

The Molecatcher - Mr Tooke



I be a mole-cat-cher 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 hard-ly a miss if he pass-es in one. For



it's my de-light, a-catch-ing of moles; not hu-man souls but on-ly of moles.

1

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.

6

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*