

The Orphan's Prayer

Harriett Abrams

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

8

blast in eve - ry Vein seems life - to lan - guish their weight my limbs no more can —

12

bear But no one soothes the Or-phan's an - guish and no one heeds the Or - phan's prayer.

2nd Verse a little faster
17

Hark, hark, for sure - - ly foot - steps near me ad - vanc - ing

19

press the drif - - ted

20

a tempo
Snow! I die for food oh Stran - ger hear me, I die_ for_

23

food some alms be -

24

-stow, you see no guil - ty wretch im - plore you no want 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.

33

3rd Verse

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 -

39

eyes, and fea - tures

40

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

44

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

p

4th Verse Faster 49

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

52 a tempo

breath, here on the fro - - zen Earth I'll throw me and wait in__

55

mute des - - pair for

56

death fare-well, thou cruel world to - mor-row no more thy scorn my heart will

60

p

tear, the grave will shield the Child of sor - row and Heaven will hear the Or-phan's prayer.

5th Verse

65


But thou proud Man the Beg - gar scorn - ing un - moved who saw'st me kneel for

68

bread, thy heart shall ache to hear at morn - ing that morn - ing_ found the Beg - gar

72

dead and when the room re - sounds with 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.