

The Irish Tenors

"Whiskey In The Jar"

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As I was going over the Cork and Kerry mountains
I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was
countin'
I first produced my pistol and then I drew my rapier
Saying, "Stand and deliver, for I am the bold deceiver"

With your ring dum-a-do-dum-a-da
Whack for the daddy-o
Whack for 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 and I brought it home to Jenny
She sighed and she swore that she never would
deceive me
But the devil take the women, for they never can be
easy

With your ring dum-a-do-dum-a-da
Whack for the daddy-o
Whack for the daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar

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 drew my charges and she filled them up with
water
And called on Captain Farrell to be ready for the
slaughter

With your ring dum-a-do-dum-a-da
Whack for the daddy-o
Whack for the daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar

And 'twas early in the morning before I rose to travel
Up came a band of footmen and likewise Captain
Farrell
I first produced my pistol for she stole away my rapier
But I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken

With your ring dum-a-do-dum-a-da
Whack for the daddy-o
Whack for the daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar

If anyone can aid me, it's me brothers in the army
If I can find their station in Cork or in Killarney
And if they come and join us, we'll go roving in Kilkenny
And I guess they'll treat me better than my darling,
sportin' Jenny

With your ring dum-a-do-dum-a-da
Whack for the daddy-o
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