

Horrible Histories

"Dick Turpin"

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Everyone thinks they know the story
Of Dick Turpin's highway glory
But my past is far more gory
I was no saint

You think life is one big antic
My profession is romantic
Hate to be pedantic
But it ain't

As a butcher down in Essex
I was handy with a knife
Had a sideline as a poacher
Led a less than honest life

The notorious gang of Gregory
Liked my style and dedication
They signed me up and gave me
A real robber's education

We rampaged through the Essex farms
We stole and robbed and fought
But when the law came for us
I escaped and they got caught

I became a highwayman
Was daylight robbery
I was no prince charming
Nothing dandy about me

The truth is, I was violent
And with my good mate, Matt King
Robbed travellers at gunpoint
Money, watches, anything!

My horse it wasn't called Black Bess
Although that's what you've read
Was no romantic hero
Shot not one but two men dead

The legend that surrounds me

Misses out the crucial part
I was a ruthless killer
With a ruthless killer's heart

Was a vicious highwayman
A source of pain and tears
When you hear how my story ends
You won't believe your ears

I ran away to Yorkshire
Changed my name to John Palmer
Was sent to prison
After stealing chickens from a farmer

Wrote a letter to my family
A plea it did relate
The postman saw the envelope
And here's the twist of fate

He had taught me how to write
So he knew I'd lied
'That's not John Palmer's hand
That's Dick Turpin's! ' he cried!

Was a vicious highwayman
My crimes had brought me fame
Was stitched up by a postie
That's not glamorous... that's lame!

No more stand and deliver
You'll remember this, I hope
It's no fun hanging with highwaymen
When you're... hanging from a rope!

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