

# Whiskey in the Jar

As I was going over  
the far-famed Kerry Mountain,  
I met with Captain Farrell  
and his money he was counting.  
I drew out my pistol  
and I rattled my sabre,  
Saying, "Stand and deliver,  
for I am a bold deceiver."

Chorus:

Musha ringum durum da  
Wack fol the daddy-o,  
wack fol the daddy-o  
There's whiskey in the jar.

The shiny golden coins  
they sure looked bright and jolly  
I took them home  
and I gave them all to Molly.  
She smiled and she promised  
that she never would deceive me  
But I couldn't trust that woman  
for she never will be easy.

CHORUS

As I awoke between  
the hours of six and seven,  
Guards were standing round me  
in their numbers odd and even.  
I went to draw my pistol  
but alas, I was mistaken,  
I tried to fire my pistol  
but a prisoner I was taken.

CHORUS

They put me in the jailhouse  
without a judge or jury  
For robbing Captain Farrell  
in the morning so early.  
But they didn't take my fists  
so I knocked down the sentry,  
And said a long farewell  
to that cold penitentiary.

CHORUS

There's some takes delight  
in the fishing or bowling.  
Some takes delight  
in the carriages a-rolling  
But I takes delight  
in the juice of the barley,  
And courting pretty Molly  
in the morning so early.