

# Wayward Child

Bert Jansch

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.