

WILLIAM BLAKE

1757-1827



The Fly

(from *Songs of Innocence and of Experience*)

Little Fly

Thy summers play,
My thoughtless hand
Has brush'd away.

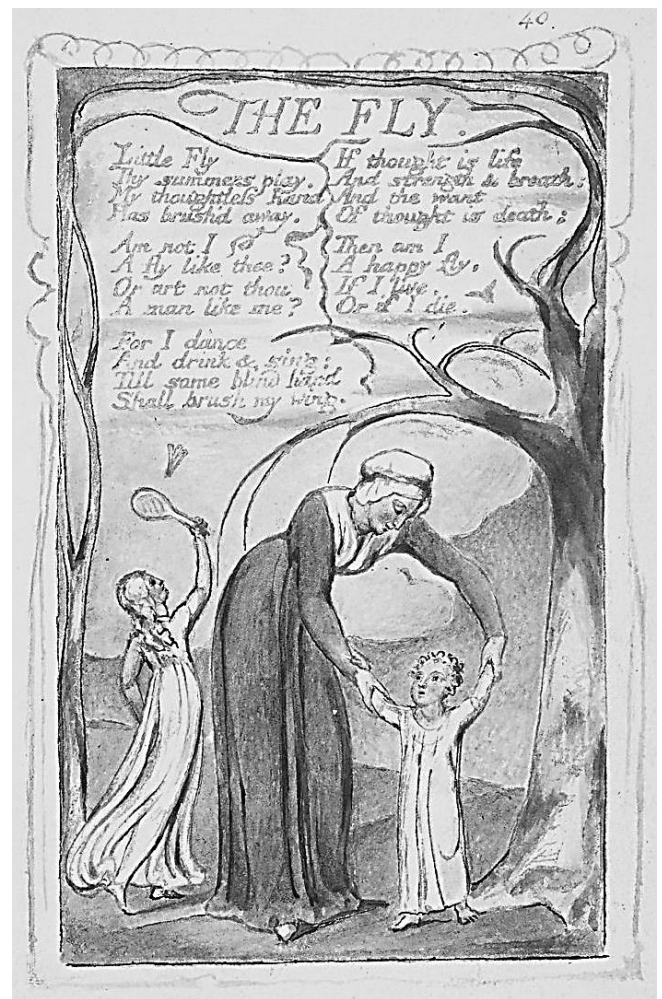
5 Am not I
A fly like thee?
Or art not thou
A man like me?

For I dance

10 And drink & sing:
Till some blind hand
Shall brush my wing.

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

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



1794



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