Poacher's Song



Down in a lit-tle garden, Close by the highway Fal de ral ri; fal de ral lal lal li day!

I saw something dancing, I thought it was a hare -Why don't you go and catch it and catch it in a snare?

I got up the next morning, a-seeking for my prey, A keeper sat in an arbour-bush, close by the highway.

He hopped me off to prison, I suffered more and more, For six long months, or better, my bed was made of straw.

I had a very large family at home, and all my neighbours say They only had one half-peck loaf for eight long summer's day.