

The Tyger

William Blake 1757 – 1827

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps 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 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,
Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

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

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In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

Immortal – something that can live forever
thy – your; **symmetry** – being the same on both halves

thine – your

seize – grab

sinews - a tendon, a part of muscle

dread – scary, impressive

furnace – a container that is heated to a very high temperature and used to melt metal, or burn things

anvil – a heavy block of iron on which heated pieces of metal are made into a particular shape with a hammer

clasp – grab

thee – you