

Whiskey in the jar

Chanson traditionnelle irlandaise. Le rythme indiqué est celui du premier couplet : les couplets suivants nécessitent quelques adaptations en fonctions des accents et de la quantité des syllabes.

As

5

I was go - in' o - ver the far famed Ker - ry moun - tains I
 coun - ted out his mon - ey and it made a pret - ty pen - ny I
 went up to my cham - ber, all for to take a slum - ber I
 ear - ly in the mor - ning, just be - fore I rose to tra - vel Up
 some - one take de - light in the car riages of rol - ling And
 anyone can aid me 't my broth - er in the ar - my If

Do Si Lam

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met with cap - tain Far - rell and his mon - ey he was count - ing I
 put it in me pock - et and I took it home to Jen - ny She
 dreamt of gold and je - wels and for sure 't was no won - der But
 comes a band of foot - men and like - wise cap - tain Far - rell I
 o - thers take de - light in the hur - ling and the bow - ling But
 I can find his sta tion in Cork or in Kil - lar - ney And

Lam Sol Fa

15

first pro · duced me pis - tol, they then produced — me ra - pier Saying
 sighed — and she swore — that she nev - er — would de - ceive me But the
 Jenny — drew me char - ges and she filled them up — with wa - ter Then
 first pro · duced me pis - tol for she sto - len a - way me ra - pier I
 I — take de - light — in the juice — of the bar - ley And
 if he'll go with me — we'll go rovin' — in Kill - ken - ney And I'm

Do Si Lam Do

20

«stand and I de - li - ver» for he were a bold de - cei - ver. Mu - sha
 devil — take the wo - men for they ne - ver can be ea - sy. _____
 sent for cap - tain Far - rell to be rea - dy for the slaugh - ter. _____
 could - n't shoot the wa - ter, so a pri - soner I was ta - ken. _____
 cour - ting pret - ty fair maids in the mor - ning bright and ear - ly. _____
 sure he'll treat me bet - ter than my own a - sport - ing Jen - ny. _____

Do Si Lam

ring dum do dum da whack fall the dad - dy o, —

Sol Fa Do

25

12345

whack fall the dad - dy - o — There's whis - key in the jar — I
I
And 't
There's
If

Si Lam Sol

6.

30

jar Mush - a ring dum do dum da whack fall the

Do Sol Lam Fa

35

dad - dy o, — whack fall the dad - dy o — there's whis - key in the jar. —

Do Sol Do Si Sol

1. As I was a goin' over the far famed Kerry mountains
I met with captain Farrell and his money he was counting
I first produced me pistol and I then produced me rapier
Saying « Stand and deliver » for he were a bold deceiver

Refrain : Mush-a ring dum-a do dum-a da
Wack fall the daddy-o, wack fall the daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar

2. I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny
I put it in me pocket and I took it home to Jenny
She sighed and she swore that she never would deceive me
But the devil take the women for they never can be easy

3. I went up to my chamber, all for to take a slumber
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure 't was no wonder
But Jenny drew me charges and she filled them up with water
Then sent for captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter

4. And 't was early in the morning, just before I rose to travel
Up comes a band of footmen and likewise captain Farrell
I first produced me pistol for she stolen away me rapier
I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken

5. There's some take delight in the carriages a rolling
and others take delight in the hurling and the bowling
but I take delight in the juice of the barley
and courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early

6. If anyone can aid me 't is my brother in the army
If I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney
And if he'll go with me, we'll go rovin' in Killkenney
And I'm sure he'll treat me better than my own a-sporting Jenny

Mush-a ring...

1. Alors que j'allais sur la montagne de Kerry
J'ai rencontré le Colonel Farrell qui comptait sa monnaie
J'ai d'abord sorti mon pistolet puis j'ai sorti ma rapière
En disant « la bourse ou la vie, car je suis votre crédeur »

Refrain : Mush-a ring dum-a do dum-a da
Wack fall the daddy-o, wack fall the daddy-o
Y'a du whiskey dans la cruche

2. Il a compté sa monnaie et ça faisait une belle somme
Je l'ai mise dans ma poche et l'ai portée à la maison à Jenny
Elle a soupiré et juré qu'elle m'aimait et ne me trahirait jamais
Mais au diable les femmes car elles mentent toujours si facilement

3. Je suis monté dans ma chambre pour faire un somme
j'ai rêvé d'argent et de filles et bien sûr ce n'est pas étonnant
Mais Jenny a pris mes cartouches et les a remplies d'eau
Puis a appelé le Colonel Farrell pour qu'il soit prêt pour l'abattage

4. Tôt le lendemain matin avant que je me lève pour partir
Est arrivée la troupe et sans doute le Colonel Farrell
J'ai de suite pris mon pistolet car elle m'avait pris ma rapière
Je n'ai pas pu tirer avec de l'eau et j'ai été fait prisonnier

5. Il y en a qui trouvent le plaisir à rouler dans des carrosses
D'autres trouvent le plaisir dans le hurling ou le bowling
Mais moi je prends mon plaisir dans le jus de l'orge
Et à courtiser les jolies femmes de chambre au petit matin

6. J'aimerais retrouver mon frère, celui qui est à l'armée
Si je peux retrouver son régiment, à Cork ou à Killarney
S'il vient avec moi, on ira bourlinguer à Kilkenny
Et je suis certain qu'il me traitera mieux que ma bonne Jenny

Refrain