

Jack Hall

Steeleye Span

Oh my name is Jack Hall, Jack Hall
Oh my name is Jack Hall, Jack Hall
My name is Jack Hall and I've robbed both great and small
And my neck shall pay for all, when I die.

I've twenty pounds in store and that's not all
I've twenty pounds in store and that's not all
I've twenty pounds in store and I'd kill for twenty more
And my neck shall pay for all, when I die.

Oh I rode up Tyburn Hill in a cart
Oh I rode up Tyburn Hill in a cart
Oh I rode up Tyburn Hill and 'twas there I made my will
Saying the best of friends must part, so farewell.

Up the ladder I did grope, that's no joke
Up the ladder I did grope, that's no joke
Up the ladder I did grope and the hangman spread his rope
but never a word I spoke, coming down.