

The Irish Collection



song air

Whiskey in the Jar (traditional)

Whiskey in the Jar

1. As I was going over
The Kilmagenny mountains,
I met with Captain Farrell
And his money he was counting;
I first produced my pistol,
And then I drew my rapier,
Saying "Stand and deliver,
For you are a bold deceiver!"

With my ring dum a doodle un dah,
Whack fol the daddy O, Whack fol the daddy, O,
There's whiskey in the jar.

2. He counted out his money,
And it made a pretty penny,
I put it in me pocket
And I took it home to Jenny.
She sighed and she swore that she
Never would betray me,
But the Devil take the women
For they never can be easy!

With my ring dum a doodle un dah,
Whack fol the daddy O, Whack fol the daddy, O,
There's whiskey in the jar.

3. 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 drew me charges,
And she filled them up with water,

And she sent for captain Farrell
To be ready for the slaughter!

With my ring dum a doodle un dah,
Whack fol the daddy O, Whack fol the daddy, O,
There's whiskey in the jar.

4. And 'twas early in the mornin'
Before I rose to travel,
Up comes a band of footmen
And likewise Captain Farrell.
I then produced my pistol,
For she'd stolen away my rapier,
But I couldn't shoot the water,
So a prisoner I was taken!

With my ring dum a doodle un dah,
Whack fol the daddy O, Whack fol the daddy, O,
There's whiskey in the jar.

5. If anyone can aid me, it's
Me brother in the army,
If I can find his station
In Cork or in Killarney.
And if he'd come and join me,
We'd go roving in Kilkenny,
I'm sure he'd treat me better
Than me darling sporting Jenny

With my ring dum a doodle un dah,
Whack fol the daddy O, Whack fol the daddy, O,
There's whiskey in the jar.

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