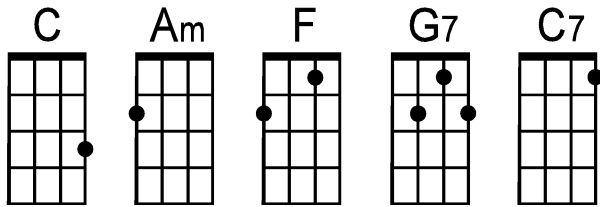


# Whiskey in the Jar

Traditional Irish Folk Song



(sing e g)

| C . . . . . | Am . . . . .  
As I was a-go-in', 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

**Chorus:** . | 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

**Chorus:** . | 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

**Chorus:** . | 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

**Chorus:** | 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

**Chorus:** | 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

**Chorus:** | 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!