

Mad Song

By William Blake

The wild winds weep,
 And the night is a-cold;
Come hither, Sleep,
 And my griefs infold:
But lo! the morning peeps
 Over the eastern steeps,
And the rustling birds of dawn
The earth do scorn.

Lo! to the vault
 Of paved heaven,
With sorrow fraught
 My notes are driven:
They strike the ear of night,
 Make weep the eyes of day;
They make mad the roaring winds,
 And with tempests play.

Like a fiend in a cloud
 With howling woe,
After night I do croud,
 And with night will go;
I turn my back to the east,
From whence comforts have increas'd;
For light doth seize my brain
With frantic pain.