

Whiskey In The Jar

The Dubliners

As I was going over the far famed Kerry mountains,
I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was count'n.
I first produced me pistol, and then produced me rapier,
Saying stand and deliver for you are the bold deceiver.

R: Musha rig um du rum da
Whack fol the daddy o
Whack fol the daddy o
There's whiskey in the jar

I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny,
I put it in me pocket and I took 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.

R:

I went up to me chamber all for to take a slumber
I dreamt of gold and jewels and sure it was no wonder,
But Jenny drew me charges and she filled them up with water,
And sent for Captain Farrel, to be ready for the slaughter.

R:

'Twas early in the morning before I rose to travel,
Up comes a band of footmen and likewise Captain Farrell;
I first produce my pistol, for she stole away my rapier
But I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken.

R:

And if anyone can aid me, 'tis my brother in the army,
If I could learn his station in Cork or in Killarney.
And if he'd come and join me we'd go roving through Kilkenny,
I'm sure he'd treat me fairer than my own sporting Jenny.

R:

There's some takes delight in the carriages a rolling,
Some takes delight in the hurley or the bowlin'.
But I takes delight in the juice of the barley,
And courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early.

R: