

Poem lyrics by William Blake:

The 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 stripped him to his little shirt,
And bound him in an iron chain,

And burned him in a holy place
Where many had been burned before;
The weeping parents wept in vain.
Are such thing done on Albion's shore?

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

Once a youthful pair,
Filled 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!"

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 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 & the child did weep
And away the vapour flew.



The Little Girl Lost

In febrile
 I prophetic see,
 Out of the earth, from deep,
 (From the entrance deep)
 Shall arise and seek
 For her mother's eyes;
 And the desert wild
 Become a garden mild.

In the summer time,
 When the summer breeze,
 Lays the grasses
 Long and low,
 Sleeps the weary old
 Lonely Liza told
 Of the wandering boy
 Bearing wild birds' song,
 Sweet sleep gave to her
 Underneath the tree;
 Do father, mother weep,
 Where can Liza sleep?

Lost in desert wild
 Is your little child,
 How can Liza sleep,
 If her mother weep?
 If her heart does ache
 How can Liza weep?
 If her mother sleep,
 Liza shall not weep,
 Trampling blossoms in
 Over the desert bright,
 Let her own eyes
 While I think my own
 Sleeping Liza lay,
 While the beauty of day,
 Comes from heaven,
 Would the child awake.

The little boy dead
 And the virgin weep,
 How he should weep,
 For the nation's weep.



The Human Abstract.

Poor would be no more,
 If we did not make somebody Poor;
 And Merry no more could be,
 If all were as happy as we;

And mutual fear brings peace;
 All the selfish loves increase.
 Cruelty loves a share,
 And spreads his beds with care.

He sits down with his fears,
 And utters the groans and tears;
 Poor Humility begs his rest
 Underneath his feet.

Spies provide the dismal shade
 Of Mystery over his head;
 And the Caterpillar and Fly
 Feed on the Mystery.

And it bears the fruit of David,
 Ruddy and sweet to eat;
 And the Raven his nest has made
 In its thickest shade.

The Gods of the north and east
 Sought this div' Nature to find this Tree,
 And their search was all in vain;
 There grows one in the Human Brain.

