

Lucksmiths, The

"Thomas and Martha"

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Dorchester, August 1856

I'm an old man now and ashamed of this
But I had to be in town for other reasons

I stood in a crowd of three or four thousand
The hood on her head and the rope around it
And summer's sometimes not the warmest season

A fine figure shrouded in black
Hung in the misty rain
Wheeled half-round and back
And her silk gown set off her shape

I'm an old man now and ashamed of this
But in Dorchester, August 1856
I saw hanged Martha Brown of Birdsmoorgate

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