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Anonymous

***The Surpriz'd Shepherdess* (1671-1704)**

The Shepherdess she slepping lay
Thinking no Shepherd nigh,
But Strephon same along that way,
And did her napping spy.

The Tune is, *Moggies Jealousie*

There was ana bonny young Lass,
that lay in the Meadow asleep,
A Shepherd close by her did pass,
who went for to fold up his Sheep,
And turning his eye round about
this Damosel he chanc'd to behold,
He straightaway resolv'd to go to't,
and forgot both his sheep and his fold.

This Lass she lay speeling most soundly,

and seem'd not at for to wake,
The Shepherd he kist her so roundly
His back began for to ake:
He laid himself down for to rest him,
this Damosel so brisk and so bold
She wak'd and a thousand times blest him
that forgot both his sheep and his fold.

Quoth she I will gang along with thee,
in weal or in woe for to dwell,
I'le ever be faithful into thee,
because thou hast pleas'd me so well:
Then doubt not the truth of my story,
my mind for to speak I am bold,
For in thy sweet slight I do gl[?],
I will help thee thy sheep for to fold.

[3 stanzas and a half missing in this transcription; illegible]

The shepherd with her was well pleased,
though she had no Silver nor Gold,
He joy'd that upon her he seized,
as he was a going to fold.

At last all their business was ended,
they lovingly folded their sheep,
And under the shade they intended,
to lay themselves down for to sleep:
But the Shepherd he cover'd her close
to keep his poor love from the cold,
And what they did you may suppose,
for they minded no sheep nor the fold.

And thus in the green silent Meadows,
they took up their lodging that time,
And greatly she pittty'd those [?],
that lost their true Lovers in their prime:
Quoth she if my Shepherd should leave me,
my spirit's would quickly grow cold,
But I think thou wilt never deceive me,
that help'd thee thy sheep for to fold.

You Lovers that tumble in blisses,
come tell me the truth if you can,



The Salamanca Corpus: *The Surpriz'd Shepherdess* (1671-1704)

If any thing like to the kisses,
that comes from a harmless youngman
No no I will never believe,
though I thousand times I have been told
That men are so apt to deceive,
O 'tis pleasure our sheep for to fold.

