London – William Blake

I wandered 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.