

Jinny Bingham's Ghost

Frank Turner

If you're heading down to Camden Town
Be sure to raise a toast
To the patron saint of the waifs and strays
To Jinny Bingham's ghost

Once she was a fresh-faced lass, from Kentish Town she came
Her people, they were pedlars, Jinny Bingham was her name
With her husband Gypsy George a Camden coach house they did keep
Till they hung him by his neck from Tyburn Tree for stealing sheep
It broke her heart to lose her love when she was just a child
So a man named Derby took the hand of Jinny meek and mild
He was a drinker, not a thinker, daily brought his wife to tears
Until one Camden winter morning, Derby simply disappeared

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She earned her reputation on those bitter Camden streets
If you'd tarry with the Bingham girl, you'd hold your manhood cheap
But even so the miser Pitcher was the third man on her lips
Till one night they checked her oven, found him burned up to a crisp
They tried her for his murder, thought they'd finally cooked her goose
But even when the next man died, Jinny somehow slipped the noose
He was a fugitive from justice, for love she took him in
But he beat her once to often and the poison did him in

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The locals didn't like her, false words followed her around
They called her wicked woman, sorceress of some reknown
They swore that on the gravestones of her husbands she'd grown rich
The ribald and the righteous, they knew she was a witch
But the reason she was hated was a simple one indeed
She had kindness for the careless, she took in those in need
The guilty and the gamblers, the harlots and the whores
All knew that Jinny offered sanctuary at her bar
No judgement for the judged, and you can never fall too far

On the day she died, they swore they saw the devil by her side
A mob broke down her door and from her chair her body pried
The tavern is still standing, it's now called the Underworld
And it still offers sanctuary for all broken boys and girls

So let's head on down to Camden Town
And folks, let's raise a toast
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