

The poor Orphan Maid

BALLAD

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p *fp*

Tho' early misfortune my lot has attended and

sorrow has claim'd me her favorite child yet the

woes of a - nother I still have befriended 'twas

then for a moment my woes were beguild for each

tear that was chang'd to a smile by my aid gave

joy to my heart tho' a poor orphan maid gave

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(2)

When in childhoods past day I saw destiny frowning
 While hope would forsake as each prospect drew nigh
 I caught at each leaf, like the wretch who is drowning
 Yet others I saved not so friendless as I
 And each tear that was changed to a smile by my aid
 Gave joy to my heart, tho' a poor orphan maid.

(3)

From experience like mine you this lesson may borrow
 Neer sink unresisting the victim of grief
 But sooth a friends care 'tis the best balm for sorrow
 And, comforting others you'll meet relief
 Thus each tear that was changed to a smile by my aid
 Cheerd my heart tho' a poor little orphan maid.