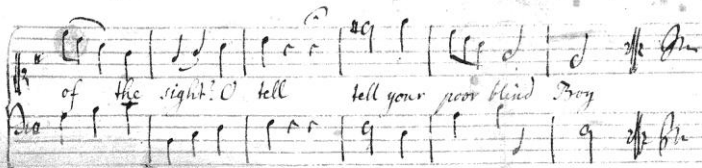
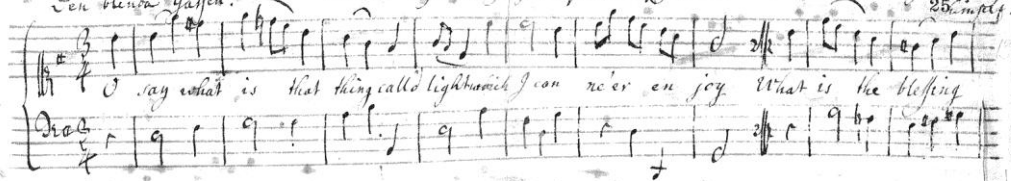


Den blinde Gassen.

The Blind Boys a Song from a printed Copy corrected in the Words and Notes by M^r. Hann.

25. Imp. 1.



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

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hopeless woe
But sure with patience I may bear
A loss I ne'er can know

My day or night my self I make
When e'er I sleep or play
And could I ever keep awake
It would be always day.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy
Whilst thus I sing I am a king
Altho' a poor blind Boy.