

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Poetry

“The Tyger” by William Blake

**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, and what art, could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when they heart began to beat,
What dread hand? And 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 watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?**

**Tyger! Tyger! Bruning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?**