

Deposited in Clerk's office Kentucky
District Court June 22^d 1893

J. H. Burdett

To
J. H. BURDETT.

THE COLORED ORPHAN BOY

AS SUNG BY

S. C. CAMPBELL

Of the

Campbell Minstrels

Composed by

E. B. ABBOTT.

25 Cts. nett.

Louisville G. W. BRAINARD & Co. 117 Fourth St.

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Boston O. DITSON

Wm. HALL & SON New York.

COLOR'D ORPHAN BOY.

C. W. ABBOTT.

Andante.

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef, both in 6/8 time. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' to the left of the piano part.

My poor old mother and I did part, When

The second system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'My poor old mother and I did part, When' are written below the vocal staff.

I was ver...ry young, Her mem...ry still cling's

The third system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'I was ver...ry young, Her mem...ry still cling's' are written below the vocal staff.

Entered according to Act of Congress 1862 by G.W. Brainard & Co in the clerks office of the district court Ky.

round this heart, Like morning mist has hung They

tell me of my mo.....thers form, She watch'd me while I

slept, And with her dark but gen tle

hand, She wip'd the tears I wept.

Alto.  But now my mo..... ther's gone to rest, In

Air. 

Tenor  But now my mo..... ther's gone to rest, In

Bass 



 realms of pure..... st joy,..... I wonder if she



 realms of pure..... st joy,..... I wonder if she





thinks of me, Her color'd orphan boy

thinks of me, Her color'd orphan boy

2

And that same hand that held my own,
 When I began to walk,
 And the joy that sparkled in her eye,
 When I began to talk;
 I remember too when I was ill,
 She kissed my burning brow,
 And the tears that fell upon my cheek,
 I think I feel them now.

Chorus .

3

And then she used to kneel with me—
 How gloomy is that day!—
 She put her hands up to her breast,
 And taught me how to pray
 Oh! Mother, Mother, in this breast,
 Thy image still shall be;
 And I will learn e'en to the last,
 To always think of thee

Chorus .