

Whiskey In The Jar

As I was going over Kilgary Mountain
I met Colonel pepper and his money he was counting
I drew first my pistol and I rattled out me rapier saying
Stand and deliver for I am a bold deceiver

Mush – a – rig gum - a duruma – da Whack fol di – daddy – oh
Whack fol di – daddy – oh There ´s whiskey in the jar

Those gold and silver coins they sure did look inviting
so I picked up the pennies and I took it home to Jenny
She promised and she swore that she never would deceive me
But the devil ´s in the women and they always lie so easy

Mush – a – rig gum - a duruma – da Whack fol di – daddy – oh
Whack fol di – daddy – oh There ´s whiskey in the jar

They threw me in jail without a judge or writin ´
For robbing Colonel Pepper on that damned Kilgary Mountain
But they didn ´t take my fists, so I knocked the centry down
And bid a fond farewell to that jail in Salem town

Mush – a – rig gum - a duruma – da Whack fol di – daddy – oh
Whack fol di – daddy – oh There ´s whiskey in the jar

Now some take delight in fishing or in bowling
Others take delight in the carriages rolling
But I take delight in the juice of the barley
And courting pretty maidens in the morning bright and early

Mush – a – rig gum - a duruma – da Whack fol di – daddy – oh
Whack fol di – daddy – oh There ´s whiskey in the jar