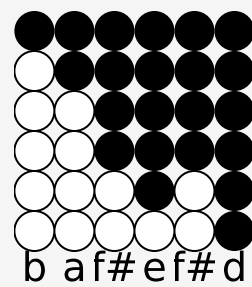
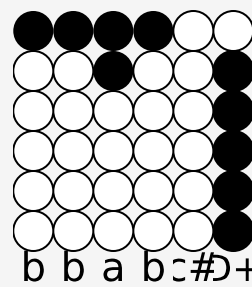
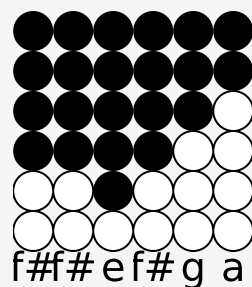
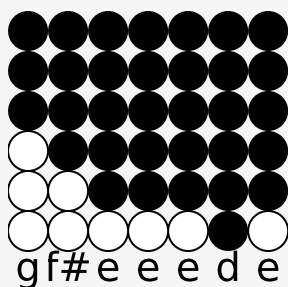
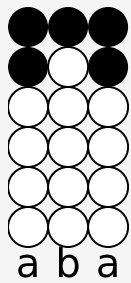
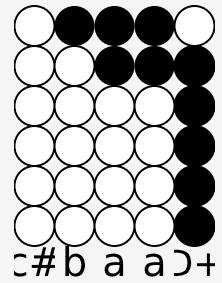
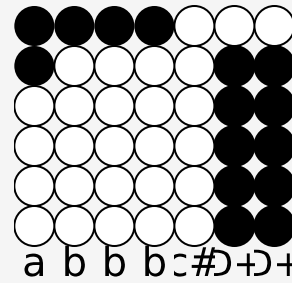
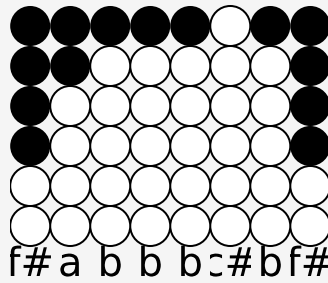
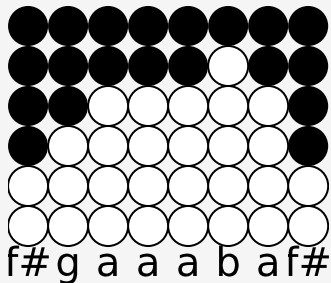
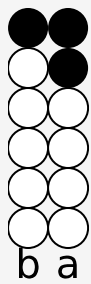
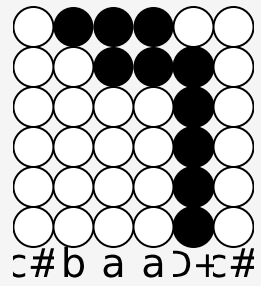
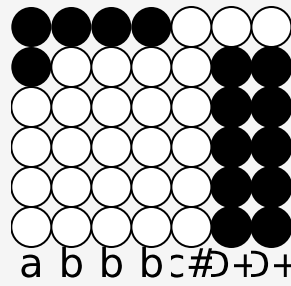
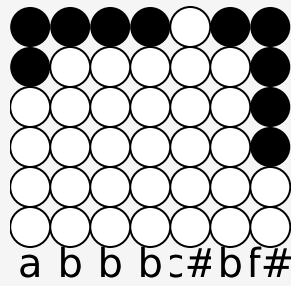
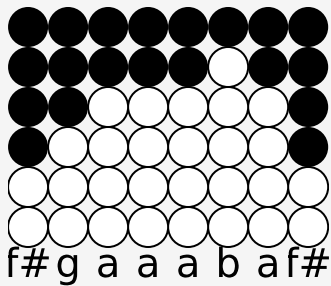


# Tin whistle tabs for: Whiskey in the Jar

Genre: folk

## Tabs



## Lyrics

As I was a goin' over the far famed Kerry mountains  
I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was counting

I first produced my pistol and I then produced my rapier  
Saying "stand and deliver" for he were a bold deceiver  
Mush-a ring dum-a do dum-a da  
Whack fol my daddy-o  
Whack fol my daddy-o  
There's whiskey in the jar  
I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny  
I put it in me pocket and I took 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  
Mush-a ring dum-a do dum-a da  
Whack fol my daddy-o  
Whack fol my daddy-o  
There's whiskey in the jar  
I went up to my chamber, all for to take a slumber  
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure 't was no wonder  
But Jenny drew me charges and she filled them up with water  
Then sent for captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter  
Mush-a ring dum-a do dum-a da  
Whack fol my daddy-o  
Whack fol my daddy-o  
There's whiskey in the jar  
'Twas was early in the morning, just before I rose to travel  
Up comes a band of footmen and likewise Captain Farrell  
I first produced me pistol for she'd stolen away me rapier  
But I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken  
Mush-a ring dum-a do dum-a da  
Whack fol the daddy-o  
Whack for the daddy-o  
There's whiskey in the jar  
Now there's some take delight in the carriages a-rollin'  
And others take delight in the hurley and the bowling  
But I take delight in the juice of the barley  
And courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early  
Mush-a ring dum-a do dum-a da c  
Whack for the daddy-o  
Whack for the daddy-o  
There's whiskey in the jar  
If anyone can aid me 'tis me brother in the army  
If I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney  
And if he'll go with me, we'll go rovin' in Kilkenny  
And I'm sure he'll treat me better than me only sporting Jenny  
Mush-a ring dum-a do dum-a da  
Whack fol the daddy-o  
Whack fol the daddy-o  
There's whiskey in the jar