

No. 5
Two women used to sing a song opposite a
public house the sign of the Crooked Billets at the
Back of St Clements Church in the Strand. it
was an open space, between
Holywell Street and Wakefield Street.

The song was a description of a married man
who had a bedridden wife, it described his being a
bale fellow reduced by her to a skeleton. I can only
remember the two last lines.

"And for which I am sure she'll go to Hell
For she makes me fuck her in church time."
Remember these words in consequence of the short which
was always set up as the song closed with them.

No. 6.

Oh, rare Turpin Hero, was a great favourite.
Yet Turpin was hanged at Tyburn

No. 7.

A Conversation on the fate of Jack Thom commonly
called 16 string Jack was also a favourite. Jack was
it seem a great knock in his way, and the first who
wore string to the knees of his breeches, he was a notorious
thief, as was also Miss Throat his companion. Tradespeople
and other men and women, used to go to Margerys Wills of
a Sunday afternoon, to see Miss Throat and Jack Thom. The song
was popular notwithstanding

The song began thus Jack had been hanged
many years before
Tharwell ye rocks, farewell ye plains,
No more Miss Throat will as you reign,
Your sighs and tears are all in vain.
We part but never shall meet again.



2
I wish I was a country girl.
My cows do milk ^{my} lambs do tell
And love I'd never took in hand
I'd never parted with Jack Thom.

No. 8.

Young Morgan

Young Morgan was a rattling blade
No lad of better courage.
Much gold he got on the highway
Which made him daily flourish.
Grand Waggon was his looking then
Among the flashy lads.
He soon became a gentleman
And left of driving a few.

I am not certain how this is the title, am remember only
the first verse.

No. 9.

There was another favourite song in praise of a
Highwayman of which I remember only two lines.

"My horse and I did like lightning fly
When we heard the squeak of coacher.

Another.

"It from the rich I rob, and it to the poor give."