

THE TYGER

*Tyger! Tyger! Burning bright
In the forest of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?*

*In what distant deeps or skies,
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?*

*And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?*

*What the hammer? what the chain,
In what furnace was thy brain?*

*What the anvil? what dread
grasp,*

*Dare its deadly terrors clasp?
When the stars threw down
their spears*

*And water'd heaven with their
tears:
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb
make thee?*

*Tyger Tyger burning bright,
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful
symmetry?*

William BLAKE