

Blockley Hill

Trad. / Bob Turner

G D G D G

We shepherds are the best of men that ere trod English ground. When

6 G C G D

we come to an ale house. We value not one crown. We

10 G C G Em D

spend our money freely. We pay before we go. For

14 G C D D C D G

there's no ale on the wold where the stormy winds do blow. We

18 G C G Em D

spend our money freely. We pay before we go. For

22 G C D D C D G

there's no ale on the wold where the stormy winds do blow.

A man that is a shepherd does need a valiant heart.
He must not be faint-hearted, but boldly play his part.
He must not be faint-hearted, be it rain or frost or snow.
For there's no ale on the wold where the stormy winds do blow.

When I kept sheep on Blockley Hill, it caused my heart to beat.
To see the ewes hang out their tongues and hear the lambs to bleat.
So I plucked up my courage, and o'er the hills did go.
And penned them in, in the fold, when the stormy wind did blow.

As soon as I had folded them, I turned my back in haste.
Unto some jovial alehouse, good liquor for to taste.
For beer and jovial company, they are my great delights.
While my sheep lie asleep all the forepart of the night.