

The Blind Lady's Request

You tell me it is spring time now,
That early flowers appear,
While gaily from the leafy bough;
The linnet whistles clear;

That murmuring brooks glide sweetly by
That nature all is gay,
Filling the happy ear and eye
With the sweet charms of May.

Yes! I can feel the balmy breeze
Caress my darkened brow,
I hear the warbler's notes, but these
Soothe not my spirit now.

Shut out from light—God's blessed light
Dejected and in gloom,
All—all to me is, plunged in night
As rayless as the tomb.

No more for me the morning sun
Will gild the eastern skies;
Nor, when his glorious course is run,
The silvery moon arise.

No more the flowers which deck the sod
My sightless orbs, shall greet;
Yet mine the joy—I thank my God—
I still may breathe their sweet.

Oh lead me to my garden!
In happier days my pride,
Where the useful and the beautiful
Are springing, side by side.

First lead me up the middle walk,
Then by the currant row,
And of each new and budding stalk
Inform me as you go.

Tell me of every drooping leaf,
Or withering flower you see;
For they methinks may share my grief,
And sympathize with me.

Vain thought—the charms which God employ
To cheer our course below,
May throw a halo round our joys,
But may not taste our woes.

Yet thou my God and Lord above,
Who formed the beauteous flower,
Thy watchful and unbounded love
Has brought me to this hour.

And though thy goodness has denied
The joy that once was mine,
Fain would I learn whate'er betide
To know thy will divine;

Firm in thy mercies sure to trust
Though sorrows shafts abound;
“Affliction springs not of the dust
Nor troubles from the ground.”

Then oh my Father and my King!
Grant that my woes may be,
Thy messengers of love to bring
My spirit unto thee.

That thus prepared, thine arm of might
Shall lift the veil away,
And on my eyeballs pour the light
Of the unchanging day.