

# Stable Boy

Heather Alexander

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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