Brennan on the Moor

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 Kilwood Mountains he commenced his wild career,
And many a wealthy nobleman before him shook with fear.

And it's Brennan on the moor, Brennan on the moor,
Bold, brave and undaunted was young Brennan on the moor.

One day upon the highway as Willie he went down,
He met the mayor of Cashiell a mile outside the 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."

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.

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.

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, 'tis said,
By a false-hearted woman he was cruelly betrayed.