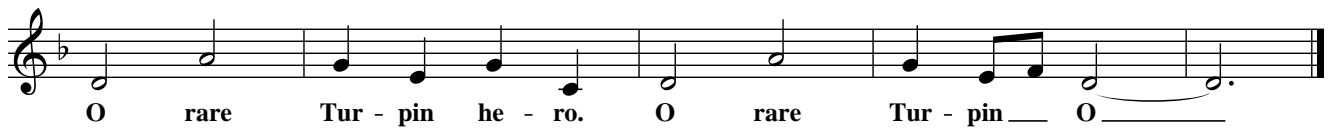


Turpin Hero



As Turpin rode across the moor
He saw a lawyer riding before.
"Kind sir," says he, "aren't you afraid
Of Turpin, that mischievous blade?"

O rare Turin hero,
O rare Turpin O.

Says Turpin, "He won't find me out,
I've hid my money in my boot."
The lawyer says, "No one can find
The gold I've stitched in my cape behind."

As they rode by the foot of the hill
Turpin commands him to stand still.
Says he, "Tou cape I must cut off
For my mare she needs a new saddle-cloth."

As Turpin rode over Salisbury Plain
He met a judge with all his train.
Then to the judge he did approach
And robbed him as he sat in his coach.

For the shooting of a dunghill cock
Turpin now at last is took,
And no he lingers in a jail
Where his ill-luck he doth bewail.

Now Turpin is condemned to die
And hang upon a gallows high.
His legacy is the hangman's rope
For the shooting of a dunghill cock.