

Ken Hensley, Lady in black

She came to me one morning
One lonely Sunday morning
Her long hair flowing
In the midwinter wind
I know not how she found me
For in darkness I was walking
And destruction lay around me
From a fight I could not win

She asked me name my foe then
I said the need within some men
To fight and kill their brothers
Without thought of love or God
And I begged her give me horses
To trample down my enemies
So eager was my passion
To devour this waste of life

But she wouldn't think of battle that
Reduces men to animals
So easy to begin
And yet impossible to end
For she's the mother of all men
Who counselled me so wisely then
I feared to walk alone again
And asked if she would stay

Oh lady lend your hand outright
And let me rest here at your side
Have faith and trust
In peace she said
And filled my heart with life
There is no strength in numbers
Have no such misconception
But when you need me
Be assured I won't be far away

Thus having spoke she turned away
And though I found no words to say
I stood and watched until I saw
Her black coat disappear
My labour is no easier
But now I know I'm not alone
I find new heart each time
I think upon that windy day
And if one day she comes to you
Drink deeply from her words so wise
Take courage from her
As your prize
And say hello from me