

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 black'ning Church appalls
And the hapless Soldier's sigh
Runs in blood down Palace walls
But most thro' midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlot's 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"

Songwriters

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