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O Rare Turpin

Author Unknown

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NORAH MY OWN MOUNTAIN MAID

Sylvia's request AND WILLIAM'S DENIAL.

London:—H. P. SUCH, Machine Printer and
Publisher, 177, Union-st., Boro'. S. E.

FAIR Sylvia on a certain day,
Dress'd herself in man's array,
With a brace of pistols by her side,
To meet her true love away did ride.

She met her true love on the plain,
And boldly bid him for to stand ;
Stand and deliver, sir, I crave,
Or else this moment your life I'll have.

When she had got his watch and store,
She said, kind sir, there's something more,
There's a diamond ring I know you have,
Deliver that and your life I'll save.

My diamond ring a token was,
My life I'll lose but that I'll save ;
Being tender-hearted just like a dove,
She rode away from her own true love.

One day this couple they were seen,
Like two lovers, in a garden green,
He spied his watch hung on her clothes,
Which made him blush like any rose.

What makes you blush at such a silly
thing,

I fain would have had your diamond ring,
For 'twas I that robbed you on the plain,
So take your watch and gold again.

How could you venture such a plot,
If I had fired a pistol shot,
You must have suffered innocent,
And I in grief should then repent.

I only did it for to know,
Whether you were a true lover or no,
But now I have a contented mind,
My heart and all, my dear, are thine.

The match was made without delay,
And soon they fixed the wedding day,
And now they live in joy and content,
In happiness their days are spent.

RARE TURPIN.

AS I was riding over Hounslow Moor,
There I saw a lawyer a riding before,
And I asked him if he was not afraid,
To meet bold Turpin that mischievous blade.

Says Turpin to the lawyer, for to be cute,
My money I have hid all in my boot ;
Says the lawyer to Turpin, they mine can't find,
For I've hid mine in the cape of my coat behind.

I rode till I came to a powder mill,
Where Turpin bid the lawyer for to stand still,
But the cape of your coat it must come off,
For my horse is in want of a new saddle cloth.

Now Turpin robbed the lawyer of all his store,
When that's gone he knows where to get more,
And the very next town that you get in,
Tell them you was robbed by the bold Turpin.

Now Turpin is caught, and tried, and cast,
And for a game cock must die at last ;
One hundred pounds when he did die,
He left Jack Ketch for a legacy.

NORAH MY OWN MOUNTAIN MAID.

OH, Norah, dear Norah, my own mountain maid,
I think on the time when in Erin's green isle,
We've roamed thro' the valley and travell'd the glade,
And the light of my heart was thy own sunny smile.
Still, still, I dream of former bliss,
And while fond thoughts around me twine,
I take again the parting pledge,
And press thy darling hand to mine.

Oh, Norah, dear Norah, oh why do you tell
Your Regan to tarry this year after year,
To be thinking and dreaming is all very well,
But it can't last for ever my own Norah, dear ;
Then why should we be parted thus,
And I be wandering far away,
When sure enough your own sweet will,
Might fix at once the wedding day.

Oh, Norah, dear Norah, remember how soon,
The spring time of youth and its pleasures are past,
Oh cease then to trifle and tell me a charm,
You'll marry your own darling Regan at last ;
Then I will be at thy dear side,
Sweet Norah, darling of my heart,
And claim thee as my prized bride,
No more from love or thee to part.



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