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THE
TWO
ORPHANS,

A
PATHETIC TALE.

By LADY MEANWELL.



EDINBURGH:

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(Price One Penny.)

TWO
ORPHANS

THE

Two Orphans.

My chaise the village Inn did gain,
Just as the sun's last setting ray,
Tip'd with refulgent gold the vane,
Of the Old church across the way.

Across the way I silent sped,
The time till supper to beguile ;
To moralize among the dead,
That moulder'd round yon ancient pile.

There many a humble green grave shew'd
Where want and pain and toil did rest.
And many a flattering stone I view'd,
O'er those who once had wealth possess'd

A faded beech its shadow brown,
 Threw o'er a grave where sorrow slept,
 On which, tho' scarce with grass o'ergrown,
 Two ragged children sat and wept.

A piece of bread between them lay,
 Which neither seem'd inclin'd to take,
 And yet they look'd so much a prey
 To want, it made my heart to ache.

My little children, let me know,
 Why you in such distress appear,
 And why you wasteful from you throw,
 That bread which many a heart would cheer

The little boy, with accents sweet,
 Replied, whilst tears each other chac'd;
 "Lady, we've not enough to eat,
 And if we had we would not waste.

"But sister Mary's naughty grown,
 And will not eat whate'er I say,
 Tho' sure I am the bread's her own,
 And she has tasted none to day"

“ Indeed (the wan strayed Mary said)
 Till Henry eats I'll eat no more; woful
 For yesterday I got some bread,
 He's had none since the day before.”

My heart did swell, my bosom heave,
 I felt as tho' depriv'd of speech,
 silent sat upon the grave,
 And press'd a clay cold hand of each.

With looks that told a tale of woe,
 With sighs that spoke the feeling heart,
 The shivering boy did nearer draw,
 And thus their tale of woe impart.—

“ Before our Father went away,
 Entic'd by bad men o'er the sea,
 Sister and I did nought but play,
 We liv'd beside yon great ash tree.

But then poor Mother did so cry,
 And look'd so chang'd I cannot tell,
 She told us that she soon would die,
 And bade us love each other well.

She said, that when the war was o'er,
 Perhaps we might our Father see,
 But if we never saw him more,
 That God our Father then would be.

She kiss'd us both—and then she died—
 So we no more a mother have.
 Here many a day we've sat and cried,
 Together on poor Mother's grave.

But when our Father came not here,
 I thought if we could find the sea,
 We should be sure to find him there,
 And once again might happy be.

We, hand in hand, went many a mile,
 And ask'd our way of all we met,
 And some did sigh and some did smile,
 And we of some did victuals get.

But when we reach'd the sea, and found
 'Twas one great water round us spread,
 We thought that Father must be drown'd.
 And cried, and wish'd we both were dead.

So we return'd to Mother's grave,
 The straightest course we could pursue,
 For Goody, when this bread she gave,
 Said, father died at Waterloo.

Now since no parents we have here,
 We'll go and seek for God around;
 Lady—pray can you tell us where
 That God our Father may be found.

He lives in heaven, Mother said,
 And Goody says that Mother's there,
 So if she thinks we want his aid,
 I think perhaps she'll send him here."

I clasp'd the prattlers to my breast, and
 And cried, come both and live with me,
 I'll clothe ye, feed ye, and give you rest,
 And will a second mother be.

And God will be your Father still,
 'Twas he, in mercy, sent me here,
 To teach you to obey his will,
 Your steps to guide, your hearts to cheer.

*The following is the Orphans' Hymn of
Thanksgiving.*

O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guide while life shall last,
And our perpetual home.

So shall our souls, with holy joy,
Thy lofty praises sing,
'Mong saints and holy angels bright,
Till Heaven's high arches ring.

Saying, worthy is the Lamb of God,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
Who hast redeemed us.

Jesus is worthy to receive,
 Honour and power divine ;
 And glory, more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The Eternal Three in One,
 Be Honour, Praise, and Glory given,
 For ever more. — *Amen.*

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