Gilgarra Mountain

Peter, Paul & 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 a rapier, sayin'
"Stand and deliver for I am your bold deceiver"Mush-a-ring-um duram da
Whack fol the daddy O
Whack fol the daddy O
Theres whiskey in the jarHe counted out his money and it made a pretty penny
I put 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 easyMush-a-ring-um duram da
Whack fol the daddy O
Whack fol the daddy O
Theres whiskey in the jarI went into me chamber a'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 slaughterMush-a-ring-um duram da
Whack fol the daddy O
Whack fol the daddy O
Theres whiskey in the jarNext mornin' early before I rose to travel
Up came a band of 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 waterMush-a-ring-um duram da
Whack fol the daddy O
Whack fol the daddy O
Theres whiskey in the jarThey put me into jail with the judge all a-writin'
"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 townMush-a-ring-um duram da
Whack fol the daddy O
Whack fol the daddy O
Theres whiskey in the jarI'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' over the mountains of Kilkenny
And I swear he'd treat me fairer than me darlin' sportin' JennyMush-a-ring-um duram da
Whack fol the daddy O
Whack fol the daddy O
Theres whiskey in the jarThere's some takes delight in the carriages and rollin'
And some takes delight in the hurlin' or the bowlin'
But I takes delight in the juice of the barley

Courtin' pretty maids in the mornin' oh so earlyMush-a-ring-um duram da
Whack fol the daddy O
Whack fol the daddy O
Theres whiskey in the jar

Songwriters
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