

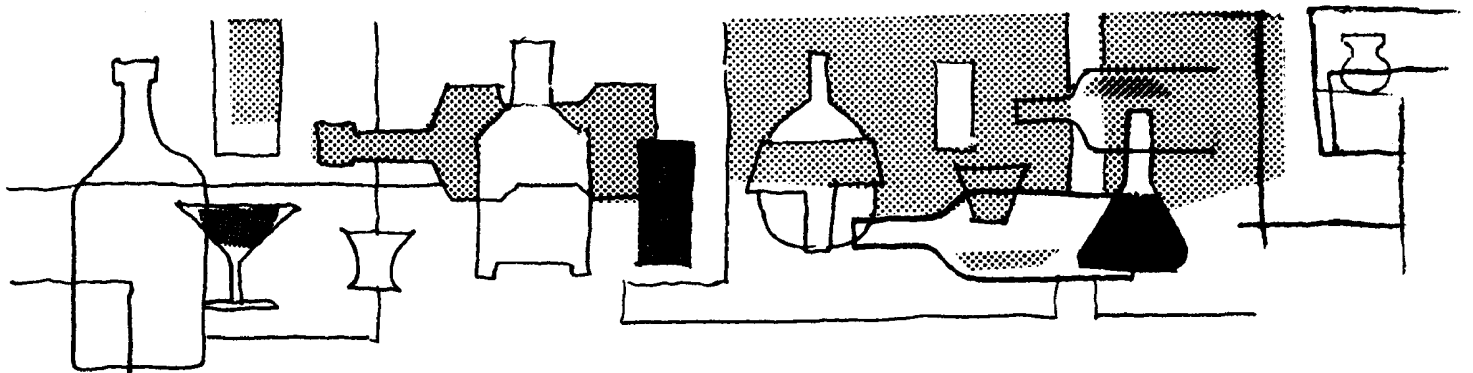


WHISKY IN THE JAR

As I was agoin' over Gilgarra Mountain, I spied
Colonel Farrwell and his money he was countin'.
First I drew my pistols and then I drew my
rapier, sayin' "stand and deliever for I am your
bold deciever".

Ref: Musha ringum duram da, whack fol the
daddyo, whack fol the daddyo, there's
whisky in the jar

He counted out his money and it made a pretty
penny, I put it in my pocket to take home to
darlin' Jenny. She sighed and swore she loved me
and never would deceive me, but the devil take
the women for they always lie so easy. Ref.



I went into my chamber all for to take a slumber
to dream of gold and girls and of course it was
no wonder, for Jenny drew my charges and she
filled them up with water, called on Colonel
Farrell to get ready for the slaughter. Ref.

Next morning early before I rose for travel
acame a band of footman and likewise Colonel
Farrwell, I go to draw my pistol for she'd stole
away my rapier, but a prisoner I was taken
I couldn't shoot the water. Ref.

They put me into jail with a judge all a-writin'
Robbin Colonel Farrell on Gilgarra Mountain
but they didn't take my fists and I knocked the
jailer down and bid a farewell to this tight
fisted town. Ref.

I'd like to find me brother, the one that's in the
army. I don't know where he's stationed in
Cork or in Kilkenny. Together we'd go roamin'
o'er the mountains of Kilkenny and I swear he'd
treat me fairer than me darlin' sportin' Jenny. Ref.

There's some takes delight in the carriages and
rollin'. Some takes delight in the hurley or the
bollin', but I take delight in the juice of the
barley, courtin' pretty maids in the mornin'
oh so early. Ref.

