## THE POOR ORPHAN MAID

Tung by M. BALLED

Gomposed by M.P. KING.



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

Ne'er sink unresisting the victum 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

(heerd my heart tho' a poor little orphan maid