

Would not have bandy children, nor fasting, nor birch.

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 barrel,
But kiss him, and give him both drink and apparel.

LONDON

I wander through each chartered street,
Near where the chartered Thames does flow,
A mark in every face I meet,
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.
In every cry of every man,
In every infant's cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forged manacles I hear:
How the chimney-sweeper's cry
Every blackening church appals,
And the hapless soldier's sigh
Runs in blood down palace-walls.
But most, through midnight streets I hear
How the youthful harlot's curse
Blasts the new-born infant's tear,

Songs of Experience

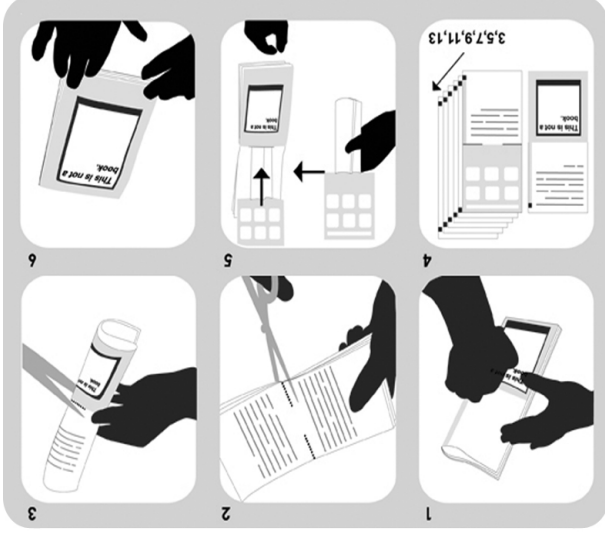
William Blake

church,
And modest Dame Lurch, who is always at
And we'd be as happy as birds in the spring;
sing,
Then the Parson might preach, and drink, and
Nor ever once wish from the Church to stray.
We'd sing and we'd pray all the livelong day,
And a pleasant fire our souls to regale,
But, if at the Church they would give us some ale,
Such usage in heaven will never do well.
Besides, I can tell where I am used well;
warm.

THE LITTLE VAGABOND

And 'Thou shalt not' writ over the door;
So I turned to the Garden of Love
That so many sweet flowers bore.
And I saw it was filled with graves,
And tombstones where flowers should be;
And priests in black gowns were walking their
rounds,
And binding with briars my joys and desires.

Hear the voice of the Bard,
Who present, past, and future, sees;
Whose ears have heard
The Holy Word
That walked among the ancient trees;
Calling the lapsed soul,
And weeping in the evening dew;
That might control
The starry pole,
And fallen, fallen light renew!
'O Earth, O Earth, return!
Arise from out the dewy grass!
Night is worn,
And the morn
Rises from the slumbrous mass.
'Turn away no more;
Why wilt thou turn away?
The starry floor,
The watery shore,
Is given thee till the break of day.'



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Songs of Experience
William Blake
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EARTH'S ANSWER

Earth raised up her head
 From the darkness dread and drear,
 Her light fled,
 Stony, dread,
 And her locks covered with grey despair.
 'Prisoned on watery shore,
 Starry jealousy does keep my den
 Cold and hoar;
 Weeping o'er,
 I hear the father of the ancient men.
 'Selfish father of men!
 Cruel, jealous, selfish fear!
 Can delight,
 Chained 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 ploughman in darkness plough?
 'Break this heavy chain,
 That does freeze my bones around!
 Selfish, vain,
 Eternal bane,

That free love with bondage bound,
THE CLOUD AND 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 loss of ease,
 And builds a hell in heaven's despite;
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?
 It is a land of poverty!

And their sun does never shine,
 And their fields are bleak and bare,
 And their ways are filled with thorns,
 It is eternal winter there.

For where'er the sun does shine,
 And where'er the rain does fall,
 Babe can never hunger there,
 Nor poverty the mind appal.

THE LITTLE GIRL LOST

In futurity
 I prophesy
 That the earth from sleep
 (Grave the sentence deep)
 Shall arise, and seek
 For her Maker meek;
 And the desert wild
 Become a garden mild.
 In the southern clime,
 Where the summer's prime
 Never fades away,
 Lovely Lyca lay.
 Seven summers old
 Lovely Lyca told.
 She had wandered long,

Hearing wild birds' song.
 'Sweet sleep, come to me,
 Underneath this tree;
 Do father, mother, weep?
 Where can Lyca sleep?
 'Lost in desert wild
 Is your little child.
 How can Lyca sleep
 If her mother weep?
 If her heart does ache,
 Then let Lyca wake;
 If my mother sleep,
 Lyca shall not weep.
 'Frowning, frowning night,
 O'er this desert bright
 Let thy moon arise,
 While I close my eyes.'
 Sleeping Lyca lay,
 While the beasts of prey,
 Come from caverns deep,
 Viewed the maid asleep.
 The kindly lion stood,
 And the virgin viewed:
 Then he gambolled round
 O'er the hallowed ground.

Doubt is fled, and clouds of reason,
 Dark disputes and artful teasing.
 Folly is an endless maze;
 Tangled roots perplex her ways;
 How many have fallen there!
 They stumble 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.

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Or bless the mellowing year,
When the blasts of winter appear?

TO TIRZAH

Whate'er is born of mortal birth
Must be consumed with the earth,
To rise from generation free:
Then what have I to do with thee?
The sexes sprung from shame and pride,
Blowed in the morn, in evening died;
But mercy changed death into sleep;
The sexes rose to work and weep.
Thou, mother of my mortal part,
With cruelty didst mould my heart,
And with false self-deceiving tears
Didst blind my nostrils, eyes, and ears,
Didst close my tongue in senseless clay,
And me to mortal life betray.
The death of Jesus set me free:
Then what have I to do with thee?

THE VOICE OF THE ANCIENT BARD

Youth of delight! come hither
And see the opening morn,
Image of Truth new-born.

Leopards, tigers, play
Round her as she lay;
While the lion old
Bowed his mane of gold,
And her bosom lick,
And upon her neck,
From his eyes of flame,
Ruby tears there came;
While the lioness
Loosed her slender dress,
And naked they conveyed
To caves the sleeping maid.

THE LITTLE GIRL FOUND

All the night in woe
Lyca's parents go
Over valleys deep,
While the deserts weep.
Tired and woe-begone,
Hoarse with making moan,
Arm in arm, seven days
They traced the desert ways.
Seven nights they sleep
Among shadows deep,
And dream they see their child

And the skylark 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;
Nor in my book can I take delight,
Nor sit in learning's bower,
Worn through 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 and mother if buds are nipped,
And blossoms blown away;
And if the tender plants are stripped
Of their joy in the springing day,
By sorrow and care's dismay, -
How shall the summer arise in joy,
Or the summer fruits appear?
Or how shall we gather what griefs destroy,

Starved in desert wild.
Pale through pathless ways,
The fancied image strays,
Famished, weeping, weak,
With hollow piteous shriek.
Rising from unrest,
The trembling woman pressed
With feet of weary woe;
She could no further go.
In his arms he bore
Her, armed with sorrow sore;
Till before their way
A couching lion lay.
Turning back was vain:
Soon his heavy mane
Bore them to the ground,
Then he stalked around,
Smelling to his prey;
But their fears allay
When he licks their hands,
And silent by them stands.
They look upon his eyes,
Filled with deep surprise;
And wondering behold
A spirit armed in gold.

The human face a furnace sealed,
The human heart its hungry gorge.

A CRADLE SONG

Sleep, sleep, beauty bright,
Dreaming in the joys of night;
Sleep, sleep; in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.
Sweet babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.
As thy softest limbs I feel,
Smiles as of the morning steal
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast
Where thy little heart doth rest.
O the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep!
When thy little heart doth wake,
Then the dreadful light shall break.

THE SCHOOLBOY

I love to rise in a summer morn,
When the birds sing on every tree;
The distant huntsman winds his horn,

On his head a crown,
On his shoulders down
Flowed his golden hair.
Gone was all their care.
'Follow me,' he said;
'Weep not for the maid;
In my palace deep,
Lyca lies asleep.'
Then they followed
Where the vision led,
And saw their sleeping child
Among tigers wild.
To this day they dwell
In a lonely dell,
Nor fear the wolfish howl
Nor the lion's growl.

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER

A little black thing among the snow,
Crying! 'weep! weep!' in notes of woe!
'Where are thy father and mother? Say!' -
'They are both gone up to the church to pray.
'Because I was happy upon the heath,
And smiled among the winter's snow,
They clothed me in the clothes of death,

Strangers came not near,
And the maiden soon forgot her fear.
Tired with kisses sweet,
They agree to meet
When the silent sleep
Waves o'er heaven's 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 shook.
On a pale and weak,
To thy father speak!
O the trembling fear!
O the dismal care
That shakes the blossoms of my hoary hair!

A DIVINE IMAGE

And taught me to sing the notes of woe.
'And because I am happy and dance and sing,
They think they have done me no injury,
And are gone to praise God and His priest and
king,
Who made up a heaven of our misery.'

When the voices of children are heard on the
green,
And whispings are in the dale,
The days of my youth rise fresh in my mind,
My face turns green and pale.
Then come home, my children, the sun is gone
down,
And the dews of night arise;
Your spring and your day are wasted in play,
And your winter and night in disguise.

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

They stripped him to his little shirt,
 And bound him in an iron chain,
 And burned 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?

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 winter's 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 removed the curtains of the night.
 There, in rising day,
 On the grass they play;
 Parents were afar,

Of crimson joy,
 And his dark secret love
 Does thy life destroy.

THE FLY

Little Fly,
 Thy summer's play
 My thoughtless hand
 Has brushed away.
 Am not I
 A fly like thee?
 Or art not thou
 A man like me?
 For I dance,
 And drink, and sing,
 Till some blind hand
 Shall brush my wing.
 If thought is life
 And strength and breath,
 And the want
 Of thought is death;
 Then am I
 A happy fly.
 If I live,
 Or if I die.

And he knew that it was mine, -
 And into my garden stole
 When the night had veiled the pole;
 In the morning, glad, I see
 My foe outstretched beneath the tree.

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 his priestly care.
 And standing on the altar high,
 'Lo, what a fiend is here!' said he:
 'One who sets reason up for judge
 Of our most holy mystery.'
 The weeping child could not be heard,
 The weeping parents wept in vain:

I dreamt a dream! What can it mean?
 And that I was a maiden Queen
 Guarded by an Angel mild:
 Witless woe was never beguiled;
 And I wept both night and day,
 And he wiped my tears away;
 And I wept both day and night,
 And hid from him my heart's delight.
 So he took his wings, and fled;
 Then the morn blushed rosy red.
 I dried my tears, and armed my fears
 With ten thousand shields and spears.
 Soon my Angel came again;
 I was armed, he came in vain;
 For the time of youth was fled,
 And grey hairs were on my head.

THE TIGER

Tiger, tiger, 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?

THE ANGEL

But their search was all in vain:
There grows one in the human Brain.

INFANT SORROW

My mother groaned, 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 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 watered it in fears
Night and 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,

On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?
And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And, when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand and what dread feet?
What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?
When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?
Tiger, tiger, 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 passed the sweet flower o'er.
Then I went to my pretty rose tree,

Sought through nature to find this tree,
The gods of the earth and sea
In its thickest shade.
And the raven his nest has made
Ruddy and sweet to eat,
And it bears the fruit of Deceit,
Fed on the Mystery.
And the caterpillar and fly
Of Mystery over his head,
Soon spreads the dismal shade
Underneath his foot.
Then Humility takes its root
And waters the ground with tears;
He sits down with holy fears,
And spreads his bats with care.
Then Cruelty knits a snare,
Till the selfish loves increase;
And mutual fear brings Peace,
If all were as happy as we.
And Mercy no more could be
If we did not make somebody poor,
Pity would be no more

THE HUMAN ABSTRACT

And blights with plagues the marriage hearse.

And the gates of this Chapel were shut,
Where I used to play on the green.
A Chapel was built in the midst,
And saw what I never had seen;
I went to the Garden of Love,

THE GARDEN OF LOVE

The modest Rose puts forth a thorn,
The humble sheep a threatening horn;
While the Lily white shall in love delight,
Nor a thorn nor a threat stain her beauty bright.

THE LILY

Ah, sunflower, 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 Sunflower wishes to go!

AH, SUNFLOWER

To tend her by day and by night;
But my rose turned away with jealousy,
And her thorns were my only delight.