Whiskey in the Jar
Traditional Irish Folk Song

As I was goin', o'er the far famed Kerry mountains,
I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was countin'.
I first produced my pistol, and then produced my rapier,
Saying "Stand and deliver!" for he were a bold deceiver.

Refrain: Musha ring-um a doo-rum a da—— Whack fol de daddy-o,
Whack fol de daddy-o, There's whiskey in the jar.

but the Devil take the women for they never can be easy.

But Jenny drew my charges and she filled them up with water
and sent for Captain Farrell, to be ready for the slaughter.

Whack fol de daddy-o, there's whiskey in the jar.
'Twas early in the morning, just be-fore I rose to travel,  
Up comes a band of footmen, and likewise, Captain Farrell.  
I first pro-duced my pistol, for she'd stolen a-way my rapier,  
But I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken.

Musha ring'um a doo-rum a da—— Whack fol de daddy-o,  
Whack fol de daddy-o, there's whiskey in the jar.

They put me in jail, without a jury or writin',  
for robbin' Captain Farrell in the mornin' so early  
They couldn't take my fist, so I knocked down the sentry,  
and I bid a fare-well to Sligo Peni-tentiary

Musha ring'um a doo-rum a da—— Whack fol de daddy-o,  
Whack fol de daddy-o, there's whiskey in the jar.

Now some take de-light in the carria-ges a-rollin',  
and others take de-light in the hurl'in' and bowlin'.  
But I take de-light in the juice of the barley,  
and courtin' pretty fair maids in the mornin' bright and early.

Musha ring'um a doo-rum a da—— Whack fol de daddy-o,  
Whack fol de daddy-o, there's whiskey in the jar.