

William Blake (1757-1827)

A Little Boy Lost

Nought loves another as itself,
Nor venerates another so,
Nor is it possible to thought
A greater than itself to know:

5 And, father, how can I love you
Or any of my brothers more?
I love you like the little bird
That picks up crumbs around the door.

The priest sat by and heard the child,
10 In trembling zeal he seized his hair:
He led him by his little coat,
And all admired his priestly care.

And standing on the altar high:
"Lo, what a fiend is here!" said he:
15 "One who sets reason up for judge
Of our most holy mystery."

The weeping child could not be heard,
The weeping parents wept in vain;
They stripp'd him to his little shirt
20 And bound him in an iron chain;

And burn'd him in a holy place
Where many had been burn'd before:
The weeping parents wept in vain.
Are such things done on Albion's shore?
(155 words)

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