

# Eliza Carthy, Blow The Winds / The Game Of Draughts

There was a shepherd's son  
He kept sheep on the hill  
He laid his pipe and his crook aside  
And there he slept his fill

Chorus (after each verse):  
And blow the winds high-o, high-o  
Sing blow the winds high-o

Well he looked east and he looked west  
He took another look  
And there he saw a lady gay  
Was dipping in a brook

She said: Sir, don't touch my mantle  
Come let my clothes alone  
I will give you as much bright money  
As you can carry home

I will not touch your mantle  
I'll let your clothes alone  
But I'll take you out of the water clear  
My dear to be my own

He mounted her on a milk white steed  
Himself upon another  
And there they rode along the road  
Like sister and like brother

And as they rode along the road  
He spied some cocks of hay  
Oh look! he says, there's a lovely place  
For men and maids to play

And when they came to her father's house  
They rang long at the ring  
And who is there but her brother  
To let the young girl in

When the gates were opened  
This young girl she jumped in  
Oh, look! she says, you're a fool without  
And I'm a maid within!

There is a horse in my father's stable  
He stands behind the thorn  
He shakes himself above the trough  
But dares not pry the corn

There is cock in my father's yard  
A double comb he wears  
He shakes his wings and he crows full loud  
But a capon's crest he bears

And there is a flower, in my father's garden  
It's called the marigold  
The fool that will not, when he can  
He shall not when he would

Says the shepherd's son as he doffed his shoes  
My feet they shall run bare  
And if I ever meet another girl  
I'll have that girl beware