The order in which the Songs of Innocence and Experience ought to be paginated and placed:

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End of Song: 

28. Frontispiece of Child on the Shepherd's head
29. Title Page of Songs of Experience
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Introduction.

Hear the voice of the Bard!
Who Present, Past, & Future sees
Whose ears have heard,
The Holy Word,
That walked among the ancient trees.

Calling the lapsed Soul,
And weeping in the evening dew:
That might control,
The starry pole;
And fallen fallen light renew!

O Earth O Earth return!
Arise from out the dewy grave;
Night is worn.
And the morn
Rises from the slumberous mists.

Turn away no more:
Why wilt thou turn away
The starry floor
The watry shore
Is given thee till the break of day.
EARTH'S Answer.

Earth raised up her head.
From the darkness dread & drear.
Her light fled:
Away dread!
And her locks cover'd with grey despair.

Friend on watry shore
Starry Jealousy does keep my den
Cold and near
Weeping o'er
I hear the father of the ancient man.

Selfish father of men
Cruel jealous selfish fear
Can delight
Chained in night
The virgins of youth and morning bear.

Does spring hide its joy
When bude and blossoms grow?
Does the corn grow?
Sow by night?
Or the plowman in darknes plow?

Break this heavy chain.
That does freeze my bones around
Selfish vain?
Eternal bane!
That free Love with bandage bound.
The Clod & the Pebble

Love seeketh not itself to please;
Nor for itself hath any care;
But for another giveth, its ease,
And builds a Heaven in Hells despair.

So sung a little Clod of Clay,
Truddled with the cattle's feet:
But a Pebble of the brook,
Warbled out these stanzas sweet.

Love seeketh only Self to please,
To bind another to her delight:
Vows in another's lot of ease.
And builds a Hell in Heavens deep
THE Chimney Sweeper

A little black thing among the snow;
Crying weep, weep, in notes of woe;
Where are thy father & mother; say?
They are both gone up to the church to pray.

Because I was happy upon the heath,
And smiled among the winter's snow;
They clothed me in the clothes of death,
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

And because I am happy, & dance & sing,
They think they have done me no injury:
And are gone to praise God & his Priest & King
Who make up a heaven of our misery.
THE GARDEN OF LOVE

I went to the Garden of Love,
And saw what I never had seen;
A Chapel was built in the midst,
Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of this Chapel were shut,
And Thou shalt not, writ over the door;
So I turned to the Garden of Love,
That so many sweet flowers bore.

And I saw it was filled with graves,
And pebbles, where flowers should be;
And Priests in black gowns, were walking their rounds,
And binding with briers, my joy as desires.
The Human Abstract.

Pity would be no more,
If we did not make somebody Poor;
And Mercy no more could be,
If all were as happy as we;
And mutual fear brings peace;
Lest the selfish love increase.
Then Cruelty lends a share
And spreads his bogy with care.
He goes down, with holy fear;
And plowing the ground, with tears;
Then humid, takes its root
Underneath his foot.

Soon spreads the dam’d shade
Of Mystery over his head;
And the Caterpillar and Fly
Feed on the Mystery.
And it bears the fruit of Discord.
Hardly any, sweet to eat;
And the Raven his nest has made
In its thickest shade.

The Gods of the earth and sea
Sought thro’ Nature to find this Tree
But their search was all in vain:
There grows one in the Human Brain.