GILGARRA MOUNTAIN (PPM)

```
Bm Bm
  D D
AS I WAS A GOIN' OVER GILGARRA MOUNTAIN
              G
                            D
I SPIED COLONEL FARRELL AND HIS MONEY HE WAS COUNTIN'
             D
                        Bm
FIRST I DREW MY PISTOLS AND THEN I DREW MY RAPIER, SAYIN'
                       D
"STAND AND DELIVER, FOR I AM YOUR BOLD DECEIVER."
              A7
                          A7 D
        MUSH A RINGUM DURAM DA, WHACK FOL THE DADDY OH
                     G
                                      D -
                                            A7
         WHACK FOL THE DADDY OH, THERE'S WHISKEY IN THE JAR.
                D
                            Bm
HE COUNTED OUT HIS MONEY AND IT MADE A PRETTY PENNY
I PUT IT IN MY POCKET TO TAKE HOME TO DARLIN' JENNY
                                  Bm
                      D
SHE SIGHED AND SWORE SHE LOVED ME AND NEVER WOULD DECEIVE ME
                    G
                                  D
BUT THE DEVIL TAKE THE WOMEN FOR THEY ALWAYS LIE SO EASY
              A7
                     A7 D
        MUSH A RINGUM DURAM DA, WHACK FOL THE DADDY OH
    G
                                      D -
                                            A7 D
                     G
         WHACK FOL THE DADDY OH, THERE'S WHISKEY IN THE JAR.
                   Bm
I WENT INTO ME CHAMBER ALL FOR TO TAKE A SLUMBER
                  G
TO DREAM OF GOLD AND GIRLS AND OF COURSE IT WAS NO WONDER
                             Bm
ME JENNY TOOK ME CHARGES AND SHE FILLED THEM UP WITH WATER
                              D
CALLED ON COLONEL FARRELL TO GET READY FOR THE SLAUGHTER
              A7
                          A7 D
    D
        MUSH A RINGUM DURAM DA, WHACK FOL THE DADDY OH
                                      D -
                                           A7
        WHACK FOL THE DADDY OH, THERE'S WHISKEY IN THE JAR.
                  Bm
           D
NEXT MORNING EARLY BEFORE I ROSE FOR TRAVEL
               G
A-CAME A BAND OF FOOTMEN AND LIKEWISE COLONEL FARRELL
                D
                                Bm
I GOES TO DRAW MY PISTOL FOR SHE'D STOLE AWAY MY RAPIER
                           D
                G
BUT A PRISONER I WAS TAKEN; I COULDN'T SHOOT THE WATER.
              A7
                          A7 D
        MUSH A RINGUM DURAM DA, WHACK FOL THE DADDY OH
                                      D -
                     G
                                             A7
         WHACK FOL THE DADDY OH, THERE'S WHISKEY IN THE JAR.
                         \mathbf{Bm}
THEY PUT ME INTO JAIL WITH A JUDGE ALL A-WRITIN'
                       D
            G
                                D
ROBBIN' COLONEL FARRELL ON GILGARRA MOUNTAIN
                     D
                                Bm
BUT THEY DIDN'T TAKE ME FISTS AND I KNOCKED THE JAILER DOWN
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AND BID A FAREWELL TO THIS TIGHT FISTED TOWN.
     A7 A7 D
      MUSH A RINGUM DURAM DA, WHACK FOL THE DADDY OH
              G
   G
                        D - A7 D D
     WHACK FOL THE DADDY OH, THERE'S WHISKEY IN THE JAR.
             D
                      Bm
I'D LIKE TO FIND ME BROTHER, THE ONE THAT'S IN THE ARMY
         G
                    D
I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE'S STATIONED, IN CORK OR IN KILLARNEY
 D D Bm
TOGETHER WE'D GO ROAMIN' O'ER THE MOUNTAINS OF KILKENNY
           G
AND I SWEAR HE'D TREAT ME FAIRER THAN ME DARLIN' SPORTIN' JENNY
     A7 A7 D
                                 D
     MUSH A RINGUM DURAM DA, WHACK FOL THE DADDY OH
              G
                        D - A7 D D
     WHACK FOL THE DADDY OH, THERE'S WHISKEY IN THE JAR.
    D D Bm Bm
THERE'S SOME TAKES DELIGHT IN THE CARRIAGES AND ROLLIN'
        G D
SOME TAKES DELIGHT IN THE HURLEY OR THE BOILIN'
 D D Bm Bm
BUT I TAKES DELIGHT IN THE JUICE OF THE BARLEY
   G
             D
COURTIN' PRETTY MAIDS IN THE MORNIN', OH SO EARLY.
   D
          A7 A7 D D
      D - A7 D
   G
      WHACK FOL THE DADDY OH, THERE'S WHISKEY IN THE JAR.
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G

D