

Two Shepherds

There once were Two Shepherds come out of the dale
Yowes in the heather and cold the winds blow
Tending their sheep, sun, rain, snow wind and hail
Yowes in the heather and cold the winds blow
Alf said to Bob do you think it's a sin
Why don't we enlist for our country and King
Our pals have all signed Bob and its time we must go
Yowes in the heather and cold the winds blow

Two moorland Shepherds so cheerful and free
Yowes in the heather and cold the winds blow
Put guns in their hands, sent them overseas
Yowes in the heather and cold the winds blow
Left farm, land and moor and their yowes left to roam
Left lapwing and swallow sing their song all alone
Left this green valley and gone off to war
Yowes in the heather and cold the winds blow

Bobbie and Alf didn't know what they'd find
Yowes in the heather and cold the winds blow
The green fields of England they'd left far behind
Yowes in the heather and cold the winds blow
They saw fields of destruction and streets with no name
Their comrades in fear, in hunger and pain
Blood ran in the trenches, on the guns and their clothes
Yowes in the heather and cold the winds blow

The dead lay around them, both enemy and friend
Yowes in the heather and cold the winds blow
Thought this was hell, and this was the end
Yowes in the heather and cold the winds blow
After days without sleep aye and water and food
They made their advance through the muck and the mud
Hopeless confused while the shrapnel it flew
Yowes in the heather and cold the winds blow

When two shepherds rose up from out of their trench
Yowes in the heather and cold the winds blow
Explosions of light and nothing made sense
Yowes in the heather and cold the winds blow
Men drowned in their trenches, some died by the shell
By shrapnel and gas and the bullets they fell
Two shepherds and sixty thousand men more
Yowes in the heather and cold the winds blow

Their memory remains and is not blotted out
Yowes in the heather and cold the winds blow
Where once with their dogs, they would whistle and shout
Yowes in the heather and cold the winds blow
There's a stone standing there on a moorland hill
With their names, Bobbie Leggot and Alfie Cockerill
Remembering two shepherds the thousands and more
Yowes in the heather and cold the wind blow

Words & Music by Richard Grainger

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