

Glad Day

I see the world with sight of kings,
And watch her turn and hear her sing
That all the earth and all the sea
Lives as one infinity

And as I flew I saw Tay Moor,
And as I ran I saw Land's End,
The press of trees upon the Powys
And round the Wensum River bend

And swords no longer sounded scales
And drums forgot the beat of airs,
But the idle thought blasphemes
To the stones in their despair

Old men forget the soul of song-
Albion lives about the sky,
I keep my hand over my heart,
Blake had visions- so will I!