

William Blake (1757-1827)

## THE ANGEL.

I DREAMT a dream! What can it mean?

And that I was a maiden queen,

Guarded by an angel mild:

Witless woe was ne'er beguiled.

5 And I wept both night and day,

And he wiped my tears away,

And I wept both day and night,

And hid from him my heart's delight.

So he took his wings and fled;

10 Then the morn blush'd rosy red;

I dried my tears, and arm'd my fears

With ten thousand shields and spears.

Soon my angel came again:

I was arm'd, he came in vain;

15 For the time of youth was fled,

And grey hairs were on my head.

(105 words)

Quelle: <http://archive.org/stream/poemswilliambla01blakgoog#page/n139/mode/2up>