

# The Death of Poor Bill Brown

TYG 41

Come all ye men both great and small, Game-keep - ers, poach\_\_ ers,  
sports\_\_ men all, Come list - en to this lit - tle song And I'll  
sing you the death of poor Bill Brown, I'll sing you the death of  
poor Bill Brown, Right fol - de - ral lad - die - i - o.

1. Come all ye men both great and small,  
Gamekeepers, poachers, sportsmen all,  
Come listen to this little song  
And I'll sing you the death of poor Bill Brown,  
I'll sing you the death of poor Bill Brown,  
Chorus:- Right fol-de-ral laddie-i-o.
2. One starry night as you shall 'ear,  
All in the season of the year,  
We went to the woods to get a fat buck,  
But ee that night we 'ad bad luck,  
For Bill Brown got shot and 'is dog got stuck.
3. When we got to the woods our sport begun,  
Ah saw the gamekeeper projectin' 'is gun;  
Ah called to Bill to climb the gate,  
To drop the fat buck, but it was to' late,  
For 'twas there 'e met 'is untimely fate.



4. As 'e lay dyin' on the ground  
In this sad state poor Bill I found;  
When 'e saw me poor Bill did cry,  
'Avenge my fate.' 'Ah will,' says I,  
For many's the hare we've caught nearby.
5. Next night I dressed myself in time,  
I got to the woods, the clock struck nine;  
The reason is, I'll tell you why:  
To find that gamekeeper I shall try,  
Who shot my friend, and 'e shall die.
6. For I know the man who shot Bill Brown,  
I know 'im well an' can tell 'is clown,  
And to describe 'im in my song,  
Black jacket 'e 'ad an' red waistcoat on,  
I know 'im well an' they call 'im Tom.
7. I ranged the woods all round and then  
I looked at me watch an' it was just ten;  
I 'eard a footstep on the green,  
An' Ah laid me down for fear Ah'd be seen,  
For plainly I saw that it was Tom Green.
8. I took my fowlpiece in my hand,  
Resolved to fire if Tom should stand.  
'E 'eard a noise and turned 'im round;  
Ah fired and brought 'im to the ground;  
My hand gave 'im the deep death wound.
9. So now to conclude and finish my song,  
I shot the man who shot Bill Brown;  
Poor Bill no more these eyes shall see;  
Farewell, dear friend, farewell to ye;  
But I've crowned the last hopes of 'is memory.