



The Soldier's
O R P H A N,

Composed and Written by Hy.

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O DARK is the night and the wintry wind
 whistles,
 Along the wild moor faint and hungry I go,
 In search of some refuge heart broken I wander
 On a poor Soldier's Orphan some pity bestow,
 Some pity bestow, &c.

To home nor to kindred can I fly for protection
 I once had a parent his Country's pride,
 On the point of returning his Orphan to che-
 rish,
 On Waterloo plains my dear father he died,
 My father he died, &c

Was I by your bounty relieved from distresses
 When the time it shall come my Country to
 serve.
 My Arm shall defend it, with pride I'll protect
 thee,
 In pity relieve then my life to preserve,
 My life to preserve, &c,

