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1613

Come back to me Mother

OR

The Blind Slave Boys Call.

Composed by

A. J. ABBEY.

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COME BACK TO ME MOTHER

or

THE BLIND SLAVE BOY'S CALL.

A. J. ABBEY.

Moderato con espress.

cres. *dim.*

Andante affettuoso.

1. Come back to me mother, why lin - ger a - way, From thy
2. *My moth - er come back to me, close to thy breast, Once*
3. Poor blind one! no mother, thy wail - ing can hear, No
4. *Blind, help - less, for - sa - ken, with stran - gers a - lone, She*

poor lit - tle blind boy, the long wea - ry day; I
more let thy poor lit tle blind boy be press'd, Once
moth - er can has - ten to ban - ish thy fear; For the
hears in her an - guish, his pit - e - ous moan; As he

mark ev'ry foot-step, I list to each tone, And won-der my
more let me feel thy warm breath on my cheek, And hear thee in
'slave-owner drives her o'er mountain and wild, And for one pal-try
ea-ger-ly lis-tens, but lis-tens in vain, To catch the lov'd

dim.

mo-ther, should leave me a-lone; There are voi-ces of sor-row, and
ac-cent of ten-der-ness speak; Oh, moth-er! I've no one to
dol-lar hath sold thee, poor child. Ah! who can in lan-guage of
tones of his moth-er a-gain. The bless-ing of heav-en say

dim.

cres. *sfz*

voi-ces of glee, But there's no one to joy or to sor-row with
love me, no heart Can bear like thine own in my sor-rows a
mor-tal re-veal, The an-guish that none, but a moth-er can
can it e'er fall On him who hath min-gled the worm-wood and

cres.

me; For each hath of plea - sure and trou - ble his
part; No head is so gen - tle, no voice is so
feel, When man in his vile lust for mam - mon hath
gall? No, his gain like a mil - dew must blight and des-

sfz *dim.*

share, And none for the poor - lit - tle blind boy will care.
kind, Oh! none like a moth - er, can cher - ish the blind!
trod, On her child who is strick - en, and smit - ten of God!
- troy, Who has torn from his moth - er, the lit - tle blind boy!