

## London

## Fiddler's Green

I wander through each chartered street  
Near where the chartered Thames does flow  
And 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 appalls  
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 plaques the marriage hearse

London calling  
Big city of fear  
London calling  
Can't you hear