

THE BLIND BOY.*

Written by Miss H. F. GOULD.

Music by W. R. DEMPSTER.

GRAZIOSO E CON ESPRESSIONE.

The musical score is written for piano in 3/4 time, featuring a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The score is divided into four systems, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes the instruction 'GRAZIOSO E CON ESPRESSIONE.' written vertically. The second system features a crescendo (*Cres:*) leading to a forte (*f*) dynamic, followed by a decrescendo (*Dim:*) back to piano. The third system starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The fourth system includes a 'Cresc.' marking and a '8va' (octave) instruction for the right hand. The piece concludes with a final forte (*f*) chord.

* The Poetry of this song is altered from the original, and published by permission of the Author.

Oh! tell me the form of the soft summer air, That tos-ses so

p

gen-tly the curls of my hair! It breathes on my lip, and it

Cres *pp*

Rall un poco. *a tempo.*

fans my warm cheek, Yet gives me no an-swer, though oft-en I

Colla voce. *Cres.* *f* *p*

speak. I feel it play o'er me re-fresh-ing and kind, Yet

Leggiero. *f*

f Lento. ad lib: *fz*

I cannot touch it — I'm blind! Oh! I'm blind! Yet

loco *f* Lento. Colla voce. *p* *fz*

a tempo: rall: ad lib: *p*

I can - - not touch it I'm blind! Oh! I'm blind! *ova*.....

f *p*

p *loco*

ova And *f*

Cres:

mu - sic, what is it? and where does it dwell? I sink, and I

loco

mount with its cadence and swell; While touch'd to my heart with its

Cres. *f* *p*

Cres. *f* *p*

deep thrill - ing strain, Till pleasure, till pleasure is turn - ing to

Cres. *f*

Cres.

pain. What brightness of hue is with mu - sic com - bined! Will

tr *gr* *f*

f Lento. ad lib: *p* a tempo.

Will a - ny one tell me? I'm blind Oh! I'm blind! Will a - ny one

f loco. Lento. colla voce. *p* a tempo.

Rall: *p*

tell me I'm blind, Oh! I'm blind!

gra

loco. *gra*

cres: *f*

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The perfumes of flowers that are hovering nigh
 What are they? On what kind of wings do they fly?
 Are not they sweet angels who come to delight
 A poor little boy, that knows not of sight?
 The sun, moon, and stars are to me undefined.
 Oh! tell me what light is, I'm blind! Oh! I'm blind!

Grand March

Sig. Mario. Sims Reeves

AND

Others

FRANK MORI