

William Blake (1757-1827)

SONG. ('How sweet I roam'd from field to field')

HOW sweet I roam'd from field to field

And tasted all the summer's pride,

Till I the Prince of Love beheld

Who in the sunny beams did glide.

5 He shew'd me lilies for my hair,

And blushing roses for my brow;

He led me thro' his gardens fair

Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May-dews my wings were wet,

10 And Phoebus fired my vocal rage;

He caught me in his silken net,

And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,

Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;

15 Then stretches out my golden wing

And mocks my loss of liberty.

(108 words)

Quelle: <http://archive.org/stream/poeticalsketches00blakuoft#page/16/mode/2up>