

# Whiskey in the Jar

## Celtic Stew

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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