

## THE ECHOING GREEN

William Blake

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.