

The Lost Children

GREGORY ORR

♩ = 80c. *still and even*

pp *mp* *pp*

Years a - go, as dusk seeped from the blue spruce in the yard, they ran to

pp *mp* *pp*

hide. It was ea - sy to find those who crouched in the sha - dow of the

chi - cken coop or stood still a - mong mo - tion - less hor - ses by the wa - ter trough.

pp *mp* *pp*

But I ne - ver found the will - ful ones who had crossed the fence and lay down in the

pp

high grass to stare up at the pa—tern of stars and me - an - der - ing su - mmer - fire - fly

(Led.) →

p

sparks. Now I stand a - gain by the fence and pluck one

mp *p*

(Led.) → *

ru - sted strand of wire, harp of lost worlds.

p *pp*

cresc.

At the sound the chil - dren rise from hi - ding and move to - wards me:—

mf *dim.*

ei - do-lons, a - drift on the night

air.

pp

air.

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