

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## The Pheasant Plucking Song

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Me husband is a keeper, he's a very busy man,  
I try to understand him and I help him all I can,  
But sometimes of an evening I feel a trifle dim,  
All alone and plucking pheasants when I'd rather pluck with him.

I'm not the pheasant plucker,  
I'm the pheasant plucker's mate  
And I'm only plucking pheasants  
Cos the pheasant plucker's late.

I'm not good at plucking pheasants, pheasant plucking I get stuck,  
Though some peasants find it pleasant I'd much rather pluck a duck,  
Oh, but plucking geese is gorgeous, I can pluck a goose with ease  
But plucking pheasants is sheer torture, for they haven't any grease.

I'm not the pheasant plucker,  
He has gone out on the tiles,  
He only plucked one pheasant  
And I'm sitting here with piles.

You have to pluck them fresh, if they're fresh it's not unpleasant,  
I knew a man in Dunstable, could pluck a frozen pheasant.  
They say the village constable has pheasant plucking sessions  
With the vicar of a Sunday 'twixt the first and second lessons.

I'm not the pheasant plucker,  
I'm the pheasant plucker's son,  
And I'm only plucking pheasants  
Till the pheasant plucker's come.

My good friend Godfrey's most adept, he's really got the knack,  
He likes to have a pheasant plucked before he hits the sack.  
I try and lend a helping hand, I gather up the feathers,  
It's really all this pheasant plucking keeps us here together.

I'm not the pheasant plucker,  
I'm the pheasant plucker's friend,  
And I'm only plucking pheasants  
As a means unto an end.

Me husband's in the woods all day, a-banging with his gun,  
If he could hear me heartfelt cries, then surely he would run,

For I've fluff in all me crannies and there's feathers up me nose,  
And I'm itchin' in the kitchin' from me head down to me toes.

I'm not the pheasant plucker,  
I'm the pheasant plucker's wife,  
And when we pluck together  
It's a pheasant plucking life!

AJS  
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