

Sparklehorse, London

(Words by William Blake [1757 - 1827])

I wander through each chartered street,
near where the chartered Thames does flow,
and mark in every face I meet
marks of weakness, marks of woe

in every cry of every man,
in every infant's cry of fear,
in every voice, in every ban,
the mind-forged manacles I hear.

how the chimney-sweeper's cry
every blackening church appalls,
and the hapless soldier's sigh
runs in blood down palace walls

but most, through midnight streets I hear
how the youthful harlot's curse
blasts the new-born infant's tear
and blights with plagues the marriage hearse

I wander through each chartered street,
near where the chartered Thames does flow,
and mark in every face I meet
marks of weakness, marks of woe