

William Blake (1757-1827)

## INTRODUCTION.

Hear the voice of the Bard,  
Who present, past, and future, sees;  
Whose ears have heard  
The Holy Word

5 That walked among the ancient trees;

Calling the lapsèd soul,  
And weeping in the evening dew;  
That might control  
The starry pole,

10 And fallen, fallen light renew!

‘O Earth, O Earth, return!  
Arise from out the dewy grass!  
Night is worn,  
And the morn

15 Rises from the slumbrous mass.

‘Turn away no more;  
Why wilt thou turn away?  
The starry floor,  
The watery shore,

20 Is given thee till the break of day.’

(91 words)

Quelle: <http://archive.org/stream/poemswilliambla01blakgoog#page/n129/mode/2up>