

Whiskey In the Jar

The Irish Tenors

As I was going over the Cork and Kerry mountains
I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was countin'
I first produced my pistol and then I drew my rapier
Saying, "Stand and deliver, for I am the bold deceiver" With your ring dum-a-do-dum-a-da
Whack for the daddy-o
Whack for the daddy-o

There's whiskey in the jar He counted out his money and it made a pretty penny
I put it in my pocket and I brought 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 With your ring dum-a-do-dum-a-da
Whack for the daddy-o
Whack for the daddy-o

There's whiskey in the jar I went into my chamber, all 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
And called on Captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter With your ring dum-a-do-dum-a-da
Whack for the daddy-o
Whack for the daddy-o

There's whiskey in the jar And 'twas early in the morning before I rose to travel
Up came a band of footmen 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 With your ring dum-a-do-dum-a-da
Whack for the daddy-o
Whack for the daddy-o

There's whiskey in the jar If anyone can aid me, it's me brothers in the army
If I can find their station in Cork or in Killarney
And if they come and join us, we'll go roving in Kilkenny
And I guess they'll treat me better than my darling, sportin' Jenny With your ring dum-a-do-dum-a-da
Whack for the daddy-o
Whack for the daddy-o

There's whiskey in the jar With your ring dum-a-do-dum-a-da
Whack for the daddy-o
Whack for the daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar

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