

## Ludger Hofmann-Engl Songs of Experience

7 poems by William Blake from the collection „Songs of Oinnocence & Experience“

### The Lily

The modest Rose puts forth a Thorn;  
The humble Sheep a threat'ning Horn;  
While the Lily white shall in love delight,  
Nor a Thorn nor a threat stain her beauty bright

### The Fly

Little fly  
Thy summer's play,  
My thoughtless hand  
Has brushed away.

Am not I  
A fly like thee?  
Or art not thou  
A man like me?

For I dance  
And drink and sing;  
Till some blind hand  
Shall brush my wing.

If thought is life  
And strength & breath;  
And the want  
Of thought is death;

Then am I  
A happy fly,  
If I live,  
Or if I die.

### The Sick Rose

O Rose thou art sick.  
The invisible worm,  
That flies in the night,  
In the howling storm:

Has found out thy bed  
Of crimson joy;  
And his dark secret love  
Does thy life destroy.

### The clod and the pebble

Love seeketh not itself to please,  
Nor for itself hath any care;  
But for another gives its ease,  
And builds a Heaven in Hell's despair.

So sung a little Clod of Clay,  
Trodden with the cattle's feet;  
But a Pebble of the brook,  
Warbled out these metres meet.

Love seeketh only Self to please,  
To bind another to its delight;  
Joys in another's loss of ease,  
And builds a Hell in Heaven's despite.

### My pretty Rose Tree

A flower was offered 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 turned away with jealousy;  
And her thorns were my only delight.

### The Garden of Love

I went to the Garden of Love,  
And saw what I never had seen:  
A Chapel was built in the midst,  
Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of this Chapel were shut,  
And 'Thou shall not' written over the door;  
So I turned to the Garden of Love,  
That so many sweet flowers bore,

And I saw it was filled with graves,  
And tomb-stones where flowers should be:  
And Priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,  
And binding with briars, my joys & desires.