

IL MONDO INDUSTRIALE DI WILLIAM BLAKE

Se con Wordsworth abbiamo visto un'esaltazione della natura, con William Blake la storia sarà ben diversa.

Nella poesia "London" tratta dalla raccolta di poesie "*Songs of Experience*" pubblicate nel 1794 Blake dà la sua visione della città, dei problemi e la sofferenza che ha portato l'industrializzazione, facendo risaltare gli orrori che il popolo di Londra è costretto ad affrontare.

Gli effetti della rivoluzione industriale sono stati sicuramente vantaggiosi per le classi più elevate ma, come possiamo vedere da questa poesia (*Chimney Sweeper*) che tratta di bambini ipersfruttati e si sofferma sull'immensa miseria nella quale le classi più povere dovevano vivere, si trattava di un progresso a favore solamente dei più agiati, i quali vivevano tenendosi in piedi sulle fragili braccia della classe inferiore.

La natura è assente, tra le parole di Blake emergono solo sensazioni di miseria e di grigiore che infestano le vie di una Londra che ormai è stata privata anche della luce del sole.

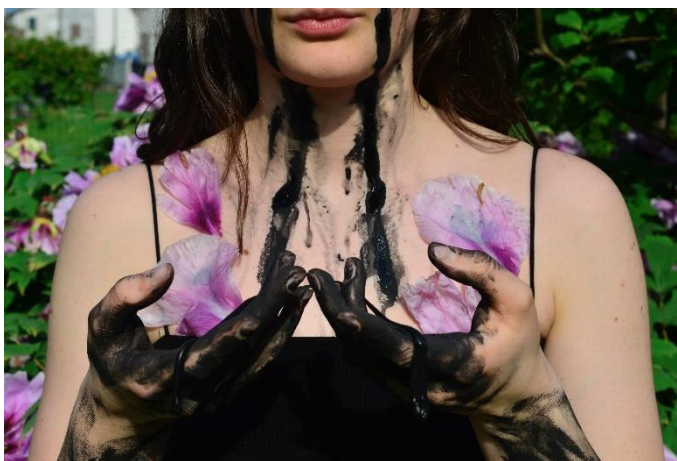
London

*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. (4)*

*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. (8)*

*How the Chimney-sweeper's cry
Every black'ning Church appalls,
And the hapless Soldier's sigh
Runs in blood down Palace walls. (12)*

*But most, thro' midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlot's curse
Blasts the new-born Infants tear,
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse. (16)*



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 curled like a lamb's back, was shaved, 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 locked up in coffins of black;*

*And by came an Angel who had a bright key,
And he opened 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.
Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy & warm;
So if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.*