



The orphan's prayer

Alfred Arthur Graley
(1813-1905)

The orphan's prayer

A. A. Graley

Tenderly

S Friends of hu - man - i - ty, list to my moan: I'm a poor or - phanchild, wear - y and lone;

A Friends of hu - man - i - ty, list to my moan: I'm a poor or - phanchild, wear - y and lone;

T Friends of hu - man - i - ty, list to my moan: I'm a poor or - phanchild, wear - y and lone;

B Friends of hu - man - i - ty, list to my moan: I'm a poor or - phanchild, wear - y and lone;

5
S Oth - ers may sing of the joys of the home; Fa - ther-less, moth - er - less,

A Oth - ers may sing of the joys of the home; Fa - ther-less, moth - er - less,

T Oth - ers may sing of the joys of the home; Fa - ther-less, moth - er - less,

B Oth - ers may sing of the joys of the home; Fa - ther-less, moth - er - less,

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S pen - sive I roam, Fa - ther - less, moth - er - less, pen - sive I roam.

A pen - sive I roam, Fa - ther - less, moth - er - less, pen - sive I roam.

T pen - sive I roam, Fa - ther - less, moth - er - less, pen - sive I roam.

B pen - sive I roam, Fa - ther - less, moth - er - less, pen - sive I roam.

11

S Clos'd are the eyes that once beam'd up-on me, Cold is the breast where any home used to be,

A Clos'd are the eyes that once beam'd up-on me, Cold is the breast where any home used to be,

T Clos'd are the eyes that once beam'd up-on me, Cold is the breast where any home used to be,

B Clos'd are the eyes that once beam'd up-on me, Cold is the breast where any home used to be,

15

S Hush'd is the voice which my sor - rows be - guil'd, Hid in the grave are the

A Hush'd is the voice which my sor - rows be - guil'd, Hid in the grave are the

T Hush'd is the voice which my sor - rows be - guil'd, Hid in the grave are the

B Hush'd is the voice which my sor - rows be - guil'd, Hid in the grave are the

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S friends of a child, Hid in the grave are the friends of a child.

A friends of a child, Hid in the grave are the friends of a child.

T friends of a child, Hid in the grave are the friends of a child.

B friends of a child, Hid in the grave are the friends of a child.

21

S While on the world's troubled bos - om I weep, Dear ones no sor - row dis - turbs your sweet sleep;

A While on the world's troubled bos - om I weep, Dear ones no sor - row dis - turbs your sweet sleep;

T While on the world's troubled bos - om I weep, Dear ones no sor - row dis - turbs your sweet sleep;

B While on the world's troubled bos - om I weep, Dear ones no sor - row dis - turbs your sweet sleep;

25

S Fain would I bid to this re - gion a - dieu, Share your cold pil - low, and

A Fain would I bid to this re - gion a - dieu, Share your cold pil - low, and

T Fain would I bid to this re - gion a - dieu, Share your cold pil - low, and

B Fain would I bid to this re - gion a - dieu, Share your cold pil - low, and

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S slum - ber with you, Share your cold pil - low, and slum - ber with you.

A slum - ber with you, Share your cold pil - low, and slum - ber with you.

T slum - ber with you, Share your cold pil - low, and slum - ber with you.

B slum - ber with you, Share your cold pil - low, and slum - ber with you.

31

S Pit - y me, child - ren of glad - ness and glee; Sun - shine and flow'rs may your her - i-tage be;

A Pit - y me, child - ren of glad - ness and glee; Sun - shine and flow'rs may your her - i-tage be;

T Pit - y me, child - ren of glad - ness and glee; Sun - shine and flow'rs may your her - i-tage be;

B Pit - y me, child - ren of glad - ness and glee; Sun - shine and flow'rs may your her - i-tage be;

35

S But there are joys that shall ev - er en - dure, Thron'd in the heart of the

A But there are joys that shall ev - er en - dure, Thron'd in the heart of the

T But there are joys that shall ev - er en - dure, Thron'd in the heart of the

B But there are joys that shall ev - er en - dure, Thron'd in the heart of the

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38

S friend of the poor, Thron'd in the heart of the friend of the poor.

A friend of the poor, Thron'd in the heart of the friend of the poor.

T friend of the poor, Thron'd in the heart of the friend of the poor.

B friend of the poor, Thron'd in the heart of the friend of the poor.

41

S God of the fa - ther-less, moth - er-less child, Tem - per the storm beat-ing cold - ly and wild;

A God of the fa - ther-less, moth - er-less child, Tem - per the storm beat-ing cold - ly and wild;

T God of the fa - ther-less, moth - er-less child, Tem - per the storm beat-ing cold - ly and wild;

B God of the fa - ther-less, moth - er-less child, Tem - per the storm beat-ing cold - ly and wild;

45

S Thou who re - gard - est an or - phan's com - plaint, Heal the young heart that is

A Thou who re - gard - est an or - phan's com - plaint, Heal the young heart that is

T Thou who re - gard - est an or - phan's com - plaint, Heal the young heart that is

B Thou who re - gard - est an or - phan's com - plaint, Heal the young heart that is

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S
bleed - ing and faint, Heal the young heart that is bleed - ing and faint.

A
bleed - ing and faint, Heal the young heart that is bleed - ing and faint.

T
bleed - ing and faint, Heal the young heart that is bleed - ing and faint.

B
bleed - ing and faint, Heal the young heart that is bleed - ing and faint.

Taintor Brothers
(1874)

Alfred Arthur Graley (1813–1905) was born in London, England, and moved to New York as a youth. He worked as a cobbler for several years before deciding to go into the ministry. He studied at the Hamilton Academy and Princeton Seminary. After ordination, he served as pastor of the Congregational Church at Lenox, New York; in Pompey Hill, New York; Trinity Presbyterian Church, Manlius, New York; Medina, New York; Knowlesville, New York, and was state supply and mission at Clarkson, New York. After retirement, he eventually moved to Brockport, New York. He died in Brockport. His compositions include words or music for over 150 hymns, and part songs for singing schools and conventions.

Friends of humanity, list to my moan:
I'm a poor orphan child, weary and lone;
Others may sing of the joys of the home;
Fatherless, motherless, pensive I roam.

Closed are the eyes that once beamed upon me,
Cold is the breast where my home used to be,
Hushed is the voice which my sorrows beguiled,
Hid in the grave are the friends of a child.

While on the world's troubled bosom I weep,
Dear ones, no sorrow disturbs your sweet sleep;
Fain would I bid to this region adieu,
Share your cold pillow, and slumber with you.

Pity me, children of gladness and glee;
Sunshine and flowers may your heritage be;
But there are joys that shall ever endure,
Throned in the heart of the friend of the poor.

God of the fatherless, motherless child,
Temper the storm beating coldly and wild;
Thou who regardest an orphan's complaint,
Heal the young heart that is bleeding and faint.

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