

The Orphan's Prayer

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Andante

Voice

The fro - zen streets in Moon-shine glit-ter, the mid-night hour has long been

Piano (or Harp)

4

past, ah me the wind blows keen and bitter, I sink be - neath the pier - cing blast in every

p

9

Vein seems life to lan - guish their weight my limbs no more can — bear But no one

2nd Verse a little faster

soothes the Or-phan's an - guish and no one heeds the Or-phan's prayer. Hark, hark, for

sure - ly foot - steps near me ad - vanc - ing press the drif - ted

a tempo

Snow! I die for food oh Stran - ger hear me, I die for food some alms - be-

-stow, you see no guil - ty wretch im - ploreyou nowant on pleads in feign'd - des-

28

-pair a famish'd Or - phan kneels be - fore you oh grant the famish'd Or - phan's prayer.

3rd Verse

33


Per-haps you think my lips dis - sem-bling of vir-tuous sor-rows feign a

36

tale, then mark my frame with an - guish trem-bling, my hol-low eyes, and fea - tures

40

pale, E'en should my sto - ry prove I deal too well these was-ted limbs de -

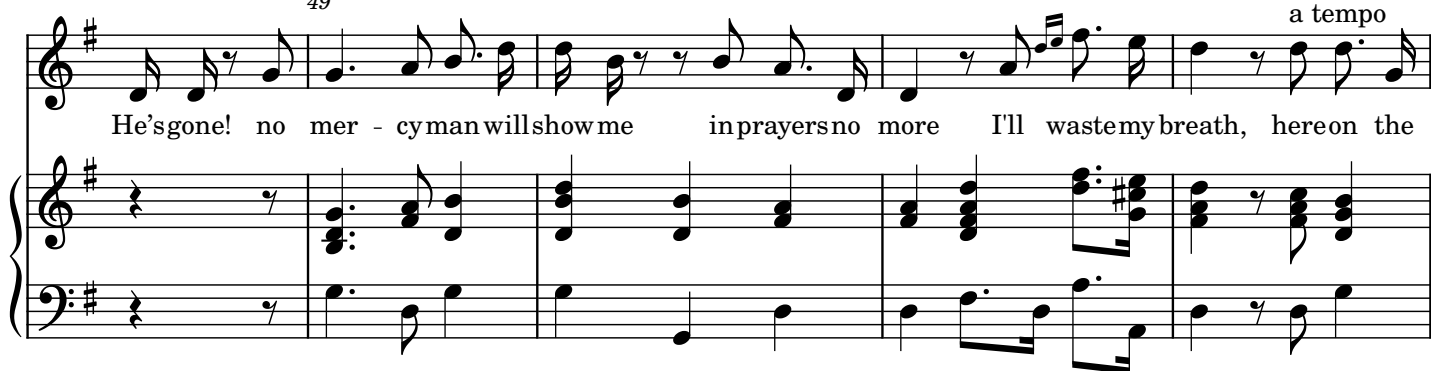


-clare my wants at least are not un - re - al then Stran-ger grant the Or-phan's prayer.

4th Verse Faster

49

a tempo



He's gone! no mer - cy man will show me in prayers no more I'll waste my breath, here on the



fro - zen Earth I'll throw me and wait in_ mutedes-pair_ for death fare-well, thou



cruel_ world to-mor-row no more thy scorn my heart_ will tear, the grave will

61 5th Verse

shield the Child of sor - row and Heaven will hear the Or-phan's prayer. But thou proud

65

Man the Beg-gar scorn-ing un-moved who saw'st me kneel for bread, thy heart shall ache to hear at

70

morn-ing that morn-ing found the Beg - gar dead and when the room re - sounds with

74

laugh-ter my fam-ish'd cry thy mirth — shall scare and of-ten shalt thou wish hear-

-af - ter thou hadst not scorned the Or - phan's prayer.