

# The Three Butchers

Gibson, Wilson and Johnson

A sto - ry I will \_ tell to \_ you, it is of butch - ers three:  
Gib - - son, Wil - son and John - - son, mark \_ well what I do say;  
Now as they had five hun - dred pounds, all on a mar - ket day, \_  
Now as they had five hun - dred pounds to pay up - on their way.  
With my hey ding ding, With my ho, ding ding,  
With my high ding ding, hey dey \_  
May God keep all \_ good peo - - ple from such bad com - pa - - ny!

A story I will tell to you, it is of butchers three:  
Gibson, Wilson and Johnson, mark well what I do say;  
Now as they had five hundred pounds, all on a market day,  
Now as they had five hundred pounds to pay upon their way.

Chorus: With my hey ding ding, With my ho, ding ding,  
With my high ding ding, hey dey  
May God keep all good people from such bad company!

Now as they rode along the road as fast as they could hie,  
"Spur on your horse," says Johnson, "for I hear a woman cry."  
And, as they rode into the wood, the scene they spied around,  
And there they found a woman lay a-swooning on the ground.

Now Johnson, being a valiant man, he bore a valiant mind,  
He wrapped her in his great coat, and placed her up behind.  
And as they rode along the road, as fast as they could ride,  
She put her fingers to her ear and gave a screeful cry.

With that, came out ten swaggering baldes, with their rapiers in their hand,  
They rode up to bold Johnson, and boldly bid him stand.  
"Oh, I cannot fight," says Gibson, "I am sure that I shall die!"  
"No more won't I", cried Wilson, "for I will sooner fly!"

"Come on, come on!" cried Johnson, "there are but five for me,  
And woman, stand you there behind; we'll gain the victory"  
The very next pistol Johnson fired was loaded with powder and ball.  
And out of these five swaggering blades there's three of them did fall.

"Come on! Come on!" cries Johnson, "there are but two for me,  
And, woman, stand you their behind; we'll gain the victory!"  
As Johnson fought these rogues in front, the woman he did not mind,  
She took the knife all from his side and ripped him down behind.

"Now I must fall," says Johnson, "I must fall to the ground!  
For relieving this wicked woman she gave me my death wound!  
Oh woman, woman, woman, what have you been and done?  
You have killed the finest butcher that ever the sun shone on!"

Now, just as she had done the deed some men came riding by  
And, seeing what this woman had done, the raised a dreadful cry.  
Then she was condemned to die in links, and iron chains so strong,  
For killing of bold Johnson, that great and valiant man.