

# London

William Blake

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I wander thro' each charter'd street,  
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow,  
And mark in every face I meet,  
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man,  
In every Infants cry of fear,  
In every voice, in every ban,  
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear.

How the Chimney-sweeper's cry  
Every black'ning Church appalls;  
And the hapless Soldier's sigh  
Runs in blood down Palace walls.

But most, thro' midnight streets I hear  
How the youthful Harlot's curse  
Blasts the new-born Infants tear,  
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse.

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