

Brennan On The Moor

C G7 C
Tis of a brave young highwayman this story I will tell
C F C
His name was Willie Brennan and in Ireland he did dwell
Am F C
It was on the Kilwood Mountain he commenced his wild career
F C Em
And many a wealthy nobleman before him shook with fear

C Em
Brennan on the moor, Brennan on the moor
F C G7 C
Bold, brave 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

Brennan on the moor, Brennan on the moor
Bold, brave 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

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

Now with this loaded blunderbuss - the truth I will unfold -
He made the mayor 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

Brennan on the moor, Brennan on the moor
Bold, brave 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 false-hearted woman he was cruelly betrayed

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