

Gilgarrah Mountain

As sung by Lena Bourne Fish

Fairly fast in 2 (♩ = 100)
C

Am



1. As I was a - goin' o - ver Gil - gar - rah Moun - tain, I
 2. The shin - ing gol - den coins did sure look bright and jol - ly, I
 3. I re - turned to my cave in the Gil - gar - rah Moun - tain, And
 4. She told Colo - nel Pep - per where I was a - hid - ing, And

F

C

Am



met Colo - nel Pep - per, and his mon - ey he was count - ing. I
 took the mon - ey home and gave it to my Mol - ly. She
 left my sweet - heart Mol - ly the mon - y a - count - ing. As
 led them to my cave in the right ear - ly morn - ing. O

F

C

Am



rat - tled my pis - tols and drew forth my sa - ber,
 pro - mised and vowed she nev - er would de - ceive me but the
 I was sound - ly sleep - ing the div - il sure may take her; She
 Mol - ly, you've de - ceved me, al - though I loved you dear - ly but you

F

C

Am



"Stand and de - liv - er! For I am a bold de - ceiv - er." Mush - a -
 div - il's in the wo - men and they nev - er can be eas - y.
 fired off my pis - tols and she load - ed them with pep - per.
 nev - er cared for me, I can see it bright and clear - ly.

G

C

F

G

C



ring-um du-rum - da Whack fol de dad-dy - o Whack fol de dad-dy - o There's whis - key in the jar.

5. When I awakened between six and seven,
 Guards were around me in numbers odd and even.
 I flew to my pistols, but alas I was mistaken,
 For I fired off my pistols, and a prisoner was taken.

Chorus:

Mush-a-ring-um du-rum-da
 Whack fol de daddy-o, Whack fol de daddy-o
 There's whisky in the jar.

6. They put me in jail, without judge or writing
 For robbing Colonel Pepper on Gilgarrah Mountain.
 But they didn't take my fists, so I knocked the sentry down,
 And I bade a long farewell to the jail in Sligo town.

Chorus

7. Some take delight in fishing and bowling,
 Others take delight in the carriages a-rolling,
 But I take delight in the juice of the barley,
 Courting pretty girls in the morning so early.

Chorus