

The blind girl's appeal.

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THE BLIND GIRL'S APPEAL.

Oh ye whose eyes are open to
The glorious light of day,
Consider how the darkness falls
Upon the blind girl's way,
And let compassion's fingers strike
Upon your heart's pure strings,
That hope may o'er her darkened life
Throw her protecting wings.

Ah me! Ah me! the blind girl's lot
Is freighted deep with woe;
The thorns that throng her daily path
None but the sightless know!
Then, oh, 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 must myself support
And all my wants supply.
God knows I would not shrink from work
Nor hardships would I mind—
But, ah, alas! hope's star has sunk—
I'M BLIND—I'M BLIND—I'M BLIND!

As one by one the evening stars
Forth from their chambers creep,
And twinkling in the rolling waves
Of ocean's watery deep—
Their many glittering beauties rare
Are not for such as me;
Oh God! my heart is crushed with grief,
Thy works I cannot see.

I hear my friends' sweet, gentle voice,
But cannot meet their eye;
I feel the pressure of their love—
Then turn away to sigh.
Oh! think of this, ye happy ones,
In palace or in cot,
And drop a tear for
My hard—my wretched lot.

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.

Oh, when you read the book of life,
This lesson bear in mind:
That God, the Saviour, restored the sight
Unto the helpless blind;
And He has left His followers here
To carry out his will,
To say unto the blind girl's woes,
I bid you to be still.

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 oh! how great will be the joy
That unto you is given,
When the blind girl shall see and bless
Your entrance into heaven.

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