

# **Baa Baa Rap**

*From Pukeko Stomp*

There was once a sheep with lots of wool,  
Got three big bags and filled them full.  
He tied them up with a piece of twine,  
They were all secure and looking fine.

“I’ll load these bags and take them in to town,  
My bags of wool, black, white and brown.”  
The master and the dame and the boy down the road,  
All waited for a bag from Mr Sheep’s load.

The sheep met a man on his way to town,  
Riding on a horse with a mane of brown.  
He pulled his wagon aside to park it,  
To talk to the man on his way to market.

“Baa, baa, black sheep! Have you any wool?”  
“Yes Sir, yes Sir, three bags full.  
One for the master and one for the dame,  
And one for the little boy who lives down the lane.”

If he had more wool then he could have sold it,  
‘Cause his wagon had the room to hold it,  
But there wasn’t any left to sell that day,  
So he left that dude and he drove away.

Sheep met a scarecrow all made of straw,  
With scruffy clothes all tattered and torn.  
He was looking cold in the field of corn,  
He needed a jersey to keep him warm.

“Baa, baa, black sheep! Have you any wool?”  
“Yes Sir, yes Sir, three bags full.  
One for the master and one for the dame,  
And one for the little boy who lives down the lane.”

The sheep carried on down the pot-holed road.  
The wagon dipped and shifted it’s heavy load,  
It swung to the left and gave a lurch,  
And came to a stop outside a church.

The Pastor stood by the church’s door,  
His long black robe down to the floor,  
He spoke of ladies in the knitting circle,  
Looking for wool any colour but purple.

“Baa, baa, black sheep! Have you any wool?”  
“Yes Sir, yes Sir, three bags full.  
One for the master and one for the dame,  
And one for the little boy who lives down the lane.”

The sheep carried on down the market lane,  
Looking for the master, the boy and the dame.  
Awaiting his arrival, they were standing there,  
With their money ready to pay their share.

The next time the sheep made a trip into town,  
With his bags of wool, black, white and brown,  
He brought some extras to sell that day,  
To the people he met along the way.

“Baa, baa, black sheep! Have you any wool?”

“Yes Sir, yes Sir, six bags full.

One for the man on his way to town,  
Riding his horse with a mane of brown;  
One for the scarecrow all tattered and torn,  
Who needed a jersey to keep him warm;  
One for the ladies in the knitting circle,  
Looking for wool any colour but purple;  
One for the master and one for the dame,  
And one for the little boy who lives down the lane.”

*By Janet Channon*

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