



## Wm. H. Repp

*(Small broadside or handbill): Pity the Blind, Wm. H. Repp, Aged 41 Years*

[No place: Wm. H. Repp no date - circa 1860]

\$300

# PITY THE BLIND.

WM. H. REPP, AGED 41 YEARS.

PRICE 10 CENTS.

Dear friends, I cannot labor,  
I shall try and get along,  
Dear friends, I cannot labor,  
I shall try and sell my songs,  
I trust that you will buy them,  
So prove not unkind,  
May Heaven preserve you  
From ever being blind.

Come all true hearted people,  
Wherever you may be,  
Do not refuse to pity

4½" x 11½". Faint overall foxing, small nicks and tears in the margins, else near fine. A mendicant flyer, characteristically a "slip ballad" sold in the street so the mendicant could avoid charges of outright begging. A long poem that begins "Dear friends, I cannot labor, A shall try to get along, Dear friends, I cannot labor, I shall try and sell my songs,..." and then decrees the plight of the blind. Public records locate many William H. Repps, our best guess is that he was from Ohio. OCLC locates no copies. Detailed image on following page. [BTC#424848]

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I trust that you will buy them,  
So prove not unkind,  
May Heaven preserve you  
From ever being blind.

Come all true hearted people,  
Wherever you may be,  
Do not refuse to pity  
A poor blind man like me.  
Eleven years ago I lost my sight,  
And now through earth I go—  
The beauties all around me,  
Alas! I little know.

You say that a large steamer,  
A wonder it has proved to be—  
I at her can never look—  
Dear friends, I cannot see.  
You say the day is lovely,  
But you must bear in mind,  
I cannot see its beauties—  
Alas! dear friend, I'm blind.

But you have got your eyesight,  
But oh! you cannot tell,  
When He shall take it from you,  
Who doeth all things well.  
I trust that in his wisdom  
He never did design—  
And oh! it is a sad thing  
On earth to one that's blind.

God has for you provided  
We all must feel his rod,  
And yet we share the blessing,  
Of our Creator, God  
He gives you hearts to pity,  
So, pray be not unkind,  
I know you will assist me,  
Because, you see, I'm blind.

You see the smiling rivers,  
The flowers and the trees,  
How happy I would be dear friends,  
To only gaze on these.  
You view your brother's labor,  
Upon the natural soil—  
Oh! if I had my eyesight,  
How I would love to toil.

If I could only see once more  
The friends I love so well,  
The joy that this poor heart would feel  
No human tongue can tell,  
But there is a day when I shall see,  
When God will give me light,  
When I shall meet those friends above,  
When the blind receive their sight.