

One Sheep Short
by Peter Pavey (as Partridge Green)

Now I went to bed the other night but I couldn't get to sleep
I turned my pillow over twice then I started counting sheep
There were hundreds of 'em waiting there for a turn to jump the stile
I could see 'em queued up two sheep deep for a quarter of a mile

There were two, four, six, eight, ninety-one rams
And a whole lot of ewes and little woolly lambs
When I counted 'em the very first time
There were nineteen hundred and ninety-nine
Now that's a very funny thing I thought
'cos I still seem to be one sheep short

I went up to this shepherd in his red and yellow smock
And I said "There's someone missing, so you'd better check your flock"
He called out to his sheepdog whose name of course was Rover
"You'd better turn 'em round again and chase 'em up and over"

There were two, four, six, eight, ninety-one rams
And a whole lot of ewes and little woolly lambs
When I counted 'em the second time
There were nineteen hundred and ninety-nine
Now that's a very funny thing I thought
'cos I still seem to be one sheep short

Little Bo-Peep once lost her sheep so we'd better call the police
And Mary was seen with a little lamb so maybe we've been fleeced!
Before we get the 'Z Cars' out we'd better make quite sure
So this time add up all their legs and then divide by four

There were four, eight, sixteen, thirty-two hooves
All churning up the ground in little muddy grooves
I started adding 'em up again
But you can't count sheep without a pen
And I realised that I'd been caught
'cos I still seemed to be one sheep short

The shepherd said "Well bless my soul, I swear upon my life"
"I've never known this happen before so I'll go and fetch the wife"
But Mrs Shepherd counted up as easy as could be
And I just looked so sheepish, the other ewe was me