

The Lamb, The Tyger

William Blake



THE LAMB

- Little Lamb who made thee
- Dost thou know who made thee
- Gave thee life & bid thee feed.
- By the stream & o'er the mead;
- Gave thee clothing of delight,
- Softest clothing wooly bright;
- Gave thee such a tender voice,
- Making all the vales rejoice!
- Little Lamb who made thee
- Dost thou know who made thee



- Little Lamb I'll tell thee,
- Little Lamb I'll tell thee!
- He is called by thy name,
- For he calls himself a Lamb:
- He is meek & he is mild,
- He became a little child:
- I a child & thou a lamb,
- We are called by his name.
- Little Lamb God bless thee.
- Little Lamb God bless thee.



The Tyger

- Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?
- In what distant deeps or skies.
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand, dare seize the fire



- And what shoulder, & what art,
- Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
- And when thy heart began to beat.
- What dread hand? & what dread feet?
- What the hammer? what the chain,
- In what furnace was thy brain?
- What the anvil? what dread grasp.
- Dare its deadly terrors clasp?



- When the stars threw down their spears
- And water'd heaven with their tears:
- Did he smile his work to see?
- Did he who made the Lamb make thee?
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- Tyger Tyger burning bright,
- In the forests of the night:
- What immortal hand or eye,
- Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

