Come back to me mother! why linger away
From thy poor little blind boy, the long weary day!
I mark every footstep, I list to each tone,
And wonder my mother should leave me alone!
There are voices of sorrow, and voices of glee,
But there's no one to joy or to...
sorrow with me; For each hath of
pleasure and trouble his share, And
none for the poor little blind boy will care.