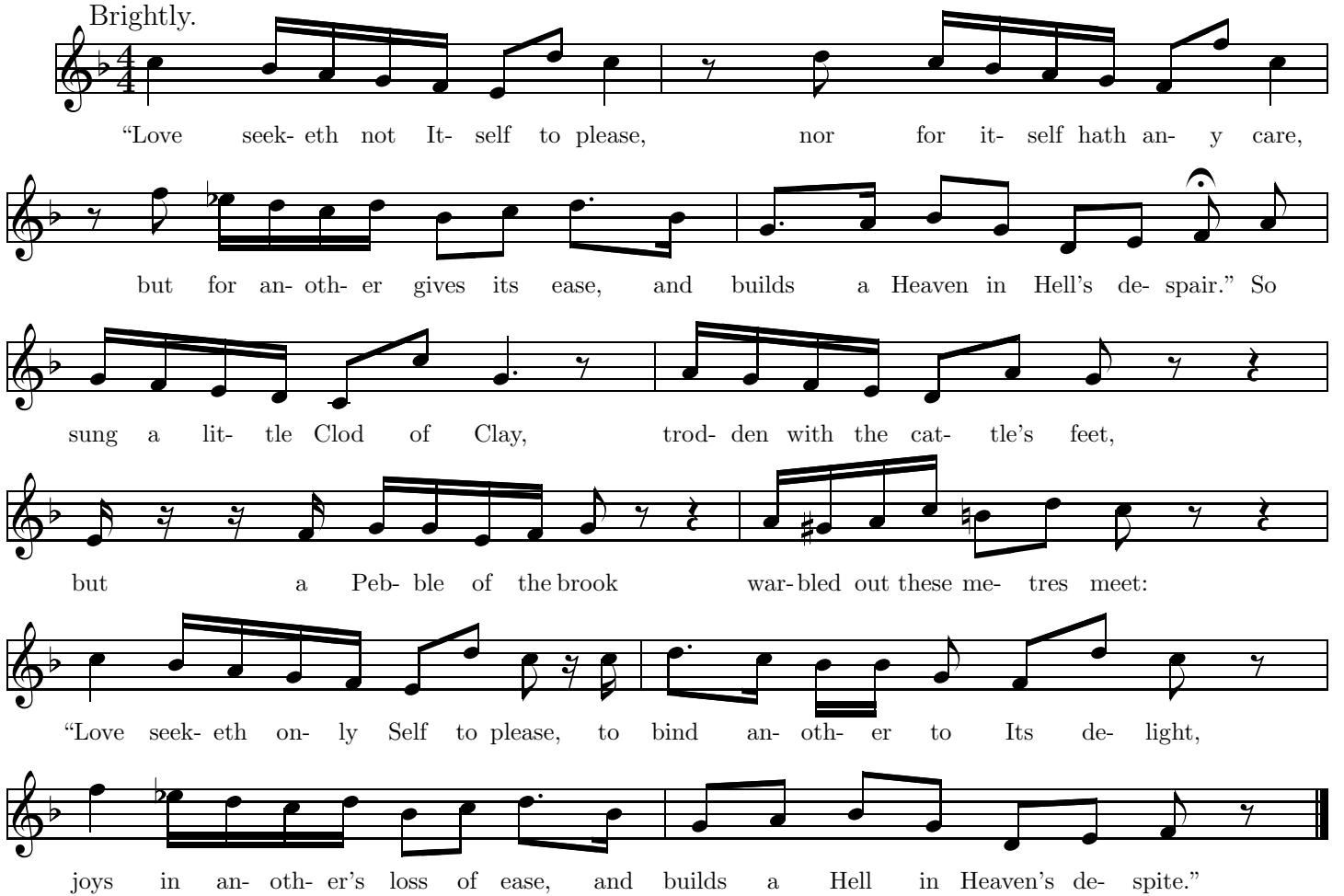


The Clod & the Pebble

WILLIAM BLAKE

GEORGE SICHERMAN

Brightly.



“Love seek-eth not It-self to please, nor for it-self hath an-y care,
but for an-oth-er gives its ease, and builds a Heaven in Hell’s de-spair.” So
sung a lit-tle Clod of Clay, trod-den with the cat-tle’s feet,
but a Peb-ble of the brook war-bled out these me-tres meet:
“Love seek-eth on-ly Self to please, to bind an-oth-er to Its de-light,
joys in an-oth-er’s loss of ease, and builds a Hell in Heaven’s de-spite.”