

WHISKEY IN THE JAR

Widely popular & often-performed traditional Irish tune; modern lyrics go back at least to 1870; the American Metal Band, Metallica, earned a Grammy in 2000 using those lyrics! The song tells of a highwayman spurned by his lover: In Irish lore, one symbol of resistance to British colonialism has been the highwayman.

INTRO: D// A// D///

D Bm
As I was going over, the Cork and Kerry Mountains,
G D A
I met with Captain Farrel, and his money he was countin'.
D Bm
I first produced my pistol, and then produced my rapier;
G D
Saying' "stand and deliver or the devil he may take ya."

A D/
CHORUS: Musha ring dumadoo dumada; WHACK for my daddy-o,
G/ D A D///
WHACK for my daddy-o, there's whiskey in the jar.

D Bm
I took all of his money, and it was a pretty penny;
G D A
I put it in my pocket, and brought it home to Molly.
A Bm
She swore that she loved me, and never she would leave me,
G D
But the devil in that woman, well it made her trick me easy.

CHORUS

D Bm
 Being drunk and weary, I went to Molly's chamber;
 G D A
 I dreamt of all my money and I never knew the danger;
 D Bm
 For later in the evening', in walked the Captain Ferrell,
 G D
 I jumped up, fired my pistols and I shot him with both barrels.

CHORUS

D Bm
 Now, some men like the fishing', and some men like the fowlin';
 G D A
 And there's some men, who like to hear a cannon ball a' roaring'.
 D Bm
 Then me, I like sleeping', 'specially in my Molly's chamber,
 G D
 But here I am in prison, Molly's trick why I was taken.

CHORUS:

A D/
OUTRO: Musha ring doomado doomada, WHACK for my
 daddy-o

G/ D A D//
 I got drunk on whiskey-o, there's whiskey in the jar.

