Ella Fitzgerald, Swingin' Shepherd Blues

Along a mountain pass,
There is a patch of grass,
Where the swingin' shepard plays his tunes.
His sheep never stray,
Dancing all day til they see the pale and yellow moon.
And then he leads his flock,
And they all rock to the tune of the swingin' sheperd blues.

(flute)
c'mon sheperd let it echo through the hills
(flute)