Whiskey In The Jar

As I was going over the far fam'd Kerry Mountains, I Met with Captain Farrel, and his money he was countin'. I First produced my pistol, and I then produced my rapier, Sayin' "stand and deliver for you are my bold deceiver."

Chorus
Musha ring dum a doo dum 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 takes the women for they never can be easy.

Chorus
I went into 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 out with water, Then sent for Captain Farrel, to be ready for the slaughter.

Chorus

Twas early in the morning just before I rose to travel, Up comes a band of footmen and likewise, Captain Farrel, I first produced my pistol for she stole away my rapier, But I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken.

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 roving in Kilkenny, And I'm sure he'll treat me better than my darling sporting Jenny.

Chorus
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Chorus

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