Whiskey In The Jar 3.0

Irish Folk

Ed von Schleck

Soprano

1. As I was go-in' o-ver the far famed Ker-ry mountains I
counted out his mo-ney and it made a pret-ty pen-ny I
went up to me cham-ber, all for to take a slum-ber I
ear-ly in the morn-ing, just be-fore I rose to tra-vel up

Tenor

met with cap-tain Farrell and his mon-ey he was count-ing I
put it in me pocket and I took it home to Jen-ny she
dreamt of gold and je-wels and for sure it was no won-der but
comes a band of foot-men and like-wise cap-tain Farrell I

Bass

first produced me pis-tol and then pro-duced me rap-i-er said
sighed and she swore that she ne-ver would de-ceive me but the
Jenny blew me charges and she filled them up with wa-ter then
first produced me pis-tol for she stole a-way me ra-pier but I

Chorus

“Stand and de-li-ver” for he were a bold de-cei-ver Re-frain mush-a
dev-il take the wo-men for they ne-ver can be ea-sy
sent for cap-tain Farrell to be rea-dy for the slaugh-ter
couldn't shoot the wa-ter, so a priso-ner I was ta-ken
ring dum a do dum a da.  

wack fall  the dad-dy - o, 

wack fall  the dad-dy - o  there's whiskey in the jar oh  

2. I  

3. I 

4. It was 

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