

**HOW 1783**

**SWEET I ROAM'D FROM FIELD TO FIELD**

***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. Song: How Sweet I Roamed from Field to Field (1783) - Taken from "Poetical Sketches," Blake's earliest work. Phoebus, which means "bright one," refers to Apollo, the Greek god of the sun, art, and music.

**HOW SWEET I ROAM'D FROM FIELD TO FIELD**

HOW sweet I roam'd from field to field,  
And tasted all the summer's pride,  
'Till I the prince of love beheld,  
Who in the sunny beams did glide!

He shew'd me lilies for my hair,  
And blushing roses for my brow;  
He led me through his gardens fair  
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May dews my wings were wet,  
And Phoebus fir'd my vocal rage;  
He caught me in his silken net,  
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,  
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;  
Then stretches out my golden wing,  
And mocks my loss of liberty.

**THE END**