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

William Blake was born in London, where he spent most of his life working as an engraver and illustrator. At about age ten, Blake had his first vision: a tree filled with angels. Mysticism is one of the hallmarks of his work. While his poetry was not widely known during his lifetime, his writing and his art have continued to grow in popularity.

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