

Blockley Hill

Trad. / Bob Turner

1 G D G D G
We shepherds a - re the best of men that ere trod e - nglis hground. When

6 G C G D
we come t - o an ale house. We val - ue no - t one crown. We

10 G C G Em D
spend our m - o - ney free - ly. We pay be - fo - re we g - o - o. For

14 G C D D C D G
there's no ale o - n the wold where the storm - y w - inds do blow. We

18 G C G Em D
spend our m - o - ney free - ly. We pay be - fo - re we g - o - o. For

22 G C D D C D G
there's no ale o - n the wold where the storm - y w - inds do blow.

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

When I kepty 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.