

Whiskey In The Jar

Celtic Thunder

As I was a goin' over Cork and Kerry mountains
I saw Captain Farrell and his money he was counting
I first produced my pistol then produced my rapier
I said "Stand and deliver" or the devil he may take you

Mush-a ring dum-a do dum-a da
Whack for my daddy-o. Whack for my daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar-o

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 loved me, never would she leave me
But the devil take that women for she knows she treat me easy.

Mush-a ring dum-a do dum-a da
Whack for my daddy-o. Whack for my daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar-o

Round about six or maybe seven in walked Captain Farrell
I jumped up, fired off my pistol and I shot him with both barrels

Mush-a ring dum-a do dum-a da
Whack for my daddy-o. Whack for my daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar-o

Some men like the fishin. Some men like the fowlin
Some men like to hear the cannon ball a-rollin

Me, I like sleepin';
'Specially in my Molly's chamber.
But here I am in prison --
Here I am on the ball and chain, yeah!

Mush-a ring dum-a do dum-a da
Whack for my daddy-o. Whack for my daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar-o