

GALLOWS HILL

(Sung to tune of *Lemon Tree*)

Gallows Hill, very peaceful,
And the views from high serene,
But the story of its naming
Paints a sad, heartbreaking scene.

When I was just a little lass,
My mother said, *Be still,*
And bow your head when e're you pass,
Northampton's Gallows Hill.

'Twas there in Eighteen Hundred six,
Two Irishmen were hung,
They died convicted of a crime,
That other men had done.

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Young Halligan and Daley too,
Climbed up the stairs of fate,
Some fifteen thousand stood below
Their faces fierce with hate.

'Twas Daley who addressed the crowd,
As Halligan stood by,
He said, *We have a word for all*
Who came to watch us die.

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*We killed no one – we did not rob;
We never left Bay path,
Our hands are innocent of blood,
We fear not heaven's wrath.*

*For other sins, we pray to God,
We ask He mercy give,
And what we ask, we can't deny,
So we, all you, forgive.*

*We bless the judge and jury
That sent us here to die,
We ask God shower mercy
On the boy who told the lie.*

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Mattoon rode up and swung his ax,
Thus Gallows Hill was named
The day they killed two innocents
And cloaked themselves in shame.

So bear in mind my mother's words,
To keep your voices still,
And bow your heads whene'er you pass
Northampton's Gallows Hill.

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