

## Levon Helm "Blind Child"

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They tell me, Father, that tonight  
You'll wed another bride  
That you will clasp her in your arms  
Where my dear Mother died

(Verse 2)

They say her name is Mary, too  
The name my Mother wore  
But tell me father is she kind  
As the one you loved before

(Verse 3)

And is her step so soft and light  
Her voice so meek and mild  
And tell me father will she love  
Your blind and helpless child

(Violin solo)

(Verse 4)

Her picture is resting on the shelf  
Her books are lying near  
And there's the harp her fingers touched  
And there's her vacant chair

(Verse 5)

The chair whereby beside I knelt  
To say my evening prayer  
Oh Father, do not bid me come  
I could not meet her there

(Verse 6)

Well his head fell back and his eyes were closed  
His little dark curly hair  
And the very last words that the blind child spoke,  
"There'll be no blind ones there."

And the very last words that the blind child spoke,  
"There'll be no blind ones there."

