

# Whiskey In The Jar

Seven Nations

All beside the river deep, the warriors there a vigil keep  
When the sun does rise and the day does break  
The warriors say "the west's awake"

As I was a rovin' over the Cork and Kerry mountains,  
I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was countin'  
I first produced my pistol, and then produced my rapier  
Sayin' stand and deliver for I am your bold receiver

Well shirigim duraham da  
Wack fall the daddy oh, wack fall the daddy oh  
There's whiskey in the jar.

Well I counted out his money it made a pretty penny  
I put it in my pocket and took it home to Jenny  
She sighed and she swore that she never would deceive me  
But the devil take the women for you know she tricked me easy

I went into me chamber all for to take a slumber  
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder  
For Jenny stole my pistols, she filled them up with water  
Then she sent for Farrell to get ready for the slaughter

It was early in the morning, before I rose to travel  
The guards all around me and likewise Captain Farrell  
I first produced my pistol for she'd stole away my rapier  
But I couldn't shoot with water so I prisoner I was taken

I don't know who can aid me, my brother's in the army  
I don't know where he's stationed be it Cork or in Killarney  
Together we'll go roving o'r the mountains of Killkenney  
I know he'd treat me better than me darling' sporting Jenny

It was early in the morning at the barracks in Killarney  
My brother took his leave, but he didn't tell the army  
The horses they were bought, it's all over but the shouting  
Now we wait for Farrell up on Killkenney Mountain