

## Christy Carlson Romano

### "Whiskey In The Jar"

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As I was going over the far famed Kerry Mountains  
I met with captain Farrell and his money he was  
Counting  
I first produced my pistol and I then produced my  
Rapier  
Saying stand and deliver for you are my bould  
deciever

Musha ring dumma do dumma 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  
decieve  
Me  
But the devil take the women for they never can be  
easy

Musha ring dumma do dumma da  
Whack fol de daddy-o  
Whack fol de daddy-o  
There's whiskey in the jar

I went up to my chamber all for to take a slumber  
I dreamt of golden jewels and for sure it was no  
wonder  
But Jenny drew me charges and she filled them up with  
Water  
Then sent for captain Farrell to be ready for the  
Slaughter

Musha ring dumma do dumma da  
Whack fol de daddy-o  
Whack fol de daddy-o  
There's whiskey in the jar

It was early in the morning just before I rose to  
Travel

Up comes a band of footmen and likewise captain  
Farrell  
I first produced my pistol for she'd stole away my  
Rapier  
I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken

Musha ring dumma do dumma da  
Whack fol de daddy-o  
Whack fol de daddy-o  
There's whiskey in the jar

And if anyone can aid me it's my brother in the army  
If I can find a station in Cork or in Killarney  
And if he'll go with me we'll go roaming in Kilkenny  
And I'm sure he'll treat me better than my only  
Sporting Jenny

Musha ring dumma do dumma da  
Whack fol de daddy-o  
Whack fol de daddy-o  
There's whiskey in the jar

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