

BLIND JOE.

Hie to the school with thy load of sweets,
Where infant spendthrifts run,
And early schoolboys' eyes are bent
On thy path-way with bright looks intent,
Eager to spend the hoarded cent
Ere school-hours have begun.

No transient glance is for thee vouchsaf'd,
Of fair Nature's visage gay,
As the river flows thou hear'st the swell,
And inhale the garden rose's smell
While the foxglove rings his purple bell
For clouds to clear away.

Thou hast never seen the lambkin skip,
Adown the green hill-side,
Or seen the sire with affection wild,
Clasping his blooming, peerless child,
While the mother gaz'd with joy unsoil'd
And fond maternal pride.

Thou hast never seen the golden fruit,
Ripening on the tree,
Or the tiny blooming daisy sweet,
Yield to the pressure of thy feet ;