

# Sheep Stealer

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The first system of musical notation for 'Sheep Stealer' consists of a treble clef staff in 6/8 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody is written across four measures. Below the staff, there are two lines of guitar tablature. The first line is the 6th string and the second line is the 8th string. The tablature for the first measure is 0 on the 6th string and 5 5 5 on the 8th string. The second measure has 1 0 on the 6th string and 5 3 5 0 0 on the 8th string. The third measure has 1 0 1 3 1 3 on the 6th string and 5 3 5 0 0 on the 8th string. The fourth measure has 5 5 1 3 on the 6th string and 5 3 5 0 0 on the 8th string.

The second system of musical notation for 'Sheep Stealer' consists of a treble clef staff in 6/8 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody is written across six measures. Below the staff, there are two lines of guitar tablature. The first line is the 6th string and the second line is the 8th string. The first measure has 5 6 5 3 3 on the 6th string and 1 0 on the 8th string. The second measure has 1 0 on the 6th string and 5 3 5 0 on the 8th string. The third measure has 1 0 0 on the 6th string and 5 3 5 0 on the 8th string. The fourth measure has 1 3 on the 6th string and 5 3 1 0 on the 8th string. The fifth measure has 5 3 1 3 1 0 on the 6th string and 5 3 1 0 on the 8th string. The sixth measure has 5 5 on the 6th string and 5 3 1 0 on the 8th string.

I am a brisk lad but my fortune is bad,  
And I am most wonderful poor.  
Oh, indeed I intend my life for to mend  
And to build a house down on the moor, brave boys  
And to build a house down on the moor.

The farmer he do keep fat oxen and sheep  
In a neat little nag on the downs.  
In the middle of the night when the moon do shine bright,  
There's a number of work to be done, brave boys,  
There's a number of work to be done.

Then I'll roam all around in another man's ground,  
And I'll take a fat sheep for my own.  
Oh, I'll end his life by the aid of my knife  
And then I will carry him home, brave boys,  
And then I will carry him home.

My children will pull the skin from the ewe  
And I'll be in a place where there's none.  
When the constable do come, I'll stand with my gun  
And swear all I have is my own, brave boys,  
And swear all I have is my own.