

Whisky In The Jar

The Seekers

As I went a-walkin' on Kilgary Mountain,
I spied Colonel Pepper, and his money he was countin';
I rattled out my pistols and I drew forth my saber,
Cryin', "Stand and deliver, for I am a bold deceiver."

Musha rig um do rum da,
Whack fol the daddy o,
Whack fol the daddy o,
There's whisky in the jar.
The gold and silver coins, they looked so bright and shiny,
Oh, I took them home straightway, and I gave 'em to my Molly;
She vowed and she promised that she never would deceive me,
But the devil's in the women, oh, you never can believe 'em.

But when I awoke between six and seven,
The guards were all around me in numbers odd and even;
I reached for my pistols, but alas, I was mistaken;
My pistols had been fired, and a prisoner I was taken.

They put me in the jail without judge or writin',
For robbing Colonel Pepper, oh, on Kilgary Mountain,
But they didn't take my fists, so I knocked the sentry down,
And bade farewell to the jail in Sligo town.

Some people take delight in fishin' and in bowlin';
Oh, others take delight in the carriages a-rollin';
But I take delight in the juice of the barley,
And courtin' pretty girls 'til the morning so early.