

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Phyllis and the Shepherd

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The shepherd lay close to a clustering grove,
To hide from the heat of the day
And Phyllis herself, in a green wood above,
Among the sweet violets lay.

How does the fond butterfly touch the sweet maid
Her cheeks in mistake of a rose!
I'd put it to death if I were not afraid
My boldness would break her repose.

Hush, hush, busy bird! What a bawling you keep!
I think you're too low on the spray;
Wake not the fair maid as she lies here asleep
Like a lambkin that's tired of its play.

Then Phyllis looked up with a languishing smile-
"Fond shepherd, I think you mistake;
I lay myself down here to rest me awhile,
But, trust me, I was not asleep,"

Then he, taking courage, advanced with a bow,
And placed himself down by her side;
He wooed here and won her - I can't tell you how -
And yesterday made her his bride

Collected from "Wassail" Harvey, Cricklade, Upper Thames (Died 1916)
(c) Heirs of Alfred Williams, collected circa 1914-16

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