WHEN THE BLACK SHEEP RETURNS TO THE FOLD

by IRVING BERLIN
Successfully Introduced by BELLE BAKER
Respectfully Dedicated to my Pal, Wilson Miner.

When The Black Sheep Returns To The Fold.

By IRVING BERLIN.

Valse Moderato.

When the rob-in re-turns to its nest, After straying away from the rest,
When the smile of a fool starts to fade, When he finds out the errors he made,

There's a wel-com-e that waits From its feath-er-y mates, A wel-co-me that can't be ex- pressed.
Then the old fashioned truth That he heard in his youth Says, "Go home!" but he is a fraid.

So it is with the boy who de-cid-ed From his father and mother to roam,
As he stands on the threshold of sor-row, With the doors of the world closed up tight.

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Through his travels he may be mis-guided,
But when finally the black sheep comes home,
He compares yesterday with to-morrow
And decides that he'll go home that night.

Chorus.

Ev-ery thing that he did is for-gotten,
And they welcome him back to the fold.

He knows by their sad-wrinkled faces,
That the pain of his absence has told,
Once again they all sit round the table
As they did in the days of old.

And they'll weep tears of joy,
As they whisper "My Boy," when the black sheep returns to the fold.

Ev-ery fold.

This number can be had on Little Wonder Record No. 419
Way Down In Iowa
I'm Going To Hide Away.

Chorus.

I'm gonna hide away,
on a little farm in Iowa,
I'm gonna ride away,
on the road that leads to yesterday.

Why, I can almost picture
dear old mother,
Sprinkling sugar on my bread and butter,
Way down in that town in Iowa.