

THE
Wild & Wicked
YOUTH.

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IN Newry town I was bred & born,
In Newgate gaol I die with scorn,
I served my time to the saddling trade,
And always was a roving blade.

At seventeen I took a wife,
I loved her dear as I lov'd my life ;
And to maintain her fine and gay,
A robbing I went on the highway.

But my money it did grow low,
On the highway I was forc'd to go ;
Where I robbed Lords & Ladies bright,
Brought home the gold to my heart's
delight.

I robbed Lord Golding I do declare,
And Lady Mansfield in Grosvenor-square
I shut the shutters and bid them good
night,
And went unto my heart's delight,

To Covent Garden I took my way,
With my blooming bride to see the play ;
'Till Fielding's gang did me pursue,
Taken I was by the cursed crew.

My father cries, I am undone,
My mother cries for her darling son ;
My wife she tears her golden hair,
What shall I do, for I'm in despair ?

But when I am dead & going to my grave
A decent funeral let me have ;
Six highwaymen to carry me,
Give them broad swords and liberty.

Six blooming girls to bear my pall,
Give them gloves and ribbons all ;
When I am dead they'll tell the truth
He was a Wild and Wicked Youth.

