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THE

BLIND SOLDIER'S LAMENT.

A BALLAD

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR

Samuel B. Spinning,

AND SUNG BY HIM WITH GREAT SUCCESS.

PUBLISHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR HIS BENEFIT.

WORDS BY **Mrs. A. B. LATHROP.**

"My mother dropped the tear, friends,
From her poor sightless eyes,
But blessed me as she yielded up
Her boy a sacrifice."

MUSIC BY **EDGAR G. SPINNING.**

New York:
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Henry Beyer, Music Stereotyper, 539 Broadway, New York.

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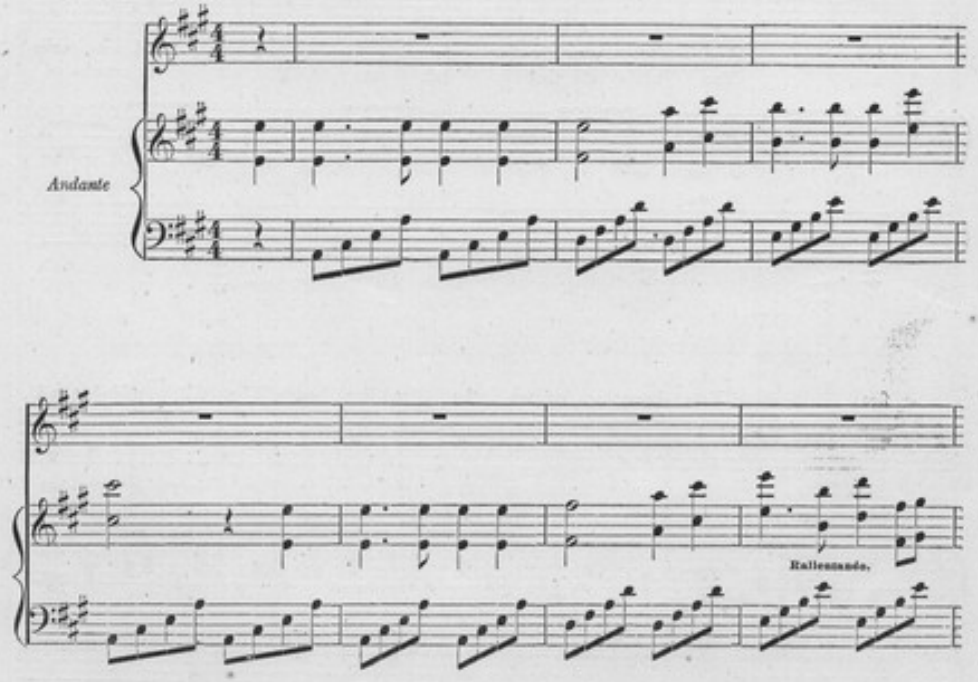
Dec 4. 1863

The Blind Soldier's Lament.

Words by Mrs. A. B. LATHROP. Music by EDGAR G. SPINNING.

Samuel B. Spinning, of Bridgeport, Conn. Corporal of the 2d Conn. Battery, while in the service of his Country, in the Spring of 1863, contracted a disease in Camp, which left him totally blind.



Andante con espressione.

3. My Moth - er dropped the tear, friends, From her poor sight - less

1. A - gain I sing my song, friends, As I have done be -
2. O list - - en to my tale, friends, And give the ten - der

eyes, But blessed me as she yield - ed up Her boy, a sac - ri -
Rit.

- fore, And would your liv - ing forms, friends, These eyes could see once
tear, The lit - tle that is left me now, Of all I count - ed

- fice; Not brav - er are the val - liant hearts, Who fall mid shot and
Cres. Rallentando.

more, I can not see the glad sun rise, Flow'rs bloom or riv - ers
dear, I heard my coun - try's plead - ing cry, Her clar - ion call to

shell, Than those who in the dis - mal camp 'Mid foul mi - as - mas

Dolcezza — Ritard

wind; And not for me earth's love - ly sights, Be - cause I'm blind, I'm
arms; And with my brave com - pan - - ions, I left New England's

dwell; Than those who in the dis - mal camp 'Mid foul mi - as - mas dwell.

Rit. — A tempo

blind; And not for me earth's love - ly sights, Be - cause I'm blind, I'm blind.
charms; And with my brave com - pan - - ions I left New England's charms.

Rit.

Rallentando.

4 Our health and limbs, and life, friends,
For right we cast away;
'Twas mine the fearful destiny
To lose the light of day.
On liberty's high altar lies,
Ah, many a stalwart limb,
But O, accept these sightless eyes—
The sacrifice I bring.

5 My spirit is not dark, friends,
There is no blindness there,
It sees your tender sympathy,
And feels the heartfelt prayer.
There's peace amid my loneliness,
Joys with my grief entwined,
While love my pathway brightens,
Although I'm blind, I'm blind.

6 Swift coursing through my veins, friends,
The patriot blood is strong,
It finds but one expression now,
The glorious gift of song.
The trumpet cannot call me more,
But when the time shall come,
My voice shall sing in loudest strains,
Our land's redemption song.