

THE SHEPHERD BOY'S SONG

I am a merry shepherd boy,
A happy life I do enjoy,
From morn to eve I whistle away
When watching by my flock all day.
With my dog Rover by my side,
My only friend in the world wide,
I have no woes, or ills, or care
Out in the fields so fresh and fair.

They tell me of a city life,
Where all is noise and busy strife,
Of the fine sights that do appear
To suit the eye and charm the ear,
Of splendid buildings large and grand,
Built for the wealthy of the land,
Of dazzling splendour, gay and bright,
And festive scenes throughout the night.

Away all these, I'd rather be
A shepherd boy, so gay and free,
For I meet no cold looks or frowns,
When in the mead or on the downs.
And nature laughs and looks so gay,
As I the blooming field survey;
While the soft zephyrs gentle gales
Wafts orderous fragrance thro' the vales.

In heavenly music I rejoice,
O'er head the lark's soul-stirring voice
Singing and flutt'ring to the skies
Beyond the reach of human eyes.
This is sweet music, pure and wild,
Untainted, not by arts defiled,
Unlike those notes, sung while the heart
Doth feel a pang, a stinging dart.

I would not leave my native hills,
The flowery meads, the sparkling rills;
To my fond heart 'twould be a shock
To leave behind my dog and flock.
Still I'll remain a shepherd boy,
And nothing shall my eyes decoy,
This heart shall never sigh to be
Ought but a shepherd, gay and free.