



H. Roberts fecit

according to Act of Parliament.

The Blind Boy

Written by Colley Cibber Esq.³ Set to Musick by M. Leveridge

O say what is that thing call'd light which I must ne'er In---joy

what are the bleſ-sings of the ſight tell your poor blind Boy

2
You talk of wondrous things you see,
You ſay the Sun ſhines bright,
I feel him warm, but how can he,
Then make it day or night?

3
My day or night my ſelf I make,
When e'er I wake, or Play;
And could I ever keep Awake,
With me 'twere always day.

4
With heavy Sighs I often hear
You mourn my hopeleſs woe;
But ſure with patience I may bear,
A Loſs I ne'er can know.

5
Then let not what I cannot have,
My cheer of mind deſtroy;
Whilst thus I ſing, I am a King,
Altho' a poor blind boy!