

GILGARRA MOUNTAIN

Peter Yarrow -*Silver Dawn Music* -ASCAP

D Bm
As I was a goin' over Gilgarra Mountain
G D
I spied Colonel Farrell and his money he was countin'
D Bm
First I drew me pistols, and then I drew me rapier, sayin'
G D
"Stand and deliver for I am your bold deceiver"

Refrain:

A7
Mush-a-ring-um duram da
D
Whack fol the daddy o
G
Whack fol the daddy o
D A7 D
There's whiskey in the jar.

He counted out his money and it made a pretty penny
I put in me pocket to take home to darlin' Jenny
She sighed and swore she loved me
And never would deceive me
But the devil take the women for they always lie so easy (*Refrain*)

I went into me chamber all for to take a slumber
To dream of gold and girls and o'course it was no wonder
Me Jenny took me charges and she filled them up with water
Called on Colonel Farrell to get ready for the slaughter (*Refrain*)

Next mornin' early before I rose to travel
A' came a band o' footmen and likewise Colonel Farrell
I goes to draw me pistol for she'd stole away me rapier
But a prisoner I was taken, I couldn't shoot the water (*Refrain*)

They put me into jail with the judge all a-writin'
For robbin' Colonel Farrell on Gilgarra Mountain
But they didn't take me fists so I knocked the jailer down
And bid a farewell to this tight-fisted town (*Refrain*)

I'd like to find me brother, the one that's in the army
I don't know where he's stationed, in Cork or in Killarney
Together we'd go roamin'o'er the mountains of Kilkenny
And I swear he'd treat me fairer than me darlin' sportin' Jenny (*Refrain*)

There's some takes delight in the carriages and rollin'
And some takes delight in the hurley or the bollin'
But I takes delight in the juice of the barley
Courtin' pretty maids in the mornin' oh so early
(*Refrain*)