

For the benefit of a blind man.

Contributors

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FOR THE BENEFIT
OF A
BLIND MAN.

'Mid sorrow and sadness, I'm destined to roam—
Forlorn and forsaken, I wander alone:
The works of art and nature are hid from my view;
The pleasures of life, I must bid them adieu.

I hear the song of birds at grey of morn,
Singing praises to God for the new day that is born—
I long to behold them in their plumage so gay—
But alas! it's all dark—for me there is no day.

I feel the soft, gentle breeze as it sweeps o'er the fields,
Bearing the fragrance of the flowers which they yield:
Those sweet, fragrant odors, how delicious to me—
But their bright gay colors I never shall see.

I hear the gurgling streams as they roll on their way,
Reflecting in their shadows the sun's bright ray;
Their soft, gentle murmurs, how delightful to me,
But the bright, sparkling waters I never shall see.

I hear the merry laugh of the gay, busy throng;
Friends greet friends as they hurry along—
While I grope on my way, some shelter to find;
O God! what an affliction it is to be blind.

O God: I beseech Thee, bestow on me grace,
To help to support me in Death's cold embrace;
I long to depart—set my captive soul free,
In that spirit land where the blind shall see.

FOR THE BENEFIT BLIND MAN.

—I am blind and deaf, I am destined to roam—

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