

THE BALLAD OF GOATLESS TURPIN

It was in the summer of forty-three,

The first moon after lent,

That a picture nailed on the iron tree

Which grows in the sand beside the sea

Said "Reward for the capture of Big Bad T"

O, what can that have meant?

And the maidens quaked in their beds each night

And slept not a wink till the coming of light

For they knew one man who would not take fright ...

HA! CRIED GOATLESS TURPIN!

Bbm Ebm Bbm
F# A Bbm
F# B
Ebm Bbm
Bb B7 F# F#m
E B C#
F#m C#m
F# Bbm
B° F#m A
D F Bbm

Alone he rode through the thickening gloom

On a big black stolen horse,

Bringing on hundreds each his doom

Sending parsons to an early tomb

And scaring infants back to the womb

(They were all his own, of course!)

And who, mused Turpin, so craved him dead

As to put a price on his goatless head?

What man of steel? Ferocious Fred?

HE! CRIED GOATLESS TURPIN!

Now Fred was the judge in the county town:

Ferocious was he not,

He was scared to death; but to serve the crown

And fulfill with honour his office and gown

He had to bring big bad Turpin down

And have him hung or shot.

On this moonlit night he had locked his door

And been trying to sleep for an hour or more

When down below came a mighty roar:

HI! CRIED GOATLESS TURPIN!

Now up leapt Fred, scared out of his wits,

In his nightshirt shiv'ring cold,
And gulping down some Slivovitz
And blowing into his woolly mits
For fear of cold and fainting fits,

Looked out at Turpin bold.

"Fiend!" cried Fred in trembling tone,
But thanks to his brand-new megaphone
That cry chilled Turpin through to the bone:

HO! CRIED GOATLESS TURPIN!

"Prepare to die!" yelled Turpin loud

And aimed his trusty gun -

But a misty form in a short white shroud,
Firm but yielding, meek but proud,

Oped the door and said "You and I, I've vowed,
Must spend a night (I'm well-endowed

And your fame is great midst the female crowd)

Conjoined in boundless fun!"

To the judge's daughter's bed he went,

To amorous ends her sheet he rent

And never a backward glance he sent,

In warm embrace and passion pent,

As Fred crept in with his grave intent

In the light of the first moon after Lent

And his blunderbuss gave its vengeful vent -

"At last I've done what long I've meant -

Killed two of the wickedest folk in Kent"

And Turpin groaned "Now my pistol's bent,

And who's to blame for my bullets spent?"

And asking still, up to heaven he went:

"WHO?" DIED GOATLESS TURPIN.

Sbm Sbm Sbm
F# Ab Bbm
F# Db
Ebm Bbm
C# 7 F# m
C# Bbm Ab Bb
C# 7 F# m
E B C#
F# C#m
F# B
Abm Ebm
Ab Db
Sbm F#
Bb Eb Ad