



THE  
**Blind Beggar's  
 Daughter.**

Of a blind beggar who had lost his sight,  
 And he had a beautiful daughter so bright,  
 I'll go seek my fortune, kind father, said she,  
 And so kindly he granted his daughter Bessie.

She took coach at Rumford, as I have heard say,  
 And arrived in London that very same day,  
 She hired to the Lord Mayor's where admired was she,  
 And kindly beloved was pretty Bessie.

As she was walking up London's fine streets,  
 A wealthy young lord she chanc'd for to meet;  
 I'll clothe you with diamonds and jewels, said he,  
 If you will but love me, my pretty Bessie.

Before we are married, come tell me your name,  
 Or where do you live, or whence do you come?  
 I am a poor girl, it is plain to be seen,  
 The Blind beggar's daughter of Bethnal Green.

If you are a beggar's daughter, you'll not do for me,  
 For no beggar son will ever I be;  
 Nor no beggar's daughter, a lord's lady shall be,  
 So scornful he turn'd from pretty Bessie.

A young knight standing by, says, you're not worth a curse,  
 If she is a beggar's daughter, she's nothing the worse,  
 I'll clothe you with diamonds and jewels, said he,  
 If you will but love me, my pretty Bessie.

They took coach at London, as I have heard say,  
 And arrived their that very same day,  
 The beggar says, knight, if I must tell you plain,  
 If you will drop guineas, I'll do the same.

The beggar pull'd out his purse well filled with gold,  
 And thus to the knight he did them unfold,  
 They dropped their guineas all on the ground,  
 They dropped to the sum of ten thousand pounds,

Hold, says the knight, I can drop no more,  
 But the beggar kept dropping till he beat him five score;  
 Now after you are married I will lay you down,  
 Five hundred bright guineas to buy her a gown,

The marriage is over and all things past,  
 So the knight he has got pretty Bessie at last,  
 The fairest of creatures was there to be seen,  
 Was the blind beggar's daughter of Bethnal Green.

**ADIEU!**  
 A heart-warm fond Adieu.

Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu!  
 Dear brothers of the mystic tye,  
 Ye favour'd, ye enlightened few,  
 Companions of my social joy;  
 Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,  
 Pursuing fortune's slippery ba',  
 With melting heart and brimful eye,  
 I'll mind you still, though far awa'.  
 Oft have I met your social band,  
 And spent the cheerful festive night,  
 Oft honoured with supreme command,  
 Presided o'er the sons of light;  
 And by that hieroglyphic bright,  
 Which none but craftsmen ever saw,  
 Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write,  
 Those happy scenes when far awa'.  
 May freedom, harmony, and love,  
 Unite you in the grand design,  
 Beneath the Omniscient eye above,  
 The glorious Architect divine;  
 That you may keep the unerring line,  
 Still rising by the plummet's law,  
 Till order bright completely shine,  
 Shall be my prayer when far awa'.  
 And you farewell! whose merits claim  
 Justly that highest badge to wear,  
 Heaven bless your honour'd noble name,  
 To masonry and Scotia dear:  
 A last request permit me here,  
 When yearly ye assemble a',  
 One round, I ask it with a tear,  
 To him, the bard that's far awa'.

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