WHISKY IN THE JAR

As [C] I was going over the [Am] Cork and Kerry mountains
I [F] met with captain Farrell and his [C] money he was counting,
I [C] first produced my pistol and [Am] then produced my rapier,
Saying [F] “Stand and deliver for you [C] are my bold deceiver.”

CHORUS:
With your [G] ring dum-a do dun-a da!
[C] Whack fol the daddy oh! [F] Whack fol the daddy oh!

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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

’Twas [C] early in the morning be-[Am]fore I rose to travel,
Up [F] crept a band of footmen and sure [C] with them Captain Farrell,
I [C] then produced my pistol for she [Am] stole away my rapier,
But I [F] couldn’t shoot the water so a [C] prisoner I was taken.

CHORUS

If [C] anyone can help me it’s my [Am] brother in the army,
If [F] I could learn his station be it [C] Cork or in Killarney,
And [C] if he’d come and join me we’d go [Am] roving in Kilkenny,
I [F] know he’d treat me fairer than me [C] darling sporting Jenny.

CHORUS

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