

M**"Whiskey In The Jar"**

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As I was going over the Cork and Kerry Mountains
I saw Captain Farrell and his money he was countin'
I first produced my pistol and then produced my rapier
I said "Stand and deliver or the devil he may take ya"
I took all of his money and it was a pretty penny
I took all of his money yeah and I brought it home to
Molly
She swore that she loved me no never would she leave
me
But the devil take that woman, yeah, for you know she
tricked me easy
Musha rain dum-a-doo dum-a-da
Whack for my daddy-o
Whack for my daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar-o
Being drunk and weary I went to Molly's chamber
Takin' my Molly with me, but I never knew the danger
For about six or maybe seven in walked Captain Farrell
I jumped up, fired my pistols, and I shot him with both
barrels
Musha rain dum-a-doo dum-a-da, ha, ya
Whack for my daddy-o
Whack for my daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar-o
Yeah, whiskey, yo, whiskey...
Oh-oh, ya
Now some men like a fishin', but some men like the
fowlin'
Some men like to hear, to hear the cannonball a-roarin'
But me, I like sleepin', 'specially in my Molly's chamber
But here I am in prison, here I am with a ball and chain,
yeah
Musha rain dum-a-doo dum-a-da, ha, ya
Whack for my daddy-o
Whack for my daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar-o
Whiskey in the jar-o
Musha rain dum-a-doo dum-a-da
Musha rain dum-a-doo dum-a-da, hey
Musha rain dum-a-doo dum-a-da
Musha rain dum-a-doo dum-a-da, ya

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