

# Whiskey in the Jar

Irish Folksong

C Am  
As I was goin' over the Kilmagenny Mountain,  
6 5 6 6 6 6 5 4 5 6 6 7 6 5

F C  
I met with Captain Farrell, and his money he was countin'.  
6 6 6 6 7 7 7 7 6 6 6 7 7 6 5

Am  
First I drew m-y pistols and then I drew my rapier,  
6 5 6 6 6 6 5 4 5 6 6 7 6 5

F C  
sayin' „Stand and deliver, for I am your bold receiver".  
6 6 6 6 7 7 7 7 6 6 6 7 7 6 6

G7 C  
With me ring dum a doodle um dah, whack fol the dadd-yo,  
5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 5 5 4 5 5 6

F C G7 C  
whack fol the daddy-o, there's whiskey in the jar.  
6 6 6 6 7 7 6 6 5 4 5 4

I counted out his money, and it made a pretty penny.  
I put it in my pocket and I took it home to Jenny.  
She said and she swore, that she never would deceive me,  
but the devil takes the women, for they never can be easy.

I went into my chamber, all for to take a slumber,  
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder.  
But Jenny took my charges and she filled them up with water,  
then sent for captain Farrel to be ready for the slaughter.

It was early in the morning, as I rose up for travel,  
The guards were all around me and likewise captain Farrel.  
I first produced my pistol, for she stole away my rapier,  
but I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken.