

SHEEP.



he old frocked, bearded shepherd drives his  
cloud  
Of fleecy white across the sunny  
meadows  
Up the hill-side. The idle, crying crowd  
Dallies to browse, pasturing midst the  
shadows  
Of gorse and bracken. Slowly the flock passes  
Over the turf, amongst the rushy grasses.

The old, wise dog chases the lingering sheep  
With modulated barking; the bell-wether  
Tinkles to his lazy followers: the steep  
Hillock's alive. The white cloud runs  
together  
Baaing, the dour grey shepherd following;  
In noon-tide's blare the tinny sheep-bells ring.