

# Heather Alexander, The Molecatcher

In Wellington town at the sign of the plough  
There lived a molecatcher, shall I tell you now?  
He had a young wife, she was buxom and gay,  
And she and another young farmer did play

TURNAROUND:

Lo til lie day, lo til lie little, li lo til lie day

Well, the farmer he knocked on her door and did say  
"Where is the molecatcher, good woman, I pray?"  
"He's out catchin' moles, love, you need have no fear"  
But she didn't know the molecatcher was near

Well, he crept up the stairs in the midst of their frolic  
The molecatcher caught him right up by the jacket  
"I've been a molecatcher for most of my life  
But here's the best mole I ever caught with my wife"

"Well, I'll make you pay dearly for tilling my ground  
I'll take from your pocket a full twenty pound"  
"Twenty pound," says the farmer, "I really can't mind,  
It only works out about tuppence a time"