

William Blake (1757-1827)

Epilogue

TO THE ACCUSER, WHO IS THE GOD OF THIS WORLD.

Truly, my Satan, thou art but a dunce,

And dost not know the garment from the man;

Every harlot was a virgin once,

5 Nor canst thou ever change Kate into Nan.

Though thou art worshipped by the names divine

Of Jesus & Jehovah, thou art still

The son of morn in weary night's decline,

The lost traveller's dream under the hill.

(70 words)

Quelle: <http://archive.org/stream/poemsofwilliambl00blak#page/102/mode/2up>