

**The Tyger by William Blake, 1794**

Tyger, Tyger burning bright; in the forests of the night ; what immortal hand or eye, could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps and skies; Burnt the fire of thine eyes; On what wings dare he aspire? What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art; Could twist the 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 what furnace was thy brain? What the anvil? What dread grasp! Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spears; And water’d heaven with their tears; Did he smile his work to see? Did he who made the lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright; In the forests of the light; What immortal hand or eye; Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

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