

The Lincolnshire Shepherd

Translating some of the words into English is difficult. These lyrics closely match the song, but they are not exact.

Chorus (after each verse):

Yan, tan, tethera, tethera, pethera, pimp.
Yon owd ewe's far-weltd, and this ewe's got a limp
Sethera, methera, hovera, and covera up to dik,
Aye, we can deal wi' 'em all, and where's me crook and stick?

I count 'em up to figgits, and figgits has a notch,
There's more to being a shepherd than being on watch;
There's swedes to chop and lambing time and snow upon the rick,
Yan, tan, tethera, and covera up to dik.

From Caistor down to Spilsby from Sleaford up to Brigg,
There's Lincoln sheep all on the chalk, all hung wi' wool and big.
And I, here in Langton wi' this same old flock,
Just like me grandad did afore they meddled with the clock.

We've bred our tups and gimmers for the shape and length and girth,
And sheep have lambed, have gone away all o'er all the earth.
They're bred in foreign flocks to give the wool its length and crimp,
Yan, tan, tethera, pethera, pimp.

They're like a lot of bairns, they are, like youngsters of me own,
They fondle round about owd Shep afore they're strong and grown;
But they gets independent-like, before you know, they've gone,
Yet come 'round next lambing time some more we'll carry on.

Yan, tan, tethera, tethera, pethera, pimp,
Fifteen notches up to now and one ewe with a limp.
You reckons I should go away, you know I'll never go,
For lambing time's on top of us and it'll surely snow.

Now lambing time come reg'lar-like, just as it's always been,
And shepherds have to tend to them till they're strong and weaned
My family did it 'fore I came, they'll have it when I sleep,
So we can count our lambing times as I am countin' sheep.

*swedes= turnips, **bairns = children, ***owd Shep = sheep herder's dog
