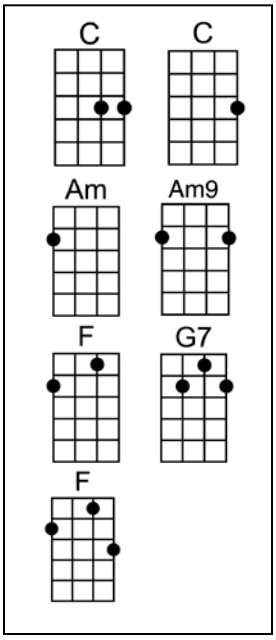
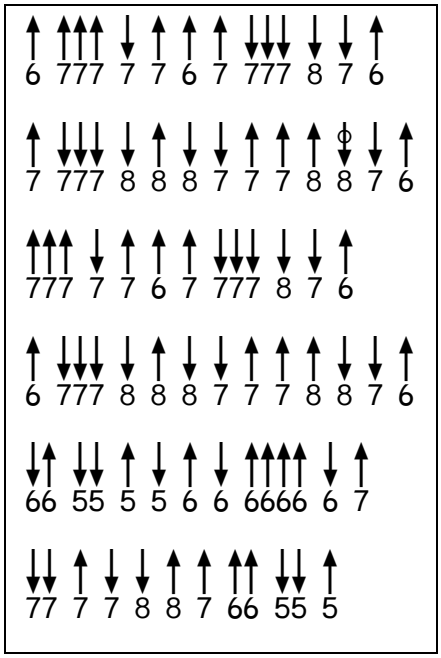
Whiskey in the Jar

Traditional Irish

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

CHORUS – after each verse
          G                 G7
Musha ringum duram da
C                   C7
Whack! Fol de daddy-o
F
Whack! Fol de daddy-o
             C       G7     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 and they never can be easy

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

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

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