



## True shepherd or hireling?

There were many sheep on the hillside.  
A shepherd was supposed to be their guide.  
But this flock of woolly sheep  
Had a hireling who was fast asleep.

He did not care for his flock  
He selfishly sat in the shade of a rock.  
Yes, as shepherd of the sheep  
He had even fallen asleep.

His flock suffered hunger and thirst  
But that was not even the worst.  
They were fearful and scared.  
And very often despaired.

Watching out for lion or bear  
Was indeed quite a nightmare.  
Never a moment of peace or rest.  
No wonder they were so depressed.

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On the other side of the hill  
There was a flock peaceful and still  
Quietly eating their fill  
Of green grass, clover and daffodil.

To all these sheep, great and small,  
No evil would ever befall.  
This flock feels safe and protected.  
By wild animals not effected.





SpindleWorks 



A short poem by Leo Schoof, Kelmscott, Western Australia

Page 2 of 2

Do they suffer hunger and thirst?  
The shepherd always thinks of them first.  
He leads them along dangerous mountain track.  
And never is there anything they lack.

He leads them in the green pasture  
Blessing them beyond measure.  
They look forward to perfect peace,  
A peace that will never cease.

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