

Whiskey in the Jar (Irish)

- C** **Am**
1. As I was going over | The far fam'd Kerry mountain
F **C** **(G)**
I met with Captain Farrell | And his money he was counting,
C **Am**
I first produced my pistol | And then produced my rapier
F **C**
Sayin', Stand and deliver | For you are my bold deceiver,

Chorus:

G (3 x klatschen)
Masharang dagadoo daggadah
C
Whack fol the diddle Oh
F
Whack fol the diddle Oh
C G C
There's whiskey in the jar.

2. He counted out his money | And it made a pretty penny
I put in 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.

Chorus

3. I went unto 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
An' she sent for Captain Farrell, | To be ready for the slaughter.

Chorus

4. 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 pistol, | For she stole away my rapier
But I couldn't shoot the water | So a prisoner I was taken.

Chorus

5. And if any one can aid me | 'Tis 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.

Chorus

Chorus