

31. THE LITTLE BOY AND THE SHEEP

French folk-song ('*Je suis un petit garçon*'); English words by James Taylor

VOICE *Moderato* *mp*

1. La - zysheep, pray tell me why In the plea - sant.
2. Nay, my lit - tle mas - ter, nay, Donot serve me...

PIANO *mp*

fields you lie, Eat - ing grass and dai - sies white From the morn - ing to the night.
so, I pray; Don't you see the wool that grows On my back to make your clothes?

Ev - 'ry - thing can some - thing do, But what kind of use are you?
Cold, ah, ve - ry cold you'd be, If you had not wool from me.

D.C.

3 True, it seems a pleasant thing,
Eating daisies in the Spring;
But what chilly nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass,
And sometimes the ground is bare,
I can't find food anywhere.

4 Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry Spring is past;
Cuts my woolly fleece away
For your coat on wintry day;
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant fields I lie.