

Poaching Song (The Gallant Poachers)

Sung freely

2. Me and five more a poa - ching went. To get some game was
our in - tent. [Our mon - ey gone and all was spent, We'd nothing else to try.]

1. [Come all you lads of high renown
Who love to drink strong ale that's brown
And pull a lofty pheasant down
With powder, shot and gun.]
2. Me and five more a poaching went
To get some game was our intent
[Our money gone and all was spent.
We'd nothing else to try.]
3. The keeper heard us fire a gun.
[And to the spot did quickly run]
They swore before the rising sun
That one of us should die.
4. 'Twas the bravest youth amongst our lot
'Twas his misfortune to get shot.
That murderous that did him kill
And on the ground his blood did spill.
5. [That youth he fell upon the ground
Within his breast a mortal wound.
Whilst from the woods a gun did sound
That that took his life away.]
6. [In memory he ever shall be blessed.
He rose again to stand the test,
Whilst down upon his gallant breast
The crimson blood did flow.]
7. [It was the wound the keeper gave,
No mortal man his life could save.
He lies now sleeping in the grave
Until the judgment day.]
8. [The murderous man that did him kill
And on the ground his blood did spill,]
He shall travel far and lorn
And find no resting place.

9. He must wander through this world forlorn
And always feel the smarting thorn:
He pointed out with finger scorn
And die in sad disgrace.
10. [To prison then we all were sent,
We called for aid, but none was lent.
Our enemies they were full bent
That there we should remain.]
11. [But fickle fortune on us shine
And unto us did change her mind:
With heartfelt thanks for liberty
We were let out again.]
12. [No more locked up in the midnight cells
To hear the turnkeys ring the bells,
Those crackling doors I bid farewell,
the rattling of the chain.]

Source: Sung by George Cook, Park St, Stow-on-the Wold. Collected by James Madison Carpenter between 1927 and 1935.

Notes: Mr Cook's text was fragmentary. Words in brackets provided from a version sung by Walter Pardon, Norfolk.