

William Blake (1757-1827)

**SONG. ("Love and harmony combine")**

LOVE and harmony combine

And around our souls entwine,

While thy branches mix with mine

And our roots together join.

5 Joys upon our branches sit

Chirping loud and singing sweet;

Like gentle streams beneath our feet

Innocence and virtue meet.

Thou the golden fruit dost bear,

10 I am clad in flowers fair;

Thy sweet boughs perfume the air,

And the turtle buildeth there.

There she sits and feeds her young,

Sweet I hear her mournful song;

15 And thy lovely leaves among

There is love; I hear his tongue.

There his charming nest doth lay,

There he sleeps the night away:

There he sports along the day

20 And doth among our branches play.

*(112 words)*

*Quelle: <http://archive.org/stream/poeticalsketches00blakuoft#page/18/mode/2up>*