

Shepherd's Song

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We shepherds are the best of men that e'er trod English ground
When we come to an alehouse we value not a crown
We spend our money freely; we pays before we go
There's no ale on the wold when the stormy winds do blow.

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A man that is a shepherd does need a valiant heart
He must not be faint-hearted but boldly do his part
He must not be faint-hearted be it rain or frost or snow
With no ale on the wolds where the stormy winds do blow

When I kept sheep on Blockley hill it made my heart to beat
To see the ewes hang out their tongues and hear the lambs to bleat
Then I plucked up my courage and o'er the hills did go
And pend them in, in the fold while the stormy winds did blow

As soon as I had folded them I turned me back in hasted
Unto a jovial company, good liquor for to taste
For drink and jovial company, they are my heart's delight
Whilst my sheep lie asleep all the fore-part of the night.

JN
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