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When I was bound prentice in famous Lincolnshire,ⁱ
Full well I served my master for seven long years,
Till I took up to poaching, as you shall quickly hear.
O, 'tis my delight in a shiny night, in the season of the year!

As me and my comrades were a setting of a snare
'Twas there we spied the game keeper, for him we did not care,
For we could wrestle and fight my boys, and jump in anywhere.
O, 'tis my delight in a shiny night, in the season of the year!

As me and my comrades were a setting four or five,
And taking them up again, we caught a deer alive.
We swung over shoulder and through the woods did steer.
O, 'tis my delight in a shiny night, in the season of the year.

We swung over shoulder 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 did not tell you where.
O 'tis my delight in a shiny night in the season of the year.

Success to every gentleman that lives in Lincolnshire
Success to every poacher that ever snared a hare
Bad luck to every game-keeper, that will not sell a deer,
O 'tis my delight in a shiny night, in the season of the year.

Finis.

Notes

i. **Lincolnshire:** Lincolnshire is a "historical county" in eastern England. It largely consists of agricultural land, "growing large amounts of wheat, barley, sugar beet, and oilseed rape" (*Wikipedia*)