

William Blake (1757-1827)

AUGURIES OF INNOCENCE.

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand
And eternity in an hour.

- 5 A robin redbreast in a cage
Puts all heaven in a rage.
A dove-house fill'd with doves and pigeons
Shudders hell through all its regions.
A dog starved at his master's gate
- 10 Predicts the ruin of the state.
A horse misused upon the road
Calls to heaven for human blood.
Each outcry of the hunted hare
A fibre from the brain does tear.
- 15 A skylark wounded in the wing,
A cherubim does cease to sing.
The game-cock clapt and arm'd for fight
Does the rising sun affright.
Every wolf's and lion's howl
- 20 Raises from hell a human soul.
The wild deer, wandering here and there,
Keeps the human soul from care.
The lamb misused breeds public strife,
And yet forgives the butcher's knife.
- 25 The bat that flits at close of eve
Has left the brain that won't believe.
The owl that calls upon the night
Speaks the unbeliever's fright.
He who shall hurt the little wren
- 30 Shall never be beloved by men.
He who the ox to wrath has moved
Shall never be by woman loved.
The wanton boy that kills the fly
Shall feel the spider's enmity.
- 35 He who torments the chafer's sprite
Weaves a bower in endless night.
The catterpillar on the leaf
Repeats to thee thy mother's grief.

Kill not the moth nor butterfly,
40 For the last judgement draweth nigh.
He who shall train the horse to war
Shall never pass the polar bar.
The beggar's dog and widow's cat
Feed them and thou wilt grow fat.
45 The gnat that sings his summer's song
Poison gets from slander's tongue.
The poison of the snake and newt
Is the sweat of Envy's foot.
The poison of the honey-bee
50 Is the artist's jealousy.
The prince's robes and beggar's rags
Are toadstools on the miser's bags.
A truth that's told with bad intent.
Beats all the lies you can invent.
55 It is right it should be so,
Man was made for joy and woe;
And, when this we rightly know,
Through the world we safely go.
Joy and woe are woven fine,
60 A clothing for the soul divine.
Under every grief and pine
Runs a joy with silken twine.
The babe is more than swaddling-bands;
Throughout all these human lands
65 Tools were made, and born were hands,
Every farmer understands.
Every Tear from every eye
Becomes a babe in eternity;
This is caught by females bright,
70 And return'd to its own delight.
The bleat, the bark, bellow and roar,
Are waves that beat on heaven's shore.
The Babe that weeps the Rod beneath
Writes revenge in realms of death.
75 The beggar's rags, fluttering in air,
Does to rags the heavens tear.
The soldier, arm'd, with sword and gun,
Palsied strikes the summer's sun.
The poor man's farthing is worth more

80 Than all the gold on Afric's shore.
One mite, wrung from the labourer's hands,
Shall buy and sell the miser's lands;
Or, if protected from on high,
Does that whole nation sell and buy.

85 He who mocks the infant's faith,
Shall be mock'd in age and death.
He who shall teach the child to doubt,
The rotting grave shall ne'er get out.
He who respects the infant's faith,

90 Triumphs over hell and death.
The child's toys and the old man's reasons,
Are the fruits of the two seasons.
The questioner, who sits so sly,
Shall never know how to reply;

95 He who replies to words of doubt
Doth put the light of knowledge out.
The strongest poison ever known,
Came from Caesar's laurel crown.
Nought can deform the human race,

100 Like to the armour's iron brace.
When gold and gems adorn the plough,
To peaceful arts shall envy bow.
A Riddle, or the cricket's cry,
Is to doubt a fit reply.

105 The emmet's inch and eagle's mile,
Make lame Philosophy to smile.
He who doubts from what he sees,
Will ne'er believe, do what you please;
If the sun and moon should doubt,

110 They'd immediately go out.
To be in a passion you good may do,
But no good if a passion is in you.
The whore and gambler, by the state
Licensed, build that nation's fate.

115 The harlot's cry from street to street
Shall weave old England's winding-sheet.
The winner's shout, the loser's curse,
Dance before dead England's hearse.
Every night and every morn

120 Some to misery are born;

Every morn and every night
Some are born to sweet delight;
Some are born to sweet delight,
Some are born to endless night.

125 We are led to believe a lie,
When we see not through the eye,
Which was born in a night to perish in a night,
When the soul slept in beams of light.
God appears, and God is light,

130 To those poor souls who dwell in night;
But does a human form display
To those who dwell in realms of day.
(833 words)

Quelle: <http://archive.org/stream/poemswilliambla01blakgoog#page/n165/mode/2up>