

## BRENNAN ON THE MOOR

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It's of a brave young highwayman this story I will tell  
His name was Willie Brennan and in Ireland he did dwell  
'Twas on the Kilworth Mountains he commenced his wild career  
And may a wealthy nobleman before him shook with fear

[CHORUS]

Brennan on the moor, Brennan on the moor  
Bold brave and undaunted was young Brennan on the moor!

One day upon the highway [or: *mountains* ] as Willie he went down  
He met the Mayor of Cashel a mile outside the town  
The Mayor knew his features, and he said, "Young man," said he  
"Your name is Willie Brennan, you must come along with me."

Now Brennan's wife had gone to town, provisions for to buy  
And when she saw her Willie, she commenced to weep and cry  
He said, "Hand to me that tenpenny" - as soon as Willie spoke  
She handed him a blunderbuss from underneath her cloak.

Then with this loaded blunderbuss, the truth I will unfold  
He made the Mayor to tremble and robbed him of his gold  
One hundred pounds was offered for his apprehension there  
So he with horse and saddle to the mountains did repair.  
Did...

Now Willie met a packman by the name of Peddler Bawn  
They travelled on together till the day began to dawn  
The peddler seeing his money gone, likewise his watch and chain  
He at once encountered Willie and he robbed them back again!  
From...

Now Brennan being an outlaw upon the mountains high  
With cavalry and infantry to take him they did try  
He laughed at them with scorn, until at last 'twas said  
By a falsehearted comrade he was cruelly betrayed  
Was ...

When he was taken prisoner, in irons he was bound  
And down in gloomy Clonmel jail, strong walls did him surround  
When the jury found him guilty, the judge made this reply:  
"For robbing on the King's highway now Brennan you must die"  
Oh ...