

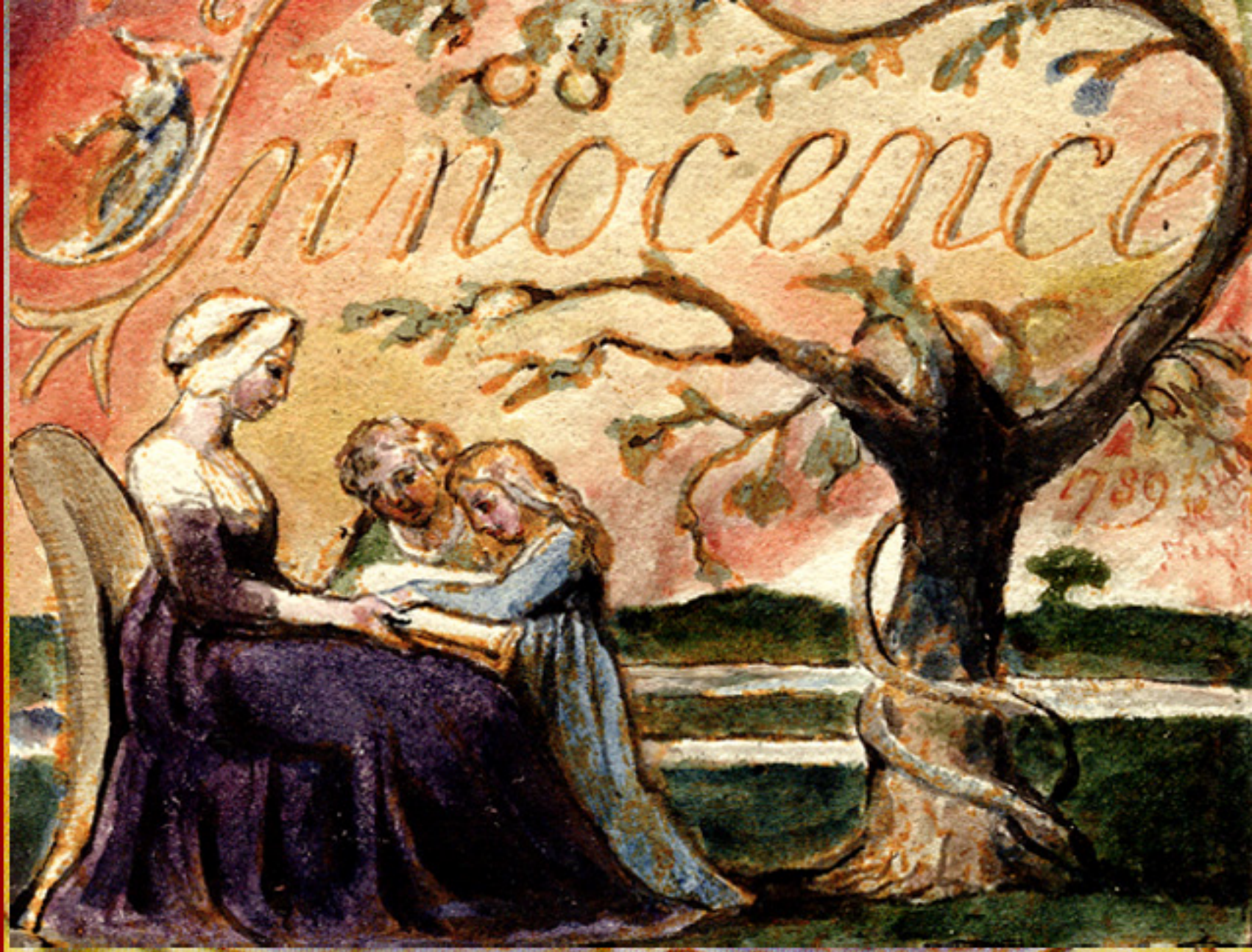
*The Lessing J.  
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**Songs of innocence and of experience,  
shewing the two contrary states of the human soul**

**William Blake | London, 1826**

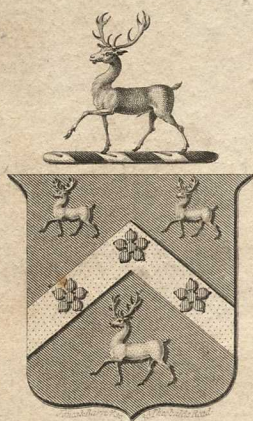


SONGS  
OF  
INNOCENCE  
AND  
EXPERIENCE

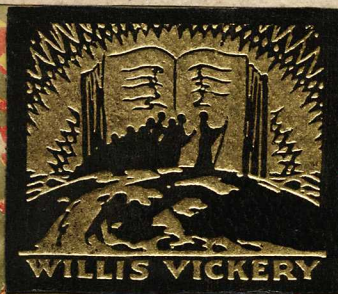
BLAKE'S  
SONGS  
OF  
INNOCENCE  
AND  
EXPERIENCE.

BY  
BLAKE





Henry Crabb Robinson  
to  
Edwin W. Field  
11 mar 1863



WILLIS VICKERY

THE GIFT OF  
LESSING J. ROSENWALD  
TO THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



EX LIBRIS  
FRANK BREWER BEMIS

Three things to me  
God lends,  
Old Place, old books, old friends.



In ca 1953 this volume was sent to  
Peter Hancock to be rebound, in order to  
have a facsimile made by the Treason  
Press. (for the Blake Trust). Upon completion  
the book was rebound by Peter Hancock  
in 1956.

Lessing Rosenwald  
2/8/56

Given to J. W. Burton  
by Mrs Edwin Field  
in memory of her  
husband -

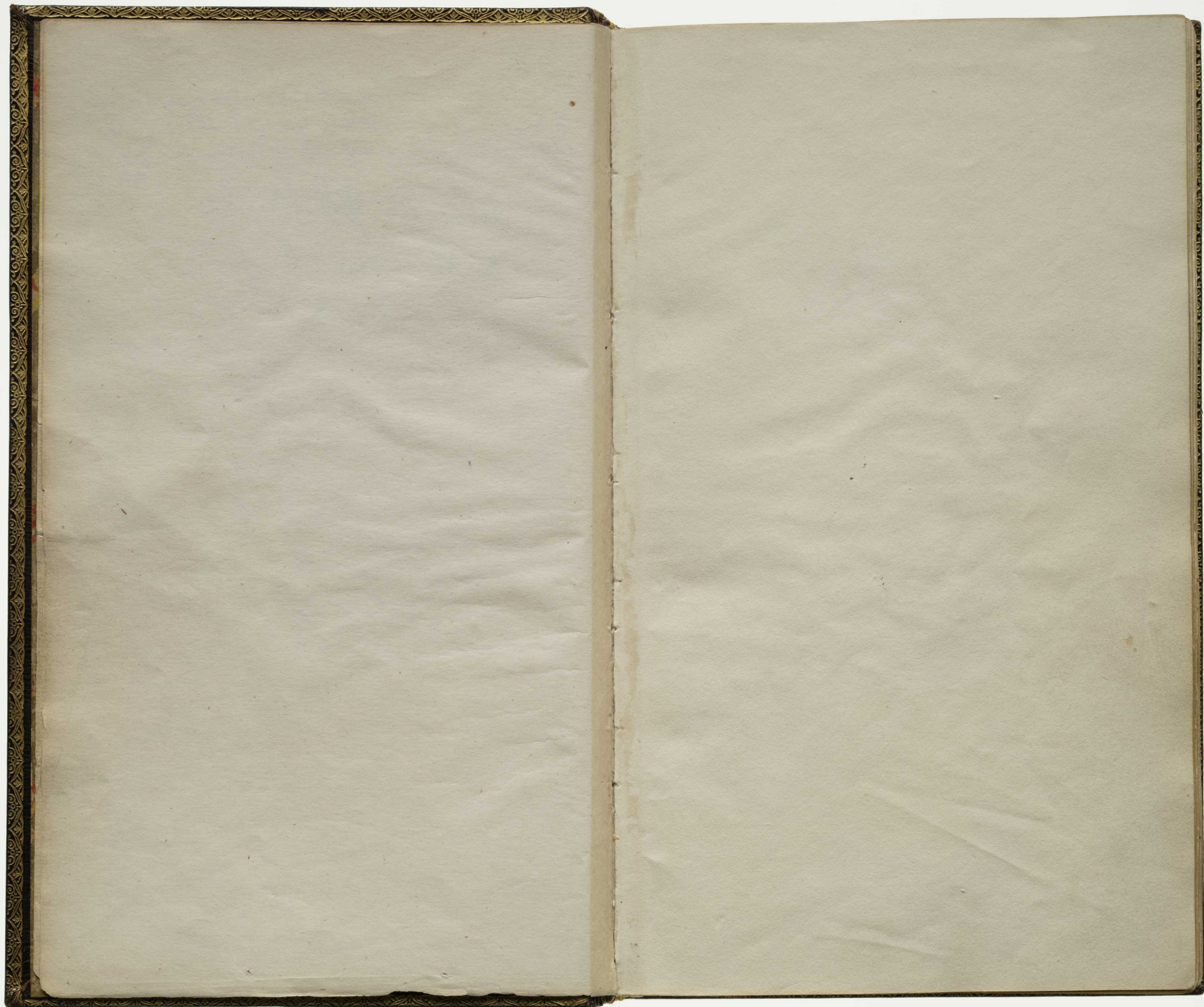
Oct 6. 1871.

Devoted by my uncle. Sir  
Frederic Arthur Gordon  
to be given to  
(for the Blake Trust)

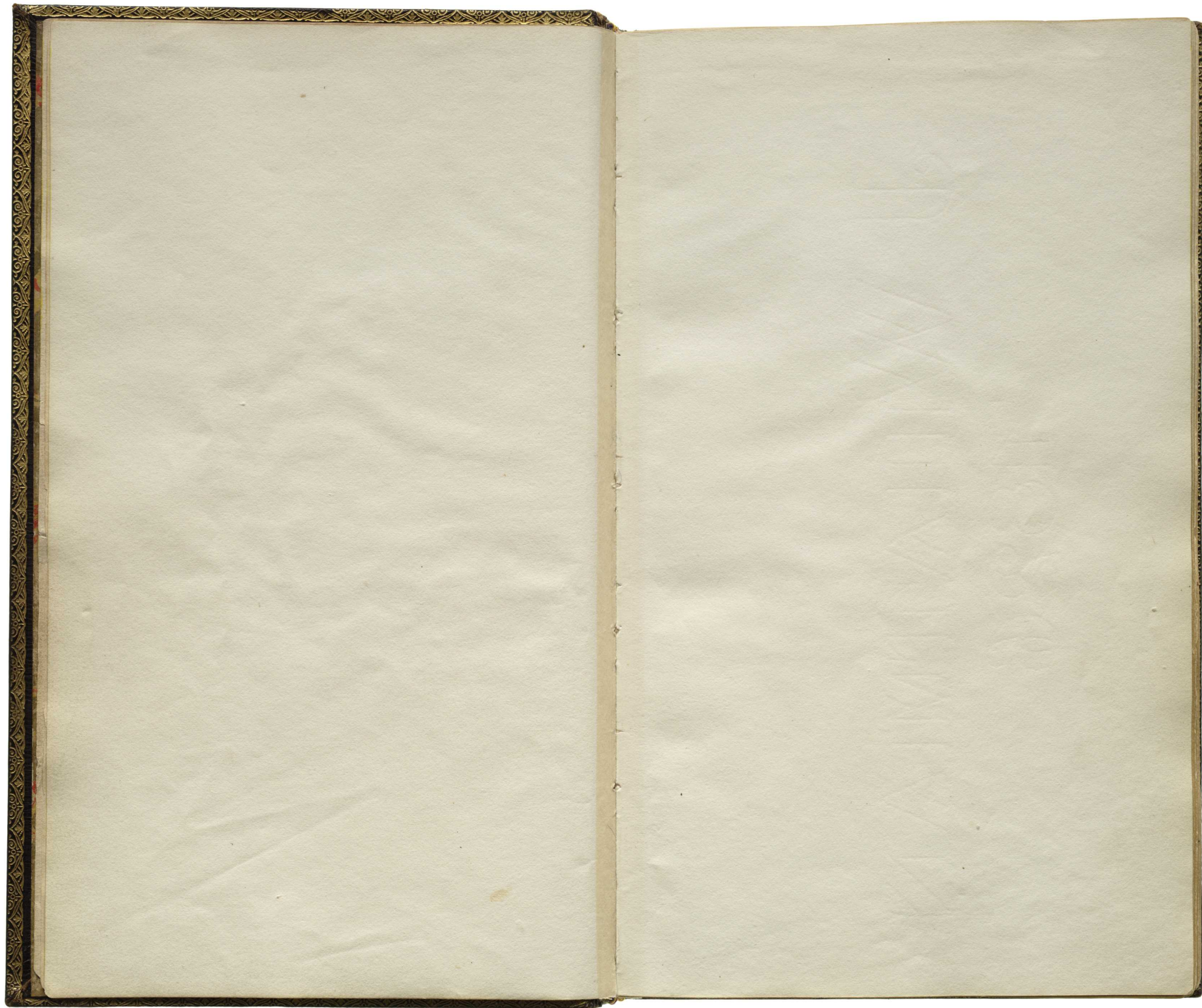
20.6.1900

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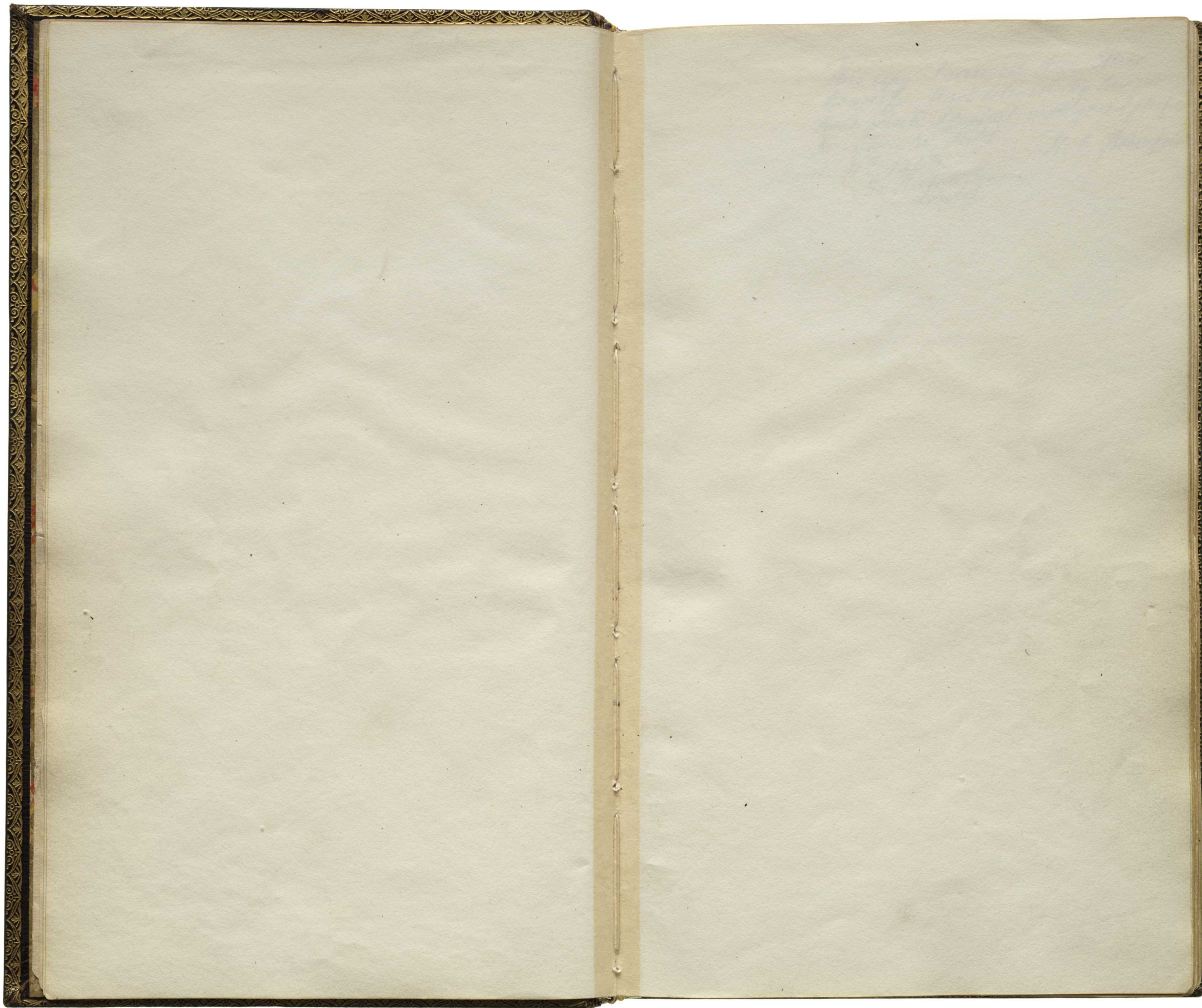














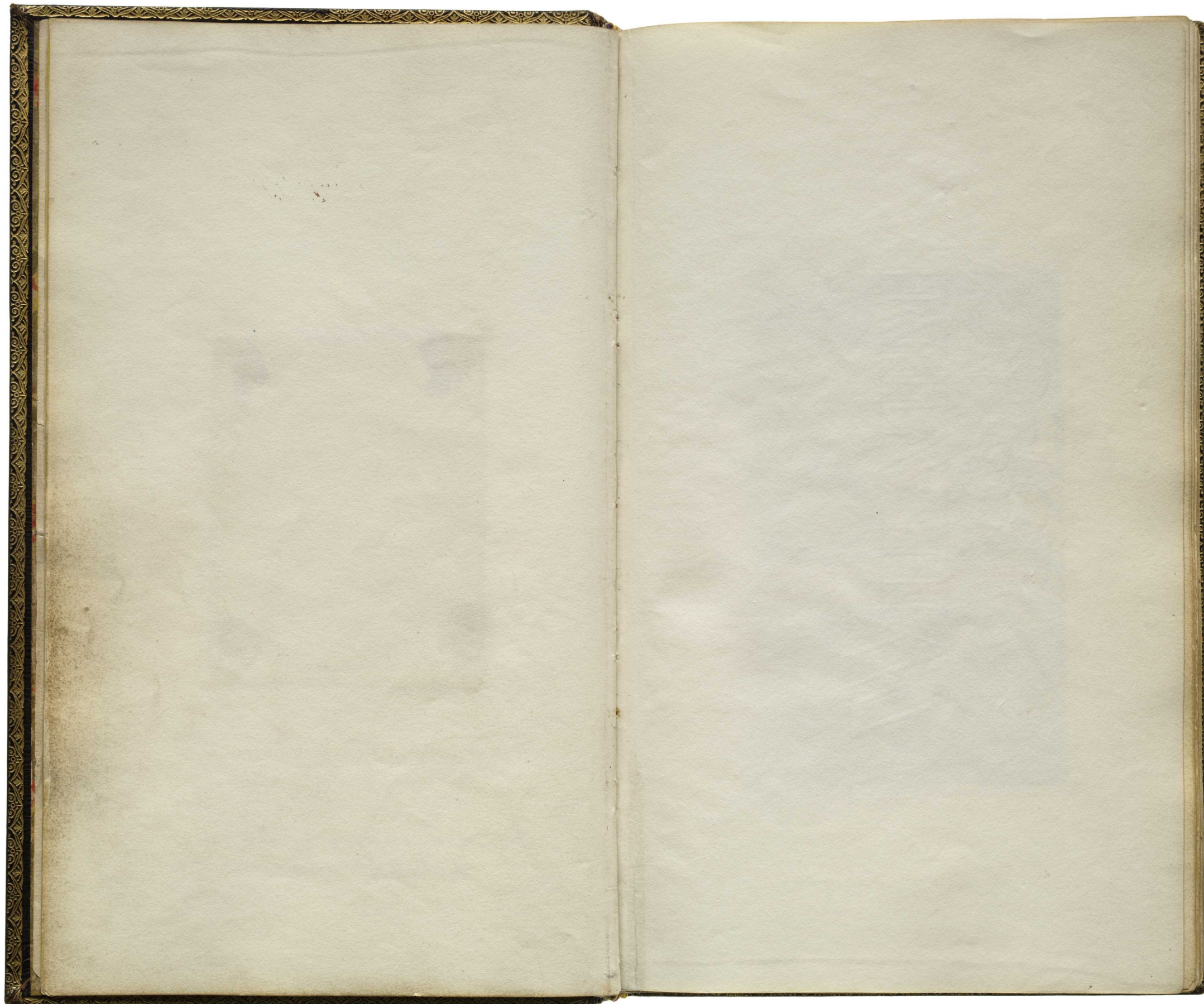
This copy I received from Blake  
himself— And coloured by his own  
hand which I present with great pleasure  
to Edwin W. Field— H. L. Robinson  
March 11<sup>th</sup> 1863.  
30 Russell Square  
London.



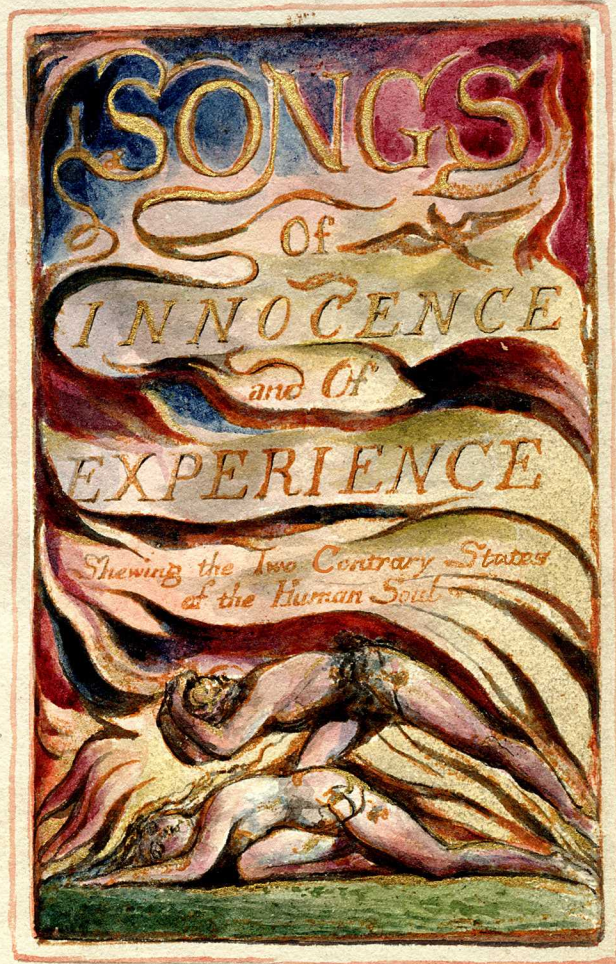


From a miniature by Linnell  
by whom this photo was given to me  
Oct 1854  
C. W. Allen

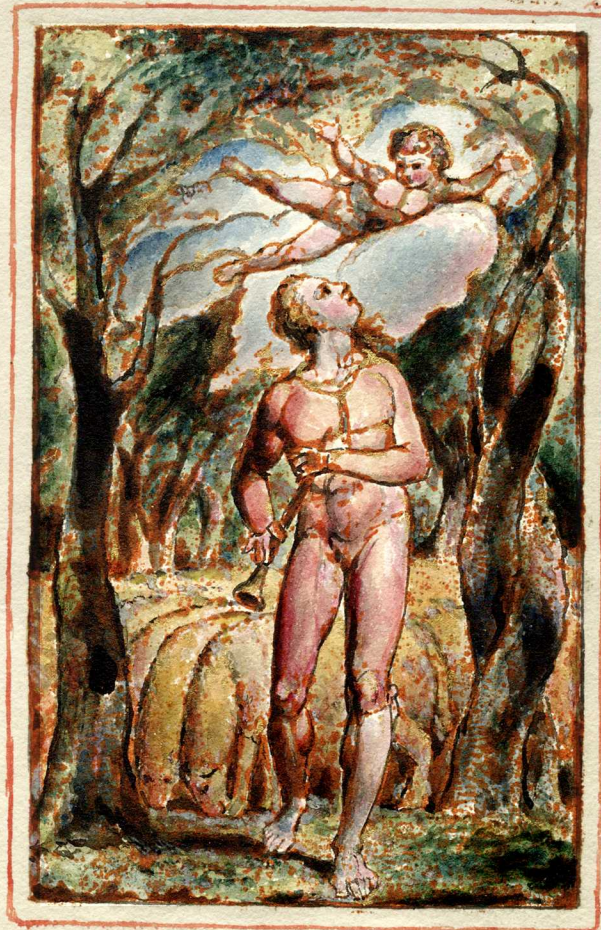


















## Introduction

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 plucked a hollow reed

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



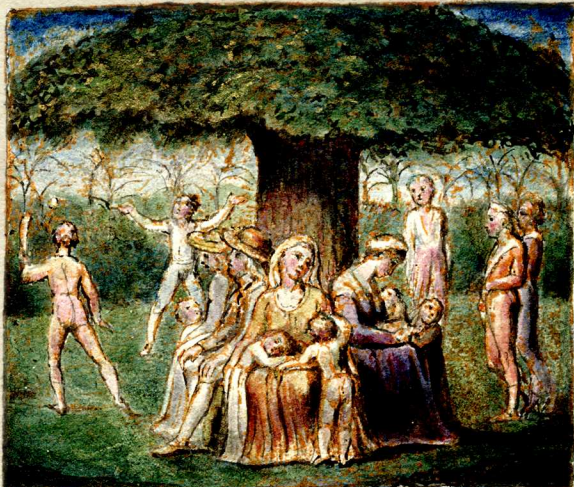
## The Shepherd

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 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.





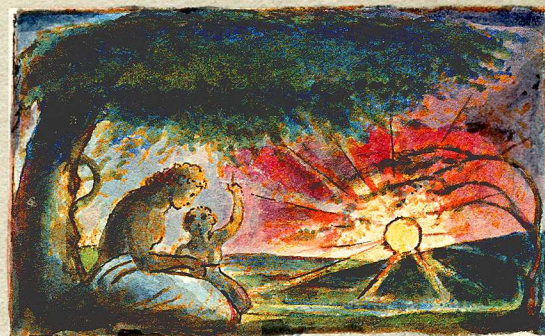
# The Lamb

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  
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.  
There's little Tom Dacre who cried when his head  
That curl'd like a lamb's 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.  
The 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 sea 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.





## 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 o'er 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 naker lay and wept for me.

Wept









## 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.







# 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 now  
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.  
And sit down by their bed.



When wolves and hyerest be for prey  
 They pining stand and weep;  
 Seeking to drive their throat 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 pining 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  
 Grasp thee and weep.  
 For wash'd in lifes river  
 Thy 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







# 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 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









# 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 solorn  
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 an infants tear.

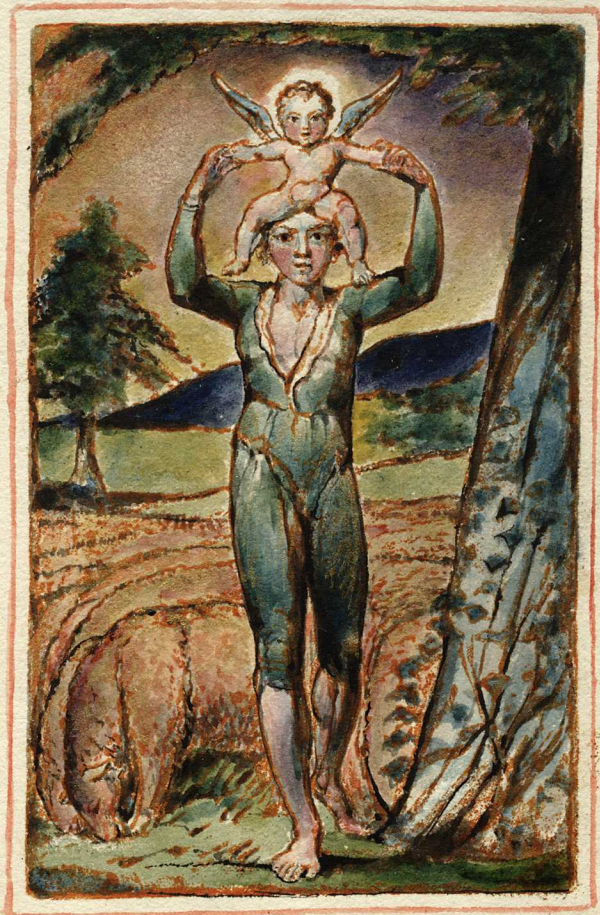
And not sit both night & day  
Wiping all our tears away.  
O no never can it be.  
Never never can it be.

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.











## 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 controul  
The starry pole;  
And fallen fallen light renew!

O Earth O Earth return!  
Arise from out the dazy grails;  
Night is worn,  
And the morn  
Rises from the slumberous mists.

Turn away no more:  
Why wilt thou turn away  
The starry floor  
The watry shore  
Is given 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 hear  
Weeping o'er reason  
I hear the father of the ancient men

Selfish father of men  
Cruel jealous selfish fear  
Can delight  
Chained 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 bone!  
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 Hell's despair.

So sang a little Clod of Clay,  
Trodden 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 it sees,  
And builds a Hell in Heavens despite.









# 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's neck:  
And the desert wild  
Become a garden mild.

In the southern clime,  
Where the summers prime,  
Never fades away:  
Lovely Lycia lay.

Seven summers old  
Lovely Lycia told,  
She had wander'd long,  
Hearing wild birds song.

Sweet sleep come to me  
Underneath this tree:  
Do father, mother weep,  
Where can Lycia sleep?

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

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

Frowning frowning is she,  
O'er this desert bright,  
Let my moon arise,  
While I close my eyes.

Sleeping Lycia lay,  
While the beasts of prey,  
Came from caverns deep,  
View'd the maid asleep.

The king, lion good,  
And the virgin proud,  
Then he gambol'd round  
O'er the hallow'd 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 lioness  
 Loos'd her slender dress,  
 And naked they congy'd,  
 To cove 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 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  
Evea lies asleep.

Then they followed  
Where the vision led:  
And saw their sleeping child  
Among hygers 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.











### 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 quiver's play,  
 Thy thoughtless hand  
 Has brushed away.

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

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.

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







### The Angel

I Dreamt a Dream, what can it mean,  
And that I was a maiden Queen;  
Guarded by an Angel mild;  
Woe's 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:  
For the morn blushed rosy red,  
I dried my tears to 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 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

Does Mother, dear Mother, the Church is cold,  
 But the Ale-house is healthy & pleasant & warm;  
 Besides I can tell where I am useful well,  
 Such wages 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 life-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, goodlast dame Church, who is always at Church,  
 Would not have bawdy children nor fasting nor hush.  
 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 tugs at his 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 fawn 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 tears,  
Night & morning with my tears;  
And I sunned it with my 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

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 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 striped 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 Albion's 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 sweetest 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.

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







## 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.



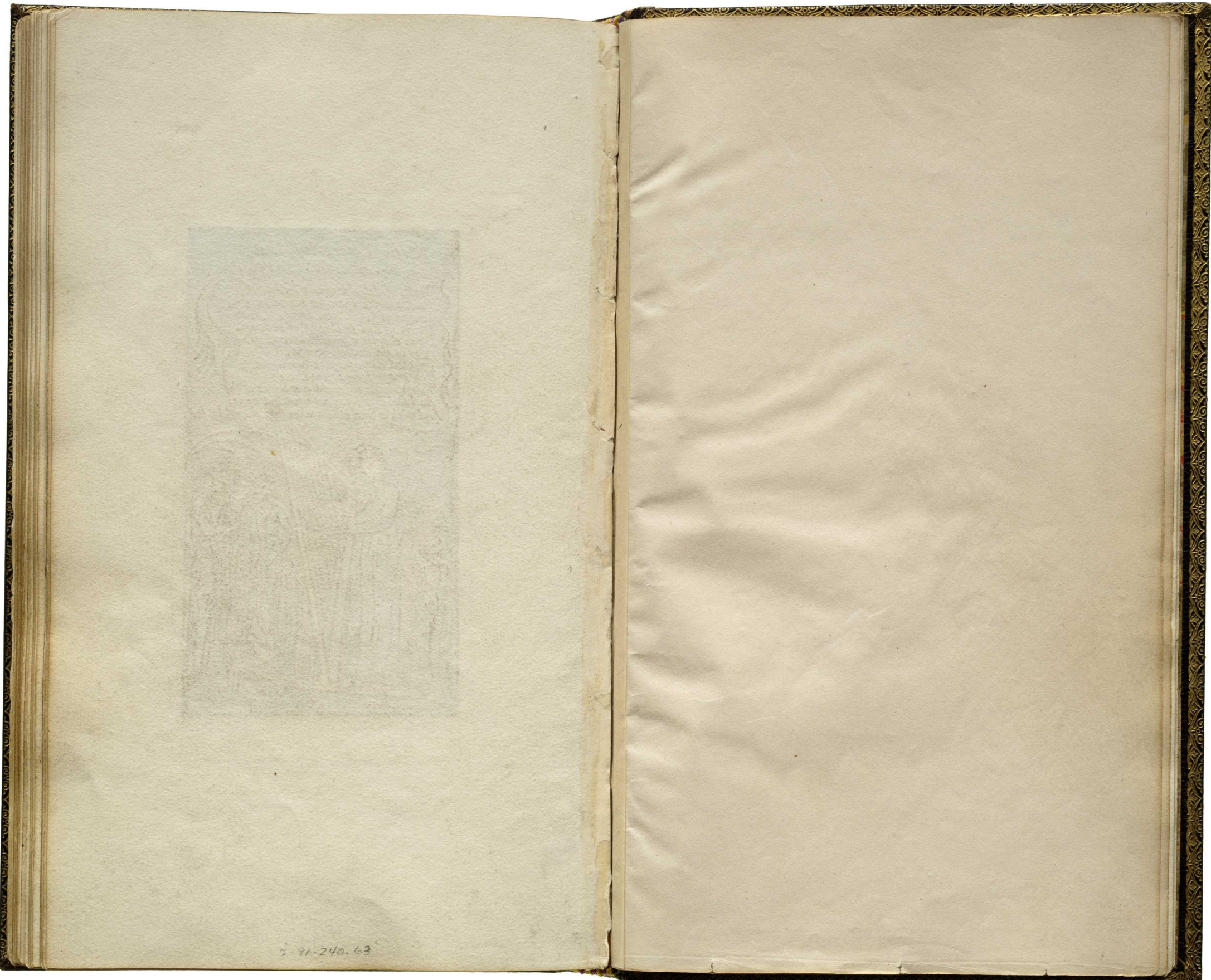


*The Voice of the  
Ancient Bard.*

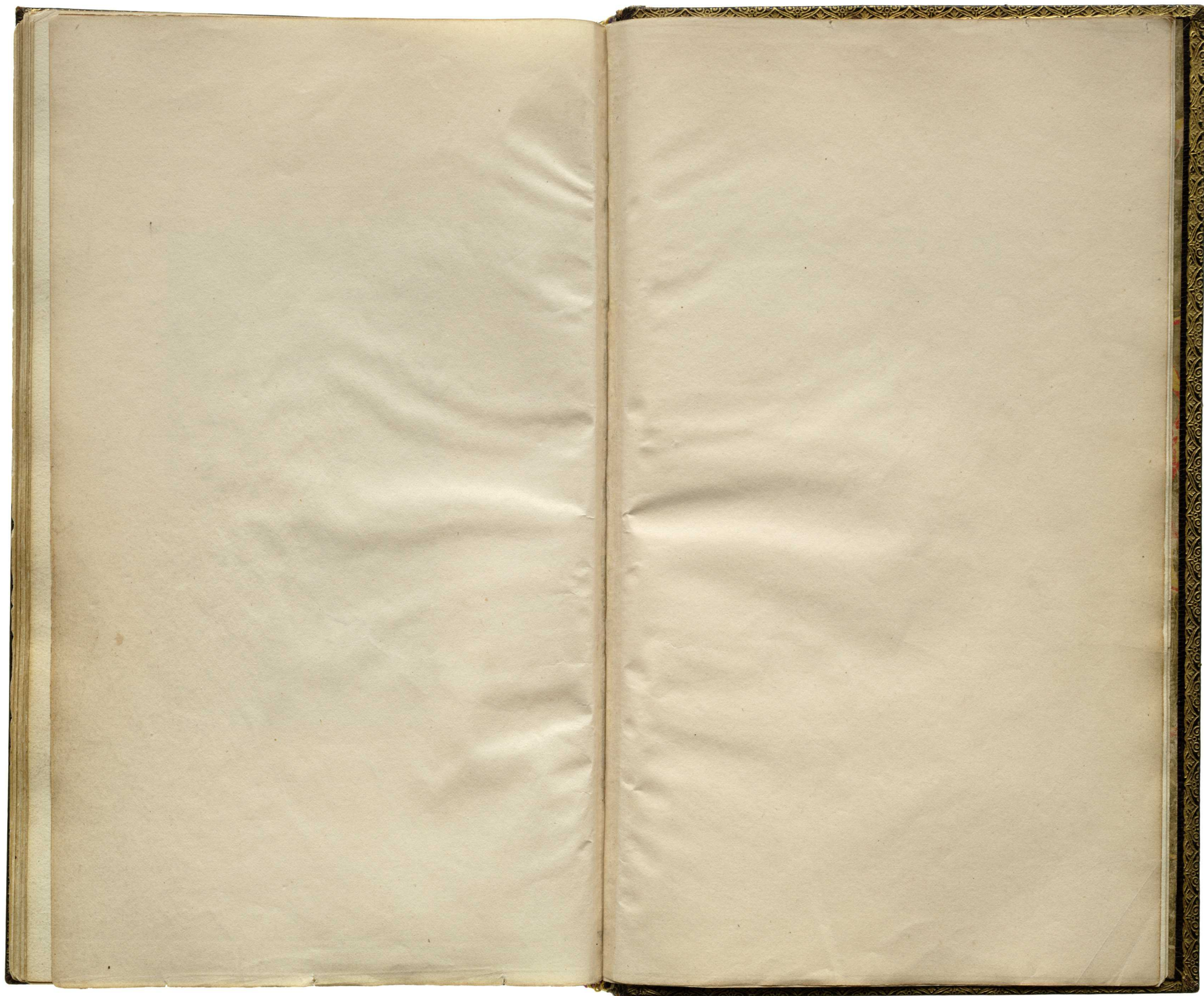
Youth of delight come hither.  
And see the opening morn.  
Image of truth new born.  
Doubt is fled & clouds of reason.  
Dark disputes & artful teasing.  
Folly is an endless maze.  
Tangled ivots perplex her ways.  
How many have fallen there!  
They stumble all night over bones of the dead.  
And feel they know not what but care.  
And wish to lead others when they should be led.



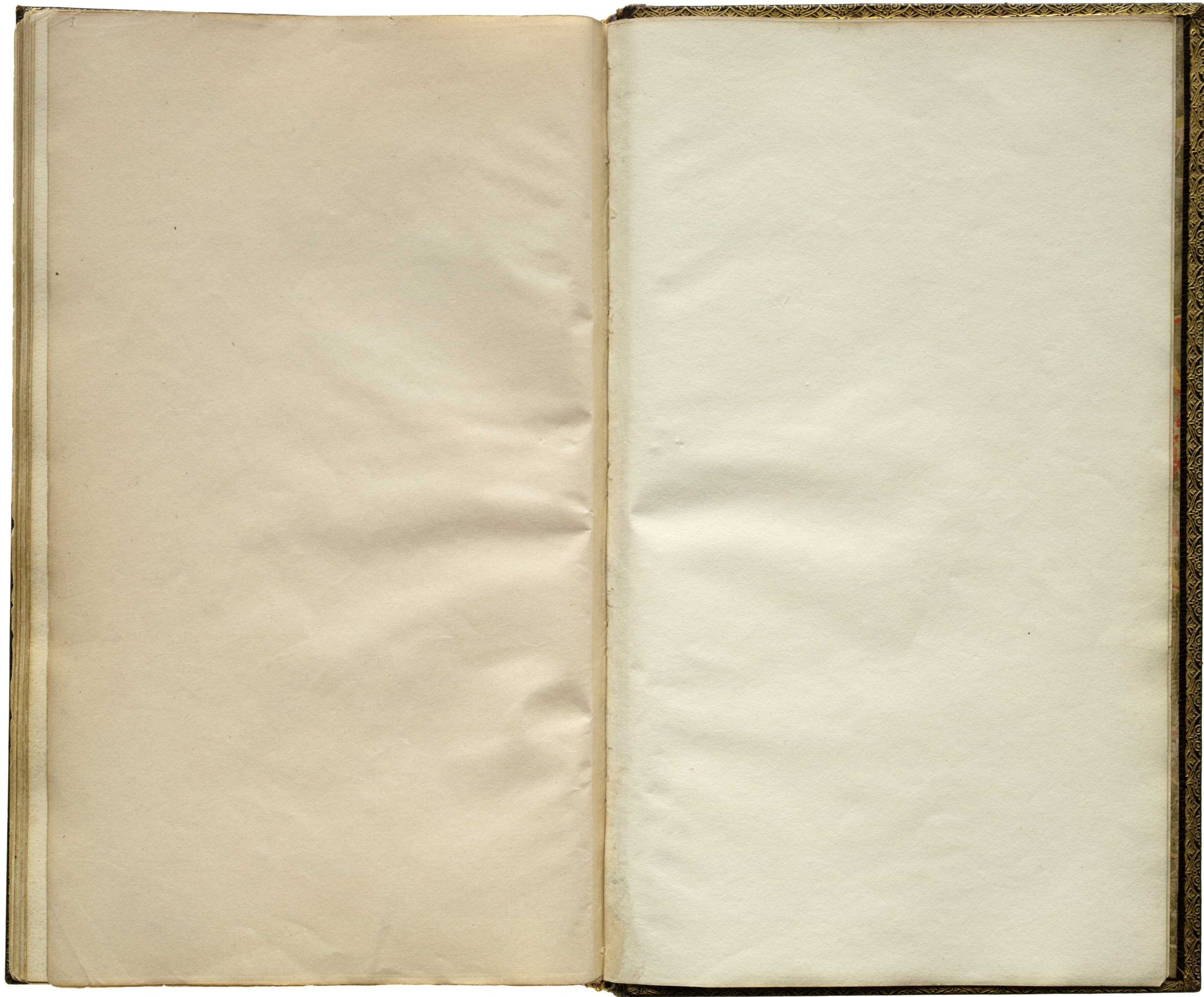




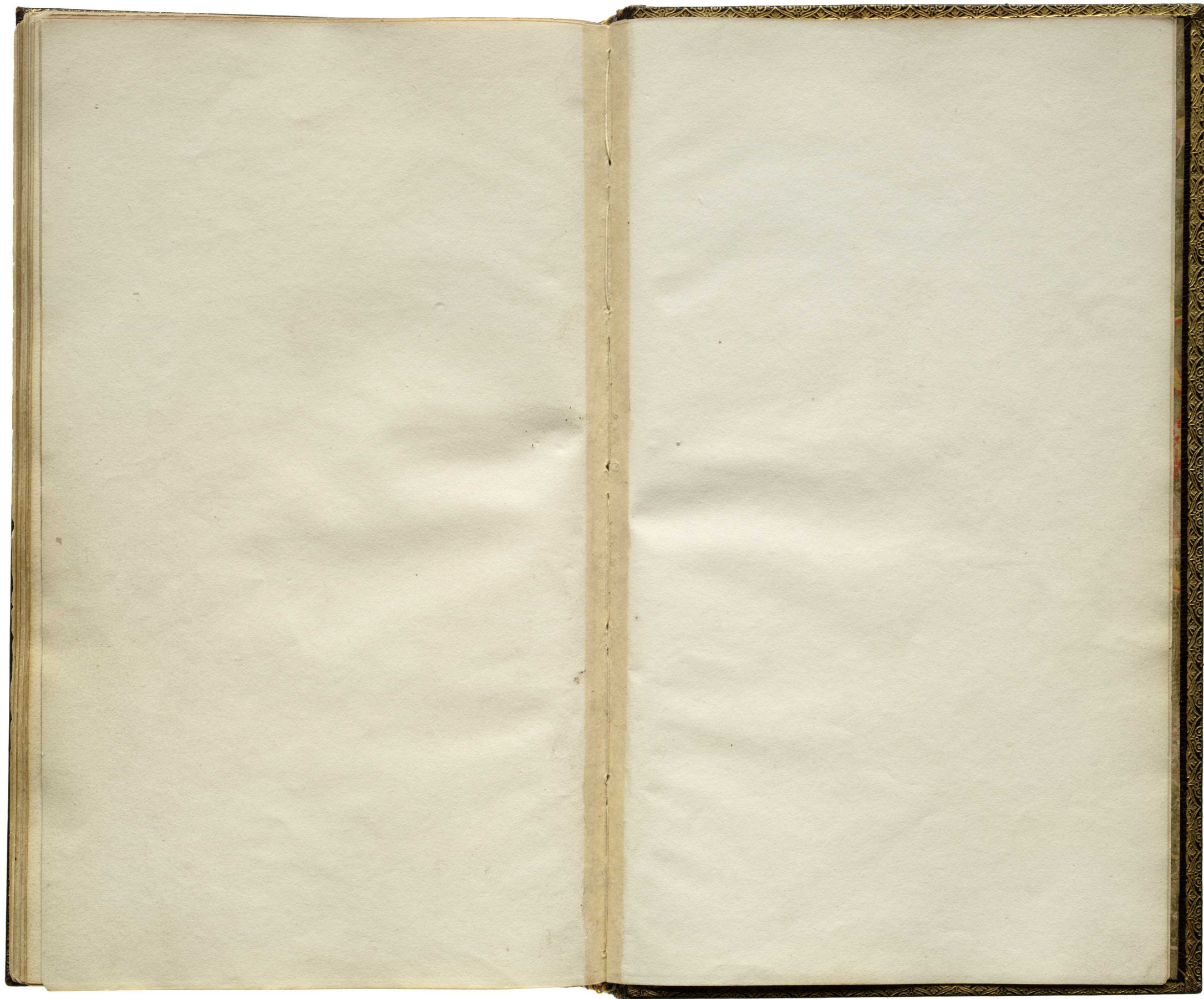




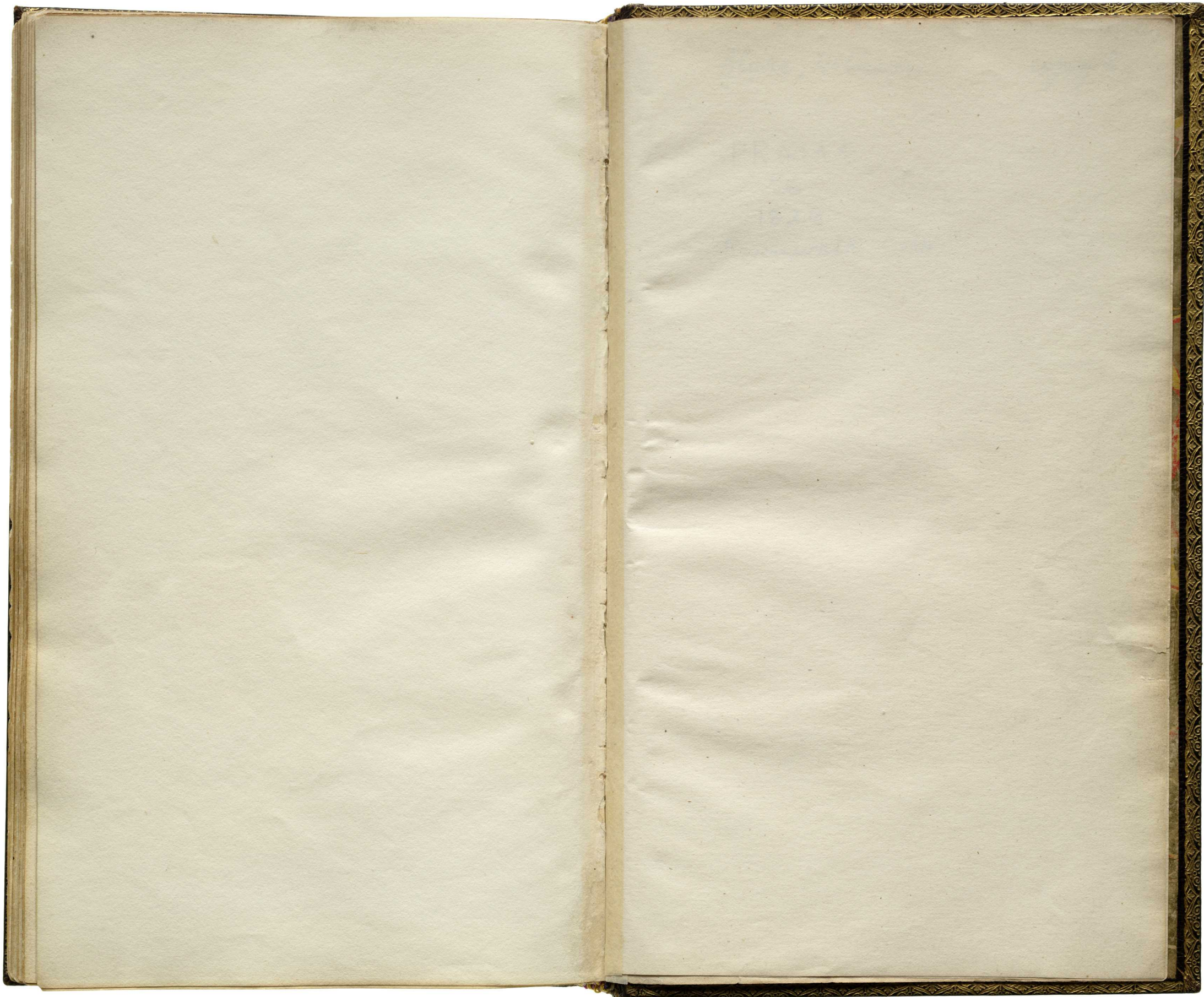














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