

# Steeleye Span, The Bold Poachers

Concerning of three young men  
One night in January  
According laws contrary  
A-poaching went straightway

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

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  
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

Then 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  
Three brothers condemned for poaching  
Found guilty as they stood

Exiled in transportation  
Two brothers they were taken  
And the other hung as a token  
May God forgive their crime