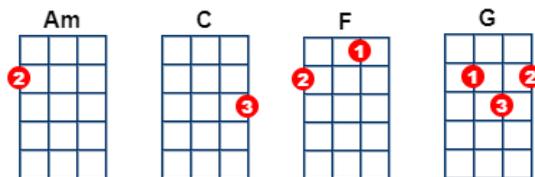


Whiskey in the Jar (Irish folk song)



(Intro as chorus) [G], [C], [F], [C] [G] [C]

[C] As I was going over the far **[Am]** famed Kerry Mountains,
[F] I met with Captain Farrell, and his **[C]** money he was counting,
[C] I first produced my pistol, and I **[Am]** then produced my rapier,
Saying **[F]** "Stand and deliver for I **[C]** am the bold deceiver".

[G] Musha-ring dum-a-doo dum-a-dah (Clap,clap,clap,clap)

[C] Whack for the daddio (Clap,clap)

[F] Whack for the daddio

[C] There's 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,
[C] She sighed, and she swore that,
She **[Am]** never would deceive me,
But **[F]** the Devil take the women for they **[C]** never can be easy.

(Chorus)

[C] I went into my chamber **[Am]** for to take a slumber,
I **[F]** dreamt of gold and jewels and for **[C]** sure it was no wonder,
[C] But Jenny took my charges,
And she **[Am]** filled them out with water,
Then **[F]** sent for Captain Farrell, to be **[C]** ready for the slaughter.

(Chorus)

[C] 'Twas early in the morning **[Am]** before I rose to travel,
Up **[F]** come a band of footmen and **[C]** likewise, Captain Farrell,
[C] 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.

(Chorus)

(Cont...)

If [C] anyone can aid me, it's my [Am] brother in the army,
If [F] I can find his station in [C] Cork or in Kill[Am]arney.
And [C] if he'll come and save me,
We'll go [Am] roving near Kilkenny,
And I [F] swear he'll treat me better than me [C] darling sporting
[Am] Jenny.

(Chorus)

Now [C] some men take delight in the [Am] drinking and the roving,
But [F] others take delight,
In the [C] gambling and the [Am] smoking.
But [C] I take delight in the [Am] juice of the barley,
and [F] courting pretty Jenny in the [C] morning bright and [Am]
early.

(Chorus twice)