

# **MISCELLANEOUS EPIGRAMS**

William Blake

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**i**

His whole life is an epigram smart, smooth and neatly penn'd,  
Plaited quite neat to catch applause, with a hang-noose at the end

**ii**

He has observ'd the golden rule,  
Till he's become the golden fool.

**iii**

And in melodious accents I  
Will sit me down, and cry `I! I!'

**iv**

Some people admire the work of a fool,  
For it's sure to keep your judgment cool;  
It does not reproach you with want of wit;  
It is not like a lawyer serving a writ.

**v**

He's a blockhead who wants a proof of what he can't perceive;  
And he's a fool who tries to make such a blockhead believe.

**vi**

Great men and fools do often me inspire;  
But the greater fool, the greater liar.

**vii**

Some men, created for destruction, come  
Into the world, and make the world their home.  
Be they as vile and base as e'er they can,  
They'll still be callèd 'The World's Honest Man.'

**viii. An Epitaph**

Come knock your heads against this stone.  
For sorrow that poor John Thompson's gone.

**ix. Another**

I was buried near this dyke,  
That my friends may weep as much as they like.

**x. Another**

Here lies John Trot, the friend of all mankind:  
He has not left one enemy behind.  
Friends were quite hard to find, old authors say;  
But now they stand in everybody's way.

**xi**

When France got free, Europe, 'twixt fools and knaves,  
Were savage first to France, and after slaves.

**xii. On the virginity of the Virgin Mary and Johanna Southcott**

Whate'er is done to her she cannot know,  
And if you'll ask her she will swear it so.  
Whether 'tis good or evil none's to blame:  
No one can take the pride, no one the shame.

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**xiii**

*Imitation of Pope: a compliment to the Ladies*  
Wondrous the gods, more wondrous are the men,  
More wondrous, wondrous still, the cock and hen,  
More wondrous still the table, stool and chair;  
But ah! more wondrous still the charming fair.

**xiv**

When a man has married a wife, he finds out whether  
Her knees and elbows are only glued together.

**xv**

To Chloe's breast young Cupid slyly stole,  
But he crept in at Myra's pocket-hole.