

## **The blind man's hope.**

### **Contributors**

Francis A. Countway Library of Medicine

### **Publication/Creation**

[Philadelphia] : Haddock & Son, [1880?]

### **Persistent URL**

<https://wellcomecollection.org/works/ykmxr4x4>

### **License and attribution**

This material has been provided by This material has been provided by the Francis A. Countway Library of Medicine, through the Medical Heritage Library. The original may be consulted at the Francis A. Countway Library of Medicine, Harvard Medical School. where the originals may be consulted. This work has been identified as being free of known restrictions under copyright law, including all related and neighbouring rights and is being made available under the Creative Commons, Public Domain Mark.

You can copy, modify, distribute and perform the work, even for commercial purposes, without asking permission.

**wellcome  
collection**

Wellcome Collection  
183 Euston Road  
London NW1 2BE UK  
T +44 (0)20 7611 8722  
E [library@wellcomecollection.org](mailto:library@wellcomecollection.org)  
<https://wellcomecollection.org>

# THE BLIND MAN'S HOPE

On me the world has darkly frowned,  
And cast a withering blight ;  
Afflictions clouds overspread my sight,  
And hide the morning light.  
Misfortune, too, has aimed at me  
Her most envenomed dart,  
And all her weapons brought to bear  
Upon my broken heart.

But still, through trouble dark and deep,  
I strive with all my might,  
While all the broad creation round  
Is gloomier than night.  
Though oft my spirits seem to sink,  
And hope yield to despair—  
My strength is from the mighty One  
Who hears the blind man's prayer.

From the one cup that's mixed for all,  
(Where pleasure's mixed with pain,)  
The bitter portion I have drank,  
The sweet must yet remain !  
Through many pleasant future years  
May happiness be mine—  
And no corroding griefs assail,  
To mar my peace of mind.

Where thorns were wont to throng my path,  
Grow roses in their stead,  
And on the breeze that fans my brow  
A soothing fragrance shed :  
And when to other worlds I'm called,  
And bid farewell to this,  
May all my sorrows be assuaged  
In everlasting bliss !

PN -  
1083. B6  
B69