yger, burning bright, In the for its of the night; That immortal hand or eye. Could trame dy fearful symmetry. In what distant deeps or skins. Burnt the fire of thine eyes? On what wings dare he aspire? What the hand, dare speze the bre? 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 the brain? What the amil? what dread grasp. Dare its deadly verrors clasp? When the stars throw down their spears And water'd heaven with their tears: Did he smile his work to see? Did he who made the Lamb make three? Types Typer burning bright, in the forests of the night; What immortal hard or eye have frame the fearful symmetry

"The Tyger"

st & King.

And your work

The Tyger¹

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests 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?

^{1.} For the author's revisions while composing "The Tyger," see "Poems in Process," in the appendices to this volume.

What the hammer? what the chain? In what furnace was thy brain? What the anvil? what dread grasp 15 Dare its deadly terrors clasp? and add on the well

When the stars threw down their spears² And water'd heaven with their tears, Did he smile his work to see?

Did he who made the Lamb make thee? 20

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

1794

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My Pretty Rose Tree

A flower was offerd to me; Such a flower as May never bore, But I said, "I've a Pretty Rose-tree," And I passed the sweet flower o'er.

Then I went to my Pretty Rose-tree, To tend her by day and by night. But my Rose turnd away with jealousy, And her thorns were my only delight.

1794

Ah Sun-flower

Ah Sun-flower! weary of time, Who countest the steps of the Sun, Seeking after that sweet golden clime Where the traveller's journey is done;

Where the Youth pined away with desire, And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow, Arise from their graves and aspire, Where my Sun-flower wishes to go.

1794

^{2. &}quot;Threw down" is ambiguous and may signify that the stars either "surrendered" or "hurled down" their spears.