

## London

## Tangerine Dream

I wander thro' each charter'd street  
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow  
And mark in every face I meet  
Marks of weakness, marks of woe  
In every cry of every Man  
In every Infants cry of fear  
In every voice, in every ban  
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear:  
How the Chimney-sweeper's cry  
Every blackning Church appalls  
And the hapless Soldier's sigh  
Runs in blood down Palace walls  
But most thro' midnight streets I hear  
How the youthful Harlots curse  
Blasts the new-born Infants tear  
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse

Rise and look out; his chains are loose, his dungeon doors are open  
And let his wife and children return from the oppressor's scourge  
They look behind at every step and believe it is a dream  
Singing: "The Sun has left his blackness, and has found a fresher morning  
And the fair Moon rejoices in the clear and cloudless night  
For Empire is no more, and now the Lion and Wolf shall cease"