

Poor Henry

Marc Almond

Now the bell tolls, as the sun sinking fast
And the night growing chill, and the shadows hold still
Where a lone star looks down, on his grey paled face
And we say goodbye, to poor Henry

The bell tolls its last, the sun sinking fast
And soon he'll be cold, will poor Henry
The crowd gone away, no more fun for today
And how soon they'll forget about Henry

Henry swings from the Tyburn Tree
The crow will soon come to set his soul free
Swing on the tree, swing on the tree
Till the crow takes his soul and his spirit flies free

All the birds stopped their singing
As the rope went a swinging, and the church bell was ringing it
s toll
For one that's so young, and now dead and gone
And the world will move on from poor Henry

Henry swings from the Tyburn Tree
The crow will soon come to set his soul free
Swing on the tree, swing on the tree
Till the crow takes his soul and his spirit flies free

A mother will weep, and she'll stay by his side
Until he's cut down, poor Henry

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