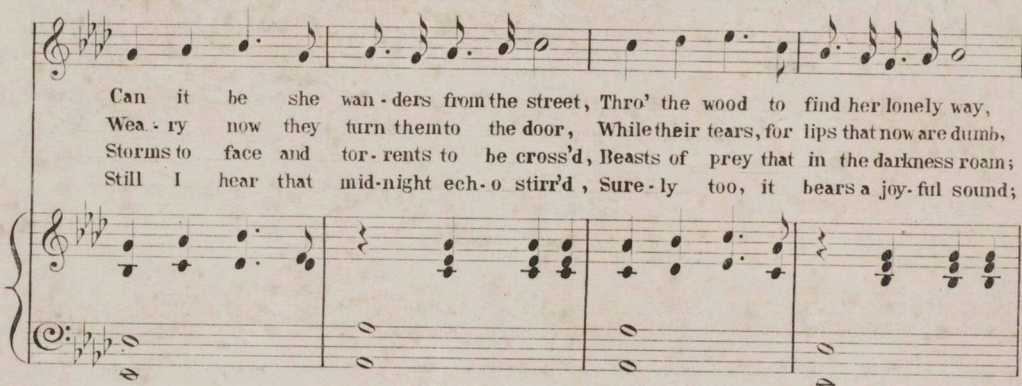
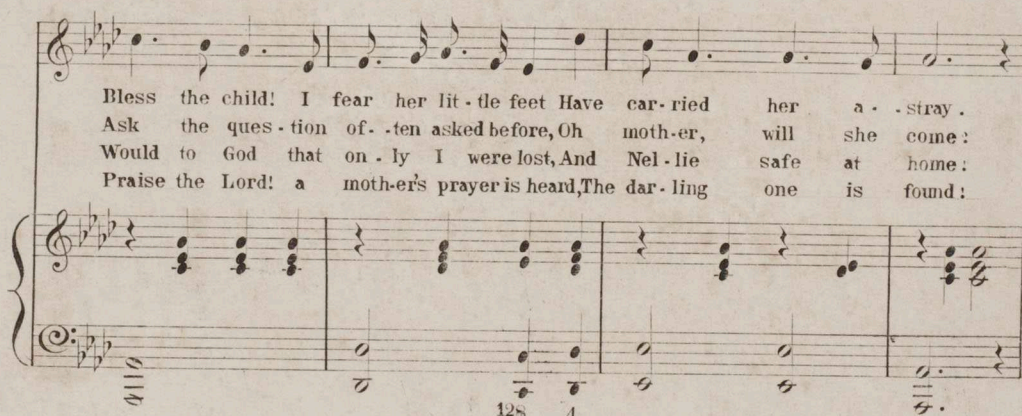


Vain - ly now, her lov - ing name we call, Oh whith - er does she roam:  
 Peep - ing through the lat - tice of the gate, Their dar - ling to dis - cern.  
 Who can tell what foes surround the child, Or shield her from their power:  
 Does it bid this trembling heart rejoice, Or sor - row makes it known:



Can it be she wan - ders from the street, Thro' the wood to find her lonely way,  
 Wea - ry now they turn them to the door, While their tears, for lips that now are dumb,  
 Storms to face and tor - rents to be cross'd, Beasts of prey that in the darkness roam;  
 Still I hear that mid - night ech - o stirr'd, Sure - ly too, it bears a joy - ful sound;



Bless the child! I fear her lit - tle feet Have car - ried her a - stray.  
 Ask the ques - tion of - ten asked before, Oh moth - er, will she come:  
 Would to God that on - ly I were lost, And Nel - lie safe at home:  
 Praise the Lord! a moth - er's prayer is heard, The dar - ling one is found: