

Black Doe

Mary Epworth

Out on a recent foray,
into the wild,
someone was watching us.
There like a brace of blackened bone,
mother and child,
think they know more than us
Black Doe,
Black Roe.
(x2)

Leaping with ease they soon,
break the divide,
'tween what is real and seemed,
and by their awful stillness,
awed am I.

Oh do they know my dreams?
Black Doe,
Black Roe
(x4)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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