# Whiskey In The Jar

## Th Suffering Gaels

As I was goin' over the Cork and Kerry Mountains
I saw Captain Farrell and his money, he was countin'
I first produced my pistol and then produced my rapier
I said, "Stand and deliver or the devil he may take ya"
I took all of his money and it was a pretty penny
I took all of his money, yeah, and I brought it home to Molly
She swore that she loved me, no, never would she leave me
But the devil take that woman, yeah, for you know she tricked me easy
Musha rain dum a doo, dum a da
Whack for my daddy, oh
Whack for my daddy, oh
There's whiskey in the jar, oh
Being drunk and weary I went to Molly's chamber
Takin' Molly with me but I never knew the danger
For about six or maybe seven, yeah, in walked Captain Farrell
I jumped up, fired my pistols and I shot him with both barrels
Yeah, musha rain dum a doo, dum a da, ha, yeah
Whack for my daddy, oh
Whack for my daddy, oh
There's whiskey in the jar, oh
Yeah, whiskey, yo, whiskey
Oh, oh, yeah
Oh, oh, yeah
Now some men like a fishin' but some men like the fowlin'
Some men like to hear, to hear the cannonball roarin'
But me, I like sleepin', 'specially in my Molly's chamber
But here I am in prison, here I am with a ball and chain, yeah
Musha rain dum a doo, dum a da, heh, heh
Whack for my daddy, oh
Whack for my daddy, oh
There's whiskey in the jar, oh, yeah
Whiskey in the jar, oh
Musha rain dum a doo, dum a da
Musha rain dum a doo, dum a da, hey
Musha rain dum a doo, dum a da
Musha rain dum a doo, dum a da, yeah

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