

## The Blind Boy

~Colley Cibber +

O say, what is that thing called light,  
Which I can ne'er enjoy?  
What is the blessing 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  
Then 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 may bear  
A loss I ne'er 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.

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