

Whiskey in the Jar

Irish folk song, Artist: The Dubliners

C	0003
Am	2000
F	2010
G	0232

As [C] I was a goin' over the [Am] far famed Kerry mountains
I [F] met with Captain Farrell and his [C] money he was counting
I [C] first produced my pistol and I [Am] then produced my rapier
Saying [F] "Stand and deliver" for he [C] were a bold deceiver

[CHORUS]

Mush-a [G] ring dun-a do dun-a da
[C] Whack fall the daddy-o, [F] whack fall the daddy-o
There's [C] whiskey [G] in the [C] jar

I [C] counted out his money and it [Am] made a pretty penny
I [F] put it in me pocket and I [C] took it home to Jenny
She [C] sighed and she swore that she [Am] never would deceive me
But the [F] devil take the women for they [C] never can be easy

[CHORUS]

I [C] went unto my chamber, all [Am] for to take a slumber
I [F] dreamt of gold and jewels and for [C] sure it was no wonder
But [C] Jenny drew me charges and she [Am] filled them up with water
Then [F] sent for Captain Farrell to be [C] ready for the slaughter

[CHORUS]

'Twas [C] early in the morning, just be[Am] fore I rose to travel
Up [F] comes a band of footmen and [C] likewise Captain Farrell
I [C] first produced me pistol for she'd [Am] stolen away me rapier
But I [F] couldn't shoot the water, so a [C] prisoner I was taken

[CHORUS]

Now [C] there's some take delight in the [Am] carriages a-rollin'
And [F] others take delight in the [C] hurling and the bowling
But [C] I take delight in the [Am] juice of the barley
And [F] courting pretty fair maids in the [C] morning bright and early

[CHORUS]

If [C] anyone can aid me 'tis my [Am] brother in the army
If [F] I can find his station in [C] Cork or in Killarney
And [C] if he'll go with me, we'll go [Am] rovin' in Kilkenney
And I'm [F] sure he'll treat me better than me [C] own me sportin' Jenny

[CHORUS]