

Whiskey In The Jar

C
Am
 As I was a-goin' over Gilgary Mountain,
F
C
Am
 I met Colonel Pepper and his money he was counting
F
C
Am
 I drew forth my pistol and I rattled out my sab
F
C
Am
 "Stand and deliver for I am a bold deceiver."

Chorus:

G7
 Mush-a- rig-gum dur-um dye.
C
 Whack fol di dad-dy-o,
F
 Whack fol di dad-dy-o,
C
G7
C
 There's whiskey in the jar.

Those gold and silver coins they sure did look
 So I picked up the money and I took it home t(
 She promised and she swore that she never
 would deceive me;
 But the Devil's in the women and they never c

When I awoke, 'twas between six and seven,
 The guards they were around me, in numbers
 odd and even.
 I sprang for my pistols, but alas I was mistakei
 For Molly took my pistols and prisoner I was t

They threw me in jail, without a judge or writ:
 For robbin' Colonel Pepper on that damn
 Gilgary Mountain.
 But they didn't take my fists, so I knocked
 the sentry down,
 And bid a fond farewell to that jail in Salem t<

Now, some take delight in fishing and in bowl
 Others take delight in the carriages a-rolling.
 But I take delight in the juice of the barley,
 And courtin' pretty maidens in the morning,
 bright and early.