



Whiskey in the Jar

As I was going over the Cork and Kerry
mountains
I saw Captain Farrell and his money, he was
counting
I first produced my pistol and then produced
my rapier
I said, "Stand and deliver or the devil he may
take ya"

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

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, yeah, for you
know she tricked me easy

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

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

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

Now some men like a fishin' and some men
like the fowlin'
And some men like to hear, to hear the
cannonball a-roarin'
Me, I like sleepin', specially in my Molly's
chamber
But here I am in prison, here I am with a ball
and chain, yeah

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

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