

London

William Blake

John Sykes

Molto sostenuto (ma non troppo lento)

I wan-der thro' each chart-er'd street Near where the char-ter'd Thames does flow, And

Molto sostenuto (ma non troppo lento)

p

4
mark in ever-y face I meet— Marks_ of weak - ness, marks of woe. In

p smorz. *sf mp*

7
eve - ry cry of eve - ry man, In eve - ry In - fant's cry of fear, In

9

eve-ry voice, in eve-ry ban, The Mind - forg'd man - a-cles I hear. How the

mf *f* *dim* *mp*

12

chim - ney sweep - er's cry — Eve - ry black' ning church app - alls — And the

14

hap - less sold - ier's sigh — runs in blood down pal - ace

cresc *f* *cresc* *f*

16

walls. But most thro' mid - night streets I

mf *mf*

18 *f* *f*

hear_ how the youth - ful Har - lot's curse Blasts the new-born In-fant's tear_____ And

cresc *sf* *sf* *cresc molto*

21 *ff* *poco allarg.* *a tempo*

blights with plagues_____ the Marr - iage hearse.

ff *poco allarg.* *a tempo* *f pesante*

23

ff *dim* *p* *pp* *smorz.*

25

pp *sff*