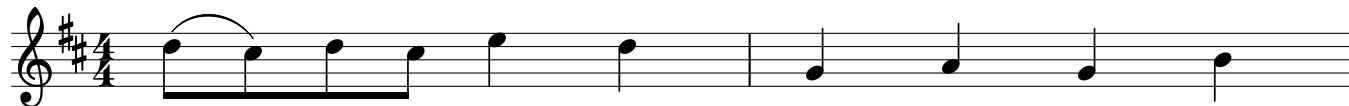


Lost Creek

Hubert C. Crowell



You cut thro - ugh the earth. When was your birth?
You cut thro - ugh the rock, released from your lock.



Make wide your steep rocky banks, for your beauty, thanks.
Bring out your fine bright gold, from times of old.



Hawks fly and nest above you, owls roost there too.
Child - ren play in your waters, fathers look for daughters.



Fish swim in your clear pool, your water stays cool.
Rocks break up in your floods, making waterfalls with suds.



Your lost no more, homes line your shore. Your gold is sec-ure, hid-den now for sure.