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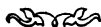
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SONGS OF INNOCENCE  
AND EXPERIENCE.





SONGS OF INNOCENCE  
AND EXPERIENCE

WITH OTHER POEMS

By W BLAKE



LONDON  
BASIL MONTAGU PICKERING  
196 PICCADILLY  
1866.



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## PREFACE.

**T**HE Poems of **WILLIAM BLAKE** are here for the first time printed in their integrity. Dr. Wilkinson, the editor of Swedenborg, who published an edition of the Songs of Innocence and Experience in 1839, and Mr. Dante G. Rossetti, who superintended their republication in Gilchrist's Life of Blake in 1863, both thought fit, the latter more especially, to alter the poems considerably, so that they rather appear as these gentlemen considered they should have been written, than as they actually were written. Such amendments have seemed to the present writer altogether contrary to the true principles of editing. The present volume is a verbatim reprint of the original edition as regards the Songs of Innocence and Experience, and the Miscellaneous Poems at the end of the collection are printed from Blake's own manuscript, now in the possession of the Publisher. The editor has taken no further liberty with the

original than to modernize the spelling and punctuation, of which Blake was very careless. In one poem a stanza, and in another a couplet, have been suppressed for sufficient reasons, and asterisks substituted.

Dr. Wilkinson's edition, issued by the father of the present Publisher, in 1839, has become very scarce; and as it was thought, independently of the above considerations, that many persons might desire to possess the poems separately from the other matter in the late Mr. Gilchrist's beautiful and costly volumes, we determined to offer to the public a new and enlarged edition. Two poems appear here which were excluded by Mr. Rossetti.

That the poems of William Blake should have been long neglected was but the natural consequence both of the apathy of the time and of the unusual manner of their publication—if publication it can, indeed, be called.

"It consisted," says Mr. Gilchrist, "in a species of engraving in relief both words and designs. The verse was written, and the designs and marginal embellishments outlined on the copper with an impervious liquid, probably the ordinary stopping-out varnish of engravers. Then all the white parts or lights, the remainder of the plate

“ that is, were eaten away with aquafortis or other acid, so that the outline of letter and design was left prominent as in stereotype. From these plates he printed off in any tint, yellow, brown, blue, required to be the prevailing, or ground colour in his facsimiles ; red he used for the letter-press. The page was then coloured up by hand in imitation of the original drawing, with more or less variety of detail in the local hues.” \*

It is not extraordinary that a book appearing in this way should have failed to attract the attention of an age which applauded the mediocrities of Hayley and Jerminham, and which refused to read or to buy the Lyrical Ballads in ordinary “ hot-pressed twelves.”

To William Blake must, however, be accorded the merit of having been the first to inaugurate the return to simplicity and nature in his poetry, from which the school of Pope and his feeble imitators had so widely departed. He preceded Wordsworth by nearly ten years, the Songs of Innocence appearing in 1789, and the Songs of Experience in 1794 ; yet the reader will be struck by the remarkable resemblance in tone and style, the similarities of subject

\* Gilchrist's *Life of Blake*, (Lond. 1863), i. 69.

and metre, between these poems and the earlier poems of Wordsworth; such pieces as the Idiot Boy, Goody Blake and Harry Gill, Poor Susan, The Two Thieves, Rural Architecture, and all that class of poems which drew down on Wordsworth the ridicule of Jeffrey and the short-sighted critics of that period. There is precisely the same exquisite tenderness and noble simplicity in Blake. Some dozen of his Songs of Innocence might assuredly have been printed in the Lyrical Ballads and have passed for Wordsworth's, and on the whole the attentive student who follows out this hint, which cannot in this place be further enlarged on, with the two books before him, will discover coincidences of thought and expression which are very remarkable. Wordsworth did not, however, see the poems of Blake till a later period, when he spoke of them with a generous admiration, which he did not often accord to the writings of his contemporaries. Charles Lamb also loved these poems, as so kind and simple-hearted a man could not fail to love them, and Allan Cunningham spoke of them with warm praise in his *Lives of the Painters*, nearly forty years ago.\*

\* See *Lives of the Most Eminent British Painters*, by Allan Cunningham, (Lond. 1830), ii. 143-188.

Nevertheless, the fame of Blake as a poet has not kept pace with his fame as an artist. His original volumes, it is true, are sold for fabulous prices ; but probably more on account of the embellishments than the poetry. Certain it is that no poet can expect to survive who depends on illustrated or illuminated editions for his celebrity.\* We think, however, that the poems of William Blake are destined at length to meet with a full though tardy recognition, and that they will therefore be welcome without such adventitious aid ; that they will be cherished by children for their purity and simplicity, and by grown-up men and women for the deeper meanings which always underlie the most simple of them :—

“ Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.”

There is something sublime in the spirit of child-like innocence and Christian rebuke of worldliness and hardheartedness that pervades these productions. He sums up all the commandments under the precept, “ Little children, love one another. For love is the fulfilling of the law. He that loveth not, knoweth not God ; for God is love.”

Some of his poems would doubtless have been

\* As the fast-waning fame of Rogers may show.

improved by additional polish : there are many harsh and rugged lines, many with an imperfect number of feet. His ear seems to have been uncertain ; and sometimes, as in " The Little Vagabond," he forgets to rhyme, or makes the same word do duty in lieu of a rhyme. He also now and then uses a singular verb for a plural and *vice versâ*. But a reader who should be greatly offended by these occasional inaccuracies would be quite incapable of appreciating his higher beauties : the matter makes us forget the manner.

Despite what has been said above, he sometimes attains a perfection of lyrical expression in his shorter pieces unequalled except in Shakespeare and Tennyson, and evidently due to a reverential study of the earlier models, as well as of the great fountain of Nature from which they drew their inspiration.





SONGS OF INNOCENCE.



**B**







## SONGS OF INNOCENCE.

### 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.

*SONGS OF*

“Piper, sit thee down and write  
In a book that all may read—”  
So he vanish'd 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.

**H**OW 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 lamb's innocent call,  
And he hears the ewe's tender reply ;  
He is watchful while they are in peace,  
For they know when their shepherd is nigh.



## THE ECHOING GREEN.

**T**HE sun does arise  
And make happy the skies ;  
The merry bells ring  
To welcome the Spring ;  
The skylark 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.  
They laugh at our play,  
And soon they all say :  
“ Such, such were the joys  
When we, all girls and boys,  
In our youthtime 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 LAMB.

**L**ITTLE lamb, who made thee ?  
Dost thou know who made thee,  
Gave thee life and bid thee feed  
By the stream and 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 and He is mild,  
He became a little child.  
I a child and thou a lamb,  
We are called by His name.  
Little lamb, God bless thee,  
Little lamb, God bless thee.

## THE LITTLE BLACK BOY.

**M**Y mother bore me in the southern wild,  
And I am black, but oh! my soul is white;  
White as an angel is the English child,  
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,  
And sitting down before the heat of day,  
She took me on her lap, and kissed 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  
Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.



“ For when our souls have learnt the heat to bear,  
The clouds will vanish, we shall hear His voice,  
Saying, ‘ Come out from the grove, my love and care,  
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.’ ”

Thus did my mother say, and kissed 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 Father’s knee ;  
And then I’ll stand, and stroke his silver hair,  
And be like him, and he will then love me.”



## THE BLOSSOM.

**M**ERRY, 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.

**W**HEN 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 and in soot I sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre,\* who cried when his head,  
That curl'd 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; and that very night,  
As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight,  
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and 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 and set them all free;  
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing they run,  
And wash in a river and shine in the sun.

---

\* Charles Lamb, who sent the above poem as a contribution to a volume entitled "The Chimney Sweeper's Album," mischievously altered this name to "Tom *Toddy*."—ED.

Then naked and 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 and never want joy.

And so Tom awoke ; and we rose in the dark,  
And got with our bags and our brushes to work.  
Tho' the morning was cold Tom was happy and 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 mire was deep and 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,  
Appear'd like his father in white :

He kiss'd the child, and 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 infant's 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, mother's smiles,  
All the livelong night beguiles.

Sweet moans, dove-like sighs,  
Chase not slumber from thy eyes.  
Sweet moans, sweeter smiles,  
All the dovelike moans beguiles.

Sleep, sleep, happy child,  
All creation slept and smiled ;  
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.

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 and earth to peace beguiles.





## THE DIVINE IMAGE.

**T**O mercy, pity, peace, and love  
All pray in their distress ;  
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 distress,  
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, and pity dwell,  
There God is dwelling too.



## HOLY THURSDAY.

'TWAS on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces  
clean,  
The children walking two and two, in red and blue and  
green,  
Grey-headed beadles walk'd before, with wands as  
white as snow,  
Till into the high dome of Paul's they like Thames'  
waters flow.

O what a multitude they seem'd, these flowers of  
London town ;  
Seated in companies, they sit with radiance all their  
own.  
The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of  
lambs,  
Thousands of little boys and 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 sit the aged men, wise guardians of  
the poor ;

Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your  
door.



## NIGHT.

**T**HE 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 heaven's 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 cover'd 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  
Receive each mild spirit,  
New worlds to inherit.

And there the lion's 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, 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,  
Graze after thee, and weep.  
For, wash'd in life's river,  
My 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 year.

Little boy,  
Full of joy ;  
Little girl,  
Sweet and small ;  
Cock does crow,  
So do you.  
Merry voice,  
Infant noise,

Merrily, merrily, to welcome in the year.

E



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.



## NURSE'S SONG.

**W**HEN 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 everything else is still.

Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,  
And the dews 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 cover'd with sheep.

Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,  
And then go home to bed.  
The little ones leap'd and shouted and laugh'd,  
And all the hills echo'd.

## 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 !



## 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 forlorn,  
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 dropt 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 beetle's hum ;  
Little wanderer, hie thee home."



## LAUGHING SONG.

**W**HEN 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,  
When our table with cherries and nuts is spread,  
Come live and be happy and join with me  
To sing the sweet chorus of Ha, ha, he !



## THE SCHOOL-BOY.

**I** LOVE to rise on 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,—  
Oh 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 learning's bower,  
Worn through 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 and mother, if buds are nipt,  
    And blossoms blown away,  
And if the tender plants are stript  
    Of their joy in the springing day,  
    By sorrow and care's dismay—

How shall the Summer arise in joy,  
    Or the summer fruits appear ?  
Or how shall we gather what griefs destroy,  
    Or bless the mellowing year,  
    When the blasts of Winter appear ?





## ON ANOTHER'S SORROW

**C**AN 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 sorrow's 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 bird's grief and 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 infant's tear ;

And not sit, both night and 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 and gone  
He doth sit by us and moan.

THE VOICE OF THE ANCIENT  
BARD.

**Y**OUTH of delight, come hither  
And see the opening morn,  
Image of truth new-born.  
Doubt is fled and clouds of reason,  
Dark disputes and 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.





# SONGS OF EXPERIENCE.



Turn away no more :  
Why wilt thou turn away ?  
The starry floor,  
The watery shore,  
Are given thee till the break of day.



EARTH'S ANSWER.

**E**ARTH raised up her head  
 From the darkness dread and drear.  
 Her light fled,  
 Stony dread !  
 And her locks cover'd with grey despair.

Prison'd on watery shore,  
 Starry Jealousy does keep my den :  
 Cold and hoar,  
 Weeping o'er,  
 I hear the father of the ancient men.

Selfish father of men,  
 Cruel, jealous, selfish fear,  
 Can delight,  
 Chain'd in night,  
 The virgins of youth and morning bear ?

G

Does Spring hide its joy  
When buds and blossoms grow ?  
Does the sower  
Sow by night,  
Or the ploughman in darkness plough ?

Break this heavy chain  
That does freeze my bones around—  
Selfish ! vain !  
Eternal bane !  
That free love with bondage bound.



## INFANT SORROW.

**M**Y mother groan'd, my father wept,  
Into the dangerous world I leapt ;  
Helpless, naked, piping loud,  
Like a fiend 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.





## MY PRETTY ROSE-TREE.

A FLOWER was offer'd to me,  
Such a flower as May never bore ;  
But I said, I've a pretty rose-tree,  
And I pass'd the sweet flower o'er.

Then I went to my pretty rose-tree,  
To tend her by day and by night ;  
But my rose turn'd away with jealousy,  
And her thorns were my only delight.



**AH! SUN-FLOWER.**

**A**H, Sunflower ! weary of time,  
Who countest the steps of the sun,  
Seeking after that sweet golden clime,  
Where the traveller's 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 sunflower wishes to go.



## THE LILY.

**T**HE modest rose puts forth a thorn,  
The humble sheep a threatening horn ;  
While the lily white shall in love delight,  
Nor a thorn nor a threat stain her beauty bright.



## 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.



## NURSE'S SONG.

**W**HEN the voices of children are heard on the  
green,

And whisperings are in the dale,  
The days of my youth rise fresh in my mind,  
My face turns green and pale.

Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,  
And the dews of night arise ;  
Your spring and your day are wasted in play  
And your winter and night in disguise.



## THE CLOD AND 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 sung 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 loss of ease,  
And builds a hell in heaven's despite.



## 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 fill'd with graves  
And tombstones where flowers should be :  
And priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,  
And binding with briars my joys and desires.



## THE FLY.

**L**ITTLE fly,  
Thy summer's play  
My thoughtless hand  
Has brush'd away.

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

For I dance,  
And drink, and sing,  
Till some blind hand  
Shall brush my wing.

If thought is life  
And strength and breath,  
And the want  
Of thought is death ;



Then am I  
A happy fly,  
If I live  
Or if I die.



## THE TIGER.

**T**IGER, tiger, 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, and what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart ?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand and 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 ?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry ?



## 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 stripp'd 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 ?



## HOLY THURSDAY.

**I**S this a holy thing to see  
In a rich and fruitful land,  
Babes reduced to misery,  
Fed with cold and usurous hand ?

Is that trembling cry a song ?  
Can it be a song of joy ?  
And so many children poor ?  
It is a land of poverty !

And their sun does never shine,  
And their fields are bleak and bare,  
And their ways are fill'd with thorns :  
It is eternal winter there.

For where'er the sun does shine,  
And where'er the rain does fall,  
Babe can never hunger there,  
Nor poverty the mind appal.

## THE ANGEL.

**I** DREAMT a dream ! what can it mean ?  
And that I was a maiden queen,  
Guarded by an angel mild :  
Witless woe was ne'er beguiled.

And I wept both night and day,  
And he wiped 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 ;  
Then the morn blush'd rosy red ;  
I dried my tears and 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 LITTLE GIRL LOST.

**I**N futurity  
I prophetic see  
That the earth from sleep  
(Grave the sentence deep)

Shall arise and seek  
For her Maker meek ;  
And the desert wild  
Become a garden mild.

In the southern clime,  
Where the summer's prime  
Never fades away,  
Lovely Lyca lay.

Seven summers old  
Lovely Lyca told ;  
She had wander'd 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.

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

Sleeping Lyca lay :  
While the beasts of prey,  
Come from caverns deep,  
View'd the maid asleep.

The kingly lion stood,  
And the virgin view'd,  
Then he gamboll'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 [did] her bosom lick,  
And upon her neck  
From his eyes of flame  
Ruby tears there came.

While the lioness  
Loosed her slender dress,  
And naked they convey'd  
To caves the sleeping maid.



## THE LITTLE GIRL FOUND.

**A**LL the night in woe  
Lyca's parents go,  
Over valleys deep,  
While the deserts weep.

Tired and woe-begone,  
Hoarse with making moan,  
Arm in arm seven days  
They traced the desert ways.

Seven nights they sleep  
Among shadows deep,  
And dream they see their child  
Starved in desert wild.

Pale, through pathless ways  
The fancied image strays,  
Famish'd, weeping, weak,  
With hollow piteous shriek.

Rising from unrest  
The trembling woman press'd  
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  
Lyca 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 wolvish howl,  
Nor the lions' growl.



## LONDON.

**I** WANDER through each charter'd street  
Near where the charter'd Thames doth flow,  
And mark in every face I meet  
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every man,  
In every infant's cry of fear,  
In every voice, in every ban,  
The mind-forged manacles I hear.

How the chimney-sweeper's cry  
Every blackening church appals ;  
And the hapless soldier's sigh  
Runs in blood down palace-walls.

But most through midnight streets I hear  
How the youthful harlot's curse  
Blasts the new-born infant's tear  
And blights with plagues the marriage hearse.

## TO TIRZAH.

**W**HATE'ER is born of mortal birth  
Must be consumed with the earth,  
To rise from generation free :  
Then what have I to do with thee ?

The sexes sprung from shame and pride  
Blow'd in the morn ; in evening died.  
But mercy changed death into sleep :  
The sexes rose to work and weep.

Thou mother of my mortal part  
With cruelty didst mould my heart ;  
And with false, self-deceiving tears  
Didst bind my nostrils, eyes and ears ;

Didst close my tongue in senseless clay  
And me to mortal life betray :  
The death of Jesus set me free :  
Then what have I to do with thee ?

“ IT IS RAISED A SPIRITUAL BODY.”

## 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 takes 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 earth and sea  
Sought through Nature to find this tree ;  
But their search was all in vain.  
There grows one in the human brain.



## THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

**A** LITTLE black thing among the snow,  
Crying, " 'weep! 'weep!" in notes of woe:  
Where are thy father and mother, say?  
—They are both gone up to the church to pray.

Because I was happy upon the heath,  
And smiled among the winter's snow,  
They clothed me in the clothes of death,  
And taught me to sing the notes of woe:

And because I am happy, and dance and sing,  
They think they have done me no injury,  
And are gone to praise God and His Priest and King  
Who make up a heaven of our misery.



## 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 water'd it in fears,  
Night and morning, with my tears,  
And I sunned it with 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 veil'd the pole :  
In the morning glad I see,  
My foe outstretch'd beneath the tree.

## A LITTLE GIRL LOST.

**C**HILDREN 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 winter's cold,  
Youth and maiden bright,  
To the holy light,  
Naked in the sunny beams delight.

Once a youthful pair,  
Fill'd with softest care,  
Met in garden bright,  
Where the holy light  
Had just removed the curtains of the night.

Then, 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 heaven's 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.

Ona ! pale and weak !  
To thy father speak !  
Oh ! the trembling fear !  
Oh ! the dismal care  
That shakes the blossoms of my hoary hair.



## A DIVINE IMAGE.

**C**RUELTY has a human heart,  
And Jealousy a human face ;  
Terror the human form divine,  
And Secrecy the human dress.

The human dress is forged iron,  
The human form a fiery forge,  
The human face a furnace seal'd,  
The human heart its hungry gorge.



## THE LITTLE VAGABOND.

**D**EAR mother, dear mother, the church is cold,  
But the ale-house is healthy and pleasant and  
warm ;

Besides I can tell where I am used well,  
Such usage 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 livelong day :  
Nor ever once wish from the church to stray.

Then the parson might preach and drink and sing,  
And we 'd be as happy as birds in the spring :  
And modest dame Lurch, who is always at church,  
Would not have bandy children nor fasting nor birch.

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 and give him both drink and apparel.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.









## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

### THE SMILE.



HERE is a smile of love,  
And there is a smile of deceit,  
And there is a smile of smiles  
In which these two smiles meet.

And there is a frown of hate,  
And there is a frown of disdain,  
And there is a frown of frowns  
Which you strive to forget in vain.

For it sticks in the heart's deep core  
And it sticks in the deep back-bone ;  
And no smile that ever was smiled,  
But only one smile alone,—

That betwixt the cradle and grave  
     It only once smiled can be ;  
 But when it once is smiled  
     There's an end to all misery.



THE GOLDEN NET.

THREE Virgins at the break of day,  
 " Whither, young man, whither away ?  
 " Alas for woe ! alas for woe !"  
 They cry, and tears for ever flow.  
 The one was clothed in flames of fire,  
 The other clothed in iron wire,  
 The other clothed in tears and sighs,  
 Dazzling bright before my eyes.  
 They bore a net of golden twine  
 To hang upon the branches fine.  
 Pitying I wept to see the woe  
 That Love and Beauty undergo,  
 To be consumed in burning fires  
 And in ungratified desires.  
 And in tears clothed night and day  
 Melted all my soul away.  
 When they saw my tears, a smile  
 That did heaven itself beguile,  
 Bore the golden net aloft,  
 As on downy pinions soft,

Over the morning of my day.  
Underneath the net I stray,  
Now entreating Burning Fire,  
Now entreating Iron Wire,  
Now entreating Tears and Sighs.  
O, when will the morning rise?



THE MENTAL TRAVELLER.

I TRAVELL'D through a land of men,  
A land of men and women too,  
And heard and saw such dreadful things  
As cold earth-wanderers never knew :

For there the babe is born in joy  
That was begotten in dire woe ;  
Just as we reap in joy the fruit  
Which we in bitter tears did sow :\*

And if the babe is born a boy,  
He's given to a woman old,  
Who nails him down upon a rock,  
Catches his shrieks in cups of gold.

She binds iron thorns around his head,  
She pierces both his hands and feet,  
She cuts his heart out at his side,  
To make it feel both cold and heat.

\* Psalm cxxvi. 5.

Her fingers number every nerve,  
Just as a miser counts his gold ;  
She lives upon his shrieks and cries,  
And she grows young as he grows old :

Till he becomes a bleeding youth,  
And she becomes a virgin bright,  
Then he rends up his manacles,  
And binds her down for his delight.

He plants himself in all her nerves,  
Just as a husbandman his mould,  
And she becomes his dwelling-place,  
And garden fruitful seventy-fold ;

An aged Shadow, soon he fades,  
Wandering round an earthly cot,  
Full-fillèd all with gains and gold,  
Which he by industry had got ;

And these are the gems of the human soul,  
The rubies and pearls of a lovesick eye,  
The countless gold of the aching heart,  
The martyr's groan, and the lover's sigh.

• They are his meat, they are his drink ;  
    He feeds the beggar and the poor,  
And the wayfaring traveller,  
    For ever open is his door.

His grief is their eternal joy ;  
    They make the roofs and walls to ring—  
Till from the fire on the hearth  
    A little female babe does spring ;

And she is all of solid fire  
    And gems and gold, that none his hand  
Dares stretch to touch her baby form,  
    Or wrap her in his swaddling band.

But she comes to the man she loves,  
    If young or old, or rich or poor,  
They soon drive out the aged host,  
    A beggar at another's door.

He wanders, weeping, far away,  
    Until some other take him in ;  
Oft blind and age-bent, sore distress'd,  
    Until he can a maiden win :



And to allay his freezing age,  
The poor man takes her in his arms ;  
The cottage fades before his sight,  
The garden and its lovely charms ;

The guests are scatter'd through the land,  
For the eye altering alters all ;  
The senses roll themselves in fear,  
And the flat earth becomes a ball ;

The stars, sun, moon, all shrink away,  
A desert vast without a bound,  
And nothing left to eat or drink,  
And a dark desert all around :

The honey of her infant lips,  
The bread and wine of her sweet smile,  
The wild game of her roving eye,  
Does him to infancy beguile ;

For as he eats and drinks, he grows  
Younger and younger every day ;  
And on the desert wild they both  
Wander in terror and dismay.

Like the wild stag she flees away,  
Her fear plants many a thicket wild ;  
While he pursues her night and day,  
By various arts of love beguiled ;

By various arts of love and hate ;  
Till, (the wide desert planted o'er  
With labyrinths of wayward love,  
Where roam the lion, wolf, and boar,)

Till he becomes a wayward babe,  
And she a weeping woman old.  
Then many a lover wanders here ;  
The sun and stars are nearer roll'd ;

The trees bring forth sweet ecstasy  
To all who in the desert roam ;  
Till many a city there is built,  
And many a pleasant shepherd's home.

But when they find the frowning babe,  
Terror strikes through the region wide,—  
They cry, " The Babe, the Babe is born !"  
And flee away on every side.

For who dare touch the frowning form,  
His arm is wither'd to its root ;  
Lions, bears, wolves, all howling flee,  
And every tree does shed its fruit.

And none can touch that frowning form,  
Except it be a woman old ;  
She nails him down upon the rock,  
And all is done as I have told.



THE LAND OF DREAMS.

**A** WAKE, awake, my little boy !  
Thou wast thy mother's only joy.  
Why dost thou weep in thy gentle sleep ?  
Awake, thy Father does thee keep.

" O, what land is the Land of Dreams,  
What are its mountains, and what are its streams ?  
O Father, I saw my Mother there,  
Among the lilies by waters fair.

" Among the lambs clothèd in white,  
She walk'd with her Thomas in sweet delight ;  
I wept for joy, like a dove I mourn,  
O, when shall I again return ?"

Dear child, I also by pleasant streams,  
Have wander'd all night in the Land of Dreams.  
But though calm and warm the waters wide,  
I could not get to the other side.

“ Father, O Father ! what do we here,  
 In this land of unbelief and fear ?  
 The Land of Dreams is better far  
 Above the light of the Morning Star.”



MARY.

SWEET Mary, the first time she ever was there,  
 Came into the ball-room among the fair,  
 The young men and maidens around her throng,  
 And these are the words upon every tongue :—

“ An Angel is here from the heavenly climes,  
 Or again does return the golden times ;  
 Her eyes outshine every brilliant ray ;  
 She opens her lips—’tis the month of May.

“ Mary moves in soft beauty and conscious delight  
 To augment with sweet smiles all the joys of the night,  
 Nor once blushes to own to the rest of the fair  
 That sweet Love and Beauty are worthy our care.”

In the morning the villagers rose with delight  
 And repeated with pleasure the joys of the night,  
 And Mary arose among friends to be free,  
 But no friend from henceforward thou, Mary, shalt see.

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“O, why was I born with a different face?  
 Why was I not born like this envious race?  
 Why did Heaven adorn me with bountiful hand,  
 And then set me down in an envious land?

“To be weak as a lamb and smooth as a dove,  
 And not to raise envy is call'd Christian love;  
 But if you raise envy your merit's to blame,  
 For planting such spite in the weak and the tame.

“I will humble my beauty: I will not dress fine;  
 I will keep from the ball and my eyes shall not shine;  
 And if any girl's lover forsake her for me,  
 I'll refuse him my hand and from envy be free.”

She went out in morning, attired plain and neat;  
 “Proud Mary's gone mad!” said the child in the street.  
 She went out in morning in plain neat attire  
 And came home in evening bespatter'd with mire.

She trembled and wept, sitting on the bed-side,  
 She forgot it was night, and she trembled and cried;  
 She forgot it was night, she forgot it was morn,  
 Her soft memory imprinted with faces of scorn.

With faces of scorn and with eyes of disdain,  
Like foul fiends inhabiting Mary's mild brain :  
She remembers no face like the human divine,  
All faces have envy, sweet Mary, but thine.

And thine is a face of sweet love in despair,  
And thine is a face of mild sorrow and care,  
And thine is a face of wild terror and fear,  
That shall never be quiet till laid on its bier.





## THE CRYSTAL CABINET.

**T**HE Maiden caught me in the wild,  
Where I was dancing merrily,  
She put me into her cabinet  
And lock'd me up with a golden key.

This cabinet is form'd of gold  
And pearl and crystal shining bright,  
And within it opens into a world,  
And a little lovely moony night.

Another England there I saw,  
Another London with its Tower,  
Another Thames and other hills,  
And another pleasant Surrey bower.

Another maiden, like herself,  
Translucent, lovely, shining clear,  
Threefold each in the other closed ;  
O what a pleasant trembling fear !

O what a smile, a threefold smile,  
Fill'd me, that like a flame I burn'd ;  
I bent to kiss the lovely maid  
And found a threefold kiss return'd.

I strove to seize the inmost Form  
With ardour fierce and hands of flame,  
But burst the crystal cabinet,  
And like a weeping babe became—

A weeping babe upon the wild  
And weeping woman pale reclined ;  
And in the outward air again  
I fill'd with woes the passing wind.



## THE GREY MONK.

“**I** DIE, I die!” the Mother said,  
“My children die for lack of bread.  
What more has the merciless tyrant said?”  
The Monk sat down on the stony bed.

The blood red ran from the grey monk’s side,  
His hands and feet were wounded wide,  
His body bent, his arms and knees  
Like to the roots of ancient trees.

His eye was dry—no tear could flow,  
A hollow groan first spoke his woe.  
He trembled and shudder’d upon the bed ;  
At length with a feeble cry he said—

“When God commanded this hand to write  
In the studious hours of deep midnight,  
He told me the writing I wrote should prove  
The bane of all that on earth I love.

" My brother starved between two walls,  
His children's cry my soul appals ;  
I mock'd at the rack and grinding chain,  
My bent body mocks their torturing pain.

" Thy father drew his sword in the North,  
With his thousands strong he marched forth ;  
Thy brother has arm'd himself in steel,  
To avenge the wrongs thy children feel.

" But vain the sword and vain the bow,  
They never can work war's overthrow.  
The hermit's prayer and the widow's tear  
Alone can free the world from fear.

" For a tear is an intellectual thing,  
And a sigh is the sword of an angel king,  
And the bitter groan of the martyr's woe  
Is an arrow from the Almighty's bow.

" The hand of vengeance found the bed  
To which the purple tyrant fled ;  
The iron hand crush'd the tyrant's head,  
And became a tyrant in his stead."

## AUGURIES OF INNOCENCE.

**T***O see a world in a grain of sand,  
 And a heav'n in a wild flower,  
 Hold infinity in the palm of your hand  
 And eternity in an hour.*

A robin redbreast in a cage  
 Puts all heaven in a rage ;  
 A dove-house fill'd with doves and pigeons  
 Shudders hell thro' all its regions ;  
 A dog starved at his master's gate  
 Predicts the ruin of the state ;  
 A horse misused upon the road  
 Calls to heaven for human blood ;  
 Each outcry of the hunted hare,  
 A fibre from the brain does tear ;  
 A skylark wounded in the wing,  
 A cherubim does cease to sing ;  
 The game-cock clipt and armed for fight  
 Does the rising sun affright ;  
 Every wolf's and lion's howl  
 Raises from hell a human soul ;

The wild deer, wandering here and there,  
Keeps the human soul from care ;  
The lamb misused breeds public strife,  
And yet forgives the butcher's knife ;  
The bat that flits at close of eve  
Has left the brain that won't believe  
The owl that calls upon the night  
Speaks the unbeliever's fright ;  
He who shall hurt the little wren  
Shall never be beloved by men ;  
He who the ox to wrath has moved  
Shall never be by woman loved ;  
The wanton boy that kills the fly  
Shall feel the spider's enmity ;  
He who torments the chafer's sprite  
Weaves a bower in endless night ;  
The caterpillar on the leaf  
Repeats to thee thy mother's 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 beggar's dog and widow's cat,  
Feed them, and thou wilt grow fat ;  
The gnat that sings his summer's song  
Poison gets from slander's tongue ;

The poison of the snake and newt  
Is the sweat of envy's foot ;  
The poison of the honey-bee  
Is the artist's jealousy ;  
The prince's robes and beggar's rags  
Are toadstools on the miser's bags ;  
A truth that's told with bad intent  
Beats all the lies you can invent.  
It is right it should be so,  
Man was made for joy and woe ;  
And, when this we rightly know,  
Through the world we safely go.  
Joy and woe are woven fine,  
A clothing for the soul divine.  
Under every grief and pine  
Runs a joy with silken twine.  
The babe is more than swaddling-bands ;  
Throughout all these human lands  
Tools were made, and born were hands,  
Every farmer understands.  
Every tear from every eye  
Becomes a babe in eternity ;  
This is caught by females bright,  
And return'd to its own delight.  
The bleat, the bark, bellow and roar,  
Are waves that beat on heaven's shore.

The babe that weeps the rod beneath  
Writes revenge in realms of death.  
The beggar's rags, fluttering in air,  
Does to rags the heavens tear.  
The soldier, arm'd with sword and gun,  
Palsied strikes the summer's sun.  
The poor man's farthing is worth more  
Than all the gold on Afric's shore.  
One mite, wrung from the labourer's hands,  
Shall buy and sell the miser's lands ;  
Or, if protected from on high,  
Does that whole nation sell and buy.  
He who mocks the infant's faith,  
Shall be mock'd in age and death ;  
He who shall teach the child to doubt,  
The rotting grave shall ne'er get out ;  
He who respects the infant's faith,  
Triumphs over hell and death ;  
The child's toys, and the old man's reasons,  
Are the fruits of the two seasons ;  
The questioner, who sits so sly,  
Shall never know how to reply ;  
He who replies to words of doubt  
Doth put the light of knowledge out ;  
The strongest poison ever known,  
Came from Cæsar's laurel crown.



Nought can deform the human race,  
 Like to the armour's iron brace.  
 When gold and gems adorn the plough,  
 To peaceful arts shall envy bow.  
 A riddle, or the cricket's cry,  
 Is to doubt a fit reply.  
 The emmet's inch, and eagle's mile,  
 Make lame philosophy to smile.  
 He who doubts from what he sees,  
 Will ne'er believe, do what you please ;  
 If the sun and moon should doubt,  
 They'd immediately go out.  
 To be in a passion you good may do,  
 But no good if a passion is in you.

\* \* \* \* \*

The harlot's cry from street to street  
 Shall weave old England's winding-sheet.  
 The winner's shout, the loser's curse,  
 Dance before dead England's hearse.  
 Every night and 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 through the eye,  
Which was born in a night to perish in a night,  
When the soul slept in beams of light.  
God appears, and 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.



LONG JOHN BROWN AND LITTLE  
MARY BELL.

**L**ITTLE Mary Bell had a fairy in a nut,  
Long John Brown had the devil in his gut ;  
Long John Brown loved little Mary Bell,  
And the fairy drew the devil into the nutshell.

Her fairy skipp'd out, and her fairy skipp'd in,  
He laugh'd at the devil, saying, " Love is a sin."  
The devil he raged, and the devil he was wroth,  
And the devil enter'd into the young man's broth.

He was soon in the gut of the loving young swain,  
For John eat and drank to drive away love's pain ;  
But all he could do he grew thinner and thinner,  
Though he eat and drank as much as ten men for his  
dinner.

Some said he had a wolf in his stomach day and night,  
Some said he had the devil, and they guess'd right ;  
The fairy skipp'd about in his glory, joy, and pride,  
And he laugh'd at the devil till poor John Brown died.

Then the fairy skipp'd out of the old nutshell,  
And woe and alack ! for pretty Mary Bell ;  
For the devil crept in when the fairy skipp'd out,  
And there goes Miss Bell with her fusty old nut.



## WILLIAM BOND.

**I** WONDER whether the girls are mad,  
 And I wonder whether they mean to kill,  
 And I wonder if William Bond will die,  
 For assuredly he is very ill.

He went to church in a May morning,  
 Attended by fairies one, two, and three ;  
 But the angels of Providence drove them away,  
 And he return'd home in misery.

He went not out to the field nor fold,  
 He went not out to the village nor town,  
 But he came home in a black black cloud,  
 And took to his bed, and there lay down.

And an angel of Providence at his feet,  
 And an angel of Providence at his head,  
 And in the midst a black black cloud,  
 And in the midst the sick man on his bed.

And on his right hand was Mary Green,  
And on his left hand was his sister Jane,  
And their tears fell through the black black cloud,  
To drive away the sick man's pain.

" William, if thou dost another love,  
Dost another love better than poor Mary,  
Go and take that other to be thy wife,  
And Mary Green shall her servant be."

" Yes, Mary, I do another love,  
Another I love far better than thee,  
And another I will have for my wife;  
Then what have I to do with thee ?

" For thou art melancholy pale,  
And on thy head is the cold moon's shine ;  
But she is ruddy and bright as day,  
And the sunbeams dazzle from her eyne."

Mary trembled and Mary chill'd,  
And Mary fell down on the right-hand floor,  
That William Bond and his sister Jane  
Scarce could recover Mary more.

When Mary woke and found her laid  
 On the right hand of her William dear,  
 On the right hand of his lovèd bed,  
 And saw her William Bond so near,

The fairies that fled from William Bond  
 Danced around her shining head,  
 They danced over the pillow white,  
 And the angels of Providence left the bed.

" I thought Love lived in the hot sunshine,  
 But O, he lives in the moony light :  
 I thought to find Love in the heat of day,  
 But sweet love is the comforter of night.

" Seek Love in the pity of others' woe,  
 In the gentle relief of another's care,  
 In the darkness of night and the winter's snow,  
 In the naked and outcast, seek Love there."



DEDICATION  
OF THE POEM OF THE GRAVE TO  
THE QUEEN. (1808.)

THE door of Death is made of gold  
That mortal eyes cannot behold ;  
But when the mortal eyes are closed,  
And cold and pale the limbs reposed,  
The soul awakes and, wondering, sees  
In her mild hand the golden keys ;  
The grave is heaven's golden gate  
And rich and poor around it wait.  
Oh ! shepherdess of England's fold,  
Behold this gate of pearl and gold !

To dedicate to England's Queen  
The visions that my soul has seen,  
And by her kind permission bring  
What I have borne on silken wing  
From the vast region of the grave,  
Before her throne my wings I wave ;



Bowing before my sovereign's feet.  
The grave produced these blossoms sweet,  
In mild repose from earthly strife—  
The blossoms of Eternal Life!

FINIS.

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