

The Tyger Poem

Writer: William Blake | Generated: Jan 26, 2026

The Tyger

By William Blake (1757-1827)

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? On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art, Could twist the sinews of thy heart? And when thy heart began
to beat. What dread hand? & what dread feet?

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 water'd heaven with their tears: Did he smile his
work to see? Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright, In the forests of the night: What immortal hand or eye, Dare frame
thy fearful symmetry?