

GILGARRA MOUNTAIN

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

C-5
 (C)

D - G
Mush-a-ring-um duram da. whack fol the daddy o.
 Em C G D G
whack fol the daddy o, there's whiskey in the jar.

2. G Em
 He counted out his money and it made a pretty penny,
 C G
 I put it in me pocket to take home to darlin' Jenny.
 Em
 She sighed and swore she loved me, and never would deceieve me,
 C G
 but the devil take the women for they always li...e so easy. + CHORUS

- G Em
 3. I went into me chamber all for to take a slumber,
 C G
 to dream of gold and girls and o'course it was no wonder.
 Em
 Me Jenny took me charges and she filled them up with water ,
 C G
 called on Colonel Farrell to get ready for the slaughter. + CHORUS

- G Em
 4. Next mornin' early, before I rose to travel,
 C G
 a' came a band o' footmen and likewise Colonel Farrell.
 Em
 I goes to draw me pistol for she'd stole away me rapier,
 C G
 but a prisoner I was taken, I couldn't shoot the water. + CHORUS

5. 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.

Mush-a-ring-um duram da, whack fol the daddy o,
 whack fol the daddy o, there's whiskey in the jar.

6. 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.

+ CHORUS

7. 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' o...h so early. + CHORUS

(capo 1st)

(Peter, Paul & Mary)