

## Whiskey in The Jar

1. As I was a going over far framed Kerry Mountains,  
I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was countin'.  
I first produced me pistol and then produced me rapier,  
Sayin' stand and deliver for you are my bold deceiver.

*R. Musha riggedum diggedum da*

*Whack fall the daddy oh, whack fall the daddy oh  
There's whiskey in the jar.*

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2. He counted out his money and it made a pretty penny,  
I put it in me pocket to take home to darling' Jenny.  
She sighed and swore that she never would deceive me  
But the devil takes the women for they never can be easy.
3. I went into me chamber all for to take a slumber  
I dreamt of gold and jewels and of course it was no wonder.  
But Jenny drew me charges and she filled them up with water,  
Then sent for Captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter.

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4. 'Twas early in the morning just before I rose to travel,  
Up came a band of footmen and likewise Captain Farrell.  
I first produced me pistol for she'd stole away me rapier,  
But I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken.

5. They put me into jail with a judge all a writin'  
For robbing Captain Farrell on Kerry Mountain.  
But they didn't take me fists so I knocked the jailer down,  
And bid a farewell to this tight fisted town.

6. If anyone can aid me 'tis my brother in the army,  
If I can find his station, in Cork or in Killarney.  
And if he'll go with me we'll go roving in Kilkenny,  
And I'm sure he'll treat me better than my darling sporting  
Jenny.

7. There's some take delight in the carriages and rolling,  
And others take delight in the hurlin' or the bowlin'.  
But I take delight in the juice of the barley,  
And courting pretty fair maids in the mourning bright and early.