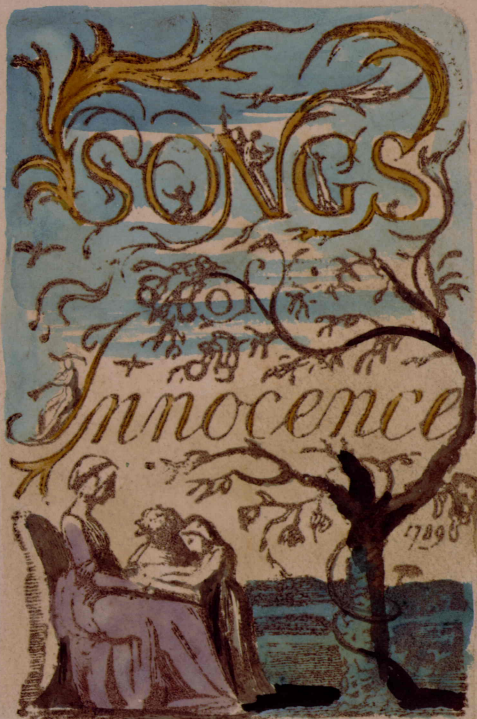






The Author & Printer W Blake

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 vanished 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 penes,
For they know when their Shepherd is nigh.



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.



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.

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 rip'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 des-
Or bless the mellowing year,
When the blasts of winter appear.





HOLY THURSDAY

Tw'as on a Holy Thursday their innocent faces clean
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 Inhamen waters flow
O what a multitude they seem'd these flow'ers of London towne
Seated in companies they sat with radiance all their own
The hum of multitude was there but multitude 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



My Niece Long

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 every thing else is still

Then come home my children the sun is gone down
And the dew 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





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 Fanny,
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.





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 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 evening morn.
Image of truth new-born.
Doubt is fled & clouds of reason.
Dark dispices & 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.





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 cheerful 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

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 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 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: T
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
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 Divine Image.

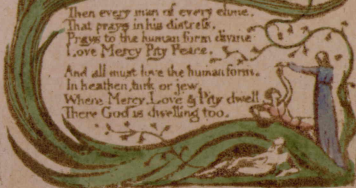
To Mercy Pity Peace and Love.
All pray in their distresse;
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

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 distresse,
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.



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 folorn
Dark beighted 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.

The Little Girl Lost

In future
I prophetic see.
That the earth from sleep
(Grave the sentence deep)

Shall arise and seek
For her maker sleep;
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 wandered long,
Hearing wild birds song.

Sweet sleep come to me
Underneath this tree;
Do father, mother weep—
Where can Lyca sleep.

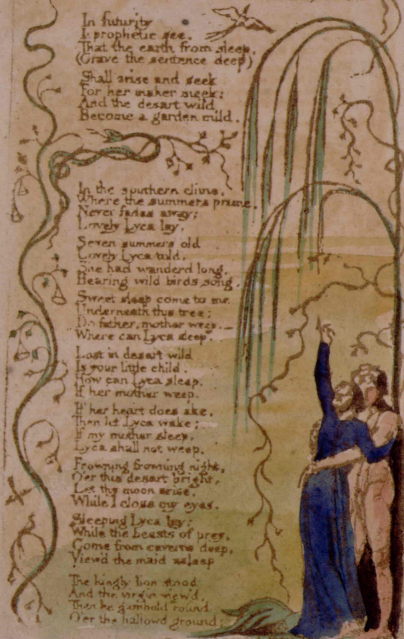
Lost in desert wild
Is your little child.
How can Lyca sleep,
If her mother weep.

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

Fromung fromung night,
O'er this desert bright,
Let the moon arise,
While I close my eyes.

Sleeping Lyca lay;
While the beasts of prey,
Come from caverns deep,
Viewed the maid asleep.

The hungry lion stood
And the virgin viewed,
Then he gambold round
O'er the hallowd ground.



Leopards, tigers 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 fawns
 Lound her slender limbs,
 And maked they away
 To caves the sleeping maid.



The Little Girl Found

All the night in vain,
 Lycas parents gao
 Over vallies deep,
 While the deserts weep.
 Tired and wee-begone,
 Plunge with melting moans
 First in arm seven days,
 They tread the desert ways,
 Seven nights they sleep,
 Among the low deep
 And dream they see their child
 Stare'd in desert wild,
 Pale thro' pathlets woe
 The fancied image shyns.



Fancied

Tanquil weeping weick
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 awild 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 amid 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,
Lycia 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 groat.





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.

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.

West

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.





Spring

Sound the Flute!
 Now it's mute.
 Birds delight
 Day and Night.
 Nightingale
 In the dale
 Lark in Sky
 Merrily

(Year
 Merrily Merrily to welcome in the

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 lick
My white neck.
Let me pull
Your soft Wool.
Let me kiss
Your soft face.
Merrily Merrily we welcome in the Year





The Blossom.

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

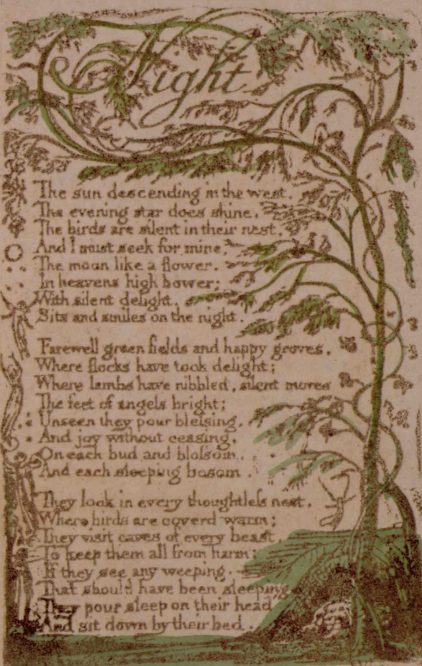
Pretty Pretty Robin
Under leaves so green
A happy Blossom
Hears you sobbing sobbing
Pretty Pretty Robin
Near my Bosom.

The 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.





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 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,
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, sicknes,
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.
Grieve after thee and weep.
For wastid in lifes river,
My bright mans far ever,
Shall shine like the gold.
As I gazed o'er the fold.

