



# **SONGS OF INNOCENCE AND OF EXPERIENCE**

**WILLIAM BLAKE**

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SONGS OF INNOCENCE  
AND  
OF EXPERIENCE

BY  
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# SONGS OF INNOCENCE

## 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 chear,  
Piper pipe that song again—  
So I piped, he wept to hear.

Drop thy pipe thy happy pipe  
Sing thy songs of happy chear,  
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 ECCHOING 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 chearful sound,  
While our sports shall be seen  
On the Ecchoing Green.

Old John with white hair  
Does laugh away care,  
Sitting under the oak,  
Among the old folk.

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 & o'er the mead;  
Gave thee clothing of delight,  
Softest clothing wooly 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 Ill 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 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 sun-burnt face  
Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

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 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:

Ill 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 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 curl'd like a lambs back, was shav'd, 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, & 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.

## 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 wand'ring light,  
Began to cry, but God ever nigh,  
Appeard 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 smil'd.  
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 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.

## HOLY THURSDAY

Twas on a Holy Thursday their innocent faces clean  
The children walking two & two in red & blue & green  
Grey headed beadles walkd before with wands as white as snow  
Till into the high dome of Pauls they like Thames waters flow

O what a multitude they seemd 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 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 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 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,  
 Recieve each mild spirit,  
 New worlds to inherit.

And there the lions ruddy eyes,  
Shall flow with tears of gold:  
And pitying the tender cries,  
And walking round the fold:  
Saying: wrath 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,  
Grase after thee and weep.  
For wash'd in lifes river,  
My bright mane for ever,  
Shall shine like the gold,

## 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.  
Let me pull  
Your soft Wool.  
Let me kiss  
Your soft face.  
Merrily Merrily we welcome in the Year

## NURSE'S 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 & laugh'd  
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 it's way  
Where on grass methought I lay.

Troubled wilder 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 hie 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

## 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 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 giv'n thee till the break of day.

## EARTH'S ANSWER

Earth rais'd up her head,  
 From the darkness 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 plow?

Break this heavy chain,  
 That does freeze my bones around  
 Selfish! vain!  
 Eternal bane!  
 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 loss 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 desart 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 desart wild  
Is your little child.  
How can Lyca sleep,  
If her mother weep.

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

Frowning frowning night,  
O'er this desart bright,

Let thy moon arise,  
While I close my eyes.

Sleeping Lyca lay;  
While the beasts of prey,  
Come from caverns deep,  
View'd the maid asleep

The kingly lion stood  
And the virgin view'd,  
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 lioness  
Loos'd her slender dress,  
And naked they convey'd  
To caves the sleeping maid.

## THE LITTLE GIRL FOUND

All the night in woe,  
Lyca's parents go:  
Over vallies deep,  
While the desarts weep.

Tired and woe-begone,  
Hoarse with making moan:  
Arm in arm seven days,  
They trac'd the desert ways.

Seven nights they sleep,  
Among shadows deep:  
And dream they see their child  
Starv'd in desert wild.

Pale thro' pathless ways  
The fancied image strays,

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,  
Lyca lies asleep.

Then they followed,  
Where the vision led:  
And saw their sleeping child,  
Among tygers wild.

To this day they dwell  
In a lonely dell  
Nor fear the wolvish 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 whisprings 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 & 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 brush'd away.

Am not I  
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:  
Witless woe, was neer beguil'd!

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 morn blush'd rosy red:  
I dried my tears & armd 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 sieze 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 offerd 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:  
To tend her by day and by night.  
But my Rose turnd 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 threatning 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 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 am use'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 from 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 Barrel  
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 Catterpillar 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 fathers hands:  
Striving against my swadling bands:  
Bound and weary I thought best  
To sulk upon my mothers 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 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 outstretchd 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 siez'd his hair:  
He led him by his little coat:  
And all admir'd 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 strip'd him to his little shirt,  
And bound him in an iron chain.

And burn'd him in a holy place,  
Where many had been burn'd 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  
 Fill'd with softest care:  
 Met in garden bright,  
 Where the holy light,  
 Had just removd 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.

Ona! pale and weak!  
 To thy father speak:

O the trembling fear!  
O the dismal care!  
That shakes the blossoms of my hoary hair

## 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 & Pride  
Blowd in the morn; in evening died  
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-decieving 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?

It is Raised  
a Spiritual Body.



## 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 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 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

## A DIVINE IMAGE

Cruelty has a Human Heart  
And Jealousy a Human Face  
Terror, the Human Form Divine  
And Secrecy, the Human Dress

The Human Dress, is forged Iron  
The Human Form, a fiery Forge.  
The Human Face, a Furnace seal'd  
The Human Heart, its hungry Gorge.