

William Blake (1757-1827)

**SONG. ("When early morn walks forth")**

WHEN early morn walks forth in sober gray,

Then to my black-eyed maid I haste away,

When evening sits beneath her dusky bower

And gently sighs away the silent hour,

5 The village bell alarms, away I go,

And the vale darkens at my pensive woe.

To that sweet village, where my black-eyed maid

Doth drop a tear beneath the silent shade,

I turn my eyes; and pensive as I go

10 Curse my black stars, and bless my pleasing woe.

Oft when the summer sleeps among the trees,

Whispering faint murmurs to the scanty breeze,

I walk the village round; if at her side

A youth doth walk in stolen joy and pride,

15 I curse my stars in bitter grief and woe,

That made my love so high, and me so low.

O should she e'er prove false, his limbs I'd tear,

And throw all pity on the burning air;

I'd curse bright fortune for my mixed lot,

20 And then I'd die in peace, and be forgot.

*(166 words)*

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