

DETRWA SANTE INOSANS EK EXPERYANS

PAR

WILLIAM BLAKE

TRADUKSIION / ADAPTASION

PAR

DEV VIRASAWMY

*TEXT SOURS: THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK,
SONGS OF INNOCENCE AND EXPERIENCE
WWW.GUTENBERG.ORG*

DETRWA SANTE INOSANS

THE ECHOING GREEN

The sun does arise,
And make happy the skies;
The merry bells ring
To welcome the Spring;
The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells' cheerful sound;
While our sports shall be seen
On the echoing green.

Old John, with white hair,
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak,
Among the old folk.
They laugh at our play,
And soon they all say,
'Such, such were the joys
When we all—girls and boys—
In our youth-time were seen
On the echoing green.'

Till the little ones, weary,
No more can be merry:
The sun does descend,
And our sports have an end.
Round the laps of their mothers
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest,
And sport no more seen
On the darkening green.

DAN PEI MAZIKAL

(Pou Kardinal Jean Margeot)

1

Ler soley leve
Fer lesiel riye
Laklos ding-dong-bel
Apel Samarel;
Zwazo tou kouler
Lor pie, dan lezer
Sant for-for, pli for
Ki laklos an-nor
Ler nou tap nou jal
Dan pei mazikal.

2

Ton Zan seve blan
Efas nou tourman;
Anba pie pipal
Korom amikal
Riye get nou zwe.
Ekout zot koze:
" Koumsamem lontan
Kan nou ti zanfan
Nou ti tap nou jal
Dan pei mazikal."

3

Ler bann tipti fatige
Nepli kapav amize
- Soley al bwar dilo -
Nou jalsa net chombo.
Lor godi zot mama
Gran zanfan, ti baba,
Bann zwazo Makabe
Pe kas kou, pe reve;
Zot chomtayt bann jal
Dan pei mazikal.

THE LAMB

Little lamb, who made thee?
Does thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Does thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

AGNO KOTONE

Ti agno ki to mama?
To kone ki to papa?
Kisannla ti donn twa ler;
Lerb ver tann ek dilo kler;
Donn twa lalenn kotone
Pou liver ek pou lete;
Donn twa zoli ti lavwa
Ki met later dan lazwa?
Ti agno ki to mama?
To kone ki to papa?

Ti agno, tann mwa bien;
Ti agno tann sa bien:
Li 'si li enn ti agno,
Li apel Limem agno.
Li dou e li pa violan,
Li ti pran form enn zanfan.
Mwa zanfan e twa agno
Nou pou toultan de matlo.
Ti agno, Bondie beni!
Ti agno, Bondie beni!

THE LITTLE BOY LOST

'Father, father, where are you going?
O do not walk so fast!
Speak, father, speak to your little boy,
Or else I shall be lost.'

The night was dark, no father was there,
The child was wet with dew;
The mire was deep, and the child did weep,
And away the vapour flew.

TI GARSON PERDI

"Papa, papa kot to ete?
To pe mars tro vit!
Papa koz ar to ti garson,
Sinon li pou plot."

Lanwit ti nwar, ti garson tousel,
Ti lapli tranp li net;
Labou monte, ti garson plore,
Labrim kile, disparet.

THE LITTLE BOY FOUND

The little boy lost in the lonely fen,
Led by the wandering light,
Began to cry, but God, ever nigh,
Appeared like his father, in white.

He kissed the child, and by the hand led,
And to his mother brought,
Who in sorrow pale, through the lonely dale,
Her little boy weeping sought.

TI GARSON RETROUVE

Ti garson perdi dan laplenn tranpe,
Trike par fos lalimier,
Koumans plore, me Bondie toultan la,
Kouma so papa li fer;

Anbras zanfán la, trap li par lame,
Amenn li kot so mama
Ki ti trakase laba dan vale,
Plore pe rod so baba.

A CRADLE SONG

Sweet dreams, form a shade
O'er my lovely infant's head!
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams
By happy, silent, moony beams!

Sweet Sleep, with soft down
Weave thy brows an infant crown!
Sweet Sleep, angel mild,
Hover o'er my happy child!

Sweet smiles, in the night
Hover over my delight!
Sweet smiles, mother's smiles,
All the livelong night beguiles.

Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,
Chase not slumber from thy eyes!
Sweet moans, sweeter smiles,
All the dovelike moans beguiles.

Sleep, sleep, happy child!
All creation slept and smiled.
Sleep, sleep, happy sleep,
While o'er thee thy mother weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Holy image I can trace;
Sweet babe, once like thee
Thy Maker lay, and wept for me:

Wept for me, for thee, for all,
When He was an infant small.
Thou His image ever see,
Heavenly face that smiles on thee!

Smiles on thee, on me, on all,
Who became an infant small;
Infant smiles are His own smiles;
Heaven and earth to peace beguiles.

DODO BABA

Rev dou, protez bien
Somey mo baba ar swen!
Rev dou, montre li
Douser lalinn lor lili!

Somey kalm ar douser
Tres enn kouronn set kouler!
Somey dou, anz lao,
Vey mo baba pe dodo!

Sourir dou, dan aswar
Protez lasours mo lespwar!
Sourir dou, mo mama,
Pa les fernwar bles baba!

Plengne dou, ti kolom,
Pa kas somey ti bolom!
Plengne dou, sourir dou,
Pa les baba gagn boubou.

Dodo bien mo baba!
Lavi dormi san traka.
Dormi anpe mo gate,
Larm to mama pe veye.

Baba dou, to figir
Montre Zezi so sourir;
Baba dou, kouma twa
Bondie ti vers larm pou mwa;

Pou mwa, pou twa, pou nou tou
Kan Li ti enn Bebe dou.
So figir dan to lizie,
So lalev tras sourir Bondie.

Sourir pou twa, pou mwa, pou tou
Kan Li ti vinn enn Bebe dou;
Sourir bebe So sourir sa
Ki sem lape dan douniya.

THE DIVINE IMAGE

To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
All pray in their distress,
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is God our Father dear;
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is man, His child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart;
Pity, a human face;
And Love, the human form divine:
And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man, of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine:
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form,
In heathen, Turk, or Jew.
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,
There God is dwelling too.

PORTRE BONDIE

Pardon, Pitie, Lape, Lamour
Nou priye dan traka;
Kan lapriyer finn ekzose
Nou dir mersi Papa.

Pardon, Pitie, Lape, Lamour
Limem Mama-Papa;
Pardon, Pitie, Lape, Lamour
Se So Zanfan, twa, mwa.

Pardon ena leker imen;
Pitie se so vizaz;
Lamour se Bondie vinn imen;
Lape se lenz dimoun.

Kan dimoun partou kote
Pe priye dan traka,
Zot priye Bondie vinn imen:
Lamour, Pardon, Pitie, Lape.

Bizen kontan Bondie Imen
Ki li payen ou Zwif.
Kan Pardon, Lamour, Pitie la
Bondie 'si li la.

NIGHT

The sun descending in the West,
The evening star does shine;
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.
The moon, like a flower
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight,
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy groves,
Where flocks have took delight,
Where lambs have nibbled, silent moves
The feet of angels bright;
Unseen, they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest
Where birds are covered warm;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm:
If they see any weeping
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head,
And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tigers howl for prey,
They pitying stand and weep;
Seeking to drive their thirst away,
And keep them from the sheep.
But, if they rush dreadful,
The angels, most heedful,
Receive each mild spirit,
New worlds to inherit.

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold:
And pitying the tender cries,
And walking round the fold:
Saying: 'Wrath by His meekness,
And, by His health, sickness,

Is driven away
From our immortal day.

'And now beside thee, bleating lamb,
I can lie down and sleep,
Or think on Him who bore thy name,
Graze after thee, and weep.
For, washed in life's river,
My bright mane for ever
Shall shine like the gold,
As I guard o'er the fold.'

ASWAR

Soley tanto pe'al bwar dilo,
Zetwal pe kas palto;
Zwazo ansilans pe dormi
E mo lor mo lili.
Lalinn kouma'enn fler
Lao pe ekler
Ar plezir dousman
Lanwit souriyan.

Salam karo ek soubwa ge
Kot troupo ti broute,
Kot agno ti grignot lerb tann,
Prezans bann anz pa fonn;
Envizib, bann fe
Vers benediksjon
Lor fler ek bouton,
Lor somey perfe.

Bann anz chek bien partou kote
Si zwazo bien oso;
Vizit bann lakav zaimo,
Anpes difikilte.
Si larm pe koule
Olie rev flote,
Zot fer larm dormi,
Vey dan bor lili.

Kan bebet feros atake
Bann anz plore, gete;
Zot sey efas laswaf disan,
Anpes grif bles zanfán.
Si ravaz kraz kor,
Partou sem lamor,
Zot okip bann nam
Dan lemonn tamam.

Laba lion ar lizie dife
Larm lor li pou verse;
Pou'ena pitie pou penitans,
Pou tou, bon sirveyans.
Pardon dres vanzans,

Lamour, pestilans;
Soufrans pa gagn bonn
Dan nouvo lemonn.

Lion la li dir, "Zoli agno
Anou dormi ansam;
Nou pans Zezi ki enn Agno,
Brout lerb, plore ansam.
Ar dilo pirte
Mo krinier briye
Kouma lor, matlo,
Ler mo vey lanklo."

ON ANOTHER'S SORROW

Can I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

And can He who smiles on all
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and care,
Hear the woes that infants bear—

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast,
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and day,
Wiping all our tears away?
O no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

He doth give His joy to all:
He becomes an infant small,
He becomes a man of woe,
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not by:
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.

O He gives to us His joy,
That our grief He may destroy:

Till our grief is fled and gone
He doth sit by us and moan.

LOR SOUFRANS LOTLA

Kapav get enn lot soufer
San santi pwa so douler?
Kapav get enn lot sagren
San rod enn konsolasion?

Kapav get larm pe koule
San pran kont enn malere?
Kapav sa pou enn paran
Get so zanfan plor disan?

Kapav sa pou enn mama
Les baba touf dan traka?
Non, non, non! Peyna sime!
Peyna sime! Peyna sime!

Dir mwa si Li, Li kapav
Tann ti zwazo may dan kav,
Tann ti mwano dan tourman,
Tann soufrans bann ti zanfan

E pa bord kot so lili
Pou vers konfor dan lespri;
E pa koste ar so ber
Pou vers larm lor so maler?

E pa pas lanwit, lizour,
Souy so larm, sakenn so tour?
Non, non, non! Peyna sime!
Peyna sime! Peyna sime!

Limemsa ti donn lespwar:
Li ti ne aswar dan nwar;
Ler vinn gran li pas martir,
Me zame perdi sourir.

Pa kwar ler nou pe sagren
Mama-Papa tas dan kwen;
Pa kwar ler larm li koule
Papa-Mama al chake.

Ar So gran serenite

Li fer sagren kaptile;
Tank sagren pe chombo nou
Li res la pou konsol nou.

DETRWA SANTE EXPERYANS

THE CLOD AND THE PEBBLE

'Love seeketh not itself to please,
Nor for itself hath any care,
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a heaven in hell's despair.'

So sung a little clod of clay,
Trodden with the cattle's feet,
But a pebble of the brook
Warbled out these metres meet:

'Love seeketh only Self to please,
To bind another to its delight,
Joys in another's loss of ease,
And builds a hell in heaven's despite.'

ENN PLOT LATER EK ENN KAYOU

"Lamour pa rod so prop bienet.
Li pa pran kont so prop lavi
Me pou lotla li kas latet
E fer lanfer vinn paradi."

Samem sante enn plot later
Ler lapat bef pil-pil lor li
Me enn kayou dan bor dilo
Sant enn sante zis bon pou li:

"Lamour nek rod so prop bienet,
Ansenn lezot pou so nisa,
Ar larm lezot li ranz so fwet,
Fer lanfer aval Nirrvana."

HOLY THURSDAY

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 and bare,
And their ways are filled with thorns,
It is eternal winter there.

For where'er the sun does shine,
And where'er the rain does fall,
Babe can never hunger there,
Nor poverty the mind appal.

ZEDI SEN

Sivilize sa? Sakre sa?
Dan pei later fertil
Lafen trangle tibaba
Kot roupi sem inital?

Lavwa tranble pe sate?
Lazwa sa ki pe plengne?
Zanfan pe korde dan nwar?
Sa enn pei bien fatra!

Zot soley zame leve,
Zot karo peyna kouler,
Zot sime plen ar pikan,
Pou zot toulezour fer fre.

Partou kot soley briye,
Partou kot lapli tonbe,
Tibaba pa mordefen,
Lespri pa paralize.

THE LITTLE GIRL LOST

In futurity
I prophesy
That the earth from sleep
(Grave the sentence deep)

Shall arise, and seek
For her Maker meek;
And the desert wild
Become a garden mild.

In the southern clime,
Where the summer's prime
Never fades away,
Lovely Lyca lay.

Seven summers old
Lovely Lyca told.
She had wandered long,
Hearing wild birds' song.

'Sweet sleep, come to me,
Underneath this tree;
Do father, mother, weep?
Where can Lyca sleep?

'Lost in desert wild
Is your little child.
How can Lyca sleep
If her mother weep?

'If her heart does ache,
Then let Lyca wake;
If my mother sleep,
Lyca shall not weep.

'Frowning, frowning night,
O'er this desert bright
Let thy moon arise,
While I close my eyes.'

Sleeping Lyca lay,
While the beasts of prey,

Come from caverns deep,
Viewed the maid asleep.

The kingly lion stood,
And the virgin viewed:
Then he gambolled round
O'er the hallowed ground.

Leopards, tigers, play
Round her as she lay;
While the lion old
Bowed his mane of gold,

And her bosom lick,
And upon her neck,
From his eyes of flame,
Ruby tears there came;

While the lioness
Loosed her slender dress,
And naked they conveyed
To caves the sleeping maid.

TI TIFI PERDI

Enn zour pa enn zour
- Ekout sa lamour -
Somey pou kase,
Later pou leve,
Tom lor lipie kreater.
E lera dezer
Vinn zarden fri ek fler.

Dan lil paradi
Ti'ena enn tifi;
Layka ti so nom,
Li ti'ena set-an.

Pandan set lane
Nou zoli Layka
Partou ti promne,
Ekout kakatwa.

"Vini mo somey
Anba tonel fey.
Kot mo pou dormi
Kan papi fouti?"

"Perdi dan dezer,
To piti pe per.
Kouma pou kaysou
Kan mami finn fou?"

"Si leker fermal
Layka gagn dimal;
Si mama dodo
Layka lera go.

"Aswar nwar boudier
Lor lasann dezer,
Les lalinn leve
Ler mo ferm lizie."

Layka li kaysou
Pandan ki loulou
Dan kavern sorti

Vinn louk nou fifi.

Lerla lion rwayal
Vinn rant dan sawal;
Li fer enn letour
Otour so lakour.

Leopar ek tig
Zwe tiglaketig;
E lion milener
Dres so krinier lor;

Lis so lestoma;
Lor likou Layka
So lizie dife
Larg larm kolorye;

So madam lerla
Larg lenz tifi la
E zot sarye li,
Tifi andormi.

THE LITTLE GIRL FOUND

All the night in woe
Lyca's parents go
Over valleys deep,
While the deserts weep.

Tired and woe-begone,
Hoarse with making moan,
Arm in arm, seven days
They traced the desert ways.

Seven nights they sleep
Among shadows deep,
And dream they see their child
Starved in desert wild.

Pale through pathless ways
The fancied image strays,
Famished, weeping, weak,
With hollow piteous shriek.

Rising from unrest,
The trembling woman pressed
With feet of weary woe;
She could no further go.

In his arms he bore
Her, armed with sorrow sore;
Till before their way
A couching lion lay.

Turning back was vain:
Soon his heavy mane
Bore them to the ground,
Then he stalked around,

Smelling to his prey;
But their fears allay
When he licks their hands,
And silent by them stands.

They look upon his eyes,
Filled with deep surprise;

And wondering behold
A spirit armed in gold.

On his head a crown,
On his shoulders down
Flowed his golden hair.
Gone was all their care.

'Follow me,' he said;
'Weep not for the maid;
In my palace deep,
Lyca lies asleep.'

Then they followed
Where the vision led,
And saw their sleeping child
Among tigers wild.

To this day they dwell
In a lonely dell,
Nor fear the wolvish howl
Nor the lion's growl.

TI TIFI RETROUVE

Enn lanwit tourman
Layka so paran
Ti rod zot fifi
Dan rafal lapli.

Fatige, strese,
Anrwe ar plore,
Pandan enn semenn
Zot manz zot lapenn.

Set nwit zot dormi
Dan lakav minwi;
Zot rev zot bebe
Pe mor san manze.

Lor santie peyna
Zot rev zot baba
Nwaye dan lapenn,
Plore dan laplenn.

Latet fatige,
Leker dan mole,
Lipie vinn lagom,
Lizie finn vinn som.

So misie pran li,
Lev li, sarye li
Ziska lor sime
Lion pe repoze.

Pert-tan rod kile;
Sek-sek toulede
Tale dan kontour;
Lion fer zot letour.

Li renifle zot;
Enn kou enn, lot kou lot.
Li lis zot lebra;
Danze nepli la.

Dan lion so lizie

Ti'ena mirak vre;
Enn lespri an-nor
Pe briye for-for.

Kouronn lor latet,
So zepol anfet
Ar pwal lalimier.
Aster zot pa per.

Lion la dir, "Swiv mwa!
Peyna pou traka;
Dan sato ribi
Layka pe dormi."

Zot swiv enn vizion
Ziska lorizon;
Zot trouv zot zanfan
Parmi tig mesan.

Zot lakaz aster
Li dan vale kler;
Zanimo feros
Ar zot finn vinn dos.

THE SICK ROSE

O rose, thou art sick!
The invisible worm,
That flies in the night,
In the howling storm,

Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy,
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.

ROZ MALAD

O roz, to malad!
Enn los leker ros,
Viris envizib,
Ki gagn jos dan fos

Finn rant dan to nik
Lanfer paradi;
So lespri malis
Pe kraz to lavi.

THE TIGER

Tiger, tiger, 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 thy 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?

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

TIG

TigOTig, laflam lespwar,
Ekler lafore dan nwar;
Ki Lame ek ki Lizie
Ti fabrik pwisans regle?

Dan ki lwenten galaksi
Dife to lizie sorti?
Lor ki lezel Li'anvole?
Ki Lame ti chom dife?

Ki talan ek ki zekler
Ti tourn ner dan to leker?
Ler leker koumans bate,
Ki Lame ek ki Lipie?

Ki lasenn ek ki marto?
Ki laforz moul to servo?
Ki lanklim? Kot sa trape
Gagn kouraz tini pwagne?

Kan zetwal depoz zot zarm,
Lor lesiel zot vers zot larm,
Eski So sourir ti la?
Papa Agno, to papa sa?

TigOTig, laflam lespwar,
Ekler lafore dan nwar;
Ki Lame ek ki Lizie
Pe fabrik pwisans regle?

THE GARDEN OF LOVE

I went to the Garden of Love,
And saw what I never had seen;
A Chapel was built in the midst,
Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of this Chapel were shut,
And 'Thou shalt not' writ over the door;
So I turned to the Garden of Love
That so many sweet flowers bore.

And I saw it was filled with graves,
And tombstones where flowers should be;
And priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,
And binding with briars my joys and desires.

ZARDEN LAMOUR

Ler mo ti al Zarden Lamour,
Ki ou kwar ti may mo gete?
Enn Lasapel ti pe kas poz
Lor laplenn kot mo'abitie zwe.

Lasapel la ferme akle;
Lor laport ti dir "Pa gagn drwa!"
Mo ti retourn Zarden Lamour
Kot zoli fler ti donn lazwa.

Partou kot mo lizie tape
Pier tonbal finn pran plas bann fler;
E soutann nwar monte-desann,
Atas ar pikan raket, plezir ek dezir.

THE LITTLE VAGABOND

Dear mother, dear mother, the Church is cold;
But the Alehouse is healthy, and pleasant, and warm.
Besides, I can tell where I am used well;
Such usage in heaven will never do well.

But, if at the Church they would give us some ale,
And a pleasant fire our souls to regale,
We'd sing and we'd pray all the livelong day,
Nor ever once wish from the Church to stray.

Then the Parson might preach, and drink, and sing,
And we'd be as happy as birds in the spring;
And modest Dame Lurch, who is always at church,
Would not have bandy children, nor fasting, nor birch.

And God, like a father, rejoicing to see
His children as pleasant and happy as He,
Would have no more quarrel with the Devil or the barrel,
But kiss him, and give him both drink and apparel.

TIVAKABON

Mama O Mama, fer fre dan Legliz!
Dan tavern laba, dimoun pe sante.
Mwa mo bien kone kan pe pran mwa kont;
Lao dan lesiel zot pran zanfan kont.

Si dan Legliz 'si ti donn labwason;
E ti met sofaz pou fer fonn glason,
Sante ek priye gagn gou pa ase;
Personn pa ti pou kap devwar sakre.

Apart fer lapres, ti pou bwar, sante;
Nou ti pou ere kouma fler lor pie;
Madam Lokloke, kankrela Legliz,
Ar zanfan normal, pa ti pou gagn kriz.

Papa-Mama liniver ar plezir
Ti pou get So zanfan pe viv ek zwir;
Fini konfli ar boutey, ar Satan;
Ansam zot ti pou bwar ek soulbontan.

LONDON

I wander through each chartered street,
Near where the chartered Thames does flow,
A mark in every face I meet,
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every man,
In every infant's cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forged manacles I hear:

How the chimney-sweeper's cry
Every blackening church appals,
And the hapless soldier's sigh
Runs in blood down palace-walls.

But most, through midnight streets I hear
How the youthful harlot's curse
Blasts the new-born infant's tear,
And blights with plagues the marriage hearse.

PORLWI

Ler mo mars lor lari kapital
Akote larivier liberal,
Mo trouv partou mem sikatris:
Tras febles ek tras tristes.

Dan sak lavwa ki mo tande,
Dan lavwa zanfan ki tranble,
Dan sak diskour, dan sak kontra
Menot mantal pe fer fraka.

Zanfan pe fer travo forse,
Fer miray nwar vinn blan Legliz;
Solda vant vid ar soupire
Miray lerwa pentir anrouz.

Dan lari minwi ekout bien!
To pou tann tifi vann lekor
Modi baba so prop leren;
Modi for-for karos lamor.