

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 that he commenced his wild career

And many a wealthy nobleman before him shook with fear.

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.

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.

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 'twas said:

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

They took Brennan to the crossroads and there he hung and died

And still they say that in the night that some can see him ride

They see him with his blunderbuss all in the midnight still

And all along the King's Highway rides Willie Brennan still