

Dick Turpin's Secret

am C G am  
Dick Turpin, Dick Turpin, what ridest thou so fast?  
dm gm E  
By one set of horseshoes, for one day they'll last  
C am G  
To take me to London from York in a night  
am G am  
And back the same day - with the wind I do ride.

am G am  
I see a black-clad highwayman a-speeding down the hill  
G  
He's looking for the London coach, he's waiting for a kill  
C G am  
And though he shows his face, he's seen in York the other day,  
dm am E am  
And though they know he did it, with his crime he'll get away.  
am E am E  
His name it is Dick Turpin and his horse, she's called Black Bess  
am G D H7  
He is the vilest highwayman to give the world distress.  
G C dm E  
And none knows how he did it save one man who will not tell:  
dm C E am  
He's the man who forged the horseshoes to make Bess go swift as hell.

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.