

Whiskey in rhe Jar

Key of C

C Am
As I was going over, the Cork and Kerry mountains
F C Am
Met with Captain Farrell, His money he was countin'
C Am
I first produced my pistol, then produced my rapier
F C Am
Said 'Stand and deliver for I am a bold deciever

G
Mush a ring um ma doo ra ma da
C F
Whack fol the daddy o, Whack fol the daddy o
C G C
There's whiskey in the jar

C Am
I counted out his money, it was a pretty penny
F C Am
Put it in me pocket and I took it home to Jenny
C Am
And she sighed and she swore, she never would decieve me
F C Am
The devil take the woman, for they never can be easy

C Am
It was early in the morning, before I rose to travel
F C Am
Up rides the footmen and likewise Captain Farrell
C Am
Well I drew upon my pistol, she stole away my rapier
F C Am
Couldn't shoot 'em all, so a prisoner I was taken

C Am
Some take delight in the fishin' and the fowlin'
F C
Others take delight in the carriage gently rollin'
C Am
I take delight in the juice of the barley
F C Am
Courtin' pretty women in the mountains of Kilarney