

"Oh! why do tears steal down your cheek,"
Cried I, "while others shout for joy?"
She kiss'd me, and in accents weak,
She call'd me her poor orphan boy.

"What is an orphan boy?" I said,
When suddenly she gasp'd for breath;
And her eyes closed;—I shriek'd for aid,—
But, ah! her eyes were closed in death!
My hardships since I will not tell;
But now no more a parent's joy—
Ah, lady! I have learnt too well,
What 'tis to be an orphan boy.

O were I by your bounty fed!—
Nay, gentle lady! do not chide!
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread;
The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
Lady, you weep:—what is't you say?
You'll give me clothing, food, employ?—
Look down, dear parents! look and see
Your happy, happy orphan boy.

OPIE