



THE TYGER.
by
J. R. CHRISTOPHER.

(C. S. Lewis) came to tea one day I remember, and walking in the Girton grounds began to imagine how Dryden would have written Blake's The Tyger. He produced instantly a fine couplet (I wish I could remember it), then exclaimed, 'No, that is much too good for Dryden, it is almost good enough for Pope, and unhesitatingly set about polishing it up to Pope's standard.

-- Kathleen Raine.

O noble cat, like barrèd flame thou stand
Against the darkness of a wooded land ...
Wert thou created by God or devil ?
And is thy purpose good or evil ?

Who forged with all His craft thy fiery eyes ?
Who beat upon His anvil all thy size ?
Who dared conveye the work, with what great strain
And poured in mould that molten mass, thy brain ?

O noble cat, like barrèd flame thou stand
Against the darkness of a sylvan land ...
Didst angels smile like stars, or weep the evil ?
And was thy craftsman Him of lamb, or devil ?

