Sung with great applause in the 40 Thieves by Miss De Camp.

Ah! Little Blind Boy

With an Accompaniment for the Flute or Flageolet.

Ah! Little Blind Boy, much too often you

Michael Kelly (1762-1826) c.1809
prove us, what tricks you delight in, what tricks you delight in.

How rest less your reign, how rest less your reign!

To all kinds of folly, your aim is to move us, and

pleasure derive from creating our pain. Ah! Little blind
Boy, what sport you make of me. Ah! Little blind

Boy, what sport you make of me, what sport you make of

me.

Ah! To what mischief your masculine mortals exposes, to what
mis-chief
you mal-ice
poor mor-tals
ex-poses,
while
no-thing the sting of your
dart
the sting of your dart can a-bate.
Yet so
strong
is the spell you
cun-ning im-
po-ses,
that your
ab-sence
is worse
than the pain
you cre-ate!