

# Bold Turpin

(Bold) Turpin went riding one day on the moor he saw a noble lawyer a-  
riding before Tur-pin he rode and to him he did say "How  
often did you see Bold Turpin pass this way" O-aye (rare)  
Turpin hero I am your val-iant Turpin bold

## BOLD TURPIN

The broadside ballad text has been quoted in full as it seems that all oral versions stem from it though they are much shorter in content. The last verse of the oral ballads is slightly different but this is probably due to the longer ballad being reprinted in the late 19th C. on the big broadside presses. I like Mr Punt's refrain to this song, it sounds very countrified and a much bolder statement than the broadside version.

Bold Turpin was riding one day on the moor  
He saw a noble lawyer a riding before  
Turpin he rode and to him did say  
How often did you see bold Turpin ride this way

O aye Turpin hero I am your valiant Turpin bold

Now say Turpin for to be after (artful)  
My money I have hid in my boot  
And now says the lawyer a man cannot find  
I have hid my money in my cape coat behind

O aye etc

And they rode together and came to a mill  
Turpin bid the lawyer to stand still  
Take off your coat sir it must come off  
My horse is in want of a saddle cloth

O aye etc

Now Turpin has robbed him of all his store  
And when that has gone he knows where to get more  
And the very first town that you come in  
Tell him you've been robbed by bold Turpin

O aye etc

Now Turpin is caught  
And for a game cock he was hung at last  
A hundred pounds there he laid aside  
All for Jack Ketch his legacy

O aye etc

## O RARE TURPIN HERO

On Hounslow heath as I rode o'er  
 I spied a lawyer riding before  
 Kind sir said I aren't you afraid  
 Of Turpin that mischievous blade

O rare Turpin hero O rare Turpin O

Says Turpin he'd ne'er find me out  
 I've hid my money in my boot  
 O says the lawyer there's none can find  
 My gold for it's stitched in my cape behind

As they rode down by the powder mill  
 Turpin commands him to stand still  
 Said he your cape I must cut off  
 For my mare she wants a saddle cloth

This caus'd the lawyer much to fret  
 To think he was so fairly bit  
 And Turpin robb'd him of his store  
 Because he knew he'd lie for more

As Turpin rode in search of prey  
 He met an exciseman on the way  
 Then boldly he did bid him stand  
 Your gold said he I do demand

To that the exciseman did reply  
 Your proud demands I must deny  
 Before my money you receive  
 One of us two shall cease to live

Turpin then without remorse  
 Soon knocked him quite from off his horse  
 And left him on the ground to sprawl  
 So off he rode with his gold and all

As he rode over Salisbury Plain  
 He met Lord Judge with all his train  
 Then hero like he did approach  
 And robb'd the judge as he sat in his coach

An usurer as I am told  
 Who had in charge a sum of gold  
 With a cloak was clouted from side to side  
 Just like a palmer he did ride

And as he jogg'd along the way  
 He met with Turpin that same day  
 With hat in hand most courteously  
 He asked for charity

If that be true thou tell'st to me  
 I'll freely give thee charity  
 But I made a row and that I'll keep  
 To search all palmers I may meet

He searched his bags wherein he found  
Upwards of eight hundred pound  
I've ready gold and white money  
Which made him to laugh heartily

This begging is a curious trade  
For in thy way thou hast well sped  
This prize I count as money found  
Because thou tolds't me an arrant lie

For shooting of a dunghill cock  
Poor Turpin now at last is took  
And carried straight unto a jail  
Where his ill luck he does bewail

Now some do say that he will hang  
Turpin the last of all the gang  
I wish this cock had ne'er been hatch'd  
For like a fish in a net he's catch'd

But if he had his liberty  
And were upon yon mountains high  
There's not a man in England  
Dare bid bold Turpin for to stand

He ventur'd bold at young and old  
And fairly fought them for their gold  
Of no man he was e'er afraid  
But now alas he is betray'd

Now Turpin is condemn'd to die  
To hang upon yon gallows high  
His legacy is a strong rope  
For stealing a poor dunghill cock

Chappell notes - The Dunghill Cock or Turpin's valiant exploit  
a pamphlet entered according to order at Stationers Hall but  
undated. The above song called Turpin's Valour to its own  
proper tune.