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Three Jolly Sneaksmen

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Three Jolly Sneaksmen they all went out,
To rob and to plunder without any doubt,
Coach and six came riding by,
Stop, stop coachman they all did cry.

Sing!

Wack fol the day,
Diddle ol the day,
Wack fol the di dow,
Diddle ol the day.

Three Jolly Sneaksmen they come to the coach,
Three pretty fair maids there they did approach,
Three pretty maids cries "What shall we do?",
Give us all your money and we won't hurt you.

Five-hundred pounds they have got in gold,
Five-hundred pounds such a sight to behold,
Silver topped cane and a gold lace cap,
Such a fine haul for the sneaksmen to snap.

Three Jolly Sneaksmen in Hyde Park Street,
Three blue-coated gentlemen they happened for to meet,
Tap 'em on the shoulder, one, two, three,
Three Jolly Sneaksmen come along 'a me.

'Sizes and sessions are soon drawing near,
Three Jolly Sneaksmen at the bar appear,
Judge casts around with a rolling eye,
Three Jolly Sneaksmen bound for to die.

Three Jolly Sneaksmen mount the gallows tree,
Jack Ketch was there just as soon as they,
Took all their togs and their rino too,
Three Jolly Sneaksmen bid the world adieu.

FRom singing of Martin Carthy
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