

William Blake

INTRODUCTION.

PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me: --

5 "Pipe a song about a Lamb:"
So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again."
So I piped: he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
10 Sing thy songs of happy cheer:"
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read --"

15 So he vanish'd from my sight;
And I pluck'd a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs

20 Every child may joy to hear.
(122 words)

Quelle: <http://archive.org/stream/poemswilliambla01blakgoog#page/n107/mode/2up>