

Ralph Stanley **"Poor Orphan Child"**

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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
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