

Traditional folk song

"Whiskey In The Jar"

Visit "[Whiskey In The Jar](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

As I was going over
The Cork and Kerry mountains
I saw Captain Farrell
And his money he was counting
I first produced my pistol
And then produced my rapier
I said "Stand and deliver
Or the devil he may take you"

I took all of his money
And it was a pretty penny
I took all of his money and
I brought it home to Molly
She swore that she'd love me
No Never would she leave me
But the devil take that woman
For you know she treat me easy

(Chorus:)

Mush a ring dum a doo dum a da
Whack for my daddy'o
Whack for my daddy'o, there's
Whisky in the jar, o
Being drunk and weary
I went to Molly's chamber
Taking my Molly with me
And i never knew the danger
For about six or maybe seven
In walked Captain Farrell
I jumped up, fired off my pistols
And i shot him with both barrels

(Chorus)

Now some men like the fishing

And some men like fowling
And some men like to hear
The cannonballs are roaring
Me - I like sleeping
Specially in my Molly's chamber
But here i am in prison,
Here i am with a ball and chain, yeah

Visit [Traditional folk song](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.