



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.



1st v. I'm

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

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

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.

1
g.v. I had a gen - tle sis... ter then, She is not with me now. For the

2d.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 coldwideworld, I'm all a .. lone, a .. lone, Oh

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

2079

Mo . ther, in the cold wideworld I'm all a lone a lone.

The musical score for the first section of the song. The vocal part (Soprano) has lyrics: "Mo . ther, in the cold wideworld I'm all a lone a lone." and "til at last the an . gelcame and bore you too a way." The piano accompaniment consists of chords and bass notes.

The musical score for the second section of the song. The piano accompaniment features a series of chords and bass notes, with dynamic markings 'p' and 'pp' indicating a渐弱 (diminishing volume).

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.