



THE  
**THREE**  
**BUTCHERS.** **OLD**  
**TOWLER.**

It was Ips, Gips, and Johnson as I have heard many say,  
They had five thousand guineas all on a market day,  
As they rode over Northumberland as hard as they could  
ride,  
O hark! O hark! says Johnson, I hear a woman cry.

Then Johnson being a valiant man, a man of courage bold,  
He ranged the woods all over till this woman he did behold,  
How came you here, said Johnson, how came you here I  
pray,  
I am come to relieve if you will not betray.

There has been ten swaggering blades have hand and foot  
me bound,  
And stripped me stark naked with my hair pinn'd to the  
ground;  
Then Johnson being a valiant man, a man of courage bold,  
He took his coat from off his back to keep her from the  
cold.

As they rode over Northumberland as hard as they could  
ride,  
She put her fingers in her ears and gave a dismal cry,  
Then up starts ten swaggering blades with weapons in their  
hands,  
And riding up to Johnson they bid him for to stand.  
It's I'll not stand says Gibson, then no indeed not I,  
Nor I'll not stand says Gibson, I'll sooner live than die,  
Then I will stand says Johnson, I'll stand then while I can,  
I never yet was daunted or afraid of any man.

Then Johnson drew his glittering sword with all his might  
and main,  
So well he laid upon them till eight of them were slain,  
As he was fighting the other two this woman he didn't  
mind,  
She took the knife all from his side and ripp'd him up  
behind.

Now I must fall says Johnson, must fall unto the ground,  
For relieving this wicked woman she gave me my death  
wound,  
O base woman, O base woman, what has thou done?  
Thou hast killed the finest butcher that ever the sun shone  
on.

This happen'd on a market day, as people were riding by,  
To see this cruel murder they gave a hue and cry,  
So now this woman's taken and bound in fetters strong,  
For killing the finest butcher that ever the sun shone on.

Bright Chanticleer proclaims the dawn,  
And spangles deck the thorn,  
The lowing herds now quit the lawn  
The lark springs from the corn,  
Dogs, huntsmen, round the window throng,  
Fleet Towler leads the cry;  
Arise! the burden of their song—  
This day a stag must die.

With a hey ho chevy!  
Hark forward, hark forward tantivy!  
Hark, hark, tantivy?  
This day a stag must die.

The cordial takes its merry round,  
The laugh and joke prevail,  
The huntsman blows a jovial sound,  
The dogs snuff up the gale;  
The upland winds they sweep along,  
O'er fields, through brakes, we fly,  
The game is roused, too true the song—  
This day a stag a stag must die!  
With a hey ho, chevy! &c.

Poor stag! the dogs thy haunches gore,  
The tears run down thy face,  
The huntsman's pleasure is no more,  
His joys were in the chase.  
Alike—the sportsmen of the town,  
The virgin game in view,  
Are full content to run them down,  
Then they in turn to pursue.  
With their hey ho chevy! &c.

Walker, Printer, Durham.

