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WILLIAM BLAKE

THE LITTLE GIRL LOST

In futurity
I prophetic see
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 breast did 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.