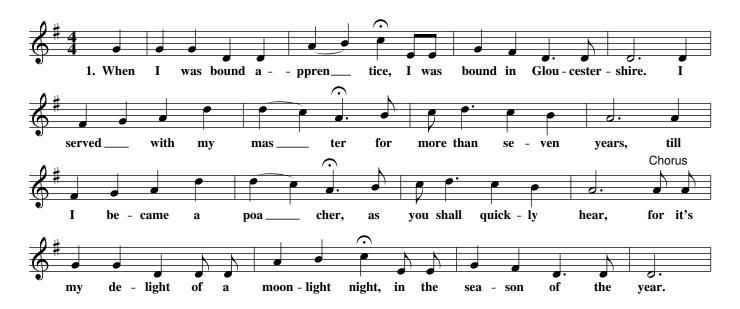
# The Poacher ('Tis My Delight)



2. As me and my bold partner were setting of a snare
The gamekeeper stood watching us, for him we did not care
Now it's I can fight, or I can jump, run over anywhere.

#### Chorus

3. For when you set a snare, me boys, you're sure to get a hare And pop him into the bag, me boys, without any doubt or fear Pop him in the bag, me boys and through the woods do steer

#### Chorus

4. And it's though the woods do steer, my boys, till you come to a market town And shake him out of the bag, me boys, and sell him for a crown You sell him for a crown, my boys, but I dare not tell you where.

## Chorus

5. Good luck to every gentleman that will buy a hare Bad luck to every gamekeeper that do duty on deer Good luck to every poacher who comes from far and near

### Chorus

Source: Sung by Harry Brazil, Gloucester. Collected by Gwilym Davies 27/11/77...

Notes: Harry's version was very fragmentary, so the above is a reconstruction, using words from a broadside.

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