

Whiskey in the Jar

G Em
As I was going over the Kilmagenny Mountain,
C G
I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was countin'
G Em
I first produced my pistol, and then I drew my rapier,
C G
Saying "Stand and deliver for I am a bold deceiver.
D
Wish-a Rig-um Dur-am Dah
G C
Whack fol the daddy oh, Whack fol the daddy oh,
G D G
There's Whiskey in the jar

He Counted out his money, and it made a pretty penny
I put it in my pocket and I gave it to my Jenny.
She sighed and she swore that she never would deceive me,
But the devil take the women for they never can be easy.

I went into my chamber, for to take a slumber;
I dreamt of gold and jewels and sure it was no wonder.
But Jenny took my charges, and filled them up with water,
And sent for Captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter.

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

If anyone can aid me, it's my brother in the army,
I think that he is stationed in Cork or Killarney;
And if he'd come and join me, we'd go rovin' in Kilkenny
I swear he'd treat me better than my darling, sporting Jenny.