

Brennan On The Moor

Burl Ives

Tis of a brave young highwayman, this story we will tell
His name was Willie Brennan and in Ireland, he did dwell
'Twas on the Kilworth mountains, he commenced his wild career
And many a noble wealthy man before him shook with fear

Chorus:

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 Cashell a mile outside the town
Now, the mayor, he knew his features and he said "young man," s
aid 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 mountain 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 it last was said
By a false hearted woman, he was cruelly betrayed

They took Willie to the crossroads and there they hung him high
But still they say that in the night, there's some that see him
ride
They see him with his bluderbuss all in the midnight chill
As all along the King's Highway rides Willie Brennan still