

Whiskey in the Jar

Thin Lizzy

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 o'er and deliver or the devil he may take ya. Musha ring dumb a do dumb a da.
Whack for my daddy-o,
Whack for my daddy-o.
There's whiskey in the jar-o. I took all of his money and it was a pretty penny.
I took all of his money and I brought it home to Molly.
She swore that she'd love me, never would she leave me.
But the devil take that woman for you know she tricked me easy. Musha ring dumb a do dumb a da.
Whack for my daddy-o,
Whack for my daddy-o.
There's whiskey in the jar-o. Being drunk and weary I went to Molly's chamber.
Takin' my money with me and I never knew the danger.
For about six or maybe seven in walked Captain Farrell.
I jumped up, fired off my pistols and I shot him with both barrels. Musha ring dumb a do dumb a da.
Whack for my daddy-o,
Whack for my daddy-o.
There's whiskey in the jar-o. Now some men like the fishin' and some men like the fowlin',
And some men like ta hear a cannon ball a roarin'.
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 ring dumb a do dumb a da.
Whack for my daddy-o,
Whack for my daddy-o.
There's whiskey in the jar-o. And I got drunk on whiskey-o
And I love, I love, I love, I love, I love, I love my Molly-o.

Songwriters

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