BRENNAN ON THE MOOR

For SATB Chorus and Piano

Irish Folk Song (c. 1800-1820) Arrangement by Bruce Trinkley

BRENNAN ON THE MOOR

It's about a brave young highwayman my story I will tell. His name was Willie Brennan and in Ireland he did dwell. With a hideout on a mountain he began his wild career, And many a rich gentleman before him shook with fear.

Oh it's Brennan on the moor, Brennan on the moor, Fearless and undaunted stood young Brennan on the moor.

He continued as an outlaw in the style of Robin Hood. The rich folks called him wicked and the poor folks called him good. Not an easy man to capture, but he met a sweet young maid, With womanly wiles and falseness, that's how Brennan was betrayed.

Oh it's Brennan on the moor, Brennan on the moor, Fearless and undaunted stood young Brennan on the moor.

So they hung him on an old oak tree where miserably he died. But there are folks in Ireland who declare they see him ride. They can see him on his stallion in the wintry midnight chill, The spirit of Willie Brennan was the thing they could not kill.

Oh it's Brennan on the moor, Brennan on the moor, Fearless and undaunted stood young Brennan on the moor.

Brennan on the Moor

















