Blind Boy, The.

By Cibber, Colley .

O say! what is that thing called Light,

Which I must ne'er enjoy;

What are the blessings of the sight,

O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see,

You say the sun shines bright;

I feel him warm, but how can he

Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make

Whene'er I sleep or play;

And could I ever keep awake

With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear

You mourn my hapless woe;

But sure with patience I can bear

A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have

My cheer of mind destroy:

Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,

Although a poor blind boy.