

Lloyd, The Sheep Stealer

The Sheep Stealer

I am a brisk lad but my fortune is bad,
And I am most wonderful poor.

Oh, indeed I intend my life for to mend
And to build a house down on the moor, brave boys
And to build a house down on the moor.

The farmer he do keep fat oxen and sheep
In a neat little nag on the downs.

In the middle of the night when the moon do shine bright,
There's a number of work to be done, brave boys,
There's a number of work to be done.

Then I'll roam all around in another man's ground,
And I'll take a fat sheep for my own.

Oh, I'll end his life by the aid of my knife
And then I will carry him home, brave boys,
And then I will carry him home.

My children will pull the skin from the ewe
And I'll be in a place where there's none.

When the constable do come, I'll stand with my gun
And swear all I have is my own, brave boys,
And swear all I have is my own.

From Lloyd, Folk Song in England

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