

The Distress'd SHEPHERD, A SONG.

I am a poor Shep-herd un - done, And can - not be Cur'd by
 Art; For a Nymph as bright as the Sun, Has stole a - way_ my_
 Heart: And how_ to get it a - gain, There's none_ but she_ can tell; To
 cure_ me of_ my Pain, By sa - ying she loves me well: And a -
 lass poor_ Shep-herd, A - lack and a wel - la - day; Be -
 fore_ I was_ in Love, Oh e - ve - ry Month was *May.*

If to Love she cou'd not incline,
 I told her I'd die in an Hour;
 To die says she 'tis in thine,
 But to Love 'tis not in my Power.
 I askt her the Reason why,
 She could not of me approve;
 She said 'twas a Task too hard,
 To give any Reason for Love:
And alas poor Shepherd, &c.

She ask'd me of my Estate,
 I told her a Flock of Sheep;
 The Grass whereon they Graze,
 Where she and I might Sleep:
 Besides a good Ten Pound,
 In old King *Harry's* Groats;
 With Hooks and Crooks about,
 And Birds of sundry Notes:
And alas poor Shepherd, &c.