

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