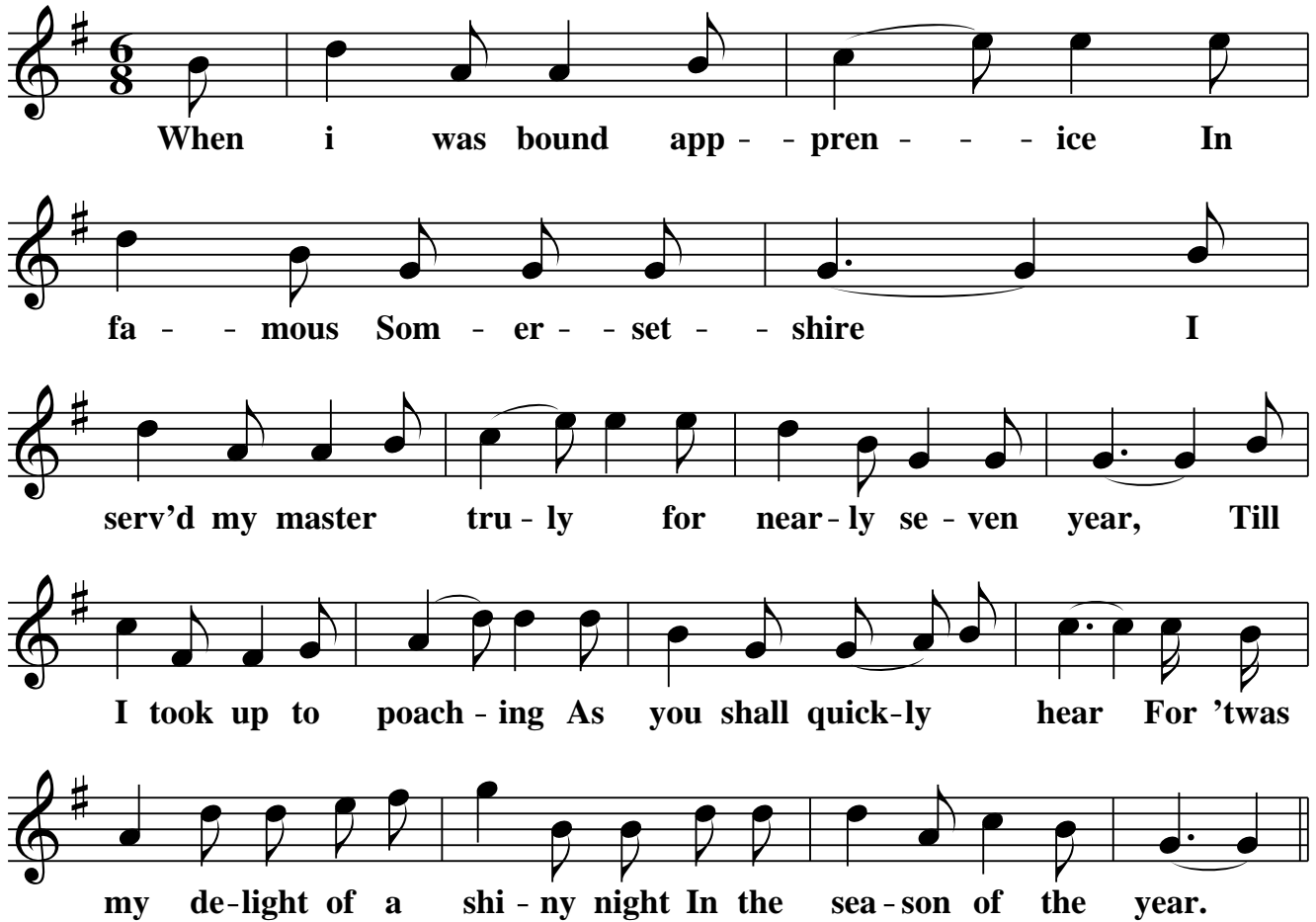


Poaching Song.



When i was bound app - - pren - - - ice In
fa - - mous Som - er - - set - - shire I
serv'd my master tru - ly for near - ly se - ven year, Till
I took up to poach - ing As you shall quick - ly hear For 'twas
my de - light of a shi - ny night In the sea - son of the year.

When I was bound apprentice
In famous Somersetshire
I served my master truly
For nearly seven year,
Till I took up to poaching
As you shall quickly hear
For 'twas my delight of a shiny night
In the season of the year.

As me and my companions
Were setting of a snare
The gamekeeper was watching us
But for him we did not care
For we can wrestle fight, my boys,
Jump over anywhere.
For it's my delight of a shiny night
In the season of the year.

As me and my companions
Were setting for a five
In taking of them up again
We caught a hare alive
We popped her in the bag, my boys
And through the woods did steer
For it's my delight of a shiny night
In the season of the year.

We threw her across our shoulders
And wandered through the town,
And called into a neighbour's house
And sold her for a crown,
We sold her for a crown, my boys,
But dared not tell you where,
For it's my delight on a shiny night
In the season of the year.

So here's success to poachers
For I do not think it fair,
Bad luck to every gamekeeper
That will not sell his deer,
Good luck to every landlady
That wants to buy a hare.
For it's my delight on a shiny night
In the season of the year.