

The Molecatcher

Heather Alexander

In Wellington town at the sign of the plough
There lived a molecatcher, shall I tell you now?
He had a young wife, she was buxom and gay,
And she and another young farmer did play

Lo til lie day, lo til lie little, li lo til lie day

Well, the farmer he knocked on her door and did say
"Where is the molecatcher, good woman, I pray?"
"He's out catchin' moles, love, you need have no fear"
But she didn't know the molecatcher was near

Well, he crept up the stairs in the midst of their frolic
The molecatcher caught him right up by the jacket
"I've been a molecatcher for most of my life
But here's the best mole I ever caught with my wife"

"Well, I'll make you pay dearly for tilling my ground
I'll take from your pocket a full twenty pound"
"Twenty pound," says the farmer, "I really can't mind,
It only works out about tuppence a time"