

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