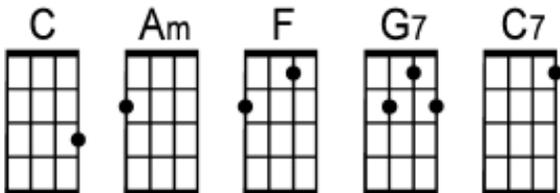


Whiskey in the Jar

Traditional Irish Folk Song



11 11 23

(sing e g)

|C |Am
As I was a-goin', o'er the far-famed Kerry mountain

|F |C Am
I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was countin'

|C |Am
I first pro-duced my pistol, and then pro-duced my rapier

. |F |C Am
Saying "Stand and de-liver!" for he were a bold de-ceiver

Refrain: . |G7 |C C7 |
Musha ring-um a doo-rum a da—— Whack fol de daddy-o
F |C G7 C
Whack fol de daddy-o There's whiskey in the jar

|C |Am
I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny

|F |C Am
I put it in my pocket and I took it home to Jenny

|C |Am
She sighed and she swore, that she never would de-ceive me

. |F |C Am
but the Devil take the women for they never can be easy

Refrain: . |G7 |C C7 |
Musha ring-um a doo-rum a da—— Whack fol de daddy-o
F |C G7 C
Whack fol de daddy-o There's whiskey in the jar

|C |Am
I went up to my chamber, all for to take a slumber

|F |C Am
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder

|C |Am
But Jenny drew my charges and she filled them up with water

. |F |C Am
and sent for Captain Farrell, to be ready for the slaughter

Refrain: . |G7 |C C7 |
Musha ring-um a doo-rum a da—— Whack fol de daddy-o
F |C G7 C
Whack fol de daddy-o There's whiskey in the jar

|C |Am
 'Twas early in the morning, just be-fore I rose to travel
 |F |C Am
 Up comes a band of footmen and likewise, Captain Farrell
 |C |Am
 I first pro-duced my pistol, for she'd stolen a-way my rapier
 |F |C Am
 But I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken

Refrain: |G7 |C C7 |
 Musha ring-um a doo-rum a da—— Whack fol de daddy-o |
 F |C G7 C
 Whack fol de daddy-o There's whiskey in the jar

Inst: C |Am |F |C Am
 C |Am |F |C Am
 . |G7 |C C7 |F |C G7 C

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

Refrain: |G7 |C C7 |
 Musha ring-um a doo-rum a da—— Whack fol de daddy-o |
 F |C G7 C
 Whack fol de daddy-o There's whiskey in the jar

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

Refrain: |G7 |C C7 |
 Musha ring-um a doo-rum a da—— Whack fol de daddy-o |
 F |C G7 C
 Whack fol de daddy-o There's whiskey in the jar

C C7 |F |C G7 C\
 Whack fol de daddy-o, Whack fol de daddy-o, there's whiskey in the jar!