

Maddy Prior, Bold Poachers

Concerning of three young men, one night in January
According laws contrary, apoaching went straightway

They were inclined to ramble, among the trees and brambles
A firing at the pheasants, which brought those keepers near

The keepers dared not enter, nor cared the woods to venture
But outside round the centre, in them old bush they stood

The poachers they were tired and to leave they were desired
At 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, may God forgive their crime

And they were taken with speed, all for that inhuman deed
It caused their hearts to bleed, for their young tender years

There seen before was never, three brothers tried together
Brothers condemned for poaching, found guilty as they stood

Exiled in transportation, two brothers they were taken
And the third hung as a token, may God forgive their crime