

John Gay (1685-1732)

3 *Newgate's Garland: Being a New Ballad*

Shewing how Mr. JONATHAN WILD's throat was cut from ear to ear with a penknife by Mr. BLAKE, alias BLUESKIN, the bold highwayman, as he stood at histrial in the Old-Bailey, 1725. To the tune of The Cut-purse.

I.

Ye Gallants of Newgate, whose fingers are nice,
In diving in pockets or cogging of dice;
Ye sharpers so rich, who can buy off the noose,
Ye honestest Poor Rogues who die in your shoes;
Attend and draw near,
Good news you shall hear, 5
How Jonathan's throat was cut from ear to ear;
How Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,
And ev'ry man round me may rob if he please.

II.

When to the Old-Bailey this Blueskin was led, 10
He held up his hand, his indictment was read,
Loud rattled his chains, near him Jonathan stood,
For full forty pounds was the price of his blood.
Then hopeless of life,
He drew his penknife, 15
And made a sad widow of Jonathan's wife:
But forty pounds paid her her grief shall appease,
And ev'ry man round me may rob if he please.

III.

Some say there are courtiers of highest renown,
Who steal the king's gold and leave him but a crown; 20
Some say there are peers, and some parliament-men,
Who meet once a-year to rob courtiers again:
Let them all take their swing,
To pillage the king,
And get a blue riband instead of a string. 25
Now Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,

And ev'ry man round me may rob if he please.

IV.

Knaves of old, to hide guilt by their cunning inventions,
Call'd briberies Grants, and plain robberies Pensions;
Physicians and lawyers (who take their degrees 30
To be learned rogues) call'd their pilfering Fees;
Since this happy day,
Now ev'ry man may
Rob (as safe as in office) upon the highway:
For Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease, 35
And ev'ry man round me may rob if he please.

V.

Some cheat in the Customs, some rob the Excise,
But he who robs both is esteemed most wise.
Church-wardens, too prudent to hazard the halter,
As yet only venture to steal from the altar: 40
But now to get gold,
They may be more bold,
And rob on the highway since Jonathan's cold:
For Blueskin's sharp penknife has set you at ease,
And ev'ry man round me may rob if he please. 45

1724

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