Whiskey in the Jar  
Traditional Irish Folk Song

As I was goin', over the far-famed Kerry mountains, I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was countin'.

I first produced me pistol, and I then produced me rapier, Saying "Stand and deliver!" for he were a bold de-ceiv-er.

Chorus
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 me 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.

Chorus
I went up to me chamber, all for to take a slumber, I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder,

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

Chorus
'Twas early in the morning, just be-fore I rose to travel, Up comes a band of footmen, and likewise, Captain Farrell.

I first produced me pistol, for she'd stolen away me rapier, But I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken.

Chorus
Instrumental (same chords as verse)

They put me in jail, with-out a jury or writin', for robbin' Captain Farrell in the mornin' so early

They couldn't take me fist, so I knocked down the sentry, and I bid a farewell to Sligo Penitentiary

Chorus
If anyone can aid me, tis my brother in the army. If I can find his station, in Cork or in Killarney,

And if he'll go with me, we'll go rovin' in Kilkenny, and I'm sure he'll treat me better than me only sportin' Jenny

Chorus
Now there's some take delight in the carriages a-rollin', and others take delight in the hurlin' and the bowlin'.

But I take delight in the juice of the barley, and courting pretty fair maids in the mornin' bright and early.

Chorus and repeat last two lines of chorus to end.

San Jose Ukulele Club