



BLIND BOY.

TAYLOR, Printer, 92 & 93, Brick Lane, Spitalfields.

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 make
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 breathed a long, long sigh.

We asked him why he wept, mother,
Whene'er we found the spots,
Where periwinkles crept, mother,
O'er wild forget-me-nots:
"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 poor sightless boy, mother,
Has taught me 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 kneel upon the meadow sod,
And thank God for my sight.



NELLY GRAY.

Printed and Published at TAYLOR'S Song Mart, Brick Lane, Bethnal Green.

It's of an old green valley on old Kentucky shore,
Where I've passed many happy hours away;
I'm a sitting and singing by the little cabin door,
Where lives my darling Nelly Gray.
Darling Nelly Gray, they have taken you away,
You have gone, I shall never see you more.
But I'm sitting by the river, and I'm weeping all the day,
Farewell to my old Kentucky shore.

The moon has climb'd the mountains, and the stars are
shining too,
That's where I'd take my darling Nelly Gray,
Floating down the river in my little light canoe,
While the banjo so merrily I 'll play.
One night I went to see her, but she had gone the neighbour
say,
For the white man has bound her with his chains,
They have taken her to Georgia for to work her life away
To toil in the cotton and the cane.

Oh, my eyes are getting blinded and I cannot see my way
Hark! there's somebody knocking at the door;
I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nelly Gray.
She's gone from old Kentucky shore.
My canoe is under water, and my banjo is unstrung,
And I don't care to live any more;
My eyes they shall look downwards and the song shall be
unsung,
While I live on the old Kentucky shore.

Oh, my poor Nelly Gray, up in heaven there they say,
They can never take you from me any more.
Oh, I'm coming, coming, coming, while angels clear the way
Farewell to old Kentucky shore

