

Granny Aching

Steeleye Span

Out on the chalk, she watched her flock
Steady and true
Liniment and embrocation
"That'll do"

Sheepdog trials come around again
All put to the test
Shepherds whistle up their dogs
To do their best

The Feegle leaning on the gate
They always knew
Hoping for her rare approval
"That'll do"

When powerful men were proud or cruel

What could she do?
Implacably she'd take them down
A peg or two

Feared yet mild, she hid a pure
Integrity
A model for her growing grandchild
Tiffany

Trudging through the deepest snow
For the lost lamb
Never a wink of weary sleep
'Til all be found
'Til all be found