

THE BLIND BOY.

ARSON, Printer, 6, Chadderton-street, Manchester

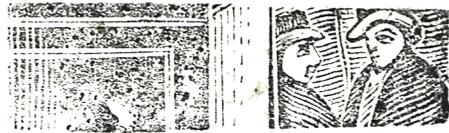
The blind boy's been at play, mother,
And merry games we had,
We led him on our way, mother,
And every step was glad.
But when we found a starry flower,
And praised its varied hue,
A tear came trembling down his cheek
Just like a drop of dew.

We took him to the mill, mother,
Where falling waters made
A rainbow o'er the rill, mother,
As golden sun-rays play'd.
But when we shouted at the scene
And hailed the clear blue sky,
He stood quite still upon the bank
And breathe a long, long sigh.

We asked him why he wept, mother,
Whene'er we found the spot
Where periwinkle crept, mother,
O'er wild forget-me not.
"Ah me!" he said, while tears ran down,
As fast as summer showers,
It is because I cannot see
The sunshine and the flowers.

Oh, that the poor sightless boy's mother
Had taught him,—I am blest,
For I can look with joy, mother,
On all I love the best.
And when I see the dancing stream,
And daisies red and white,
I'll knell upon the meadow sod,
And thank God for my sight.

50



COME HOME FATHER.

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes One! [home
You promised dear father, that you would come
As soon as your day's work was done.
Our fire had gone out---our house is all dark,
And mother's been watching since tea,
With poor little Benny so sick in her arms,
And no one to help but me.

Come home, come home, come home,
Please father, dear father, come home.

To hear the sweet voice of the child,
As the night winds repeat as they roam,
Who could resist the most plaintive of prayers,
Please father, dear, come home.
Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes Two!
The night has grown colder, and Benny is worse
But he has been calling for you.

Indeed he is worse, mother says he will die,
Perhaps before morning shall dawn,
And this was the message she sent me to bring
Come quickly, or he will be gone.

Come home, come home, come home,
Please father, dear father, come home.

Father, dear father, come home with me,
The clock in the steeple strikes Three!
The house is so lonely, the hours are so long
For weeping mother and me.
Yes, we are alone, poor Benny is dead,
And gone with the angels of light,
And these were the last words that he said,
I want to kiss Papa---good night!

