

Brennan On The Moor,

4/5

Memo
IT'S
It's of a fearless highway man, a story I will tell, His name was Willie

Brennan and in Ireland he did dwell. It was on old Calvert Mountain, he began

his wild career, and many a merry gentleman, before him shook with fear,
CHORAS.

Brennan on the Moor, Brennan on the Moor, Bold, brave, undaunted, stood, Brennan

on the Moor,

In the county Tipperary, near a place called Clonmore,
They captured Willie Brennan, and wounded him full sore,
The jury found him guilty, and the judge passes his reply,
For robbing on the king's highway, you are condemned to die, CHORAS,

Bold Brennan's wife she came to town, provisions for to buy,
she saw her Willie captured, and she began to cry.
He told her to stop her crying, and soon as Willie spoke,
She handed him a blunderbuss, from underneath, her cloak, CHORAS.

So with his brace of pistol's he traveled night and day,
But he never robbed a peer man, upon the King's highway,
He always took it from the rich, like robber's in distress,
And always did divide it with a widow in distress,

When Willie met a packman, all on the King's highway,
He took him for a comrade, untill his dying day,
but Willie's wounded shoulder began to give him pain,
And soon Poor Willie Brennan, was captured once again,

Farewell unto my loving wife, likewise my children three
And to my aged father, who said many a prayer for me,
Likewise my aged mother, who tore her hair and cried,
Better far, if Willie Brennan, in his cradle had died,,

M. CW