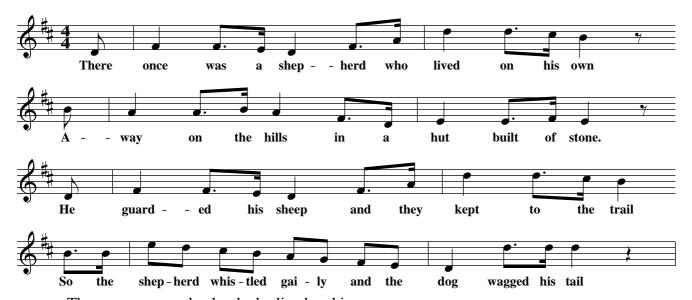
The Shepherd and his dog



There once was a shepherd who lived on his own, Away on the hills in a hut built of stone. He guarded his sheep, and they kept to the trail, So the shepherd whistled gaily and the dog wagged his tail.

In spring-time watched how the lambs in their play All kicked up their hooves then darted away. The dog fetched them back if they strayed to the dale, So the shepherd whistled gaily and the dog wagged his tail.

In winter he sheltered away from the cold With his dog by the fire, while the flock in the fold Lay safe from the blustering, buffeting gale, So the shepherd whistled gaily while the dog wagged his tail.