

The blind Boy

para voz y bajo continuo

O say, what is that thing call'd light which I can ne'er en-joy? What is the bless-ing

of - - the sight? O tell tell your poor blind Boy

You talk of wondrous things you see
 you say the sun shines bright,
 I feel it warm, but how can he
 the make it day or night?

My day or night my self I make
 whene'er I sleep or play,
 And cou'd I ever keep awake
 it wou'd be always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
 you mourn ney hopeley woe
 but surely with patience I may bear
 a loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
 my chear of mind destroy;
 whilst thus I sing I am a king
 altho' a poor blind Boy.