

William Blake (1757-1827)

SONG. ("I love the jocund dance")

I LOVE the jocund dance,
The softly-breathing song,
Where innocent eyes do glance
And where lisps the maiden's tongue.

5 I love the laughing vale,
I love the echoing hill,
Where mirth does never fail,
And the jolly swain laughs his fill.

I love the pleasant cot,

10 I love the innocent bower,
Where white and brown is our lot
Or fruit in the mid-day hour.

I love the oaken seat,
Beneath the oaken tree,

15 Where all the old villagers meet,
And laugh our sports to see.

I love our neighbours all,
But, Kitty, I better love thee;
And love them I ever shall,

20 But thou art all to me.
(108 words)

Quelle: <http://archive.org/stream/poeticalsketches00blakuoft#page/20/mode/2up>