

G Em
 As I was a-goin' over Gilgarra Mountain
 C G D
 I spied Colonel Farrell, and his money he was countin'.
 G Em
 First I drew my pistols and then I drew my rapier,
 C G
 Sayin' "Stand and deliver, for I am your bold receiver."
 D
 Musha ringum duram da,
 G C
 Whack fol the daddy-o, Whack fol the daddy-o,
 G D G
 There's whiskey in the jar.

He counted out his money and it made a pretty penny;
 I put it in my pocket to take home to darlin' Jenny.
 She sighed and swore she loved me and never would deceive me,
 Bu the devil take the women, for they always lie so easy!

I went into me chamber all for to take a slumber,
 To dream of gold and girls, and of 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.

Next mornin' early, before I rose for travel,
 A-came a band of footmen and likewise Colonel Farrell.
 I goes to draw my pistol, for she'd stole away my rapier,
 But a prisoner I was taken, I couldn't shoot the water.

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

I'd like to find me brother, the one who's in the army;
 I don't know where he's stationed, be it Cork or in Killarney.
 Together we'd go roamin' o'er the mountains of Kilkenny,
 And I swear he'd treat me fairer than my darlin' sportin' Jenny!

There's some takes delight in the carriages and rollin',
 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 so early!