

William Blake (1757-1827)

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

Awake, awake my little boy!

Thou wast thy mother's only joy.

Why dost thou weep in thy gentle sleep?

Awake, thy father does thee keep.

- 5 "O, what land is the land of dreams,
What are its mountains, and what are its streams?
O Father, I saw my Mother there,
Among the lillies by waters fair.

- "Among the lambs clothed in white,
10 She walk'd with her Thomas in sweet delight;
I wept for joy, like a dove I mourn,
O when shall I again return?"

- Dear child, I also by pleasant streams,
Have wander'd all night in the land of dreams,
15 But though calm and warm the waters wide,
I could not get to the other side.

- "Father, O father, what do we here,
In this land of unbelief and fear?
The land of dreams is better far
20 Above the light of the morning-star."
(143 words)

Quelle: <http://archive.org/stream/poemswilliambla01blakgoog#page/n159/mode/2up>