

Folk Music

Do you know the song called "The Lincolnshire Poacher"? Here are the words. Let's sing it.

When I was bound apprentice, in famous Lincolnshire,
Full well I served my master for more than seven year,
Till I took up to poaching, as you shall quickly hear;
Oh, 'tis my delight of a shiny night in the season of the year.
Yes, 'tis my delight of a shiny night in the season of the year.

We took a hare alive my boys and then we trudged home

We took him to a neighbour's
house and sold him for a crown,

We sold him for a crown,
my boys, but I did not tell
you where,

Oh, 'tis my delight of a
shiny night in the season
of the year.

Yes, 'tis my delight of a
shiny night in the season
of the year.

Success to every
gentleman that lives in
Lincolnshire,

Success to every poacher that
wants to sell a hare,

Bad luck to every gamekeeper
that will not sell his deer,

Oh, 'tis my delight of a shiny night
in the season of the year.

Yes, 'tis my delight of a shiny night in
the season of the year.

