

They Are Marching Down On High Street

Ye Banished Privateers

Down in Old Wapping docks, near the banks and the rocks
Where the gibbets use to sing across the Thames
Every now and every then with a silver oar with them
The Marshals come to visit our block

If you cannot pay your rent, off to prison you'll be sent
Where the gaolers entertain you in the stone hall
Like the tattooed one armed creature, they call the Newgate Preacher
For his tales of liberty he must repent

Hear the royal drums beat and the marching of their feet
A procession is coming down on High Street
And bound to depart they have shackled to their cart
The poor lad who is heading for the docks

But for my own felony, there will be no clemency
As a gentleman of fortune I did serve
Now I'm rolling out of jail, and my final quart of ale
Has been paid for by the Marshall Deputy

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For this morbid dalliance, In hope to catch a glance
My audience has come to see my dance
Like the withered William Kidd, who I'll now be hanging with
As the cart towards the docks has well advanced

I can see my house from here. See, I grew up over there
And I'm still a wapping boy, to this I swear
As the chaplain reads his prayers, I climb the wooden stairs
And my true love stands there staring at the snare

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Oh close your eyes walk away now my love
Don't be here when the tide leaves in the morning
And I'll see you at the heavenly gates
Where my face will be as handsome as today

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