

WILLIAM BLAKE

*From* POETICAL SKETCHES

To Spring

O thou, with dewy locks, who lookest down  
Thro' the clear windows of the morning; turn  
Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,  
Which in full choir hails thy approach, O Spring!

The hills tell each other, and the list'ning  
Vallies hear; all our longing eyes are turned  
Up to thy bright pavillions: issue forth,  
And let thy holy feet visit our clime.

Come o'er the eastern hills, and let our winds  
Kiss thy perfumed garments; let us taste  
Thy morn and evening breath; scatter thy pearls  
Upon our love-sick land that mourns for thee.

O deck her forth with thy fair fingers; pour  
Thy soft kisses on her bosom; and put  
Thy golden crown upon her languish'd head,  
Whose modest tresses were bound up for thee!

1783

To the Evening Star

Thou fair-hair'd angel of the evening,  
Now, while the sun rests on the mountains, light  
Thy bright torch of love; thy radiant crown  
Put on, and smile upon our evening bed!  
Smile on our loves; and, while thou drawest the  
Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy silver dew  
On every flower that shuts its sweet eyes  
In timely sleep. Let thy west wind sleep on  
The lake; speak silence with thy glimmering eyes,  
And wash the dusk with silver. Soon, full soon,  
Dost thou withdraw; then the wolf rages wide,  
And the lion glares thro' the dun forest:  
The fleeces of our flocks are cover'd with  
Thy sacred dew: protect them with thine influence.

1783