

The Gallows

The Builders and The Butchers

Go down to the gallows at midnight,
With silk draped to cover your face.
Go down to the gallows, they'll soon take my life,
And lay your eyes over the place. Here comes the priest and the prophet,
The cold steel floor on my feet.
I hope that you come down to see me,
And give a dyin' boy his wish of relief. Here stands the man dressed in black now,
He says with a trembling sigh:
"D'you have any words or requests now?
Tell me, please, before you die" Go down to the gallows at midnight,
With silk draped to cover your face.
Go down to the gallows, they'll soon take my life,
And lay your eyes over the place.

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