



POETRY FOUNDATION

Auguries of Innocence

BY WILLIAM BLAKE

To see a World in a Grain of Sand

A view of the world being
Small and worthless

And a Heaven in a Wild Flower

Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand

And Eternity in an hour

Rhyming

A Robin Red breast in a Cage

Similarities, both heaven
and hell don't enjoy animal
cruelty

Puts all Heaven in a Rage

A Dove house filld with Doves & Pigeons

not a rhyme >:(

Shudders Hell thr' all its regions

A dog starvd at his Masters Gate

Odyssey reference
dog

Predicts the ruin of the State

A Horse misusd upon the Road

Calls to Heaven for Human blood

Each outcry of the hunted Hare

Reference from inspired
Drive your plow?

A fibre from the Brain does tear

A Skylark wounded in the wing

A Cherubim does cease to sing

The Game Cock clipd & armd for fight

animals have ties
to both heaven and
hell

Does the Rising Sun affright

Every Wolfs & Lions howl

Raises from Hell a Human Soul

The wild deer, wandring here & there

Keeps the Human Soul from Care

The Lamb misusd breeds Public Strife

A statement on morality
and human desire to feed

And yet forgives the Butchers knife

The Bat that flits at close of Eve

Has left the Brain that wont Believe

Continuously shows
similarities between
nature

The Owl that calls upon the Night

Speaks the Unbelievers fright

He who shall hurt the little Wren

Shall never be belovd by Men

Dustoposmen &
women

He who the Ox to wrath has movd

Shall never be by Woman lov'd

no maidens?

0:39 AM

The wanton Boy that kills the Fly
 Shall feel the Spiders enmity
 He who torments the Chafers Sprite
 Weaves a Bower in endless Night
 The Catterpillar on the Leaf
 Repeats to thee thy Mothers grief
 Kill not the Moth nor Butterfly
 For the Last Judgment draweth nigh
 He who shall train the Horse to War
 Shall never pass the Polar Bar
 The Beggars Dog & Widows Cat
 Feed them & thou wilt grow fat
 The Gnat that sings his Summers Song
 Poison gets from Slanders tongue
 The poison of the Snake & Newt
 Is the sweat of Envy's Foot
 The poison of the Honey Bee
 Is the Artists Jealousy
 The Princes Robes & Beggars Rags
 Are Toadstools on the Misers Bags
 A Truth thats told with bad intent
 Beats all the Lies you can invent
 It is right it should be so
 Man was made for Joy & Woe
 And when this we rightly know
 Thro the World we safely go
 Joy & Woe are woven fine
 A Clothing for the soul divine
 Under every grief & pine
 Runs a joy with silken twine
 The Babe is more than swaddling Bands
 Throughout all these Human Lands
 Tools were made & Born were hands
 Every Farmer Understands
 Every Tear from Every Eye
 Becomes a Babe in Eternity
 This is caught by Females bright
 And returned to its own delight
 The Bleat the Bark Bellow & Roar
 Are Waves that Beat on Heavens Shore
 The Babe that weeps the Rod beneath

Boy kills fly, Not thinking
 about how it affects the spider
 change may be bad?
 Family is everything?
 direct connection to previous line
 continuation of
 treating animals kindly
 Gnat and other creatures
 get unnecessary hate
 Snake: symbol of envy
 Interesting. However bees do
 not have poison
 juxtaposition of
 Rich & poor
 True hurts
 Joy and woe must
 exist because one
 does not exist without
 the other.
 Feelings are balanced
 Interesting. Tools before
 hands?
 Farmers understand
 tears due to water
 Alive and unalive
 Nature

Writes Revenge in realms of Death

The Beggars Rags fluttering in Air

Does to Rags the Heavens tear

suffering affects heaven

The Soldier armed with Sword & Gun

Palsied strikes the Summers Sun

Suffering should be

The poor Mans Farthing is worth more

worth more than
materialism

Than all the Gold on Africs Shore

One Mite wrung from the Labrers hands

Shall buy & sell the Misers Lands

Or if protected from on high

the poor mans labor
keeps the economy going

Does that whole Nation sell & buy

He who mocks the Infants Faith

Shall be mockd in Age & Death

Don't show a pure
soul impurity too
early

He who shall teach the Child to Doubt

The rotting Grave shall neer get out

He who respects the Infants faith

Triumphs over Hell & Death

The Childs Toys & the Old Mans Reasons

juxtaposes
materialism and virtue/wisdom

Are the Fruits of the Two seasons

The Questioner who sits so sly

Listen & reply, not just ask

Shall never know how to Reply

He who replies to words of Doubt

Doubt should be a
self-discovery

Doth put the Light of Knowledge out

The Strongest Poison ever known

Julius Caesar
Reference.

Came from Caesars Laurel Crown

Nought can Deform the Human Race

the pain that he brought to Rome

Like to the Armours iron brace

Indomitable human spirit

When Gold & Gems adorn the Plow

To peaceful Arts shall Envy Bow

A Riddle or the Crickets Cry

Asking questions

Is to Doubt a fit Reply

The Emmets Inch & Eagles Mile

Reminds me of my own philosophy class

Make Lame Philosophy to smile

He who Doubts from what he sees

Will neer Believe do what you Please

If the Sun & Moon should Doubt

Important people it is important
to not have doubt

Theyd immediately Go out

To be in a Passion you Good may Do

But no Good if a Passion is in you

The Whore & Gambler by the State

Licensed build that Nations Fate

Passion and good is always mixed

Even people of less status or acceptability
build society.

39 AM
The Harlots cry from Street to Street
Shall weave Old Englands winding Sheet
The Winners Shout the Losers Curse More juxtaposition
Dance before dead Englands Hearse

Every Night & every Morn

Some to Misery are Born

Every Morn and every Night

Some are Born to sweet delight

Some are Born to sweet delight

Some are Born to Endless Night

We are led to Believe a Lie

When we see not Thro the Eye

Which was Born in a Night to perish in a Night

When the Soul Slept in Beams of Light

God Appears & God is Light

To those poor Souls who dwell in Night

But does a Human Form Display

To those who Dwell in Realms of day

What are humans to Gods?

Juxtaposes the types of birth
circumstances.

circumstances of ones birth
are different

God seems to locally
even if they are in the dark

Source: *Poets of the English Language* (Viking Press, 1950)

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