

# **APPENDIX TO POETICAL SKETCHES**

William Blake

## Table of Contents

<u>APPENDIX TO POETICAL SKETCHES</u> .....	1
<u>William Blake</u> .....	1
<u>Song by a Shepherd</u> .....	1
<u>Song by an Old Shepherd</u> .....	1

# APPENDIX TO POETICAL SKETCHES

**William Blake**

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## **Song by a Shepherd**

Welcome, stranger, to this place,  
Where joy doth sit on every bough,  
Paleness flies from every face;  
We reap not what we do not sow.

Innocence doth like a rose  
Bloom on every maiden's cheek;  
Honour twines around her brows,  
The jewel health adorns her neck.

## **Song by an Old Shepherd**

When silver snow decks Sylvio's clothes,  
And jewel hangs at shepherd's nose,  
We can abide life's pelting storm,  
That makes our limbs quake, if our hearts be warm.

Whilst Virtue is our walking-staff,  
And Truth a lantern to our path,  
We can abide life's pelting storm,  
That makes our limbs quake, if our hearts be warm.

Blow, boisterous wind, stern winter frown,  
Innocence is a winter's gown.  
So clad, we'll abide life's pelting storm,  
That makes our limbs quake, if our hearts be warm.