

# Whiskey in the Jar

## CHORUS

G D7 G  
Musha-rin dum durum dah, whack fall the dario,  
C G D7 G  
Whack fall the dario, there's whiskey in the jar.

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G Em  
As I was a-goin' over Gilgarra Mountain,  
C G  
I spied Colonel Farrell and his money he was counting.  
Em  
First I drew me pistol and then I drew me rapier saying,  
C G  
"Stand and deliver for I am your bold deceiver."

## CHORUS

G Em  
He counted out his money and it made a pretty penny.  
C G  
I put it in me pocket to take home to darling Jenny.  
Em  
She sighed and swore she loved me and never would deceive me,  
C G  
But the devil take the women for they always lie so easy.

## CHORUS

G Em  
I went into me chamber all for to take a slumber.  
C G  
To dream of gold and girls and of course it was no wonder,  
Em  
Me Jenny took me charges and she filled them up with water  
C G  
Called for Colonel Farrell to get ready for the slaughter.

## CHORUS

G Em  
Next morning early, be-fore I rose to travel,  
C G  
Up came a band of footmen and likewise Colonel Farrell.  
Em  
I goes to draw me pistol, for she'd stole away me rapier,  
C G  
But a prisoner I was taken, I couldn't shoot the water.

## CHORUS

G Em  
They put me into jail with the judge all a'writin',  
C G  
For robbing Colonel Farrell on Gilgarra Mountain,  
Em  
But they didn't take me fists, so I knocked the jailer down  
C G  
And bid a farewell to this tightfisted town.

CHORUS

G Em  
I'd like to find me brother, the one that's in the army.  
C G  
I don't know where he's stationed in Cork or in Kilarney.  
Em  
Together we'd go rovin' o'er the mountains of Kilkenny  
C G  
And I swear he'd treat me fairer than me darlin' sportin' Jenny.

CHORUS

G Em  
There's some takes delight in the carriages a'rollin,  
C G  
Some takes delight in the hurly or the bowling,  
Em  
But I takes delight in the juice of the barley,  
C G  
Courting pretty maids in the morning, oh so early.

CHORUS