

Fairport Convention, Poor Will And The Jolly Hangman

Won't you rise for the hangman
His pleasure is that you should rise
He's the judge and the jury
At the jester's assize

Poor Will on the gallows tree
Never a cruel word did say
Oh that a young man
Should be treated this way

Run to me mother of anyone's child
And tell me the revelry planned
Judges and barristers, clerks at the law
His show is the best in the land
Here's a toast to the Jolly Hangman
He'll hang you the best that he can
Here's a toast to the Jolly

No purse for a champion
No true love come over the stile
The debt of a poor man
He'll pay in awhile
Poor ladies, poor gentleman
Born of a sorry degree
Will you laugh for the hangman
When he comes for his fee?

Run to me mother of anyone's child
And tell me the revelry planned
Judges and barristers, clerks at the law
His show is the best in the land
Here's a toast to the Jolly Hangman
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Rise for the hangman
His pleasure is that you should rise
He's the judge and the jury
At the jester's assize