

# Whiskey in the Jar

## The High Kings

As I was goin' over the Cork and Kerry mountains.  
I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was counting.  
I first produced my pistol and then produced my rapier.  
I said: "Stand and deliver for you are the bold deciever".  
Musha ring dum-a do dum-a da, Whack for my daddy-o,  
Whack for my daddy-o, There's whiskey in the jar. I took all of his money and it was a pretty penny.

I put it in my pocket and i brought 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.  
Musha ring dum-a do dum-a da, Whack for my daddy-o,  
Whack for my daddy-o, There's whiskey in the jar.  
I went into my chamber all for to take a slumber.  
I dreamt of golden jewels and for sure it was a wonder.  
For Jenny drew my charges and she filled them up with water.  
Then sent for Captian Farrell to be ready for the slaughter.  
Musha ring dum-a do dum-a da, Whack for my daddy-o,  
Whack for my daddy-o, There's whiskey in the jar. Twas early in the mornin' just before i rose to travel.

Up came a band of footmen and likewise Captain Farrell.  
So I first produced my pistol, for she stole away my rapier.  
But i couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner i was taken.  
Musha ring dum-a do dum-a da, Whack for my daddy-o,  
Whack for my daddy-o, There's whiskey in the jar. Musha ring dum-a do dum-a da, Whack for my daddy-o,

Whack for my daddy-o, There's whiskey in the jar.  
If anyone can aid me it's my brother in the Army,  
And if i could find his station in Cork or in Killarney,  
And if he'd go with me we'd go rovin' through Killkenny,  
And im sure he'd treat me better than my darlin' sportin' Jenny.  
Musha ring dum-a do dum-a da, Whack for my daddy-o,  
Whack for my daddy-o, There's whiskey in the jar. Musha ring dum-a do dum-a da, Whack for my daddy-o,  
Whack for my daddy-o, There's whiskey in the jar. (x2)

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>