

## Irish Folksongs

### "BRENNAN ON THE MOOR"

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'Tis of a brave young highwayman  
This story I will tell  
His name was Willie Brennan  
And in Ireland he did dwell  
It was on the Kilwood Mountain  
He commenced his wild career  
And many a wealthy nobleman  
Before him shook with fear

Chorus:

It was Brennan on the moor  
Brennan on the moor  
Bold, brave and undaunted  
Was young Brennan on the moor

One day upon the highway  
As young Willie he went down  
He met the mayor of Cashiell  
A mile outside of town  
The mayor he knew his features  
And he said, Young man, said he  
Your name is Willie Brennan  
You must come along with me

Chorus:

It was Brennan on the moor  
Brennan on the moor  
Bold, brave and undaunted  
Was young Brennan on the moor

Now Brennan's wife had gone to town  
Provisions for to buy  
And when she saw her Willie  
She commenced to weep and cry  
Said, Hand to me that tenpenny  
As soon as Willie spoke  
She handed him a blunderbuss  
From underneath her cloak

Chorus:

It was Brennan on the moor

Brennan on the moor  
Bold, brave and undaunted  
Was young Brennan on the moor

Now with this loaded blunderbuss  
The truth I will unfold  
He made the mayor to tremble  
And he 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

Chorus:  
It was Brennan on the moor  
Brennan on the moor  
Bold, brave and undaunted  
Was young Brennan on the moor

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 fa

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