Whiskey in the Jar
Traditional Irish Folk Song

C   **Am**   **F**   **G7**   **C7**
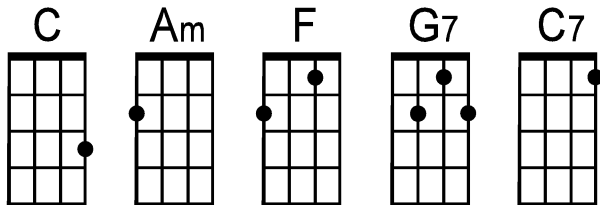
(sing e g)

|C   .   .   . |Am   .   .   .
As I   was a-goin', o'er the far-famed Kerry mountain

|F   .   .   . |C   .   Am   .
I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was countin'

|C   .   .   . |Am   .   .   .
I first pro-duced my pistol,   and then pro-duced my rapier

. |F   .   .   . |C   .   Am
Saying "Stand and de-liver!" for he were a bold de-ceiver

. |G7   .   .   . |C   .   C7   . |
Refrain: Musha ring-um a doo-rum a da——   Whack fol de daddy-o

F   .   .   . |C   G7   C   .
        Whack fol de daddy-o There's whiskey in the   jar

|C   .   .   . |Am   .   .   .
I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny

|F   .   .   . |C   .   Am   .
I put it in my pocket and I   took it home to Jenny

|C   .   .   . |Am   .   .   .
She sighed and she swore, that she never would de-ceive me

|F   .   .   . |C   .   Am
but the Devil take the women for they never can be easy

. |G7   .   .   . |C   .   C7   . |
Refrain: Musha ring-um a doo-rum a da——   Whack fol de daddy-o

F   .   .   . |C   G7   C   .
        Whack fol de daddy-o There's whiskey in the   jar

|C   .   .   . |Am   .   .   .
I went up to my chamber,   all for to take a slumber

|F   .   .   . |C   .   Am   .
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder

|C   .   .   . |Am   .   .   .
But Jenny drew my charges and she filled them up with water

|F   .   .   . |C   .   Am
and sent for Captain Farrell, to be ready for the slaughter

. |G7   .   .   . |C   .   C7   . |
Refrain: Musha ring-um a doo-rum a da——   Whack fol de daddy-o

F   .   .   . |C   G7   C   .
        Whack fol de daddy-o There's whiskey in the   jar

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          |C    .    .    .    |Am    .    .    .
      'Twas early  in the morning, just be-fore I  rose to travel
          |F    .    .    .    |C    .    Am    .
      Up comes a band of footmen    and likewise, Captain Farrell
          |C    .    .    .    |Am    .    .    .
      I  first pro-duced my pistol,  for she'd  stolen a-way my rapier
          |F    .    .    .    |C    .    Am
      But I  couldn't shoot the water, so a    prisoner I was  taken

                   .    |G7    .    .    .    |C    .    C7    .    |
      Refrain:   Musha ring-um a doo-rum a da———        Whack fol de daddy-o
                   F    .    .    .    |C    G7    C    .
                Whack fol de daddy-o There's whiskey in the   jar

      Inst:    C    .    .    .    |Am    .    .    .    |F    .    .    .    |C    .    Am    .
               C    .    .    .    |Am    .    .    .    |F    .    .    .    |C    .    Am
               .    |G7    .    .    .    |C    .    C7    .    |F    .    .    .    |C    G7    C    .

          |C    .    .    .    |Am    .    .    .
      They put    me in jail      with-out a  judge or jury
          |F    .    .    .    |C    .    Am    .
      for  robbin' Captain Farrell in the   mor-nin' so  early
          |C    .    .    .    |Am    .    .    .
      They couldn't take my fist,   so I    knocked down the sentry
          |F    .    .    .    |C    .    Am
      and I bid   a fare-well         to Sligo Peni-tentiary

                   .    |G7    .    .    .    |C    .    C7    .    |
      Refrain:   Musha ring-um a doo-rum a da———        Whack fol de daddy-o
                   F    .    .    .    |C    G7    C    .
                Whack fol de daddy-o There's whiskey in the   jar

          |C    .    .    .    |Am    .    .    .
      Now  some  take de-light    in the carria-ges  a-rollin'
          |F    .    .    .    |C    .    Am    .
      and others take de-light     in the hurl-in' and bowlin'
          |C    .    .    .    |Am    .    .    .
      But  I    take de-light   in the  juice  of the barley
          |F    .    .    .    |C    .    Am
      and courtin' pretty  fair maids in the  mornin' bright and early

                   .    |G7    .    .    .    |C    .    C7    .    |
      Refrain:   Musha ring-um a doo-rum a da———        Whack fol de daddy-o
                   F    .    .    .    |C    G7    C    .
                Whack fol de daddy-o There's whiskey in the   jar
      C    .    C7    .    |F    .    .    .    |C    G7    C\
        Whack fol de daddy-o,      Whack fol de daddy-o, there's whiskey in the   jar!
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