St. Giles’s Bowl.*
I.

Con presentimento della forca.

I. Where Saint-Giles’s church stands, once a lazaret-house stood; And,
II. By man-y a high-way-man man-y a draught Of
III. There Mul-sack and Swift-neck, both prigs from their birth, Old
IV. When gal-lant Tom Shep-pard to Ty-burn was led,— “Stop the
V. Should it e’er be my lot to ride back-wards that way, At the

chain’d to its gates, was a ves-sel of wood; A broad-bot-tom’d
nut-ty brown ale at Saint Giles’s was quaffed, Un-til the old
Mob and Tom Cox took their last draught on earth; There Ran-dal, and
cart at the Crown-stop a mo-ment,” he said. He was of-fered the
door of the Crown I will cer-tain-ly stay; I’ll sum-mon the

bowl, from which all the fine fel-lows, Who pass’d by that spot, on their
lazaret-house chanced to fall down, And the broad-bot-tom’d bowl was re-
Shor-ter and Whit-ney pulled up, And jol-ly Jack Joyce drank his
Bowl, but he left it and smiled, Crying, “Keep it till call’d for by
land-lord— I’ll call for the Bowl, And drink a deep draught to the

way to the gal-lows, Might tip-ple strong beer, Their spir-its to
moved to the Crown. Where the rob-ber may cheer, His spir-it with
fin-ish-ing cup! For a can of ale calms, A high-way-man’s
Jon-a-than Wild! “The ras-cal one day, Will pass by this
health of my soul! What ev-er may hap, I’ll taste of the
Engraved by LilyPond (version 2.4.2)