

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 heaven's 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 covered 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,

Songs of Innocence

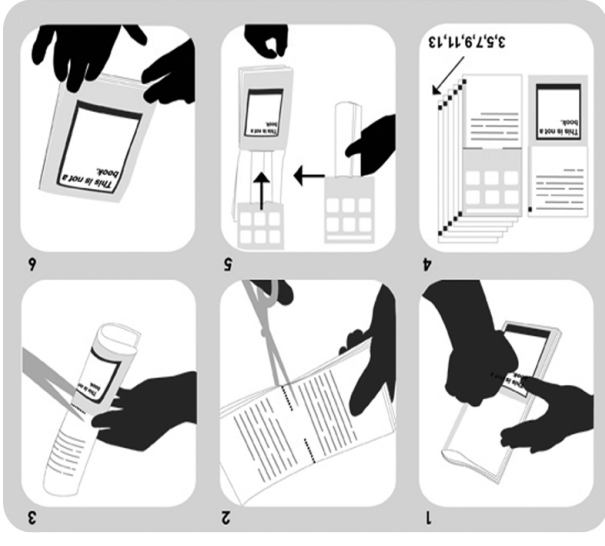
William Blake

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!'
 'So I piped with merry cheer.
 'Piper, pipe that song again.'
 So I piped: he wept to hear.
 'So I piped: he wept to hear.
 'Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
 Sing thy songs of happy cheer!
 So I sung 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.

HOLY THURSDAY

'Twas on a holy Thursday, their innocent faces
 clean,
 The children walking two and two, in red, and
 blue, and green:
 Grey-headed beadles walked before, with wands
 as white as snow,
 Till into the high dome of Paul's they like Thames
 waters flow.
 O what a multitude they seemed, these flowers of
 London town!
 Seated in companies they sit, with radiance all
 their own.
 The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes
 of lambs,
 Thousands of little boys and girls raising their
 innocent hands.
 Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the
 voice of song,
 Or like harmonious thunders the seats of
 heaven among:
 Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guardians
 of the poor.
 Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from
 your door.



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Songs of Innocence
 William Blake
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THE SHEPHERD

How sweet is the shepherd's 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.

THE ECHOING GREEN

The sun does arise,
 And make happy the skies;
 The merry bells ring
 To welcome the Spring;
 The skylark 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.

Little lamb, who made thee?
 Does thou know who made thee,
 Gave thee life, and bid thee feed,
 By the stream and o'er the mead;
 Gave thee clothing of delight,
 Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
 Gave thee such a tender voice,
 As if thy heart could sing?

THE LAMB

They laugh at our play,
 And soon they all say,
 'Such, such were the joys
 When we all -- -- girls and 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 laps of their mothers
 Many sisters and brothers,
 Like birds in their nest,
 Are ready for rest,
 And sport no more seen
 On the darkening green.

Making all the vales rejoice?
 Little lamb, who made thee?
 Does 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, and He is mild,
 He became a little child.
 I a child, and thou a lamb,
 We are called by His name.
 Little lamb, God bless thee!
 Little lamb, God bless thee!

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,

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Till our grief is fled and gone
 He doth sit by us and moan.

And gives His light, and gives His heat away,
 And flowers and trees and beasts and men
 receive
 Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.
 '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
 Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.
 'For, when our souls have learned the heat to
 bear,
 The cloud will vanish, we shall hear His voice,
 Saying, "Come out from the grove, my love and
 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 Father's knee;
 And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
 And be like him, and he will then love me.

Never, never can it be!

And can He who smiles on all
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and 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 on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and 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,
That our grief He may destroy:

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.

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, and in soot I sleep.
There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his
head,
That curled like a lamb's back, was shaved; so I
said,
'Hush, Tom! never mind it, for, when your head's
bare,

You know that the soot cannot spoil your white
hair.'
And so he was quiet, and that very night,
As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight! -
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and
Jack,
Were all of them locked up in coffins of black.
And by came an angel, who had a bright key,
And he opened the coffins, and 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 and 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, and never want joy.
And so Tom awoke, and we rose in the dark,
And got with our bags and our brushes to work.
Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy
and warm:
So, if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

ON ANOTHER'S SORROW

Do they hear their father sigh?
Now they look abroad to see,
Now return and weep for me.
Pitying, I dropped 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 beetle's hum;
Little wanderer, hie thee home!

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!

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, wildered, and forlorn,
Dark, benighted, travel-worn,
Over many a tangled spray,
All heart-broke, I heard her say:
'O my children! do they cry,

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, and 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, and by the hand led,
And to his mother brought,
Who in sorrow pale, through the lonely dale,
Her little boy weeping sought.

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 live, and be merry, and join with me,
To sing the sweet chorus of 'Ha ha he!'

NURSE'S SONG

Let me pull
Your soft wool;
Let me kiss
Your soft face;
Merrily, merrily we welcome in the year.

When 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 dews of night arise;
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away,
Till the morning appears in the skies.
'No, no, 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 and play till the light fades away,
And then go home to bed.'
The little ones leaped, and shouted, and laughed,
And all the hills echoed.

A CRADLE SONG

Sweet dreams, form a shade
O'er my lovely infant's head!
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams
By happy, silent, moonny beams!
Sweet Sleep, with soft down
Weave thy brows an infant crown!
Sweet Sleep, angel mild,
Hover o'er my happy child!

LAUGHING SONG

As I guard o'er the fold.'

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 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 lick

My white neck;

Sweet smiles, in the night

Hover over my delight!

Sweet smiles, mother's 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 smiled.

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 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;

And sit down by their bed.
When wolves and tigers howl for prey,
They pitying stand and weep;
Seeking to drive their thirst away,
And keep them from the sheep.
But, if they rush dreadful,
The angels, most heedful,
Receive each mild spirit,
New worlds to inherit.
And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold:
And pitying the tender cries,
And walking round the fold:
Saying: 'Wath 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,
Graze after thee, and weep.
For, washed in life's river,
My bright mane for ever
Shall shine like the gold.

Heaven and earth to peace beguiles.
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, and Pity dwell,
There God is dwelling too.