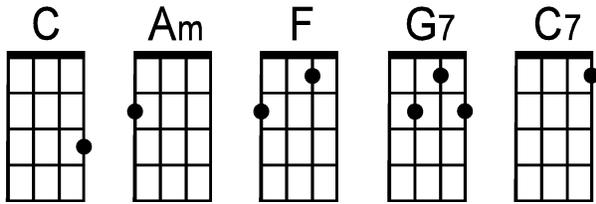


Whiskey in the Jar

Traditional Irish Folk Song



[* Clap]

(sing e g)

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

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

| C | I first produced my pistol then rat—tled my rapier | Am |

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

| 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 | Am |

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

Instr: C . . . | Am . . . | F . . . | C . Am . |
C . . . | Am . . . | F . . . | C . Am
. | G7 . . . | C . C7 . | F . . . | C G7 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

C C7 | F Whack fol de daddy-o C G7 C |
Whack fol de daddy-o There's whiskey in the jar