

William Blake (1757-1827)

## **LONDON.**

I wander through each chartered street,  
Near where the chartered Thames does flow,  
And mark in every face I meet,  
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

5 In every cry of every man,  
In every infant's cry of fear,  
In every voice, in every ban,  
The mind-forged manacles I hear.

How the Chimney-sweeper's cry  
10 Every blackening church appals;  
And the hapless soldier's sigh  
Runs in blood down palace-walls.

But most, through midnight streets I hear  
How the youthful harlot's curse

15 Blasts the new-born infant's tear,  
And blights with plagues the marriage-hearse.  
(90 words)

*Quelle: <http://archive.org/stream/poemswilliambla01blakgoog#page/n145/mode/2up>*