Whiskey in the Jar
Traditional Irish Folk Song

As I was goin', o'er the far-famed Kerry mountain
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

I 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 she swore, that she never would deceive me
but the Devil take the women for they never can be easy

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

I went up to 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 sent for Captain Farrell, to be ready for the slaughter

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
'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.

Inst:

They put me in jail, with-out a judge or jury
for robbin' Captain Farrell in the mor-nin' so early
They couldn't take my fist, so I knocked down the sentry
and I bid a fare-well to Sligo Peni-tentiary

Now some take de-light in the carri-ages 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

Whack fol de daddy-o, there's whiskey in the jar!