

The Blind Child

Levon Helm

Oh father tonight they say you are,
To wed another bride,
That you will hold her in your arms,
Where my dear mother died.

They say her name is Mary too,
The name my mother bore,
But Father is she kind and true,
Like the one we loved before.

And is her footstep soft and light,
Her voice so meek and mild,
And father do you think she'll love,
Your blind and helpless child.

Oh father do not bid me come,
To welcome your newmade bride,
I could not greet her in the room,
Where my dear mother died.

But when I've cried myself to sleep,
As I so often do,
Into my chamber you may creep,
My new made mama and you.

He turned away to leave the room,
A joyful cry was given,
He turned about and he knew at last,
His blind child had gone to Heaven.

They buried her by her mother's side,
And erected a marble square,
And there on the tomb these words do read,
She'll not be blind up there.