

WHISKEY IN THE JAR (IRISH TRADITIONAL) *

A **F#m**
As I was going over the far-famed Kerry mountains,
I counted out his money, & it made a pretty penny.
I went up to my chamber, a-for to take my slumber,
It was early in the morning, be-fore I rose to travel,
If anyone can aid me , it's my brother in the army,

D **A** **E**
I met with captain Farrell and his money he was counting.
I put it in my pocket and I took it home to Jenny.
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder.
The guards were all around me and likewise Captain Farrell.
If I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney.

A **F#m**
I first produced my pistol, and I then produced my rapier.
She sighed and she swore, that she never would deceive me,
But Jenny drew me charges and she filled them up with water,
I first produced my pistol, for she stole away me rapier,
And if he'll come and save me, we'll go roving near Kilkenny,

D **A** **E**
Saying stand and deliver, for I am a bold deceiver,
But the devil take the women, for they never can be easy
Then sent for Captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter.
But I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken.
And I swear he'll treat me better than me darling sporting Jenny

Chorus

E **E, F#, G#, A (walk-up on bass)**
Musha ringa dumma do damma dar

A
whack for the daddy 'ol

D
whack for the daddy 'ol

A **E** **A**
there's whiskey in the jar

*Roud 533 with many variations. Arrangement is based on a recording by Off Kilter.