

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