

Christy Moore

"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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