



SHAMROCK WHISKEY IN THE JAR

As I was going' over the Cork and Kerry mountains
I saw Captain Farrell and his money he was counting
I first produced my pistol and I then produced my ravener
I said stand or deliver or the devil he may take ya

Musha ring dum a do dum a da.
Whack for my daddy-o,
Whack for my daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar-o

I took all of his money and it was a pretty penny.
I took all of his money and I brought it home to Molly
She swore that she loved me never would she leave me
But the devil take that woman for you know she tricked me easy

chorus

Being drunk and weary I went to Molly's chamber takin' my Molly with me
And I never knew the danger for about six or maybe seven, in walked Captain Farrell.
I jumped up, fired off my pistols and I shot him with both barrels.

Chorus

Now some men like the fishin' and some men like the fowlin',
and some men like ta hear, the cannon ball a roarin'.
Me? I like sleepin' especially in my Molly's chamber.
But here I am in prison, here I am with ball and chain, yeah