

## The Fat Buck

(In Thorney Moor Woods)

In Thun-der-man-shire there was a fat buck. Right fol de dol a ear I day, In  
 Thun-der-man-shire there was a fat buck, Right fol de dol ear I day. The  
 ve-ry first night we did go out, Oh one of our best dogs he got shot And  
 he was the best dog out of the lot, Right fol de dol ear I day. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Alternative  
 (a)

2. For he came to me both bloody and lame,  
 And sorry was I for to see the same,  
 I said he weren't able to follow the game,  
 Right fol the dol ear I day.  
 Then if this is hunting I'll give o'er  
 And hunting I shall go no more  
 For to catch a fat buck in Thundermanshire,  
 Right fol the dol ear I day.
3. If you ever saw poor limping Jack  
 A-carrying the first quarter all on his back,  
 He carried it like some beggarman's sack,  
 Right fol the dol ear I day.  
 Then if this be hunting, etc.
4. Now the very first quarter we had over for sale  
 It was to an old woman who sold bad ale.  
 She was the cause of us poor lads to go to gaol  
 Right fol the dol ear I day.  
 Then if this be hunting, etc.
5. Now our 'sizes thay are drawing near  
 And we are all quaking for fear  
 All through this old woman who sold bad beer.  
 Right fol the dol ear I day.  
 Then if this be hunting, etc.

Source: Collected by Cecil Sharp from Mrs Kathleen Williams, Puddlebrook nr Drybrook,  
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