

## Bold Brannan on the Moor.

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The first of my misfortunes was to list & desert  
The way for to rob I soon found an art,  
Over hedges and ditches when I took my way,  
And I went a roving by night and by day.

Bold Brannan on the moor,  
Brannan on the moor,  
Bold and undaunted stood  
Bold Brannan on the moor.

As Brannan was riding over yon mountain side,  
A coach and six horses bold Brannan chanced  
to spy,  
With his blunderbush all into his hand,  
He made the Gaurds and Horses for to stand  
Bold Brannan, &c.

As Brannan was a riding over yon mountain side  
A coach and four horses, Brannan chanced to  
spy,  
He robbed from the rich, and gave it to the poor  
He's over yon mountains, you'll ne'er see Bran-  
nan more.  
Bold Brannan, &c.

Do you see yon crowds a coming,  
Or do you see yon constables running,  
Or do you see yon high gallows tree,  
To hang bold Brannan for his highway robbery  
Bold Brannan, &c.

O send for my wife and children three,  
My poor aged mother I never will see,  
My poor aged father with his grey locks he cried  
I wish that my Bold Brannan in his cradle had  
died.  
Bold Brannan, &c.

Many a fair maid for Brannan will cry,  
And many a fair lady for Brannan will sigh,  
But all their sighs will not save me,  
Nor keep me from yon high gallows tree.  
Bold Brannan, &c.