Whiskey in the jar

Traditional

Guitar tabs/fingerspil

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        G                          Em                            C
As      I   was   goin'   over     Gilgarra   Mountain,   I     spied   out   Colonel   Farrell   and
  his
G                                                                                  Em
money   he   was   countin'.     First   I   drew   me   pistols   and     then   I   drew   me   rapier,
  sayin':
 C                                    G
stand   and   deliver   for   I     am   your   bold   deceiver.

                        D7                    G                                Em
  C
Omkvæd:       Musha     ringum  duram  da,          whack  fol  the  daddyo        whack  fol  the
  daddyo,
            G          D7           G
there's     whiskey    in    the    jar.
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2. I counted out his money
And it made a pretty penny
I put it in me pocket
to take home to darlin' Jenney.
She sighed and swore she loved me
And never would deceive me
But the devil take the women
For they always lie so easy
Musha ringum ...

3. I went into me chamber
All for to take a slumber
To dream of gold and girls
And of course it was no wonder
Me Jenney took me charges
And she fill'd them up with water
Called on Colonel Farrel
To get ready for the slaughter.
Musha ringum ...

4. It was next morning early
Before I rose for travel
A-came a band of footmen
And likewise Colonel Farrell
I goes to draw me pistol
For she'd stolen away me rapier
'cause I couldn't shoot the water
but a prisoner I was taken.
Musha ringum ...

5. They put me into jail
With a judge all a-writin'
Robbin Colonel Farrel
On Gilgarra Mountain
But they didn't take me fists
And I knocked the jailer down
And bid a farewell
To this tight-fisted town.
Musha ringum ...

6. I'd like to find me brother
The one that's in the army
I don't know where he's stationed
in Cork or in Killarney.
Together we'd go roamin'
O'er the mountains of Kilkenney
And I swear he'd treat me fairer

Than me darlin' sportin' Jenney.
Musha ringum ...

7. There's some takes delight
In the carriages and rollin'
Some takes delight
In the hurley or the bollin'
But I takes delight
In the Juice of the barley
Courtin' pretty maids
In the mornin', oh so early.
Musha ringum ...