

# The Irish Collection



song air

## Whiskey in the Jar (traditional)

1 As I was a goin' over the Kilmagenny mountains, I met with Captain  
Farrell and his money he was counting; I first produced me pistol, and then  
I drew my sabre, Saying "Stand and deliver! for I am a bold deceiver,

**Ch** With me ring dum-a doodle um da, 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 gave it to my Jenny; She sighed and she swore that she never would  
deceive me, But the devil take the women for they never can be easy, **[Chorus]**

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 my charges and she filled them up with  
water, Then sent for Captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter, **[Chorus]**

4 And 'twas early in the morning, just before I rose to travel, Up comes a band  
of footmen and likewise Captain Farrell; I first produced me pistol for she stole  
away me sabre, I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken, **[Chorus]**

5 If anyone can aid me, it is my 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 rovin' through Killkenny,  
And I'm sure he'll treat me fairer than my darling sporting Jenny,

**Ch** With me ring dum-a doodle um da, whack fol the daddy-o.  
Whack fol the daddy-o, there's whiskey in the jar.



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