

We Shepherds are the Best of Men

The Dreadnoughts

We shepherds are the best of men who e'er trod English ground
And when we reach an alehouse we value not a crown
We drinks our liquor freely and pays before we go
For there is no ale out on the wold where the stormy winds do blow

A man who is a shepherd must have a valiant heart
He must not be too timid, but bravely play his part
He must not be faint-hearted, be it ice or rain or snow
For there is no ale out on the wold where the stormy winds do blow

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When I kept sheep on Blockley Hill it made my heart to weep
To see the ewes hang out their tongues and hear the lambs to bleat
So I plucked up me courage and o'er the hills did go
For to pen my sheep out in the fold where the stormy winds do blow

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And when I safely pen my sheep, I turned my back in haste
Unto some jovial company, good liquor for to taste
For drink and jovial company, they are my heart's delight
While my sheep safely sleep until the morning light

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