

## GILGARRA MOUNTAIN – Peter, Paul and Mary

As I was a goin' over Gilgarra Mountain, I spied Colonel Farrell, and his money he was countin'.

First I drew me pistols, and then I drew me rapier, sayin' "Stand and deliver, for I am your bold deceiver."

CHORUS:

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

He counted out his money and it made a pretty penny. I put it 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. CHORUS

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. CHORUS

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. CHORUS

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 CHORUS

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

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. CHORUS