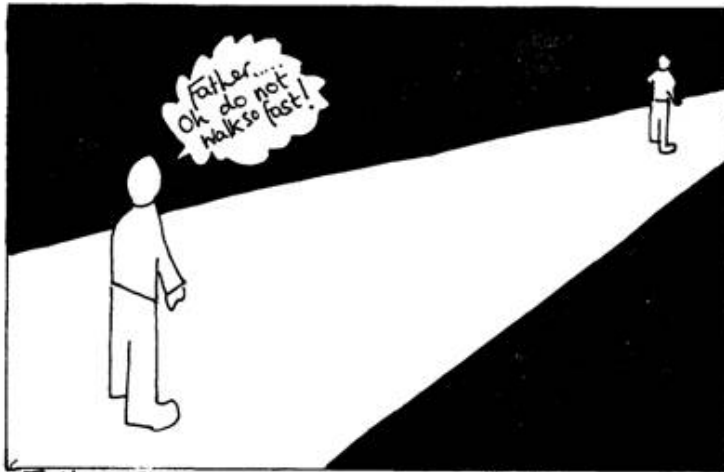


The Little Boy Lost

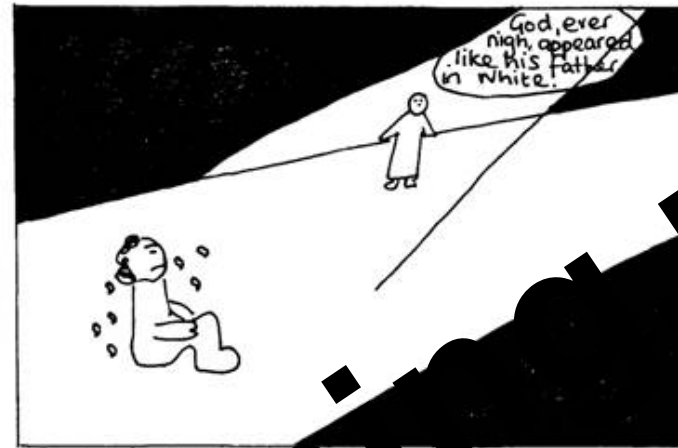


Father, father, where are you going?
Oh do not walk so fast!
Speak, father, speak to your little boy
Or else I shall be lost.

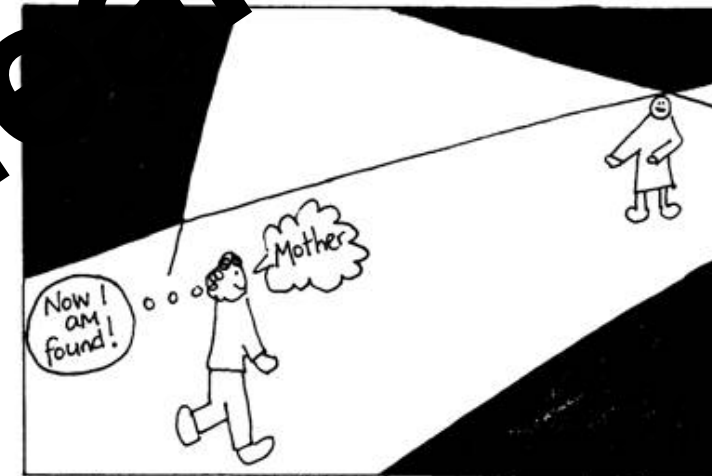


The night was dark and the moon was there,
The child was weeping in fear.
The mire was deep and the child did weep,
And away the vapour flew.

The Little Boy Found



The little boy lost in the lonely fen,
Led by the wondrous light,
Began to sob, but God ever nigh,
Appeared like his father in white.



He kissed the child and by the hand led,
And to his mother brought,
Who is sorrow pale, through the lonely dale
Her little boy weeping sought.