

# The Lost Child.

*Moderato.*

By F. WALDO HARGRAVE.

*Andante con espressione.*

1. Sad is the home where a moth - er is wait - ing, Hope -  
2. Oh, could the pray'r of a heart - bro - ken moth - er, Plead -

ing and long - ing for tid - ings in vain, Sad -  
ing in vain for her own dar - ling boy, Whis -

ly she mourns, with a heart that is break - ing, On -  
per its love to the heart of an - oth - er, Who

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ly to see her lost dar - ling a - gain; Hope, like a  
 could re-call her heart's i - dol and joy Some - where he's

flow - er, slow - ly 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  
 love ne'er fade a - way— Hope on, still trust - ing while sweet

hearts are sigh - ing, Once light with joy, now but la - den with tears.—  
 hope still lin - gers, Love may re-turn your lost dar - ling some day.—

**CHORUS.**

Oh, bring back—— to my arms my dar - ling ba - by,

Once more to clasp him close to my ach - ing heart,——

Life is so drear - y and lone - ly here with - out him,

*Ritard.*

Oh, give him back to me ere hope de - part.