

Seth Lakeman**"John Lomas"**

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All good people I pray you attend
For poor John Lomas his life at an end
He was condemned to die.

He was a great master, so very kind,
But his fair mistress had evil in her mind
He was condemned to die.

Willingly I took his place
With my fair love
Willingly I stole his face
and soaked it in blood.
It was the mistress and the murder for love.

This fair mistress found him asleep.
It's time to kill him then my heart you can keep,
He was condemned to die.

Three times I struck him over his head.
It was my first murder, a blood soaked bed,
He was condemned to die.

Chorus

Into my room then I did return,
The crime committed, my conscience it did burn,
I was condemned to die.

In a dark Jailhouse I would remain,
For poor John Lomas now it is my name.
I am condemned to die.

Chorus

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