

William Blake (1757-1827)

## **AH! SUN-FLOWER.**

Ah, sunflower! weary of time,  
Who countest the steps of the sun;  
Seeking after that sweet golden clime,  
Where the traveller's journey is done;

5 Where the youth pined away with desire,  
And the pale virgin shrouded in snow,  
Arise from their graves, and aspire  
Where my Sunflower wishes to go.

*(50 words)*

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