

Whiskey in the Jar

The Brothers Four

I have been a rover, I have been a bold deceiver
And now I earn my livin' with my pistol and my rapier
I don't know what I've stolen, but 'twould make a pretty penny
And now I've lost it all to my darlin' sportin' Jenny

Musha rig um dur um da
Whack fol the daddy-o
Whack fol the daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar

I robbed Colonel Farrell up on Gilgarry Mountain
I took the gold to Jenny just to help me with the countin'
But Jenny called the guards, and I've never saw that many
I almost lost my freedom to my darlin' sportin' Jenny

Musha rig um dur um da
Whack fol the daddy-o
Whack fol the daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar

I'd like to find me brother, he's the one who's in the army
I don't know where he's stationed, be it Cork or in Kilarney
Together we'd go roamin' throgth the mountains of Kilkenny
I'd swear he'd treat me fairer than my darlin' sportin' Jenny

Musha rig um dur um da
Whack fol the daddy-o
Whack fol the daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar

'Twas early in the morning at the barracks of Kilarney
My brother took his leave but he didn't tell the army
Our horses, they were speedy, 'twas all over but the shoutin'
Now we make our livin' up on Gilgarry Mountain

Musha rig um dur um da
Whack fol the daddy-o
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