

EARLY LOST AND EARLY FOUND
Words by the
REV. GEO. W. BETHUNE.

MUSIC COMPOSED AND RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE

RT. REV. BISHOP CHASE. OF N.H.

By
I. B. WOODBURY.

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ANDANTE

p Cres. Dim. Rit.

With - in that down-y cra-dle there

lay a lit-tle child, A group of hov'-ring an-gels un-

seen upon her smiled; One breathed upon her features, and the

babe in beauty grew, With a cheek like morning blushes, and an

Rit. Portamento. voice. A Tempo.
eye of a-zure hue: Till eve-ry one who saw her, was

Rit.
joyous at the sight Of a face so sweet and ra-di-ant with

ev - er fresh de - light.

2

Another brought from heaven a clear and gentle mind,
 And in the lovely casket the precious gem enshrined;
 Till all who knew her wondered that God should be so good
 As to bless with such a spirit our desert world and rude.
 Thus did she grow in beauty, in virtue and in truth,
 The budding of her childhood just opening into youth.

3

Soon spake another angel, far brighter than the rest,
 As with strong arm, but tender, he caught her to his breast;
 "You've made her all too lovely, for a child of mortal race,
 But no shade of human sorrow, shall darken o'er her face,
 Nor shall the soul that shineth so purely from within
 Her form of earth-born frailty, e'er know the taint of sin.

4

Lulled in my faithful bosom, I'll bear her far away,
 Where there's no sin nor sorrow, nor anguish nor decay;
 And mine, a boon more glorious than all your gifts shall be—
 Lo! I crown her happy spirit with immortality!"
 Then on his breast the loved one gave up her gentle breath,
 For the nobler, brighter angel who loved her most, was Death.