

# Holy Thursday: Is this a holy thing to see By William Blake

Is this a holy thing to see,  
In a rich and fruitful land,  
Babes reduced to misery,  
Fed with cold and usurous hand?

Is that trembling cry a song?  
Can it be a song of joy?  
And so many children poor?  
It is a land of poverty!

And their sun does never shine.  
And their fields are bleak & bare.  
And their ways are fill'd with thorns.  
It is eternal winter there.

For where-e'er the sun does shine,  
And where-e'er the rain does fall:  
Babe can never hunger there,  
Nor poverty the mind appall.