

# Whiskey In The Jar - Metalica

As I was going over the Cork and Kerry mountains  
I saw Captain Farrell and his money he was counting  
I first produced my pistol and then produced my rapier  
I said "stand and deliver or the devil he may take you"

C Am
F C
C Am
F C

## Chorus

I took all of his money and it was a pretty penny  
I took all of his money, yeah, and I brought it home to Molly  
She swore that she loved me, no, never would she leave me  
But the devil take that woman, yeah, for you know she tricked me

Musha rain dum-a-do-dum-a-da      G  
Whack for my daddy-o                      C  
Whack for my daddy-o                      F  
There's whiskey in the jar-o              C G C

Being drunk and weary I went to Molly's chamber  
Taking Molly with me, but I never knew the danger  
For about six or maybe seven, yeah, in walked Captain Farrell  
I jumped up, fired my pistols, and I shot him with both barrels,

C Am
F C
C Am
F C

## Chorus

Now some men like the fishing and some men like the fowling  
And some men like to hear, to hear the cannonball a-roaring  
Me I like sleeping, especially in my Molly's chamber  
But here I am in prison, here I am with a ball and chain, yeah

## Chorus

# Whiskey In The Jar - Irish Folk

As I was going over the far famed Kerry mountains C Am  
I met with captain Farrell and his money he was counting. F C  
I first produced me pistol, and then produced me rapier. C Am  
Said stand and deliver, for I am a bold deceiver, F C

Chorus-----

musha ring dumma do damma da G  
whack for the daddy 'ol C  
whack for the daddy 'ol F  
there's whiskey in the jar C G C

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I counted out his money, and it made a pretty penny. C Am  
I put it in my pocket and I took it home to Jenny. F C  
She said and she swore, that she never would deceive me, C Am  
but the devil take the women, for they never can be easy F C

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

It was early in the morning, as I rose up for travel, C Am  
The guards were all around me and likewise Captain Farrel. F C  
I first produced my pistol, for she stole away my rapier, C Am  
But I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken. F C

If anyone can aid me, it's my brother in the army, C Am  
If I can find his station down in Cork or in Killarney. F C  
And if he'll come and save me, we'll go roving near Kilkenny, C Am  
And I swear he'll treat me better than me darling sportling Jenny F C

Now some men take delight in the drinking and the roving, C Am  
But others take delight in the gambling and the smoking. F C  
But I take delight in the juice of the barley, C Am  
And courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early F C