

The lame man's appeal / George W. Crawford.

Contributors

Crawford, George W., mendicant poet.
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Wellcome Collection
183 Euston Road
London NW1 2BE UK
T +44 (0)20 7611 8722
E library@wellcomecollection.org
<https://wellcomecollection.org>

TO THE PUBLIC.

GEORGE W. CRAWFORD,

Having become crippled, and not willing to become a burden to the public, after suffering acutely for over ten years, takes this means of gaining a livelihood, and most respectfully craves your patronage.

PLEASE BUY MY APPEAL, * * PRICE 5 CENTS.

THE LAME MAN'S APPEAL.

Pity the sorrows of the poor lame man,
Whose flesh has shrunk with pain,
Whose withered limb too plainly tells
He cannot walk again.

O, you whose privilege 'tis to walk,
And labor day by day,
Consider how afflictions crowd
Upon the lame man's way;
And let commiseration's finger strike
Upon your heart's pure strings,
That hope may o'er his darkened life
Throw his protecting wings.

Ah, me; ah, me; the lame man's lot
Is freighted deep with woe;
The thorns that throng his daily path
None but the afflicted know;
Then, O, let Mercy's gentle voice
Soft o'er your senses steal,
And listen with kind charity
To this my sad appeal.

My fate is hard—I cannot work
As in the days gone by;
Yet still I would my home support
And all its wants supply.
God knows I would not shrink from work,
Nor help unneeded claim;
But, ah, alas! hope's star has sunk—
I'm lame! I'm lame! I'm lame!

Remember at the Beautiful Gate,
How Peter healed the lame,
And caused the crippled man to walk,
In our dear Savior's name;
He took him by his own right hand,
His sufferings to relieve:
Our Savior smiles on such a man
And blessings to him gives!

Then, oh! turn not away from this
My sorrowing appeal,

But let the voice of Mercy sweet
Soft o'er your heart strings steal,
And this pure truth from Holy Writ
Shall be your sweet reward,
That whosoever helps the poor
But lendeth to the Lord.

I hear my wife's sweet, gentle voice
When happy ones pass by;
I see her patience in our woe,
Then turn away to sigh;
O, think of this, ye happy ones,
In palace or in cot,
And drop a tear of pity for
My hard, my wretched lot!

O, when you read the book of life
Attention now I claim,
For God the Savior restored strength
Unto the helpless lame;
And He has left His followers here
To carry out His will;
To say unto the lame man's woes
I bid you to be still.

Our Savior taught men to be kind,
And here He asked still more,
To sell the goods they had obtained,
And give unto the poor;
He says for this I'll give to thee
Treasures in Heaven above,
And while on earth you follow me,
I will your works approve.

Remember, too, that though on earth
You cast your blessings round,
They will yield rich and precious fruit
In God's own Heavenly ground;
And, O! how great will be the joy
That unto you is given,
When the lame man shall see and bless
Your entrance into Heaven.

