

Whiskey In The Jar

Smokie

As I was goin' over, the Cork and Kerry mountains,
I saw Captain Farrell, and his money he was countin'.
I first produced my pistol, and then produced my
rapier,
I said stand and deliver, or the devil he may take ya

Musha ring dum a doo 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'd love me, never would she leave me,
But the devil, take that woman 'cause you know she
tricked me easy.

Musha ring dum a doo dum a da,
Whack for my daddy-o,
Whack for my daddy-o,
There's whiskey in the jar-o.

Being drunk and weary, I went to Molly's chamber,
Takin' my money with me, and I never knew the danger.
For about six or maybe seven, in walked Captain
Farrell,
I jumped up, fired off my pistols, and I shot him with
both barrels.

Musha ring dum a doo dum a da,
Whack for my daddy-o,
Whack for my daddy-o,
There's whiskey in the jar-o.

Now some men like the fishin', and some men like the
fowlin',
And some men like ta hear, a cannon ball a roarin',
Me I like sleepin', specially in my Molly's chamber.
But here I am in prison, here I am with a ball and
chain yeah.

Musha ring dum a doo dum a da,
Whack for my daddy-o,
Whack for my daddy-o,
There's whiskey in the jar-o.