

## 66a Three Jolly Butchers - Mr Crisp

'Twas Wil - son, Nel - son and John - son, three but - chers went one day and  
rode un - to the mar - ket some mon - ey for - to pay.

1  
'Twas Wilson, Nelson and Johnson,  
three butchers went one day  
and rode unto the market  
some money for to pay.

2  
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.

3  
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.

4  
'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.

6  
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.

9  
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.

11  
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.

12  
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.'

14  
Oh woman, oh woman, what hast  
thou done?  
for Johnson, he is slain.  
The bravest butcher he is dead,  
that rode upon the plain.

15  
This fell upon a market day  
when folk were riding by;  
to see the cruel murder done  
they raised the hue and cry.

16  
She was condemned to die,  
my boys,  
and bound in irons strong  
for killing the bravest butcher  
that rode the downs along.