

Seven Nations, Whiskey In The Jar

Whiskey in the Jar
(Traditional)

Spoken:

All beside the river deep, the warriors there a vigil keep
When the sun does rise and the day does break
The warriors say "the west's awake";

As I was a rovin' over the Cork and Kerry mountains,
I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was countin'
I first produced my pistol, and then produced my rapier
Sayin' stand and deliver for I am your bold receiver

Well shirigim duraham da
Wack fall the daddy oh, wack fall the daddy oh
There's whiskey in the jar.

Well I counted out his money it made a pretty penny
I put it in my pocket and took it home to Jenny
She sighed and she swore that she never would deceive me
But the devil take the women for you know she tricked me easy

I went into me chamber all for to take a slumber
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder
For Jenny stole my pistols, she filled them up with water
Then she sent for Farrell to get ready for the slaughter

It was early in the morning, before I rose to travel
The guards all around me and likewise Captain Farrell
I first produced my pistol for she'd stole away my rapier
But I couldn't shoot with water so I prisoner I was taken

I don't know who can aid me, my brother's in the army
I don't know where he's stationed be it Cork or in Killarney
Together we'll go roving o'r the mountains of Killkenney
I know he'd treat me better than me darling' sporting Jenny

It was early in the morning at the barracks in Killarney
My brother took his leave, but he didn't tell the army
The horses they were bought, it's all over but the shouting
Now we wait for Farrell up on Killkenney Mountain