

The Lincolnshire Poacher

Traditional (Lincolnshire, I assume)



When I was bound apprentice in famous Lincolnshire
Full well I served my master for more than seven years
Till I took up to poaching, as you shall quickly hear
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shiny night in the season of the year.
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shiny night in the season of the year.

As me and my companions were setting of a snare
'Twas then we spied the gamekeeper, for him we did not care
For we can wrestle and fight, my boys and jump out anywhere
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shiny night in the season of the year.
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shiny night in the season of the year.

As me and my companions were setting four or five
And taking on 'em up again, we caught a hare alive
We took a hare alive my boys, and through the woods did steer
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shiny night in the season of the year.
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shiny night in the season of the year.

I threw him on my shoulder 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
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shiny night in the season of the year.
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shiny night in the season of the year.

Bad luck to ev'ry magistrate that lives in Lincolnshire
Success to every poacher that wants to sell a hare
Bad luck to ev'ry gamekeeper that will not sell his deer
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shiny night in the season of the year.
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shiny night in the season of the year.

I was but a wild fowler as my father was before
But then the Gentry drained the fens so now I break the law
Now I do favour poaching: I think it's very fair
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shiny night in the season of the year.
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shiny night in the season of the year.

One Misty Moisty Morning

Traditional (England)

. "F" "C"
One misty moisty morning when cloudy was the weather
"F" "C" "Eb"
I met with an old man cloth-ed all in leather
"F" "C"
He was clothed all in leather with a cap be - neath his chin
"Dm" "F" "C" "F"
Singing How d'you do and how d'you do and how d'you do a - gain

This rustic was a thresher as on his way he hied
And with a leather bottle fast buckled by his side
He wore no shirt upon his back but wool unto his skin
Singing How d'you do and how d'you do and how d'you do a - gain

I went a little further and there I met a maid
A-going a-milking, a-milking Sir she said
Then I began to compliment and she began to sing
Singing How d'you do and how d'you do and how d'you do a - gain

This maid her name was Dolly clothed in a gown of grey
I being somewhat jolly persuaded her to stay
And straight I fell a-courting her in hopes her love to win
Singing How d'you do and how d'you do and how d'you do a - gain

I having time and leisure, I spent a vacant hour
A-telling of my treasure while sitting in the bower
With many kind embraces I stroke her double chin
Singing How d'you do and how d'you do and how d'you do a - gain

I said that I would married be and she would be my bride
And long we should not tarry and twenty things beside
I'll plough and sow and reap and mow and you shall sit and spin
Singing How d'you do and how d'you do and how d'you do a - gain

Her parents then consented, all parties were agreed
Her portion thirty shillings, we married were with speed
Then Will the piper he did play whilst others dance and sing
Singing How d'you do and how d'you do and how d'you do a - gain

Then lusty Ralph and Robin with many damsels gay
Did ride on Roan and Dobbin to celebrate the day
And when they met together their caps they off did fling
"Dm" "Bb" "F" "C" "F"
Singing How d'you do and how d'you do and how d'you do and how d'you a - gain