

William Blake (1757-1827)

## **THE CLOD AND THE PEBBLE.**

LOVE seeketh not itself to please,  
Nor for itself hath any care;  
But for another gives its ease,  
And builds a heaven in hell's despair.

5 So sung a little clod of clay,  
Trodden with the cattle's feet;  
But a pebble of the brook  
Warbled out these metres meet:  
  
Love seeketh only self to please,  
10 To bind another to its delight,  
Joys in another's loss of ease,  
And builds a hell in heaven's despite.

(73 words)

Quelle: <http://archive.org/stream/poemswilliambla01blakgoog#page/n133/mode/2up>