

Roc C

"Wayward Child"

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There lay a dying sailor weeping
So far he'd wandered from the south,
As he lay upon the burning sand
The children gather to watch his passing.

He'd swum the seven seas before him
And danced upon the stormy breakers.
But now dying alone is all that's left for him
And death a shining slowly beckons.

And rolling in last veil of sunshine

Sheds light upon his dying hours.
But still strong in his urgent will to live
For he tries again to reach the water.

And turning away still ring the voices
Of children laughing o'er the murky waters,
And somewhere I hear the silent singing
Calling on the wayward child.

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