

I am a Poor Shepherd Undone

I am a poor shepherd undone,
And cannot be cur'd by art;
For a maiden as bright as the sun
Has stolen away my heart.

And how to get it again
There's none but she can tell,
Or cure me of my pain,
By saying she loves me well.

And alas! Poor shepherd,
A lack and welladay.
Before I was in love,
O every month was May.

If to love me she would not
incline,
I said I should die in an hour
"To die," said she, "is in thine,
But to love you is not in my
power."

I ask'd 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,
A lack and welladay.
Before I was in love,
O every month was May.

She asked me of my estate,
I told her a flock of sheep;
The grass whereon they graze,
And where she and I might sleep;

Besides a good ten pound,
In old King Harry's groats;
While hooks and crooks abound,
And birds of sundry notes.

And alas! Poor shepherd,
A lack and welladay.
Before I was in love,
O every month was May.