

# The Newry Highwayman

Solas

In Newry town I was bred and born  
In Stephens Green now I lie in scorn  
I served me time at the saddler's trade  
I always was a roving blade  
I always was a roving blade

At seventeen I took a wife  
I loved her dearer than I loved me life  
And so to keep her both fine and gay  
I went out robbing on the king's highway  
I went out robbing on the king's highway

I never robbed a poor man yet  
Nor lately caused anyone to fret  
But I robbed lords and ladies fine  
And I carried the gold home to me heart's delight  
I carried the gold home to me heart's delight

I robbed Lord Baldwin, I do declare  
And Lady Manswell up in Grovenors Square  
I closed me shutters and bade them good night  
And I carried the gold home to me heart's delight  
I carried the gold home to me heart's delight

To Covent Garden I made my way  
With me dear wife for to see the play  
The Fielding's men there did me pursue  
And I was taken by that cursed crew  
Oh I was taken by that cursed crew

My father cried, "Oh me darling son"  
My wife, she cried, "Now I am undone"  
My mother tore her gray locks and cried  
It's in the cradle I should have died  
It's in the cradle I should have died

When I am dead, I want for my grave  
A flashy funeral pray let me have  
Six highwaymen for to carry me  
Oh give them broadswords and sweet liberty  
Oh give them broadswords and sweet liberty