

**D****Whiskey In The Jar**

1. As I was going over the far famed Kerry mountains  
I met with captain Farrell and his money he was counting.  
I first produced my pistol, and I then produced my rapier.  
Said stand and deliver, for you are a bold deceiver,  
*Musha, ring dumma do damma da*  
*Whack fol the daddy 'ol*  
*Whack fol the daddy 'ol*  
*There's whiskey in the jar.*
  
2. I counted out his money, and it made a pretty penny.  
I put it in my pocket and I took it home to Jenny.  
She sighed and she swore, that she never would deceive me,  
But the devil take the women, for they never can be easy.  
*Musha ring dumma do damma da.....*
  
3. I went into my chamber, a 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.  
*Musha ring dumma do damma da.....*
  
4. It was early in the morning, just before I rose to travel,  
Up comes a band of footman and likewise captain Farrell.  
I first produced my pistol, for she stole away my rapier,  
But I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken.  
*Musha ring dumma do damma da.....*
  
5. And if anyone can aid me, it's my brother in the army,  
If I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney.  
And if he'll go with me, we'll go roving in Kilkenny,  
and I'm sure he'll treat me better than me own disporting Jenny.  
*Musha ring dumma do damma da.....*
  
6. There's some take delight in the carriages a rollin',  
And others take delight in the hurlin' and the bowlin'.  
But I take delight in the juice of the barley,  
And courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early.  
*Musha ring dumma do damma da.....*

<sup>4</sup>/<sub>4</sub> [Vers] | : D - - - | B<sub>m</sub> - - - | G - - - | D - - - :|

[Omk.] | A - - - | D - - - | G - - - | D A D - || <sup>2</sup>/<sub>4</sub> | D - | mellem vers