

WHISKEY IN THE JAR

Thin Lizzie riff:

[C]As I was going over the [Am]far famed Kerry Mountains,
 I [F]met with Captain Farrell, and his [C]money he was countin',
 I [C]first produced my pistol, and I [Am]then produced my rapier,
 Sayin': [F]"Stand and deliver for you [C]are a bold deceiver"

CHORUS:

Musha[G] ring dum doorum a da,
 [C]Whack for the daddy ol',
 [F]Whack for the daddy ol',
 There's [C]↓whiskey [G]↓in the [C]jar

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

CHORUS

I [C]went into my chamber all [Am]for to take a slumber,
 I [F]dreamt of gold and jewels and for [C]sure it was no wonder,
 But [C]Jenny took my charges and she [Am]filled them out with wate
 Then [F]sent for Captain Farrell, to be [C]ready for the slaughter

CHORUS

'Twas[C]early in the morning just [Am]before I rose to travel,
 Up [F]comes a band of footmen and [C]likewise, Captain Farrell,
 I [C]first produced my pistol for she [Am]stole away my rapier,
 But I [F]couldn't shoot the water, so a [C]prisoner I was taken.

CHORUS

Now there's [C]some take delight in the [Am]carriages a rolling
 And [F]others take delight in the [C]hurling and the bowling
 But [C]I take delight in the [Am]juice of the barley
 And [F]courting pretty fair maids in the [C]morning bright and early

CHORUS

If [C]anyone can aid me 'tis my [Am]brother in the army,
 If [F]I can find his station, in [C]Cork or in Killarney,
 And [C]if he'll go with me we'll go [Am]roving in Kilkenny,
 And I'm [F]sure he'll treat me better than my [C]old a-sporting Jenny

CHORUS (twice)