

# Whiskey In The Jar

Irishes Volkslied  
Satz: Stefan Fieser

*Solo - Rhythmisch frei zu interpretieren !*

8

As I was go - ing o - ver the Cork and Ker - ry moun-tains I  
He coun-ted out his mo - ney and it was a pret - ty pen - ny, I  
I went in - to my cham - ber all for to take a slum - ber, I  
'Twas ear - ly in the mor - ning be - for I rose to tra - vel, up  
If an - y - one can help mei t's my bro - ther in the ar - my, if

Hm

Hm

8

met with cap-tain Far - rel and his mon - ey he was coun-ting. I  
put it in my pock - et and I took it home to Jen - ny, she  
dreamt of gold and je - wels and for sure it was no won - der, for  
crept a band of foot-men and sure with them Cap-tain Far - rel, I  
I could learn his sta - tion be it Cork or in Kil - lar - ney, and

Hm

Hm

8

first pro-duced my pis - tol and then pro - duced my ra - pier, say - ing  
sigh-ed and she swore that ne - ver she would leave me, but the  
Jen - ny drew my char - ges and the filled them up with wa - ter, and she  
the pro-duced my pis - tol for she stole a - way my ra - pier, but I  
if he'd come and join me we'd go ro - ving in Kil - ken - ny, I know

Hm

Hm

8 "Stand and de - li - ver for you are my bold de - cei - ver.  
 devil take the wo-man for they ne - ver can be ea - sy.  
 sent for Cap - tain Far - rel to be rea - dy for the slaugh - ter.  
 coudn't shoot the wa - ter so a pris' - nor I was ta - ken.  
 he'd treat me fai - rer than my dar - ling spor - ting Jen - ny.

Hm \_\_\_\_\_ Hm \_\_\_\_\_

With your

8 Du da! \_\_\_\_\_ Whack fol the dad - dy oh!  
 ring dum - a do du - na da!

8 Whack fol the dad - dy oh! There's whis - key in the jar.