

William Blake (1757-1827)

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

A LITTLE black thing among the snow,
Crying, " 'Weep! 'weep!' in notes of woe:
'Where are thy father and mother, say?'
-- They are both gone up to the church to pray.

5 Because I was happy upon the heath,
And smiled among the winter's snow:
They clothed me in the clothes of death,
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

And because I am happy, and dance and sing,
10 They think they have done me no injury,
And are gone to praise God and his Priest and King
Who make up a heaven of our misery.
(98 words)

Quelle: <http://archive.org/stream/poemswilliambla01blakgoog#page/n147/mode/2up>