2. THE LITTLE BLACK BOY

My mother bore me in the southern wild, And I am
black, but oh! my soul is white. White as an
black, but oh! my soul is white. White as an
black, but oh! my soul is white. White as an

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Four Blake Songs - 2. THE LITTLE BLACK BOY (Huub de Lange)

angel is the English child, But I am black as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree, And, sitting down before the heat of
day, She took me on her lap and kissed

me, And poin ting to the east be gan to say:

"Look on the (mm... ...) be gan to say:

"Look on the (mm... ...) be gan to say:
ri-sing sun, there God does live And
ri-sing sun,

“Look on the ri-sing sun,

“Look on the ri-singsun,

28 gives his light, and gives his heat a-way; And flowers and
gives his light, heat a-way, And flowers and

And flowers and

32 trees and beasts and men re-ceive trees and beasts and men re-ceive

trees and beasts and men re-ceive
Comfort in morning,
joy in the noon-day.

Comfort in morning,
joy in the noon-day.

Comfort in morning.

we are put on earth a little space
That we may learn to bear the beams of

love;
And these black bodies and this sun-burnt face
is but a
cloud. For

and like a shady grove.

like a shady grove.

like a shady grove.

when our souls have learned the heat to bear the cloud will vanish, we shall hear his

when our souls have learned the heat to bear the cloud will vanish, we shall hear his

voice Saying: 'Come out from the grove, my love and care, And round my
golden tent like lambs rejoice!

Thus did my mother say, and kissed me; And thus I

say to little English boy:

When I from
black and he from white cloud free, And round the tent of God like lambs we

joy, (mm... ...) like lambs we joy,

joy, (mm...) like lambs we joy, I'll shade him

from the heat till he can bear to lean in joy up - on our Fa - ther's
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,

knee;

And be like him, and he will then loves

him.

him.

him.

me.