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COPY 1973

To Mrs. E. S. Hunt.

THE
Little Shroud
A
BALLAD

POETRY BY

COMPOSED BY

Miss L.E. Landon

I.N. Metcalf

GUITAR



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THE LITTLE SHROUD.

WRITTEN BY MISS L.E. LANDON.

MUSIC BY I. N. METCALF.

MODERATO

ESPRESSIVO

p

She put him on a snowwhite

p

shroud, A chaplet on his head; And gather'd ear-ly prim-ro-ses To

scatter o'er the dead. She laid him in his lit-tle grave 'Twas

hard to lay him there, When spring was putting forth its flow'rs And

ev'ry thing was fair. *gva.*

(3rd Verse) His shroud was damp his face was white, He said I can not
gva. (2nd Verse) Her youngest child she now had lost; Her darling boy had

sleep, Your tears have made my shroud so wet, O, mother, do not weep! O,
 gone; And day and night she sat and wept Be-side the fun'ral stone! One

love is strong!—The mother's heart Was fill'd with ten-der fears; O love is
 midnight; while her constant tears Were fal-ling with the dew, She heard a

strong!—and for her child Her grief re-strain'd its tears,
 voice, and lo! her child Stood by her weeping too!

One eye a light shone round her bed	And down within the silent grave
And there she saw him stand—	He laid his weary head;
Her infant in his little shroud,	And soon the early violets
A taper in his hand.	Grew o'er his grassy bed.
Lo! mother, see my shroud is dry,	The mother went her household ways—
And I can sleep once more!	Again she knelt in prayer,
And beautiful the parting smile	And only ask'd of Heav'n its aid
The little infant wore.	Her heavy lot to bear.

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