



THE LADS OF
Thorney Moor Woods.

In Thorney Moor Woods in Nottinghamshire,
Three keepers houses stood three square,
And about a mile from each other were,
Their orders were to look after the deer.

I with my dogs went out one night,
The moon shone clear and the stars gave light,
O'er hedges, ditches, gates and rails,
With my two dogs at my heels,
To catch a fat buck in Thorney Moor Fields,

The very first night we had bad luck,
One of our 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 slight,
Some keeper has done this out of spite,
I will range the woods till I find that man,
I will tan his hide right well if I can.

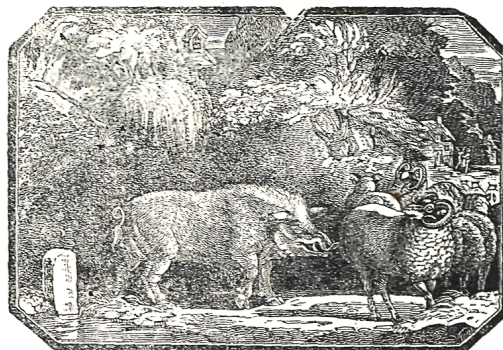
I ranged the woods and groves all night,
I ranged the woods till it proved daylight,
The very first thing that ever I found,
Was a good fat buck lay dead on the ground,
I know my dogs gave him his death wound.

My dogs they knew me by my call,
I out with my knife and at the buck's throat,
You would have laugh'd to have seen 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 an old w——e who sold bad ale,
And she sent us three poor lads to gaol.

But the quarter Sessions are drawing near,
At which we were all to be tried,
The gentlemen laughed them all to scorn,
That such an old w——e should be forsworn,
She all to pieces ought to be torn.

The sessions are o'er and we are clear,
The sessions are o'er and we all sit here,
The very best game I ever did see,
Was a buck or a deer but a hare for me,
And Thorney Moor Woods this night I'll see.



Robin's

P E T I T I O N .

When the leaves had deserted the trees,
And the forests were chilly and bare,
When the brooks were beginning to freeze,
And the snow waver'd fast thro' the air;
A robin had fled from the wood,
To the snug habitation of man,
On the threshold the wanderer stood,
And thus his petition began,
The snow's coming down very fast;
No shelter is found on the tree;
When you hear this un pitying blast,
I pray you take pity on me.

The hips and the haws are all gone,
I can neither find berry nor sloe,
The ground is as hard as a stone,
And I'm almost buried in snow.
My little dear nest once so neat,
Is now empty, and ragged, and torn,
On some tree should I now take my seat,
I'd be frozen quite fast before morn,
Then throw me a morsel of bread,
Take me in by the side of your fire,
And when I am warmed and fed,
I'll whistle without other hire.

Till the sun be again shining bright,
And the snow is all gone let me stay,
O, see what a terrible night, !
I shall die if you drive me away !
And when you come forth in the morn,
And are talking and walking around,
O how will your bosom be torn,
When you see me lie dead on the ground,
Then pity a poor little thing,
And throw me a part of your store,
I'll fly of in the first of the spring,
And never will trouble you more.

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