

Holy Thursday from Songs of Experience

Writer: William Blake | Generated: Jan 26, 2026

Is this a holy thing to see

In a rich and fruitful land,

Babes reduced to misery

Fed with cold and usurous hand?

Is that trembling cry a song?

Can it be a song of joy?

And so many children poor?

It is a land of poverty!

And their sun does never shine.

And their fields are bleak & bare.

And their ways are fill'd with thorns

It is eternal winter there.

For where-e'er the sun does shine,

And where-e'er the rain does fall:

Babe can never hunger there,

Nor poverty the mind appall.