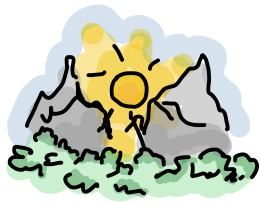




oft I heard of
Lucy Gray



And when I
cross the wild



A chance to see the
break of day



The solitary
child



No mate no
comrade
Lucy knew



she dwelt where
none abide



The sweetest
thing that ever
grew



upon the
mountain side



You yet may
spy the fawn
at play



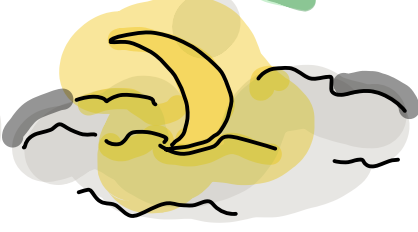
The hare
among the
green



But the sweet
face of Lucy Gray



Will never
more be
seen



"Tonight will be a stormy
night"



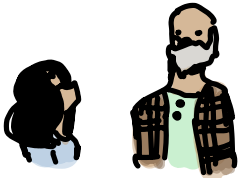
"You, to the town
must go"



"and take a lantern
child to light"



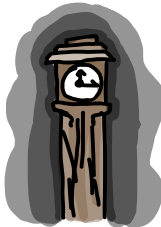
"your mother
through the snow"



"that, father, I will
gladly do"



"Tis scarcely afternoon"



"the village
clock had
just struck
two"



"and yonder is
the moon"



at this the father
turned his head



To kindling for
the day



He piled his
work and
Lucy took



the lantern
on her way



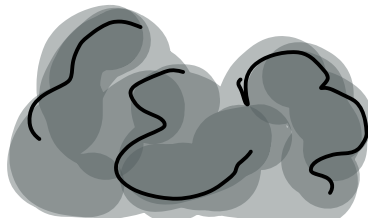
As carefree
as a mountain
doe



A fresh new
path she broke



her feet
dispersed the
powdery snow



That rose up
just like
smoke