

When I was born ap - pren - tice, In fa - mous Lin - coln -

shire, Full well I serv'd my mas - ter for more than se - ven

year, *p* Till I took up to poach - ing, As you shall quick-i - ly

hear, *f* Oh! 'tis my delight on a shin - ing night, In the sea - son of the year.