

Infant Sorrow

William Blake
Poems from MSS c.1793

Roger Heagney

Andante con moto
mp

My_ mo- ther_ groan'd my fa-ther wept_____

mf

p *mf* *pp* *p*

6

in-to the dan-ge-rous world I leapt, Help - less,

10

na - ked, pip-ing loud Like a fiend hid in a cloud

mp

mp secco

41

mir-tle bore.

f

46

mf tempo ad lib.

But the time of youth is fled. And grey hairs are

mf

49

p

on my head

p *pp*

Ped. *