

# Whiskey In The Jar

## SCHLAGMUSTER:



### Intro

| C | C |

- 1.** | C | | Am | |  
 As I was goin' over the far famed Kerry mountains |  
 F | | C | |  
 met with Captain Farrell and his money he was countin'. |  
 C | | Am | |  
 first produced my pistol and then produced my rapier, sayin' |  
 F | | C | |  
 stand and deliver for I am a bold deceiver. (Refr. Musha ...)

### Refrain

| G | | C | |  
 Musha ring dumma do dumma da. Whack for the daddy-o,  
 F | | C G | C |  
 whack for the daddy-o, there's whiskey in the jar.

- 2.** | C | | Am | |  
 I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny, |  
 F | | C | |  
 put it in my pocket and I took it home to Jenny. She |  
 C | | Am | |  
 sighed and she swore that she never would deceive me. But the |  
 F | | C | |  
 devil take the women for they never can be easy. (Refr. Musha ...)

### Refrain

- 3.** | C | | Am | |  
 I went up to my chamber all for to take a slumber. |  
 F | | C | |  
 dreamt of gold and jewels and sure it was no wonder. But |  
 C | | Am | |  
 Jenny drew my charges and she filled them up with water, and |  
 F | | C | |  
 sent for Captain Farrell, to be ready for the slaughter. (Refr. Musha ...)

### Refrain

- | C | | Am | |  
**4.** 'Twas early in the morning before I rose to travel, up |  
 F | | C | |  
 comes a band of footmen and likewise Captain Farrell. |  
 C | | Am | |  
 first produced my pistol, for she's stolen away my rapier. But I |  
 F | | C | |  
 couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken. (Refr. Musha ...)

### Refrain

- | C | | Am | |  
**5.** And if anyone can aid me, 'tis my brother in the army. If |  
 F | | C | |  
 I could find his station down in Cork or in Killarney. And |  
 C | | Am | |  
 if he'd come and join me we'd go roving through Kilkenny, I'm |  
 F | | C | |  
 sure he'd treat me fairer than my own sporting Jenny. (Refr. Musha ...)

### Refrain

- | C | | Am | |  
**6.** There's some take delight in the carriages a rolling, |  
 F | | C | |  
 some take delight in the hurley or the bowlin'. But |  
 C | | Am | |  
 I take delight in the juice of the barley, and |  
 F | | C | |  
 courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early.

### Refrain

- | G | | C | |  
 Musha ring dumma do dumma da. Whack for the daddy-o,  
 F | | C G | C |  
 whack for the daddy-o, there's whiskey in the jar.