

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

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## To The Public!

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*The bearer having lost his eyesight takes this  
method of gaining a livelihood.*

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### THE BLIND MAN'S CONDITION.

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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,  
But the pleasures of life,  
I must bid them adieu.

I hear the birds sing,  
At the gray of the morn,  
Singing praises to God,  
For the new day is born.  
I hope to behold them,  
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 field,  
Bearing the fragrance  
Of the flowers which they yield,  
Those sweet odors, how sweet to me,  
Those bright gay colors I never  
[shall see.

I hear the merry laugh  
Of the gay, busy throng,  
Friends, sweet 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,  
To 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.

The dear, dear Lord, who gave the light  
To the blind man's eyes, and made him see

# THE BLIND MAN'S CONDITION.

My sorrow and my pain  
I understand to be  
Forsaken and alone  
I wander here  
The words of art and science  
Are all to me as air  
But the pleasure of life  
I must still find elsewhere

I hear the birds sing  
At the cry of the night  
Singing praises to God  
For the new day is born  
I hope to behold them  
Their plumage so gay  
But alas! it's all dark  
For me there is no day

I feel the soft, gentle breeze  
A cool breeze over the lake  
Beside the fountain  
Of the flowers which they hold  
Those sweet odors how sweet to me  
Those bright rays which I never  
I shall see

I hear the merry laugh  
Of the gay, merry throng  
Frisks and frolics  
As they pass by  
While I roam on my way  
Some shelter to find  
O God! what an affliction  
It is to be blind

O God! I beseech thee  
To bestow on me  
To help to support me  
In death's cold embrace  
I long to depart  
But my captive soul free  
In that quiet land,  
Where the blind shall see