

Fairport Convention, Part V (John Lee)

John Lee, your headache's growing, the cold wind's blowing
But the sea's without a ripple
John Lee, your forehead's damp, your muscles cramp
And the sea can't use a cripple

(Chorus)

John Lee, you're turning around your plate again

Oh, John Lee

John Lee, you're turning around your plate again

Oh, John Lee

John Lee's been made a freeman, his heart's a seaman

But his flesh won't make a sailor

Working in a big hotel, waiting for the bell

That's ringing for his labour

(Chorus)

John Lee, your chances are good, you better touch wood

We think things must get better

John Lee, you've a friend so true, she wants to help you

Miss Keyes has sent a letter

(Chorus)

"Dear John, come and work the Glen, just write me when

And I'll send someone to meet you"

John's gone to where he started from, he's not worked long, just beginning to belong

"It hasn't been a very good day, the missus wants to halve my pay

Close the door and douse the light, it's quiet at night when she's tucked in tight

Sometimes I feel, when they're all in bed, it's almost like the whole world's dead

So I lay me down to sleep, I pray thee Lord my soul to keep"

(Chorus)

(Chorus)

"The customary quiet of Babbacombe, a residential suburb of

Torquay, was greatly disturbed early on Saturday morning

an

d the peaceful inhabitants roused to a state of intense

alarm and terror by one of the most frightful tragedies

that human devilment could plan or human fiend could perpe-

trate. The name of the victim was Miss Emma Anne Whitehead

Keyes, an elder

ly lady of some sixty-eight years. The name

of her home, the scene of her tragedy, was 'The Glen'. She

was found early in the morning, lying on her dining room

floor. Her throat had been horribly cut and there were three

wounds on her head. It

was evident that her murderer had also

attempted to burn the corpse."