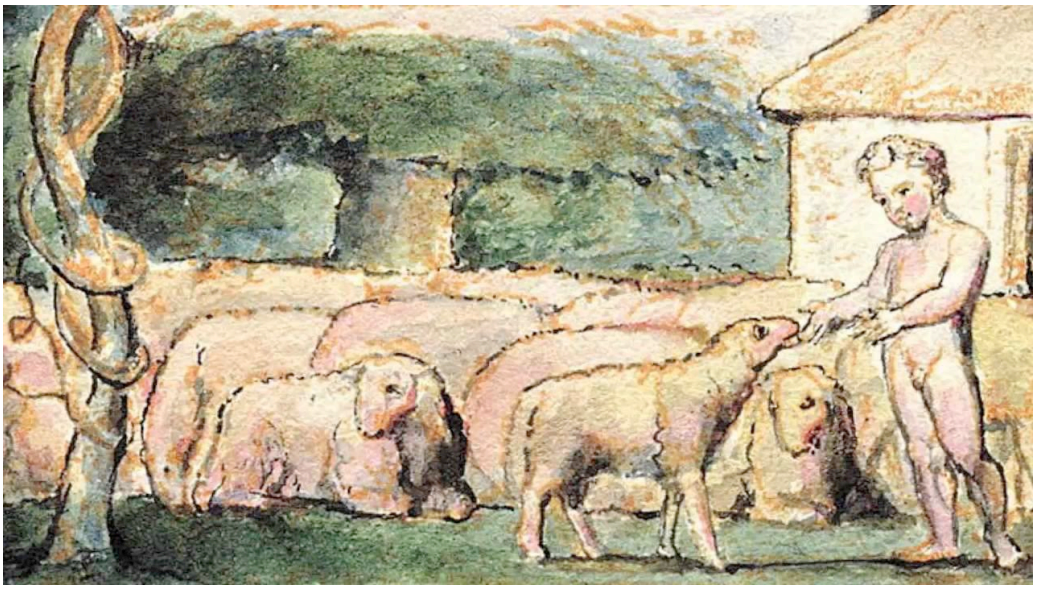
Little Lamb, Mighty Tyger

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.
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?

Little Lamb, Mighty Tyger, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?