

**Whiskey In The Jar - Trad****Whiskey in the Jar-Trad**

[C] As I was going over the [Am] far fam'd Kerry Mountains,  
I [F] met with Captain Farrel, and his [C] money he was countin',  
I first produced my pistol, and I [Am] then produced my rapier,  
Sayin': [F] Stand and deliver for you [C] are my bold deceiver.

Chorus: Musha [G] ring dum a doo dum a da,  
[C] Whack fol de daddy o,  
[F] Whack fol de daddy o  
There's [C] whiskey [G] in the [C] jar.

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

[C] I went into 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 Jenny drew my charges and she [Am] filled them out with water,  
Then [F] sent for Captain Farrel, to be [C] ready for the slaughter.

[C] 'Twas early in the morning just [Am] before I rose to travel,  
Up [F] comes a band of footmen and [C] likewise, Captain Farrel,  
I first 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.

[C] If 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 if he'll go with me we'll go [Am] roving in Kilkenny,  
And [F] I'm sure he'll treat me better than my [C] darling sporting Jenny.