

Nurse's Song (Songs of Experience) Poem

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Nurse's Song (Songs of Experience)

By [William Blake](#)

When the voices of children are heard on the green And whisp'rings are in the dale, The days
of my youth rise fresh in my mind, My face turns green and pale.

Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down, And the dew's of night arise; Your spring
and your day are wasted in play, And your winter and night in disguise.