

St. Patrick's Day "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 then produced my
rapier.

Said stand and deliver, for I am a bold deceiver,

Musha ring dumma do damma da

Whack for the daddy 'ol

Whack for the daddy 'ol

There's whiskey in the jar

I counted out his money, and it made a pretty penny.

I put it in my pocket and I took it home to Jenny.

She said and she swore, that she never would deceive
me,

But the devil take the women, for they never can be
easy

I went into my chamber, all for to take a slumber,
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no
wonder.

But Jenny took my charges and she filled them up with
water,

Then sent for captain Farrel to be ready for the
slaughter.

It was early in the morning, as I rose up for travel,
The guards were all around me and likewise captain
Farrel.

I first produced my pistol, for she stole away my rapier,
But I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken.

If anyone can aid me, it's my brother in the army,
If I can find his station down in Cork or in Killarney.
And if he'll come and save me, we'll go roving near
Kilkenny,

And I swear he'll treat me better than me darling
sportling Jenny

Now some men take delight in the drinking and the
roving,

But others take delight in the gambling and the
smoking.
But I take delight in the juice of the barley,
And courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright
and early

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