



"The Tyger"

The Tyger<sup>1</sup>

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

5 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?

10 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?  
 15 What the anvil? what dread grasp  
 Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears<sup>2</sup>  
 And water'd heaven with their tears,  
 Did he smile his work to see?

20 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?

1790-92

1794

### 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.

5 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;

5 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. "Threw down" is ambiguous and may signify that the stars either "surrendered" or "hurled down" their spears.