

Whiskey in the Jar

Irish Folksong
Arr. Stefan Fieser

Brisk

Verse




1. As I was go - ing o - ver the Cork and Ker - ry moun - tains I
2. He coun - ted out his mon - ey and it was a pret - ty pen - ny, I
3. I went in - to my cham - ber all for to take a slum - ber, I
4. 'Twas ear - ly in the mor - ning, be - fore I rose to trav - el, up
5. If a - ny - one can help me, it's my bro - ther in the ar - my, if

Brisk

C

Am

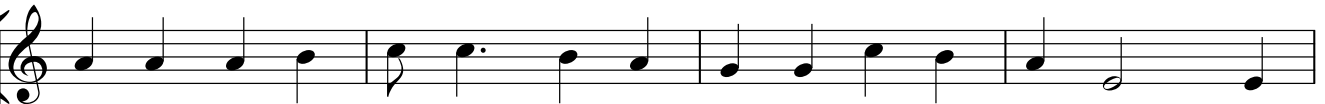
Piano



etc.

5

V.

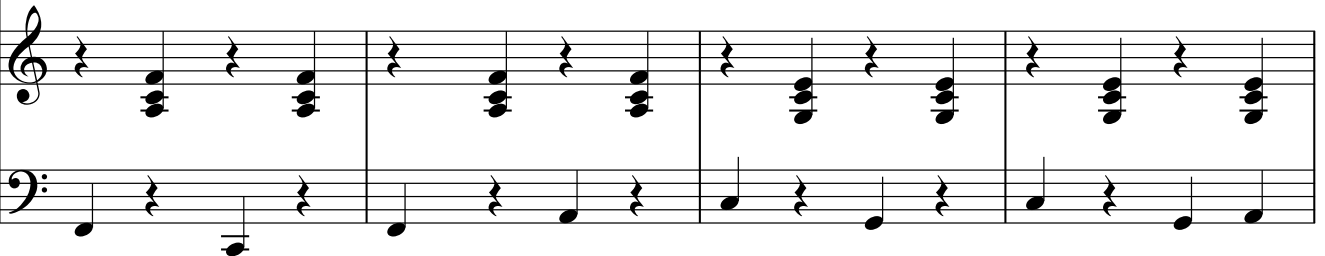


- met with Cap - tain Far - rel, and his mon - ey he was coun - ting. I
- put it in my poc - ket and I took it home to Jen - ny, she
- dreamt of gold and jew - els and for sure it was no won - der, but
- crept a band of foot - men and sure with them Cap - tain Far - rel. I
- I could learn his sta - tion, be it Cork or in Kil - lar - ney, and


F

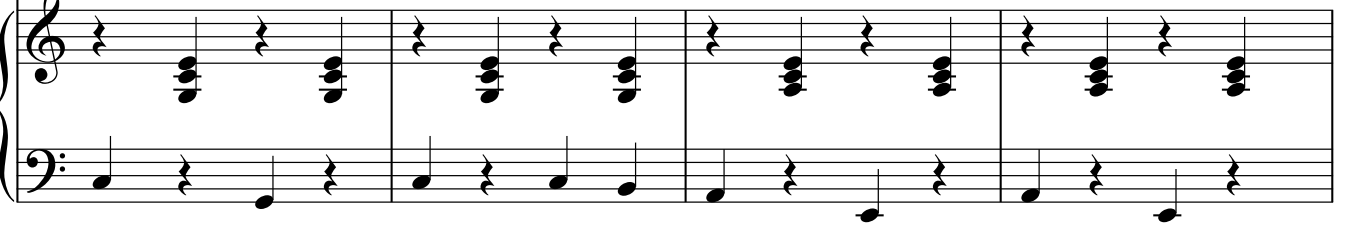
C

Pno.



9

V. 
 first pro-duced my pis - tol and then pro-duced my ra - pier, say - ing
 sighed and she swore that nev - er she would leave me, but the
 Jen - ny drew my char - ges and filled them up with wa - ter, and she
 then pro-duced my pis - tol for she stole a - way my rap - ier, but I
 if he'd come and join me we'd go ro - ving in Kil - ken - ny, I
 C Am

Pno. 

13

V. 
 "Stand and de - li - ver for you are my bold de - cei - ver."
 dev - il take the wo - man for they nev - er can be ea - sy.
 sent for Cap - tain Far - rell to be rea - dy for the slaugh - ter.
 could - n't shoot the wa - ter so a pris' - ner I was ta - ken.
 know he'd treat me fair - er than my dar - lin', spor - tin' Jen - ny!
 F C

Pno. 

17

T.  Du da! Whack fol the dad-dy oh!_
With your ring dum-a do du-na da! Whack fol the dad-dy oh!_

B.  Du da! Whack fol the dad-dy oh!_

Pno.  G C

22

V.  (As)

T.  Whack fol the dad-dy oh! There'swhis-key in the jar.
Whack fol the dad-dy oh! There'swhis-key in the jar.

B.  Whack fol the dad-dy oh! There'swhis-key in the jar.

Pno.  F C G C