

# Sheep Shearing

Trad. arr. Mike Bailey

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Here the rose - buds in June and the vi - o-lets are blow-ing, And the small birds do  
O the shep-herds re - joice in their fine heav - y flee-ces, And the fris - ky young  
Now the sheep-shear-ing's done, and we're called to the feast, At the ta - ble we're

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war - ble their own lov-er's tune, Here's the pink and the li - ly and the  
lambs which their flocks do in-crease; Each lad takes his lass a -  
greet - ed with plen - ty of cheer; We'll whis - tle and sing, And we'll

daf - fy down dil - ly, To a - dorn and per - fume those sweet mea - dows in June.  
mong the green grass-es, And the sound of their shearing rings out with-out cease.  
dance in a ring, And we'll drink to our master in ci - der and beer.

## Chorus

O we'll plough and we'll sow and we'll reap and we'll mow, And the lads and bon-ny

O we'll plough and we'll sow and we'll reap and we'll mow, And the lads and bon-ny

O we'll plough and we'll sow and we'll reap and we'll mow, And the lads and bon-ny

## Intro & Interlude

lass-es to the sheepshear-ing go.

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