

The Absentee

Crooked Still

"Someone is absent," the shepherd said
As over my classbook he bent his head
"For several Sundays absent too
So tell me teacher what did you do?" "I didn't call as perhaps I should
I sent some cards but they did no good
I never heard and she never came
So I decided to drop her name" He answered gravely, "The fault was mine
Hundred, no, there were ninety nine
One was lost and dark and cold
I sought that sheep that had left the fold The path was stony and edged with thorns
My feet were wounded bruised and torn
I kept on searching not counting the cost
And overjoyed when I found the lost"

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