

On Tyburn Hill

Winter 1987/Spring 1381

I have been a wanderer	G D	or	C G
I have been a rogue	C		F
Tipped my share of silver coins	Am G		F C
Run my stretch of road	D		G
It's many a night that I've been lost			
In darkness and in wine			
I have known the pleasures			
Of the crossing of the line			

From Durham down to Dunsinane
I've let my falcons fly
And many a noble sheep we've sheared
My hooded friends and I
Many a royal rider
We have left behind
We have know the pleasures
Of the crossing of the line

And now it's come to Tyburn
Where all our debts are due
If you will pardon me, my friends,
I will pardon you
My silver's for the hooded one
And the one who cuts the pine
Taking my last measure
At the crossing of the line

I have been a wanderer
And I have been a rogue
Tipped my share of silver coins
Run my stretch of road
Now as the darkness gathers me
I'm grateful for the time
And for the many pleasures
Of the crossing of the line

Written when I was still playing with the alias "Alec of Yarrow," a Scottish monk, minstrel, highwayman, and would-be revolutionary who in 1381 was executed at London's famous gallows on Tyburn Hill. He sings this farewell to the crowd. I like his charitably "pardoning" the onlookers, the historical note of him paying the executioner and the coffin-maker, and the equanimity with which he accepts his fate.