

William Blake (1757-1827)

THE GARDEN OF LOVE.

I WENT to the garden of love,
And saw what I never had seen:
A Chapel was built in the midst,
Where I used to play on the green.

5 And the gates of this chapel were shut,
And "Thou shalt not" writ over the door;
So I turned to the garden of Love
That so many sweet flowers bore;

And I saw it was filled with graves

10 And tombstones where flowers should be:

And priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,
And binding with briars my joys and desires.

(90 words)

Quelle: <http://archive.org/stream/poemswilliambla01blakgoog#page/n135/mode/2up>