

Both Eric and his publisher would like you to have access to the lyrics of his songs for your own enjoyment but, should you wish to reproduce copies for any purpose, you should first seek permission from the Publisher at the following address: -
Larrikin Music Pty Limited - 4/30-32 Carrington Street, - Sydney, NSW, - Australia, 2000

POACHER'S MOON

Moon on the water, cauld frosty night
World fu' o' shadows and silver light
Your blood is singin' tae an auld wild tune
Your heart beats faster, it's a Poacher's Moon

Beneath dark water by the river's edge
A salmon is restin' on a gravel bed
Cam frae the ocean, cam hame tae spawn
Back tae the Tweed River where it was born.

Man o' the river a' the days o' your life
Ye love it better than your kids or wife
It's beauty caresses, it's peace consoles
The song o' it's journey runs deep in your soul

Salmon and poacher, it's aye been the same
Both play their parts in a far bigger game
Through ages uncouncted, as the years spin roon'
Play hunter and hunted 'neath a poacher's moon

Fish in the torchlight, oh see how it gleams
A nice wee present frae the Earl o' Wemyss
Nothing tastes sweeter, nothing tastes as good
As a poor man's belly fu' o' rich man's food

The torch is steady the salmon is still
The cleek is ready, and noo the kill
White water splashes, red water runs
Tail madly thrashes, then this game's done

But the auld days are gone noo from the river Tweed
Old ways when a man took little mair than his need
One for the table, one tae buy a wee dram
It's cyanide and nets noo, and refrigerated vans

And the salmon are fewer, gettin' less every year
The river noo runs like a lang empty tear
All through Bonnie Tweedale, past sheiling and toon
Dying in the cauld light o' a poacher's moon.