

# THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER 9,10,10,5,6,5

1. I love to stay where my moth - er sleeps, And gaze on each star as it twink - ling peeps, Thro' that bending willow which lone - ly

2. I love to kneel on the green turf there, A - far from the scene of my dai - ly care, And breathe to my Sa - vior my eve - ning

3. I still re - mem - ber how oft she led, And knelt me by her as with God she plead, That I might be his when the clod was

4. I love to think how be - neath the ground, She slumbers in death as a cap - tive bound, She'll slum - ber no more when the trump shall

weeps, O'er my moth - er's grave, O'er my moth - er's grave, Through that bend - ing wil - low, O'er my mo - ther's grave.

pray'r O'er my moth - er's grave, O'er my moth - er's grave, Through that bend - ing wil - low, O'er my mo - ther's grave.

spread, O'er my moth - er's grave, O'er my moth - er's grave, Through that bend - ing wil - low, O'er my mo - ther's grave.

sound, O'er my moth - er's grave, O'er my moth - er's grave, Through that bend - ing wil - low, O'er my mo - ther's grave.