**THE ORPHAN GIRL**

* **H.L.V Derozio**

*Her hair was black as a raven’s wings,*

 *Her cheek the tulip’s hue did wear,*

 *Her voice was soft as when night winds sing,*

 *Her brow was as a moonbeam fair;*

*Her sire had joined the wake of war;-*

*The battle-shock, the shout, and scar*

*He knew, and gained a glorious grave*

*Such is the guerdon of the brave!-*

 *Her anguished mother’s suffering heart*

 *Could not endure a widow’s part;*

 *She sunk beneath her soul’s distress,*

 *And left her infant parentless.-*

 *She hath no friend on this cold, bleak earth,*

*To give her a shelter, a home, and a hearth;*

*Through life’s dreary desert alone she must wend,*

*For alas! the wretched have never a friend!*

*And should she stray from virtue’s way,*

*The world will scorn, and its scorn can slay.*

*Ah! Shame hath enough to wring the breast*

*With a weight of sorrow and guilt oppres’d;*

*But oh! ’tis coldly cruel to wound*

*The bosom whose blood must gush*

*unbound.*

*No tear is so bright as the tear that flows*

*For erring woman’s unpitied woes;*

*And blest be forever his honoured name*

*Who shelters an orphan from sorrow and*

 *shame!*