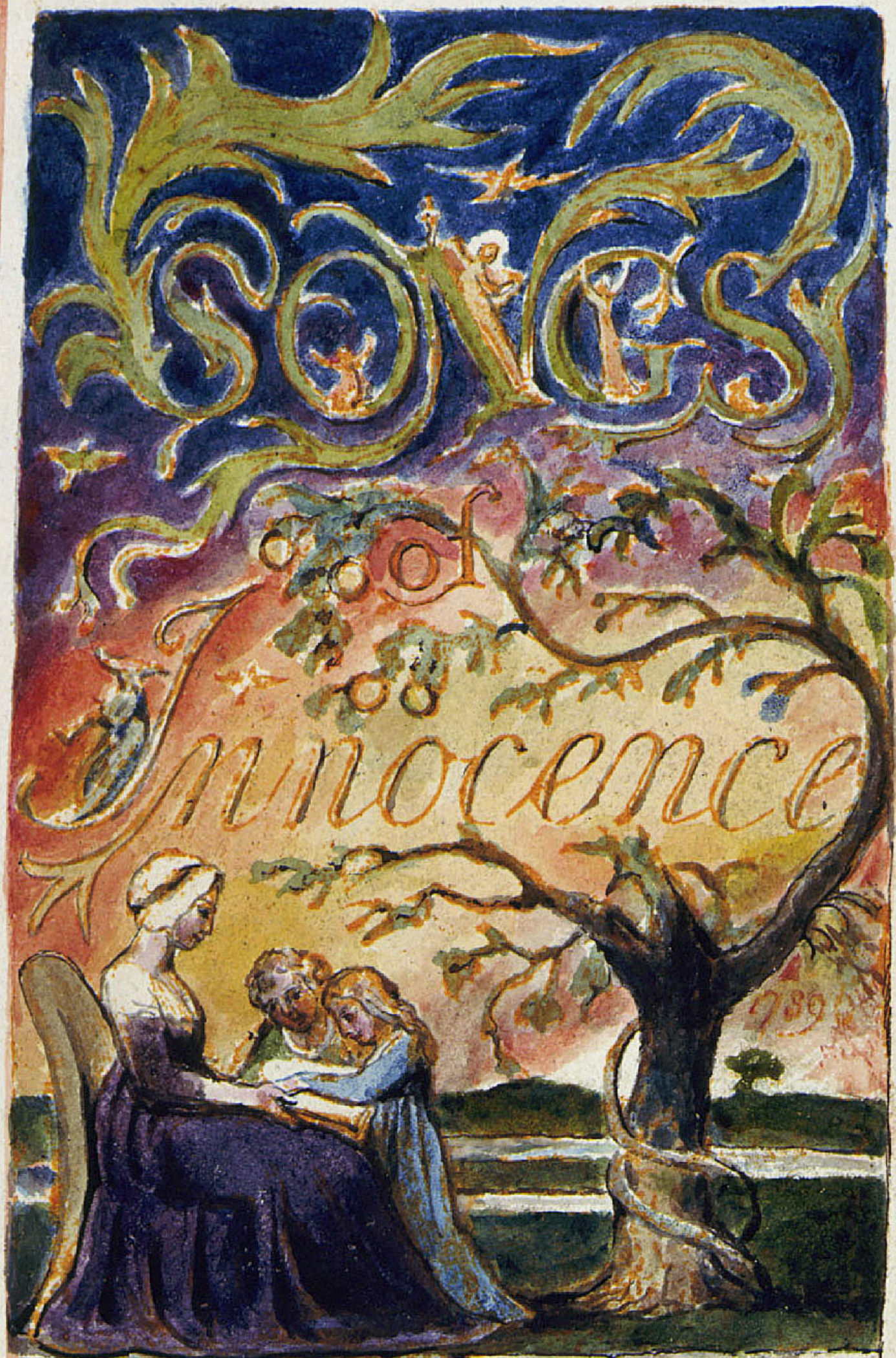


SONGS
 OF
 INNOCENCE
 and Of
 EXPERIENCE

*Shewing the Two Contrary States
 of the Human Soul*







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
 So I piped with merry cheer.
 Piper pipe that song again
 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 vanish'd from my sight
 And I pluck'd a hollow reed

And I made a rural pen
 And I stain'd the water clear
 And I wrote my happy songs
 Every child may joy to hear

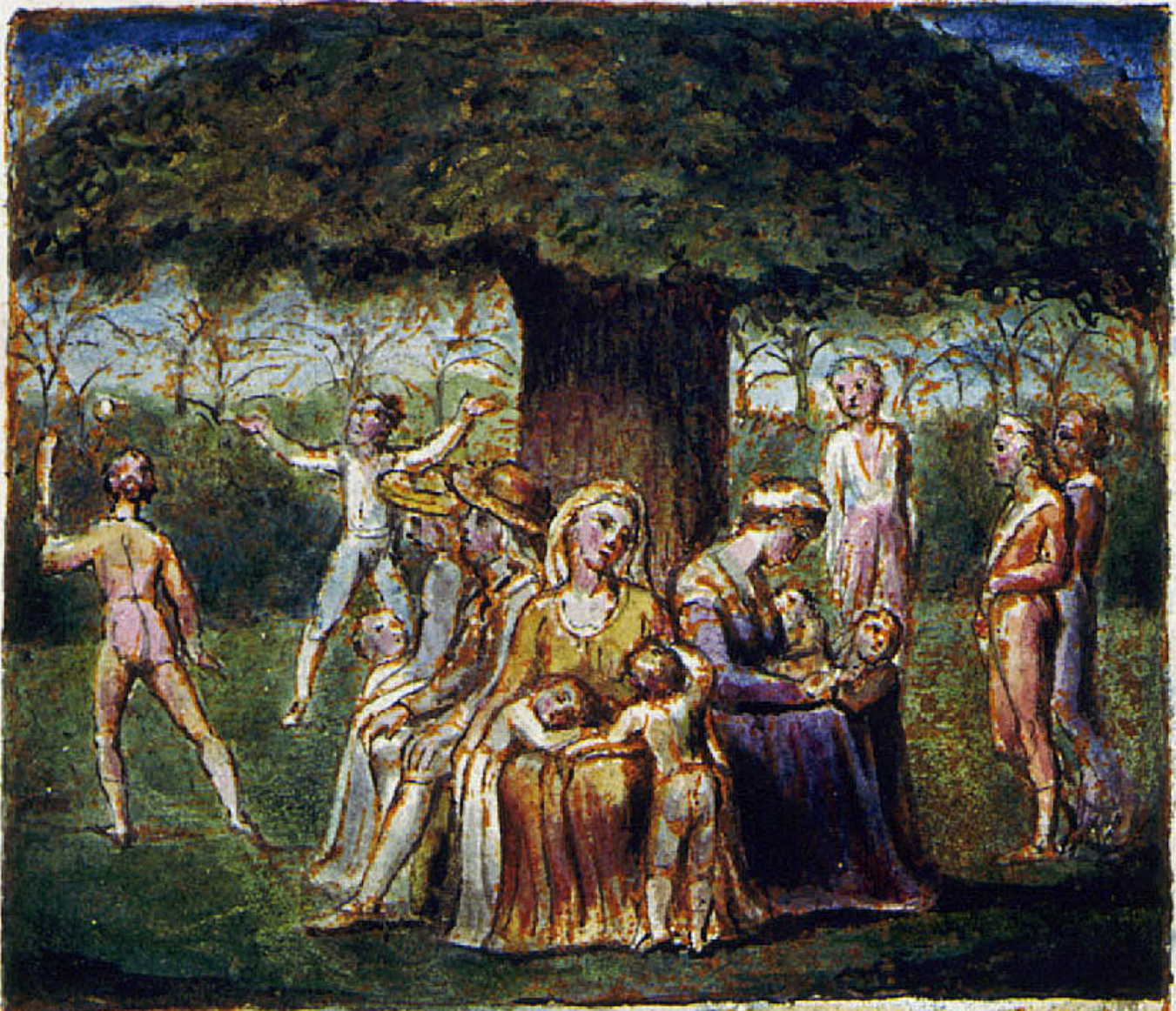


The Shepherd.

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.





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.



7
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 Ecchoing 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.

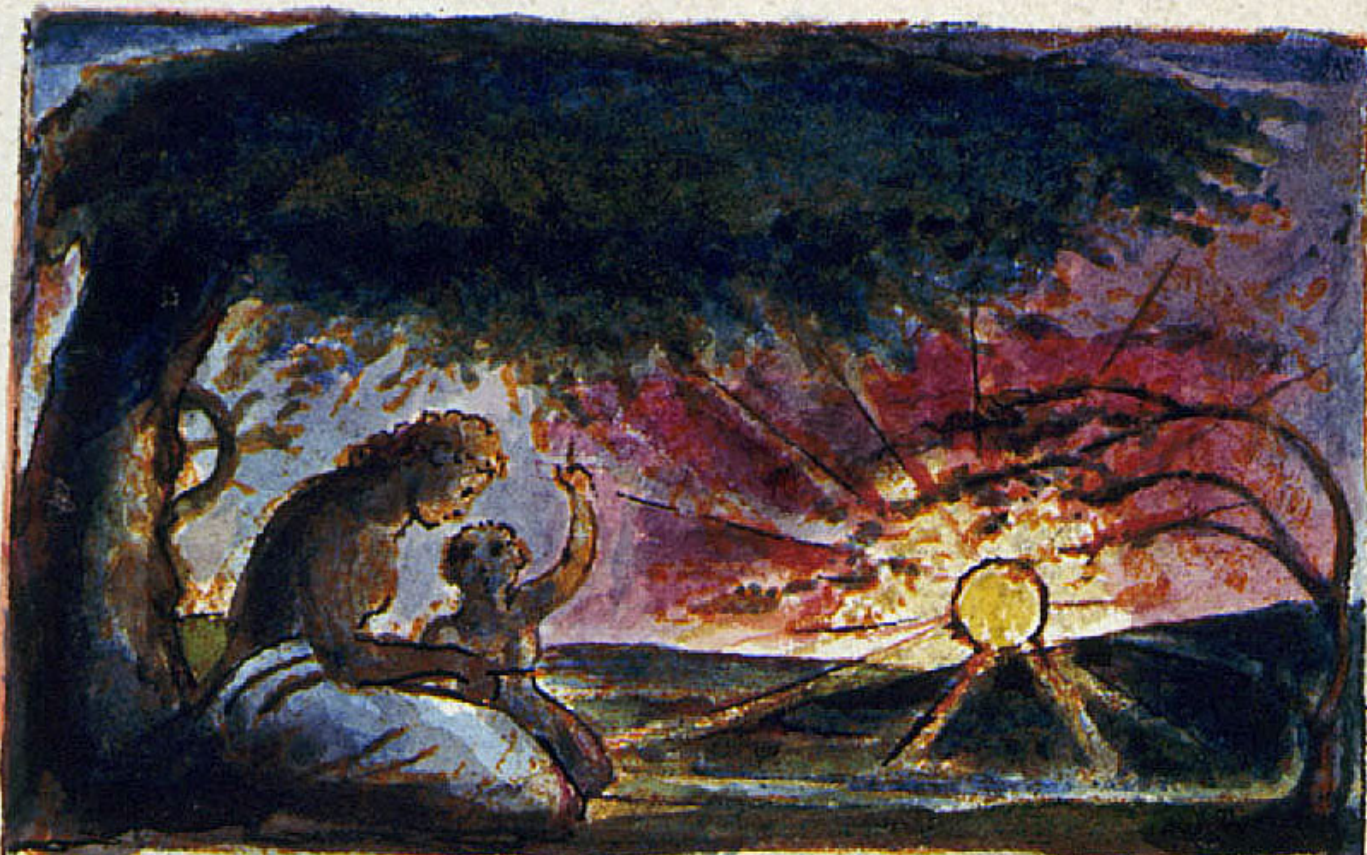


The Lamb

Little Lamb who made thee
 Dost thou know who made thee,
 Gave thee life & bid thee feed,
 By the stream & over 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:
 I a child & 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 bereav'd of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree
 And sitting down before the heat of day,
 She took me on her lap and kiss'd 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 sun-burnt face
 Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

For

For when our souls have learn'd 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 kiss'd 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 leze 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 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 & in soot I sleep.

Theres little Tom Dacre who cried when his head
 That cur'd 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 shall do their duty, they need not fear harm.





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 among the vapour flew.

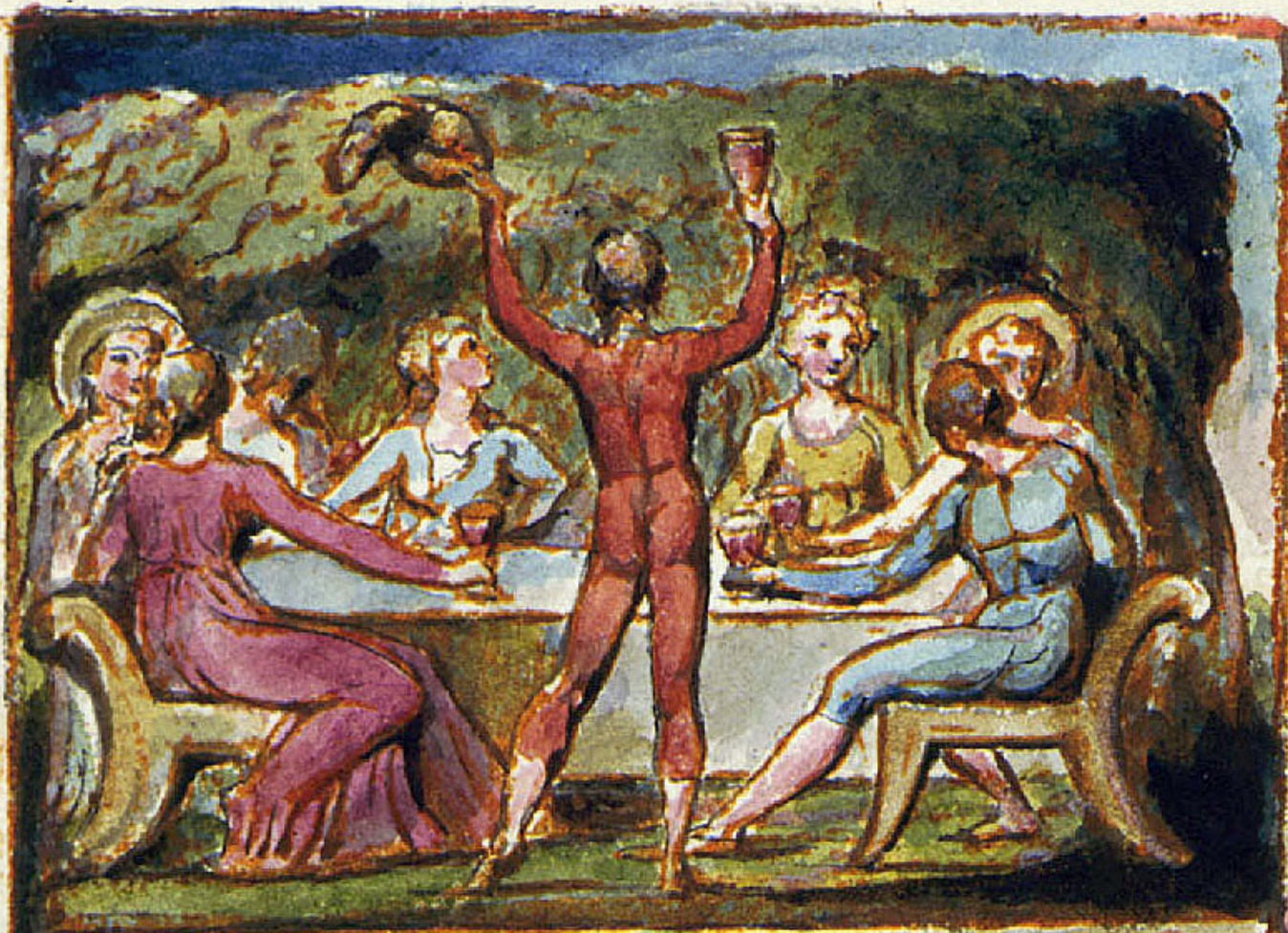




The Little Boy Found

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.





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 live & be merry and join with me,
 To sing the sweet chorus of Ha Ha He.



A CRADLE SONG

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



The Divine Image.

To Mercy Pity Peace and Love,
 All pray in their distrels:
 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 distrel,
 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.





HOLY THURSDAY

It was on a Holy Thursday their innocent faces clear
 The children walking two & two in red & blue & green
 Grey headed beards walked before with wands as white as ^{snow}
 Till into the high dome of Pauls they like Thames waters flow
 O what a multitude they seem'd 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 & 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 sit the aged men wise guardians of the poor
 Then cherish pity lest you drive an angel from your door





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.

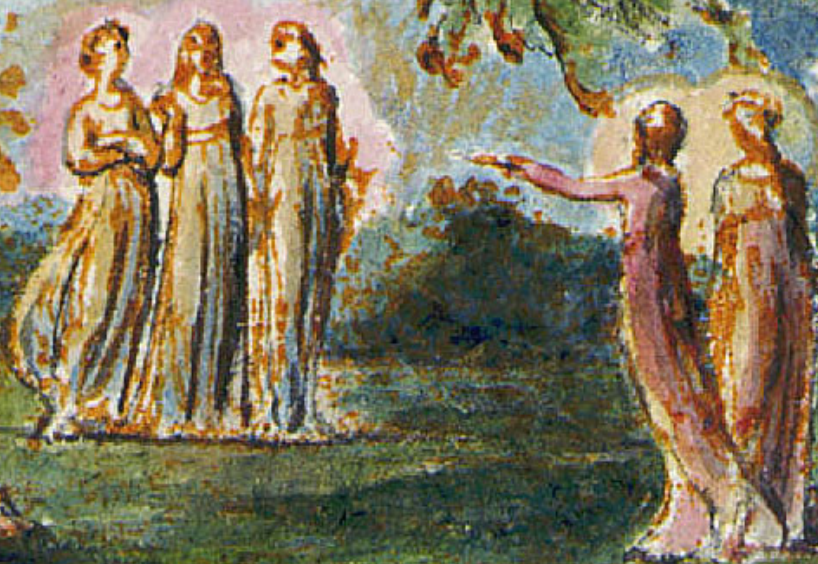
Farewell green fields and happy groves,
 Where flocks have took delight;
 Where lambs have nibbled, silent doves
 The feet of angels bright,
 Unseen they pour blessing,
 And joy without ceasing,
 On each bud and blossom,
 And each sleeping bosom.

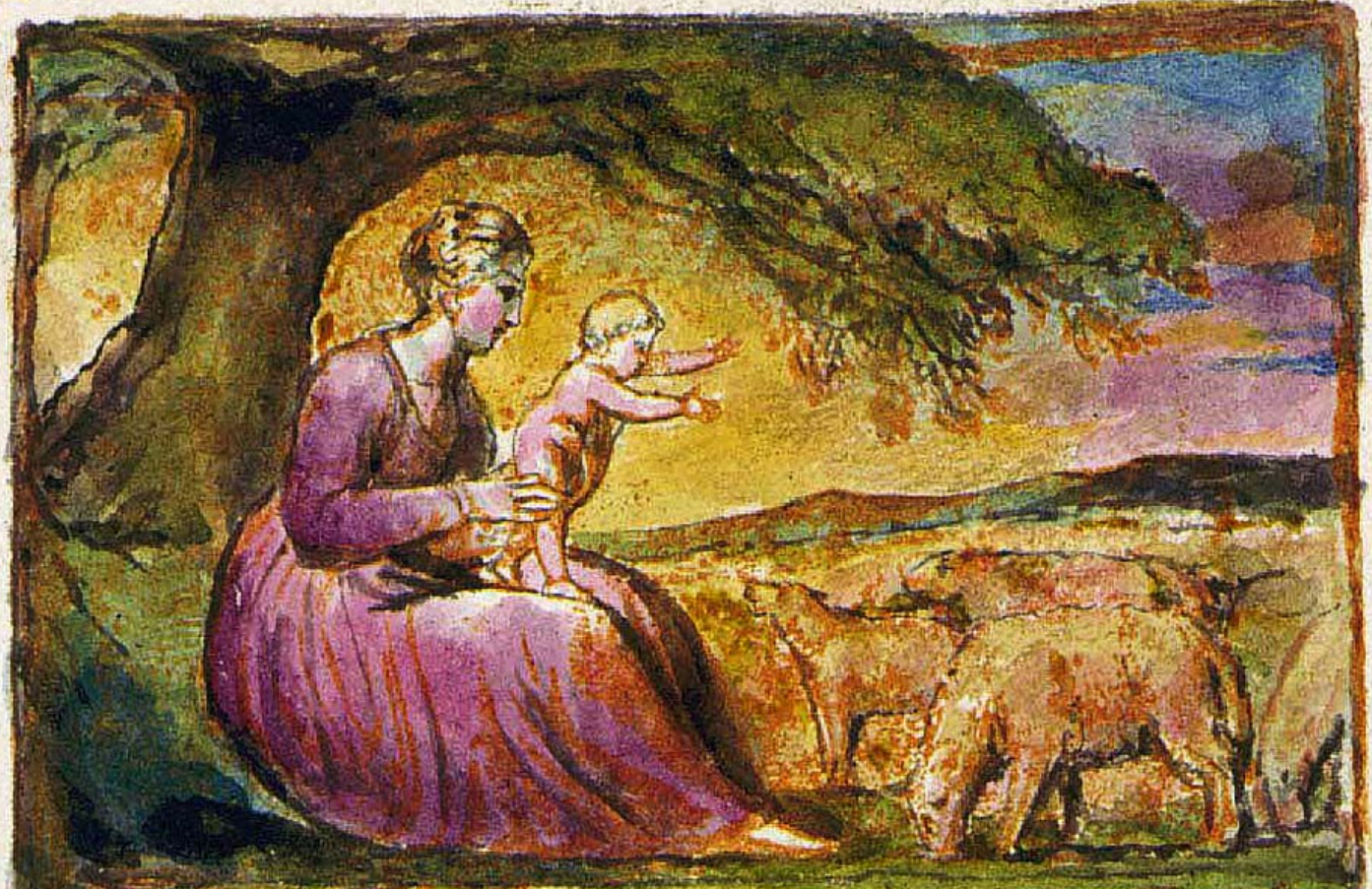
They look in every thoughtless nest,
 Where birds are coverd warm;
 They visit caves of every beast,
 To keep them all from harm;
 If they see any weeping,
 That should have been sleeping,
 They pour sleep on their head
 And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tygers howl for prey
 They prying stand and weep;
 Seeking to drive their throats away,
 And keep them from the sheep.
 But if they rush dreadful;
 The angels most heedful,
 Recieve each mild spirit,
 New worlds to inherit.

And there the lions ruddy eyes,
 Shall flow with tears of gold:
 And prying the tender cries,
 And walking round the fold:
 Saying: wrath by his inequities
 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 wash'd in lifes river,
 My bright mane for ever,
 Shall shine like the gold,
 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

Little Boy

Full of joy.

(Year

Little

Little Girl
 Sweet and small,
 Cuck 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.
 Let me pull
 Your soft Wool.
 Let me kiss
 Your soft face.
 Merrily Merrily we welcome in the Year



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 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 & play till the light fades away

And then go home to bed

The little ones leaped & shouted & laughed

And all the hills echoed



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 wilder'd and forlorn
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.

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 on infants 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,
 That our grief he may destroy
 Till our grief is fled & gone
 He doth sit by us and moan





SONGS OF EXPERIENCE



1794

The Author & Printer W Blake

Introduction:

Hear the voice of the Bard!
 Who Present, Past, & Future sees
 Whose ears have heard,
 The Holy Ward,
 That walkid 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 dewy grass:
 Night is worn,
 And the morn
 Rises from the slumberous mass.

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 & drear.
 Her light fled:
 Stony dread!
 And her locks cover'd with grey despair.

Prison'd on watry 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
 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's plow?

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



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 Hells despair.

So sang a little Clod of Clay,
 Trodden with the cattles 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 anothers lals of ease,
 And builds a Hell in Heavens 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 & bare,
 And their ways are fill'd with thorns,
 It is eternal winter there.

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



The Little Girl Lost

In futurity
I prophetic see.
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 summers prime,
Never fades away;
Lovely Lyca lay.

Seven summers old
Lovely Lyca told,
She had wanderd 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,
Viewd the maid asleep.

The kingy lion stood
And the virgin viewd,
Then he gambold round
O'er the hallowd ground:



Leopards, tygers play,
 Round her as she lay;
 While the lion old,
 Bow'd his mane of gold,
 And her bosom lick,
 And upon her neck,
 From his eyes of flame,
 Ruby tears there came;
 While the lions,
 Loos'd her slender dress,
 And naked they convey'd
 To caves the sleeping maid.



The Little Girl Found

All the night in woe,
 Lycas' parents go;
 Over vallies deep,
 While the desarts weep.
 Tired and woe begone,
 Hoarse with making moan
 Arm in arm seven days,
 They traed the desert ways.
 Seven nights they sleep,
 Among shadows deep;
 And dream they see their child
 Starvd in desert wild
 Pale thro pathless ways
 The fancied image strays.

Farrish



Famish'd weeping weak
 With hollow piteous shriek
 Rising from unrest,
 The trembling woman prest
 With feet of weary woe;
 She could no further go.
 In his arms he bore
 Her arm'd 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 stalk'd around.

Smelling to his prey,
 But their fears allay.
 When he licks their hands:
 And silent by them stands.

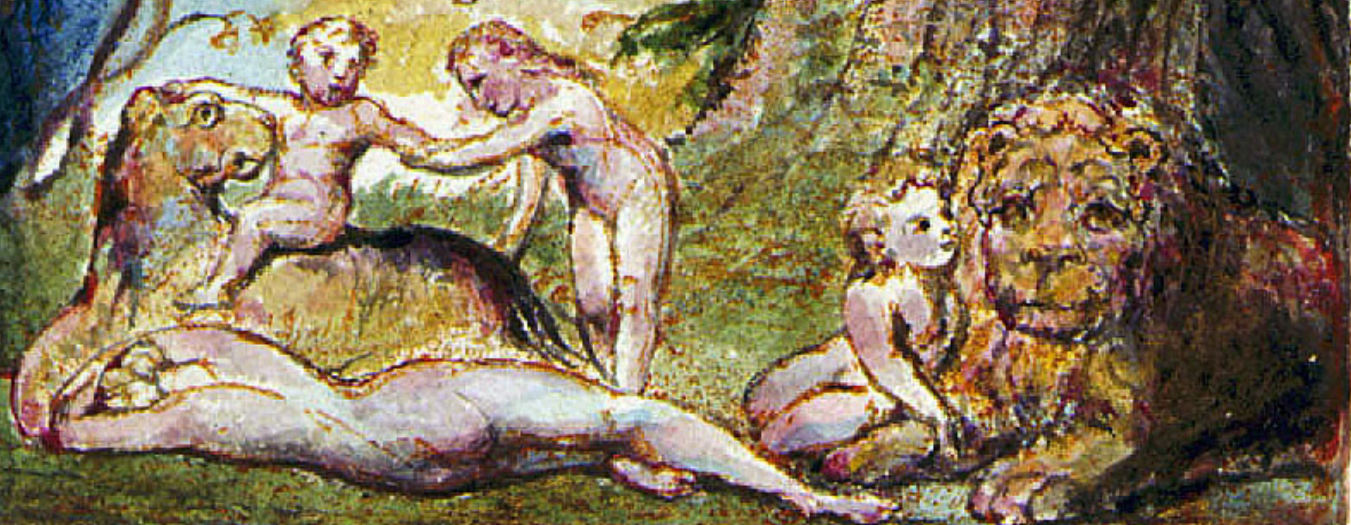
They look upon his eyes
 Fill'd with deep surprise;
 And wondering behold
 A spirit arm'd in gold.

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

Follow me he said,
 Weep not for the maid;
 In my palace deep
 Lyea 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 lions growl.



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.

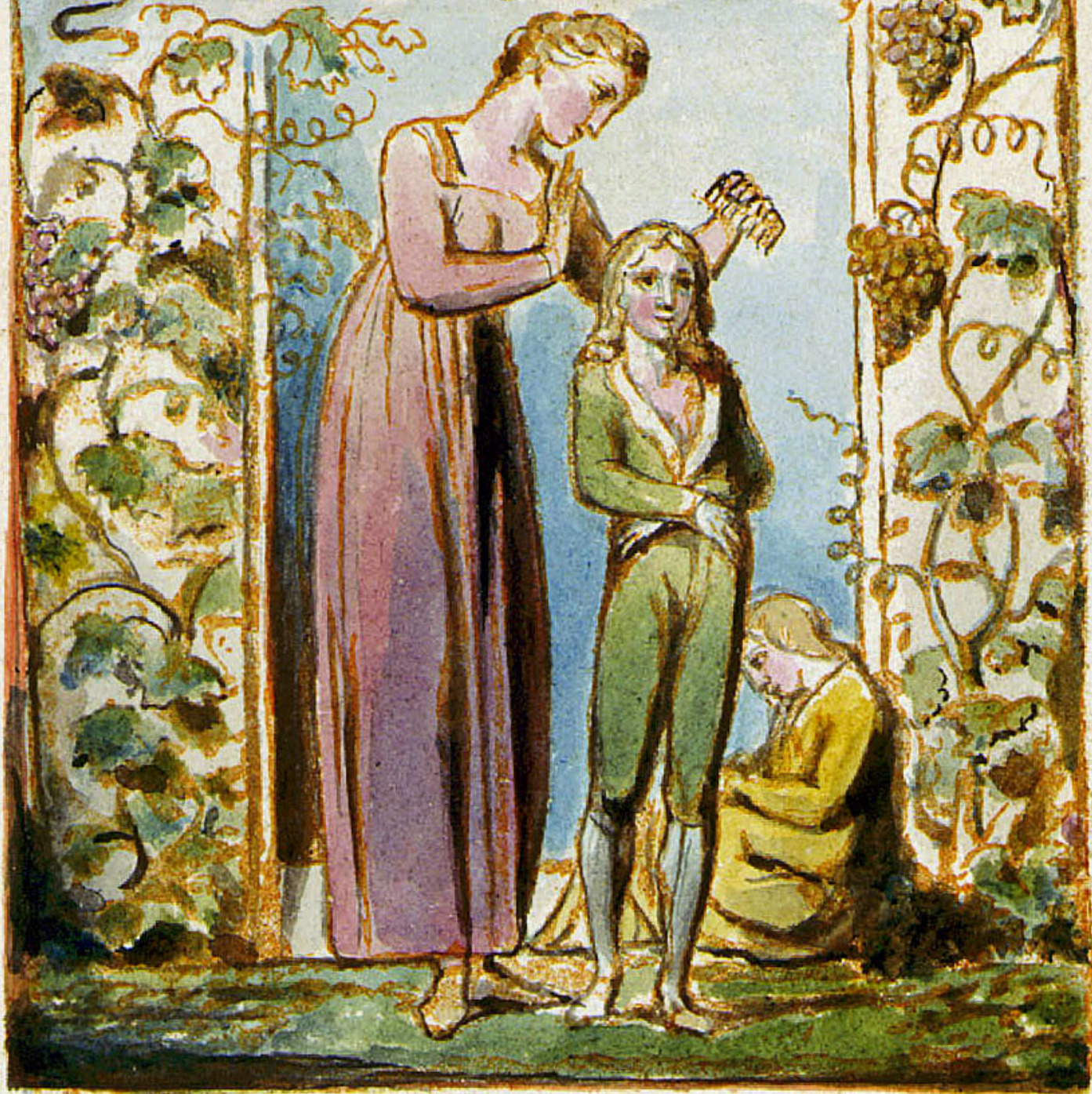
And because I am happy, & dance & sing,
 They think they have done me no injury;
 And are gone to praise God & his Priest & King,
 Who make up a heaven of our misery.



NURSES' SONG

When the voices of children are heard on the green
 And whispings are in the dale: 5000
 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 & 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
Of crimson joy:
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.

THE FLY.

Little Fly
Thy summers play,
My thoughtless hand
Has brushed away.

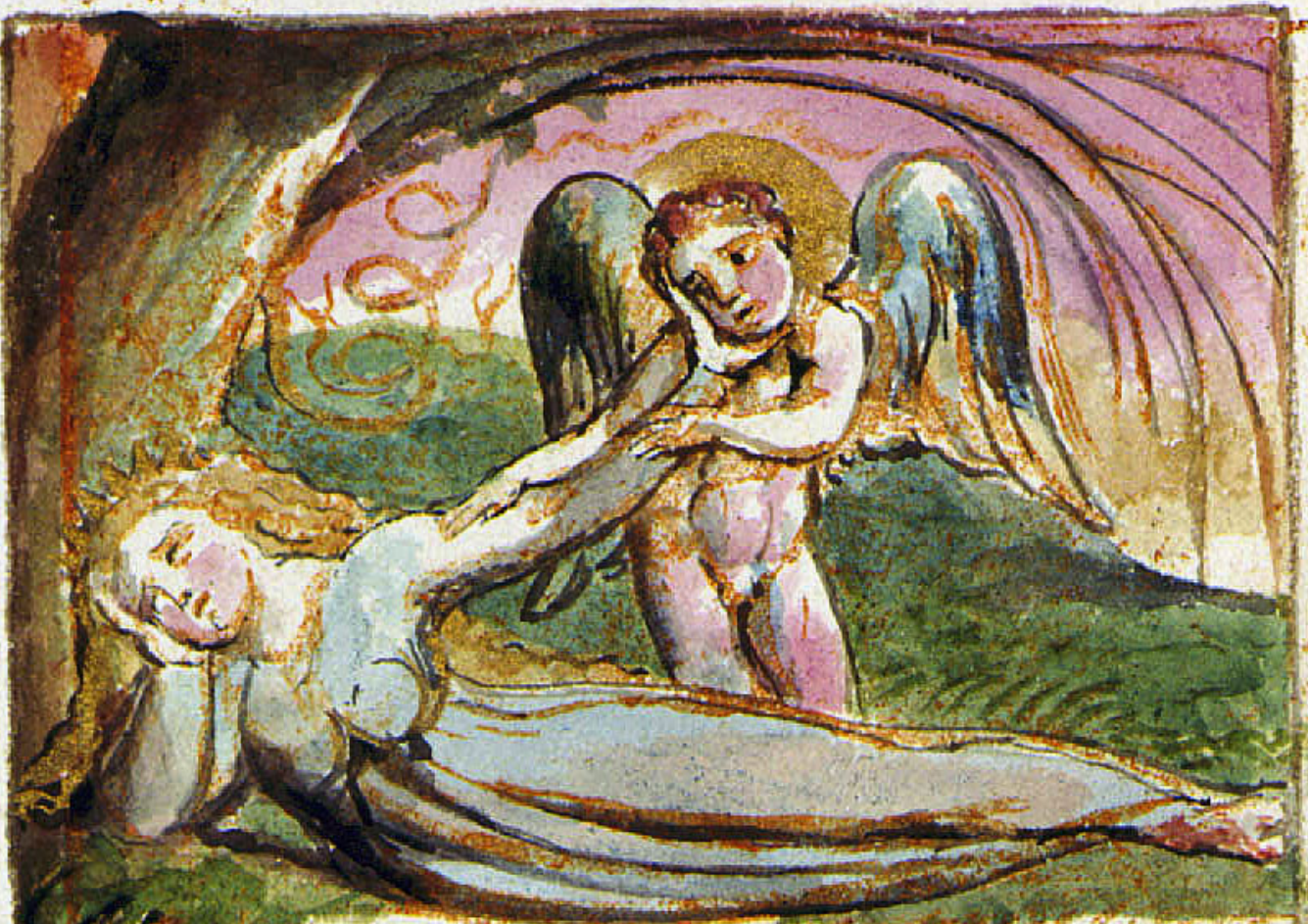
Am not I so
A fly like thee?
Or art not thou
A man like me?

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

If thought is life
And strength & breath;
And the want
Of thought is death;

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





The Angel

I Dreamt a Dream, 'what can it mean,
 And that I was a maiden Queen;
 Guarded by an Angel mild;
 Wits' woe, was neer 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 heart's delight.

So he took his wings, and fled:
 Then the morn blush'd rosy red,
 I dried my tears & arm'd my fears,
 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 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 terrors 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 palmed the sweet flower o'er.
 Then I went to my Pretty Rose-tree:
 To tend her by day and by night.
 But my Rose turned away with jealousy:
 And her thorns were 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 travellers 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
 bright.



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 turned 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

Does Mother, dear Mother, the Church is cold,
 But the Ale-house is healthy & pleasant & warm;
 Besides I can tell where I am us'd well,
 Such usage in heaven will never 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 live-long day;
 Nor ever once wish to see the Church to stray.

Then the Parson might preach & drink & sing,
 And we'd be as happy as birds in the spring;
 And modest dame Lurch, who is always at Church,
 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 Barre,
 But kiss him & give him both drink and apparel.





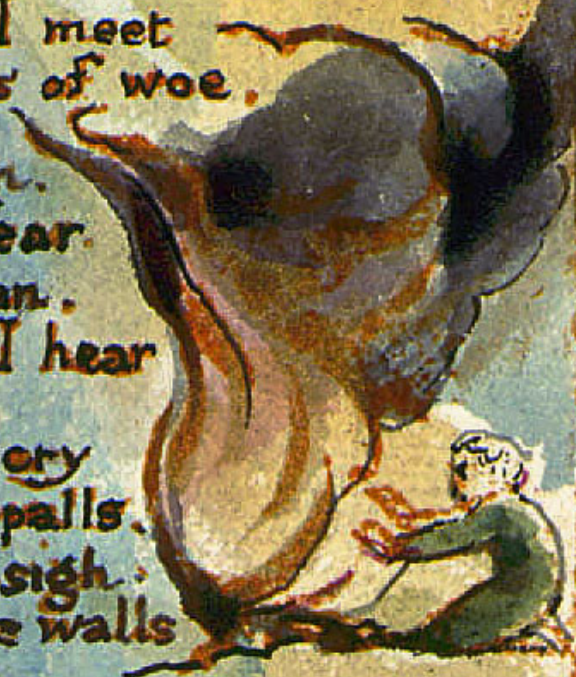
LONDON

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
Blasts the new-born Infants tear
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse



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 knits 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.



INFANT SORROW

My mother groand! 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 & 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.



A Little BOY Lost

Thought 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 mere?
 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 judge
 Of our most holy Mystery.

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

And burnt him in a holy place,
 Where many had been burnt before:
 The weeping parents wept in vain.
 Are such things done on Albions 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 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 removed the curtains of the night.

There in rising day,
 On the grass they play:
 Parents were afar;
 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 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 shook.

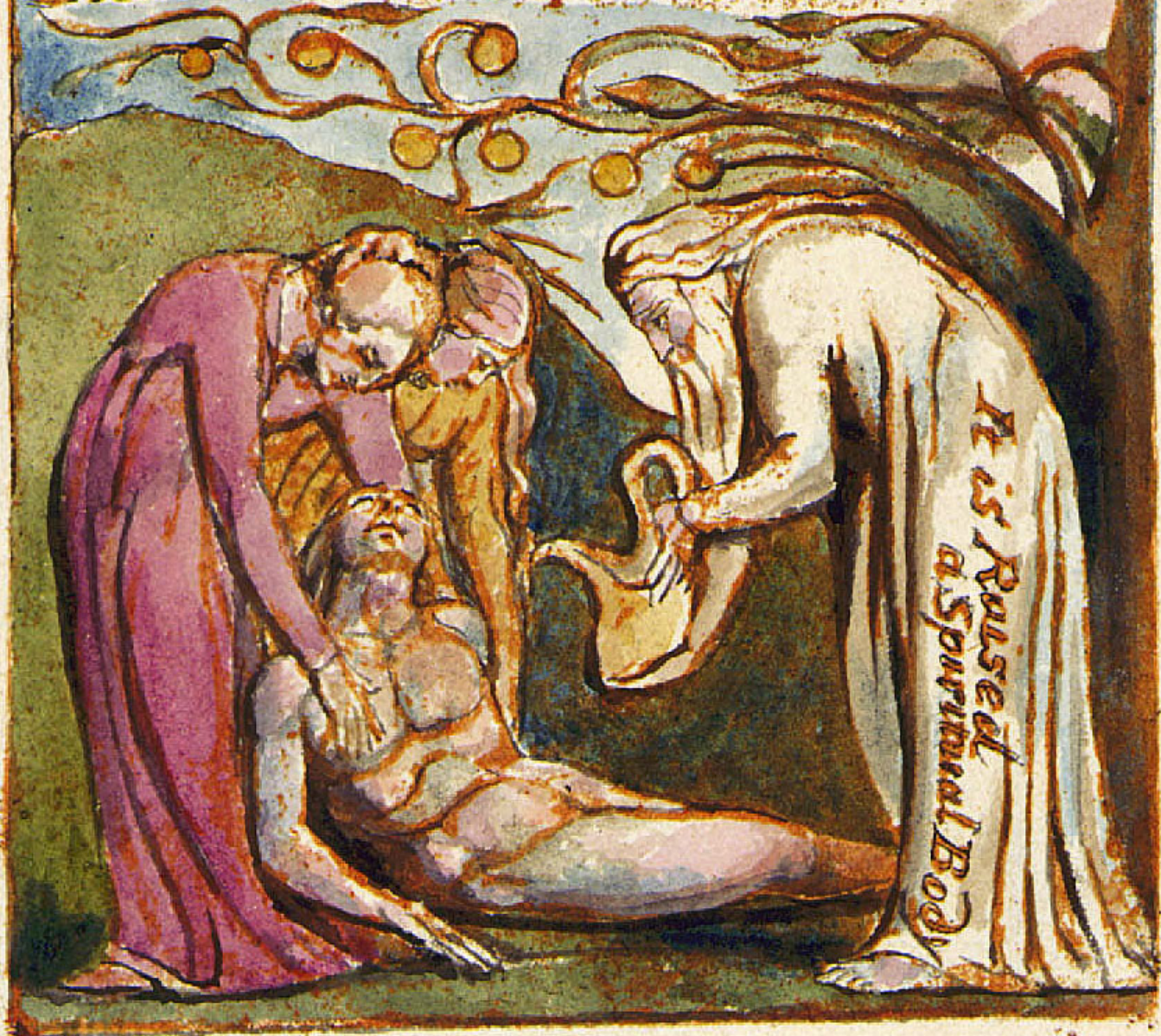
Oh! pale and weak!
 To thy father speak:
 O the trembling fear!
 O the dismal care!
 That shakes the blossoms of my hoary

To Tirzah

Whatever 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 & Pride
Blowd in the morn; in evening dyed
But Mercy changd Death into Sleep;
The Sexes rose to work & weep.

Thou Mother of my Mortal part
With cruelty didst mould my Heart
And with false self-deceiving tears
Didst bind my Nostrils Eyes & 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 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,
 Nor in my book can I take delight,
 Nor sit in learnings 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 ript,
 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 des
 Or blebs the mellowing year,
 When the blasts of winter appear.



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 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.

