

LONDON.

I wander thro' each charter' d street,
Near where the charter' d Thames does flow,
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man,
In every Infants cry of fear,
In every voice; in every ban,
The mind- forg' d manacles I hear

How the Chimney- sweepers cry
Every blackning Church appals,
And the hapless Soldiers sigh
Runs in blood down Palace walls

But most thro' midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlots curse
Blasts the new- born Infants tear
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse.

(1791) *London* by William Blake, from his collection *Songs of Experience*
(1794)

<http://www.spartacus.schoolnet.co.uk/Prblake.htm>

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