

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Bold Poachers

Bold Poachers

Concerning of three young men
One night in January
According law's contrary
A-poaching went straight way

They were inclined to ramble
Amongst the trees and brambles
A-firing at the pheasants
Which brought the keepers up

The keepers dared not enter
Nor cared the woods to venture
But outside near the centre
In them old bush they stood

The poachers they were tired
And to leave they were desired
And at last young Parkins fired
and spilled one keeper's blood

Fast homeward they were making
Nine pheasants they were taking
When another keeper faced them
They fired at him also

He on the ground lay crying
Just like some person dying
With no assistance nigh him
They can't forgive their crime

Then they were taken with spee
For their inhumanity
It caused their heart to bleed
For they're of tender years

That scene before was never
Three brothers tried together
Three brothers condemned for poaching
Found guilty as they stood

Exiled in transportation
Two brothers they were taken

And the other one hang as a token
They can't forgive his crime

recorded by Steeleye Span on "Parcel Of Rogues" (1973)
MJ