

Cloud-Sheep'oo-Land

Rosie can't sleep, the shepherd's sad - what is this all about?

A goose came down to borrow the sheep to help her fight the drought.

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In a meadow, on the ground
Sits a shepherd with no sheep.
“Oh, how lonely am I here,
Why, oh why, was I asleep!”

In a corral on a cloud
Stand the sheep, in great despair -
bah bah bah-ing, oh so loud,
Who on earth brought sheep up there?

In a house on a hill
Lays a girl with no sleep.
Mama comes to say good night,
When little Rosie starts to weep.

“Oh, my precious little darling.
Why are you so sad, my hon’?”
“Mama, when I tried to count them,
All the lovely sheep were gone!”

Mama’s face grows all worried
And now Rosie gets alert.
“Oh, my goodness, dearest mother,
Did I cause you being hurt?”

Very tight, mama hugs Rosie.
Tells a story in reply,
Of a wild goose using magic
Chasing sheep up to the sky.

“Oh, what for would such a goose
Need to do that to my sheep,
When I count them every night
Until I fall fast asleep...?”

And the poor forsaken shepherd,
All alone, his life’s now grim.

Does he know the horrid goose came?
Will the sheep return to him?"

Rosie's questions pour out steady
Mama has to calm her down.
But as always she is ready
To help Rosie lose her frown.

"Clouds, they are the reason
why the goose came down to here.
It has happened in the past
When it barely rained all year.

Just like now, my Rosie, dearest -
All the meadows are so dry -
Rain is needed, lots of water -
No grass to eat - the sheep will die.

Wild goose, you will see real soon,
Is a gentle soul, not mean.
'Magic wild goose', you will call her,
When the grass again is green.

There is hope for the shepherd,
There is hope for your sheep.
Since the drought is not yet hefty
Wild goose might not have to keep

Them too long up in the sky.
Just till she's put together
Enough wool to conjure clouds.
Then the magic goose will tether

Loads of clouds behind her back,
Pulling them with all her might
To the meadow where the shepherd
Waits for sheep till late at night.

Once the meadow, rained upon,
changes back to luscious green,

Wild goose will be satisfied.
And by then be all too keen,

Letting go of taking care
Of the bah bah bah-ing crowd
Having done her duty well,
Needs a break from all the loud

And complaining herd of sheep.
Now relieved to run them home -
Back to shepherd, back to you -
Let them on the meadow roam.

You and your beloved sheep,
Can again then every night,
Jump over your dreamy fences -
Everything will be alright!”