



SEE WORE
A WHITE ROSE
 In her Hair.

By moonlight we met and whispered fond vows,
 Which heaven itself might believe,
 Oh where was young Ada, so lovely and young,
 To be thus by a libertine deceived.
 He swore by the cross—the bark and the rose,
 As he spoke of her love in despair,
 As he hung round her bosom a necklace of pearls
 And he placed a white rose in her hair.

Next morning he went with the sister to church,
 Where Ada, the bride should have been,
 She hung down her head from the gay cavalcade,
 And closes her eyes from the scene:
 All alone in her chamber she could hear the bells ring
 With her heart full of grief and despair,
 While tears fell like gems on that necklace of pearls
 And she wore a white rose in her hair.

In the eve came the guests with a dance and a song
 Both the Bride and the bridegroom so gay,
 Oh, where was dear Ada, so lovely and young,
 To be thus from the banquet away?
 They sought her above, they sought her below,
 They sought in her chamber in tear,
 There she lay dead in her necklace of pearls,
 And a withered white rose in her hair.



THE
BLIND BOY'S SONG

I am but a poor blind boy,
 Still my heart is full of joy,
 Tho I never saw the light,
 Or the flowers they call so bright
 I can hear the sweet birds sing,
 And the wild bee on th wing;
 Birds and bee and summer wind,
 Sing to me because I'm blind,

We love him, yes we love him,
 And to him we are all kind;
 We love him yes we love him,
 We love him because he's blind.

With my finger I can trace,
 Every line on mother's face,
 Oft her smile upon me beams,
 I can see it my dreams
 Father takes me on his knee
 Brothers, oh! so kind to me,
 Sisters' arms are round me twined
 Kisses me because I'm blind.
 We love him

This morning as in bed I lay,
 Mother softly came to pray,
 Said for me such pretty prayers,
 And I felt her holy tears,
 Falling gently down on me,
 And she kissed, so you see
 Everyone to me is kind,
 And they love me 'cause I'm blind.
 We love him &

