

Thornaby Woods

Steeleye Span

In Thornaby Woods in Nottinghamshire
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Three game-keepers' houses stood three-square
About a mile from each other they were
Their orders they were to look out for the deer
Long, long the day

Me and the dogs went out one night
The moon and stars were shining bright
O'er hedges, ditches, fields and stiles
With my three dogs running close by me heels
To catch a fat buck down in Thornaby fields
Long, long the day

That very first night, I had bad luck
For one of me very best dogs got shot
He came to me all bloody and lame
Right sorry was I for to see the same
And not being able to follow the game
Long, long the day

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I looked at his wounds and found them slight
'Twas done by some keeper out of spite
I'll take a right stick all in me hand
And I'll search the woods till I find that man
I'll tan his old hide, right well, if I can

Long, long the day

Then I went home and went to bed
And Limping Jack went out in me stead
He searched the woods around at length
'Til he found a buck rough lying dead the ground
'Twas my little dog that gave him his death wound
Long, long the day

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He got a butcher to skin the game
And likewise another to sell the same
The very first joint that he offered for sale
It was to an old woman who sold bad ale
She had us all up in Nottingham gaol

Long, long the day

The Nottingham assizes are over and past
And we three chaps got free at last
The bucks and does shall never roam free
For a poacher's life is the life for me
A poacher I will always be
Long, long the day

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