

WHISKEY IN THE JAR

C Am
As I was a-goin' over Gilgarra mountains
F C Am
I met Colonel Pepper and his money he was counting
F C Am
I drew forth my pistol and I rattled my sabre
F C Am
Saying "stand and deliver, for I am a bold deceiver"

CHORUS:

G G7
Musha ring-um duram da
C
Whack for de daddy-o
F
Whack for de daddy-o
C G C
There's whiskey in the jar

The shining yellow coins did sure look bright and jolly
I took the money home and I gave it to my Molly
She promised and she vowed that she never would deceive me
But the devil's in the women for they never can be easy

-CHORUS-

When I awoke between the hours of six and seven
Guards were standing 'round me in numbers odd and even
I flew to my pistols, but alas I was mistaken
I fired off my pistols and a prisoner was taken

-CHORUS-

They put me in jail without a judge or jury
For robbing Colonel Pepper in the morning so early
They didn't take my fist so I knocked down the sentry
And I bid a long farewell to that cold penitentiary

-CHORUS-

Some take delight in fishing and bowling
Others take delight in carriage a-rollin'
I take delight in the juice of the barley
Courting pretty women in the morning so early

-CHORUS-