Sheep-Shearing Song

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Come all my jolly boys, and we'll together go
Together with our masters to sheer the lambs and "yowes";
All in the month of June, of all times in the year
It always comes in season the lambs and yowes to shear.
And then we will work hard my boys, until our backs do break
Our master he will bring us beer whenever we do lack.

Our master he comes round to see our work's well done
And he says, "Shear them close, my boys, for there is but little wool."
"O yes, good master," we reply, "we'll do well as we can."
Our captain cries, "Shear close, my lads" to each and every man.
And at some places still we have this story all day long
Bend your backs and shear them well and this is all their song.

And then our noble captain doth to the master say,
"Come let us have one bucket of your good ale, I pray."
He turns unto our captain and makes him this reply,
"You shall have the best of beer, I promise, presently."
And then with foaming bucket pretty Betsy she doth come
And master says, "Maid, mind and see that every man has some."

THis is some of our pastime while we the sheep do shear
And though we are such merry boys, we work hard, I declare
And when 'tis night and we are done our master is more free
And stores us well with good strong beer and pipes of tobaccee.
And there we sit a drinking, we smoke and sing and roar
Till we become far merrier then e'er we were before.

When all our work is done and all the sheep are shorn
Then home with our captain to drink the ale that's strong.
It's a barrel then of hum-cap which we will call Black Ram
And we do sit and swagger and we swear that we are men.
And yet before the night is through I'l bet you half-a-crown
That if you ha'nt a special care that Ram will knock you down.

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