

## WHISKEY IN THE JAR

### *Guitar intro*

As I was going over the Cork and Kerry mountains  
I saw Captain Farrell and his money he was countin'  
I first produced my pistol and then produced my rapier.  
I said stand o'er and deliver or the devil he may take ya.

### *Chorus*

Musha ring dumb a do dumb a da  
Whack for my daddy-o  
Whack for my daddy-o  
There's whiskey in the jar-o

2

I took all of his money and it was a pretty penny  
I took all of his money and I brought it home to Molly  
She swore that she'd love me, never would she leave me  
But the devil take that woman for you know she tricked me easy.

3

Being drunk and weary I went to Molly's chamber  
Takin' my money with me and I never knew the danger  
For about six or maybe seven in walked Captain Farrell  
I jumped up, fired off my pistols and I shot him with both barrels.

4

Now some men like the fishing and some men like the fowling  
And some men like ta hear a cannon ball a roaring  
Me? I like sleeping specially in my Molly's chamber  
But here I am in prison, here I am with a ball and chain, yeah

And I got drunk on whiskey-o  
And I love, I love, I love, I love, I love, I love my Molly-o