

Whiskey In The Jar
Misc Traditional

Whiskey In the Jar chords
Irish Folk

C **Am**
As I was going over the far famed Kerry mountains,
F **C** **G**
I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was count n.
C **Am**
I first produced me pistol, and then produced me rapier,
F **C**
Saying stand and deliver for you are the bold deceiver.

G
Musha rig um du rum da
C
Whack fol the daddy o
F
Whack fol the daddy o
C **G** **C**
There s whiskey in the jar

C **Am**
I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny,
F **C** **G**
I put it in me pocket and I took it home to Jenny.
C **Am**
She sighed and she swore that she never would deceive me,
F **C**
But the devil take the women for they never can be easy.

G
Musha rig um du rum da
C
Whack fol the daddy o
F
Whack fol the daddy o
C **G** **C**
There s whiskey in the jar

C **Am**
I went up to me chamber all for to take a slumber
F **C** **G**
I dreamt of gold and jewels and sure it was no wonder,
C **Am**
But Jenny drew me charges and she filled them up with water,
F **C**
And sent for Captain Farrel, to be ready for the slaughter.

G

Musha rig um du rum da

C

Whack fol the daddy o

F

Whack fol the daddy o

C

G

C

There s whiskey in the jar

C

Am

Twas early in the morning before I rose to travel,

F

C

G

Up comes a band of footmen and likewise Captain Farrell;

C

Am

I first produce my pistol, for she stole away my rapier

F

C

But I couldn t shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken.

G

Musha rig um du rum da

C

Whack fol the daddy o

F

Whack fol the daddy o

C

G

C

There s whiskey in the jar

C

Am

And if anyone can aid me, tis my brother in the army,

F

C

G

If I could learn his station in Cork or in Killarney.

C

Am

And if he d come and join me we d go roving through Kilkenny,

F

C

I m sure he d treat me fairer than my own sporting Jenny.

G

Musha rig um du rum da

C

Whack fol the daddy o

F

Whack fol the daddy o

C

G

C

There s whiskey in the jar

C

Am

There s some takes delight in the carriages a rolling,

F

C

G

Some takes delight in the hurlin or the bowlin .

C

Am

But I takes delight in the juice of the barley,

F

C

And courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early.

G

Musha rig um du rum da

C

Whack fol the daddy o

F

Whack fol the daddy o

C

G

C

There s whiskey in the jar