

JAMIE O'HARA

DREAM HYMNS

ORPHAN CHILD

It was a stained glass window of St. Paul,
The light came softly through
And fell on the face of the orphan child
Weeping in the pew.
She raised her eyes above the altar to the cross,
The two Marys were whispering her name
But how was she to hear their voices
Feeling so unworthy and ashamed?

Chorus: Orphan child,
 You didn't have to be so all alone,
 Orphan child,
 I pray someday you find your way home.

She was standing by the shoreline of the lake,
Two fishermen were pulling in their boat.
The cold winter wind and the orphan child
Shivering without a coat.
The disciples placed a blanket 'round her shoulders;
She shook it off, it fell into the dirt.
Across the lake the wounded raven cried
For souls who never quench their thirst.