

**Whiskey In The Jar**  
**Pogues**

[Verse 1]

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

[Chorus]

**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

[Verse 2]

**C** **Am**  
I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny,  
**F** **C**  
I put it in me pocket and I took it home to Jenny.  
**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.

[Chorus]

**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

[Verse 3]

**C** **Am**  
I went up to me chamber all for to take a slumber  
**F** **C**  
I dreamt of gold and jewels and sure it was no wonder,  
**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.

[Chorus]

**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

[Verse 4]

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

[Chorus]

**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

[Verse 5]

**C** **Am**  
And if anyone can aid me, tis my brother in the army,  
**F** **C**  
If I could learn his station in Cork or in Killarney.  
**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.

[Chorus]

**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

[Verse 6]

**C** **Am**  
There s some takes delight in the carriages a rolling,  
**F** **C**  
Some takes delight in the hurley or the bowlin .  
**Am**  
But I takes delight in the juice of the barley,  
**F** **C**  
And courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early.

[Chorus]

**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