

VERSE



1. A-long a moun-tain pass, there is a patch of grass where the swing-in' shep-herd plays his tune,
 2. (And down the) moun-tain pass, there lives a pret-ty lass who's wait-in' for the moon to shine a-bove,

mf



His sheep nev-er stray, danc-in' all day till they see the
 She dress-es with care, braid-in' her hair for her one and



pale and yel-low moon. And then he leads his flock and home-ward
 on-ly swing-in' love. And she knows he'll nev-er roam be-cause she



they all rock to the tune of The Swing-in' Shep-herd Blues.
 waits at home for the tune of The Swing-in' Shep-herd Blues.