

Shepherds Are The Best Of Men



Shep-herds are the best of men That ev-er trod Eng-land's ground They
call at eve-ry ale - - house And spend a jov-i-al crown. They
call for liqu-ours mer-ri-ly and pay be-fore they go There's no
ale in the fields where the cold storm-y winds does blow.

A man that is a shepherd does need a valiant heart.
He must not be down-hearted but boldly play his part
He must not be down-hearted be it rain or frost or snow
For there's no ale in the fields where the cold stormy wind does blow.

When I kept sheep on Blockley Hill, it caused my heart to ache,
To see the lambs hang out their tongues and see the lambs to bleat,
But I plucked up my courage, and o'er the hills did go
And I penned them in the fold, where the cold stormy wind does blow.

As soon as I had folded them, I turned my back in haste,
Unto some jovial company, good liquor for to taste,
For drink and jovial company, they are my heart's delight
While my sheep lay fast asleep all the fore part of the night

Source: William Hedges, Chipping Campden. Collected by Cecil Sharp, 28 August 1909.

Notes: Sharp only collected the first verse from Mr Hedges. The remainder is from an Oxfordshire version.