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The Story Of Lambikin

Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

Once upon a time there was a wee, wee Lambikin, and he thought he would go over the hill to see his granny.

So he frolicked along on his teetery legs, as happy and frisky as ever a Lambikin in the spring could be.

But he had not gone very far when he met a roaring lion, and the lion said:

“Lambikin, I will eat you.”

Then Lambikin could not think what to do, for he did not wish to be eaten just then. So he said to the lion:

“Lambikin goes to Grannikin,
Where fatter he will grow,
Then you may eat him so.”

The lion wanted a very fat lamb to eat, so he let Lambikin go on his way, but he said: “Be sure to come back this way, Lambikin.”

Lambikin frolicked along on his teetery legs a little farther, when he suddenly saw a great vulture, with a huge bill, flying toward him.

“I will eat you, Lambikin,” said the vulture.

Now Lambikin was not ready to be eaten yet, so he said to the vulture:

“Lambikin goes to Grannikin,
Where fatter he will grow,
Then you may eat him so.”

And the vulture flew off, but he said to Lambikin as he went: “Be sure to come back this way, Lambikin.”

Lambikin frolicked along a little farther on his teetery legs, when he suddenly saw a striped tiger coming to meet him, and the tiger said to him: “Lambikin, I will eat you.”

Now Lambikin did not wish to be eaten by a striped tiger, so he said:

“Lambikin goes to Grannikin,
Where fatter he will grow,

Then you may eat him so."

The tiger was sure that a fat lamb would taste better than a wee, wee one with teetery legs, so he let Lambikin go along, but he said as he went: "Be sure that you come back this way, Lambikin."

Lambikin reached his granny's house, and he told her how glad he was to see her, and then he said he was very hungry, and he would like something to eat.

"I must grow fat, granny," said Lambikin.

So his granny led the way to the corn bin, and Lambikin ate and ate and ate until his sides stuck out, and his legs were not teetery any more, and he was a fat little lamb. But the more corn he ate and the fatter he grew the less did he want to be eaten. So he said to his granny: "Grannikin, lion and vulture and tiger will eat Lambikin. What shall he do?"

Then said his granny: "I will make a drum of a bit of old skin. Do you get inside and roll past the lion and the vulture and the tiger."

So granny made a drum of a bit of skin, and Lambikin jumped inside the drum, and off he rolled toward home.

But before he had gone very far he met the lion, who was waiting for him, and the lion said: "Drummikin, have you seen Lambikin?"

But Lambikin called out from inside the drum:

"Fallen into the fire, and so will you.
On, little Drummikin, tum, tum, too."

Then the lion thought the woods must be on fire, so he ran off as fast as he could.

But Lambikin had not gone very far when the vulture flew down for his dinner.

"Drummikin, have you seen Lambikin?" asked the vulture.

"Fallen into the fire, and so will you.
On, little Drummikin, tum, tum, too,"

said Lambikin in a gruff voice from the inside of the drum.

Then the vulture thought that the woods must surely be on fire, so he flew far above the treetops.

The tiger caught his tail and was not able to move.

Lambikin rolled merrily along a little way farther, but soon he met the striped tiger, who was waiting for his dinner.

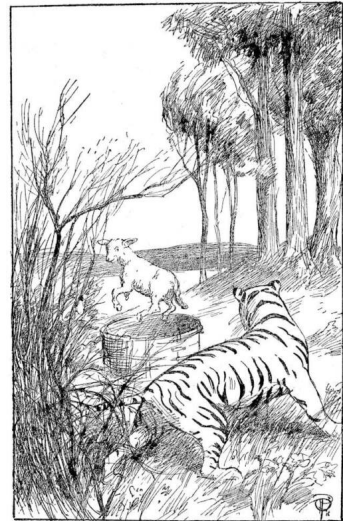
“Drummikin, have you seen Lambikin?” asked the striped tiger.

“Fallen into the fire, and so will you.
On, little Drummikin, tum, tum, too,”

said Lambikin; but the striped tiger had very sharp ears.

“Lambikin is inside Drummikin,” he said, and he started after the drum as fast as he could go. He nearly caught it, for he went so very fast, but they came to a bramble bush. The tiger caught his tail and was not able to move, and out of the drum jumped Lambikin.

Then off he frolicked home again as frisky and happy as ever a lamb could be.



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