

Walking At Night

G

Tis of 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
He commenced his wild career,

C

And many a wealthy nobleman

G

Before him shook with fear.

Chorus:

D7 G

It was Brennan on the Moor,

Brennan on the Moor,

C

G

Bold, brave and undaunted

C

G

Was young Brennan on the Moor.

One day upon the highway
As Willie he went down,
He met the Mayor of Cashiell
A mile outside the 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."
And it's Brennan, etc.

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.
And it's Brennan, etc.

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.
Did young Brennan, etc.

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.
Was young Brennan, etc.**