

Blind man's appeal : who lost his sight by brain fever. Offers this composition for sale as a means of support. All favors thankfully received.

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BLIND MAN'S APPEAL,

WHO LOST HIS SIGHT BY BRAIN FEVER.

Offers this composition for sale as a means of support.

ALL FAVORS THANKFULLY RECEIVED.

—♦♦♦—
You see the glorious sun
Making all nature bright—
Ye see the silver moon and stars
Gilding the arch of night.

You see the trees and flowers
Spread joy along your way—
You see the faces of your friends
Smile on you every day.

To me there is no sun—
No green and flowery lawn—
My life-long darkness knows no day,
My midnight knows no dawn.

I only hear the sound
Of footsteps drawing near,
But cannot see the forms of those
Whose voices are so dear.

My wants come on me very fast,
Increasing every day,
Nor can I ever dare to hope
To drive these wants away.

O pity then my lot—
Relieve me if you can ;
And God will recompense your love
Shown to a *poor blind man*.

The first we know or learn
Of God's creative power,
Was when he said, "Let there be light,"
And light appeared that hour.

But God's first gift to man
To me has been denied,
And in my blindness I can not
My daily bread provide.

O, then remember me,
O pity, and be kind
To one who is in sadness made
To pass through this world blind.

True, I may hope to share
With you a world of bliss
Yet 'tis your privilege to make
My lot less sad in this.

H.M.

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