

The Order in which the songs of Innocence &
of Experience ought to be paged & placed

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4.	Introduction — Piping down the Valleys &c
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End of Song, & Announce then Begins Song of Experience

28 Frontispiece of Child on the Shepherd's head

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30 Introduction — Hear the Voice of the Bard &c

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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 deny'd grave:
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 darknol's dread & drear.
Her light fled:
From dread!
And her locks cover'd with grey despair.

Priest and on watry shore
Starry Jealousy does keep my den
Cold and hear
Weeping o'er
I hear the father of the ancient man

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 darknol's plow?

Break this heavy chain.
That does freeze my bones around
Selfish; vain;
Eternal bane!
That free Love with bandage 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 Hell's despair.

To sing a little Clod of Clay,
Trdden 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 joys of ease,
And builds a Hell in Heaven's despite.



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.





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 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 lends a hand,
And spreads his baits with care.
He sits down, with holy fears,
And waters the ground with tears:
Then Humility tugs 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 north and south
Sought thro' Nature to find this Tree
But their search was all in vain:
There grows one in the Human Brain.

