

Sheep Gathering

Written and sung by
John Greaves

TYG 123

Ear - ly aut-umn morn-ing, set off up the hill, Sun and 'aze to -
 geth - er, just a bit of chill; Off ti get the sheep in,
 sales is get - tin' near; Last year's trade was slow, we need a
 bet - ter yan this year. Yows is la - kin well, lamb - kins is good an'
 bright, Should be toned fower - 'und - red, lamb crop warn't too light.

CHORUS

Wiv a good stick and a sharp dog, and the great wide moor-land sky,
 Smell of damp ling un - der - foot an' 'ear the col - lew cry. So
 go, Tip! Fetch, Tip! Send 'em on, Yip! Yip! Get a-way by

Lyrics on following page



1. Early autumn morning, set off up the hill,
Sun and 'aze together, just a bit of chill;
Off ti get the sheep in, sales is gettin' near;
Last year's trade was slow, we need a better yan this year.
Yows is lakin' well, lambkins is good an' bright,
Should be tonned fower-'undred, lamb crop warn't too light.

CHORUS: Wiv a good stick and a sharp dog, and the great wide moorland sky,
Smell of dampin' under foot an' 'ear the collew cry. (curlew)
So go, Tip! Fetch, Tip! Send 'em on.
Yip! Yip! Get away by. (Yip! Yip! is actually yelped)

2. Up the rig an' down yon slack, watch for t' greeny mire,
Hoss an' cart yance was lost, swallowed up entire.
Cross it biv a sheep-track, they know where it's sound;
Some reckon sheep is stupid, but they know solid ground.
Round back o' t' Standin' Stones lang ling pulls at feeat;
Not monny yows up 'ere, the' like it young an' sweat.

CHORUS

3. Sheep begin ti gather, blatin' as the' go,
Top end's all cleared off now, low side still ti go.
Trickles soon a woolly beck off away down t' 'ill,
Two yows try ti give us slip in t' breckons down in t' gill.
Should 'ev gitten 'em all now, field gate's cummed in view;
Heads down when they get through, good grass is something new.

CHORUS

4. Fetch 'em down ti' t' steading, we'll sort out what's ti sell,
Awd yows off for better keep, 'ope crossin' men pay well;
Wether lambs for feedin', Swaledale meeat's the best;
Gimmers replace t' awd lasses, so back ti t' moor wi' t' rest.
There's nowt nae more ti please a man than good sheep in the ring,
Tall tales in t' pub thereafter and beer ti mak 'im sing.

CHORUS