

Black Sheep Returned To The Fold

Brothers Osborne

Oh, long is the night I have travelled
The way was so bitter and cold
I long for the day when my shepard will say
The black sheep returned to the fold.

Forever my dreams are of heaven
A treasure more precious then gold
The church bells will ring and the angels will sing
The black sheep returned to the fold.

--- Instrumental ---

My mission on earth now is ended
My body is weary and cold
The words have been blessed in this heacen of rest
The black sheep returned to the fold.

So bury me there in the churchyard
The story of life has been told
And let it be known by the words on the stone
The black sheep returned to the fold...