

The Naked Highwayman
Fairport Convention

Intro

C G C G

Verse

C

As I rode out one summer s day, for profit and for pleasure

G

I planned to rob the London coach and take it at my leisure

C

A brace of pistols duly primed, a sabre fit to shave on

G

I waited underneath the trees that lined the banks of Avon

Verse

C

I didn t hear her dainty step, as she appeared before me

G

A face to charm a singing bird, with words that did implore me

C

Can you help me sir? she said, I fear the time is near run

G

For me to cross before the tide swells the banks of Avon

C

F

All you roving fellows, listen while you can

C

F

Of the time that I became a naked highwayman

C

F

Come all you roving fellows, listen while you can

C

F

Of the time that I became a naked highwayman

Verse

C

So gallantly I did dismount and walked into the water

G

As she told me that she was a wealthy merchant s daughter

C

So I thought I d try my luck and do my best to charm her

G

Said I was the only son of a country farmer

Verse

C

Your hands they are as smooth as silk, they never touched a plough, sir

G

I suppose those pistols help you milking of your cows

C

She looked at me with mocking eyes, as coal-black as a raven

G

And then she fell into my arms beside the banks of Avon

C

F

All you roving fellows, listen while you can

C

F

Of the time that I became a naked highwayman

C

F

Come all you roving fellows, listen while you can

C

F

Of the time that I became a naked highwayman

Instrumental

F Am D Am G

Verse

C

Her honeyed lips, I was beguiled, a lamb led to the slaughter

G

Eventually I fell asleep in the arms of the merchant's daughter

C

When I awoke I was alone, my clothes and pistols taken

G

With just the leaves to hide my shame beside the banks of Avon

Verse

C

In vain I tried to catch a glimpse of the city spires

G

Running like a rabbit through the bushes and the briars

C

Then I heard the London coach and I was all a-shiver

G

A lady's voice was calling out, Stand-to and deliver!

C

F

All you roving fellows, listen while you can

C

F

Of the time that I became a naked highwayman

C

F

Come all you roving fellows, listen while you can

C

F

Of the time that I became a naked highwayman

Verse

C

Your money or your life I ll have, it s all the same to me

G

It s hanged for a sheep or murder in the first degree

C

She stood there in my overcoat, brandishing my pistol

G

And relieved the London coach of the gold of Bristol

Verse

C

And she s up and mounted on my horse and rode into the distance

G

And I went naked to the coach begging for assistance

C

No more I ll play the highwaymen, nor more I ll put the mask on

G

I ll leave it to the bright-eyed girl who roams the banks of Avon

C

F

All you roving fellows, listen while you can

C

F

Of the time that I became a naked highwayman

C

F

Come all you roving fellows, listen while you can

C

F

Of the time that I became a naked highwayman

Instrumental

F Am D Am G

Verse

C

As I rode out one summer s day, for profit and for pleasure

G

I planned to rob the London coach and take it at my leisure

C

A brace of pistols duly primed, a sabre fit to shave on

G

I waited underneath the trees that lined the banks of Avon

Outro

G