

BLACK SHEEP

By Theodosia Garrison

Black sheep, black sheep,

Have you any wool?

That I have, my master,

Three bags full.

One is for the mother who prays for me at night,

A gift of broken promises to count by candle light;

One is for the tried friend who raised me when I fell,

A gift of weakling's tinsel oaths that strew the path to hell;

And one is for my true love—the heaviest of all,

That holds the pieces of a faith a careless hand let fall.

Black sheep, black sheep,

Have you aught to say?

A word to each, my master,

Ere I go my way.

A word unto my mother, to bid her think o' me

Only as a little lad playing at her knee;

A word unto my tried friend to bid him see again

Two laughing lads in spring-time aracing down the glen;

A word unto my true love—a single word to pray,

If one day I cross her path—to turn her eyes away.