The Master of the Sheepfold

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(Art Thieme, from someone in Maine, from Jerry Epstein?)

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          C      G7
C
    Oh the master guards the sheepfold bin
       C        e          G7
    He wants to know, "Is my sheep brung in?"
          C           F
    And he's callin', he's callin'
     e             d
    Callin' softly, softly callin'
          C          G7      C
    For them all to come gatherin' in

       C    G7      C                    G7      C  C7
Oh the master of the sheepfold, who guards the sheepfold bin
     F                                C               G7
Went out on the wind and the rain path, where the long night's rain begins
       a                 e             a                 d
And he said to his hireling shepherd, "Is my sheep, is they all brung in?"
       C                 F             F          G7       C
And he said to his hireling shepherd, "Is my sheep, is they all brung in?"
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And the hireling shepherd answered, "Oh there's some that's wan
and thin
And some that's got all weathered and they won't come gatherin' in
They is lost and good for nothing, but the rest they is all brung in
They is lost and good for nothing, but the rest they is all brung in

And the master of the sheepfold, who guards the sheepfold bin
Went out on the wind and the rain path, where the long night's rain begins
And he let down the bars to the sheepfold, callin' soft, "Come in, come in"
And he let down the bars to the sheepfold, callin' soft, "Come in, come in"

Then up through the gloom in the meadow, through the long night's rain and wind
Up through the wind and the rain path, where the long night's rain begins
Came the long lost sheep of the sheepfold, they all come a gatherin' in
Came the long lost sheep of the sheepfold, they all come a gather
RPf