

# WHISKEY IN THE JAR

♩ = 176 KEY C

As I was go-ing o-ver, the Kil-ma-gen-ny moun-tain, I met with Cap-tain  
 Far-rell and his mo-ney he was coun-ting, I first pro-duced me pis-tol, and  
 then I drew my sa-bre, say-ing 'Stand and de-li-ver for I am a bold de-  
*Chorus* cei-ver. With me ring dum a doo-dle um dah, whack fol the  
 dad-dy o, whack fol the dad-dy o, there's whis-key in the jar.

He counted out his money and it made a pretty penny  
 I put it in my pocket and I gave it to my Jenny  
 She sighed and she swore that she never would betray me  
 But the devil take the women for they never can be easy.

I went into my chamber all for to take a slumber  
 I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder  
 But Jenny drew my charges and she filled them up with water  
 And she went for Captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter.

And 'twas early in the morning before I rose to travel,  
 Up comes a band of footmen and likewise Captain Farrell;  
 I then produced my postol, for she stole my sabre  
 But I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken.

And if anyone can aid me, it's my brother in the army  
 If I could learn his station in Cork or in Killarney,  
 And if he'd come and join me, we'd go roving in Kilkenny  
 I'll engage he'd treat me fairer than my darling sporting Jenny.