

# The Garden of Love

William Blake

John Sykes

**Andante**

*mp*

I went to the Gar - den of Love — And saw what I ne - ver had

**Andante**

*mp* *sf* *p*

6

seen A chap-el was built in the midst, — Where I used to play —

*mf*

10

— on the green. And the gates of this chap - el were

*p* *f*

*mp dolce* *p* *sf* *f*

14

shut, — And "Thou shalt not" writ ov - er the door; So I turned to the Gard - en of

*mf* *cresc.* *sf* *mf* *fff* *f*

*pesante*

18 *ff* *poco rit. a tempo*

Love — That so man — — — y sweet flow-ers bore;

*dim.*

*ff* *poco rit. a tempo*

*sf* *mf* *mp dolce p* *mp*

*pesante*

22 *mp*

And I saw it was fill-ed with graves, And tomb-stones where flow - ers should

*mf* *p* *sf*

26

be; And priests in black gowns were walk-ing their rounds — — — And

*p* *cresc.*

29 *f* *rall. Lento*

bind-ing with bri - ars my joys and de - sires, — — —

*sf* *mf* *pp* *smorz.* *ppp*