

Come sheepy: come sheepy: we're here with  
you now!  
We'll attend to your wants and your needs  
A nice cot you can have in some  
sheltered nook  
And we'll tuck you up warm: and  
bring feed.

But the poor sheep gaped mutely,  
reproach in her eye  
Then silently turned her own way:  
But there on the ground where she'd  
waited and watched:  
A "poor little dead lammy" lay.

A silent procession of maidens marched  
back:  
With bowed heads; and hearts full of  
Pain:  
Resolved, that hereafter when duty  
should call:  
They'd neglect it? No: never again.

Affectionately dedicated to  
The three maidens.  
Mellie J. Thomas.