

WHISKEY IN THE JAR

written by Tommy Scott (1968)

Key: C

Start note: C

Time: 4/4

Strum: D_ du D_ du

Intro: C / / / G7 / / / C / / /

C

Am

1. As I was going over the far fam'd Kerry Mountains,

F

C

Am

I met with Captain Farrell, and his money he was countin',

C

Am

I first pro-duced my pistol and then produced my rapier,

F

C

Am

Say-in': "Stand and deliver for he were a bold de-ceiv-er".

CHORUS:

G7

Musha ring-um a doo-rum a da----

C

C7

...Whack for the dad-dy-O,

F

...Whack for the dad-dy-O.

C

G7

C

There's whisk-ey in the jar.

C

Am

2. I counted out his money, and it made a pretty penny,

F

C

Am

I put it in my pocket, and I took it home to Jenny,

C

Am

She sighed and she swore, that she never would de-ceive me,

F

C

Am

But the devil take the women for they never can be easy.

CHORUS:

G7

Musha ring-um a doo-rum a da----

C

C7

...Whack for the dad-dy-O,

F

...Whack for the dad-dy-O.

C

G7

C

There's whisk-ey in the jar.

C Am
 3. I went up to my chamber... all for to take a slum-ber,
 F C Am
 I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder,
 C Am
 But Jenny drew my charges, and she filled them up with water,
 F C Am
 Then sent for Captain Farrell, to be ready for the slaughter.

CHORUS:

G7

Mu-sha ring-um a doo-rum a da----

C C7

...Whack for the dad-dy-O,

F

...Whack for the dad-dy-O.

C G7 C

There's whisk-ey in the jar.

C Am
 4. 'Twas early in the morning, just be-fore I rose to travel,
 F C Am
 Up comes a band of footmen, and likewise, Captain Farrell,
 C Am
 I first pro-duced my pistol, for she'd stolen a-way my rapier,
 F C Am
 But I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken.

CHORUS:

G7

Mu-sha ring-um a doo-rum a da----

C C7

...Whack for the dad-dy-O,

F

...Whack for the dad-dy-O.

C G7 C

There's whisk-ey in the jar.

KAZOO INSTRUMENTAL:

C/// Am/// F/// C/Am/

C/// Am/// F/// C/Am/

G7/// C/C7/ F/// C/G7/ C/

C Am
 5. They put me in jail with-out a judge or jury.
 F C Am
 For robbin' Captain Farrell in the mor-nin' o so early
 C Am
 They couldn't take my fist, so I knocked down the sentry
 F C Am
 And I bid a fare-well to Sligo Peni-tentiary.

CHORUS:

G7
Mu-sha ring-um a doo-rum a da----
 C C7
...Whack for the dad-dy-O,
 F
...Whack for the dad-dy-O.
 C G7 C
There's whisk-ey in the jar.

C Am
 6. Now some take de-light in the car-ria-ges a rollin'
 F C Am
 And others take de-light in the hurl-in' and the bowl-in'
 C Am
 But I take delight in the juice of the bar-ley
 F C Am
 and courtin' pretty fair maids in the mornin' bright and early.

CHORUS:

G7
Mu-sha ring-um a doo-rum a da----
 C C7
...Whack for the dad-dy-O,
 F
...Whack for the dad-dy-O.
 C G7 C
There's whisk-ey in the jar
 C C7
...Whack for the dad-dy-O,
 F
...Whack for the dad-dy-O.
 C↓ C↓ G7↓ G7↓ C↓
There's whisk-ey in the jar