XXVI. BRENNAN ON THE MOOR.





2 A brace of loaded pistols he did carry night and day,

He never robbed a poor man all on the King's highway;

But what he'd taken from the rich, like Turpin and Black Bess,

He always did divide between the widows in distress. *Chorus*. Bold, etc.

3 One day he robbed a packman and his name was Pedlar Bawn;

They travelled on together till the day began to dawn.

The pedlar found his money gone, likewise his watch and chain:

He at once encountered Brennan and he robbed him back again.

4 When Brennan saw the pedlar was as good a man as he,

He took him on the highway his companion to be;

The pedlar threw away his pack without any delay,

And proved a faithful comrade until his dying day.

5 One day upon the King's highway as Willie he sat down,

He met the Mayor of Cashel just a mile outside the town;

The Mayor he knew his features bold : O you're my man, said he :

I think you're William Brennan, you must come along o' me.

6 But Willie's wife had been to town provisions for to buy,

And when she saw her Willie she began to sob and cry;

He said: Give me that tenpence! As quick as Willie spoke,

She handed him a blunderbuss from underneath her cloak.

7 Now with this loaded blunderbuss the truth I will unfold,

He made the Mayor to tremble and he robbed him of his gold;

A hundred pounds was offered for his apprehension there,

But he with horse and saddle to the mountains did repair.

8 He lay among the fern all day, 'twas thick upon the field,

And seven wounds he had received before that he would yield;

He was captured and found guilty, and the judge made his reply:

For robbing on the King's highway you're both condemned to die.