



I COULD TELL IT, IF I FELT IT, IN THE DARK.

THE thousands varied things, a comic singer
sings,

Each day to you, no doubt is revealing,
But really on my word, 'tis seldom I have
heard,

A song, that treats upon *the art of feeling*.
There's power understand, in the grasp of a
hand,

Which all some time or other must remark,
And often you can say of the things you have
by day,

I could tell it, if I fe't it, in the dark.

Chorus:

I could tell it, if I felt it, in the dark,
I could tell it, if I felt it, in the dark,
I know it by the touch, so I can't mistake it
much,

I could tell it, if I felt it, in the dark.

The time we chance to hold, some silver or
some gold,

From day to day, I think with ^{[many,} most are
For he is very poor, who never has a store,

From which he fingers more than a penny.
To live we have to spend, and occasionally
And most of us do like a jolly lark, [lend,
But whatsoe'er the coin, on which our fingers
join,

We can tell it, if we feel it, in the dark.

I've often heard it told, to be a soldier bold,
Some people have a very strong ambition,
But if it comes to me to tell the truth you see
I never liked the smell of ammunition.

As soon as war begun, away my legs would run
Before the bullets laid me stiff and stark,
A notion I have got, that if I should get shot,
I could tell it, if I felt it in the dark.

In pugilistic art, I always take my part,
If any one upon me turns rusty. [right,
But in a stand-up fight, if my cause is only
My fists I always find are strong and trusty
For lately in a scrap, I happen'd by mishap,
To let my face become a boxer's mark,

Before I could tell how, he landed me a blow,
I could tell it, if I felt it, in the dark.

