

N<sup>o</sup> 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 hale 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."  
I remember these words in consequence of the short which was always set up as the song closed with them.

N<sup>o</sup> 6.

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

N<sup>o</sup> 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 went 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

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



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I wish I was a country girl.  
My cows do milk <sup>my</sup> lambs do tell  
And love I'd never took in hand  
I'd never parted with Jack Thom.

N<sup>o</sup> 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, and remember only the first verse.

N<sup>o</sup> 9.

There were another favourite song in praise of a Highwaysman 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."