



FARNE

Folk Archive Resource North East



The Lost Children

On the thirteenth of October, eighteen hundred And sixty five,
O'er all the hills of Weardale a mist there did arrive.
From the mountains into the valleys thick fog it hung around.
And the heavy clouds were dropping rain and watering the ground.

That very day at the White Hill, when winds were blowing cold...
A case the most heart rending to you I will unfold...
Two lovely little brothers away from home did stray.
Not thinking of the dangers that lay hidden their way.

About ten o'clock that forenoon the boys they left their home,
Little thinking in the mountains that night they had to roam;
But unconscious of all dangers the boys engaged to play.
And sporting with the dogs and sheep - which led them far away.

They then turned round in search of home, but pitiful to tell,
Instead of getting nearer home they wandered near the fell,
For lo the mist was closing in, which did them both affright
And caused the little weary ones to spend a restless night.

On Ireshope's cold and mossy hills for hours they had to roam,
Bereft ogf every comfort of their familiar home;

But on the bleak cold mountainside, amid the drenching rain,
'Neath Heavens open canopy that night they must remain.

The west winds blew and moaned around and grazed on their ear.
As the swelling brocks still raged and tossed and dashed into the west;
As the sun had hid his golden rays behind the mountain brown,
And through the sable clouds there shone no star, nor full-orbed moon.

But arm in arm, along they walked expecting still to hear,
The echo of a mothers voice, their aching hearts to cheer,
But neither voice nor footsteps in the distance could be heard,
Save the murmuring of the swelling brooks or croaking of some bird.

O'er hill and dale, through wet and mud, they're forced to struggle on,
With neither food, nor shelter, nor couch to rest upon.
But the green turf is their carpet on which alone they dread,
And behind some hedge or moss brock their only damp cold bed.

And Thomas said "I feel quite cold and my heart is beating slow,
And I feel the pangs of hunger with every breath I draw,"
Then Henry clasped him in his arms as side by side they lay.
Till slowly in his brothers arms he breathed his life away.



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Freed from its load of sin and death his spirit now doth rise,
Unheard by any human ear, nor seen by mortal eye.
But silently the angels wait their summons to obey,
Then swiftly on their shining wings they bear his soul away.

Cold chilling wind, rain rattling, hail, on him no more shall light,
No travels shall fatigue him more, nor midnight hours affright.
Since death has quenched that vital spark that fluttered in his breast,
And like some bright celestial dove, his spirit now doth rest.

Still round the hills the echo flies borne by the gentle breeze,
And the wind still moaned in weird tones and rustled in the leaves.
As o'er the hills and through the vales they sought the mountains
round
Till finally beneath some hedge the little boys they found.

Close side by side their bodies lie clasped in each others arms,
Henry with his coat wrapped round his brother, per chance to keep
him warm;
But through the silent hours of night his soul from earth had fled,
Yet closely in each other's arms lies the living with the dead.

While gazing on their lovely forms, still stretched upon the ground,
They gently raised their little heads and Henry looked around.
Quite dull and dazed and stiff with cold he awoke as from a dream,
“Pray tell me now the story through and what it all does mean.”

They gently raised them from the ground and bore them both away,
The one still struggling on with life, the other lifeless clay.
They bore them to their own loved home, their ages five and seven,
But they're parted now to meet no more until they meet again in
heaven

The mother kissed that lifeless corpse, when in the house it came,
She said “ Death has cause us to part, perhaps we'll meet again
Where we no more shall parted be, but all in love unite,
We shall the king of glory see and worship in His sight.”