

Peaceable Kingdom

I. THE LAMB

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed,
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice.
Who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

I'll tell thee, Little Lamb,
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild;
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.
Little Lamb, God bless thee.
Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

II. THE TYGER

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests 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?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
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?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
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 watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the Lamb make thee?

III. PEACEABLE KINGDOM

For they shall neither hurt nor destroy
On all my Holy Mountain,
The old shall live long,
The child not die young,
The Lion shall eat straw as the Ox,
And there shalt thou, Tyger, O Tyger,
Thou shalt lie down with the smallest of the lambs,
And none shall hurt, none shall destroy
On all my Holy Mountain!

But now groans the earth, as one giving birth,
Bound by the curse, pierced by the thorns.
Waiting, waiting, for the righteous of God;

O Tyger! O Little Lamb!
O Children of the Lamb,
The Lamb of God's revealing.
Little Lamb, God bless thee!
God bless thee, O Tyger.

*Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,*

*They shall neither hurt nor destroy
On all my Holy Mountain,*

But now groans the earth, as one giving birth.

*Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,*

*The old shall live long,
The child not die young,*

Waiting, waiting, for the righteous of God;

*Children of the Lamb,
The Lamb of God's revealing.*

Little Lamb, God bless thee!

O Tyger, God bless thee.

*Little Lamb, Mighty Tyger,
Who made thee?*

Dost thou know who made thee?