

London

Fiddler's Green

I wander through each chartered street
Near where the chartered Thames does flow
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe

In every cry of every man
In every infant's cry of fear
In every voice, in every ban
The mind-forged manacles I hear

How the chimney-sweeper's cry
Every blackening church appalls
And the hapless soldier's sigh
Runs in blood down palace walls

But most through midnight streets I hear
How the youthful harlot's curse
Blasts the new-born infant's tear
And blights with plaques the marriage hearse

London calling
Big city of fear
London calling
Can't you hear