

# Thorneymoor Woods

Anne Briggs

In Thorneymoor Woods in Nottinghamshire,  
Thorneymoor Woods in Nottinghamshire,  
Three game-keepers' houses stood three-square,  
About a mile from each other they were  
Orders they were to look out for the deer.  
Fol de rol, tora lie day

Now me and me dogs went out one night  
The moon and the stars were shining bright  
O'er hedges and ditches, fields and stiles  
With my three dogs trotting close by me heels,  
To catch a fat buck down in Thorneymoor fields.  
Fol de rol, tora lie day

That very first night we had bad luck,  
One of me very best dogs got shot  
He come to me all bloody and lame  
Right sorry I was for to see the same  
And not being able to follow the game.  
Fol de rol, tora lie day

I searched his wounds and found them slight  
'Twas done by a game-keeper out of spite  
Well I'll take a stick right tight in me hand  
I'll search the woods till I find that man  
I'll thrash his old hide right well if I can  
Fol de rol, tora lie day

Now I come home and I went to bed  
Limping Jack went out in me stead  
O'er hedges and ditches, fields and stiles  
He found a buck lying on the ground  
My little dog has gave him the death-wound.  
Fol de rol, tora lie day

And Limping Jack he cut the buck's throat  
Tied his legs with good stout rope  
And I had a laugh to see Limping Jack  
Up in a lane with that buck on his back  
Carried it just like a pedlar's pack  
Fol de rol, tora lie day

Now we got us a butcher to skin the game  
Likewise another to sell the same  
And the very first joint as we offered for sale  
Was to an old girl she sold bad ale  
She had us young lads up in Nottingham gaol  
Fol de rol, tora lie day

In Nottingham assizes are you and I  
Us three young lads we go to be tried  
But the magistrate laughed her all to scorn  
He says the old bugger should be forsworn  
Into little pieces torn  
Fol de rol, tora lie day

In Nottingham assizes are gone and past

Us three young lads go free at last  
The bucks and the does will never roam free  
A poacher's life is the life for me  
A poacher I will always be  
Fol de rol, tora lie day