Ronan Keating
"Whiskey In The Jar"

I was a-goin' over gilgarra mountain
I met with captain farrell, and his money he was
countin'.
First I drew my pistols and then I drew my rapier,
Sayin' "stand and deliver, for I am your bold deceiver."
Musha ringum duram da,
Whack fol the daddy-o,
Whack fol the daddy-o,
There's whiskey in the jar.
He counted out his money and it made a pretty penny;
I put it in my pocket to take home to ' jenny.
She sighed and swore she loved me and never would
deceive me,
But the devil take the women, for they always lie so
easy!
Musha ringum duram da
I went into me chamber all for to take a slumber,
To dream of gold and girls, and of course it was no
wonder:
Me jenny took me charges and she filled them up with
water,
Called on captain farrell to get ready for the slaughter.
Musha ringum duram da
Next mornin' early, before I rose for travel,
Up came a band of footmen and likewise captain
farrell.
I goes to draw my pistol, for she'd stole away my
rapier,
But I couldn't shoot for water, so a prisoner I was taken

Musha ringum duram da
They put me into jail with a judge all a-writin':
For robbin' colonel farrell on gilgarra mountain.
But they didn't take me fists and I knocked the jailer
down
And bid me a farewell to this tight-fisted town.

Musha ringum duram da
I'd like to find me brother, the one who's in the army;
I don't know where he's stationed, be it cork or in
killarney.
Together we'd go roamin' o'er the mountains of

kilkenny,
And I swear he'd treat me fairer than my darlin' sportin'
jenny!

Musha ringum duram da
There's some that takes delight in the carriages and
rollin',
Some that takes delight in the hurley or the bollin',
But I takes delight in the juice of the barley,
Courtin' pretty maids in the mornin', o so early!
Musha ringum duram da

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