

William Blake (1757-1827)

NURSE'S SONG.

WHEN 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.

5 Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,
And the dew's 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,

10 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.

15 The little ones leap'd, and shouted, and laugh'd
And all the hills echoed.
(123 words)

Quelle: <http://archive.org/stream/poemswilliambla01blakgoog#page/n121/mode/2up>