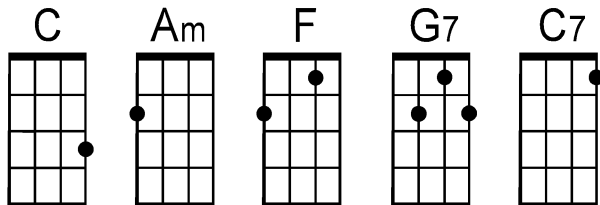


# Whiskey in the Jar

Traditional Irish Folk Song



| 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

**Refrain:** . | 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

. | 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

. | 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

. |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 .  
C . . . . |Am . . . . |F . . . . |C . . . Am  
. |G7 . . . . |C . . . C7 . |F . . . . |C . G7 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

. |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

. |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 ja

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

