

The Newry Highwayman

Solas

In Newry town I was bred and born
In Stephens Green now I lie in scorn
I served me time at the saddler's trade
I always was a roving blade
I always was a roving blade

At seventeen I took a wife
I loved her dearer than I loved me life
And so to keep her both fine and gay
I went out robbing on the king's highway
I went out robbing on the king's highway

I never robbed a poor man yet
Nor lately caused anyone to fret
But I robbed lords and ladies fine
And I carried the gold home to me heart's delight
I carried the gold home to me heart's delight

I robbed Lord Baldwin, I do declare
And Lady Manswell up in Grovenors Square
I closed me shutters and bade them good night
And I carried the gold home to me heart's delight
I carried the gold home to me heart's delight

To Covent Garden I made my way
With me dear wife for to see the play
The Fielding's men there did me pursue
And I was taken by that cursed crew
Oh I was taken by that cursed crew

My father cried, "Oh me darling son"
My wife, she cried, "Now I am undone"
My mother tore her gray locks and cried
It's in the cradle I should have died
It's in the cradle I should have died

When I am dead, I want for my grave
A flashy funeral pray let me have
Six highwaymen for to carry me
Oh give them broadswords and sweet liberty
Oh give them broadswords and sweet liberty