

## Mint Sauce

On Windmill Hill the lambs appear,  
They're born at this time every year;  
With floppy tails and furry tums  
They plague the life out of their Mums;  
They chase and jump, then fall and bleat  
Through knobbly knees and clumsy feet.  
They've great big ears that stick right out  
And huge long legs that flop about.  
But when they're hungry you should see  
Them sucking as they twist with glee.  
Their poor old mothers stand and glare,  
For they don't think it 's very fair  
That they should always have to make  
Ten times a day their lamb's milk shake.  
So, if you're passing, pause and smile ---  
Your mug will make him run a mile!  
Then Mrs. Sheep can have a rest,  
A breather from her little pest.  
Now if she makes a creaking din  
And gives a rather sheepish grin  
You'll know she's trying to celebrate,  
It's not just something that she ate.  
And when the babe comes skipping back  
She'll give him such a thumping crack;  
She surely knows just how you feel ---  
He'd make a lovely Sunday meal !