

Curly Joe And Little Moe

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Curly Joe and Little Moe

**Curly Joe and Little Moe
Were young and frisky goats.
Both were white, as white as snow,
But had quite different coats.**



**Joe was the envy of all the girls.
His beautiful thick hair
That hung down to his hoofs in curls
Made them stop and stare.**

**But Little Moe was a different breed of goat.
His hair was straight and short.
Whenever Curly Joe looked at Little Moe's coat
He gave a scornful snort.**

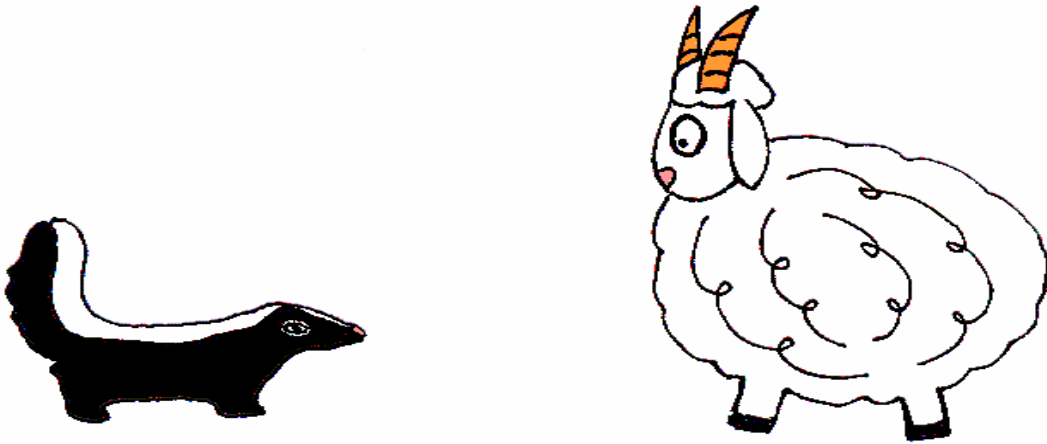
**On winter nights when the north wind blew
Little Moe would say, "Curly Joe, please
Let me snuggle up close to you.
I think I'm going to freeze!"**

**But Curly Joe would push him rudely away,
"With you around, I couldn't sleep.
Go find yourself some nice warm hay,
You little short-haired creep!"**

**And so the lonely little goat
Shivered through many a bitter night,
While Curly Joe, inside his wooly coat,
Slept snugly till morning light.**

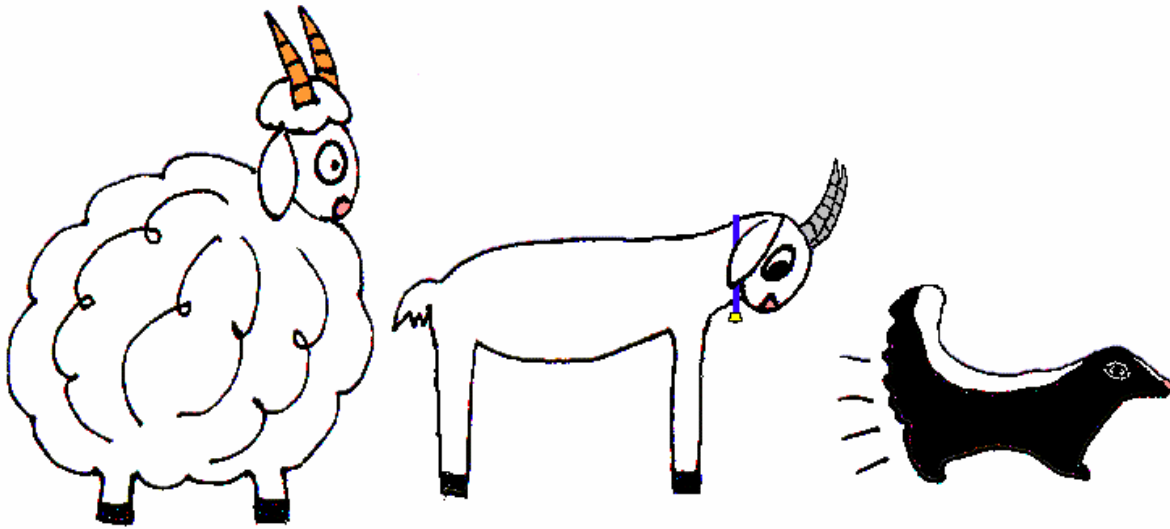
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**Then, a mischievous skunk came round one day  
(The creature that Curly Joe most feared).  
If he should get even the least bit of spray  
He knew he'd have to be sheared.**



**He'd lose his greatest joy and pride,  
His beautiful thick hair.  
He'd have to run away and hide -  
He'd be so ugly and bare!**

**Now the gleeful skunk took great delight  
In teasing Curly Joe.  
He knew Joe didn't dare to fight --  
But he had forgotten about Little Moe.**



**The gleeful skunk let loose a blast  
Aimed at Curly Joe's beautiful coat,  
But Little Moe was much too fast.  
He jumped in front of the other goat.**

**So Little Moe, by being quick,  
Had saved Curly Joe from the awful spray.  
He had gotten it all, and the smell made him sick.  
Perhaps it would never go away!**

**But he'd think of that later. The skunk is first  
And Moe lowered his horns for attack  
And the terrified skunk, who had done his worst,  
Ran off and never came back.**

**Curly Joe baaa-ed for help at the top of his voice  
And set up such a clatter  
That the farmer came with his two little boys  
To see what could be the matter.**

**He got one whiff of Little Moe  
And quickly held his nose.  
“Stay away,” he said, “from Curly Joe!  
And I’d better go change my clothes.”**

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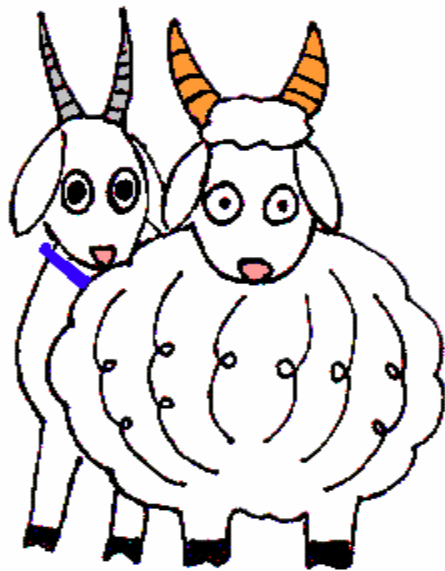
**And so...
The man led Little Moe behind the shed.
And cleaned him with strong shampoo.
“The skunk didn’t spray Curly Joe,” he said
“It’s good luck instead that he chose you.”**

**He gently smiled at his little pet,
Never dreaming of Little Moe’s brave deed,
“You smell nice now, and you’re not too wet.
Let’s go and I’ll give you some feed.”**

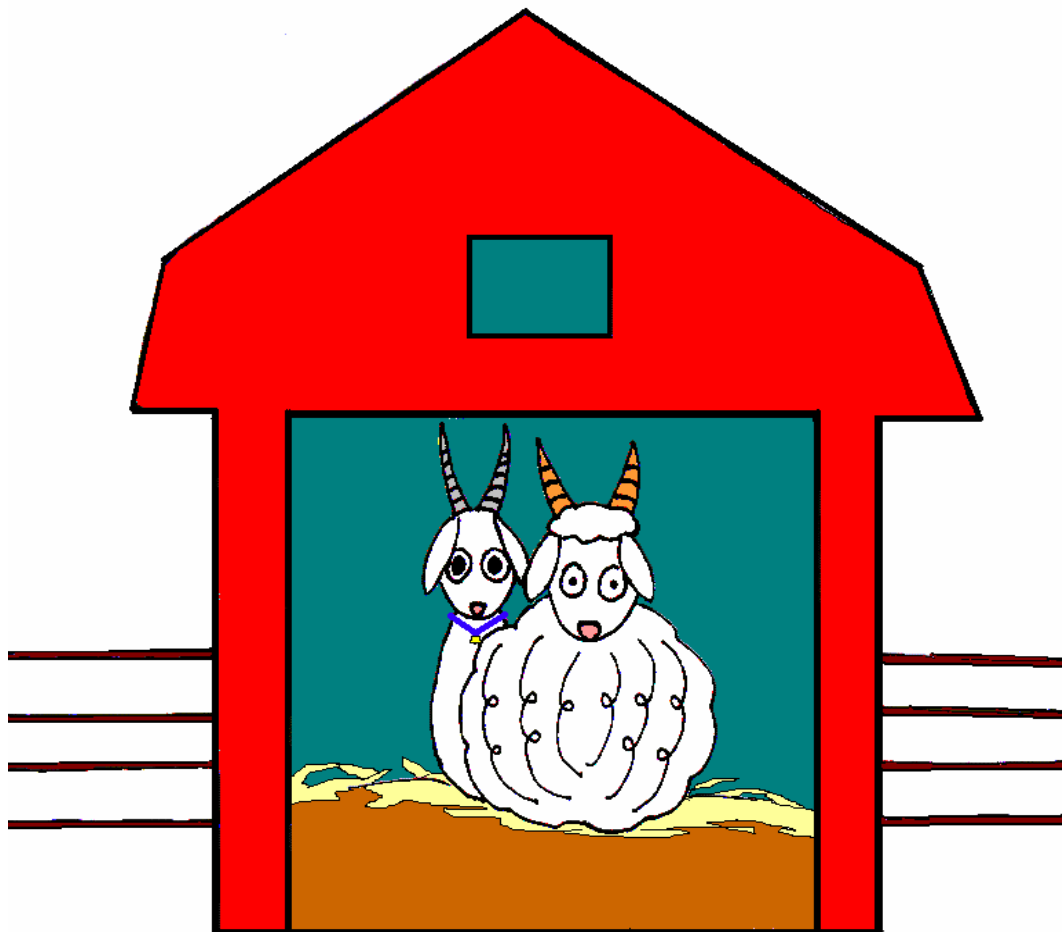
**When Little Moe was brought back to the pen,
There Curly Joe was waiting with humbled eyes
And so Curly Joe thanked Little Moe again
And humbly said, “I now realize...**

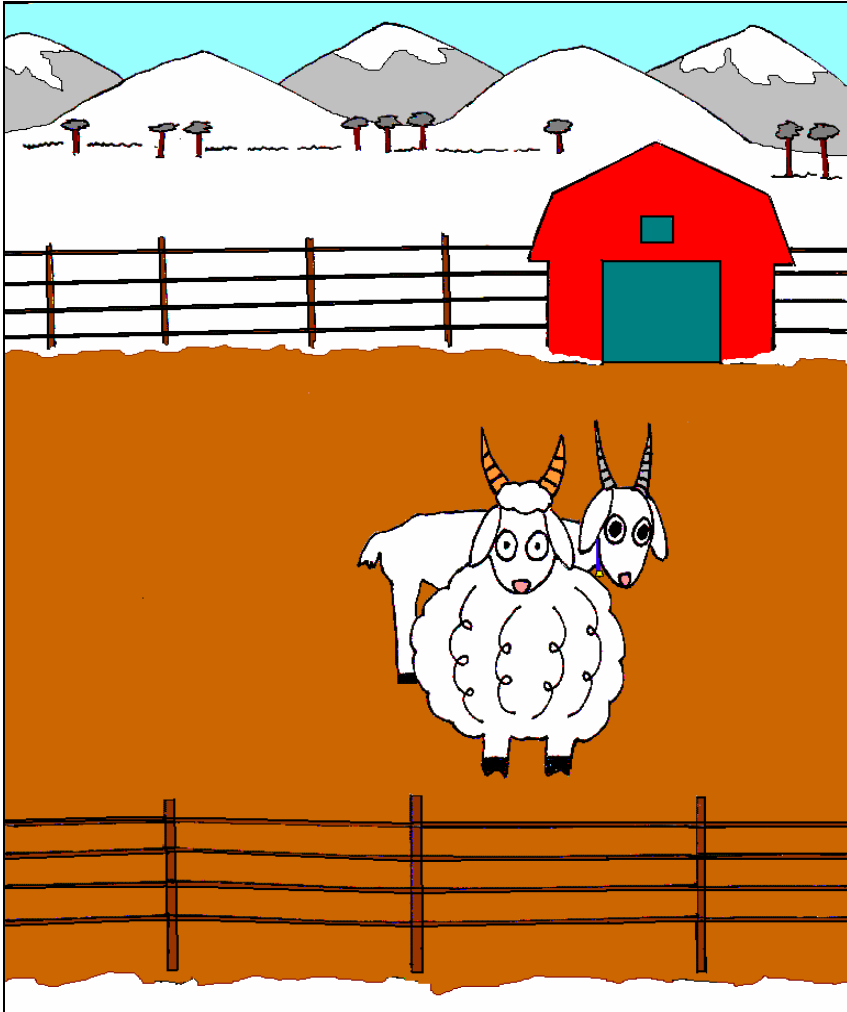
**“That in this world I’ll never find
Another friend so brave and true.
You were kind to me when I was unkind
When I thought I was better than you.**

**“Now I will be your friend every day
And I’ll even try when you want to race.
And when the farmer brings our food
You can have the very best place!”**



**Now when you hear the North Wind blow
And it's icy winter weather,
You'll find Curly Joe and Little Moe
Snuggled up close together.**





The End