

# 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 jar He 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 easy Mush-a-ring-um duram da  
Whack fol the daddy O  
Whack fol the daddy O  
Theres whiskey in the jar I 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 slaughter Mush-a-ring-um duram da  
Whack fol the daddy O  
Whack fol the daddy O  
Theres whiskey in the jar Next 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 water Mush-a-ring-um duram da  
Whack fol the daddy O  
Whack fol the daddy O  
Theres whiskey in the jar They 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 town Mush-a-ring-um duram da  
Whack fol the daddy O  
Whack fol the daddy O  
Theres whiskey in the jar 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' over the mountains of Kilkenny  
And I swear he'd treat me fairer than me darlin' sportin' Jenny Mush-a-ring-um duram da  
Whack fol the daddy O  
Whack fol the daddy O  
Theres whiskey in the jar There'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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