

Whiskey in the Jar

Arranged by Clayton J. Schmit

Traditional Irish

Oh, I have been a ro-ver, I have been a bold de-cei-ver. And now I make my
 li-vin' with my pis-tol and my ra-pier. I don't know what I've sto-len, but 'twould make a pret - ty
 pen - ny, And now I owe it all to my dar - lin' spor - tin' Jen - ny.

Mush - a - rig-gum dur-um dye. Whack fol di

dad - dy - o, Whack fol di dad - dy - o, there's

whis - key in the jar. whis - key in the jar.

Handwritten notes: *β 00*, *rig*, *dad*, *Am*, *G7*, *C*, *1-3*, *4*, *25*.

Whiskey in the Jar

(Ray Truman Version)

1. Oh, I have been a rover,
I have been a bold deceiver
And now I make my livin'
with my pistol and my rapier.

I don't know what I've stolen
But, 'twould make a pretty penny.
And now I owe it all
To my darlin' sportin' Jenny

2. Well I robbed Colonel Farrell
Up on Kilgarry Mountain.
Took the gold to Jenny
Just to help me with the countin'

But Jenny called the guards,
Oh, I never saw so many.
I almost lost my freedom
To my darlin' sportin' Jenny.

3. Oh, I'm goin' to find my brother.
He's the one that's in the army.
I don't know where he's stationed,
Be it Cork or in Kilarney.

Together we'll go rovin'
o'r the mountains of Kilkenny
And he's sure to treat me better
Than my darlin' sportin' Jenny.

4. Well, I've finally found my brother
In the barracks of Kilarney.
He said, "I'll take my leave"
But, he didn't tell the army.

Our horses, they were speedy.
'Twas all over but the shoutin'.
And now we make our livin'
Up on Kilgarry mountain.

