

The Tyger, by William Blake, 1794

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
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What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?



William Blake, by Thomas Phillips, 1807

The Tigert, by Tim Davis, ©2008

Tigert! Tigert! burning bright
In the darkness: cinder light,
What immortal hand or eye
Could tame thy fearful flames so high?

In what distant desp'rate times
Burns in fire all thy lines?
O what things dare not expire?
What the hand dare quench thy fire?

And what finance officer
Could twist out savings from thy heart?
And when thy heart began to bleed,
What dread cut? and what dread deed?

What dull hammer hits thy brain?
In what budget does cash drain?
What the anvil? What dread gasp
Tears its students from their class?

When the profs threw down their towels,
And water'd campus with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who fired them all cut thee?

Tigert! Tigert! burning bright
In the darkness: cinder light,
What immortal hand or eye
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Tigert Hall

www.cise.ufl.edu/~davis/Poetry/Tigert.html

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