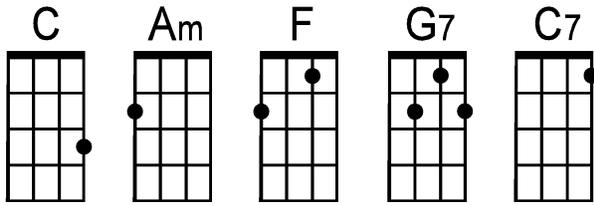


Whiskey in the Jar

Traditional Irish Folk Song



[* Clap]

(sing e g)

| C | As I was a-goin', o'er the | Am | far-famed Kerry mountains

| F | I met with Captain Farrell and his | C | money he was countin' | Am |

| C | I first pro-duced my pistol | Am | then rat—tled my rapier

| F | Saying "Stand and de-liver!" | C | for he were a bold de-ceiver | Am |

Chorus: | G7 | Musha ring-um a doo-rum a da— | C | Whack fol de daddy-o | C7 | * * *
| F | Whack fol de daddy-o | C | There's whiskey in the | G7 | jar | C |

| C | I counted out his money and it | Am | made a pretty penny

| F | I put it in my pocket and I | C | took it home to Jenny | Am |

| C | She sighed and she swore, that she | Am | never would de-ceive me—

| F | But the Devil take the women for they | C | never can be easy | Am |

Chorus: | G7 | Musha ring-um a doo-rum a da— | C | Whack fol de daddy-o | C7 | * * *
| F | Whack fol de daddy-o | C | There's whiskey in the | G7 | jar | C |

| C | I went up to my chamber, all for to take a slumber | Am |

| F | I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder | C |

| C | But Jenny drew my charges and she filled them up with water | Am |

| F | And sent for Captain Farrell, to be ready for the slaughter | C |

Chorus: | G7 | Musha ring-um a doo-rum a da— | C | Whack fol de daddy-o | C7 | * * *
| F | Whack fol de daddy-o | C | There's whiskey in the | G7 | jar | C |

'Twas early in the morning, just before I rose to travel
 Up comes a band of footmen and likewise Captain Farrell
 I first produced my pistol, for she'd stolen a-way my rapier
 But I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken

Chorus: Musha ring-um a doo-rum a da—— Whack fol de daddy-o
 Whack fol de daddy-o There's whiskey in the jar

Inst: e g g a g e e g a a b a e g a a b c c b a g c b a e
 e g g a g e e g a a b a e g a a b c c b a g c b a e
 f e d d c d e f e e d e f g a a g a b c f e c d d c

They put me in jail with-out a judge or jury
 For robbin' Captain Farrell in the mor-nin' so early
 They couldn't take my fist, so I knocked down the sentry
 And I bid a fare-well to Sligo Peni-tentiary

Chorus: Musha ring-um a doo-rum a da—— Whack fol de daddy-o
 Whack fol de daddy-o There's whiskey in the jar

Now some take de-light in the carria-ges a-rollin'
 And others take de-light in the hurl-in' and bowlin'
 But I take de-light in the juice of the barley
 And courtin' pretty fair maids til the mornin' bright and early

Chorus: Musha ring-um a doo-rum a da—— Whack fol de daddy-o
 Whack fol de daddy-o There's whiskey in the jar

Whack fol de daddy-o Whack fol de daddy-o There's whiskey in the jar