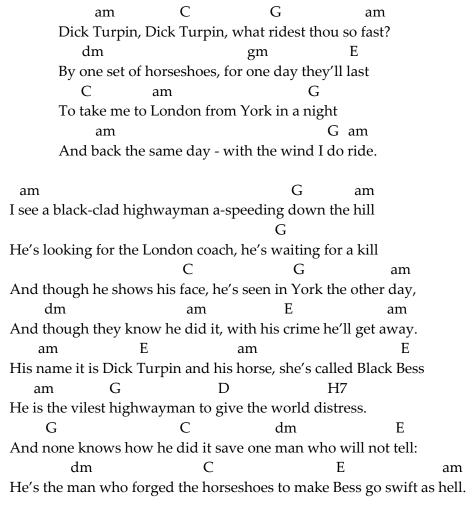
Dick Turpin's Secret



O blacksmith, o blacksmith, why namest thou thy price? I've paid for your work, and I will not pay twice.
O you've paid for the iron as you'll pay for your crime But now you must pay me for stealing some time

I see a black-clad highwayman a-speeding through the night He's left a few survivors who will now live on in fright He is a laughing villain, poor men's hero he will be But his laughter hides a secret that no man is bound to see. He had a friend and partner, and his name it was Tom King And all along the London Road sheer terror they would bring. Till Tom he got arrested when Dick was nowhere round And Epping forest they did search but Dick could not be found.

Dick Turpin, Dick Turpin, I won't take your soul. I took from your past and left one day a hole I've taken the day they arrested your friend So you could not free him and he met his end.

I see a black-clad highwayman a-speeding through the gate
The sun is bound to setting, and he's almost running late.
He spent twelve hours riding, and he rode two hundred miles,
And whilst dismounting his brave horse, he waves his hat and smiles.
It was not that much later that Dick Turpin met his end
When at York's hanging ground atop the ladder he did stand.
He chatted with the hangmen, then without ado jumped down
And took with him the secret how he rode to London town.

O Blacksmith, o blacksmith, we'll both go to hell But you'll be forgotten and my tale they'll tell O curst be that good man that I could not save But he bought me a secret I'll take to my grave.