

The Eynsham Poaching Song

Three Eyn - - sham cha - - ps went
out one day To Lord Ab - ing - don's Ma - nor they
made their way; They took their do - gs to
ca - tch some game And soon to Wy - th - am
Wo-ods they cam-me Lad-die-i-o, lad-die-i-o, Fal-de-ral o - ver a
lad - die - i - o

Three Eynsham chaps went out one day
To Lord Abingdon's Manor they made their way
They took their dogs to catch some game
And soon to Wytham Woods the came

Laddie-i-o, Laddie-i-o
Fal-de-ral over a laddie-i-o

We had not long been beating there
Before our spaniel put up a hare;
Up she jumped and away she ran,
At the very same time a pheasant sprang.

We had not beat the woods all through
When Barrett, the keeper, came in view;
And when we saw the old beggar look
We made our Cassington Brook.

When we got there 'twas full to the brim,
And you'd have laughed to see us swim,
Ten feet of water, if not more;
When we got out our dogs came o'er

Over hedges, ditches, gates and rails,
Our dogs follows us after behind our heels;
And you can all say what you will
We'll have our hares and pheasants still