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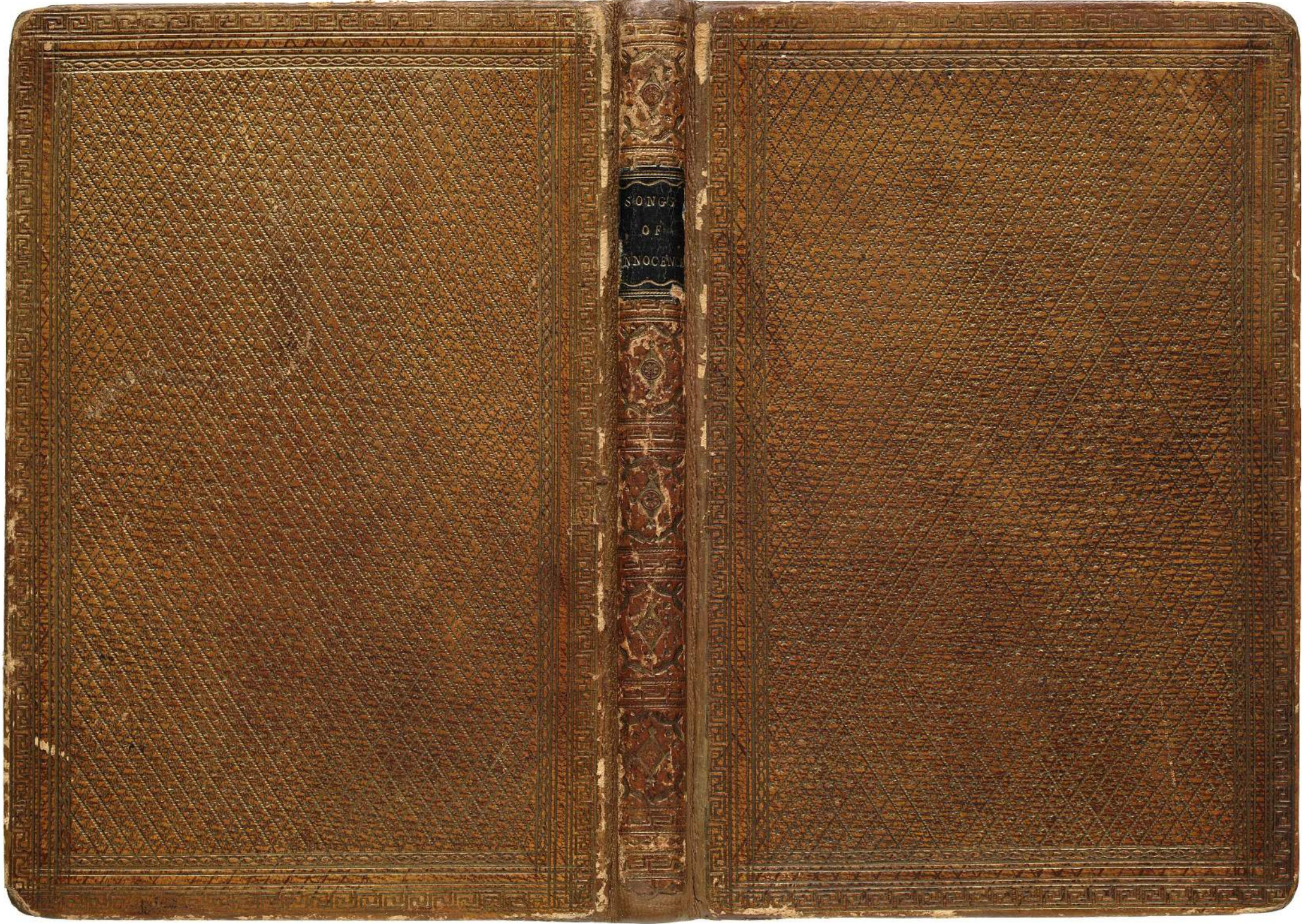
*PLATE IDENTIFICATION,  
COURTESY OF OCTAVO.*



Songs of innocence and of experience,  
shewing the two contrary states of the human soul

William Blake | London, 1794





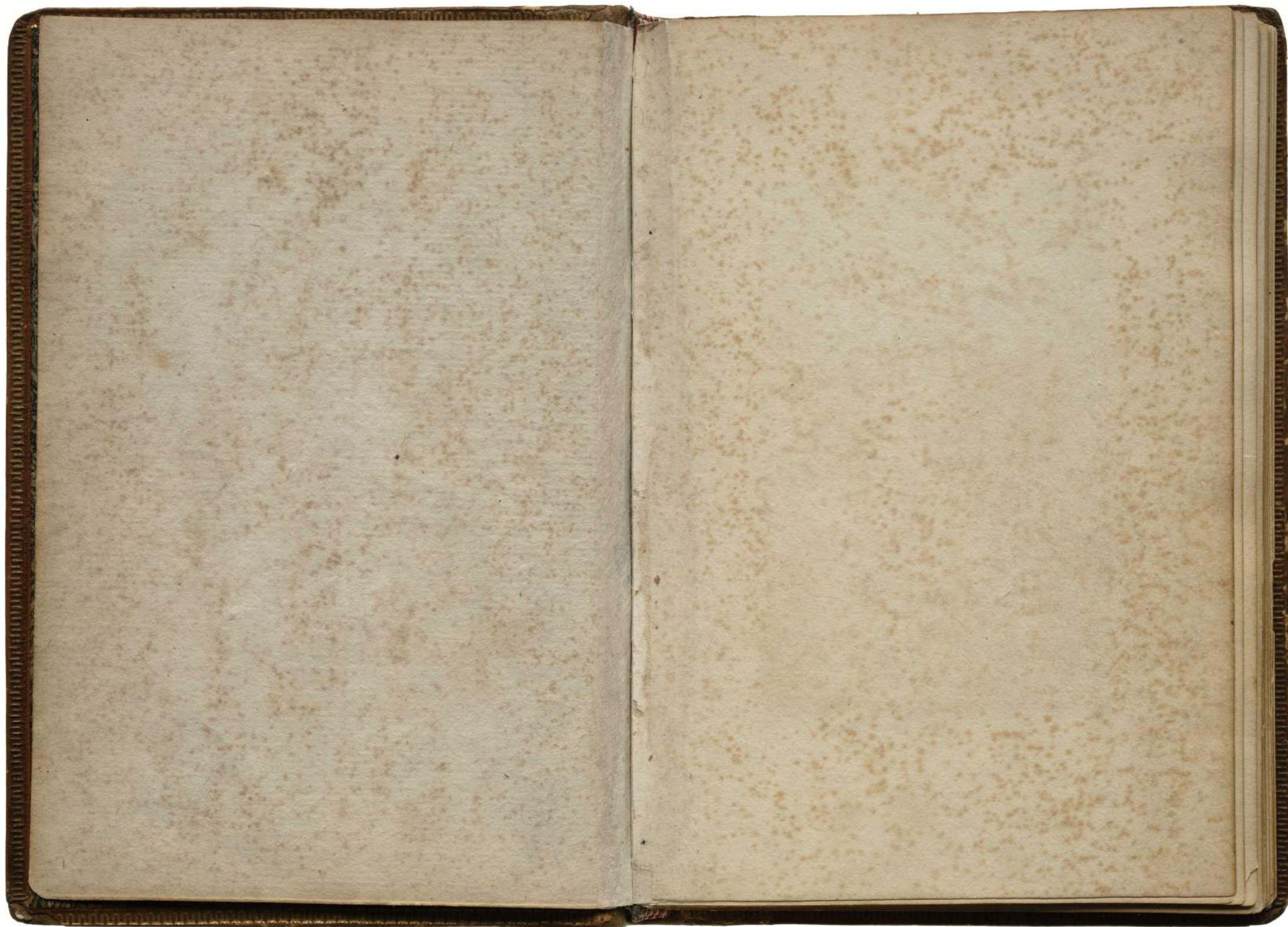
SONGS  
OF  
INNOCENCE





∞ THE GIFT OF ∞  
LESSING J. ROSENWALD  
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SONGS  
OF  
INNOCENCE  
and Of  
EXPERIENCE

*Shewing the Two Contrary States  
of the Human Soul*

An illustration of a reclining figure, possibly a woman, lying on a green surface. The figure is draped in a colorful, flowing garment with shades of yellow, red, and purple. The figure's head is resting on the ground, and the overall scene is framed by dark, swirling lines.





The Author & Printer W Blake



## Introduction

Piping down the valleys wild  
Piping songs of pleasant glee  
On a cloud I saw a child  
And he laughing said to me

Pipe a song about a Lamb  
Sol piped with merry cheer  
Piper pipe that song again  
Sol piped, he wept to hear

Drop thy pipe thy happy pipe  
Sing thy songs of happy cheer  
Sol sang the same again  
While he wept with joy to hear

Piper sit thee down and write  
In a book that all may read  
So he vanished from my sight  
And I plucked a hollow reed

And I made a rural pen,  
And I stained the water clear,  
And I wrote my happy songs  
Every child may joy to hear



*Infant Joy*



I have no name  
I am but two days old. —  
What shall I call thee?  
I happy am  
Joy is my name —  
Sweet joy befall thee!

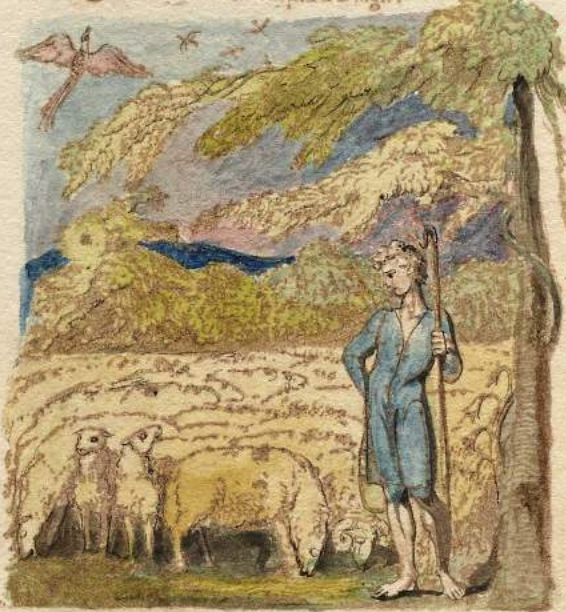
Pretty joy!  
Sweet joy but two days old.  
Sweet joy I call thee;  
Thou dost smile.  
I sing the while  
Sweet joy befall thee.



## The Shepherd

How sweet is the Shepherds sweet lot  
From the morn to the evening he strays;  
He shall follow his sheep all the day  
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.

For he hears the lambs innocent call,  
And he hears the ewes tender reply,  
He is watchful while they are in peace,  
For they know when their Shepherd is nigh.



## A CRADLE SONG

Sweet dreams form a shade  
O'er my lovely infants head,  
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams,  
By happy silent moonly beams.

Sweet sleep with soft down,  
Weave thy brows an infant crown,  
Sweet sleep Angel mild,  
Hover o'er my happy child.

Sweet smiles in the night,  
Hover over my delight,  
Sweet smiles Mothers smiles  
All the livelong night beguiles.

Sweet moans dovelike sighs,  
Chase not slumber from thy eyes,  
Sweet moans sweeter smiles,  
All the dovelike moans beguiles.

Sleep sleep happy child,  
All creation slept and smild,  
Sleep sleep, happy sleep,  
While o'er thee thy mother weep.

Sweet babe in thy face,  
Holy image I can trace,  
Sweet babe once like thee,  
Thy maker lay and wept for me.

Wept



Wept for me for thee for all.  
 When he was an infant small.  
 Thou his image ever see.  
 Heavenly face that smiles on thee.  
 Smiles on thee on me on all.  
 Who became an infant small.  
 Infant smiles are his own smiles.  
 Heaven & earth to us can beguile.



## The Lamb

Little Lamb who made thee  
 Dost thou know who made thee  
 Gave thee life & bid thee feed.  
 By the stream & o'er the mead;  
 Gave thee clothing of delight,  
 Softest clothing, woolly bright;  
 Gave thee such a tender voice,  
 Making all the vales rejoice;  
 Little Lamb who made thee  
 Dost thou know who made thee

Little Lamb I'll tell thee,  
 Little Lamb I'll tell thee;  
 He is called by thy name,  
 For he calls himself a Lamb;  
 He is meek & he is mild,  
 He became a little child;  
 A child & thou a lamb,  
 We are called by his name;  
 Little Lamb God bless thee,  
 Little Lamb God bless thee.







## The Blossom.

Merry Merry Sparrow  
Under leaves so green  
A happy Blossom  
Sees you swift as arrow  
Seek your cradle narrow  
Near my Bosom.

Pretty Pretty Robin  
Under leaves so green  
A happy Blossom  
Hears you sobbing sobbing  
Pretty Pretty Robin  
Near my Bosom.



## Nurses Song

When the voices of children are heard on the green  
And laughing is heard on the hill,  
My heart is at rest within my breast  
And everything else is still.

Then come home my children the sun is gone down  
And the days of night arise.

Come come leave off play, and let us away

All the morning appears in the skies

Let us let us play, for it is yet day

And we cannot go to sleep

Besides in the sky, the little birds fly

And the hills are all covered with sheep

Well well go & play till the light fades away

And then go home to bed

The little ones leaped & shouted & laughed

And all the hills echoed





# HOLY THURSDAY

'Twas on a Holy Thursday their innocent faces clean,  
 The children walking two & two in red & blue & green,  
 Grey-headed headles walked before with wands as white as  
 Till into the high dome of Pauls they like Incense waters flow,  
 O what a multitude they set on these flowery of London town,  
 Sealed in companies they sit with radiance all their own,  
 The hum of multitudes was there but multitudes of lambs,  
 Thousands of little boys & girls raising their innocent hands,  
 Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of song,  
 Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven among,  
 Beneath them sat the aged men wise guardians of the poor,  
 Then cherish pity lest you drive an angel from your door,



# The Echoing Green

The Sun does arise  
 And make happy the skies,  
 The merry bells ring  
 To welcome the Spring,  
 The sky-lark and thrush,  
 The birds of the bush,  
 Sing louder around,  
 To the bells cheerful sound,  
 While our sports shall be seen,  
 On the Echoing Green.  
 Old John with white hair  
 Does laugh away care,  
 Sitting under the oak,  
 Among the old folk,  
 They



They laugh at our play,  
And soon they all say,  
Such such were the joys,  
When we all girls & boys,  
In our youth time were seen,  
On the Echoing Green.

Till the little ones weary  
No more can be merry  
The sun does descend,  
And our sports have an end:  
Round the lap of their mothers,  
Misty misters and brothers,  
Like birds in their nest,  
Are ready for rest:  
And sport no more seen,  
On the darkening Green.



## On Another's Sorrow

Can I see another's woe,  
And not be in sorrow too?  
Can I see another's grief,  
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,  
And not feel my sorrows share,  
Can a father see his child  
Weep, nor be with sorrow fill'd?

Can a mother sit and hear  
An infant groan an infant fear,  
No no never can it be,  
Never never can it be.

And can he who smiles on all  
Hear the wren with sorrows small,  
Hear the small birds grief & care,  
Hear the woes that infants bear?

And not sit beside the nest  
Pouring pity in their breast,  
And not sit the cradle near  
Weeping tear an infant's tear.

And not sit both night & day,  
Wiping all our tears away,  
O no never can it be,  
Never never can it be.

He doth give his joy to all,  
He becomes an infant small,  
He becomes a man of woe,  
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not, thou canst sigh a sigh,  
And thy maker is not by,  
Think not, thou canst weep a tear,  
And thy maker is not near.

O! he gives to us his joy,  
But our grief he may destroy,  
All our grief is fled & gone,  
He doth sit by us and moan.





Spring  
 Sound the Flute!  
 Now it's mute.  
 Birds delight  
 Day and Night.  
 Nightingale  
 In the dale  
 Lark in Sky  
 Merrily  
 Merrily Merrily to welcome in the Year  
 Little Boy  
 Full of joy.  
 Little

Little Girl  
 Sweet and small,  
 Cock does crow  
 So do you.  
 Merry voice  
 Infant noise  
 Merrily Merrily to welcome in the Year.



Little Lamb  
 Here I am,  
 Come and tick  
 My white neck.  
 Let me pull  
 Your soft Wool.  
 Let me kiss  
 Your soft face.  
 Merrily Merrily we welcome in the Year





## The School Boy

I love to rise in a summer morn,  
When the birds sing on every tree;  
The distant huntsman winds his horn,  
And the sky-lark sings with me.  
O! what sweet company.

But to go to school in a summer morn,  
O! it drives all joy away:  
Under a cruel eye outworn,  
The little ones spend the day,  
In sighing and dismay.

Ah! then at times I drooping sit,  
And spend many an anxious hour,  
For in my book can I take delight,  
Nor sit in learning's bower,  
Worn thro' with the dreary shower.

How can the bird that is born for joy,  
Sit in a cage and sing,  
How can a child when fears annoy,  
But droop his tender wing,  
And forget his youthful spring?

O! father & mother, if buds are nip'd,  
And blossoms blown away,  
And if the tender plants are strip'd  
Of their joy in the springing day,  
By sorrow and cares dismay.

How shall the summer arise in joy,  
Or the summer fruits appear,  
Or how shall we gather what griefs destroy,  
Or bless the mellowing year,  
When the blasts of winter appear.



## The Divine Image

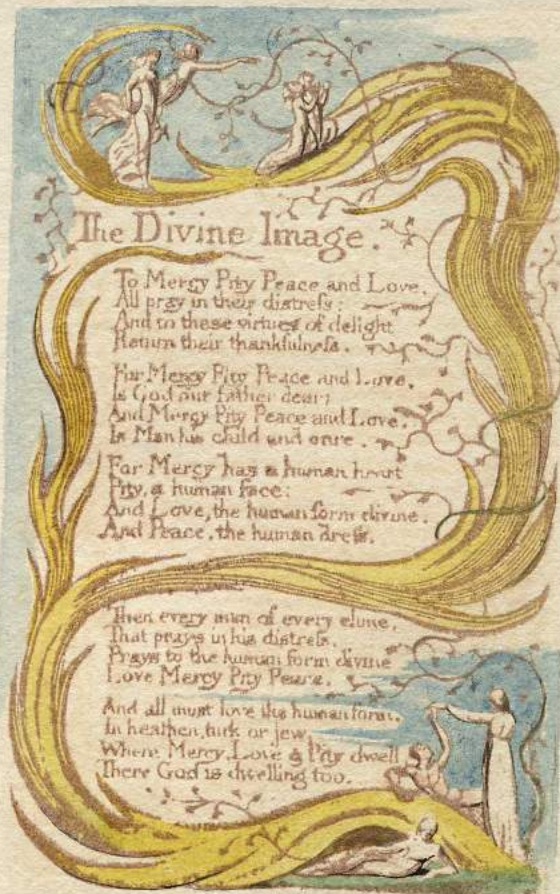
To Mercy Pity Peace and Love,  
All pray in their distress;  
And to these virtues of delight  
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy Pity Peace and Love,  
Is God our Father dear;  
And Mercy Pity Peace and Love,  
Is Man his child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart,  
Pity, a human face;  
And Love, the human form divine,  
And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man of every clime,  
That prays in his distress,  
Prays to the human form divine,  
Love Mercy Pity Peace.

And all must love the human form,  
In heathen, Turk or Jew,  
Where Mercy Love & Pity dwell,  
There God is dwelling too.





## The Chimney Sweeper.

When my mother died I was very young,  
And my father sold me while yet my tongue,  
Could scarcely cry weep weep weep weep,  
So your chimneys I sweep & in soot I sleep.  
Theres little Tom Dacre who cried when his head  
That curld like a lambs back, was shav'd, so I said  
Hush Tom never mind it, for when your heads bare,  
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair  
And so he was quiet, & that very night,  
As Tom was a sleeping he had such a sight,  
That thousands of sweepers Dick, Joe, Ned & Jack,  
Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black,  
And by came an Angel who had a bright key,  
And he open'd the coffins & set them all free,  
Then down a green plain leaping laughing they run,  
And wash in a river and shine in the Sun.  
Then naked & white, all their bags left behind,  
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind,  
And the Angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,  
He'd have God for his father & never want joy,  
And so Tom awoke and we rose in the dark,  
And got with our bags & our brushes to work,  
Tho the morning was cold, Tom was happy & warm,  
So if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.



## Laughing Song.

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,  
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by,  
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,  
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it,  
When the meadows laugh with lively green,  
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene,  
When Mary and Susan and Emily,  
With their sweet round mouths sing Ha Ha He,  
When the painted birds laugh in the shade  
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread  
Come love & be merry and join with me,  
To sing the sweet chorus of Ha Ha He.







## The Little Black Boy

My mother bore me in the southern wild,  
 And I am black, but O! my soul is white;  
 White as an angel is the English child;  
 But I am black as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree  
 And sitting down before the heat of day,  
 She took me on her lap and kissed me,  
 And pointing to the east began to say,

Look on the rising sun! there God does live,  
 And gives his light, and gives his heat away;  
 And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive  
 Comfort in morning, joy in the noon day.

And we are put on earth a little space,  
 That we may learn to bear the beams of love,  
 And these black bodies and this sunburnt face  
 Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

For

For when our souls have learnt the heat to bear  
 The cloud will vanish, we shall hear his voice,  
 Saying: come out from the grove my love & care,  
 And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.

Thus did my mother say and kissed me,  
 And thus I say to little English boy,  
 When I from black and he from white cloud free,  
 And round the tent of God like lambs we joy:

I'll shade him from the heat till he can bear,  
 To lean in joy upon our fathers' knee,  
 And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,  
 And be like him and he will then love me.





*The Voice of the  
Ancient Bard.*

Youth of delight come hither,  
And see the opening morn,  
Image of truth new-born,  
Doubt is fled & clouds of reason,  
Dark disputes & artful teasing,  
Folly is an endless maze,  
Tangled roots perplex her ways,  
How many have fallen there!  
They rumble all night over bones of the dead,  
And feel they know not what but care;  
And wish to lead others when they should be led.



*Night*

The sun descending in the west,  
The evening star does shine,  
The birds are silent in their nest,  
And I must seek for mine,  
The moon like a flower,  
In heavens high bower,  
With silent delight,  
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell green fields and happy groves,  
Where flocks have took delight;  
Where lambs have nibbled, silent moves  
The feet of angels bright;  
Unseen they pour blessing,  
And joy without ceasing,  
On each bud and blossom,  
And each sleeping bosom.

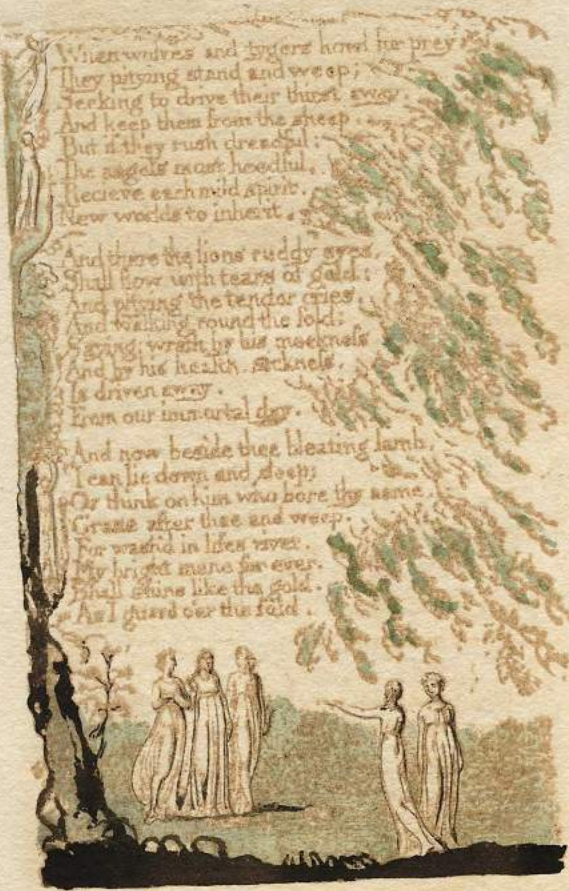
They look in every thoughtless nest,  
Where birds are over warm;  
They visit caves of every beast,  
To keep them all from harm;  
If they see any weeping,  
That should have been sleeping,  
They pour sleep on their head  
And sit down by their bed.



When wolves and tigers howl for prey  
 They pitying stand and weep;  
 Seeking to drive their thrust away  
 And keep them from the sheep  
 But if they rush dreadful  
 The pagels most heedful  
 Receive each mild spirit  
 New woods to inherit

And there the lions ruddy eyes  
 Shall flow with tears of gold;  
 And pitying the tender cries  
 And talking round the fold  
 Sing, wail by his meekness  
 And by his health, sickness  
 Is driven away  
 From our immortal day

And now beside thee bleating lamb,  
 I can lie down and sleep;  
 Or think on him who bore thy name  
 Grooms after thee and weep  
 For wash'd in lifes river  
 My bright mane for ever  
 Shall shine like thy gold  
 As I guard o'er the fold



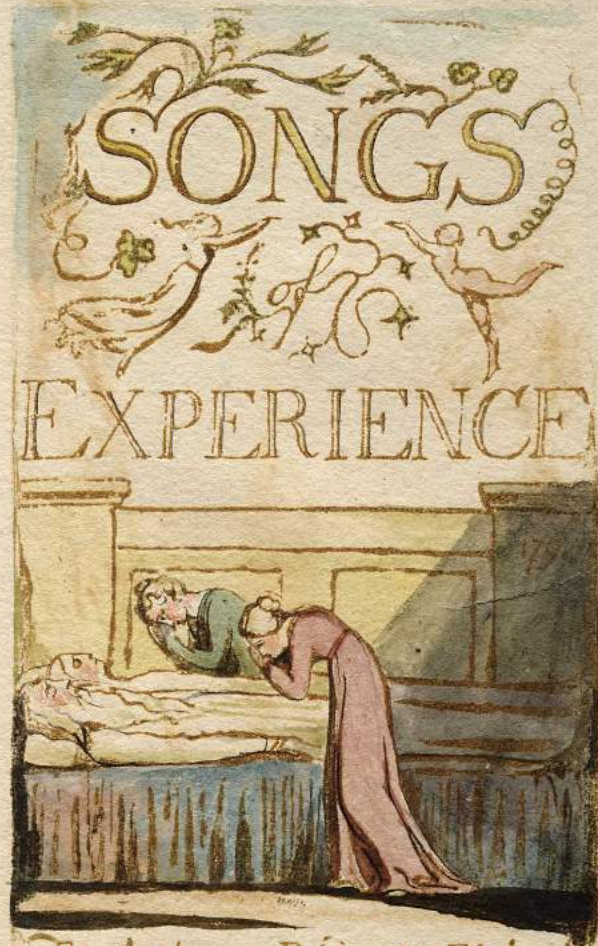
*The Little Boy Lost*  
 Father, father where are you going  
 O do not walk so fast,  
 Speak father, speak to your little boy  
 Or else I shall be lost,  
 The night was dark no father was there,  
 The child was wet with dew,  
 The mire was deep, & the child did weep  
 And away the vapour flew





*The Little Boy Found*  
The little boy lost in the lonely fen,  
Led by the wandering light,  
Began to cry, but God ever nigh,  
Appeared like his father in white.  
He kissed the child by the hand led  
And to his mother brought,  
Who in sorrow pale, thro' the lonely dale  
Her little boy weeping sought.





The Author & Printer W Blake



## Introduction.

Hear the voice of the Bard!  
Who Present, Past, & Future sees  
Whose ears have heard,  
The Holy Word,  
That walk'd among the ancient trees.

Calling the lapsed Soul,  
And weeping in the evening dew:  
That might controll  
The starry pole;  
And fallen fallen light renew!

O Earth O Earth return!  
Arise from out the dowy grals;  
Night is worn,  
And the morn  
Rises from the slumberous muls.

Turn away no more:  
Why wilt thou turn away  
The starry floor  
The watry shore  
Is givn thee till the break of day.





## EARTH'S Answer.

Earth rais'd up her head,  
From the darkness's dread & dread.  
Her light fled:  
Stony dread!  
And her locks cover'd with grey despair.

Prigrid on watry shore  
Scurry jealousy does keep my den  
Cold and hoar  
Weeping o'er  
I hear the father of the ancient man.

Selfish father of men  
Cruel jealous selfish fear  
Can delight  
Chain'd in night  
The virgins of youth and morning bear.

Does spring hide its joy  
When buds and blossoms grow?  
Does the sower?  
Sow by night?  
Or the plowman in darkness plow?

Break this heavy chain,  
That does freeze my bones around  
Selfish, vain!  
Eternal bare!  
That free Love with bandage bound.

## INFANT SORROW

My mother's ground! my father wept.  
Into the dangerous world I leapt:  
Helpless, naked, piping loud:  
Like a fiend hid in a cloud.

Struggling in my father's hands:  
Striving against my swaddling bands:  
Bound and weary I thought best  
To sulk upon my mother's breast.





## A Little GIRL Lost

Children of the future Age,  
Reading this indignant page;  
Know that in a former time,  
Love, sweet Love, was thought a crime.

In the Age of Gold,  
Free from winters cold;  
Youth and maiden bright,  
To the holy light,  
Naked in the sunny beams delight.

Once a youthful pair  
Filled with softest care,  
Met in garden bright,  
Where the holy light,  
Had just ramou'd the curtains of the night.

There in rising day,  
On the grass they play;  
Parents were afar;  
Strangers come not near;  
And the maiden soon forgot her fear.

Tired with kisses sweet  
They agree to meet,  
When the silent sleep  
Waves o'er heavens deep;  
And the weary tired wanderers weep.

To her father white  
Came the maiden bright;  
But his loving look,  
Like the holy book,  
All her tender limbs with terror shock.

Oh, pale and weak!  
To thy bed or speak!  
O the trembling fear!  
O the dismal care!  
That shakes the blossoms of my hair.

## NURSES SONG

Where the voices of children are heard on the green,  
And whisp'ring are in the dale;  
The days of my youth rise fresh in my mind,  
My face turns green and pale.

When come home my children, the sun is gone down,  
And the dews of night arise  
Your spring & your day are wasted in play,  
And your winter and night in disguise.







### The Angel

I Dreamt a Dream, what can it mean?  
And that I was a maiden, Queen:  
Guarded by an Angel mild;  
Witless woe, was ne'er beguild!  
And I wept both night and day  
And he wip'd my tears away  
And I wept both day and night  
And hid from him my hearts delight  
So he took his wings and fled,  
Then the moon blush'd rosy red;  
I dried my tears & wip'd my tears,  
With ten thousand shields and spears  
Soon my Angel came again:  
I was arm'd, he came in vain;  
For the time of youth was fled  
And grey hairs were on my head



### The SICK ROSE

O Rose thou art sick,  
The invisible worm,  
That flies in the night  
In the howling storm:  
Has found out thy bed  
Of crimson joy:  
And his dark secret love  
Does thy life destroy.





## The GARDEN of LOVE

I went to the Garden of Love,  
 And saw what I never had seen;  
 A Chapel was built in the midst,  
 Where I used to play on the green.  
 And the gates of this Chapel were shut,  
 And Thou shalt not, writ over the door;  
 So I turn'd to the Garden of Love,  
 That so many sweet flowers bore.  
 And I saw it was filled with graves,  
 And tomb-stones where flowers should be;  
 And Priests in black gowns, were walking their  
 rounds,  
 And binding with briars, my joys & desires.



## The Little Vagabond

Dear Mother, dear Mother, the Church is cold,  
 But the Ale-house is healthy & pleasant & warm,  
 Besides I can tell where I can use'd well,  
 Such usage in heaven will now do well.  
 But if at the Church they would give us some Ale,  
 And a pleasant fire, our souls to regale,  
 We'd sing and we'd pray all the long day,  
 Nor ever once wish from the Church to stray.  
 Then the Parson might preach & drink & sing,  
 And wed be as happy as birds in the spring,  
 And modest dame Lurch, who is always at Church,  
 Would not have longy children, nor fasting nor burth.  
 And God like a father rejoicing to see  
 His children as pleasant and happy as he,  
 Would have no more quarrel with the Devil or the Beast,  
 But kils him & give him both drink and apparel.





### The Human Abstract.

Pity would be no more,  
If we did not make somebody Poor;  
And Mercy no more could be,  
If all were as happy as we;  
And mutual fear brings peace;  
Till the selfish loves increase.  
Then Cruelty laughs a snare,  
And spreads his baits with care.

He sits down with holy fears,  
And waters the ground with tears;  
Then Humility takes its root  
Underneath his foot.

Soon spreads the dismal shade  
Of Mystery over his head,  
And the Caterpillar and Fly,  
Feed on the Mystery.

And it bears the Fruit of Deceit,  
Ruddy and sweet to eat,  
And the Raven his nest has made  
In its thickest shade.

The Gods of the earth and sea,  
Sought thro' Nature to find this Tree,  
But their search was all in vain:  
There grows one in the Human Brain.



### A Dream

Once a dream did weave a shade,  
O'er my Angel-guarded bed,  
That an Emmet lost its way  
Where on grass methought I lay.

Troubled wilderd and folorn  
Dark benighted travel-worn,  
Over many a tangled spray,  
All heart-broke I heard her say,

O my children! do they cry,  
Do they hear their father sigh,  
Now they look abroad to see,  
Now return and weep for me.

Pitying I drop'd a tear;  
But I saw a glow-worm near:  
Who replied, What wailing wight  
Calls the watchman of the night.

I am set to light the ground,  
While the beetle goes his round,  
Follow now the beetles hum,  
Little wanderer lie thee home.



## The Little Girl Lost

In fancy  
A prophetic see,  
That the earth from sleep,  
(Gave the sentence deep)

Shall arise and seek  
For her mother weep;  
And the desert wild  
Become a garden mild.

In the southern clime,  
Where the summers prime,  
Nere fades away;  
Lovely Lycia lay.

Seven summers old,  
Lovely Lycia told,  
She had wander'd long,  
Hearing wild birds' song.

Sweet sleep came to me,  
Underneath this tree;  
Do father, mother weep,  
Where can Lycia sleep?

Lost in desert wild  
Is your little child,  
How can Lycia sleep,  
If her mother weep.

If her heart does ache,  
Then let Lycia wake;  
If my mother sleep,  
Lycia shall not weep.

Trampling bounding night,  
On this desert bright,  
Let thy moon rise,  
While I close my eyes.

Sleeping Lycia lay;  
While the beasts of prey  
Came from caverns deep,  
View'd the maid asleep.

The hugh lion stood  
And the vixen howl'd,  
That he gain'd hold round  
O'er the hallow'd ground.



Leopards, tigers play,  
Round her as she lay,  
While the lion old,  
How'd his mane of gold.

And her bosom lick,  
And upon her neck,  
From his eyes of fire,  
Ruby tears there came;

While the lioness  
Loud her slender drest,  
And naked they convey'd  
To cure the sleeping maid.

## The Little Girl Found

All the night in weep,  
Lycia parents go;  
Over valleys deep,  
While the desert woe.

Trud and woe begone,  
Hosanna with making woe;  
Ain't in arm seven days,  
They tread the desert ways.

Seven nights they sleep,  
Among shadows deep;  
And dawn they see their child  
Star'd in desert mid.

Pale thro' pathless ways  
The fancied image strays.



Forshid



Etched weeping woe  
With hollow pitious shriek  
Rising from unrest,  
The trembling woman prest  
With feet of weary woe;  
She could no further go.

In his arms he bore  
Her agonised sorrow sore  
Till before their way  
A cousting lion lay.

Turning back was vain,  
Soon his hair a mane,  
Hore them to the ground,  
That he stalked around.

Smelling to his prey,  
But their fears away,  
When he licked their hands;  
And silent by them stands.

They look upon his eyes  
Filled with deep sorrows;  
And wondering behold  
A spirit radi in gold.

On his head a crown  
On his shoulders down,  
Flows his golden hair,  
Gone was all their care.

Follow me he said,  
Weep not for the maid;  
In my palace sleep,  
Lyon has asleep.

Then they followed,  
Where the victim led;  
And saw their sleeping child  
Among hyacinth wild.

To this day they dwell  
In a lonely dell,  
Nor fear the wolvish howl,  
Nor the lions growl.



## A Little BOY Lost

Nought loves another as itself  
Nor venerates another so,  
Nor is it possible to thought  
A greater than itself to know:

And Father, how can I love you,  
Or any of my brothers more?  
I love you like the little bird  
That picks up crumbs around the door.

The Priest sat by and heard the child,  
In trembling zeal he seized his hair:  
He led him by his little coat;  
And all admired the Priestly care.

And standing on the altar high,  
Lo what a fiend is here, said he:  
One who sets reason up for justice  
Of our most holy mystery.

The weeping child could not be heard,  
The weeping parents wept in vain:  
They striped him to his little shirt,  
And bound him in an iron chain.

And banded him in a holy place,  
Where many had been burned before:  
The weeping parents wept in vain,  
Are such things done on Albion's shore.





## THE Chimney Sweeper

A little black thing among the snow;  
Crying weep, weep, in notes of woe!  
Where are thy father & mother, say?  
They are both gone up to the church to pray.

Because I was happy upon the heath,  
And smil'd among the winters snow;  
They clothed me in the clothes of death,  
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

And because I am happy, & dance & sing,  
They think they have done me no injury;  
And are gone to praise God & his Priest & King,  
Who make up a heaven of our misery.



## THE FLY.

Little Fly, by summers play,  
My thought to hand,  
Has b. kind away.

If thought is life,  
And strength & breath,  
And we want  
A thought is death;

Am not I?  
A fly like thee?  
Or art not thou  
A man like me?

Then am I  
A happy fly,  
If I live,  
Or if I die?!

For I dance  
And drink & sing;  
Till some blind hand  
Shall brush my wing.





## A POISON TREE.

I was angry with my friend;  
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.  
I was angry with my foe;  
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I waterd it in fears,  
Night & morning with my tears;  
And I sunned it with smiles,  
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night,  
Till it bore an apple bright,  
And my foe beheld it shine,  
And he knew that it was mine.

And into my garden stole,  
When the night had veild the pole;  
In the morning glad I see;  
My foe outstretch'd beneath the tree.



## LONDON

I wander thro' each charter'd street,  
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow,  
And mark in every face I meet  
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man,  
In every infants cry of fear,  
In every voice: in every ban,  
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear

How the Chimney-sweepers cry  
Every blackning Church appalls,  
And the hapless Soldiers sigh  
Runs in blood down Palace walls

But most thro' midnight streets I hear  
How the youthful Harlots curse  
Blast the new-born infants' tear  
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse





## The Tyger.

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,  
In the forests of the night;  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies,  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp,  
Dare its deadly wrongs clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears  
And water'd heaven with their tears:  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright,  
In the forests of the night;  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?



## My Pretty ROSE TREE

A flower was offered to me:  
Such a flower as May never bore,  
But I said I've a Pretty Rose-tree,  
And I palsed the sweet flower o'er.

Then I went to my Pretty Rose-tree:  
To tend her by day and by night,  
But my Rose turn'd away with jealousy:  
And her thorns won my only delight.



## AH! SUN-FLOWER

Ah Sun-flower! weary of time,  
Who countest the steps of the Sun:  
Seeking after that sweet golden clime  
Where the traveller's journey is done.

Where the Youth pined away with desire,  
And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow;  
Arise from their graves and aspire,  
Where my Sun-flower wishes to go.

## THE LILLY

The modest Rose puts forth a thorn:  
The humble Sheep, a threatening horn:  
While the Lilly white, shall in Love delight,  
Nor a thorn nor a threat stain her beauty.





### HOLY THURSDAY

Is this a holy thing to see  
 In a rich and fruitful land,  
 Babes reduced to misery,  
 Fed with cold and usurous hand?  
 Is that trembling cry a song?  
 Can it be a song of joy?  
 And so many children poor?  
 'Tis a land of poverty!  
 And their sun does never shine,  
 And their fields are bleak & bare,  
 And their ways are fill'd with thorns,  
 'Tis an eternal winter there.  
 For where'er the sun does shine,  
 And where'er the rain does fall,  
 Babes can never hunger there,  
 Nor poverty the mind appall.



### The CLOD & the PEBBLE

Love seeketh not itself to please,  
 Nor for itself hath any care,  
 But for another gives its ease,  
 And builds a Heaven in Hell's despair.  
 So sung a little Clod of Clay,  
 Trodden with the cattle's feet;  
 But a Pebble of the brook,  
 Warbled out these metres meet.  
 Love seeketh only Self to please,  
 To bind another to its delight;  
 Joys in another's labors ease,  
 And builds a Hell in Heavens despite.







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147

