

"Whiskey In The Jar" (Trad/The Dubliners)

(Intro)

| C |

(Vers)

| C | Am

As I was a goin' over the far famed Kerry mountains

| F | C

I met with captain Farrell and his money he was counting

| C | Am

I first produced my pistol and I then produced my rapier

| F | C

Saying "Stand and deliver" for he were a bold deceiver

(Omkvæd)

| G

Mush-a ring dumb-a do dumb-a da

| C | F

Wack fall the daddy-o, wack fall the daddy-o

| G C

There's whiskey in the jar

(Vers)

| C | Am

I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny

| F | C

I put it in me pocket and I took it home to Jenny

| C | Am

She sighed and she swore that she never would deceive me

| F | C

But the devil take the women for they never can be easy

(Omkvæd)

| G

Mush-a ring dumb-a do dumb-a da

| C | F

Wack fall the daddy-o, wack fall the daddy-o

| G C

There's whiskey in the jar

(Vers)

| C | Am

I went up to my chamber, all for to take a slumber

| F | C

I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure 't was no wonder

| C | Am

But Jenny blew me charges and she filled them up with water

| F | C

Then sent for captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter

(Omkvæd)

| G

Mush-a ring dumb-a do dumb-a da

| C | F

Wack fall the daddy-o, wack fall the daddy-o

| G C
There's whiskey in the jar

(Vers)

| C | Am
And 't was early in the morning, just before I rose to travel

| F | C
Up comes a band of footmen and likewise captain Farrell

| C | Am
I first produced me pistol for she stole away me rapier

| F | C
I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken

(Omkvæd)

| G
Mush-a ring dumb-a do dumb-a da

| C | F
Wack fall the daddy-o, wack fall the daddy-o

| G C
There's whiskey in the jar

(Vers)

| C | Am
There's some take delight in the carriages a rolling

| F | C
and others take delight in the hurling and the bowling

| C | Am
but I take delight in the juice of the barley

| F | C
and courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early

(Omkvæd)

| G
Mush-a ring dumb-a do dumb-a da

| C | F
Wack fall the daddy-o, wack fall the daddy-o

| G C
There's whiskey in the jar

(Vers)

| C | Am
And if anyone can aid me 't is my brother in the army

| F | C
If I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney

| C | Am
And if he'll go with me, we'll go rovin' through Killkenney

| F | C
And I'm sure he'll treat me better than my own a-sporting Jenny

(Omkvæd)

| G
Mush-a ring dumb-a do dumb-a da

| C | F
Wack fall the daddy-o, wack fall the daddy-o

| G C
There's whiskey in the jar