

The Thieves' Song

by Gavin Davenport

Some they say the travelling man, he is the city's blight That he will rob the city man in some blind lane
by night But I tell you that the chap in rags or lord in golden chains It matters not how much they have,
they'll rob you just the same

Chorus: *Hark! Hark! The dogs do bark and all the rogues have come to town Some in rags, some in jags
and some in velvet gowns So put no faith in rich men, though gold they have in store For now they have
the taste of it, they want it ten times more*

And yet you scorn the beggar man that calls out for each crust And on the pinstriped wolf's head you
invest your faith and trust And put the biggest rogues of all, your Parliament within So don't despise the
poor man though his clothes be awful thin

[chorus]

So don't see the beggar as a thief, but see him as a man Likewise the lords, but look beneath and trust
just where you can For you meet with thieves and you eat with thieves and you deal with thieves each
day And you dote on thieves and you vote for thieves and still their games do play

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