A SHEPHERD OF THE DOWNS

A shepherd of the downs, being weary of his port,  
Retired to the hills where he used to resort,  
In want of refreshment he laid himself down,  
He wanted no riches, nor wealth from the Crown,  
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He drank of the cold brook, he ate of the tree,  
Himself he did enjoy, from all sorrow was free,  
He valued no girl, be she ever so fair,  
No pride nor ambition, he valued no care.

As he was a-walking one evening so clear,   
A heavenly sweet voice sounded soft in his ear,  
He stood like a post, not one step could he move,  
He knew not what hailed him, but thought it was love.

He beheld a young damsel, a fair and modest maid,  
She had something amiss and disguised in her face,  
Disguised in her face, she unto him did say,  
How now, master shepherd, how came you this way ?

The shepherd replied, and modestly said,  
I never was surprised before at a maid,  
When first you beheld me from sorrow I was free,  
But now you have stolen my poor heart from me.

He took her by the hand, and thus he did say,  
We will get married, pretty Betsy, today.  
So to church they did go, and were married we hear,  
And now he’ll enjoy pretty Betsy, his dear.