# Lincolnshire Posy, "Rufford Park Poachers"

Transposition Inquisition No. 46

Percy Grainger arr. Martorano

#### About the Song:

This song, according to goldenhindmusic.com, was originally created by Joseph Taylor: "It tells a dramatic tale of an event that took place in 1851, when Mr. Taylor was a young man. A gang of thirty or forty poachers was attacked by ten gamekeepers, one of whom was mortally wounded during the battle. Four of the poachers were tried for his murder, found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to transportation for fourteen years."

#### Lyrics:

Oh buck or doe believe it so A pheasant or a hare Sent on earth for everyone Quite equal for to share Poacher bold as I unfold Keep up your gallant heart Think about those poachers bold That night in Rufford Park

And the keepers they went with flails Against the poachers and their cause No man there again would dare defy the rich man's laws Poacher bold as I unfold Keep up your gallant heart Think about those poachers bold That night in Rufford Park

Of all that band who made a stand To set a net or snare Four men brought before the court Tried for murder there Poacher bold as I unfold Keep up your gallant heart Think about those poachers bold That night in Rufford Park

They say the forty gallant poachers They were in a mess They'd often been attacked When the number it was less So poacher bold as I unfold Keep up your gallant heart Think about those poachers bold That night in Rufford Park

And the keepers they began the fray With stones and with the flails When the poachers started Oh they quickly turned their tails Poacher bold as I unfold Keep up your gallant heart Think about those poachers bold That night in Rufford Park

And the judge he said for Roberts death
Transported you must be
To serve a term of fourteen years in convict slavery
Poacher bold my tale is told
Keep up your gallant heart
Think about those poachers bold
That night in Rufford Park

Among the gorse to settle scores
The forty gathered stones
They can fight for a poor man's rights
To break the keepers' bones
Poacher bold as I unfold
Keep up your gallant heart
Think about those poachers bold
That night in Rufford Park

Then upon the ground with a mortal wound The head keeper Roberts lay He never will rise up until The final judgement day Poacher bold as I unfold Keep up your gallant heart Think about those poachers bold That night in Rufford Park



































































































