

ASG**"Shepherd's Song"**

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On tyrant's land
Near Gainesboro town
He sits so still
Wears no smile nor a frown

His hair shines black
As a raven's wing
And the sound of his pipes
Make the old trees sing

(Chorus:)

Hear, hear the shepherd's song he sings it just for you
Hear, hear the shepherd's song he sings it just for you

With crook in hand
His staff and sling
He spreads the news

Of crusades and the king

His flock around
On a cold dark night
And he plays his pipes
To the fire light

Chorus

His ghost now walks
That lonely moor
At dead of night
When the north winds roar

And in the season
When time is ripe
He'll chill the air
With the sound of his pipes

(Chorus)

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