The Lost Child.

Moderato.

I. Sad is the home where a mother is waiting, Hope--

II. Oh, could the prayer of a broken mother, Plead--

Andante con espressione.

1. Sad is waiting for tidings in vain,-- Sad--

2. In vain for her own darling boy,-- Whis--

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FROM

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ly to see her lost darling again; Hope, like a
could re-call her heart's idol and joy Some where he's

flow-er, slowly is dy-ing, Nev er to bloom a-
wait-ing, mem'ry still lin-gers, Dreams of a moth-er's

gain in life's long years Lone-ly the fire-
side where sad

hearts are sigh ing, Once light with joy, now but la-
eden with tears.

hope still lin-gers, Love may re-turn your lost dar-
ling some day.

The Lost Child.—2
CHORUS.

Oh, bring back to my arms my darling baby,

Once more to clasp him close to my aching heart,

Life is so dreary and lonely here without him,

Ritard.

Oh, give him back to me ere hope depart.

The Lost Child.—2

H. A. Grubbhorn, Indianapolis, Ind.