

The Newry Highway Man

The Dubliners

In Newry Town I was bred and born
In Steven's Green now I'll die in scorn.
I served my time to the saddling trade
but I turned out to be, I turned out to be a roving
blade.
At seventeen I took a wife
I loved her dearly as I love life
And for to keep both fine and gay
I took to robbing, I took to robbing on the King's
highway.
I never robbed any poor man yet
Nor any tradesman has cause to fret
I rob the lords and their ladies bright
I take their jewels, I take their jewels to my heart's
delight.
To Covent Garden I make my way
With my dear wife for to see the play
Lord Fielding's corps they did me pursue
And I was taken, I was taken by that cursed crew.
My father cried, "Oh, my darling son"
My wife she wept and said, "I'm undone"
My mother tore her white locks and cried,
"'Twas in the cradle, 'twas in the cradle that he
should have died."
And when I'm dead and in my grave
A flashy funeral pray let me have
With six bold highwaymen to carry me
Give them good broadswords, good broadswords and
liberty.
Six pretty maidens to bear my pall
Give them white ribbons and garlands all
For when I'm dead, aye they'll speak the truth
He was a wild and a wicked youth.