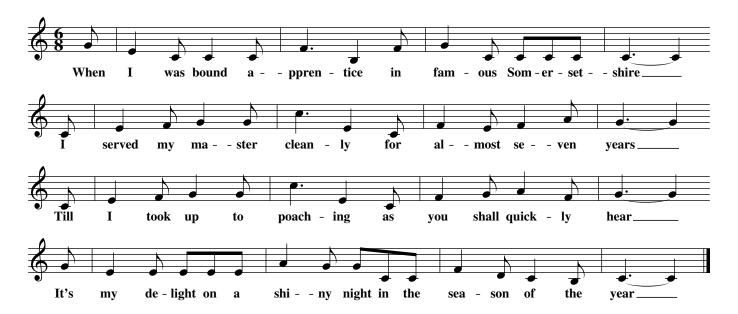
## The Somerset Poacher



- 2. As me and my companions were setting of a snare
  The gamekeeper came up to us; for him we did not care,
  For we can wrestle and fight my boys jump over anywhere.
  It's my delight on a shiny night in the season of the year.
- 3. As me and my companions were setting four or five And taking of them up again we caught a hare alive, We caught a hare alive my boys and through the woods did steer. It's my delight on a shiny night in the season of the year.
- 4. We put him in a bag my boys, and then we trudged home We took him to a neighbour's house and sold him for a crown We sold him for a crown, my boys, but I did not tell you where It's my delight on a shiny night in the season of the year.
- 5. Success to every gentleman that lives in Somersetshire Success to every poacher that wants to sell a hare, Bad luck to every gamekeeper who will not sell his deer, It's my delight on a shiny night in the season of the year.

Source: Mrs Hawker, Broad Campden, 4th April 1908, collected by Percy Grainger

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