

## **Peter, Paul & Mary "Gilgarra Mountain"**

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As I was a goin' over Gilgarra Mountain  
I spied Colonel Farrell and his money he was countin'  
First I drew me pistols, and then I drew me a rapier,  
sayin'  
"Stand and deliver for I am your bold deceiver"

Mush-a-ring-um 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 in me pocket to take home to darlin' Jenny  
She sighed and swore she loved me and never would  
deceive me  
But the devil take's the women for they always lie so  
easy

Mush-a-ring-um duram da  
Whack fol the daddy O  
Whack fol the daddy O  
There?s whiskey in the jar

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 Colonel Farrell to get ready for the slaughter

Mush-a-ring-um duram da  
Whack fol the daddy O  
Whack fol the daddy O  
There?s whiskey in the jar

Next mornin' early before I rose to travel  
A? came a band of footmen and likewise Colonel  
Farrell  
I goes to draw me pistol for she?d stole away me rapier  
But a prisoner I was taken, I couldn't shoot the water

Mush-a-ring-um duram da

Whack fol the daddy O  
Whack fol the daddy O  
There?s whiskey in the jar

They put me into jail with the judge all a-writin'  
For robbin' Colonel Farrell on Gilgarra Mountain  
But they didn't take me fists so I knocked to the jailer  
down  
And bid a farewell to this tight-fisted town

Mush-a-ring-um duram da  
Whack fol the daddy O  
Whack fol the daddy O  
There?s whiskey in the jar

I?d like to find me brother, the one that?s in the army  
I don?t know where he?s stationed, in Cork or in  
Killarney  
Together we?d go roamin' over the mountains of  
Kilkenny  
And I swear he?d treat me fairer than me darlin'  
sportin' Jenny

Mush-a-ring-um duram da  
Whack fol the daddy O  
Whack fol the daddy O  
There?s whiskey in the jar

There?s some takes delight in the carriages and rollin'  
And some takes delight in the Hurley or the bollin'  
But I takes delight in the juice of the barley  
Courtin' pretty maids in the mornin' oh so early

Mush-a-ring-um duram da  
Whack fol the daddy O  
Whack fol the daddy O  
There?s whiskey in the jar

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