

1794

HOLY THURSDAY (From Songs of Experience)

William Blake

Blake, William (1757-1827) - English poet, engraver, and mystic who illustrated his own works. A rare genius, he created some of the purest lyrics in the English language. Blake believed himself to be guided by visions from the spiritual world; he died singing of the glories of heaven. Holy Thursday (1794) Opening lines: Is this a holy thing to see / In a rich and fruitful land, ...

HOLY THURSDAY

Is this a holy thing to see In a rich and fruitful land, Babes reduc'd 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 & bare, And their ways are fill'd with thorns:

It is eternal winter there. -

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

THE END