

## **Betray My Secrets "Little Wanderer"**

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troubled, wildered and forlorn  
dark benighted, travel-worn  
and all heart-broke I heard her say:  
Â„oh my children, does it cry?  
does it hear its mother sigh?"

pitying I dropped a tear  
but I saw a starbeam near  
who replied:  
Â„i am set to light you the ground  
while your mother strives around

follow now the mother's groans  
little wanderer, hurry home,  
hurry home! "

little wanderer, hurry home!

sweet sleep, angel mild,  
hover over me!  
truth, be a lantern to my past!  
I prepare my soul for flight,  
prepare my head for death's cold hand  
to hurry home

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