London

By William Blake

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 appalls,
   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