

The Sheep Shearing

D A D

English Folk

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How de-light-ful to see In these eve-nings in spring, The

0	0	0	0	0
0	0	0	0	0
0	0	0	0 1	2 2 1
				2 4 2

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sheep go-ing home to the fold. The mas-ter doth

0	2	1		0
0	3	0		0
0	2 4 4	4 3 2	1	2 3
				4 3 2

G D A D

sing As he views ev-'ry-thing, And his dog goes be-fore him where

0	0	1	0	0
1	0	0	0 0	0
3	2 3	4 0 1		0 0 1
				2 3 5

A D

told, And his dog goes be-fore him where told.

2		0	1	0
3		0	0 2 2	0
4	2 1	0 2 4	3	0

The sixth month of the year, In the month called June, When the weather's too hot to be borne
The master doth say, As he goes on his way, "Tomorrow my sheep shall be shorn, Tomorrow my sheep shall be shorn"

Now as for those sheep, They're delightful to see, They're a blessing to a man on his farm
For their flesh it is good, It's the best of all food, and the wool it will clothe us up warm...etc

Now the sheep they're all shorn, And the wool carried home, Here's a health to our master and flock
And if we should stay, Till the last goes away, I'm afriad 'twill be past twelve o'clock....etc

Collected in 1907 by Cecile Sharp from the singing of Mrs. Dommett of Somerset dulc arr S. Stevens