

## The Gallant Poacher

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Come all you lads of high renown  
That loves to drink good ale and brown  
That pull the lofty pheasant down  
With powder shot and gun  
He's a gallant youth  
I tell the truth  
He crossed all life's tempestuous wave  
No mortal man his life could save  
He lies now sleeping in his grave  
His deeds on earth are done

Me and five more a' poaching went  
To kill some game was our intent  
Our money ended, all was spent  
We'd nothing else to try  
The moon shone bright  
No cloud in sight  
The keeper heard the crack of gun  
And swiftly to the spot did run  
And swore before the rise of sun  
That one of us should die

The bravest boy in all the lot  
Was staggered by the keeper's shot  
His deeds will never be forgot  
By all his friends below  
For help he cried  
But was denied  
His memory ever shall be blest  
He rose again, to stand the test  
Whilst down upon his gallant breast  
The crimson blood did flow

The youth he sank upon the ground  
And in his breast a mortal wound  
Whilst through the wood the gun did sound  
That took his life away  
The passing breeze  
Did shake the trees  
Deep was the wound the keeper gave  
No mortal man his life could save  
He now lies sleeping in his grave  
Until the judgement day

His case it makes the heart lament  
Our comrades all to jail were sent  
Our enemies seemed fully bent  
That there we should remain  
Fate changed her mind  
And proved more kind  
No more locked up in midnight cells  
To hear the turnkeys bost their bells  
Those clanging doors we bid farewells  
And rattle of the chains

The murderous hand that did him kill  
And on the ground his blood did spill  
Must wander e'er against his will  
And find no resting place  
Tormentous things  
His conscience wring  
Condemn'd to wander all forlorn  
And ever feel the smarting thorn  
Be pointed out (with finger) of scorn  
Condemned for to die (or condemned ne'er to die)

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Taken down from J Parsons, (Tune FWB) 21<sup>st</sup> March 1891 also J Helmore, and others. 'Some of the singers omit the two short lines' Also on Broadside by Bebbinton, Manchester No 170