way, my child! Lift up thine eyes, and greet the

light of eternal love!

Allegretto moderato

p' semplice poco rit. a tempo PP

PPP PPP
Peralta  \( p \) *molto tranquillo e semplice*

Two children wandered hand in hand, *semplice*

And played amid the golden sand;  

one was dark and sad of face, The other fair and full of grace.  

The *molto tranquillo*

light of love shone in their eyes;  

dolcis.
F.P.

O child-hood days, O Par - a - dise!

N.

Natama (spoken)

My Bar-ba-ra!

F.P.

Unharmed the

pp sempre

lark poured forth its trill,

Sang out its

lay from hill to hill,

And ev - ry flow'r a -
woke to thrill With God's great song: "On earth good-will." O

Faith di-vine! O Pow'r of Love!

This is the message from above.
My child of the lonely heart, the same love that was yours in the golden sands awaits you here.
The eyes of the Madonna are
looking into thine; She holds out her arms to thee; She will take thee unto her great heart; She will lift thy soul until it joins the
spirit of thy Father, thy

Father in the clouds above the mountain.

(Natoma has gradually lifted her face)

Natoma (in quiet ecstasy)

Love shall be repaid by love.