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| William Blake. 1757–1827 |
|  |
| 489. **The Tiger** |
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| TIGER, 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 | *5* |
| 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? | *10* |
| 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 | *15* |
| 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? | *20* |
|  |  |
| Tiger, tiger, burning bright |  |
| In the forests of the night, |  |
| What immortal hand or eye |  |
| Dare frame thy fearful symmetry? |  |



**The Lamb**

by William Blake

William Blake

         Little 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!