

The Incredible String Band

"Hirem Pawnitof / Fairies' Hornpipe"

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Hirem Pawnitof / Fairies' Hornpipe

It's of a famous highwayman a story I will tell
His name was Hirem Pawnitof, in bread street he did dwell
Through all the storms of his career few troubles he had missed
His tale was wrote from ear to ear, and he looked like this:

Throughout the land his gallant band in many a song did star
With Biceps dead, and Pretty Boy fled, and Boothill claimed Bill Star
Though the best are gone, he still rides from Leeds to Carter Bar
Weedy and few his motley crew
And here they are:

His purse was lined with empty air, his wherewithall was low
The last good swag to pad his lag was 40 years ago
His motley band were out of hand, their breakfast they had missed
Then travellers two hove into view
And he challenged them like this.

The stranger turned to his lady fair
A smile played on his lips
What's the deal, are they for real
they've been taking too many trips
No gold need we, we travel free, here's something we won't miss
A treasure map from Gabby the Flap
And he gave it him like this:

His glasses perched upon his nose the map he carefully sussed
Each robber's eye filled with surprise, there's gold in it for us
The strangers waved the band goodbye but they did

not see them go
Hirem got his compass out, said follow me lads,
Westard Ho

Then had not gone but 20 yards when a pieman they
did spy
They smacked their lips with hunger keen - my
kingdom for a pie
The peddler twinkled once or twice
Not one word did he say
With snake-like eyes he shouted 'pie'
and he struck him on the head with the tray

At that moment Hirem Pawnitof attained
enlightenment.

Come on said Hirem laughing much
Let's see what's down this road
His troop were dropping, wearily stooping
men of no fixed a bode
Just then a milkmaid Hirem spied
their hearts were filled with bliss
Like long lost friends who meet again
they fondly kissed like this
I need a man around the place
the milkmaid breathed with charm
And Hirem twirled his long mustache and took her by
the arm
The last we heard they all lived there
doing what the law allows
They all ate breakfast every day, happily growing cows.

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