

The Tyger  
William Blake

Tyger! tyger! burning bright  
In the forest 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, and what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when they heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? and what dread feet?