

Artist: lloyd

Title: The sheep stealer

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I am a brisk lad but my fortune is bad,  
And I am most wonderful poor.  
Oh, indeed I intend my life for to mend  
And to build a house down on the moor, brave boys  
And to build a house down on the moor.

The farmer he do keep fat oxen and sheep  
In a neat little nag on the downs.  
In the middle of the night when the moon do shine bright,  
There's a number of work to be done, brave boys,  
There's a number of work to be done.

Then I'll roam all around in another man's ground,  
And I'll take a fat sheep for my own.  
Oh, I'll end his life by the aid of my knife  
And then I will carry him home, brave boys,  
And then I will carry him home.  
My children will pull the skin from the ewe  
And I'll be in a place where there's none.  
When the constable do come, I'll stand with my gun  
And swear all I have is my own, brave boys,  
And swear all I have is my own.