

# Whisky In The Jar

*Irish traditional song*

As [C]I was going over the [Am]Cork and Kerry mountains  
I [F]met with captain Farrell and his [C]money he was counting,  
I first produced my pistol and [Am]then produced my rapier,  
Saying [F]"Stand and deliver for you [C]are my bold deceiver."

## Chorus

With your [G]ring dum-a do dun-a da!  
[C]Whack fol the daddy oh! [F]Whack fol the daddy oh!  
There's [C]whiskey [G]in the [C]jar. [ Down strokes on C and G chords ]

He [C]counted out his money and it [Am]was a pretty penny  
I [F]put it in my pocket and I [C]took it home to Jenny.  
She sighed and she swore that [Am]never would she leave me,  
But the [F]devil take the women for they [C]never can be easy.

## Chorus

I [C]went in to my chamber all [Am]for to take a slumber,  
I [F]dreamt of gold and jewels and for [C]sure it was no wonder,  
For Jenny drew my charges and then [Am]filled them up with water,  
And she [F]sent for Captain Farrell to be [C]ready for the slaughter.

## Chorus

'Twas [C]early in the morning be-[Am]fore I rose to travel,  
Up [F]crept a band of footmen and sure [C]with them Captain Farrell,  
I then produced my pistol for she [Am]stole away my rapier,  
But I [F]couldn't shoot the water so a [C]prisoner I was taken.

## Chorus

If [C]anyone can help me it's my [Am]brother in the army,  
If [F]I could learn his station be it [C]Cork or in Killarney,  
And if he'd come and join me we'd go [Am]roving in Kilkenney,  
I [F]know he'd treat me fairer than me [C]darling sporting Jenny.

## Chorus

Finish with one strum of [C]

