

THE ORPHAN'S LAMENT

OR

I'M STANDING BY YOUR GRAVE MOTHER

WRITTEN
AND AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO

HER FRIEND

HARRIET J. BASSETT

BY

SARAH T. BOLTON

Music by
JOSEPH P. WEBSTER.

PIANO.

GUITAR.

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THE ORPHAN'S LAMENT.

Words by Sarah T. Bolton.

J. P. Webster.

Andantino.

WITH MUCH FEELING.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in G major and common time. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line consists of two staves. The right hand has a melodic line with some rests, and the left hand continues with a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. The tempo marking 'Andantino' is still present.

standing by your grave . . . mother, The winds are sobbing

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line consists of two staves. The right hand has a melodic line with some rests, and the left hand continues with a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes.

wild, And the win - try stars look dim - ly down, Up -

The piano accompaniment for the third vocal line consists of two staves. The right hand has a melodic line with some rests, and the left hand continues with a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes.

1st v. Im

on your or - - phan child, Dark clouds are wreathed a - long the sky, In

many a hea - vy fold . . , And the moonlight on the frosty grass, Gleams

ve - - ry pale and cold, And the moonlight on the fros - - ty grass, Gleams

ve - - ry pale and cold.

3^d.v. I had a gen - tle sis - - - ter then, She is not with me now. For the

2^d.v. We had a hap - py home mother Up - on the mountain side, When the

gloomy shad - - ow of the grave Lies on her ba - - by brow, And

summer birds sang all day long, Be - fore dear fa - ther died, Then

stran - gers meet a - round the fire, Up - on the . . old hearth stone, Oh

moth - er dear, your cheek grew pale and pa - ler ev - - ry day Un -

mother in the cold wide world, I'm all a - lone, a - - - lone, Oh

- til at last the angels came, And bore you too a - - way, Un -

Mo - ther, in the cold wide world I'm all a - lone a - lone.
 - til at last the an - gels came and bore you too a - way.

4.

I'm standing by your grave mother,
 No human form is near;
 And the fitful moaning of the wind,
 Is all the sound I hear;
 I tremble when the old trees toss
 Their shadows to and fro,
 But I'll shut my eyes, and say my prayers
 You taught me long ago.

5.

The morning sun looked gently down
 O'er frozen wold and wild,
 And kissed the little pallid face
 Of that poor orphan child;
 She felt no more the stinging cold,
 Nor heard the tempest rave,
 The snow wreath was her winding sheet
 Upon her mother's grave.