

# Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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### Whiskey in the Jar

Whiskey in the Jar  
(Smothers Brothers)

As I was a goin' to the North Pole so merry  
I met a St. Bernard, he was short and squat and hairy.  
So I drew forth this stick and was gettin' set to heave it  
Sayin', "Fetch and deliver for you are a born retriever."

Chorus:  
Mush-a....

Up around his neck, there was hung a keg of whiskey,  
Now and then Old Rover took a snort and got so frisky.  
As he chased the stick he would do a tricky waddle,  
Though he really wasn't tricky, he was pie-eyed from the bottle.

I threw the stick so far, it was kinda hard to trace it.  
Ol' Rover said, "Bow, wow!", and was gettin' set to chase it.  
But a car came driving by and he changed his mind and sought it,  
Though I knew he couldn't drive one, not even if he caught it.

Well, that's about the end of my song and poor Ol' Rover.  
He caught it in a fan-belt, and his rovin' days are over.  
That poor retriever lies b'neath the ground so cold and chilly  
And I have to fetch the stick myself. Boy! Do I look silly!

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