

Poor Orphan Child

Ralph Stanley

I hear a low faint voice that says
Papa and mama's dead
And it comes from the poor orphan child
That must be clothed and fed
And it comes from the poor orphan child
That must be clothed and fed
And it comes from the poor orphan child
That must be clothed and fed Savior, lead them by the hand
Savior, lead them by the hand
Savior, lead them by the hand
Til they've all reach that glittering strand Think of the many children now
Poor little boys and girls
Who once had mother's loving arms
To smooth their golden curls
Who once had mother's loving hand
To smooth their golden curls
Who once had mother's loving hand
To smooth their golden curls Savior, lead them by the hand
Savior, lead them by the hand
Savior, lead them by the hand
Til they've all reach that glittering strand But now we see those wandering curls
Hang careless round their brow
They say to us, my papa's dead
And I've no mother now
They say to us, my papa's dead
And I've no mother now
They say to us, my papa's dead
And I've no mother now Savior, lead them by the hand
Savior, lead them by the hand
Savior, lead them by the hand
Til they've all reach that glittering strand O Savior, every orphan bless
Wherever they may roam
Bless every hand that lends them aid
And bless the orphan's home
Bless every hand that lends them aid
And bless the orphan's home
Bless every hand that lends them aid
And bless the orphan's home Savior, lead them by the hand
Savior, lead them by the hand

Savior, lead them by the hand
Til they've all reach that glittering strand

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