

THE PLOVER CATCHER Capo III D
©Elizabeth Padgett September 2000

Chorus D A G A
Silent in his house of willow branch and reed
G A D
Hiding on his island small,
D A G A
Waits the Plover Catcher with his whistle in his hand
 G A D
Till he mimmicks his preys' sharp call.
D G D A
All along the Welland on Cowbit's flooded wash
D G A
Trying to find food for all,
D A G A
Wartime measures to put meat on London's plates,
 G A D
He waits for the small birds to fall.

 D A G A
His hand moves swiftly to control the capture net
 G A D
As the birds come warily down.
D A G A
Necked and plucked and sent off on the train,
 G A D
In the City they'll be sold for half a crown.

Chorus

The trade from Cowbit station is really rather good
Through the winter right into early spring.
With wartime shortages the City bears the brunt,
What joy those small birds will bring.

Chorus

Wildfowlers are busy with their punts and their guns,
For decades they have plied their trade.
Now native Cowbit men catch the Plovers with their sons
And wartime memories are made.

Chorus