

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

[www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

## George's Son

George's Son

There was George and there was George's son  
Two finer dogs there never did run  
They ran the sheep and they ran them well  
And George's son, he could run like hell

Oh one dark night when all were safe asleep  
To George's son, some devil did creep  
Saying show your master, come show him true  
What young George's son with them sheep can do

And how they scrambled and how they flew  
And how they thundered that parish through  
How high the cliff he drove them along  
Oh, and in his ears was that devil's song

Their clattering bells roused the shepherd bold  
And at that sound, oh his blood ran cold  
And he prayed for mercy with all his might  
Saying some demon rides with my sheep this night

And quickly quickly he ran the ground  
And quickly quickly that cliff he found  
And quickly quickly he raised his gun  
And the devil smiled on young George's son.

A flock was lost and a fortune too  
And a brisk young farmer cold ruin knew  
To some laboring job he was forced to come  
But his saddest loss was young George's son.

There was George and there was George's son  
Two finer dogs there never did run  
They ran the sheep and they ran them well  
And George's son, he could run like hell

---

Based on chapter 5 of "Far from the Madding Crowd" by Thomas Hardy.

Recorded by Brass Monkey.

DC

