

# Infant Sorrow

William Blake

John Sykes

**Moderato**

My moth - er\_ groaned; My fath - er wept.\_\_\_\_

**Moderato**

*p*

7

In-to the dang-er-ous world\_\_\_\_ I leapt, Help - less,

13

*f*

Na - ked pi - ping loud\_\_\_\_ Like a fiend\_\_\_\_ hid in a

*cresc.* *f*

*poco rit.* *a tempo*

19

*p*

cloud\_\_\_\_ Strugg - ling in my

*poco rit.* *a tempo*

*p*

25

fath - er's hands, — Stri - ving a-gainst my swadd - ling bands,

31

Bound\_ and wear - y, I\_ thought\_ best\_ To

*f*

*cresc.*

37

sulk\_ u-pon my\_ moth - er's

*poco rit.*

*f*

*poco rit.*

41

breast.

*a tempo*

*rit.*

*a tempo*

*rit.*

*pp*