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Lambert the Sheepish Lion

By Bill Peet

Once upon a time,
a springtime,
as a matter of fact a nighttime,
a certain flock of sheep had a visit
from ol' Mr. Stork.
Rough trip.
Well, here we... Pardon me.
I mean, here we are now.
Please don't crowd each other.
Pick out the ewe
that you like best,
and she will be your mother.
Come on, you lazy little lamb.
It's time you were awake.
Oh, goodness me.
That's not a lamb.
There must be some mistake.
Oh, where am I?
Uh, leopards, lizards...
Oh dear, lynxes.
Lambs, llamas...
How did this happen to me?
Lambert?
That's no lamb at all.
Lambert is a lion.
South Africa?
Oh, goodness me.
I've got to do some flying.
Come, Lambert.
Uh, pardon me.
I beg your pardon.
Sorry, sorry.
Oh, Mrs. Sheep.
I'm afraid there's been
a slight bungle.
Ha-ha. I'll take that vicious
little brute and drop him in the jungle.
Well, goodness.
Heavens to Betsy.
Let her have it.
Let her have anything she wants,
for heaven's sakes.
I'm only a delivery service,
that's all.

Well, the next morning
when the sun rose,
the sheep rose.
And all the little lambs were
being tidied up by their mothers.
And-and Lambert there,
just look at the little guy,
why he could hardly wait to run
and jump and gambol with his...
... brothers?
Uh-uh. You're right.
There's something wrong.
The other lambs laughed
at him and teased him with a song.
Lammmbert
You can't even baa
You can't even bleat
Your ears are too big
and so are your feet
Lammmbert
- # Your tail is too short
- # And so is your wool
There isn't enough
for one bag full
Lambert the sheepish lion
Lambert is always tryin'
To be a wild and wooly sheep
Lambert the sheepish lion
Little lambs all love to butt
Their heads on a stone
Lambert thought
that he could lick
A dozen lambs alone
While the other lambs
all gathered round
To watch this funny bout
Ha ha ha ha
He wanted to be counted in
But he was counted out
Lambert the sheepish lion
Lambert is always tryin'
To be a wild and wooly sheep
Lambert the sheepish lion
The little lambs

got Lambert's goat
He was a nervous wreck
He had to hide behind his ma
To save his little neck
He couldn't baa
and he couldn't butt
At last poor Lambert knew
He hated to admit
that he was yellow
Through and through
Time changes everything.
The little spring lambs
were sheep by fall.
And Lambert's ma,
oh, was she proud of him.
Because she had the biggest sheep...
Uh, ewe,
lamb, mutton...
Isn't he huge?
However, he's still the butt
of all their jokes
and takes it on the chin.
But he's not ferocious
like a sheep.
But he has a sheepish grin.
One night the sheep
were fast asleep.
Lambert woke up with a fright.
For he had heard an awful sound...
... and saw an awful, awful sight.
A hungry wolf had found the flock.
Lambert was petrified.
Lambert!
Mama.
Lambert!
- He couldn't baa or butt.
- Lambert!
He was big, but he was yellow.
Lambert!
Lambert!
Lambert, Lambert!
Lambert!
When he saw
this gruesome sight,

- and heard his mother cryin',
- Lambert!
Something snapped inside of him.
He was a ragin' lion.
Lambert's mother is so proud.
And the sheep
have changed their tune.
Lambert the sheepish lion
Lambert, there's no denyin'
Now he's a wild and wooly sheep
Instead of a sheepish
Wailing and weepish
Little Bo Peepish lion #
Oh, don't worry
about that hungry wolf.
He has a place to cling.
He won't starve
because that bush
has berries every spring.