

NoNe, The Tiger

Tiger tiger! 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 hand dare seize the fire?

and what shoulder, and what art
Could twist thy sinews of thy heart?
And, when thy heart began to beat,
what dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In the furnace was the brain?
what the anvil? what dread grasp?
Dare it deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears
And waterd heaven with their tears
Did he smile? His work to see
Did he who made the lamb make thee

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