

Final Lot

Seth Lakeman

He's going under.

Beneath this stone in the fading light
Lies the lonely soul of a Joseph Wright.
Few hearts knew his kindness warm,
Few heads grew with a knowledge more
informed.

He's going under.

With a gracious voice and a humour
broad,
He pleased both peasant, squire and a
lord,
A length his breath had a fortune steered
We called Joe`s life the finest lot in
years.

He's going under,

He's going under,

Poor Joe's life it was the finest lot in
years.

The hammer went down on his soul that
night.

His breath was cold but he suffered no
fight.

He was the last one sold on a priceless
tear,

For poor Joe's life it was the finest lot in
years.

He's going under,

He's going under,

Poor Joe's life it was the finest lot in
years