Whiskey in the Jar

C                                  a
As I was going over the Cork and Kerry mountains,
F                                   C                                   G
I met with captain Farrell, and his money he was counting.
C                                  a
I first produced my pistol and, then, produced my rapier,
F                                   C
Saying, "Stand and deliver, for you are a bold deceiver!"
G                                  C
Wish a rile a ma dool a ma da - whack fol the daddy o
F                                  G                                   C
Whack fol the daddy o - there's whiskey in the jar.

I counted out his money, and it made a pretty penny.
I put it in my pocket, and I took it home to Jenny.
She smiled, and she swore that she never would deceive me,
But the Devil take that woman, for you know she tricked me easy.

Chorus

We went to Jenny's chamber all for to take a slumber.
I dreamt of gold and jewels, and for sure it was a wonder
When, about six or seven, in walked captain Farrell!
I jumped up, fired my pistols, and shot him with both barrels.

Chorus

They threw me into jail and my sentence started counting
For shooting captain Farrell on Gilgarry Mountain;
But they couldn't take my fists, so I knocked the jailer down
And bid a farewell to that tight-fisted town.

Chorus

If anyone can aid me, it's my brother in the army,
But I don't know if he's stationed in Cork or in Killarney.
Together we'd go roving o'er the mountains of Kilkenny,
And I'll swear he'd treat me fairer than my darling, sporting Jenny.

Chorus

Some men like fishing, and some men like fowling;
Some men like to hear the cannonballs a' roaring;
I take delight in the juice of the barley
And courting pretty maids in the morning o so early.

Chorus