

# 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  
He'll hang you the best that he can  
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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