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# The Lads of Thorney Moor Wood

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## THE LADS OF THORNEY MOOR WOOD

*Pitts, Printer, wholesale Toy and Marble warehouse,  
6, Gt. St. Andrew Street, Seven Dial.*

**I**N Thorney Moor Woods in Nottinghamshire,  
Three keepers houses stood three square  
And about a mile from each other were,  
There orders were to look after the deer.  
I went out with my dogs one night,  
The moon shone clear and the stars gave light,  
Over hedges and ditches and rails,  
With my two dogs close at my heels,  
To catch a fine buck in Thorney Moor Fields.

The very first night we had bad luck  
One of my very best dogs got stuck,  
He came to me both bloody and lame,  
And sorry I was to see the same,  
He was not able to follow the game.  
I searched his wounds and found them light,  
Some keeper has done this out of spite,  
But I will take this spike staff in hand,  
I will range the wood to find that man,  
I will tan his hide right well if I can.

I ranged the woods and groves all night,  
I ranged the woods till it proved day light,  
The very first thing that here I found,  
Was a good fat buck that lay dead on the ground,  
I know my dogs gave him his death wound,  
My dogs they know me by my call,  
I out with my knife I cut the buck's throat,  
And you would have laugh'd to see limping Jack  
To see how he strutted with the buck on his back,  
He carried it like some Yorkshireman's pack  
I hired a butcher to skin the game,  
Likewise another to sell the same.  
The very first buck he offered for sale,  
Was to a woman that sold bad ale,  
And she sent us three poor lads to goal.  
But the quarter sessions were drawing nigh at  
hand,  
At which we were all to be tried.

The gentlemen laughed them all to scorn,  
That such an old woman should be joresworn.  
She all to pieces ought to be torn,  
The sessions are over and we are all clear,  
The sessions are over and we all sit here  
The very best game I ever did see,  
Was a buck or a deer, but a deer for me,  
Thorney woods this night I'll see.