

THE SHEPHERD'S LAMENT



*Now I lay me down to sleep,
Exhausted by those dog-gone sheep;*

*My only wish is that I might
Cause them not to lamb at night.*

*Back into bed, then up again,
At two o'clock and four A.M....*

*They grunt and groan with noses high,
And in between, a mournful sigh.*

*We stand there watching nature work,
Hoping there won't be a quirk:*

*A leg turned back, or even worse,
A lamb that's coming in reverse.*

*But once they've lambed we're glad to see
that their efforts didn't end in tragedy.*

*There's no emotion so sublime
As a ewe and lamb that's doing fine.*

*I'm often asked why I raise sheep,
With all the work and loss of sleep;*

*The gratification gained at three A.M.,
From the birth of another baby lamb-*

*How can you explain, or even show?
'Cause only a shepherd will ever know!*

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