

# Old Shepherd's Prayer

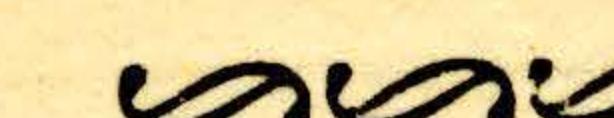
By CHARLOTTE MEW

UP to the bed by the window, where I be lyin',  
Comes bells and bleat of the flock wi' they two  
children's clack.

Over, from under the eaves there's the starlings flyin',  
And down in yard, fit to burst his chain, yapping out  
at Sue I do hear young Mac.

Turning around like a falled-over sack  
I can see team ploughin' in Whithy-bush field and  
meal carts startin' up road to Church-Town  
Saturday arternoon the men goin' back  
And the women from market, trapin' home over the  
down.

Heavenly Master, I wud like to wake to they same  
green places  
Where I be know'd for breakin' dogs and follerin'  
sheep.  
And if I may not walk in th' old ways and look on th'  
old faces  
I wud sooner sleep.



see nothing. None the less, the sound, as it travelled rapidly from one quarter of the compass to another, could have come only from a bird. In addition to the bark, there was also, at intervals, a broken, confused noise. The screech owl was also busy, but her familiar note was unmistakable. My guess is that I

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