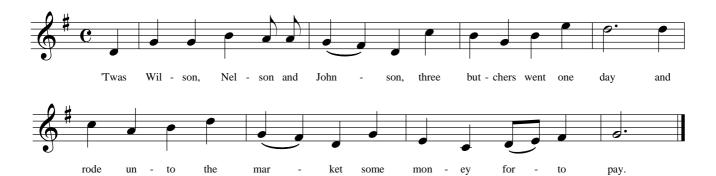
## 66a Three Jolly Butchers - Mr Crisp



Twas Wilson, Nelson and Johnson, three butchers went one day and rode unto the market some money for to pay.

As they rode o'er the plains, my boys, as hard as they could ride, 'Hark, oh hark!' says Johnson bold, 'I heard a woman cry.

I heard a woman cry, my boys, I'll make unto the sound.' At last they found a naked woman with hair bound to the ground.

'Art thou an honest woman?' young Johnson then did say, 'or art thou lying in the road our poor selves to betray?'

5
'Oh no, oh no,' the woman cried,
'indeed that cannot be,
'there came three jolly robbers by
and they have robbèd me.

Ten lusty robbers came this way and me they fastly bound, and strippèd me and left me here, my hair pinned to the ground.' 7
Then Johnson being a valiant man, a cold he did not mind;
he stripped his jacket from his back to clothe her from the wind.

8
To keep her from the wind, my boys, and frosty weather too.
He took her up upon his horse, without no more ado.

And as they galloped o'er the downs as hard as they could ride, she put her fingers in her ears and whistled loud, and cried.

10 From out the bush three robbers push with weapons in their hand; they boldly up to Johnson ran and bade him stay and stand.

Then Johnson drew his lusty sword and smote with might and main, and one and two of those bold men he left upon the plain.

But as he stood and boldly fought the woman he did not mind; she took the knife from out his belt and ripped him up behind.

13
'I fall, I fall,' said Johnson,
'I fall unto the ground.
The wretched woman at my back has dealt me my death wound.'

Oh woman, oh woman, what hast thou done? for Johnson, he is slain.

The bravest butcher he is dead, that rode upon the plain.

This fell upon a market day when folk were riding by; to see the cruel murder done they raised the hue and cry.

She was condemned to die,
my boys,
and bound in irons strong
for killing the bravest butcher
that rode the downs along.