

Heather Alexander, Stable Boy

Way, hey, listen to me play
Won't you throw but a shilling,
Or a copper, my way?
Tales of life, love, sorrow and joy
Are the songs that are sung
By the stable boy

Well, I dream of the life
Of a bard on the road,
Yet, the wages they pay
Would scarcely feed the load
So with hoe in my hand
And with rake at my side
I would care after horses
For the ladies to ride

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Well, the farmer, he calls me
Into his big home, saying,
"Pretty stable boy,
On the road you now must roam
"Though you do fine work,
I admit that is true,
I have found me a man
Who will work for half as you!"

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Well, I woke the next morning
The sky was bright blue
And the farmer, he said,
"There's a favor you must do.
"I've a gathering of orphans
With no where to be,
You must teach them to ride
So that they can work for me!"

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Well, we work every morning
And ride every day
We muck out the stalls
And we feed the horses hay
We're such excellent workers,
The foremen believes
I could own this estate
With my band of little thieves

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