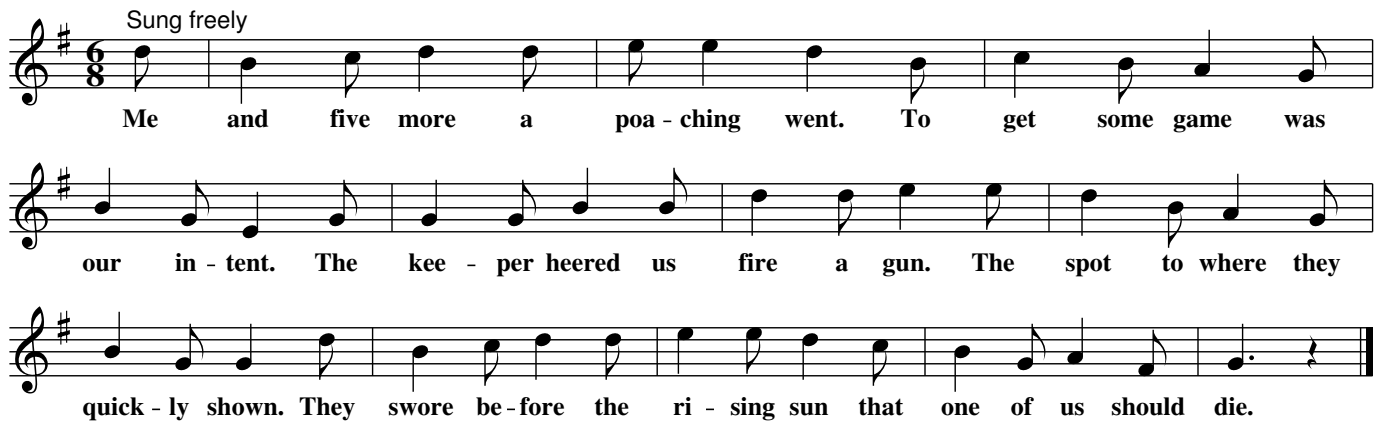


Poaching Song

(The Gallant Poachers)

Sung freely



Me and five more a poa - ching went. To get some game was
our in - tent. The kee - per heered us fire a gun. The spot to where they
quick - ly shown. They swore be - fore the ri - sing sun that one of us should die.

'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.

He shall travel far and lorn
And find no resting place.

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

Notes: Words and tune transcribed as on recording. Obviously fragmentary.