

To Charles Tulk Esq^{re}
from William Blake

P O E T I C A L

S K E T C H E S.

By W. B.

L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year M D C C L X X X I I I .

To Charles Kirk
and William Blake

P O E T I C A L

S K E T C H E S

By W. B.

L O N D O N

Printed in the Year MDCCLXXIII

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Sketches were the production of untutored youth, commenced in his twelfth, and occasionally resumed by the author till his twentieth year; since which time, his talents having been wholly directed to the attainment of excellence in his profession, he has been deprived of the leisure requisite to such a revival of these sheets, as might have rendered them less unfit to meet the public eye.

Conscious of the irregularities and defects to be found in almost every page, his friends have still believed that they possessed a poetical originality, which merited some respite from oblivion. These their opinions remain, however, to be now reprov'd or confirm'd by a less partial public.

“ He seeks thy love ; who, coward, in the night,
 “ Hired a villain to bereave my life.”

She sat with dead cold limbs, stiffen'd to stone ;
 She took the gory head up in her arms ;
 She kiss'd the pale lips ; she had no tears to shed ;
 She hugg'd it to her breast, and groan'd her last.

S O N G.

HOW sweet I roam'd from field to field,
 And tasted all the summer's pride,
 'Till I the prince of love beheld,
 Who in the sunny beams did glide !

He shew'd me lilies for my hair,
 And blushing roses for my brow ;
 He led me through his gardens fair,
 Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May dews my wings were wet,
 And Phœbus fir'd my vocal rage ;
 He caught me in his filken net,
 And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
 Then, laughing, sports and plays with me ;
 Then stretches out my golden wing,
 And mocks my loss of liberty.

S O N G.

S O N G.

MY silks and fine array,
 My smiles and languish'd air,
 By love are driv'n away ;
 And mournful lean Despair
 Brings me yew to deck my grave :
 Such end true lovers have.

His face is fair as heav'n,
 When springing buds unfold ;
 O why to him was't giv'n,
 Whose heart is wintry cold ?
 His breast is love's all-worship'd tomb,
 Where all love's pilgrims come.

Bring me an axe and spade,
 Bring me a winding sheet ;
 When I my grave have made,
 Let winds and tempests beat :
 Then down I'll lie, as cold as clay.
 True love doth pass away !

C 2

S O N G.

SONG.

LOVE and harmony combine,
 And around our souls intwine,
 While thy branches mix with mine,
 And our roots together join,

Joys upon our branches fit,
 Chirping loud, and singing sweet ;
 Like gentle streams beneath our feet
 Innocence and virtue meet.

Thou the golden fruit dost bear,
 I am clad in flowers fair ;
 Thy sweet boughs perfume the air,
 And the turtle buildeth there,

There she sits and feeds her young,
 Sweet I hear her mournful song ;
 And thy lovely leaves among,
 There is love : I hear his tongue.

There his charming nest doth lay,
 There he sleeps the night away ;
 There he sports along the day,
 And doth among our branches play.

SONG.

SONG.

I LOVE the jocund dance,
 The softly-breathing song,
 Where innocent eyes do glance,
 And where lips the maiden's tongue,

I love the laughing vale,
 I love the echoing hill,
 Where mirth does never fail,
 And the jolly swain laughs his fill.

I love the pleasant cot,
 I love the innocent bow'r,
 Where white and brown is our lot,
 Or fruit in the mid-day hour.

I love the oaken seat,
 Beneath the oaken tree,
 Where all the old villagers meet,
 And laugh our sports to see.

I love our neighbours all,
 But, Kitty, I better love thee ;
 And love them I ever shall,
 But thou art all to me.

SONG.

S O N G.

MEMORY, hither come,
 And tune your merry notes ;
 And, while upon the wind,
 Your music floats,
 I'll pore upon the stream,
 Where fighting lovers dream,
 And fish for fancies as they pass
 Within the watery glass,

I'll drink of the clear stream,
 And hear the linnet's song ;
 And there I'll lie and dream
 The day along :
 And, when night comes, I'll go
 To places fit for woe ;
 Walking along the darken'd valley,
 With silent Melancholy.

M A D

M A D S O N G.

THE wild winds weep,
 And the night is a-cold ;
 Come hither, Sleep,
 And my griefs unfold :
 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.

S O N G.

S O N G.

FRESH from the dewy hill, the merry year
Smiles on my head, and mounts his flaming
car ;

Round my young brows the laurel wreathes a shade,
And rising glories beam around my head.

My feet are wing'd, while o'er the dewy lawn,
I meet my maiden, risen like the morn :
Oh bless those holy feet, like angels' feet ;
Oh bless those limbs, beaming with heav'nly light !

Like as an angel glitt'ring in the sky,
In times of innocence, and holy joy ;
The joyful shepherd stops his grateful song,
To hear the music of an angel's tongue.

So when she speaks, the voice of Heaven I hear :
So when we walk, nothing impure comes near ;
Each field seems Eden, and each calm retreat ;
Each village seems the haunt of holy feet.

But that sweet village where my black-ey'd maid,
Closes her eyes in sleep beneath night's shade : I
Whene'er I enter, more than mortal fire
Burns in my soul, and does my song inspire.

S O N G.

S O N G.

WHEN early morn walks forth in sober
grey ;

Then to my black ey'd maid I haste away,
When evening fits beneath her dusky bow'r,
And gently sighs away the silent hour ;
The village bell alarms, away I go ;
And the vale darkens at my pensive woe.

To that sweet village, where my black ey'd maid
Doth drop a tear beneath the silent shade,
I turn my eyes ; and, pensive as I go,
Curse my black stars, and bless my pleasing woe.

Oft when the summer sleeps among the trees,
Whisp'ring faint murmurs to the scanty breeze,
I walk the village round ; if at her side
A youth doth walk in stolen joy and pride,
I curse my stars in bitter grief and woe,
That made my love so high, and me so low.

O should she e'er prove false, his limbs I'd tear,
And throw all pity on the burning air ;
I'd curse bright fortune for my mixed lot,
And then I'd die in peace, and be forgot.

D

T O