The Orphan Girl

Music by Eld. C.G. Keith. Nov. 1, 1905



the mar - ble ____ wall.

- "No home, no home," plead a little girl, At the door of a princely hall, As she trembling stood on the polished step And leaned on the marble wall.
- 2. "My father, alas! I never knew," And a tear dim'd her eyes so bright; "My mother sleeps in a new-made grave, 'Tis an orphan begs tonight."
- 3. Her clothes were thin and her feet were bare, But the snow had covered her head;"O! give me a home," she feebly said:"A home and a bit of bread."
- 4. The night was dark and the snow fell fast, But the rich man closed his door, And his proud face frowned, as he scornfully said: "No home, no bread for the poor."
- 5. The morning dawned, and the orphan girl Still lay at the rich man's door; But her soul had fled to a home above, Where there's room and bread for the poor.