

The Orphan Boy - song lyrics

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THE ORPHAN BOY.

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Mother! how I love that name!
As in those days of joy,
When but a child she did caress,
And called me her dear boy.
But time works changes, and I know.
Experience me has taught;
Alone, forsaken, mother's dead:
It broke her poor boy's heart!

Chorus.
Mother's left me here alone, yes, alone!
Her last request was not to mourn;
An orphan boy! God! can it be,
Mother dead and I'm alone? yes, I'm alone

Mother, she is dead and gone,
Her mem'ry causes tears!
I love and cherish that sweet name;
And, in the after years,
Have thought of childhood's happy hours,
And the little pray'r she taught;
God! can it be my mother's dead?
It broke her poor boy's heart!-Chorus.

Mother's love for me did last
Thro' many years of pain;
And, when I sinn'd or went astray,
Her voice was heard again.
She'd take me to her side and say:
"My boy is home to-night!
Remember well your mother's pray'r.
And God will "keep you right! " -Chorus.