

Act II.

No. 9

Solo and Chorus

Bo Peep and Lambs

See how the moon-maid sleeps up yonder,
Letting her cloud-lambs through sky-meadows stray.
Her I would follow, so do not wander.
Browse at your ease in the scented hay.
Fierce is the heat, and your mistress is weary,
Wait till the sun from his height hath past.
Then will I sing to my lambkins dearie,
Till for the night you are folded fast.

L. Sleep, little lady, dear little lady, pale little lady with
mournful eyes.
Gently forgetting, sorrow and fretting,
Sleep, till the morning of joy arise.
Sorrow forgetting, sleep well.

No. 10

Solo

Black Sheep

When my roguish baby eyes first beheld the summer skies
I was winsome as a lamb could be.
But alas, a sooty black, was the fleece upon my back,
So I failed in popularity.
For the shepherdesses thought my inky tresses
With the colour of their dresses were at strife.
So at last in desperation, I forsook their domination,
And resolved upon a bold bad life !