

BLIND JOE.

Or true and trustful lovers meet
At e'en, from toil set free.

And yet, perchance, some gentle voice
So musical and clear,
May have woke to life some dormant part,
Chasing the gloom from out thy heart,
And made thy loneliness depart,
While thrilling on thine ear;

And revealed to thee one fairy form
All perfect though unseen;
And roused a sense of beauty there,
Like we feel when we dream of angels fair,
Or in Eden's bower the spotless pair,
Ere sin had entered in.

God shapes the breeze to the shorn lamb;
His mercy wills it so;
So may kindness make thy darkness less,
As thy virtues bud amid distress,
And flowers bloom in the wilderness;
Then smile on poor "blind Joe."