

WILLIAM BLAKE

1757 — 1827

am not i a fly like thee thy summer's play my thoughtless hand has bru^{sh}ed away
or art not thou a man like me for i dance and drink and sing
till some blind hand shall brush my wing if thought is lie and
strength and breath and the want of thou^{gh} is ht is
deat^h the n a m i a h ap^{py} fly | |
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NOTES:



http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/William_Blake

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Songs_of_Innocence_and_of_Experience



ABSTRACT

WILLIAM BLAKE

1757 — 1827

FROM SONGS OF EXPERIENCE

THE FLY

Little Fly,
Thy summer's play
My thoughtless hand
Has brushed away.

Am not I
A fly like thee?
Or art not thou
A man like me?

For I dance,
And drink, and sing,
Till some blind hand
Shall brush my wing.

If thought is life
And strength and breath,
And the want
Of thought is death;

Then am I
A happy fly.
If I live,
Or if I die.