

TURPIN HERO

INTRO

Dm

On Hounslow heath as I rode out,
I saw a lawyer riding there

F

Said he, 'kind sir, aren't you afraid

Dm

C

Dm

Of Turpin that mischievous blade'.

Dm C

Dm C

Dm

O rare Turpin hero, oh rare Turpin oh

*Single Note
Verse*

PAUSE

Says Turpin, "He'd ne'er find me out
I hid my money in my boot."

Well then says the lawyer, "There's none can find,
My gold, for it's stitched in my coat behind."

Tune AB

As they rode down by the Powder mill
Turpin demands him to be still;
"Now Sir, your coat I will cut off
For my mare she needs a new saddle cloth."

As Turpin rode in search of prey
He spied a taxman on the way;
And boldly then he bid him stand,
"Your gold," he said, "I do demand."

Tune AB

Oh Turpin then without remorse,
He knocked him quite from off his horse;
And left him on the ground to sprawl
While he rode off with his gold and all.

As Turpin rode on Salisbury plain
 He met Lord Judge with all his train;
 And hero-like he did approach
 And robbed that Judge as he sat in his coach.

Tune AAB

Oh Turpin he at last was took
 For the shooting of a dung-hill cock,
 And carried straight into jail
 Where his bad move he does bewail.

Single Note
Verse

PAUSE

Well Turpin is condemned to die,
 To hang upon yon gallows high;
 Whose legacy is a strong rope,
 For the shooting of a dung-hill cock.

Tune AAB