

Tyger, Tyger burning bright,  
In the forest on the night:  
What immortal hand of eye,  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deep or skies  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, what art  
Could twist the sinews on thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain.  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp  
Dare is deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears  
And wate'd heaven with their tears,  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger, Tyger, burning bright  
In the forest of the night:  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?