

# Whiskey in the Jar (traditional Irish)

W


4/4

1 As I was a goin' over the Kilmagenny mountains, I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was counting; I first produced me pistol, and then I drew my sabre, Saying "Stand and deliver! for I am a bold deceiver,

**Ch** With me ring dum-a doodle um da, whack fol the daddy-o.  
Whack fol the daddy-o, there's whiskey in the jar.

2 He counted out his money and it made a pretty penny, I put it in me 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, **[Chorus]**

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

4 And 'twas early in the morning, before I rose to travel, Up comes a band of footmen and likewise Captain Farrell; I then produced my pistol for she stole away me sabre, I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken, **[Chorus]**

5 If anyone can aid me it's my brother in the army,  
If I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney;  
And if he'd come and join me, we'd go rovin' through Killkenny,  
And I'm sure he'll treat me fairer than my darling sporting Jenny,

**Ch** With me ring dum-a doodle um da, whack fol the daddy-o.  
Whack fol the daddy-o, there's whiskey in the jar.



Whiskey in the Jar