da—— Whack fol de daddy-o

F . . . |C . . . G7 . . . C . . .
Whack fol de daddy-o There's whiskey in the jar

|C . . . |Am . . .
Now some take de-light in the carria-ges a-rollin'

|F . . . |C . . . Am . . .
And others take de-light in the hurl-in' and bowlin'

|C . . . |Am . . .
But I take de-light in the juice of the barley

|F . . . |C . . . Am . . .
And courtin' pretty fair maids in the mornin' bright and early

Chorus: |G7 . . . |C . . . C7 . . . |
Musha ring-um a doo-rum a da—— Whack fol de daddy-o

F . . . |C . . . G7 . . . C . . . |
Whack fol de daddy-o There's whiskey in the jar

C . . . C7 . . . |F . . . |C . . . G7 . . . C\ . . .
Whack fol de daddy-o Whack fol de daddy-o There's whiskey in the jar!