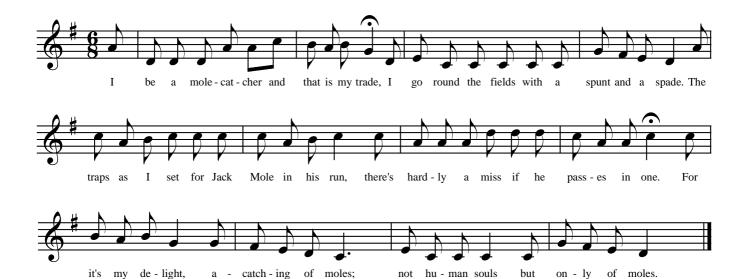
The Molecatcher - Mr Tooke



I be a Mole Catcher and that is my trade,
I go round the fields with a spunt and a spade.
The traps as I set for Jack Mole in his run,
there's hardly a miss if it passes in one.

Chorus

For it's my delight a-catching of moles, not human souls but only moles.

2
As about the lanes in the night I go
I many things see what others don't know.
The frisking and larking when there's no light;
like the moles and the badgers, some folks live at night

3
The maiden that is in the day demure go out in the lanes with a lover for sure.
The 'prentice the master believes is in bed go rollicking over the country instead.

4 I catch the smuggler with firkin and pack a-slipping along by the lonliest track. I catch the poacher with trap and with snare, with feret and gun but he's well aware.

5
The doctor and parson as drunk as a dog, I catch them floundering about in a bog; I help them out and I goes on my way and never nothing to nobody say.

There's many a sight and many a sound that would make you laugh as I go my ground But secret I am, and mum as a bell and you can reckon that I no tales will tell

The MS is in Bb