

## DSSSB TGT & PGT



SCHOLAR BATCH

# ENGLISH

WILLIAM BLAKE













### William Blake





#### **Early Years:**

- ◆William Blake was born on November 28, 1757, in the Soho district of London, England.
  - He was the third of seven children, two of whom died in (infancy)
  - · He only briefly attended school, being chiefly educated at home by his mother Catherine Blake.
  - •The Bible had an early, profound influence on Blake, and it would remain a lifetime source of inspiration, coloring his life and works with intense spirituality.



### DSSB (TGT) ENGLISH (Lit.)

- At an early age, Blake began experiencing visions, and his friend and journalist Henry Crabb Robinson wrote that Blake saw God's head appear in a window when Blake was 4 years old.
- He also allegedly saw the prophet Ezekiel under a tree and had a vision of "a tree filled with angels."
- Blake's visions would have a lasting effect on the art and writings that he produced
- At age 14) he apprenticed with an engraver



### DSSB (TOT) ENGLISH (Lit.)

- Blake's master was the engraver to the London Society of Antiquaries, and Blake was sent to Westminster Abbey to make drawings of tombs and monuments, where his lifelong love of gothic art was seeded.
- Also preparing himself for a career as a painter, that same year, he was admitted to the Royal Academy of Art's Schools of Design



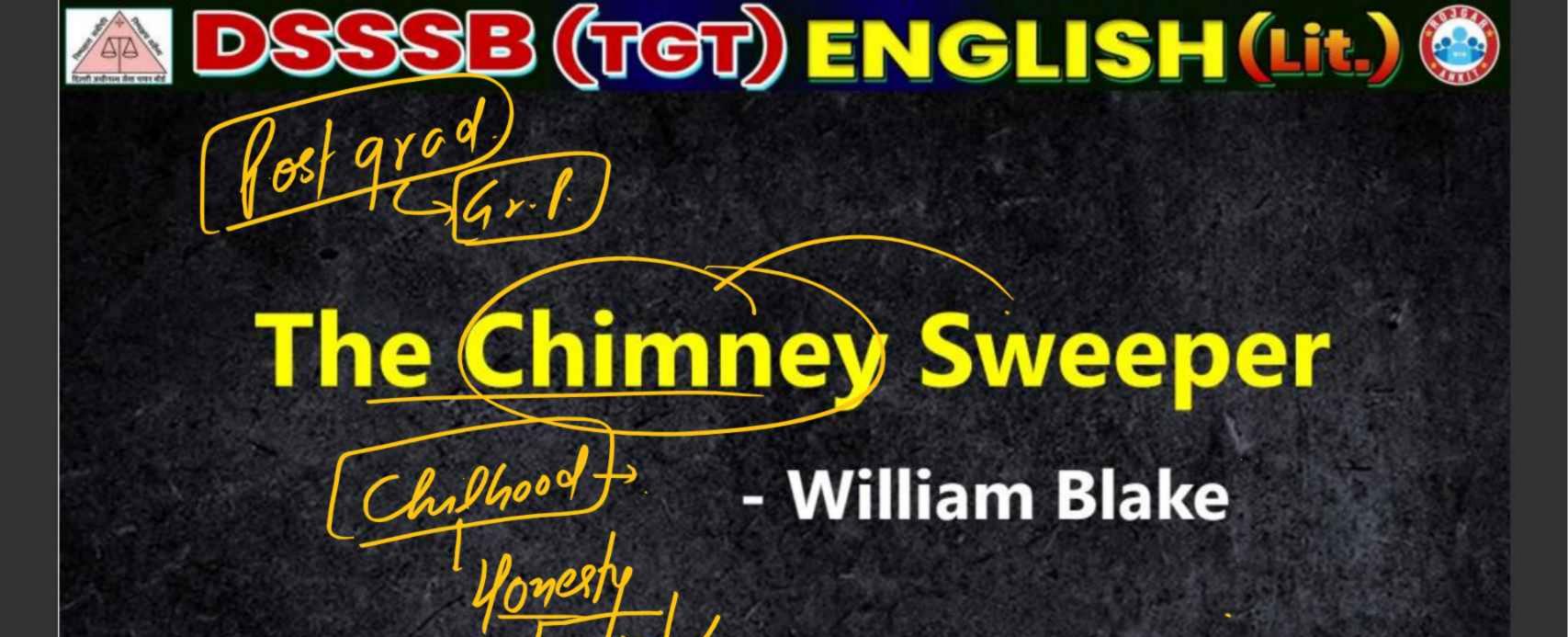


- In August 1782, Blake married <u>Catherine Sophia Boucher</u>, who was illiterate.
- Blake taught her how to read write, draw and color.
- Catherine believed explicitly in her husband's visions and his genius, and supported him in everything he did, right up to his death 45 years later.





- One of the most traumatic events of Blake's life occurred in 1787, when his beloved brother, Robert, died from tuberculosis at age 24.
- •In 1804, Blake began to write and illustrate Jerusalem (1804-20), his most ambitious work to date.





When my mother died I was very young,

And my father sold me while yet my tongue

Could scarcely Cry " 'weep! 'weep! 'weep! 'weep!"

So your chimneys I sweep & in soot I sleep





There's little Tom Dacre who cried when his head That curled like a lamb's back, was shaved, so I said, "Hush, Tom! never mind it, for when your head's bare) You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair



### DSSE (TOT)





And so he was quiet, & that very night,

As Tom was a sleeping he had such a sight!

That thousands of sweepers Dick, Joe, Ned, & Jack,

Were all of them locked up in coffins of black;





And by came an Angel who had a bright key,

And he opened the coffins & set them all free;

Then down a green plain leaping, laughing they run,

And wash in a river and shine in the Sun.







Then naked & white, all their bags left behind,

They rise upon clouds) and sport in the wind.

And the Angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,

He'd have God for his father & never want joy.





And so fom awoke; and we rose in the dark

And got with our bags & our brushes to work.

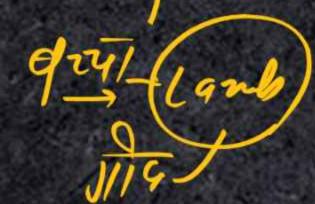
Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy & warm;

So if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.









-Poem by William Blake







Little Lamb who made thee

Dost thou know who made thee

Gave thee life & bid thee feed.

By the stream & o'er the mead







Lamb,

Gave thee clothing of delight,

Softest clothing wooly bright;

Gave thee such a tender voice,

Making all the vales rejoice!



Little Lamb who made thee

Dost thou know who made thee

Little Lamb I'll tell thee,

Little Lamb I'll tell thee!



### DSSB (TOT) ENGLISH (Lit.)







He is called by thy name,

For He calls Himself a Lamb.

Mymble He is meek & he is mild, Tender

He became a little child:





ta child & thou a lamb,

We are called by his name.

Little Lamb God bless thee.

Little Lamb God bless thee.

Lamb









# The Tyger



- Poem by William Blake





Tyger Tyger, burning bright,

In the forests of the night;

What immortal hand or eye,

Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

Tcreate









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 of 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, 475 Dare its deadly terrors clasp!







When the stars threw down their spears spears

And water'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 forests of the night:
- What immortal hand or eye,
- Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?