

## The Newry Highway Man

The Dubliners

In Newry Town I was bred and born  
In Steven's Green now I'll die in scorn.  
I served my time to the saddling trade  
but I turned out to be, I turned out to be a roving  
blade.

At seventeen I took a wife  
I loved her dearly as I love life  
And for to keep both fine and gay  
I took to robbing, I took to robbing on the King's  
highway.

I never robbed any poor man yet  
Nor any tradesman has cause to fret  
I rob the lords and their ladies bright  
I take their jewels, I take their jewels to my heart's  
delight.

To Covent Garden I make my way  
With my dear wife for to see the play  
Lord Fielding's corps they did me pursue  
And I was taken, I was taken by that cursed crew.  
My father cried, "Oh, my darling son"  
My wife she wept and said, "I'm undone"  
My mother tore her white locks and cried,  
"'Twas in the cradle, 'twas in the cradle that he  
should have died."

And when I'm dead and in my grave  
A flashy funeral pray let me have  
With six bold highwaymen to carry me  
Give them good broadswords, good broadswords and  
liberty.

Six pretty maidens to bear my pall  
Give them white ribbons and garlands all  
For when I'm dead, aye they'll speak the truth  
He was a wild and a wicked youth.