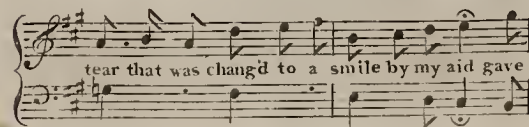
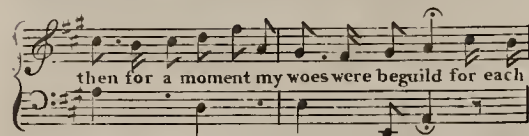
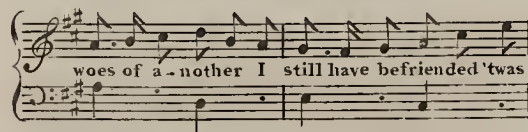
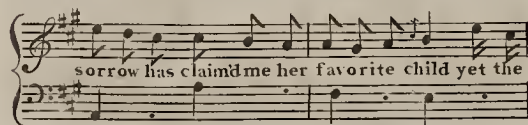
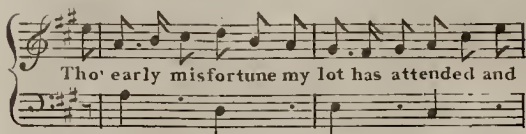
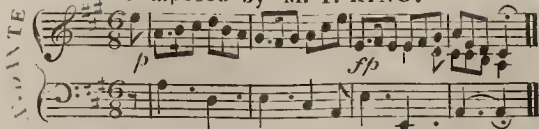
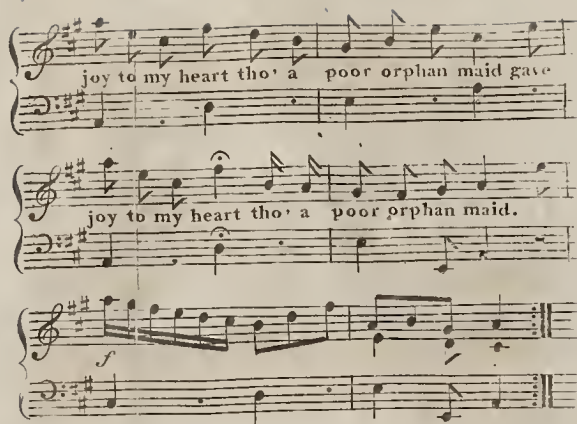


# The poor Orphan Maid

## BALLAD

Composed by M. P. KING.





( 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.