

WILLIAM BLAKE

*From* BLAKE'S NOTEBOOK

Mock on, Mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau

Mock on, Mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau;  
Mock on, Mock on, 'tis all in vain.  
You throw the sand against the wind,  
And the wind blows it back again;

And every sand becomes a Gem  
Reflected in the beams divine;  
Blown back, they blind the mocking Eye,  
But still in Israel's paths they shine.

The Atoms of Democritus  
And Newton's Particles of light  
Are sands upon the Red sea shore,  
Where Israel's tents do shine so bright.

Never pain to tell thy love

Never pain to tell thy love  
Love that never told can be,  
For the gentle wind does move  
Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,  
I told her all my heart,  
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears—  
Ah, she doth depart.

Soon as she was gone from me  
A traveller came by  
Silently, invisibly—  
O, was no deny.

I askèd a thief

I askèd a thief to steal me a peach,  
He turned up his eyes;  
I askèd a lithe lady to lie her down,  
Holy & meek she cries.

As soon as I went  
An angel came.  
He wink'd at the thief  
And smild at the dame—

And without one word said  
Had a peach from the tree  
And still as a maid  
Enjoy'd the lady.

1796

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And did those feet

And did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountains green?  
And was the holy Lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here,  
Among those dark Satanic Mills?

Bring me my Bow of burning gold,  
Bring me my Arrows of desire,  
Bring me my Spear; O clouds unfold!  
Bring me my Chariot of fire!

I will not cease from Mental Fight,  
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand,  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green & pleasant Land.

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