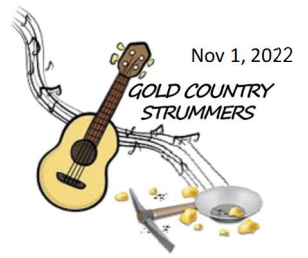


# Whiskey in the Jar



Baritone

As I was goin' over the Cork and Kerry Mountains  
 I saw Captain Farrell and his money he was countin'  
 I first produced me pistol and then I drew me rapier  
 I said "Stand and deliver, or the devil he may take yer"

Chorus:  
 Mush-a ring, dum-a doo-dam-a-da  
 Whack fol de daddy-o, whack fol de daddy-o  
 There's whiskey in the jar

I took all his money and it was a pretty penny  
 I put it in me pocket and I took it home to Jenny  
 She swore that she'd love me, never would she leave me  
 The devil take that woman for you know she tricked me easy  
 <Chorus>

Being drunk and weary I went to Jenny's chamber  
 Takin' my Jenny with me and I never knew the danger  
 For about six or maybe seven in walked Captain Farrell  
 I jumped up, fired off me pistols, and I shot him with both barrels  
 <Chorus>

There's some delight in fishin' and some delight in fowlin'  
 And some take delight in their carriages a-rollin'  
 And me, I like sleepin' in me Jenny's chamber  
 But here I am in prison, here I am with a ball and chain yeah  
 <Chorus>

Now I take delight in the juice of the barley  
 And courtin' pretty girls in the mornin' bright and early  
 <Chorus x2>

