MARC MANGEN

WILLIAM BLAKE SONGBOOK

William Blake Songbook

The Garden of Love (Songs of Experience) p. 2

Nurse's Song (Songs of Innocence) p. 6

The Angel (Songs of Experience) p. 10

How Sweet I Roam'd (Poetical Sketches) p.14

The Smile (Pickering Manuscript) p.18

The Fly (Songs of Experience) p. 20

The Echoing Green (Songs of Innocence) p. 24

Mad Song (Poetical Sketches) p. 30

The Land Of Dreams (Pickering Manuscript) p. 36

My Silks and Fine Array (Poetical Sketches) p. 42

Nurse's Song (Songs of Experience) p. 45

Night (Songs of Innocence) p. 48

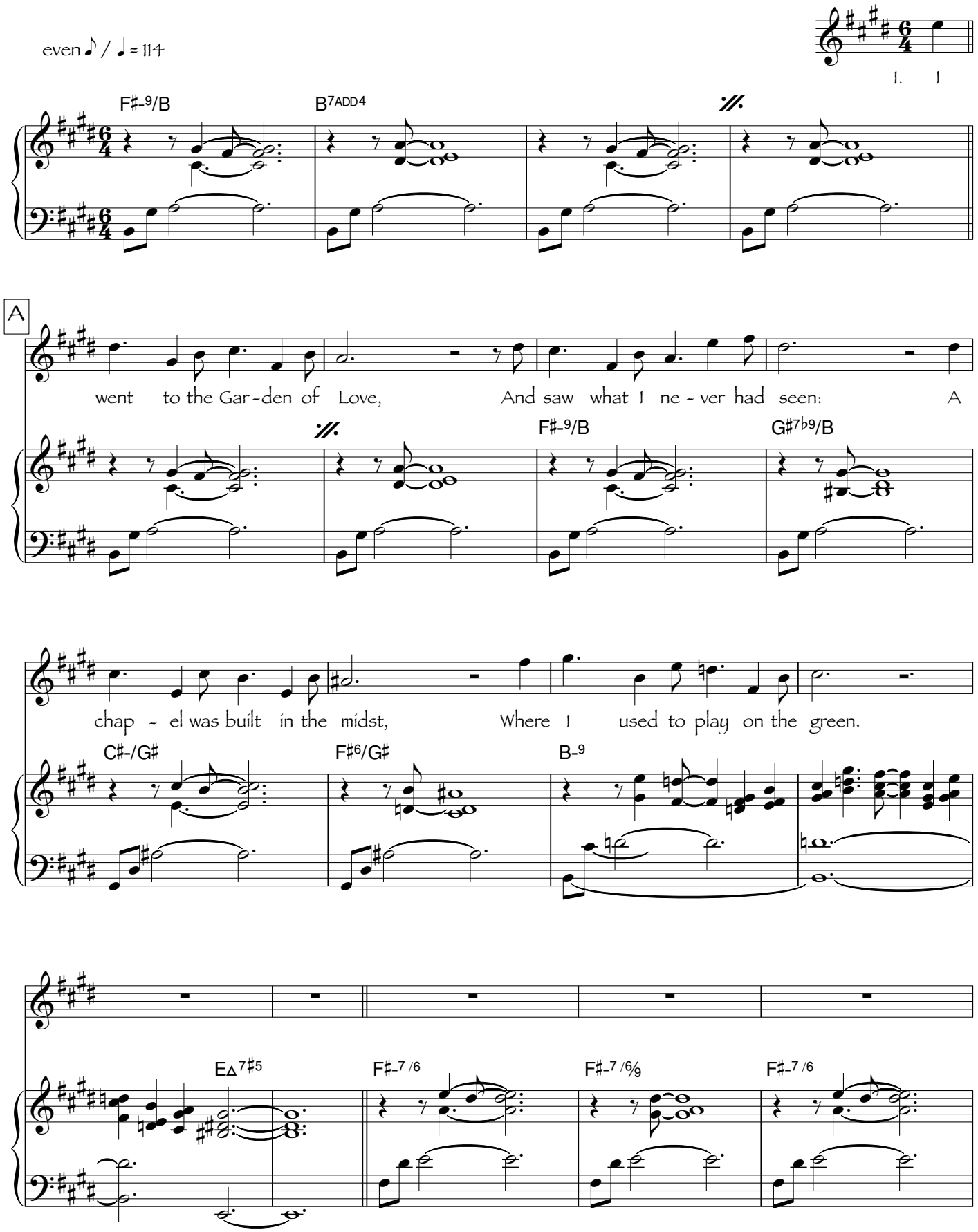
Music by Marc Mangen (SACEM)

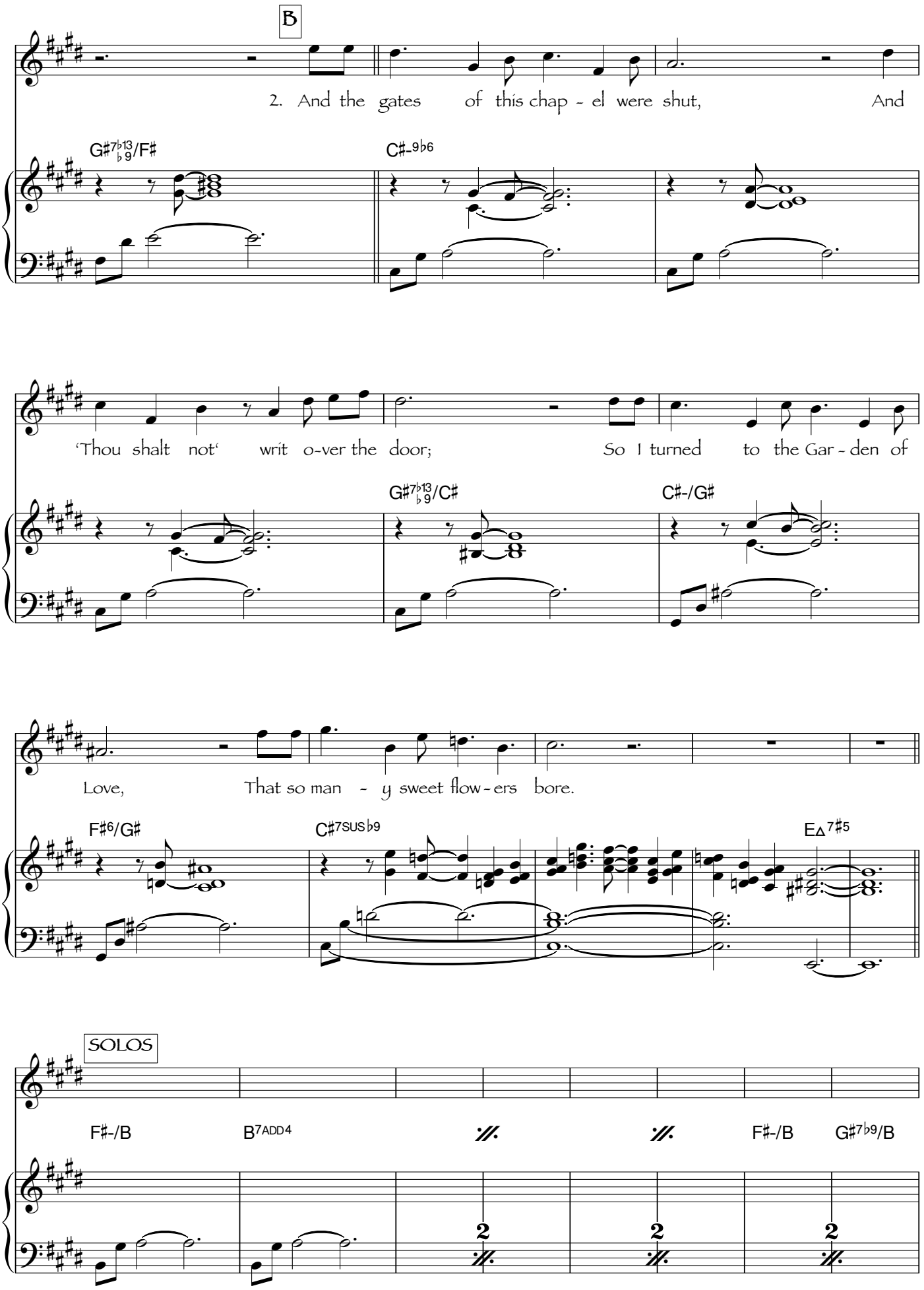
The Garden Of Love

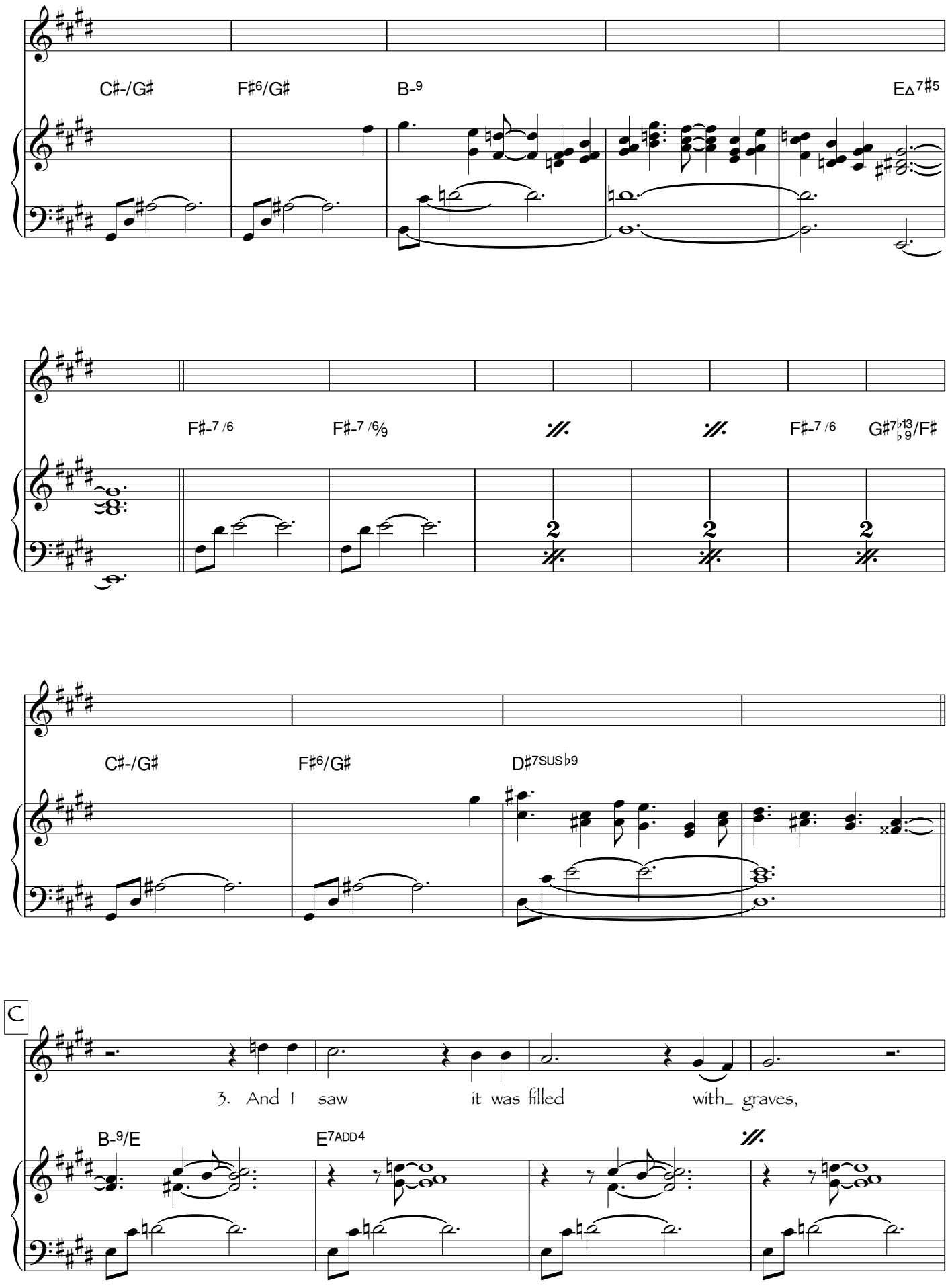
(from Songs of Experience)

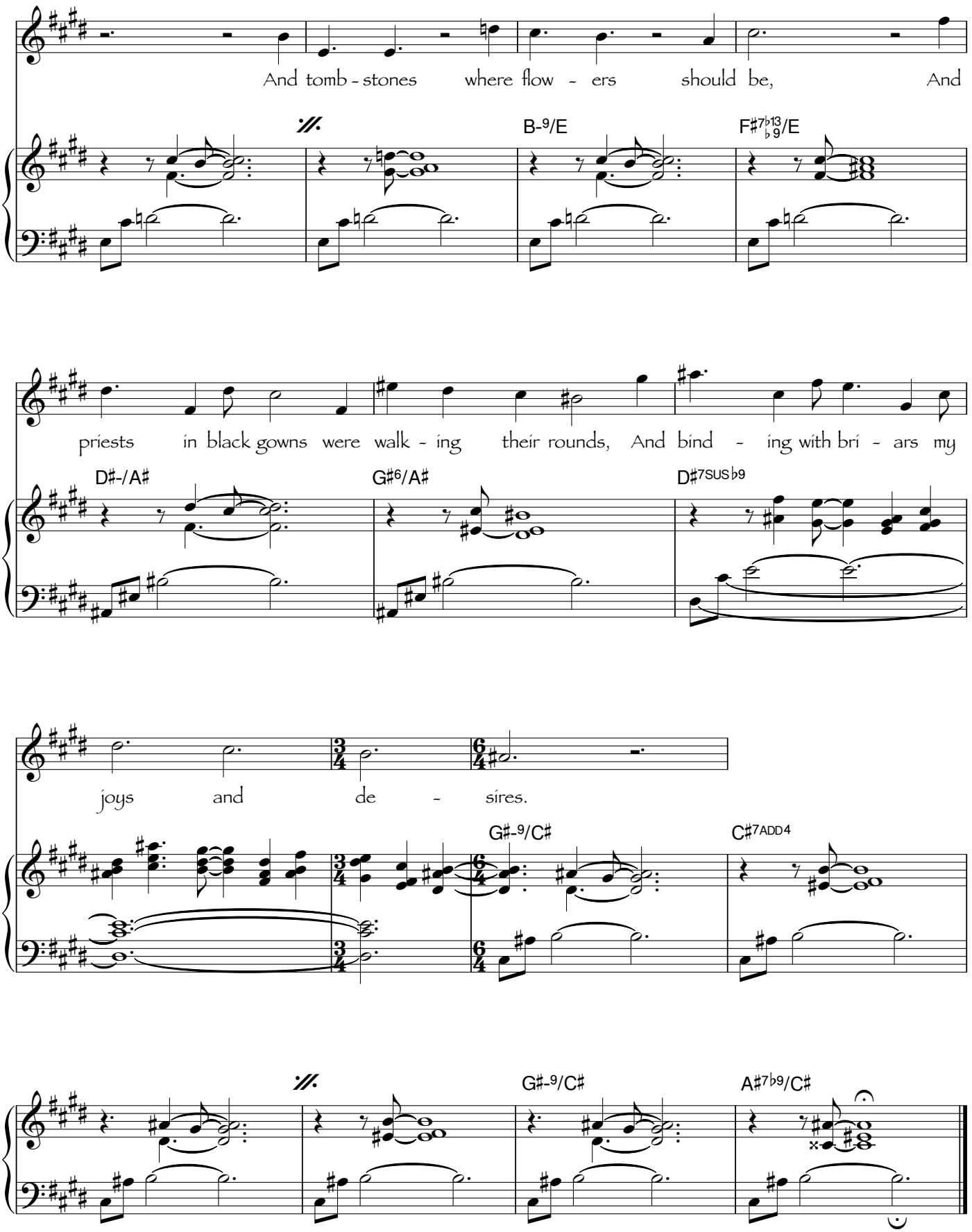
William Blake

Marc Mangen




B
2. And the gates of this chap - el were shut, And
G♯7♭13♭9/F♯
C♯-9♭6
'Thou shalt not' writ o-ver the door; So I turned to the Gar - den of
G♯7♭13♭9/C♯
C♯-/G♯
Love, That so man - y sweet flow - ers bore.
F♯6/G♯
C♯7SUS♭9
E△7♯5
SOLOS
F♯-/B
B7ADD4
F♯-/B
G♯7♭9/B


C#-/G#
F#6/G#
B-9
EΔ7#5
F#-7/6
F#-7/6/9
2
2
2
F#-7/6
G#7♭13/♭9/F#
C#-/G#
F#6/G#
D#7SUS♭9
C
3. And I saw it was filled with_ graves,
B-9/E
E7ADD4

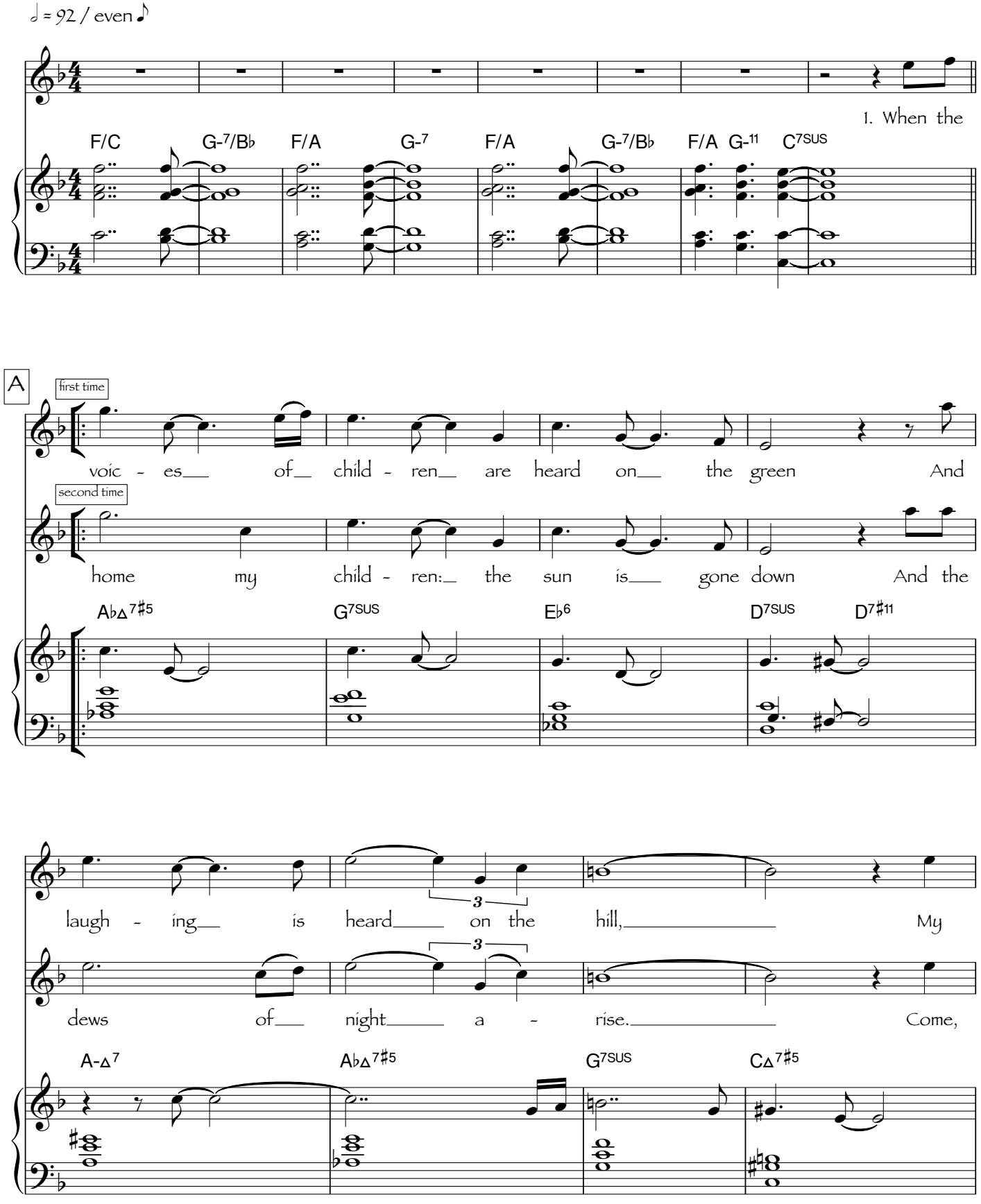

And tomb - stones where flow - ers should be, And
B-9/E
F#7b13 b9/E
priests in black gowns were walk - ing their rounds, And bind - ing with bri - ars my
D#-/A#
G#6/A#
D#7SUSb9
joys and de - sires.
G#-9/C#
C#7ADD4
G#-9/C#
A#7b9/C#

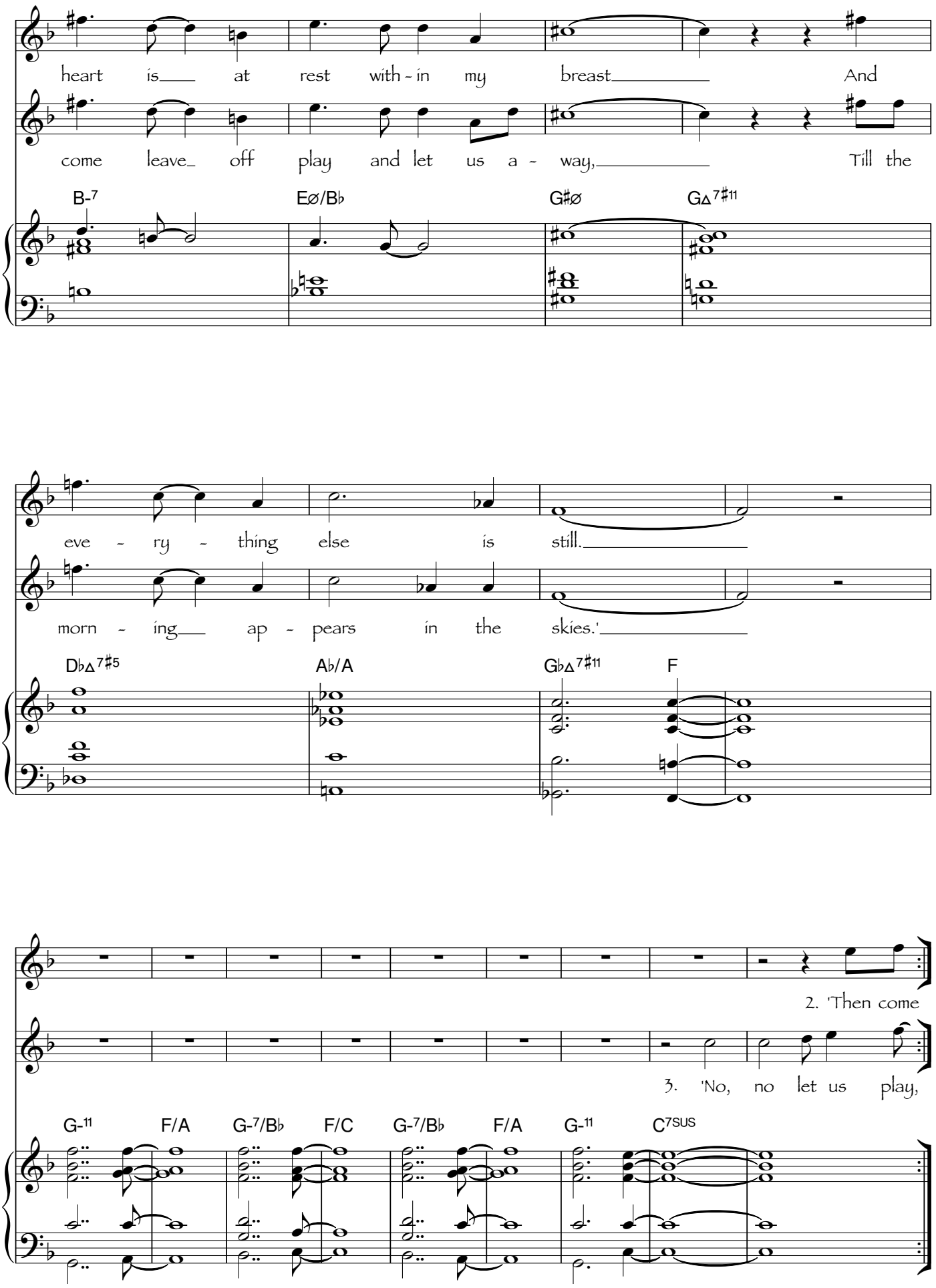
Nurse's Song

(from Songs of Innocence)

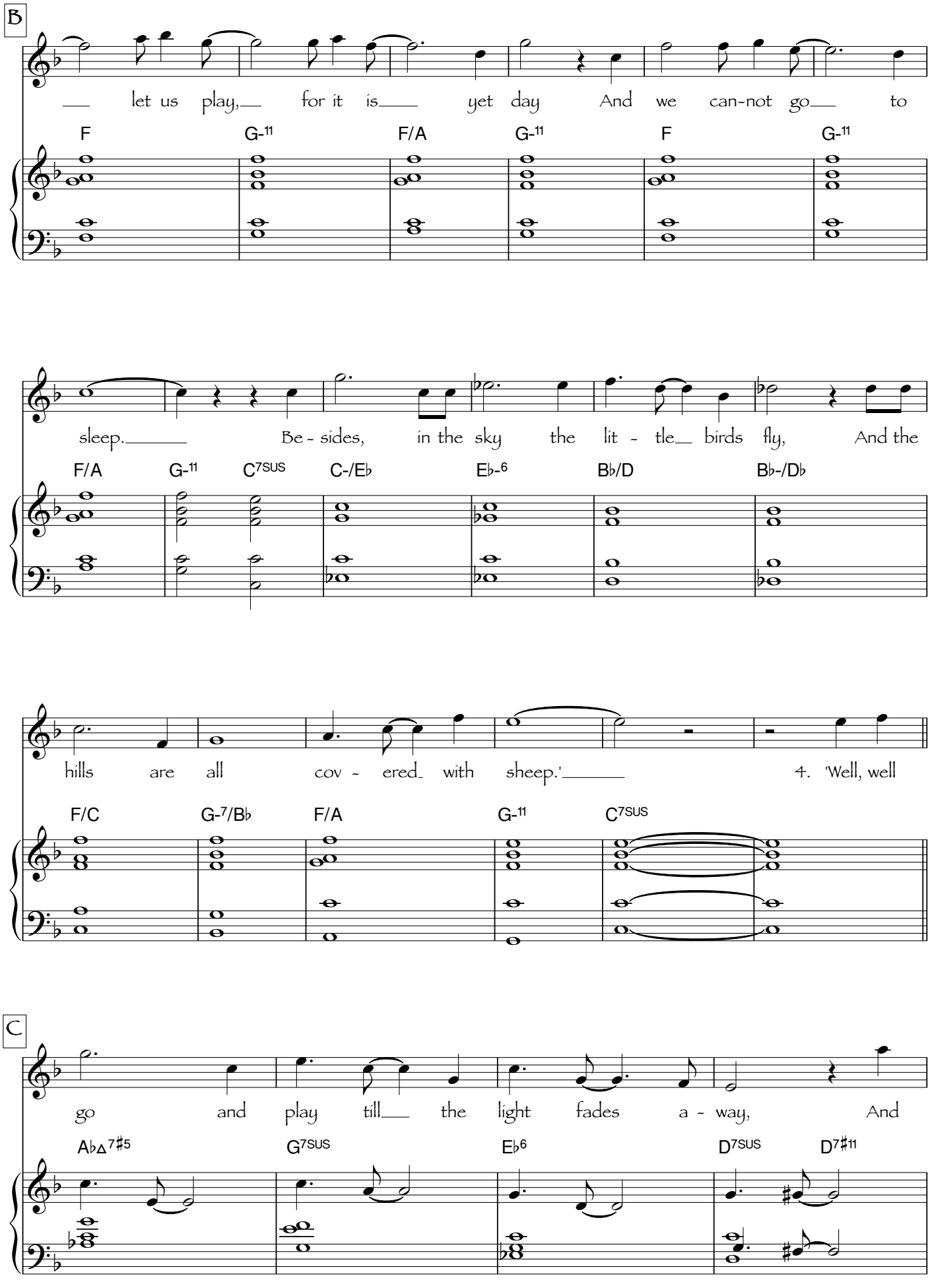
William Blake

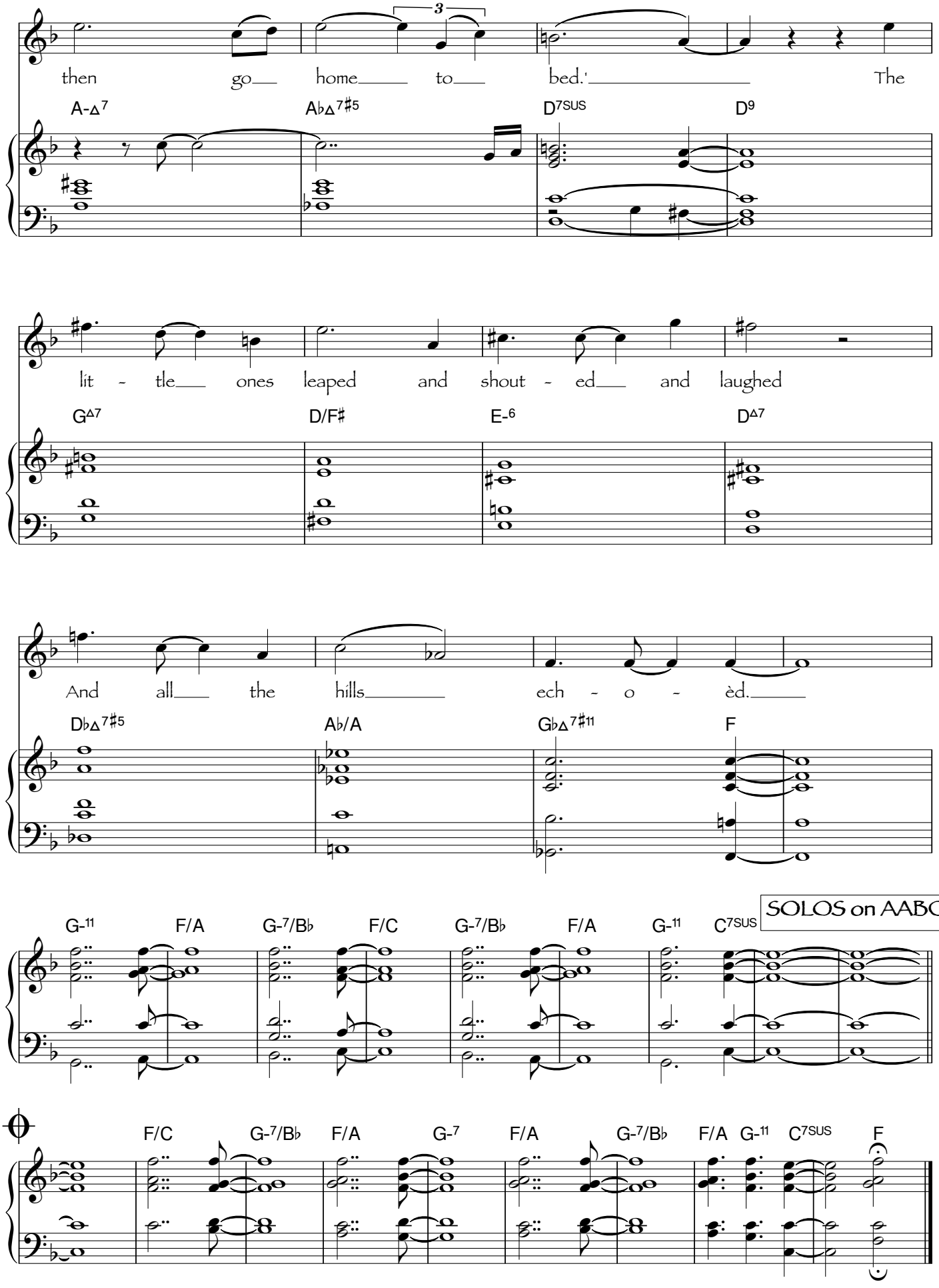
Marc Mangen




heart is at rest with - in my breast And
come leave off play and let us a - way, Till the
B-7
Eø/B♭
G♯ø
G△7♯11
eve - ry - thing else is still.
morn - ing ap - pears in the skies.'
D♭△7♯5
A♭/A
G♭△7♯11
F
2. 'Then come
3. 'No, no let us play,
G-11
F/A
G-7/B♭
F/C
G-7/B♭
F/A
G-11
C7SUS

B


let us play, for it is yet day And we can-not go to
F G-11 F/A G-11 F G-11
sleep. Be - sides, in the sky the lit - tle birds fly, And the
F/A G-11 C7SUS C-/Eb Eb-6 Bb/D Bb-/Db
hills are all cov - ered with sheep.' 4. 'Well, well
F/C G-7/Bb F/A G-11 C7SUS
C
go and play till the light fades a - way, And
Ab△7#5 G7SUS Eb6 D7SUS D7#11

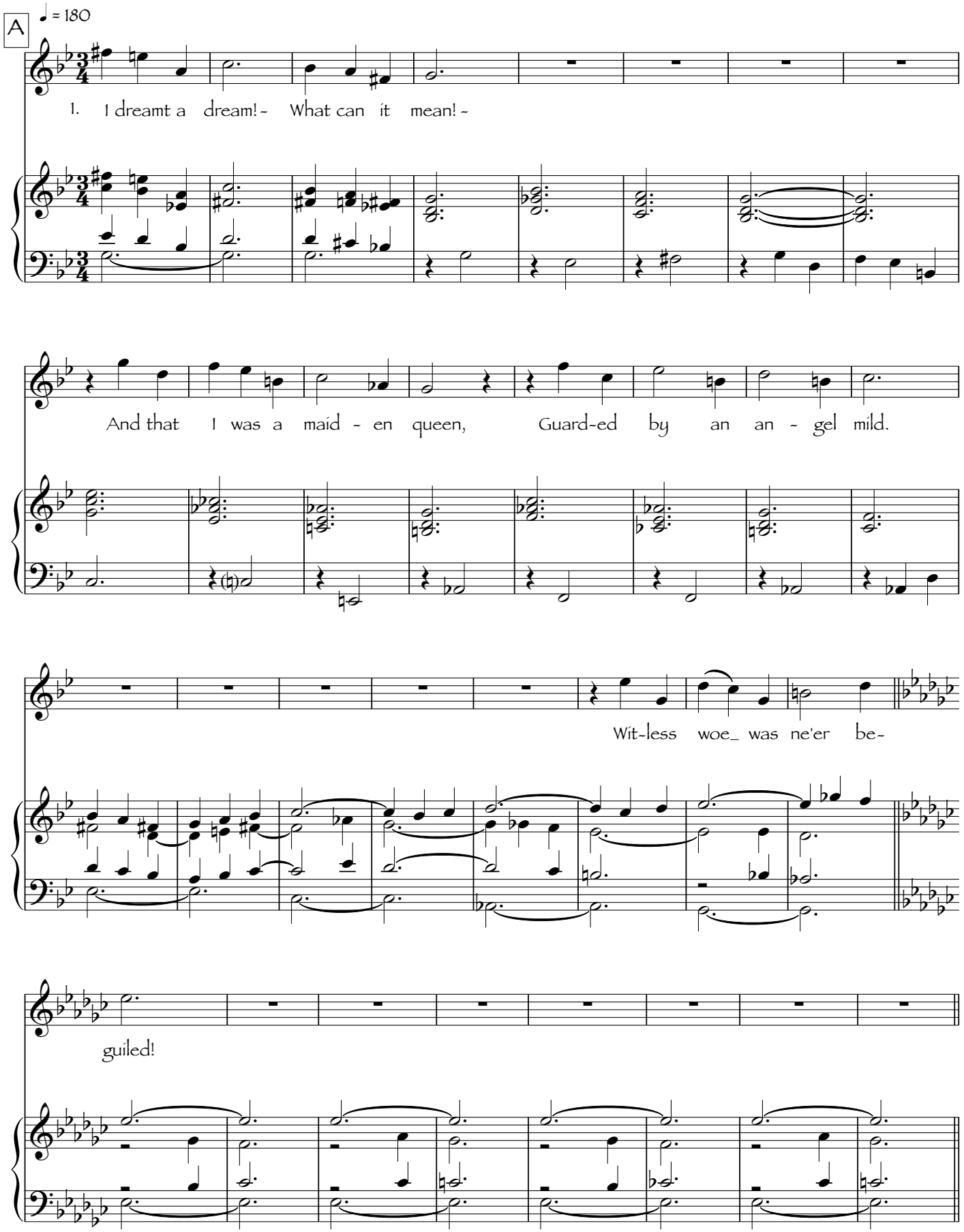

3
then go home to bed.' The
A-Δ7
A♭Δ7♯5
D7SUS
D9
lit - tle ones leaped and shout - ed and laughed
GΔ7
D/F♯
E-6
DΔ7
And all the hills ech - o - èd.
D♭Δ7♯5
A♭/A
G♭Δ7♯11
F
G-11
F/A
G-7/B♭
F/C
G-7/B♭
F/A
G-11
C7SUS
SOLOS on AABC
F/C
G-7/B♭
F/A
G-7
F/A
G-7/B♭
F/A
G-11
C7SUS
F

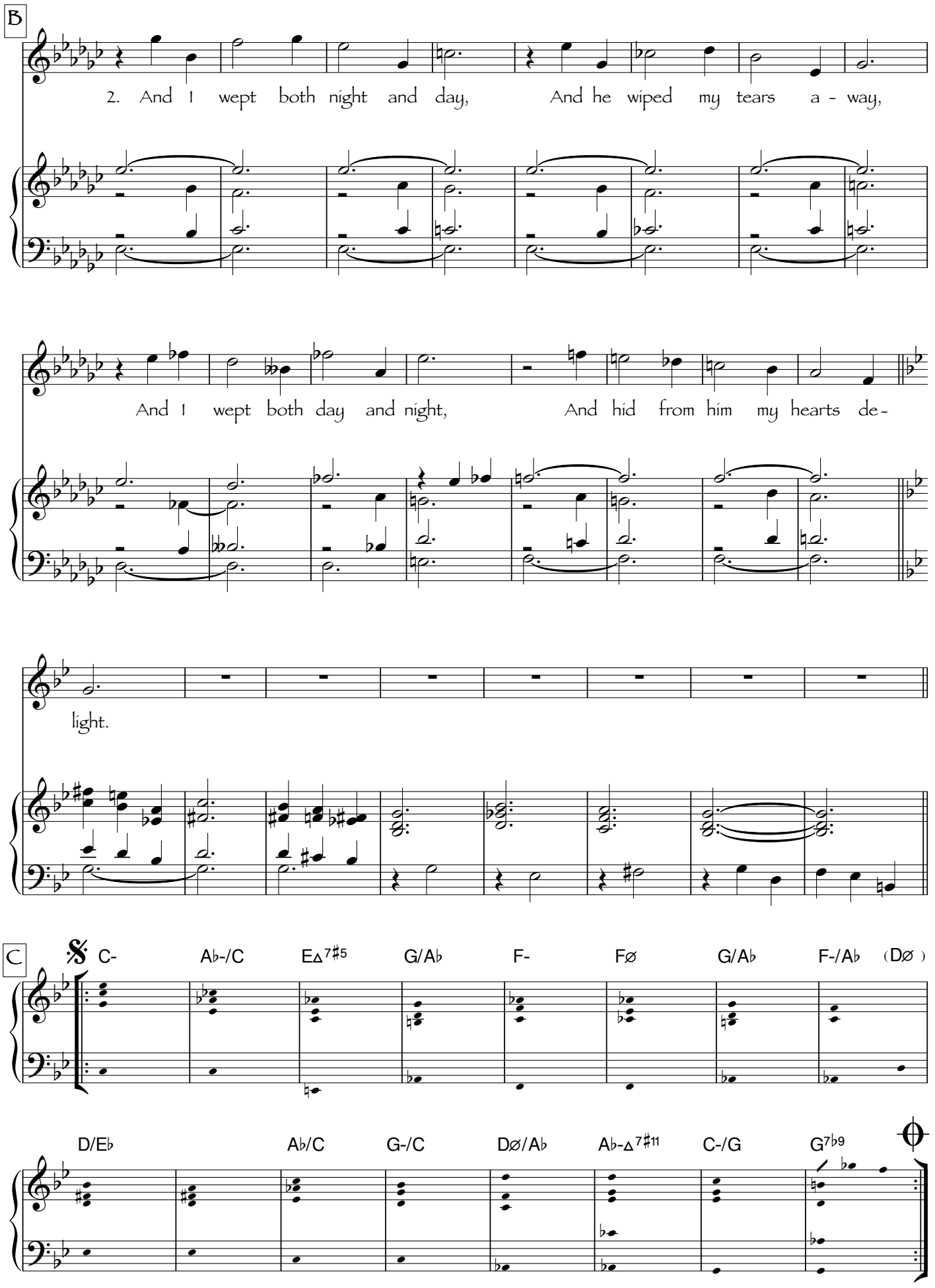
The Angel

(from Songs of Experience)

William Blake

Marc Mangen




B
2. And I wept both night and day, And he wiped my tears a - way,
And I wept both day and night, And hid from him my hearts de-
light.
C
C- A♭-/C E△7♯5 G/A♭ F- Fø G/A♭ F-/A♭ (Dø)
D/E♭ A♭/C G-/C Dø/A♭ A♭-△7♯11 C-/G G7♭9

D

3. So he took_ his wings and fled; Then the morn blushed ros - y red.

I dried my tears, and armed my fear With ten thou-sand shields and

E

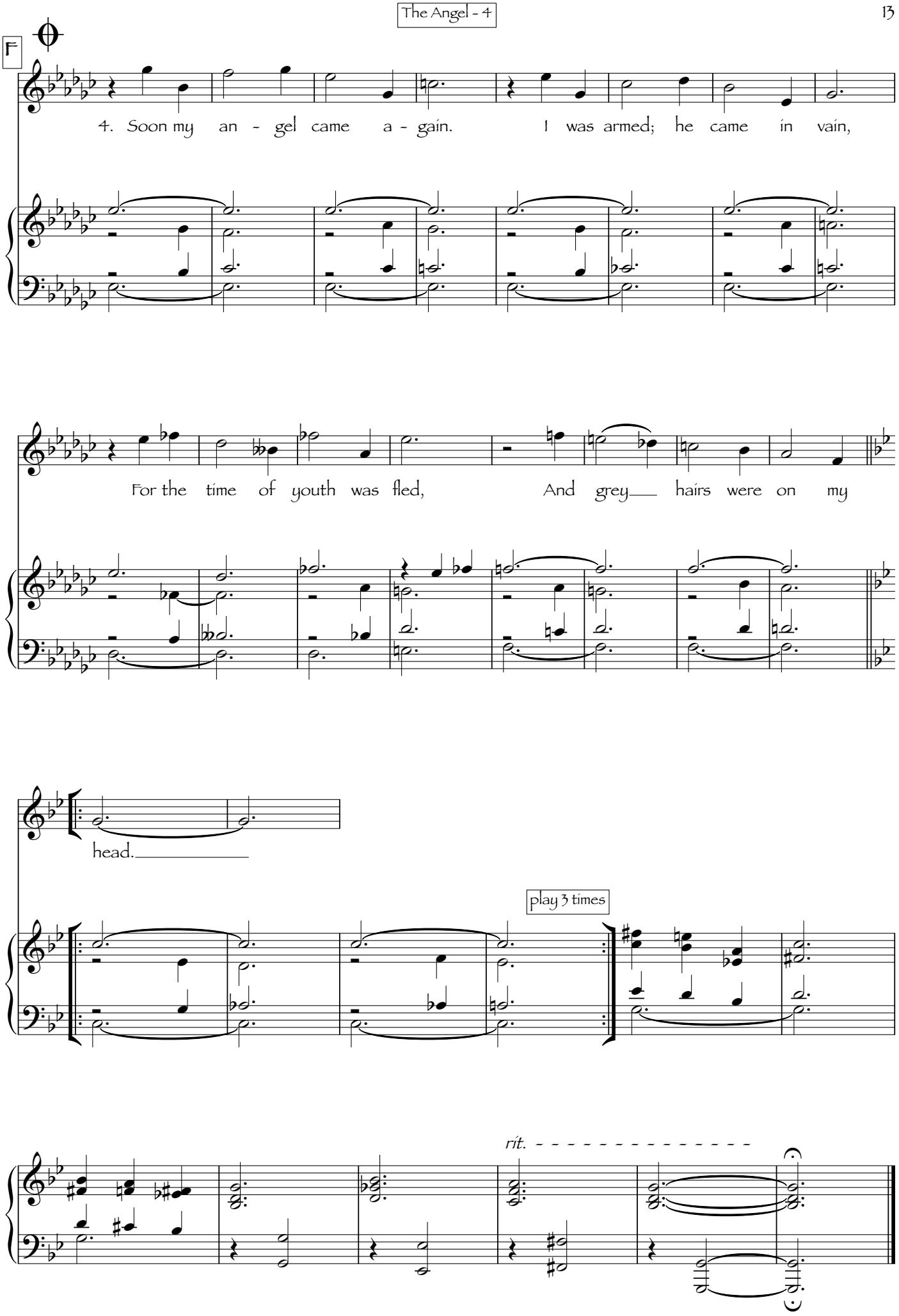
spears.

Eb- Fø/Eb Ab-/Eb Eb-6 Eb- Fø/Eb Ab-/Eb Ebo

Db-9 Db-b6 Db-6 Eo F- Eo/F F-b6 F-6

F#o/G D7/G D+/G F#o/G G- Eb-Δ7 F/F# G-

𝄋

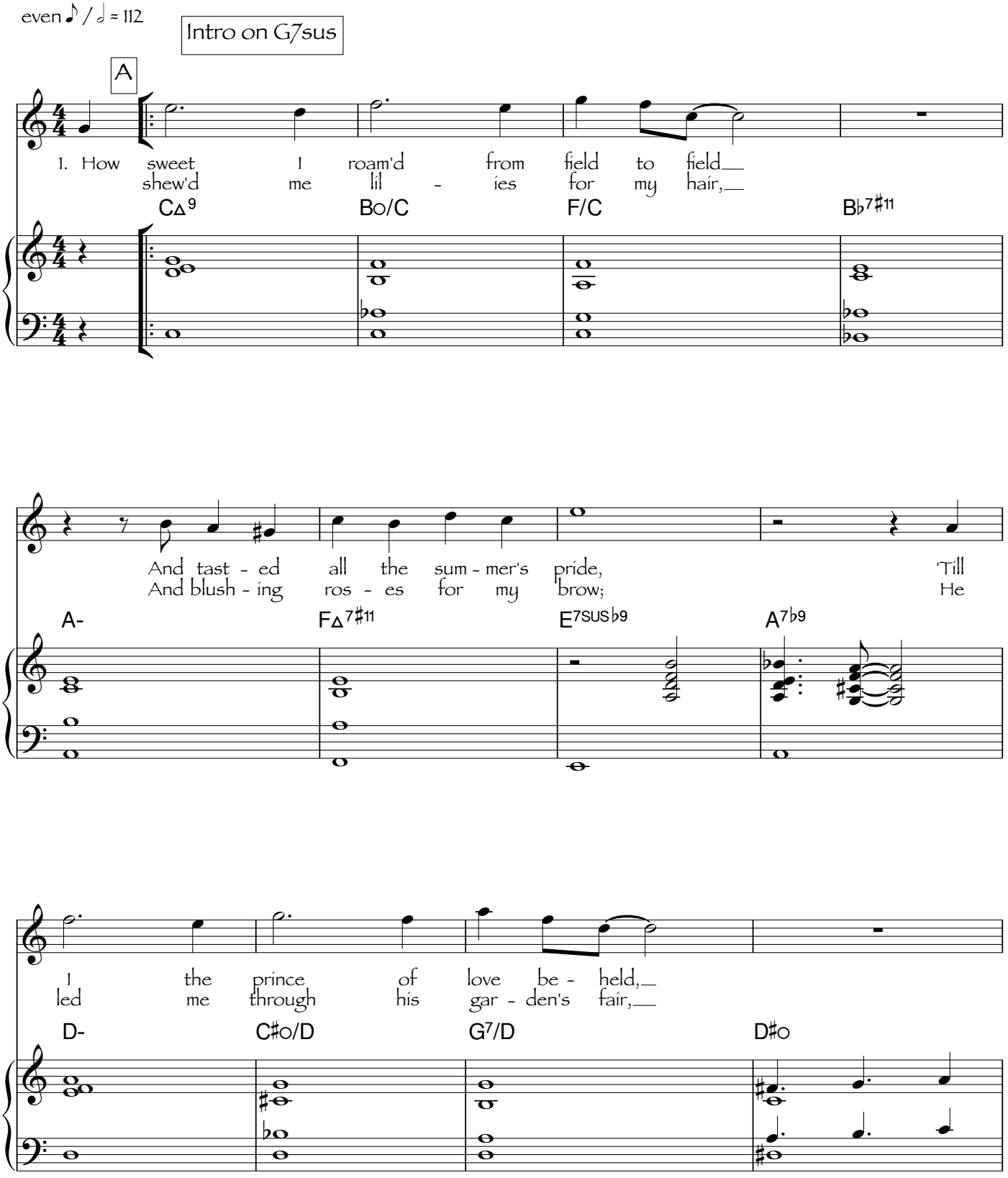

F
4. Soon my an - gel came a - gain. I was armed; he came in vain,
For the time of youth was fled, And grey hairs were on my
head.
play 3 times
rit.

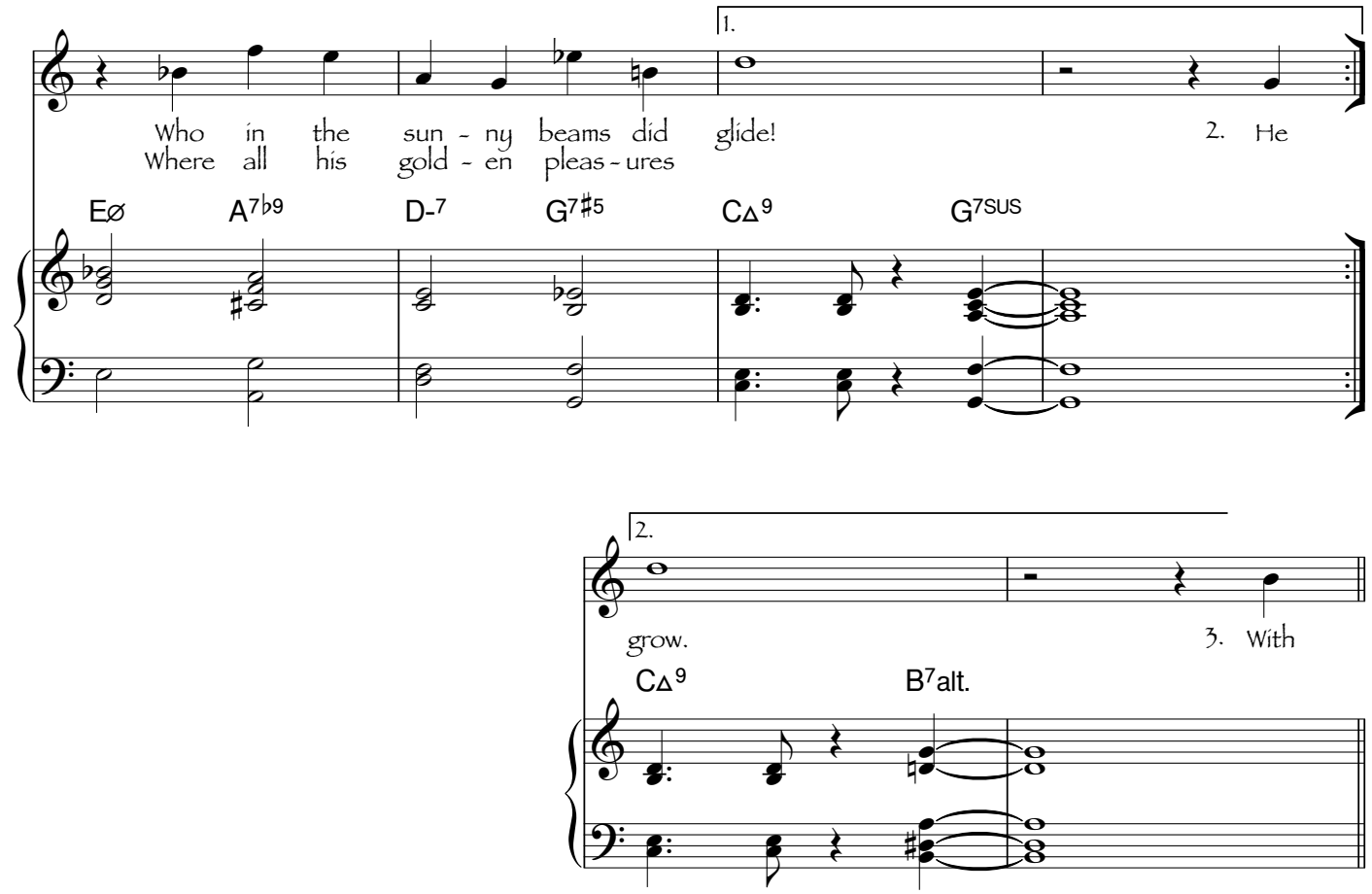
Song
(How Sweet I Roam'd)

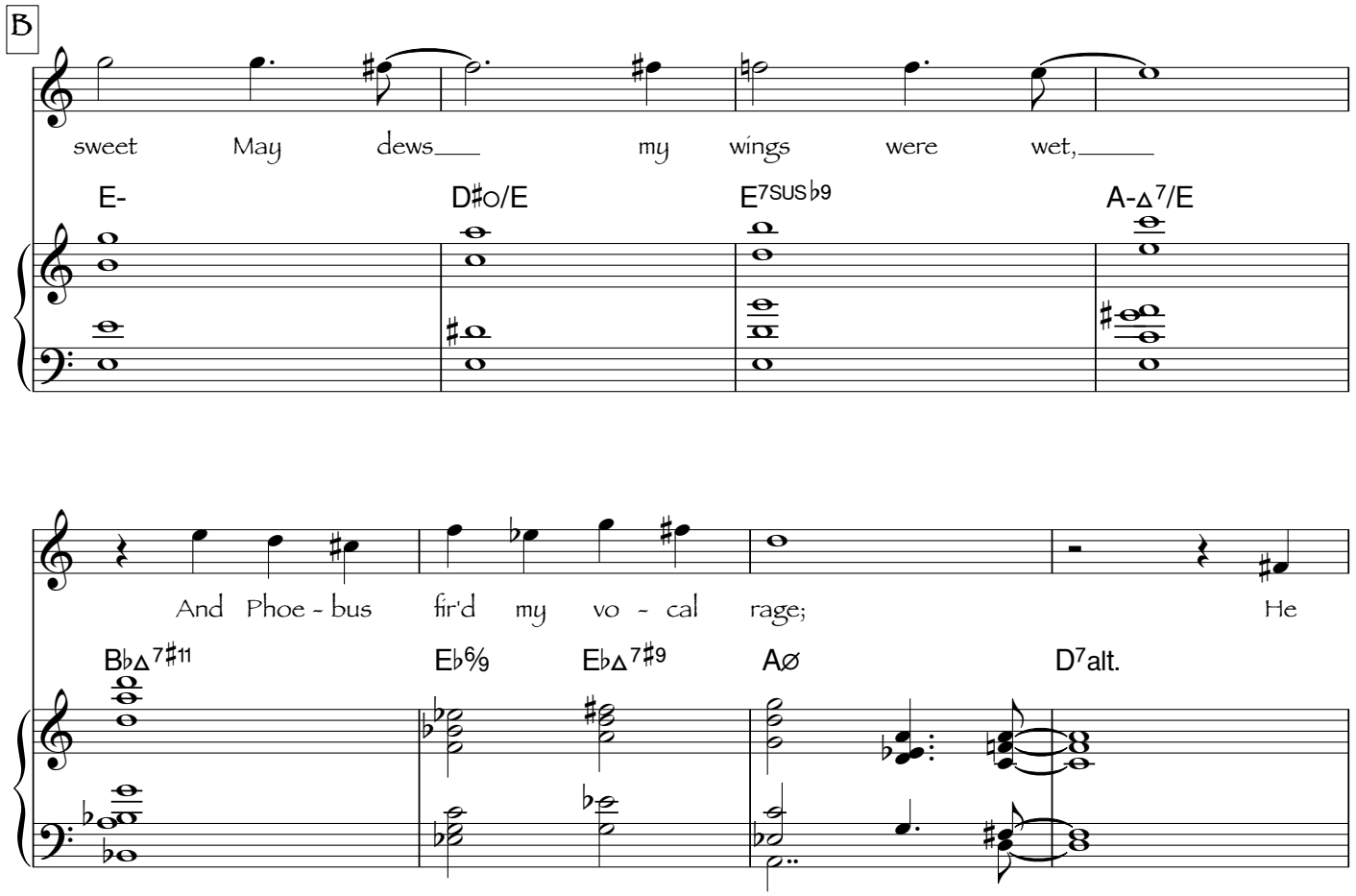
(from Poetical Sketches)

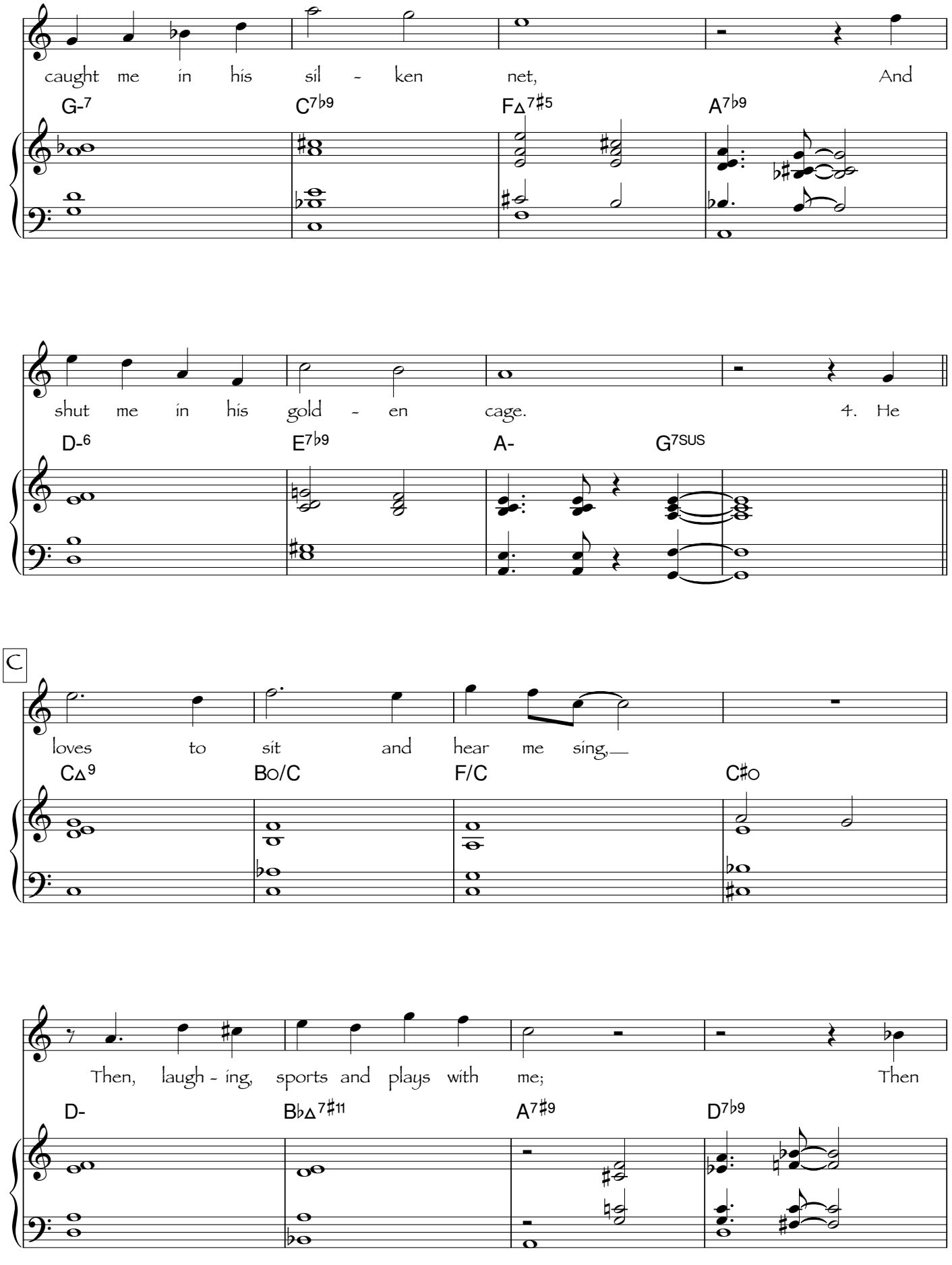
William Blake

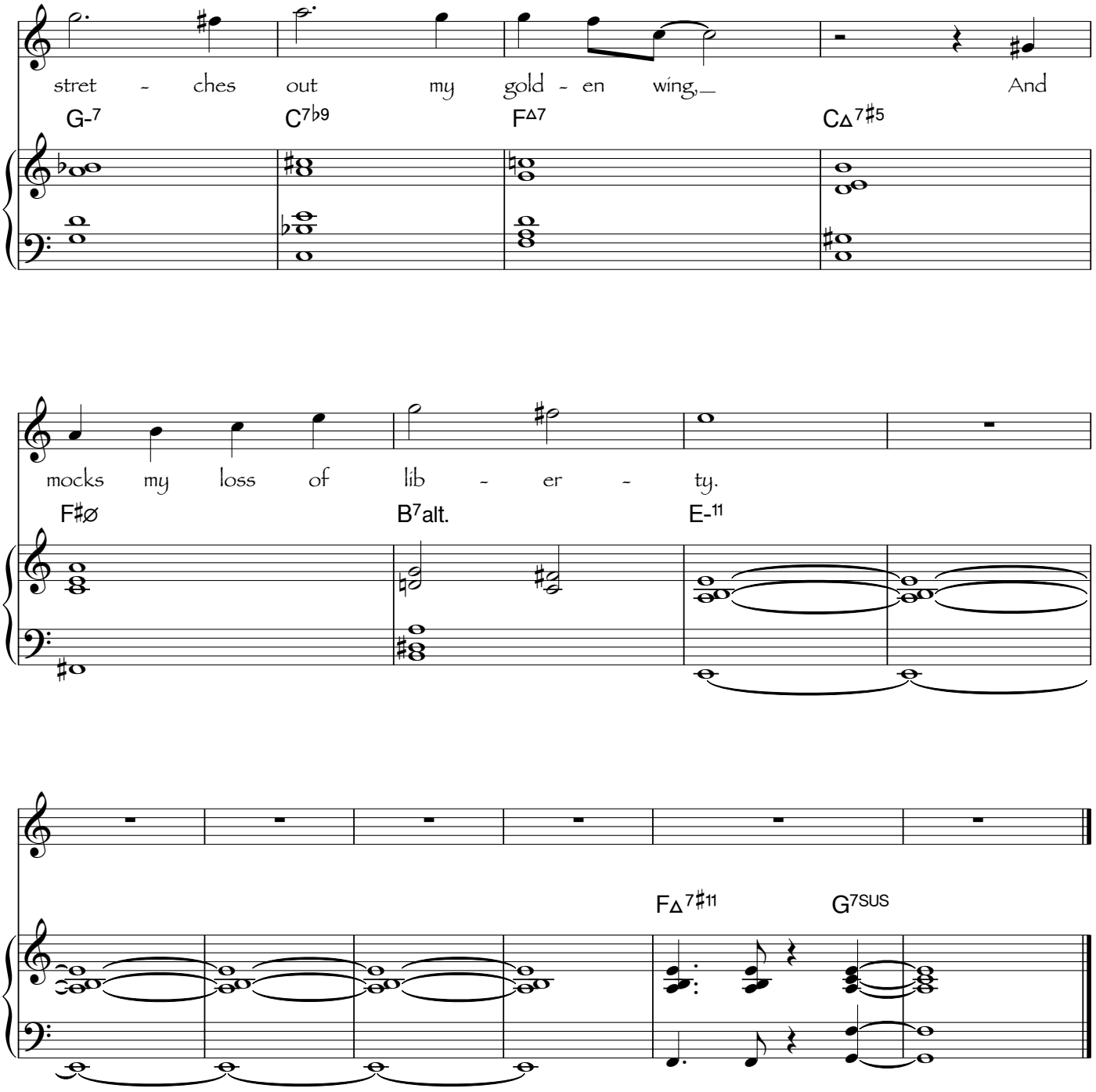
Marc Mangen




1.
Who in the sun - ny beams did glide!
Where all his gold - en pleas - ures
2. He
Eø A7♭9 D-7 G7♯5 C△9 G7SUS
2.
grow.
3. With
C△9 B7alt.


B
sweet May dews my wings were wet,
E- D♯o/E E7SUS♭9 A-△7/E
And Phoe - bus fir'd my vo - cal rage; He
B♭△7♯11 E♭6/9 E♭△7♯9 Aø D7alt.


caught me in his sil - ken net, And
G-7
C7♭9
F△7♯5
A7♭9
shut me in his gold - en cage. 4. He
D-6
E7♭9
A-
G7SUS
C
loves to sit and hear me sing,
C△9
Bo/C
F/C
C♯o
Then, laugh - ing, sports and plays with me; Then
D-
B♭△7♯11
A7♯9
D7♭9



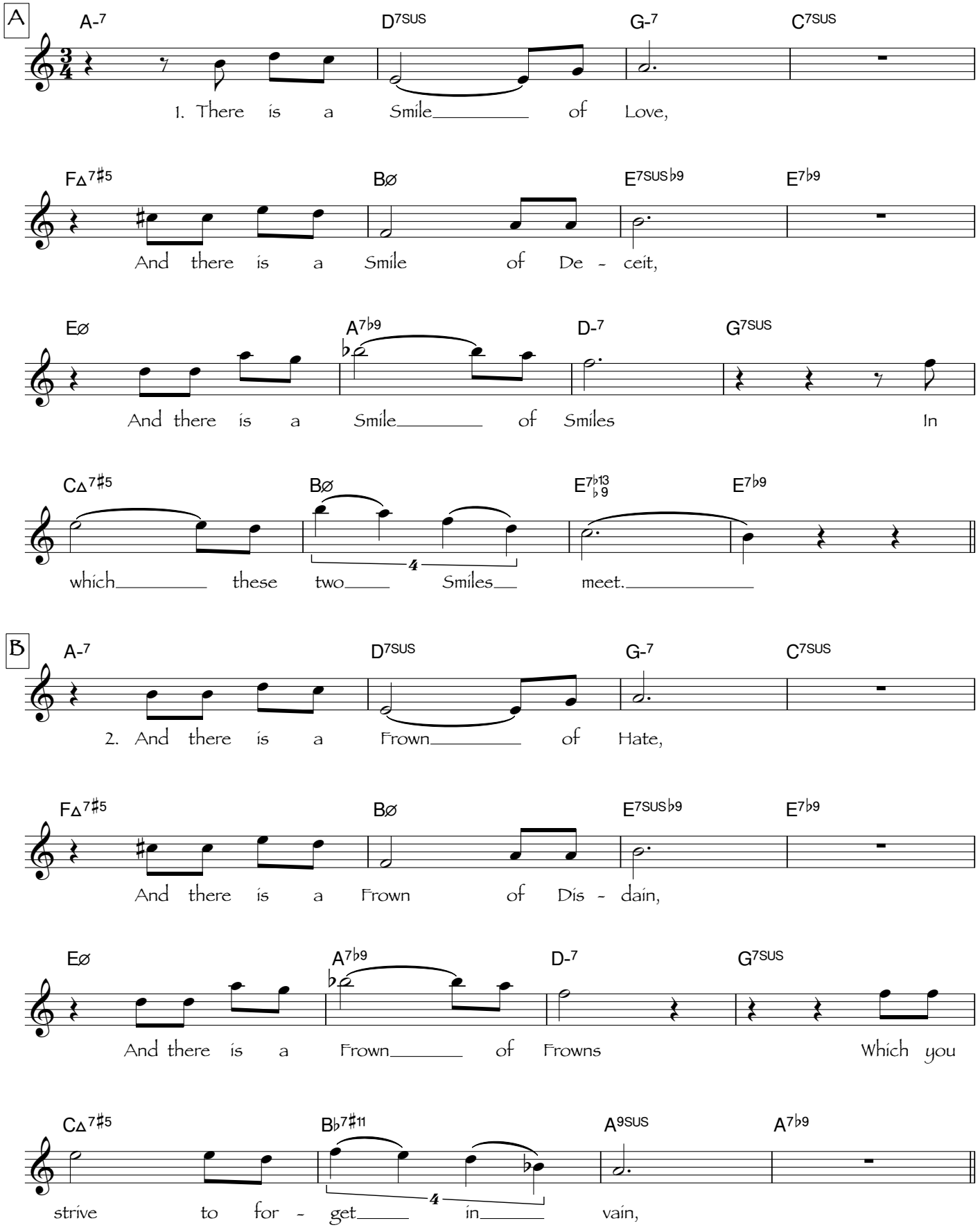
SOLOS on AABC

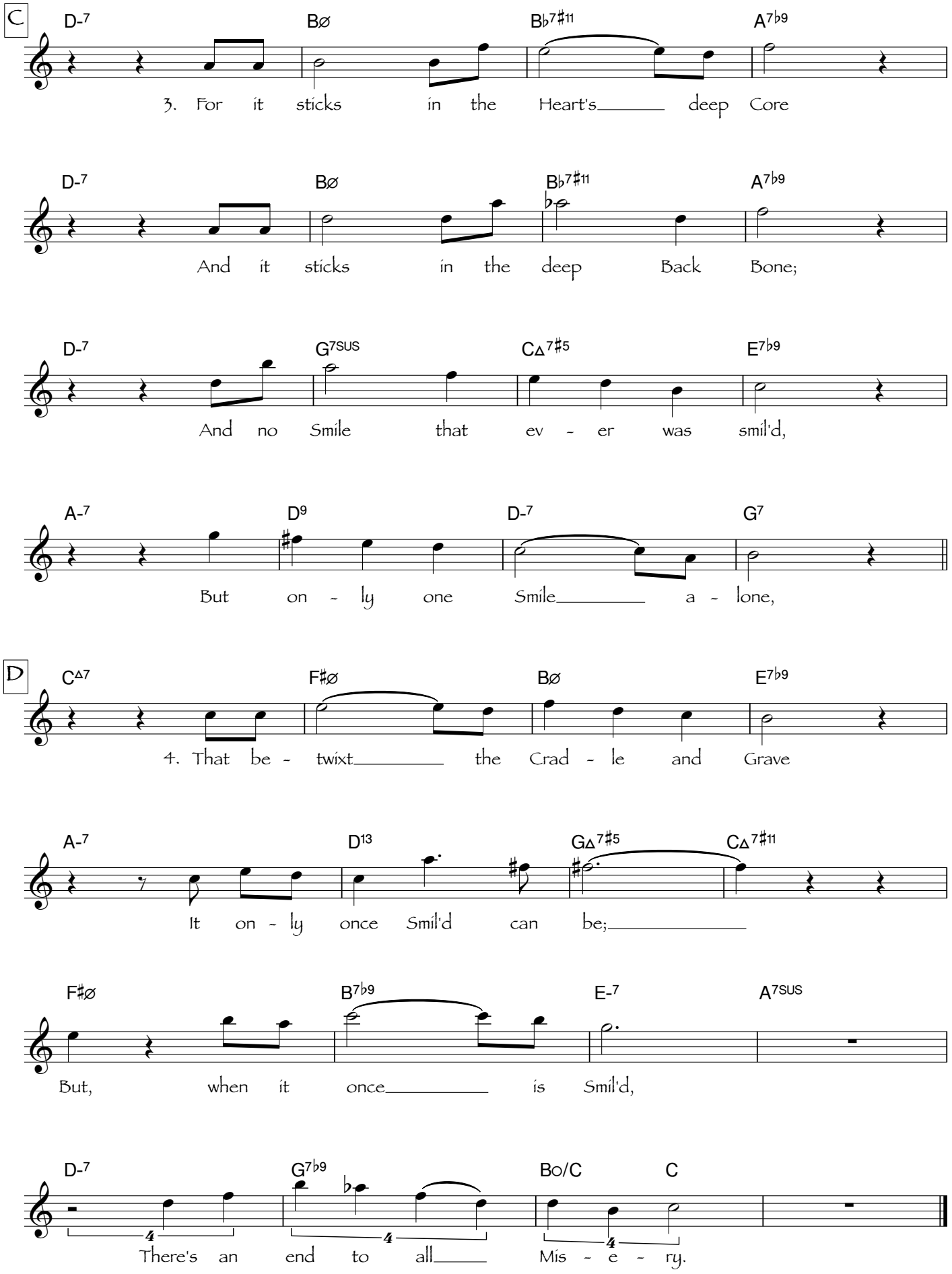
The Smile

(from The Pickering Manuscript)

William Blake — Marc Mangen

even ♪ / ♩ = 76



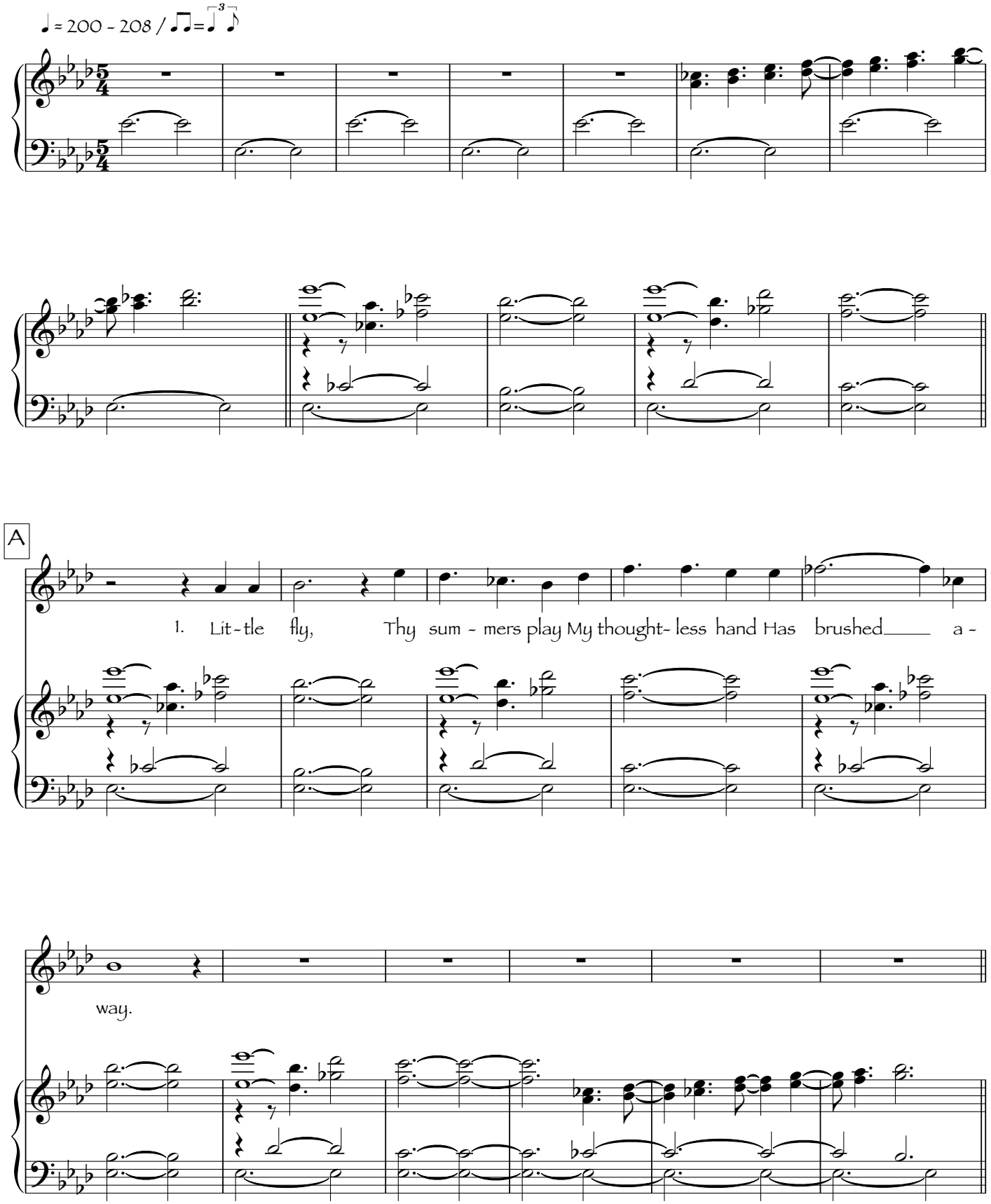

C
D-7
Bø
B♭7♯11
A7♭9
3. For it sticks in the Heart's deep Core
D-7
Bø
B♭7♯11
A7♭9
And it sticks in the deep Back Bone;
D-7
G7SUS
C△7♯5
E7♭9
And no Smile that ev - er was smil'd,
A-7
D9
D-7
G7
But on - ly one Smile a - lone,
D
C△7
F♯ø
Bø
E7♭9
4. That be - twixt the Crad - le and Grave
A-7
D13
G△7♯5
C△7♯11
It on - ly once Smil'd can be;
F♯ø
B7♭9
E-7
A7SUS
But, when it once is Smil'd,
D-7
G7♭9
Bo/C
C
There's an end to all Mis - e - ry.

The Fly

(from Songs of Experience)

William Blake

Marc Mangen



B

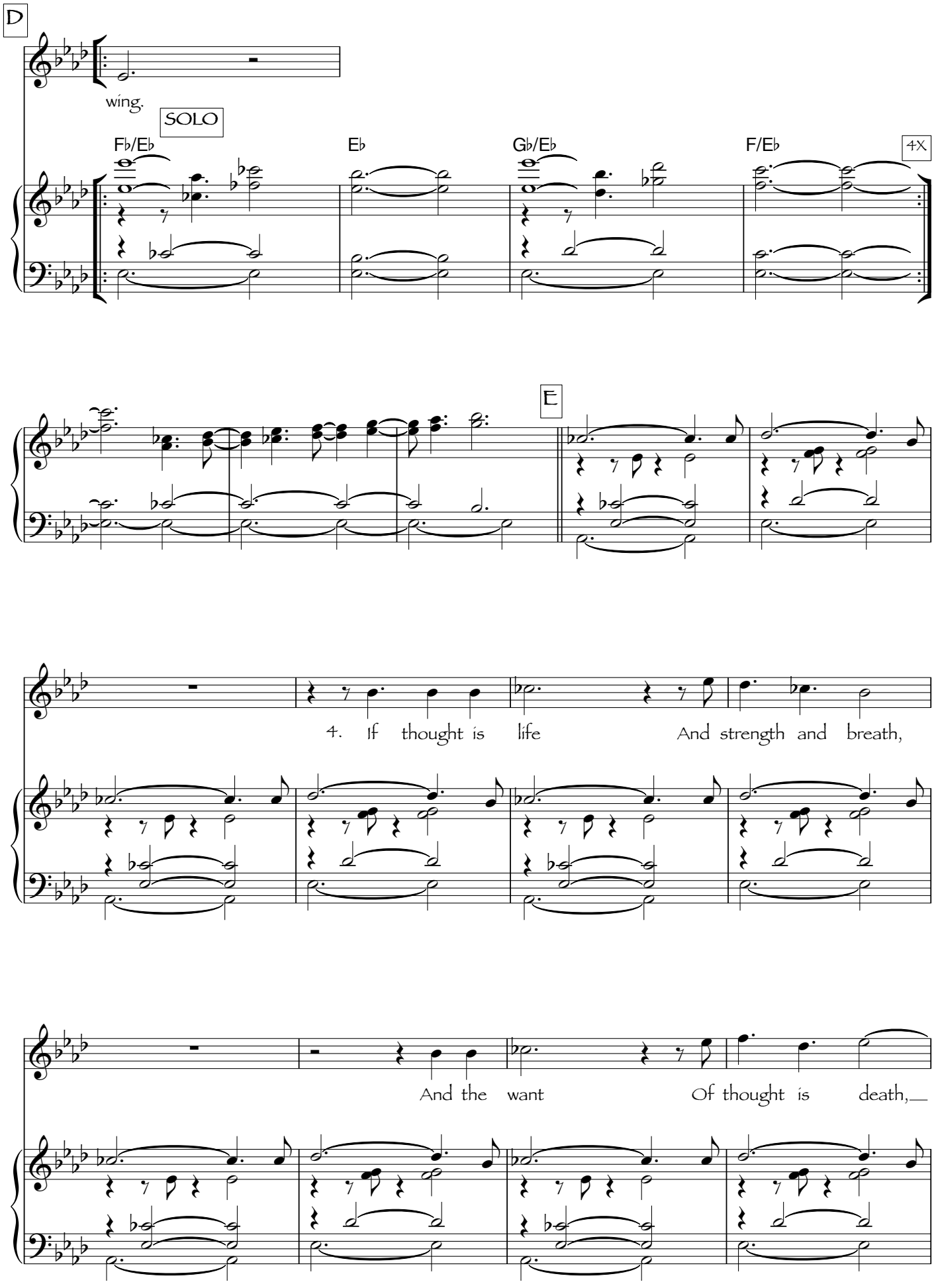
2. Am not

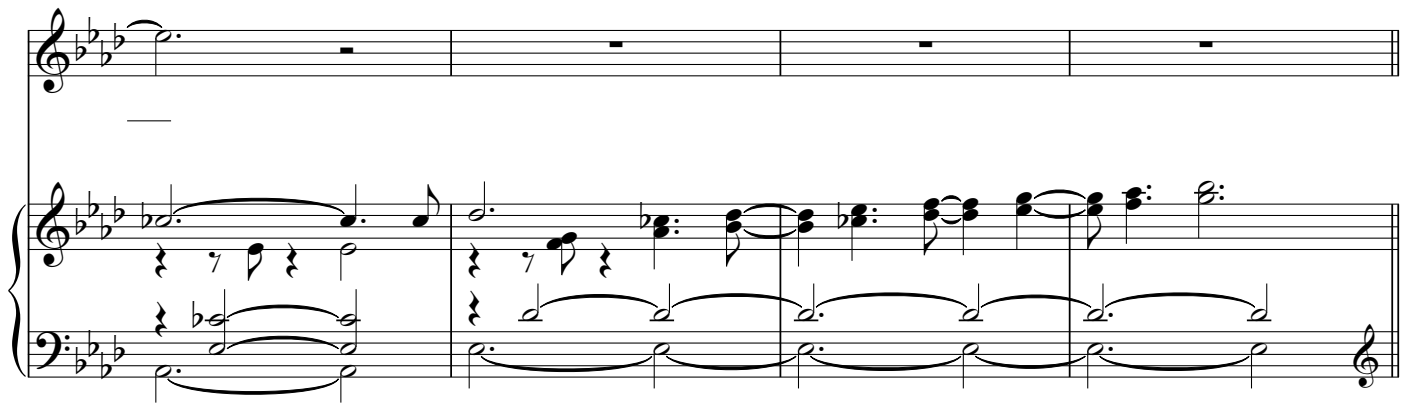
I A fly like thee? Or art not thou A

man like me?

C

3. For I dance And drink and sing, Till some blind hand Shall brush my


D
wing.
SOLO
Fb/Eb
Eb
Gb/Eb
F/Eb
4X
E
4. If thought is life And strength and breath,
And the want Of thought is death,



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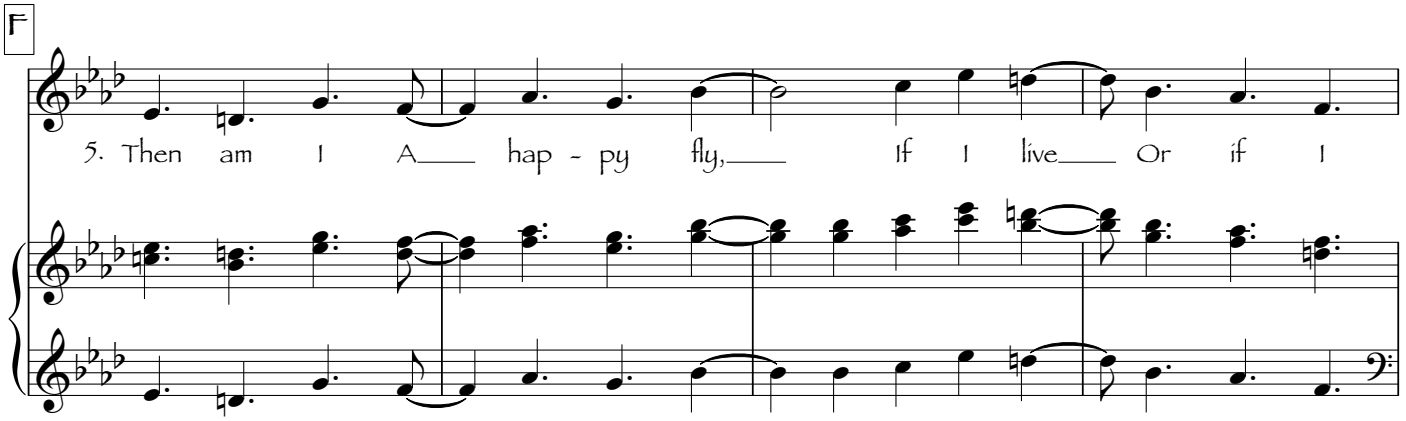
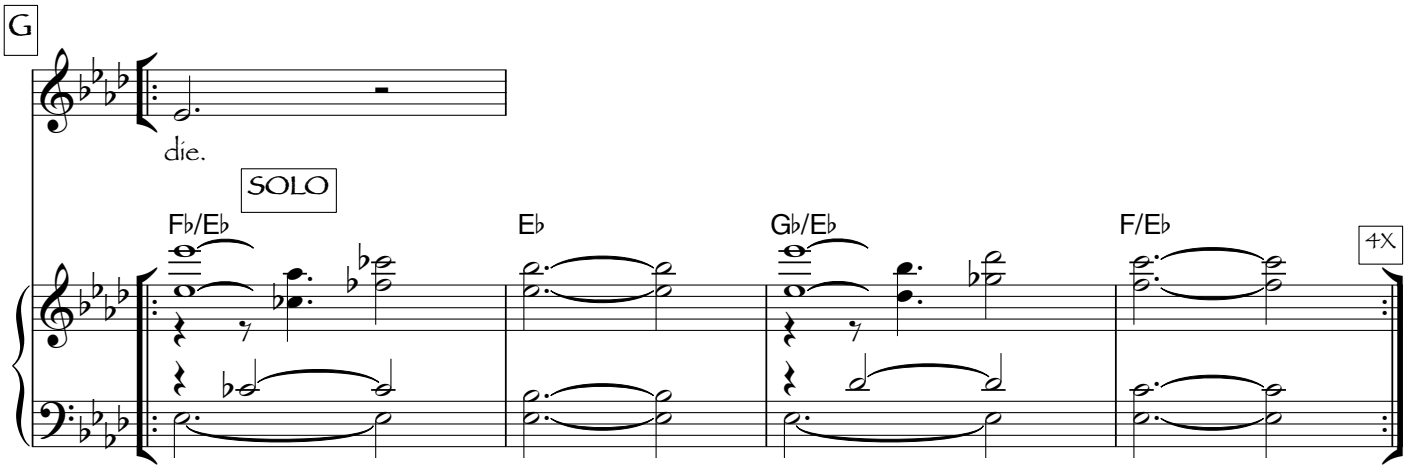
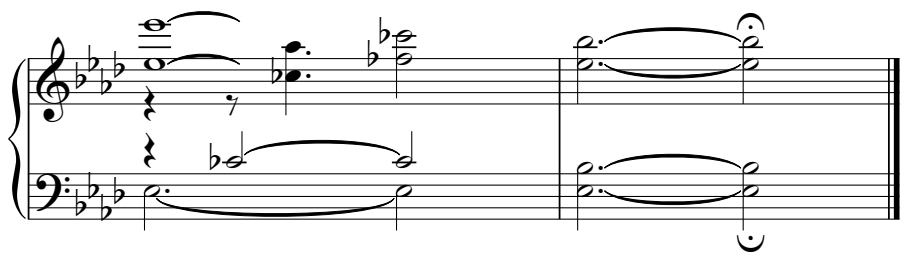

5. Then am I A hap - py fly, If I live Or if I

G


die.
SOLO
Fb/Eb
Eb
Gb/Eb
F/Eb
4X

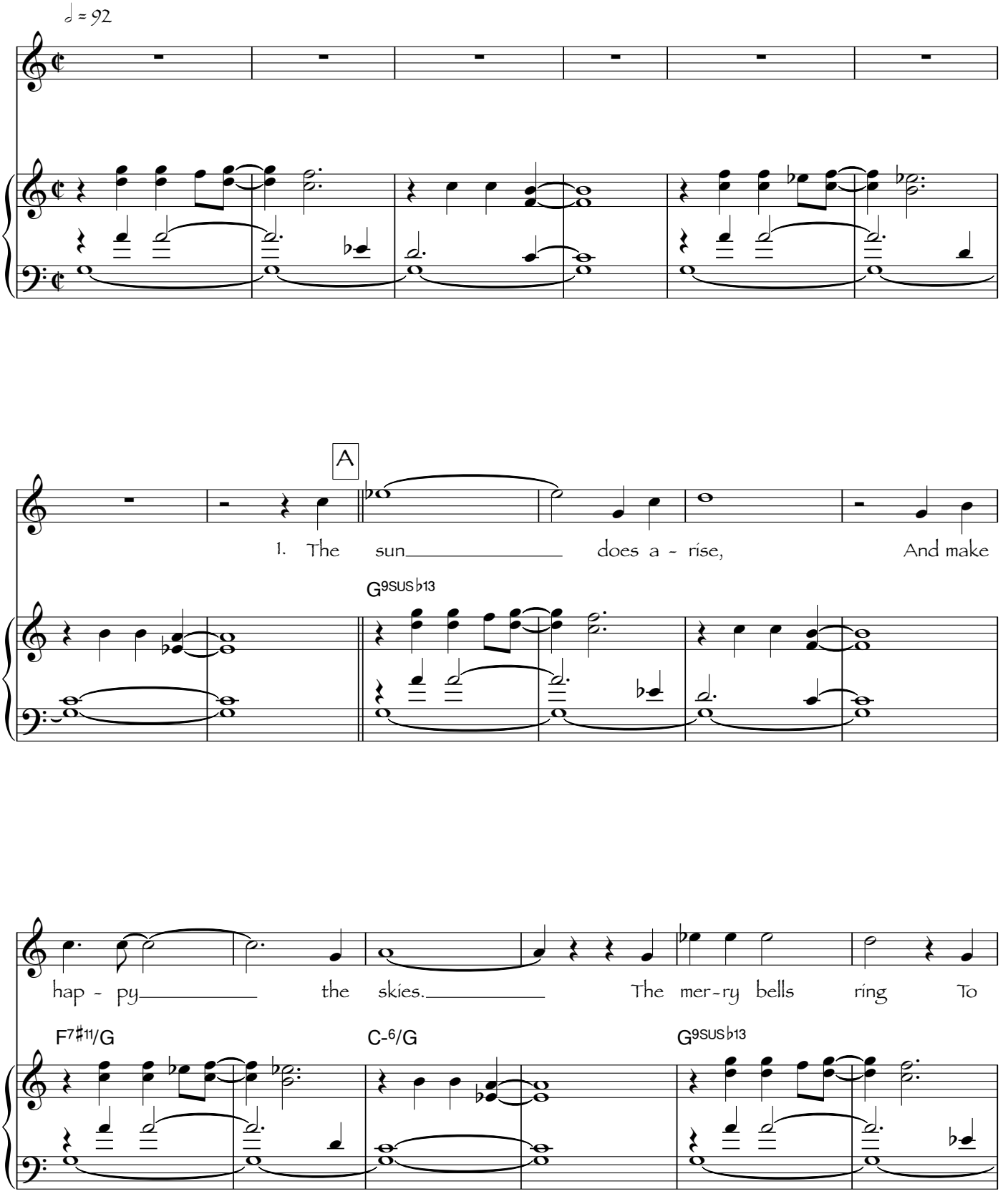


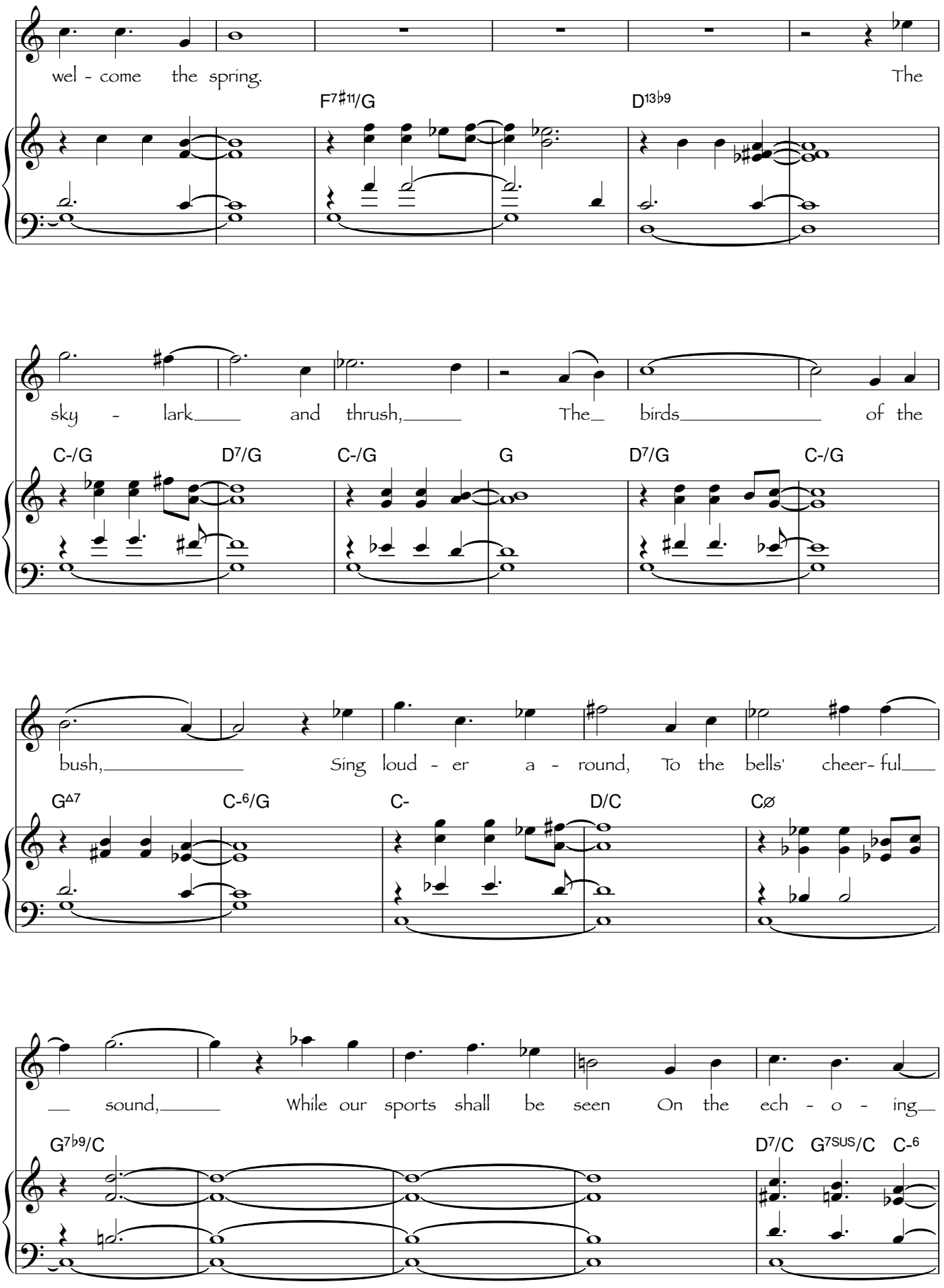
The Echoing Green

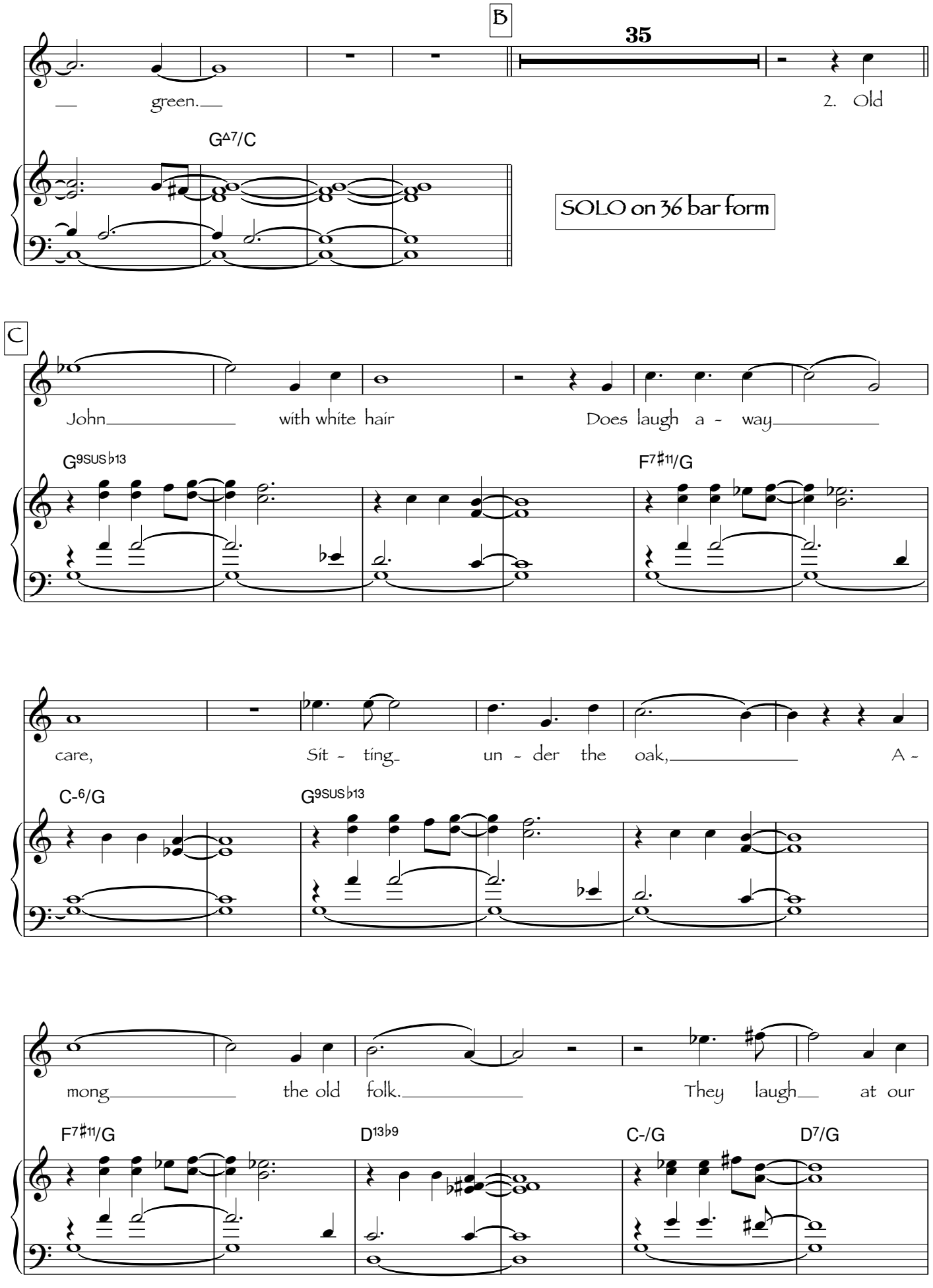
(from Songs of Innocence)

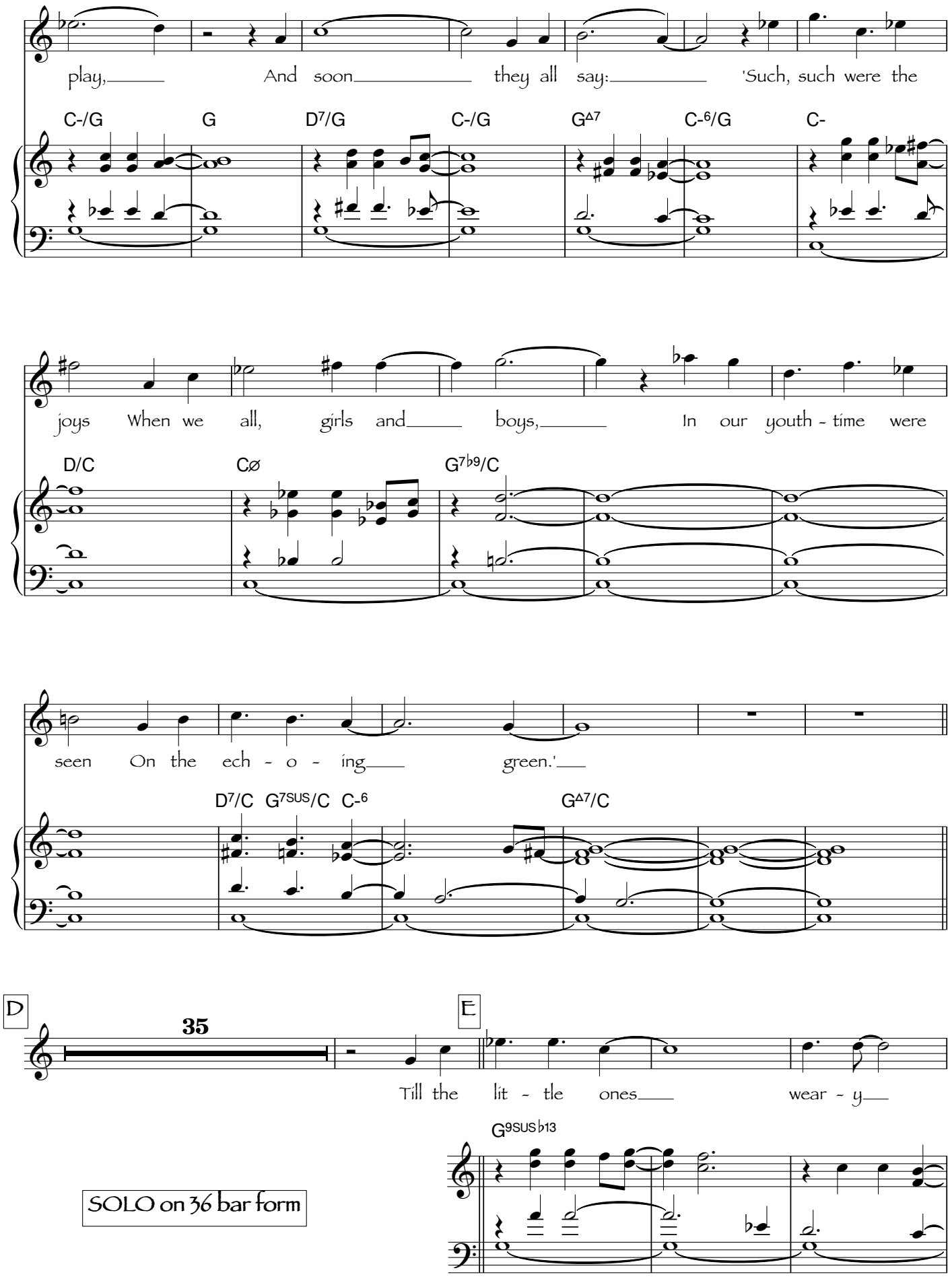
William Blake

Marc Mangen

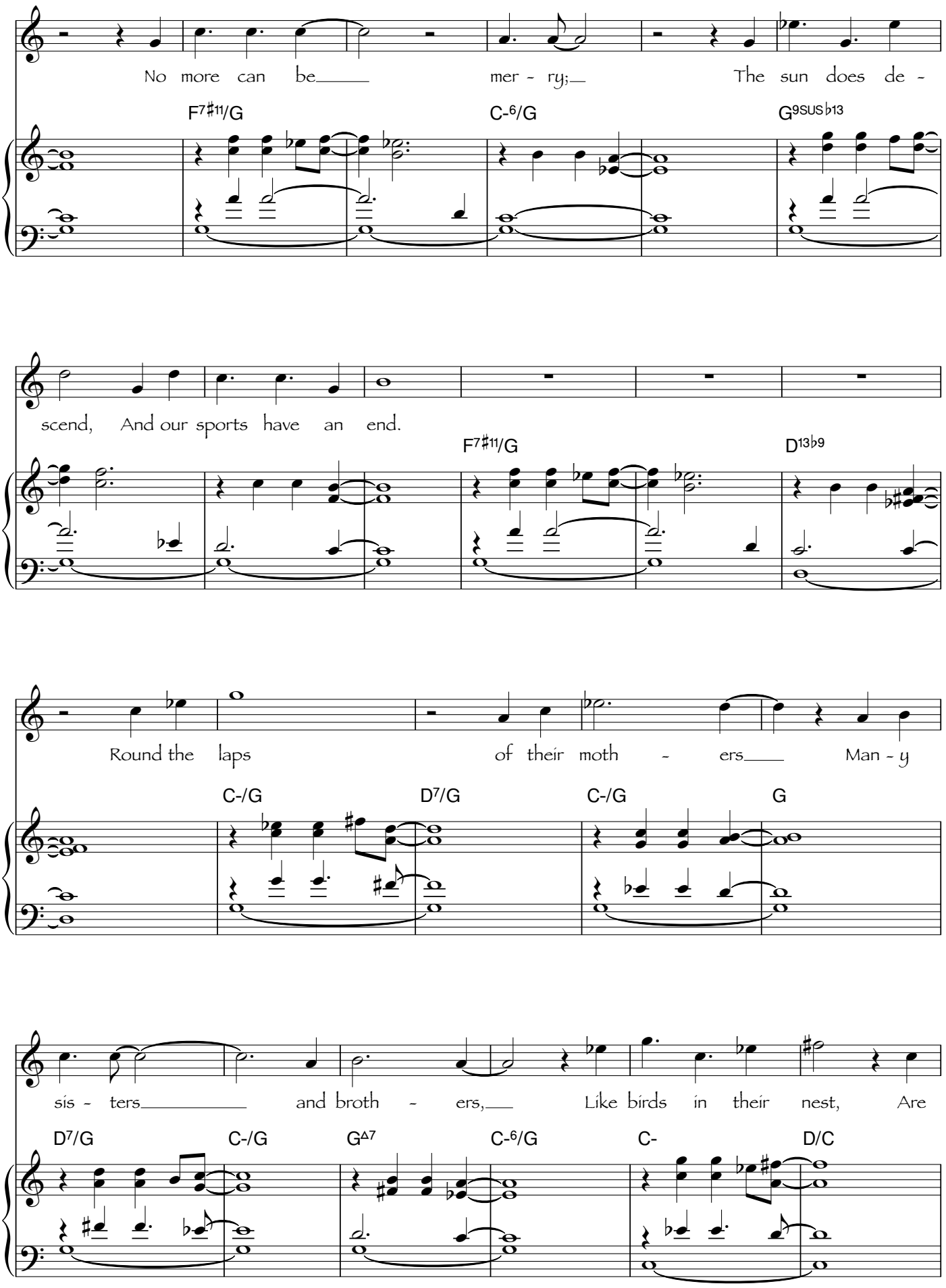



wel - come the spring. The
F7♯11/G
D13♭9
sky - lark and thrush, The birds of the
C-/G
D7/G
C-/G
G
D7/G
C-/G
bush, Sing loud - er a - round, To the bells' cheer- ful
G△7
C-6/G
C-
D/C
Cø
sound, While our sports shall be seen On the ech - o - ing
G7♭9/C
D7/C
G7SUS/C
C-6


B
35
green.
2. Old
GΔ7/C
SOLO on 36 bar form
C
John
with white hair
Does laugh a - way
G9SUSb13
F7#11/G
care,
Sit - ting
un - der the oak,
A -
C-6/G
G9SUSb13
mong
the old folk.
They laugh
at our
F7#11/G
D13b9
C-/G
D7/G



SOLO on 36 bar form


No more can be mer - ry; The sun does de -
F7♯11/G
C-6/G
G9SUS♭13
scend, And our sports have an end.
F7♯11/G
D13♭9
Round the laps of their moth - ers Man - y
C-/G
D7/G
C-/G
G
sis - ters and broth - ers, Like birds in their nest, Are
D7/G
C-/G
GΔ7
C-6/G
C-
D/C

read - y for rest;

Cø G7♭9/C C-

And sport no more seen On the

D/C Cø G7♭9/C

dark - en - ing green.

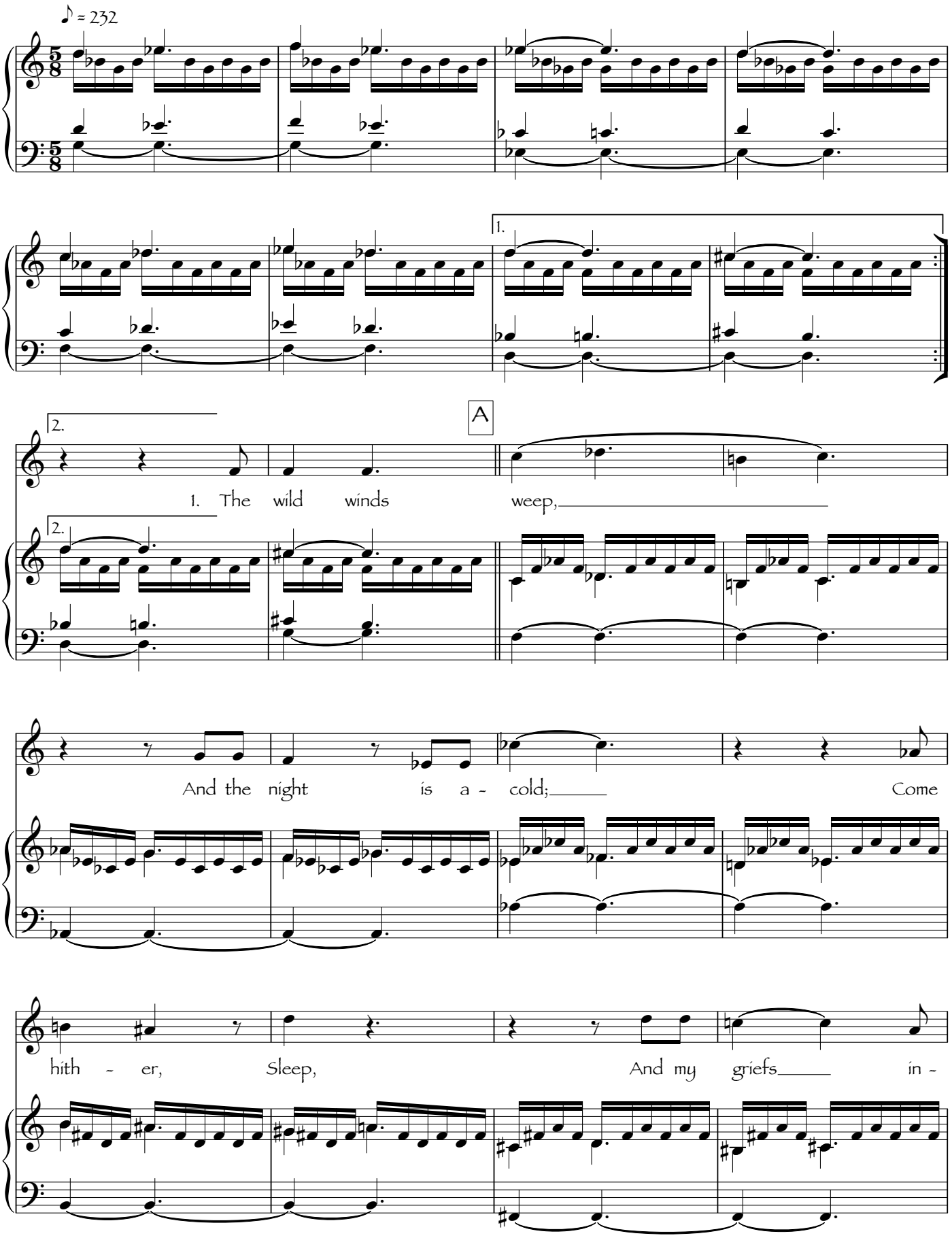
D7/C G7SUS/C C-6 GΔ7/C

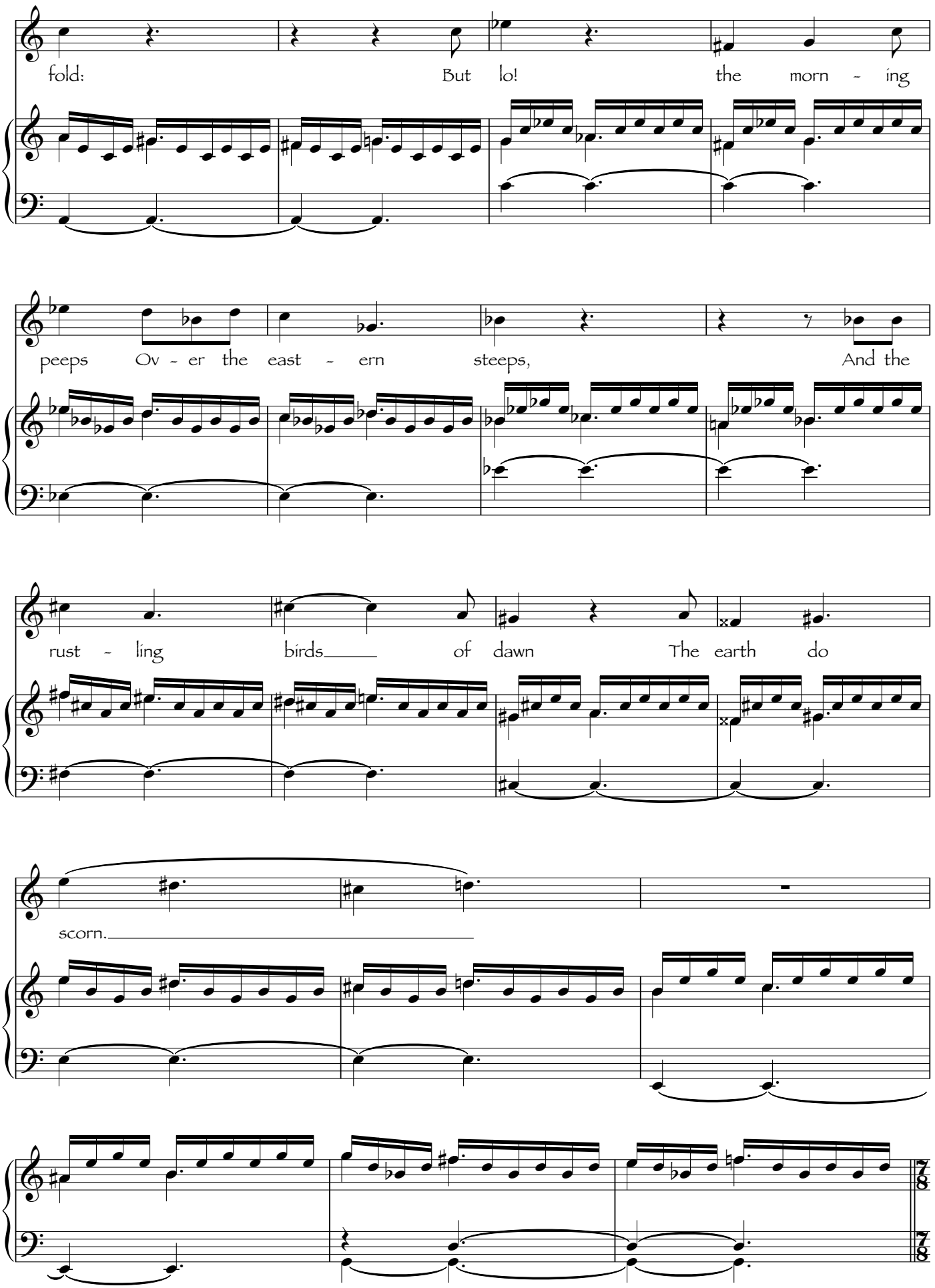
Mad Song

(from Poetical Sketches)

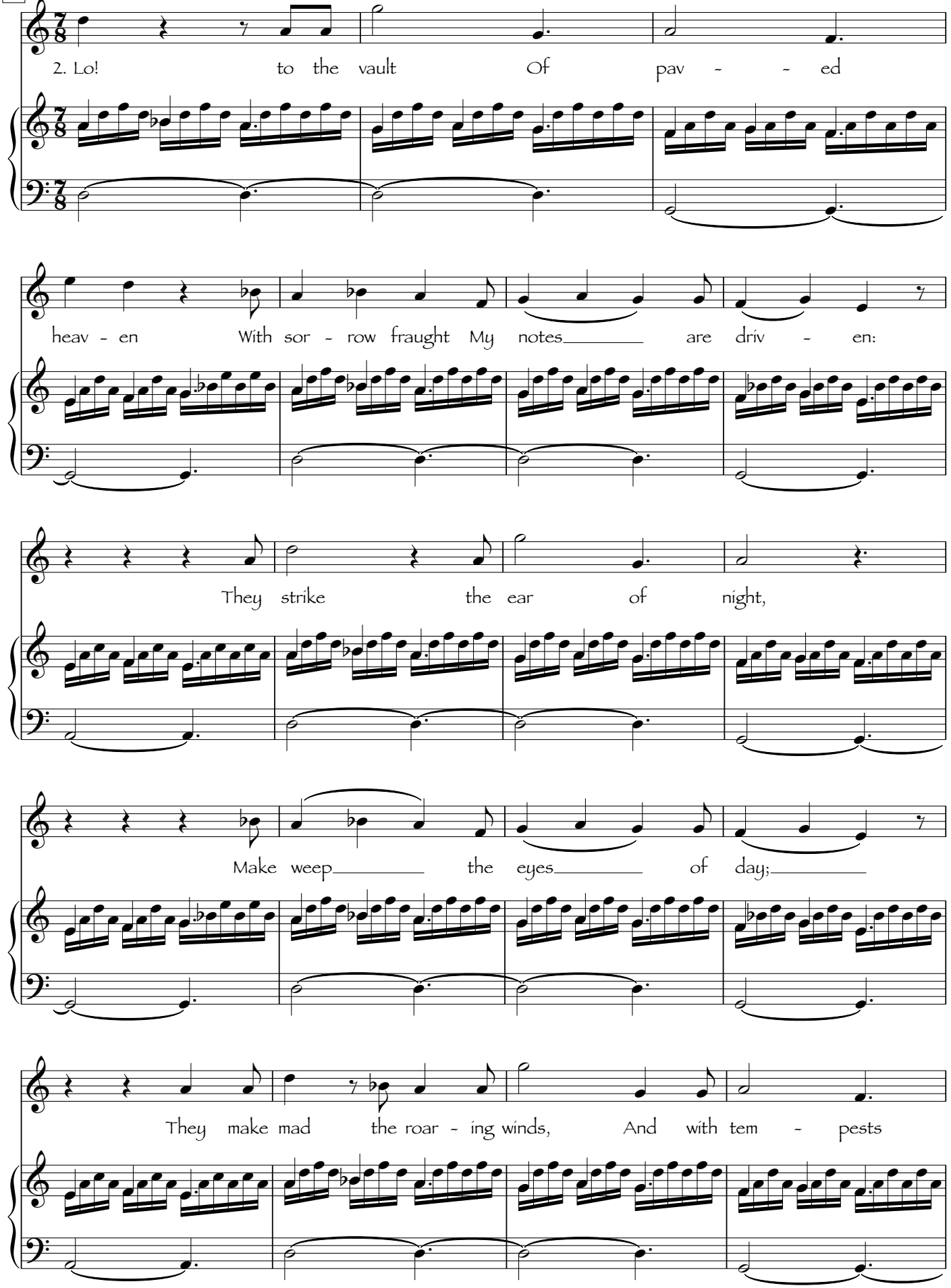
William Blake

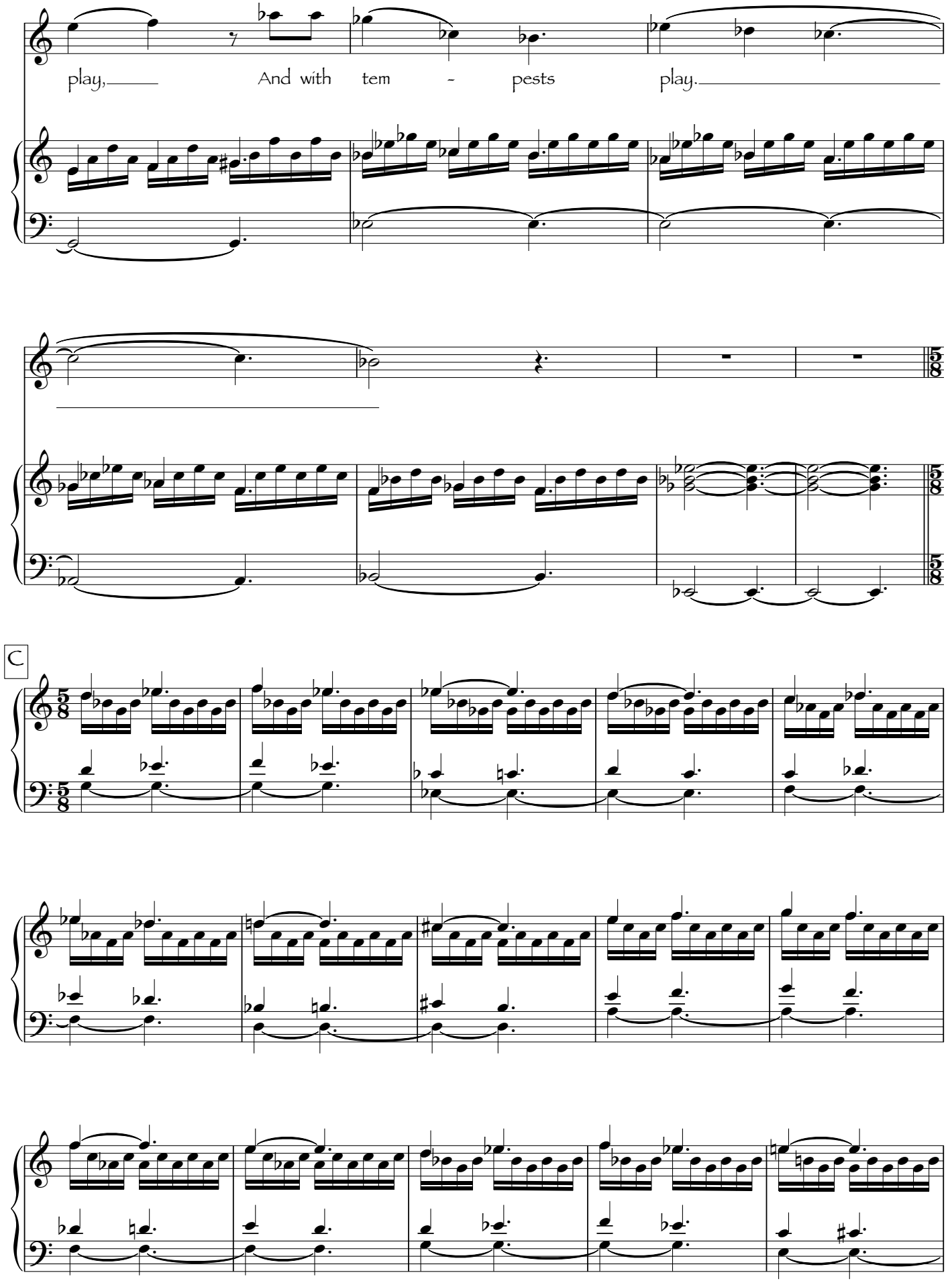
Marc Mangen

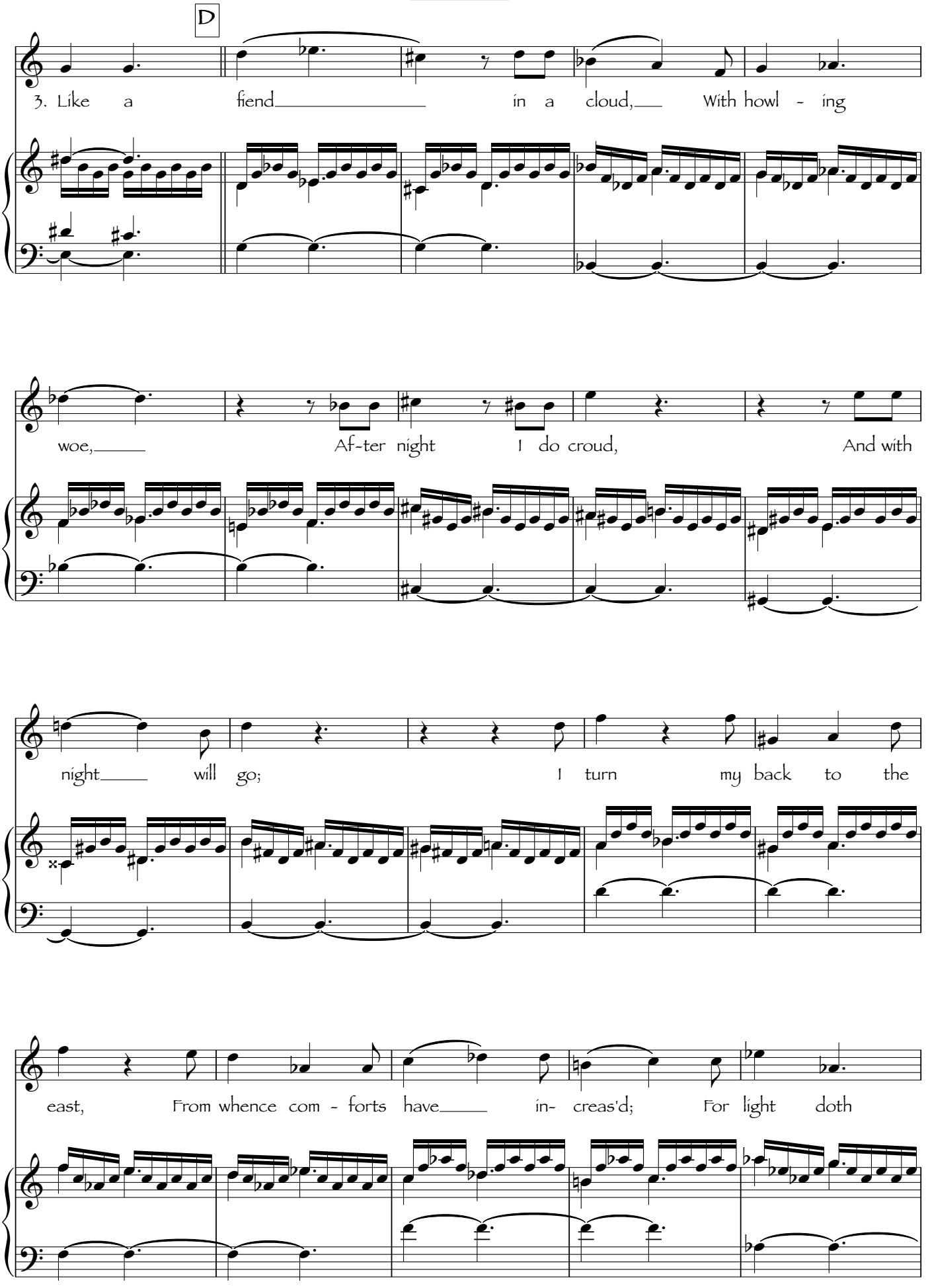


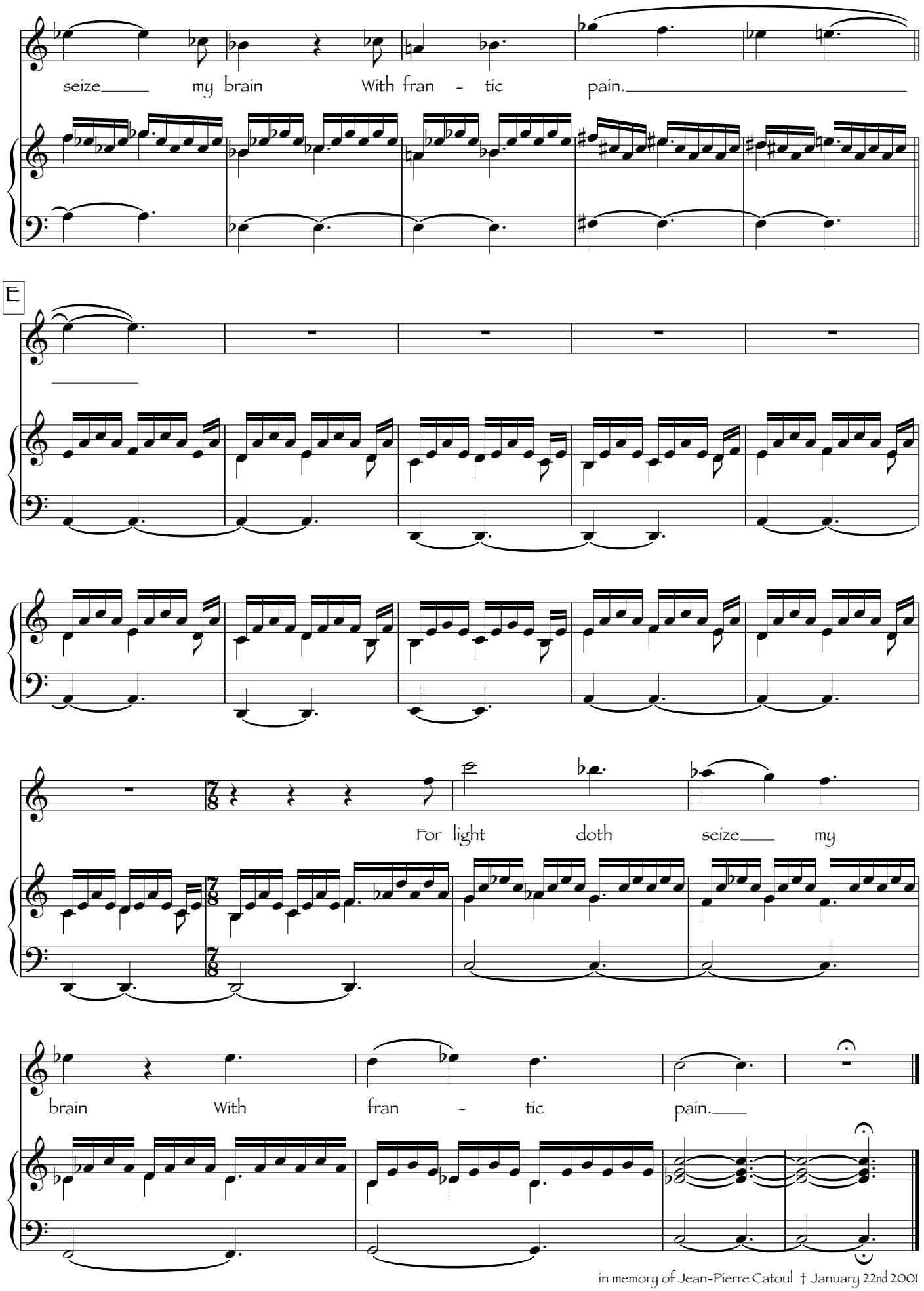

fold: But lo! the morn - ing
peeps Ov - er the east - ern steeps, And the
rust - ling birds of dawn The earth do
scorn.

B


2. Lo! to the vault Of pav - - ed
heav - en With sor - row fraught My notes are driv - en:
They strike the ear of night,
Make weep the eyes of day;
They make mad the roar - ing winds, And with tem - pests


play, And with tem - pests play.
C


D
3. Like a fiend in a cloud, With howl - ing
woe, Af-ter night I do croud, And with
night will go; I turn my back to the
east, From whence com - forts have in- creas'd; For light doth

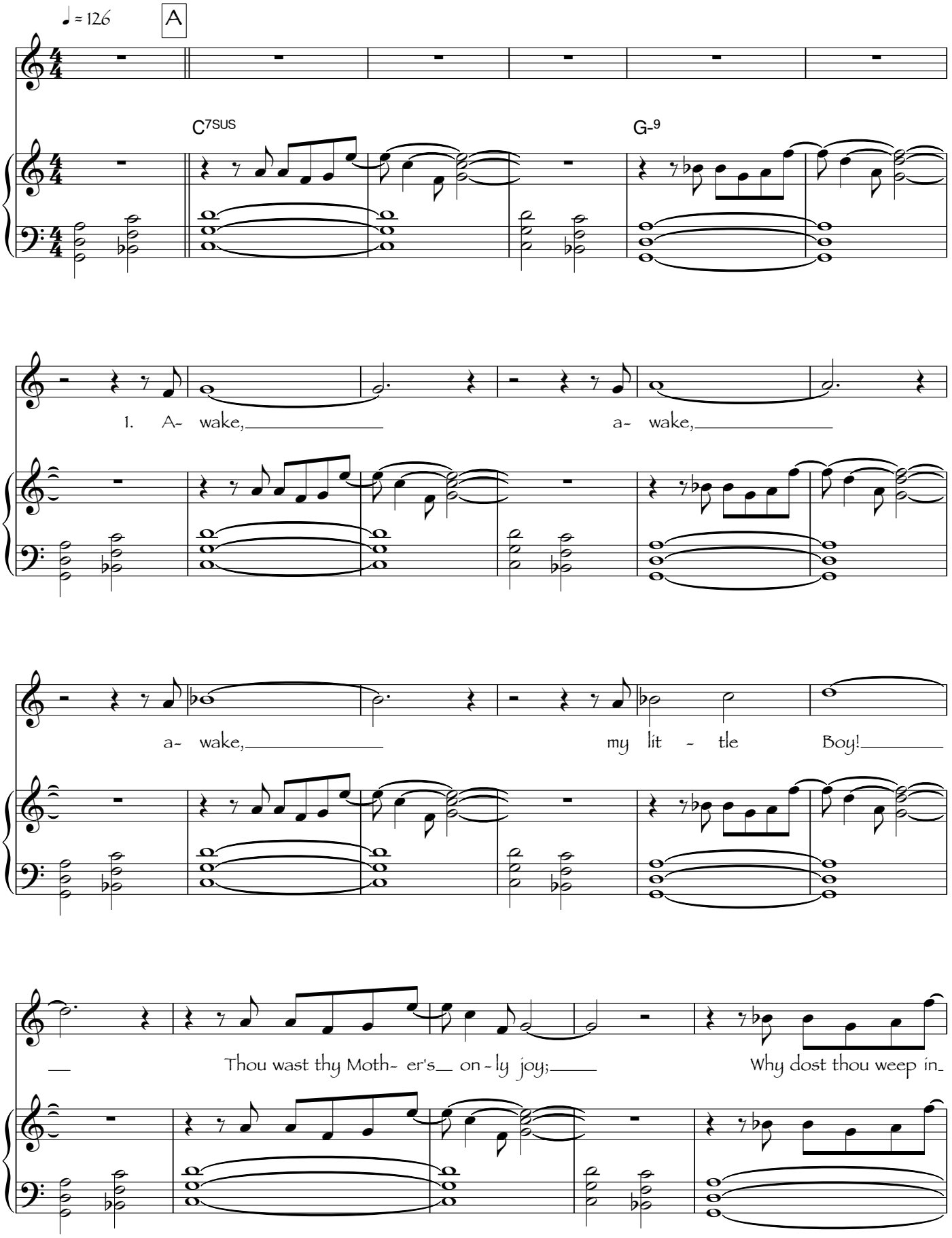

seize my brain With fran - tic pain.
E
For light doth seize my
brain With fran - tic pain.

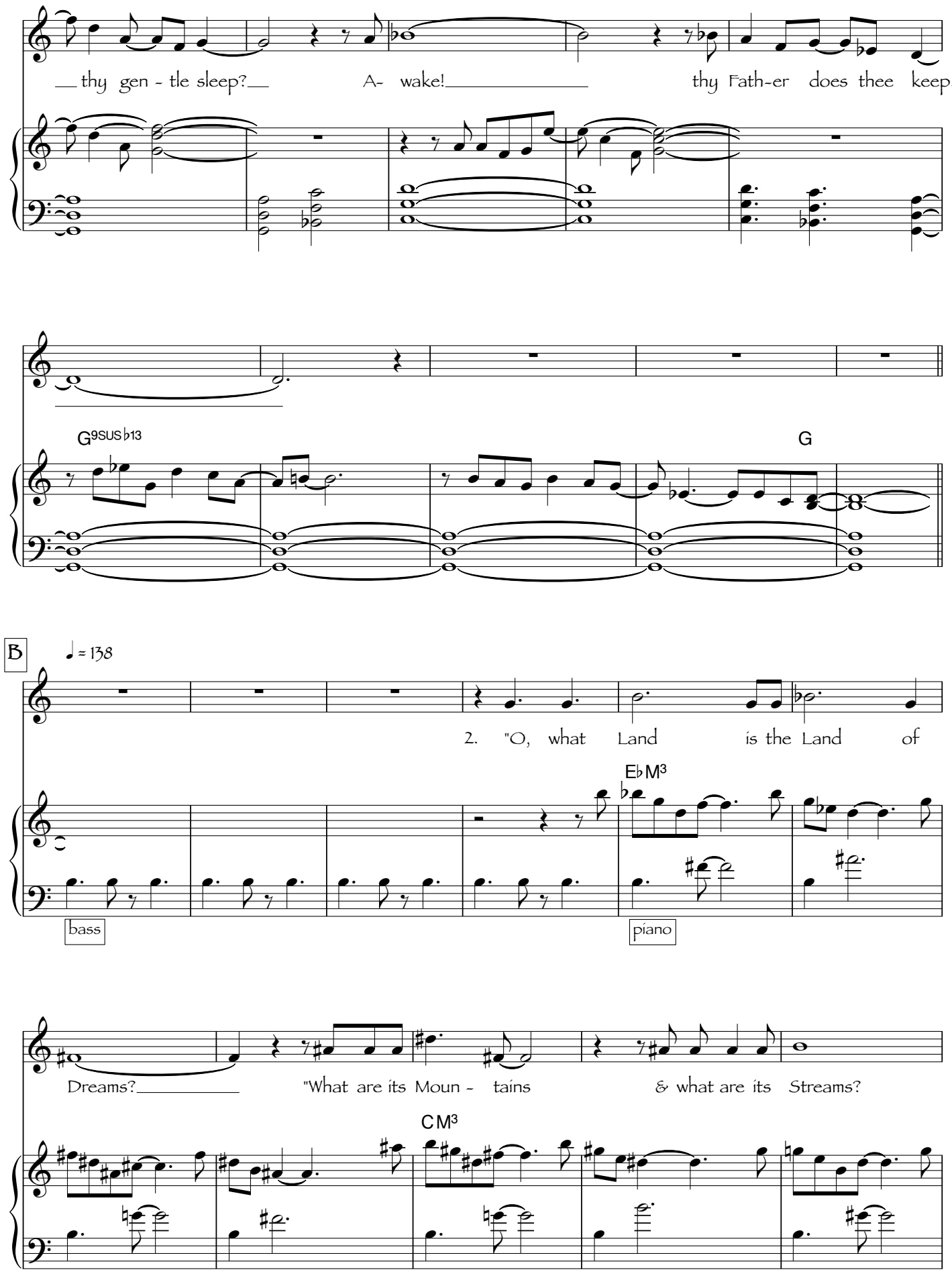
The Land Of Dreams

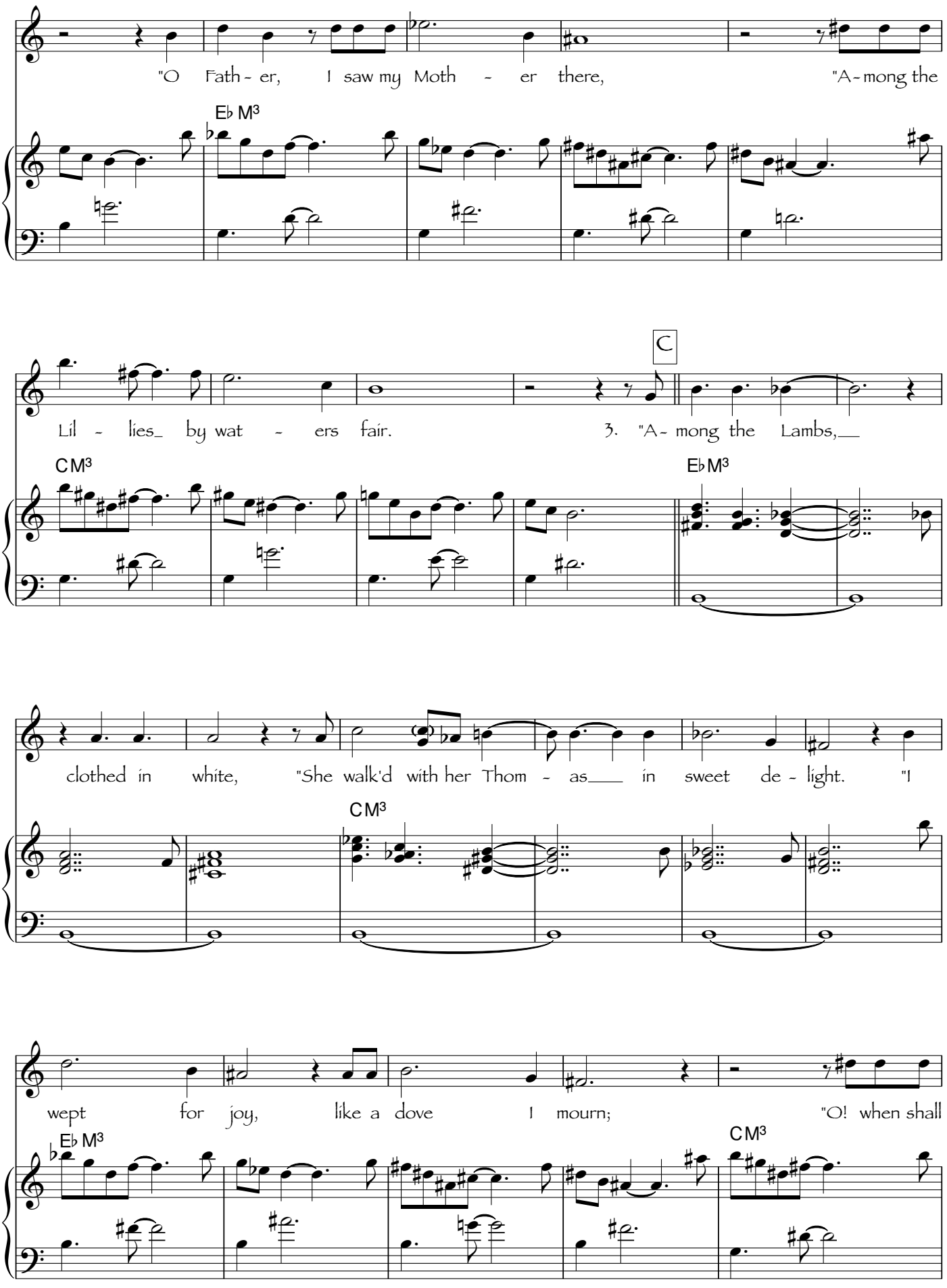
(from the Pickering Manuscript)

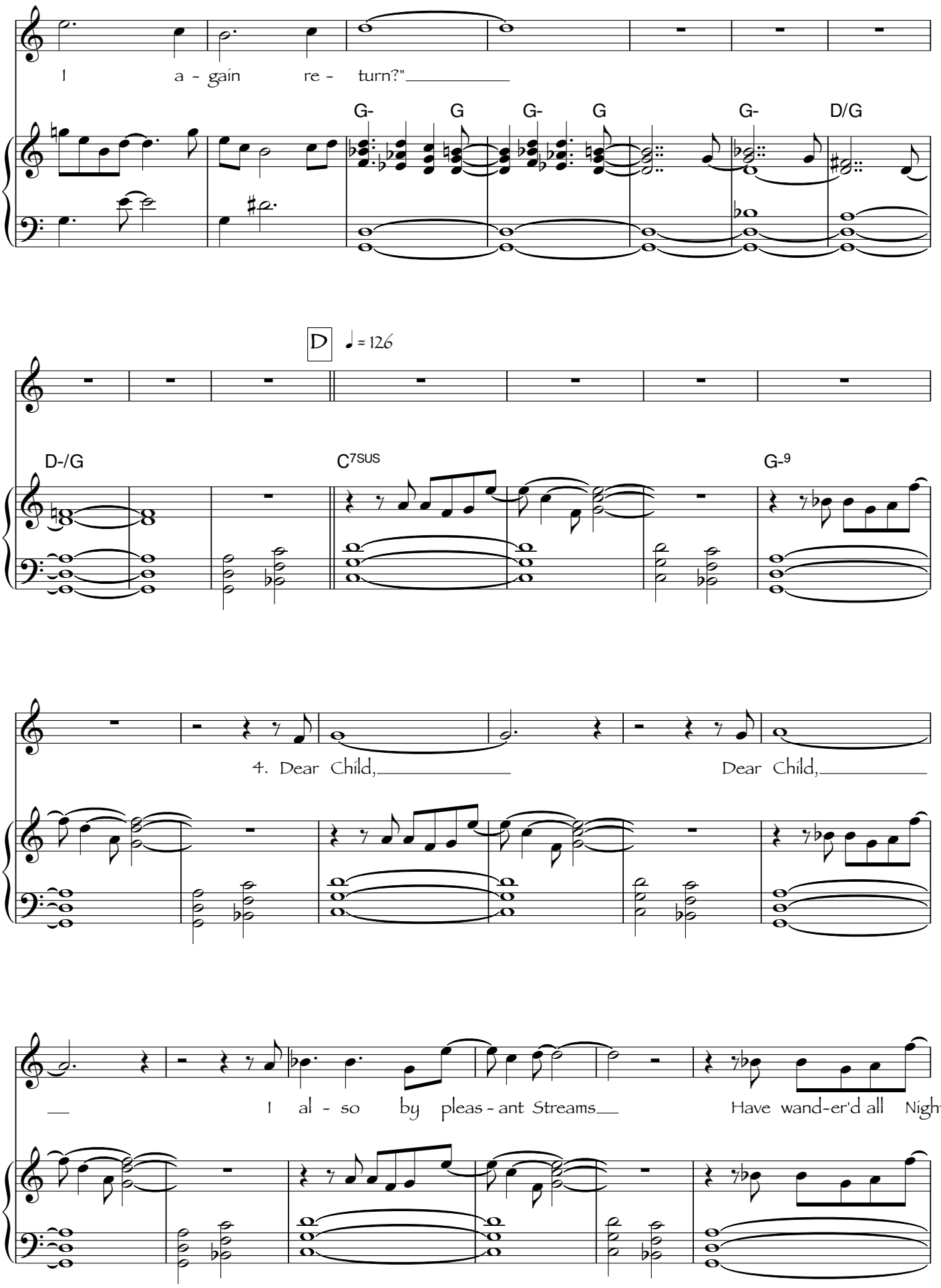
William Blake

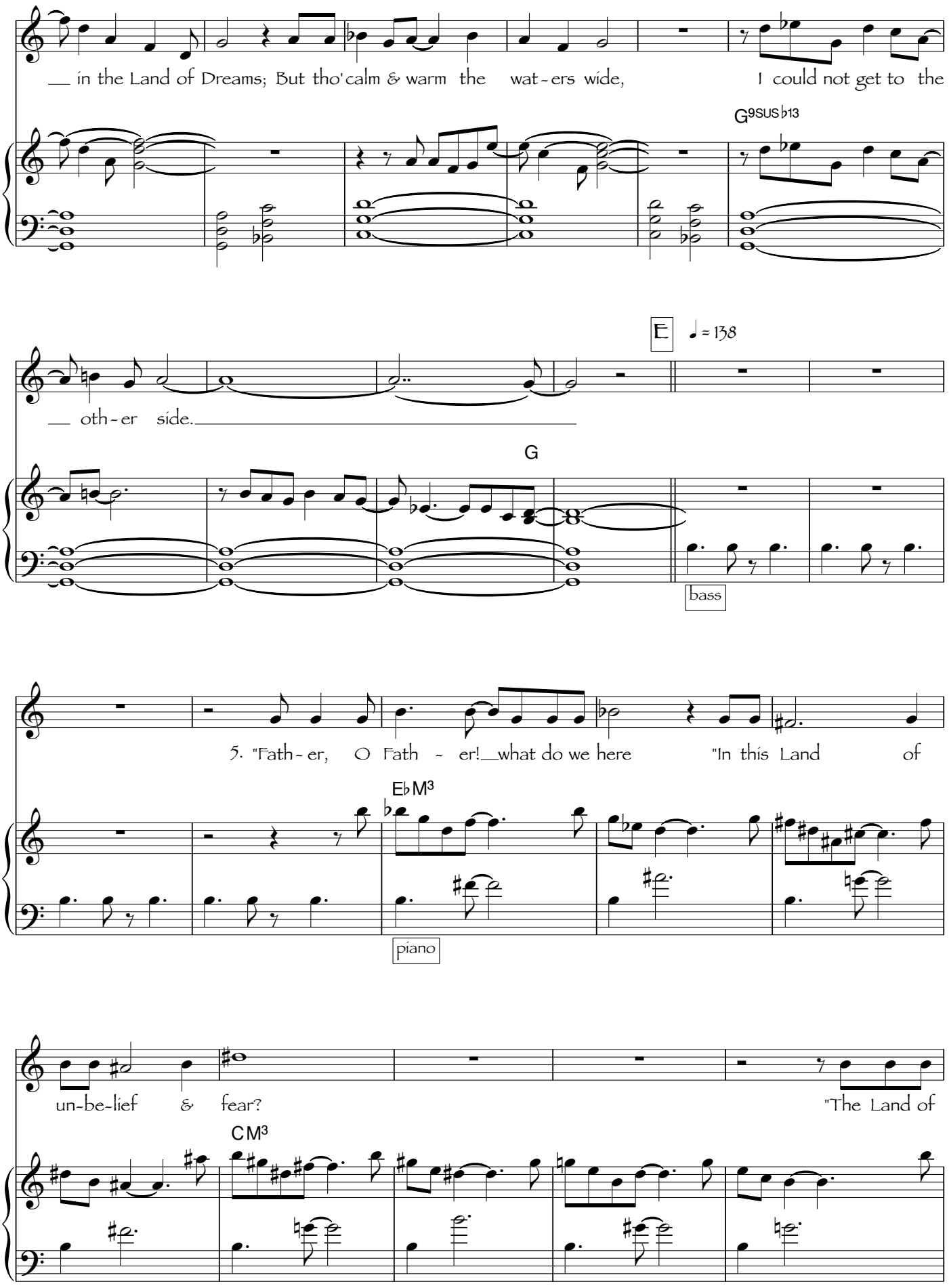
Marc Mangen

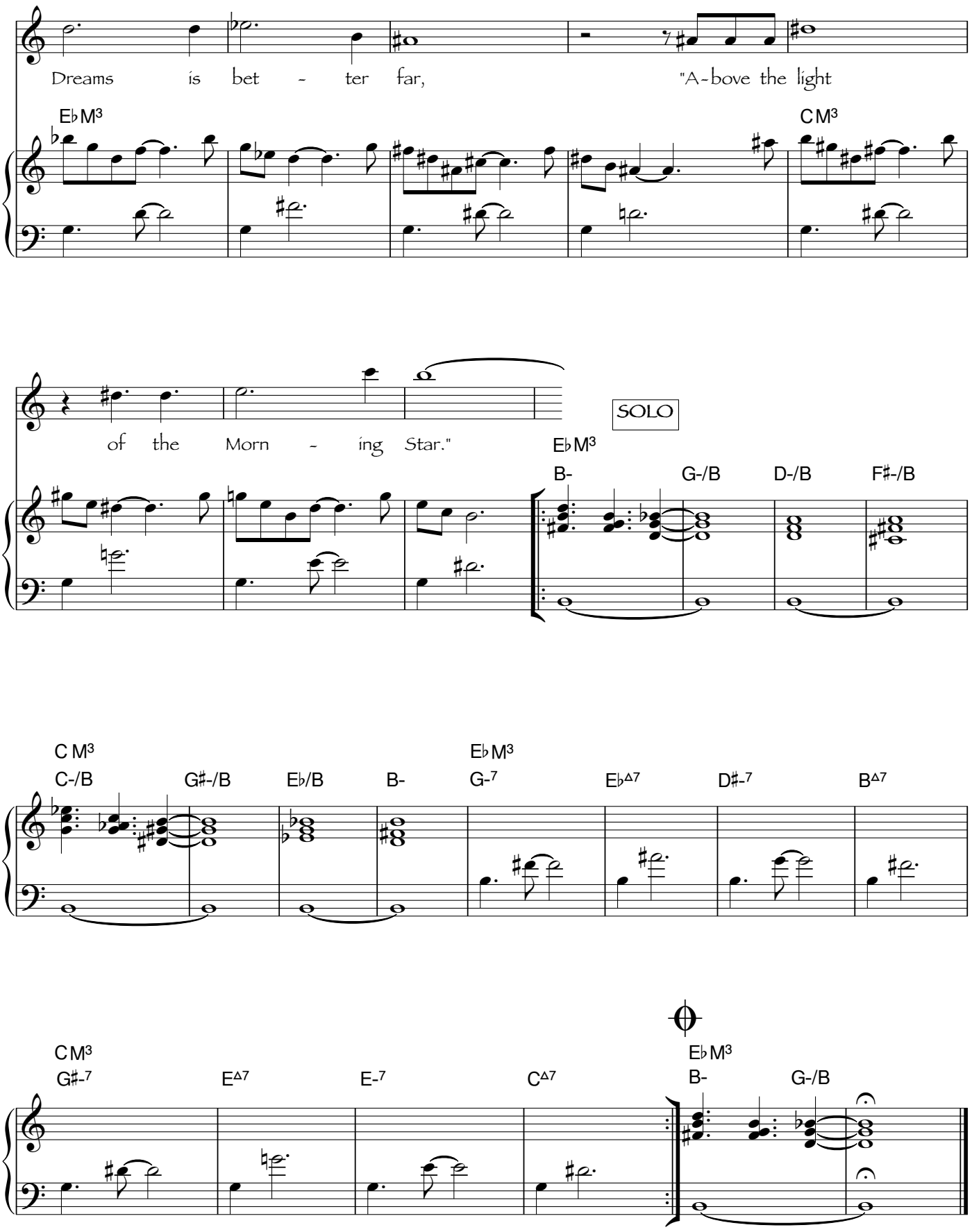



thy gen - tle sleep?
A- wake!
thy Fath-er does thee keep.
G9SUSb13
G
B
♩ = 138
2. "O, what Land is the Land of
EbM3
bass
piano
Dreams?
"What are its Moun - tains
& what are its Streams?
CM3


"O Fath - er, I saw my Moth - er there, "A - mong the
E♭ M3
Lil - lies_ by wat - ers fair. 3. "A - mong the Lambs,__
C
CM3
E♭M3
clothed in white, "She walk'd with her Thom - as___ in sweet de - light. "I
CM3
wept for joy, like a dove I mourn; "O! when shall
E♭ M3
CM3


I a - gain re - turn?"
G- G G- G G- D/G
D ♩= 126
D-/G C7SUS G-9
4. Dear Child, Dear Child,
I al - so by pleas - ant Streams Have wand-er'd all Night


in the Land of Dreams; But tho' calm & warm the wat - ers wide, I could not get to the
G9SUSb13
E
♩ = 138
oth - er side.
G
bass
5. "Fath - er, O Fath - er! what do we here "In this Land of
EbM3
piano
un - be - lief & fear? "The Land of
CM3

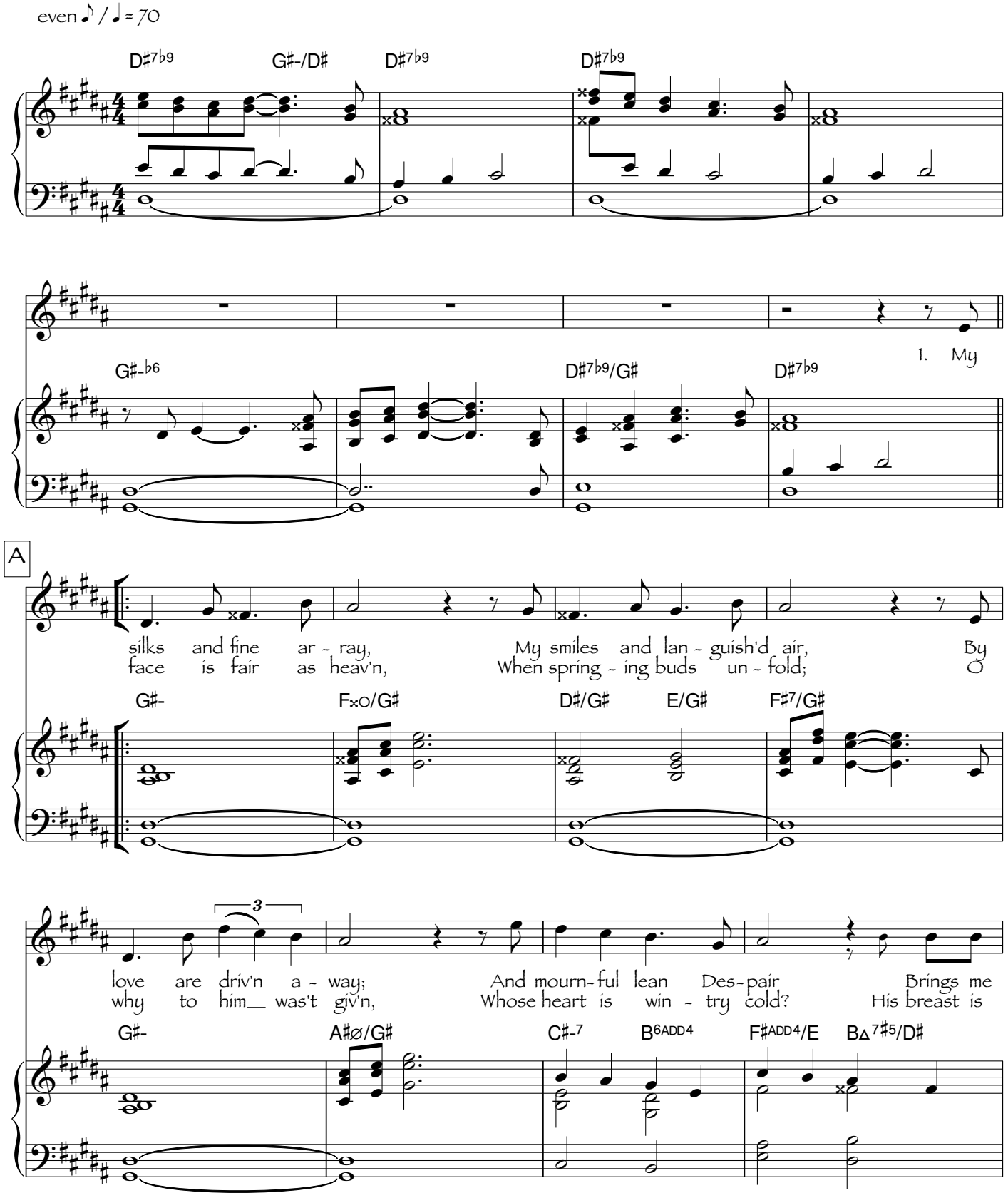

Dreams is bet - ter far, "A-bove the light
E♭M3
CM3
of the Morn - ing Star."
SOLO
E♭M3
B-
G-/B
D-/B
F♯-/B
CM3
C-/B
G♯-/B
E♭/B
B-
E♭M3
G-7
E♭Δ7
D♯-7
BΔ7
CM3
G♯-7
EΔ7
E-7
CΔ7
E♭M3
B-
G-/B

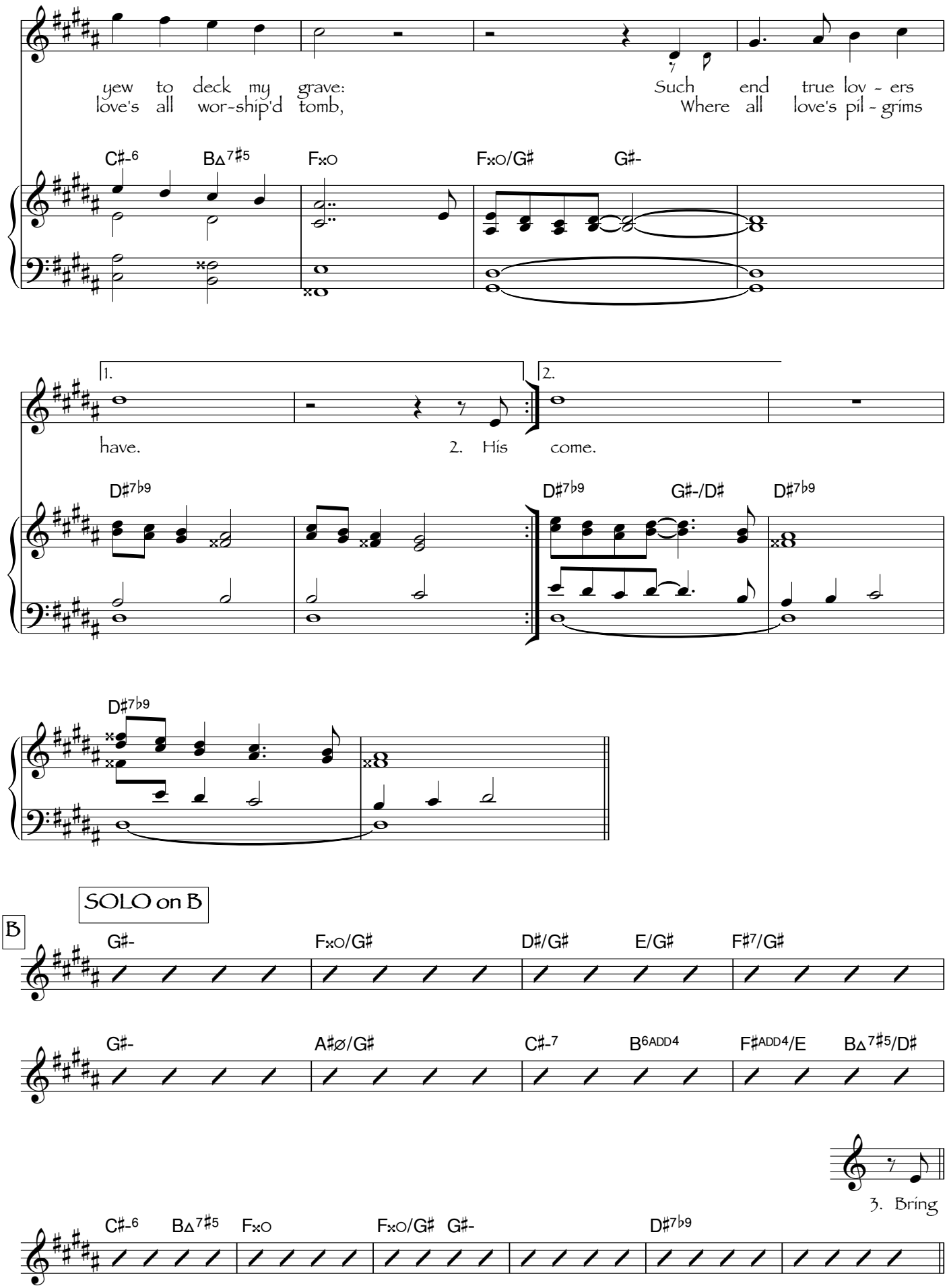
Song
(My Silks and Fine Array)

(from Poetical Sketches)

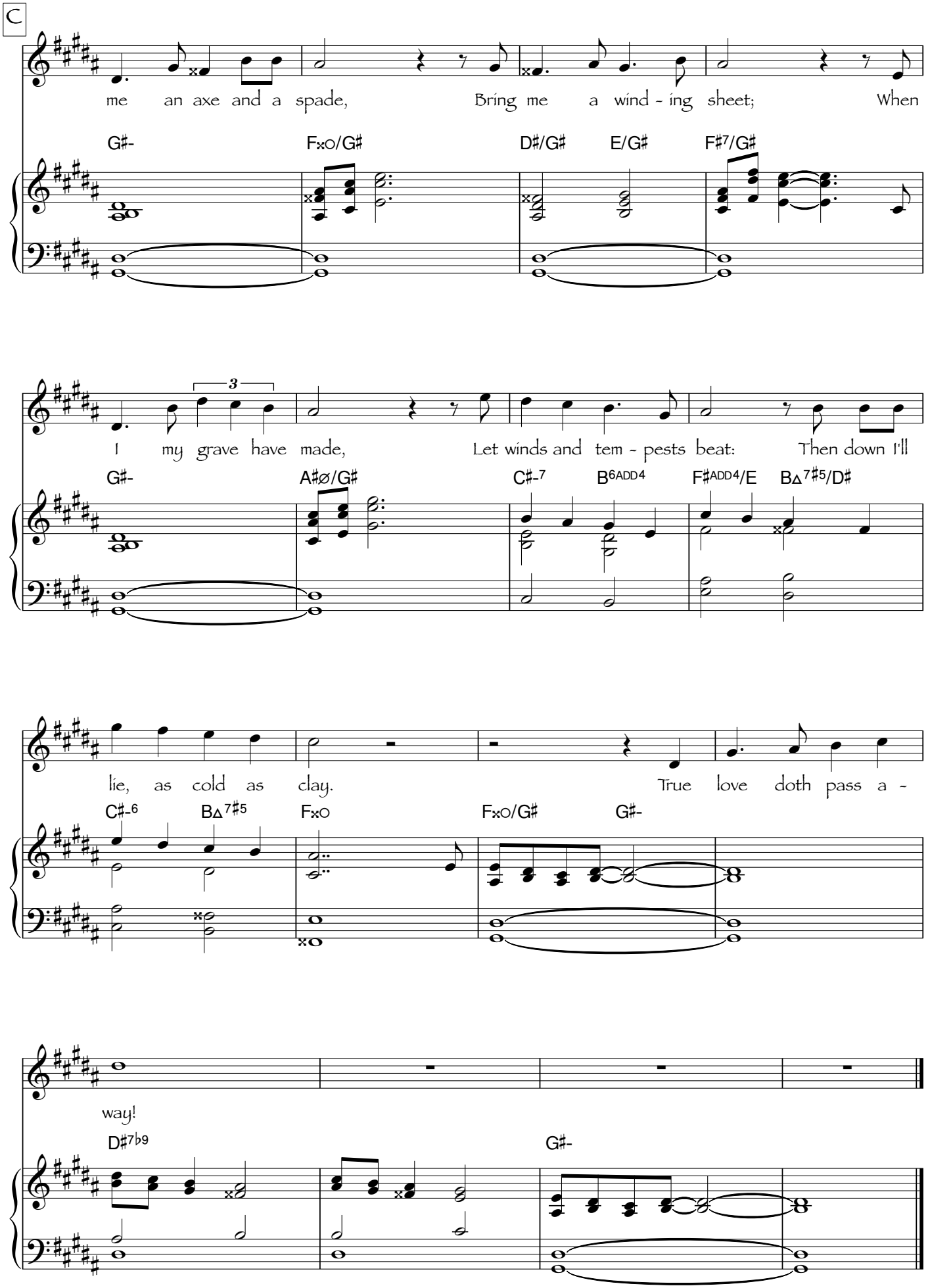
William Blake

Marc Mangen




yew to deck my grave:
love's all wor-ship'd tomb,
Such end true lov - ers
Where all love's pil - grims
C♯-6
B∆7♯5
F×o
F×o/G♯
G♯-
1.
2.
have.
2. His come.
D♯7♭9
D♯7♭9
G♯-/D♯
D♯7♭9
D♯7♭9
SOLO on B
B
G♯-
F×o/G♯
D♯/G♯
E/G♯
F♯7/G♯
G♯-
A♯ø/G♯
C♯-7
B6ADD4
F♯ADD4/E
B∆7♯5/D♯
3. Bring
C♯-6
B∆7♯5
F×o
F×o/G♯
G♯-
D♯7♭9

C

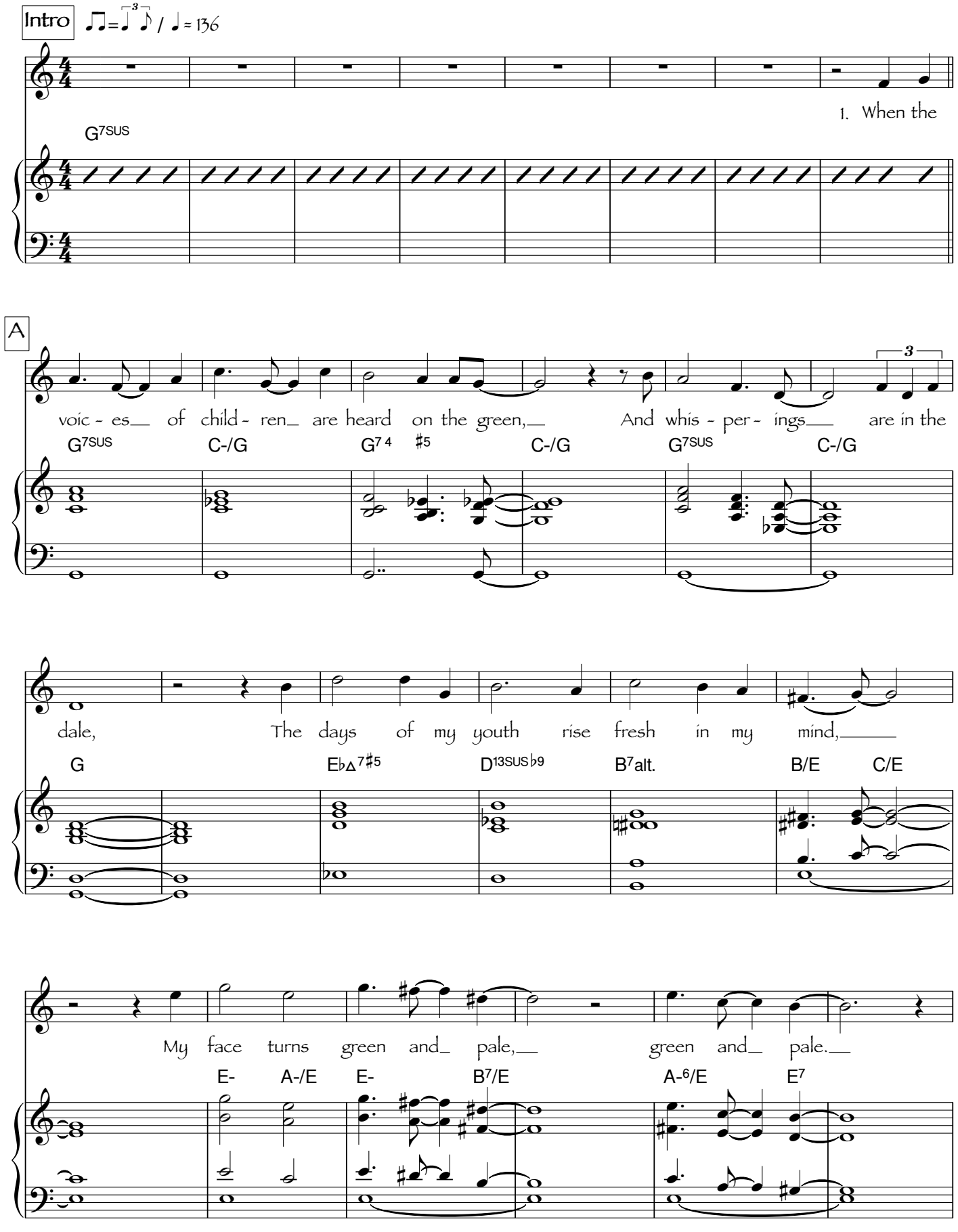

me an axe and a spade, Bring me a wind - ing sheet; When
G♯- F×O/G♯ D♯/G♯ E/G♯ F♯7/G♯
3
I my grave have made, Let winds and tem - pests beat: Then down I'll
G♯- A♯ø/G♯ C♯-7 B6ADD4 F♯ADD4/E BΔ7♯5/D♯
lie, as cold as clay. True love doth pass a -
C♯-6 BΔ7♯5 F×O F×O/G♯ G♯-
way!
D♯7♭9 G♯-

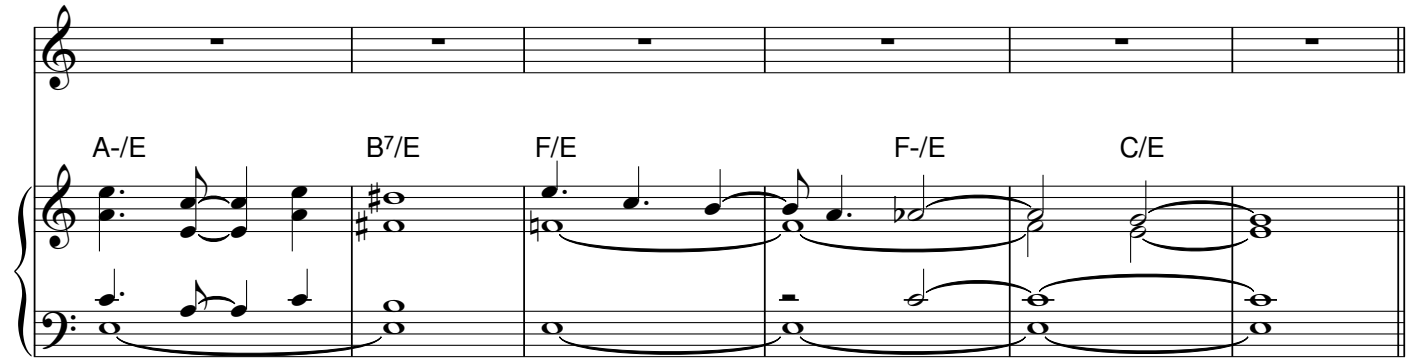
Nurse's Song

(from Songs of Experience)

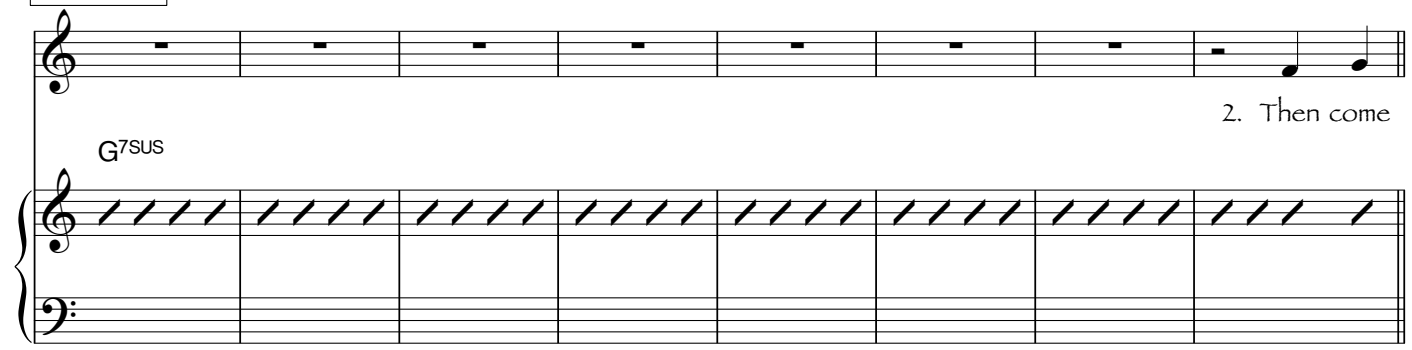
William Blake

Marc Mangen

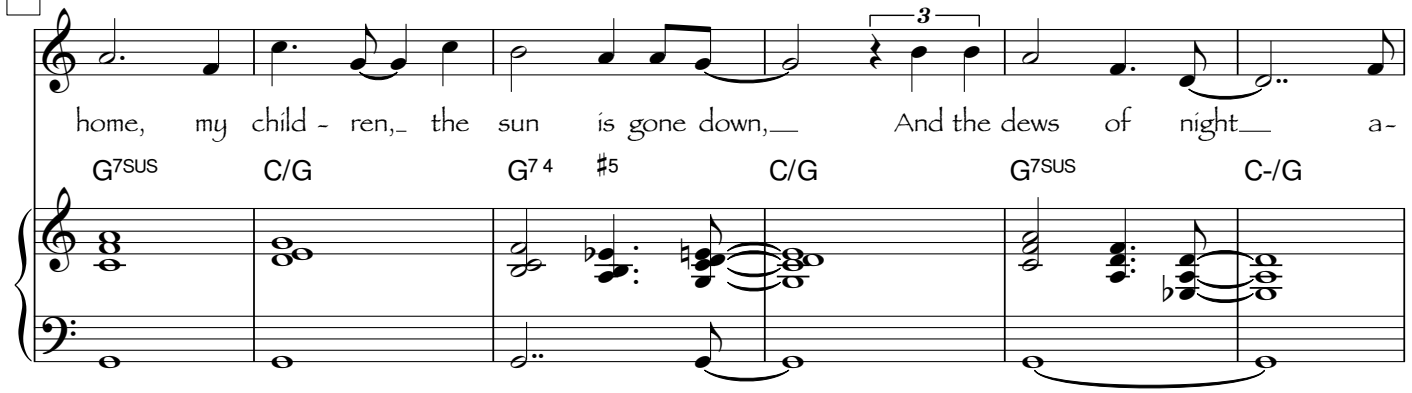


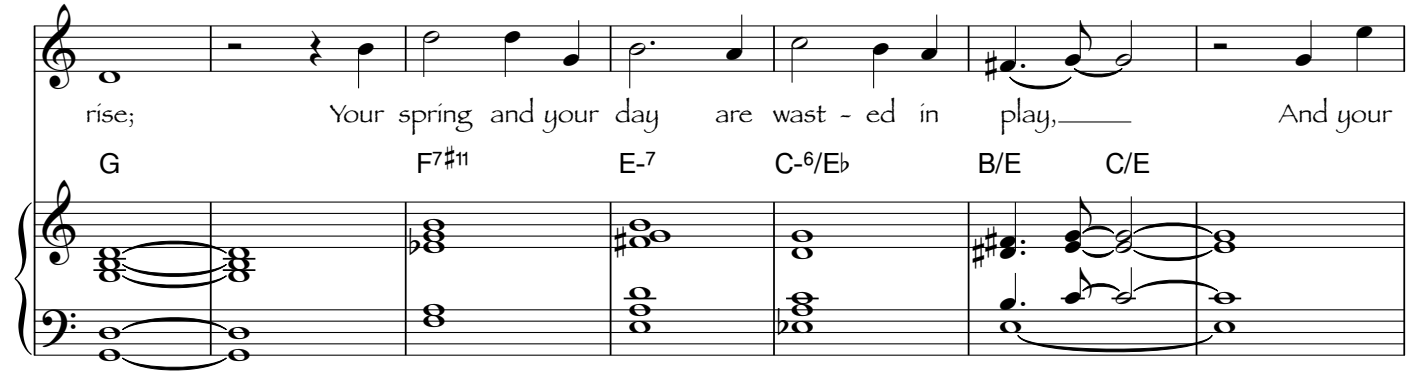

A-/E
B7/E
F/E
F-/E
C/E

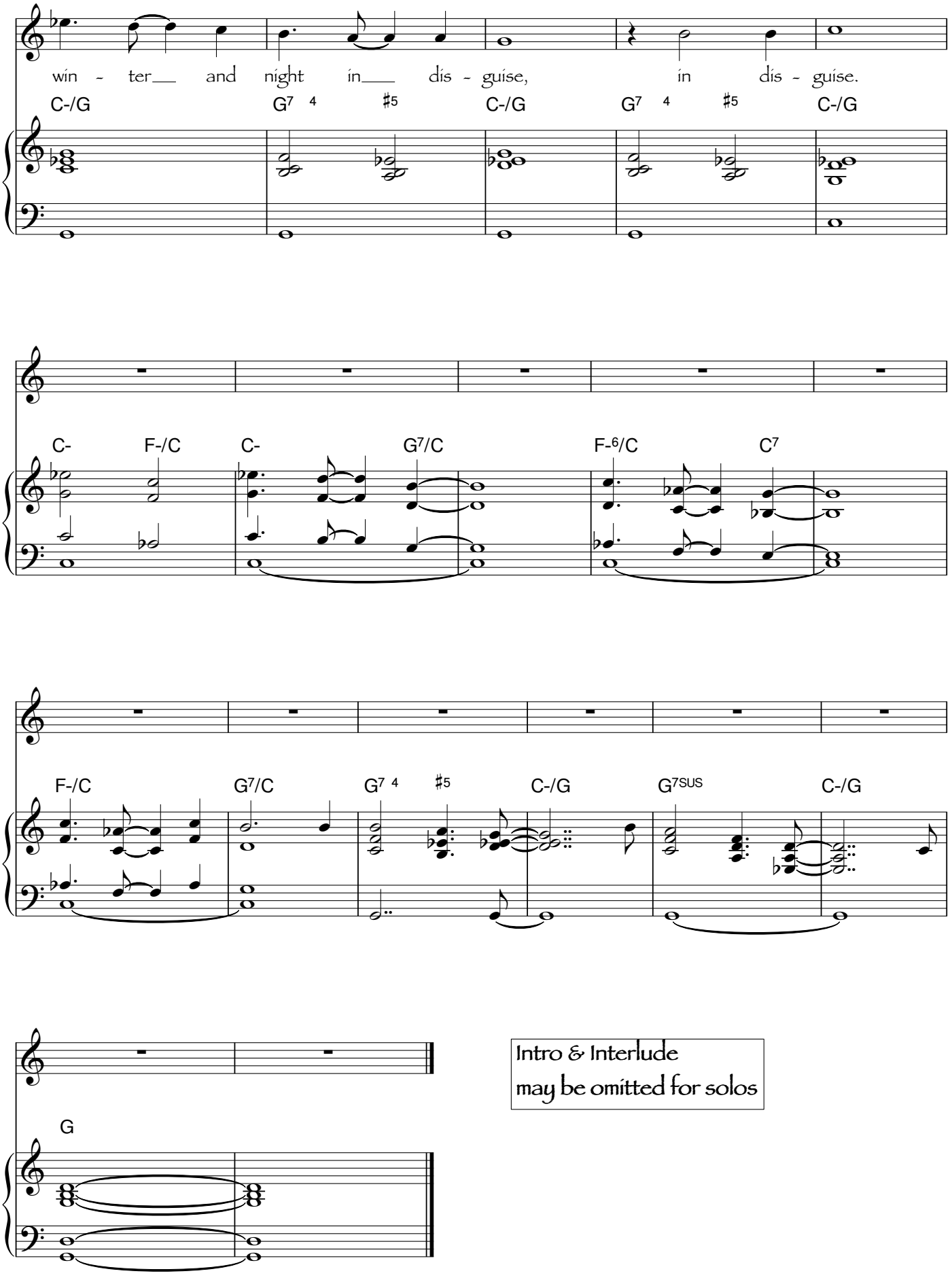
Interlude


2. Then come
G7SUS

B


home, my child - ren,_ the sun is gone down,__ And the dews of night__ a-
G7SUS
C/G
G7 4 #5
C/G
G7SUS
C-/G


rise; Your spring and your day are wast - ed in play,____ And your
G
F7#11
E-7
C-6/Eb
B/E
C/E



Intro & Interlude
may be omitted for solos

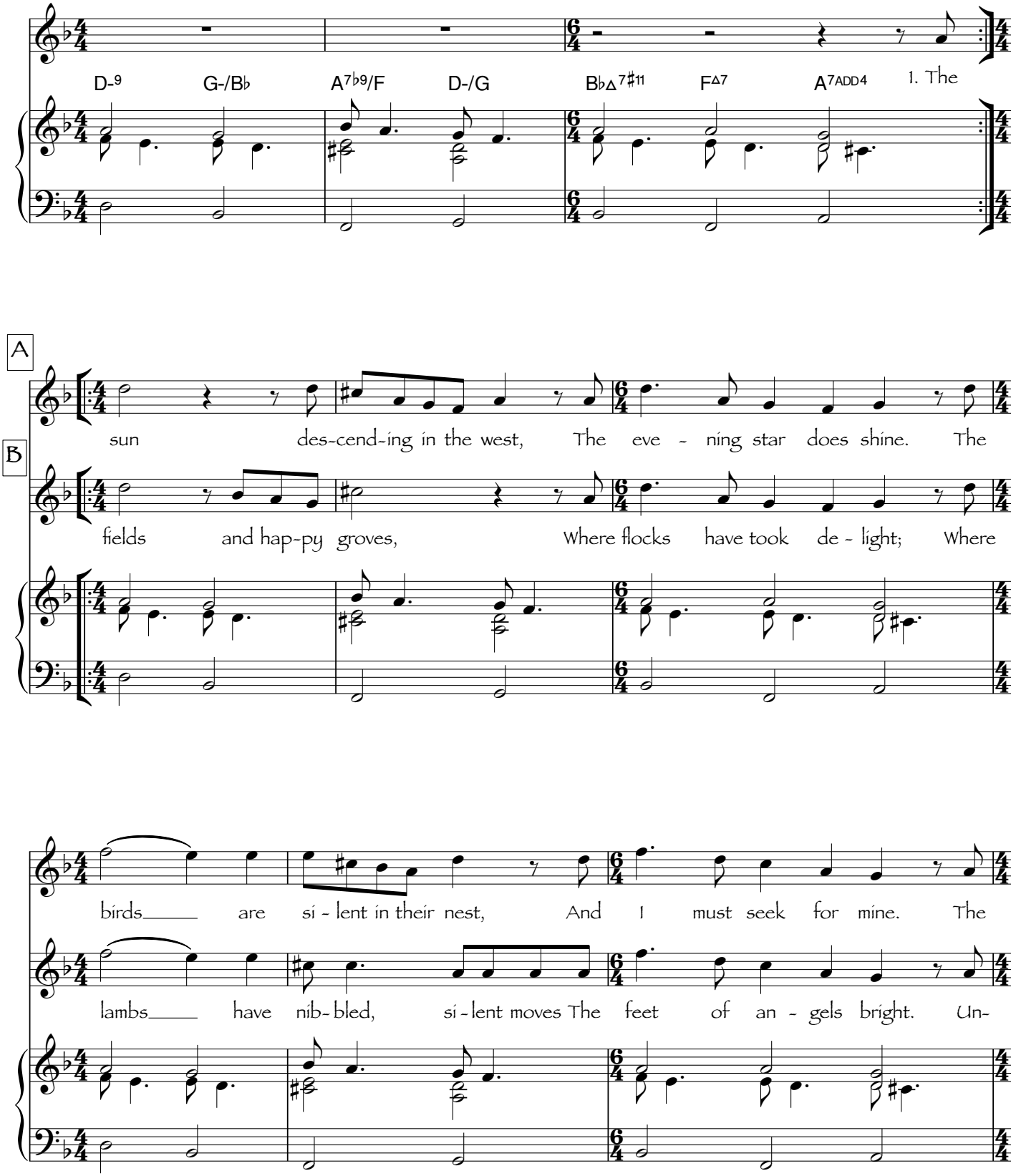
Night

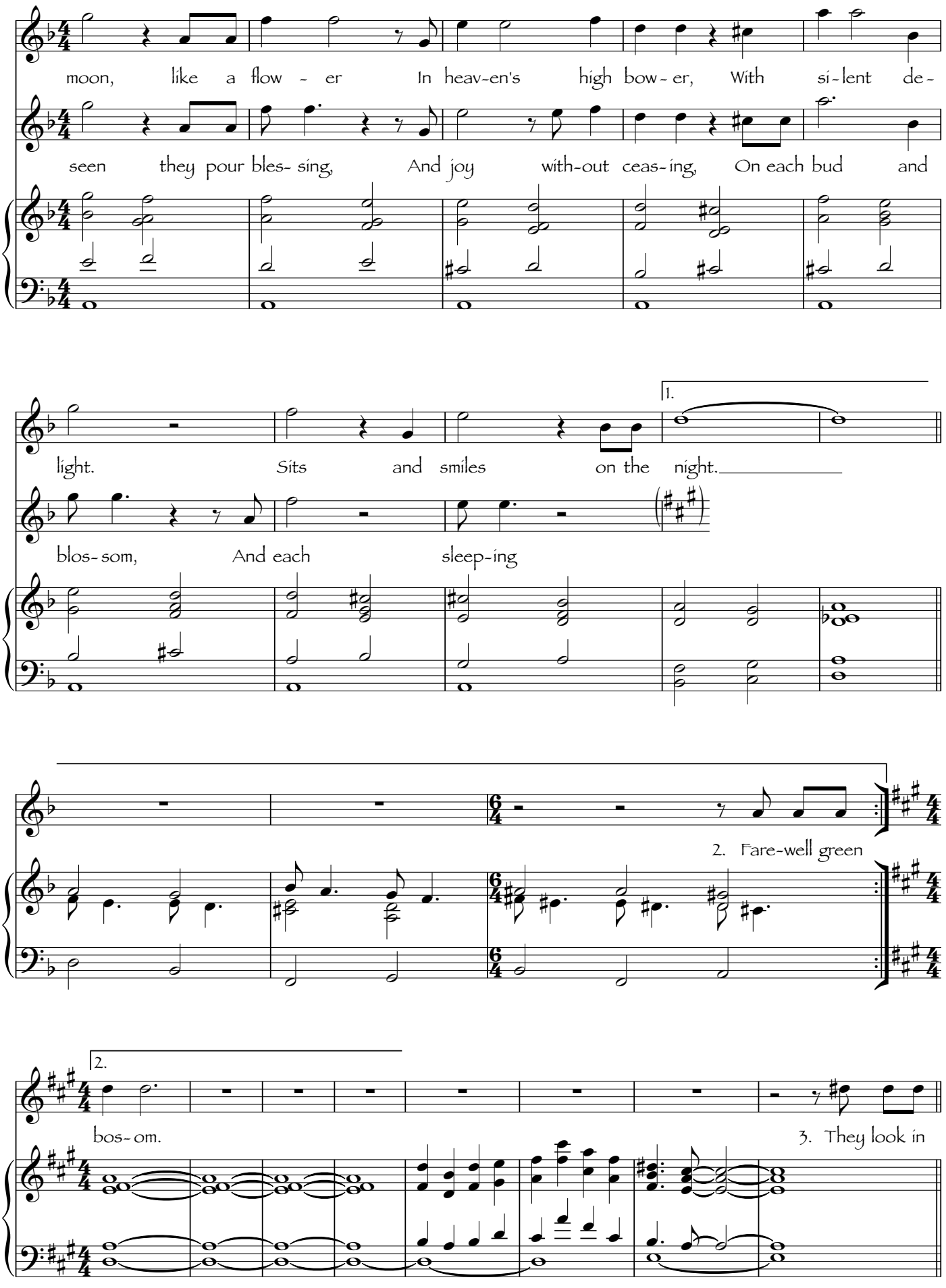
(from Songs of Innocence)

William Blake

Marc Mangen

even ♪ / ♩ = 100




moon, like a flow - er In heav-en's high bow - er, With si - lent de -
seen they pour bles- sing, And joy with-out ceas - ing, On each bud and
light. Sits and smiles on the night.
1.
blos - som, And each sleep-ing
2. Fare-well green
2.
bos - om.
3. They look in

C

eve - ry thought- less nest, Where birds are cov-ered warm; They vis - it

D

ti - gers howl for prey They pit - y - ing stand and weep, Seek-ing to

caves of eve - ry beast, To keep them all from harm.

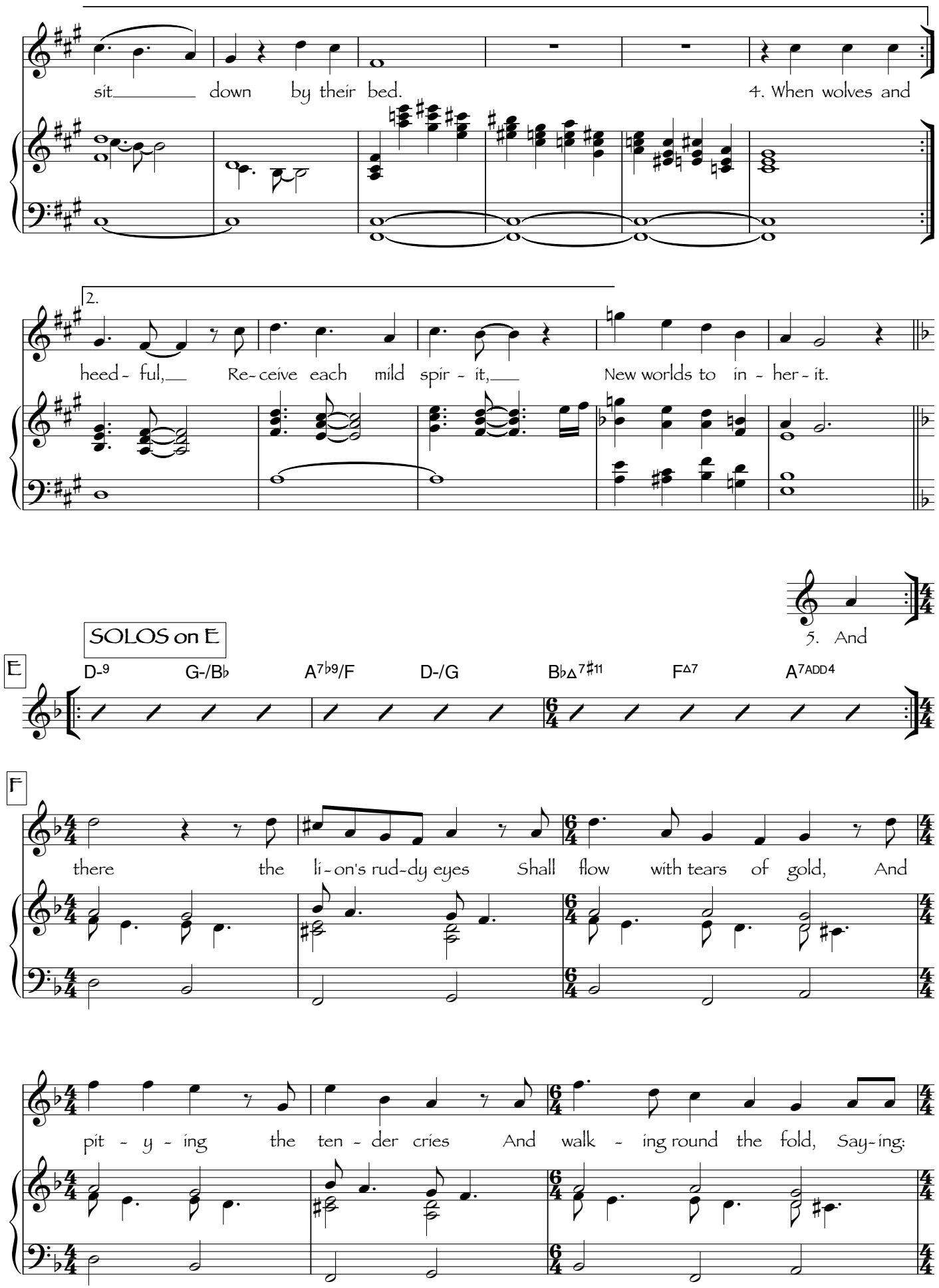
drive their thirst a - way, And keep them from the sheep.

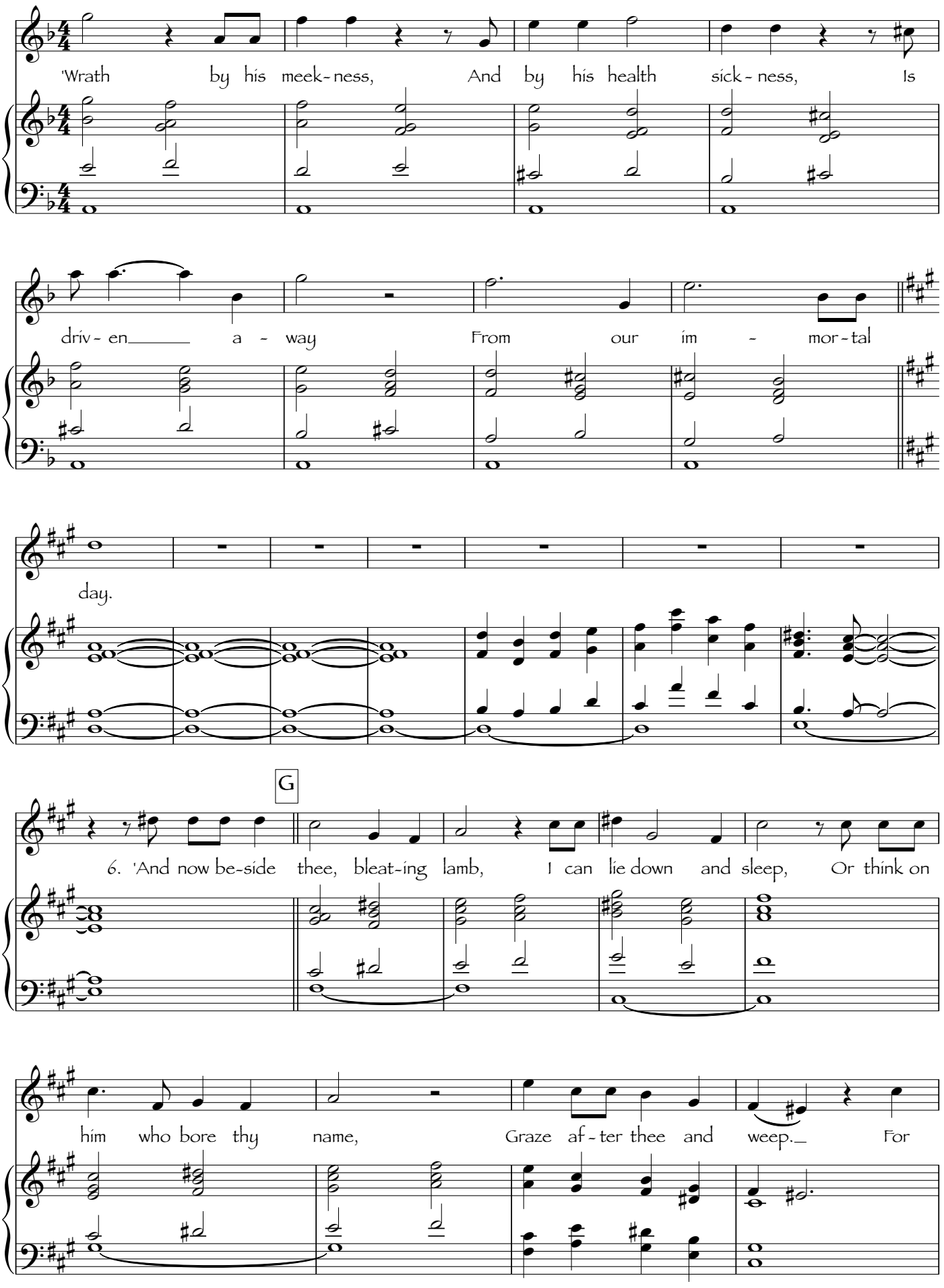
If they see an - y weep - ing That should have been

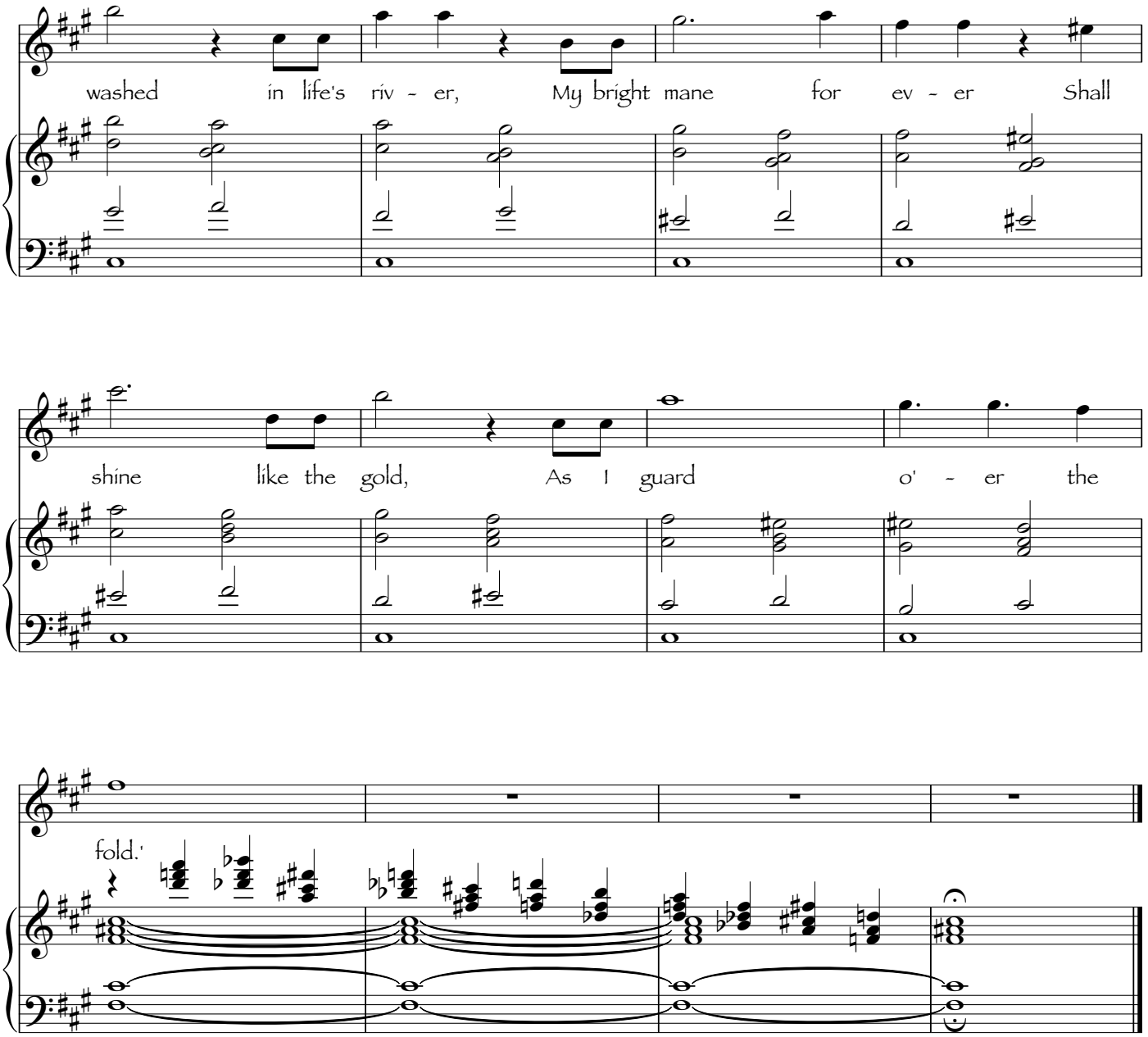
But if they rush dread - ful, The an - gels most

1.

sleep - ing, They pour sleep on their head And


sit down by their bed.
4. When wolves and
2.
heed - ful, Re - ceive each mild spir - it, New worlds to in - her - it.
5. And
SOLOS on E
E
D-9
G-/B♭
A7♭9/F
D-/G
B♭Δ7♯11
FΔ7
A7ADD4
F
there the li - on's rud - dy eyes Shall flow with tears of gold, And
pit - y - ing the ten - der cries And walk - ing round the fold, Say - ing:


'Wrath by his meek-ness, And by his health sick-ness, Is
driv-en a-way From our im-mor-tal
day.
G
6. 'And now be-side thee, bleat-ing lamb, I can lie down and sleep, Or think on
him who bore thy name, Graze af-ter thee and weep. For


washed in life's riv - er, My bright mane for ev - er Shall
shine like the gold, As I guard o' - er the
fold.'

The Garden of Love
(from Songs of Experience)

I went to the Garden of Love,
And saw what I never had seen:
A chapel was built in the midst,
Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of this chapel were shut,
And 'Thou shalt not' writ over the door;
So I turned to the Garden of Love,
That so many sweet flowers bore.

And I saw it was filled with graves,
And tomb-stones where flowers should be,
And priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,
And binding with briars my joys and desires.

Nurse's Song
(from Songs of Innocence)

When the voices of children are heard on the green
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast
And everything else is still.

'Then come home my children: the sun is gone down
And the dews of night arise.
Come, come leave off play and let us away,
Till the morning appears in the skies.'

'No, no let us play, for it is yet day
And we cannot go to sleep.
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,
And the hills are all covered with sheep.'

'Well, well go and play till the light fades away,
And then go home to bed.'
The little ones leaped and shouted and laughed
And all the hills echoèd.

The Angel
(from Songs of Experience)

I dreamt a dream! – What can it mean! –
And that I was a maiden queen,
Guarded by an angel mild.
Witless woe was ne'er beguiled!

And I wept both night and day,
And he wiped my tears away,
And I wept both day and night,
And hid from him my heart's delight.

So he took his wings and fled;
Then the morn blushed rosy red.
I dried my tears, and armed my fear
With ten thousand shields and spears.

Soon my angel came again.
I was armed; he came in vain,
For the time of youth was fled,
And grey hairs were on my head.

Song
(from Poetical Sketches)

How sweet I roam'd from field to field
And tasted all the summer's pride,
'Till I the prince of love beheld,
Who in the sunny beams did glide!

He shew'd me lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow;
He led me through his gardens fair,
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May dews my wings were wet,
And Phoebus fir'd my vocal rage;
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;
Then stretches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty.

The Smile
(from the Pickering Manuscript)

There is a Smile of Love,
And there is a Smile of Deceit,
And there is a Smile of Smiles
In which these two Smiles meet.

And there is a Frown of Hate,
And there is a Frown of Disdain,
And there is a Frown of Frowns
Which you strive to forget in vain,

For it sticks in the Heart's deep Core
And it sticks in the deep Back Bone;
And no Smile that ever was smil'd,
But only one Smile alone,

That betwixt the Cradle and Grave
It only once Smil'd can be;
But, when it once is Smil'd,
There's an end to all Misery.

The Fly
(from Songs of Experience)

Little fly,
Thy summer's play
My thoughtless hand
Has brushed away.

Am not I
A fly like thee?
Or art not thou
A man like me?

For I dance
And drink and sing,
Till some blind hand
Shall brush my wing.

If thought is life
And strength and breath,
And the want
Of thought is death,

Then am I
A happy fly,
If I live,
Or if I die.

The Echoing Green
(from Songs of Innocence)

The sun does arise,
And make happy the skies.
The merry bells ring
To welcome the spring.
The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around,
To the bells' cheerful sound,
While our sports shall be seen
On the echoing green.

Old John with white hair
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak,
Among the old folk.
They laugh at our play,
And soon they all say:
'Such, such were the joys
When we all, girls and boys,
In our youth-time were seen
On the echoing green.'

Till the little ones weary
No more can be merry;
The sun does descend,
And our sports have an end.
Round the laps of their mothers
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest;
And sport no more seen
On the darkening green.

Mad Song
(from Poetical Sketches)

The wild winds weep,
  And the night is a-cold;
Come hither, Sleep,
  And my griefs infold:
But lo! the morning peeps
  Over the eastern steeps,
And the rustling birds of dawn
The earth do scorn.

Lo! to the vault
  Of paved heaven
With sorrow fraught
  My notes are driven:
They strike the ear of night,
  Make weep the eyes of day;
They make mad the roaring winds,
  And with tempests play.

Like a fiend in a cloud,
  With howling woe,
After night I do croud,
  And with night will go;
I turn my back to the east,
From whence comforts have increas'd;
For light doth seize my brain
With frantic pain.

The Land of Dreams
(from the Pickering Manuscript)

Awake, awake, my little Boy!
Thou wast thy Mother's only joy;
Why dost thou weep in thy gentle sleep?
Awake! thy Father does thee keep.

"O, what Land is the Land of Dreams?
"What are its Mountains & what are its Streams?
"O Father, I saw my Mother there,
"Among the Lillies by waters fair.

"Among the Lambs, clothed in white,
"She walk'd with her Thomas in sweet delight.
"I wept for joy, like a dove I mourn;
"O! when shall I again return?"

Dear Child, I also by pleasant Streams
Have wander'd all Night in the Land of Dreams;
But tho' calm & warm the waters wide,
I could not get to the other side.

"Father, O Father! what do we here
"In this Land of unbelief & fear?
"The Land of Dreams is better far,
"Above the light of the Morning Star."

Song
(from Poetical Sketches)

My silks and fine array,
        My smiles and languish'd air,
By love are driv'n away;
        And mournful lean Despair
Brings me yew to deck my grave:
Such end true lovers have.

His face is fair as heav'n,
        When springing buds unfold;
O why to him was't giv'n,
        Whose heart is wintry cold?
His breast is love's all worship'd tomb,
Where all love's pilgrims come.

Bring me an axe and a spade,
        Bring me a winding sheet;
When I my grave have made,
        Let winds and tempests beat:
Then down I'll lie, as cold as clay.
True love doth pass away!

Nurse's Song
(from Songs of Experience)

When the voices of children are heard on the green
And whisperings are in the dale,
The days of my youth rise fresh in my mind,
My face turns green and pale.

Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,
And the dews of night arise;
Your spring and your day are wasted in play,
And your winter and night in disguise.

Night
(from Songs of Innocence)

The sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine.
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.
The moon, like a flower
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell green fields and happy groves,
Where flocks have took delight;
Where lambs have nibbled, silent moves
The feet of angels bright.
Unseen they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest,
Where birds are covered warm;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm.
If they see any weeping
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head
And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tigers howl for prey
They pitying stand and weep,
Seeking to drive their thirst away,
And keep them from the sheep.
But if they rush dreadful,
The angels most heedful,
Receive each mild spirit,
New worlds to inherit.

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold,
And pitying the tender cries
And walking round the fold,
Saying: 'Wrath by his meekness,
And by his health sickness,
Is driven away
From our immortal day.

'And now beside thee, bleating lamb,
I can lie down and sleep,
Or think on him who bore thy name,
Graze after thee and weep.
For washed in life's river,
My bright mane for ever
Shall shine like the gold,
As I guard o'er the fold.'