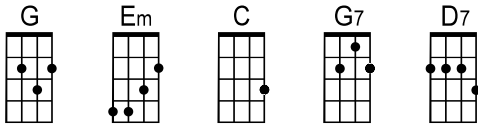


# WHISKEY IN THE JAR

Traditional. circa 17th Century



[G]As I was a goin' over the [Em]far famed Kerry mountains  
I [C]met with Captain Farrell and his [G]money he was [Em]counting  
I [G]first produced my pistol and I [Em]then produced my rapier  
Saying [C]"Stand and deliver" for he [G]were a bold de[Em]ceiver

Chorus:

Mush-a [D7]ring dum-a do dum-a da  
[G]Wack fall the [G7]daddy-o, [C]wack fall the daddy-o  
There's [G]whiskey [D7]in the [G]jar

[G]I counted out his money and it [Em]made a pretty penny  
I [C]put it in me pocket and I [G]took it home to [Em]Jenny  
She [G]sighed and she swore that she [Em]never would deceive me  
But the [C]devil take the women for they [G]never can be [Em]easy

(Chorus)

[G]I went up to my chamber, all [Em]for to take a slumber  
I [C]dreamt of gold and jewels and for [G]sure 't was no [Em]wonder  
But [G]Jenny blew me charges and she [Em]filled them up with water  
Then [C]sent for Captain Farrell to be [G]ready for the [Em]slaughter

(Chorus)

[G]'twas early in the morning, just be[Em]fore I rose to travel  
Up [C]comes a band of footmen and [G]likewise captain [Em]Farrell  
I [G]first produced me pistol for she [Em]stole away me rapier  
I [C]couldn't shoot the water, so a [G]prisoner I was [Em]taken

(Chorus)

[G]They throwed me into prison with[Em]out no judge or writin'  
For [C]robbin' Capt'n Farrell up [G]on Kilgary [Em]Mountain  
But they [G]did not take my fists, so I [Em]knocked the jailer down  
and I [C]bid myself adeieu to the [G]jail in Sligo [Em]Town

(Chorus)

[G]If anyone can aid me 't is my [Em]brother in the army  
If [C]I can find his station in [G]Cork or in Kill[Em]arney  
And [G]if he'll go with me, we'll go [Em]rovin' through Killkenny  
And I'm [C]sure he'll treat me better than my [G]own a-sporting [Em]Jenny

(Chorus) x 2