

# A Singing Goose?

"A-a-a-a-a-a-uf!  
To sing is just so very tough.  
I sing at night and in the sun.  
Sing when I walk, sing when I run.

"What is wrong with my throat?  
That I can only croak and never reach a note?"  
Goosey, with a voice of dismay,  
Said right before she hit the hay.



"I cannot seem to make my song  
Last very sweetly or very long,  
But I know someday 'twill be heard  
A lovely sound, like the songbird."

She fell asleep and she dreamed that  
(Wanting to be more than like a cat)  
A kitten thought that she could be  
A lion that roars fearlessly.

It looked so odd and so funny  
That Mama Cat said, "Now, now, honey,  
The farmer wants you as a cat.  
He likes you as you are, like that:

"Soft and gentle and quite fluffy.  
A little pet, not a big toughie!"  
"Okay," said Kitty, "I'll meow.  
I will not moo like a belled cow.

"I will not bark like a brave dog.  
I will not leap like a green frog.  
I will not graze like a white lamb:  
I'll be exactly who I am."

Then Goosey from her dream awoke,  
And to herself wisely spoke:

"I had a dream, and I am guessin'  
It was a dream with a lesson.

"The farmer, you know, he wants me!  
Not a songbird in a high tree,  
Not a bright colorful parrot,  
Not a rabbit with a carrot.

"He doesn't want a big brown moose.  
He wants me as I am—a goose!"

