

## Whiskey in the jar.

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As i was going over the far fam'd kerry mountains,  
 I met wiht captain Farrell, and his money he was countin',  
 I first produced my pistol, and then produced my rapier,  
 Saying ': "stand and deliver for you a bold deceiver".

Musha ring dumb a do dumb a da,  
 Whack fall the daddy ol',  
 Whack fall the daddy ol',  
 There's is whiskey in the jar.

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

Musha ring dum a doo dum a da,  
 Whack for the daddy ol',  
 Whack for the daddy ol',  
 There's whiskey in the jar.

I went up to 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 se filled them out whit water,  
 Then sent for captain Farrell, to be ready for the slaughther

Musha ring dum a doo dum a da,  
 Whack for the daddy ol',  
 Whack for the daddy ol',  
 There's whiskey in the jar.

And if anyone can aid met 'tis my brother in the army,  
 If I can find his station, in Cork or Killarney,  
 And if he'll go whith me we'll go rovin throug Kilkenny,  
 I'm sure he'll treat me better than my old a- sporting Jenny.

Musha ring dum a doo dum a da,  
 Whack for the daddy ol',  
 Whack for the daddy ol',  
 There's whiskey in the jar,  
 There's whiskey in the jar.