

William Blake (1757-1827)

MAD SONG. ("The wild winds weep")

THE wild winds weep,

And the night is a-cold;

Come hither, Sleep,

And my griefs enfold:

5 But lo! the morning peeps

Over the eastern steeps,

And the rustling beds of dawn

The earth do scorn.

Lo! to the vault

10 Of paved heaven,

With sorrow fraught

My notes are driven:

They strike the ear of night,

Make weep the eyes of day;

15 They make mad the roaring winds,

And with tempests play.

Like a fiend in a cloud

With howling woe,

After night I do crowd

20 And with night will go;

I turn my back to the east

From whence comforts have increased;

For light doth seize my brain

With frantic pain.

(111 words)

Quelle: <http://archive.org/stream/poeticalsketches00blakuoft#page/22/mode/2up>