and affection in order, as the next line shows, to make all things "rejoice." When this term is given its fullest meaning, it carries the idea of the child's knowledge that God has given these gifts in order that all things may exult. Here, Blake has shown that the child, through his imagination, realizes that the bond or relationship between all things in the world comes through God.

The second stanza develops and amplifies this relationship. "He is called by thy name, For he calls himself a Lamb." The Lamb now becomes identified with Christ. "He is meek and he is mild; He became a little child." The terms "meek" and "mild" suggest the qualities of gentleness and humility. Since the next line, "I a child, and thou a lamb, We are called by his name," identifies the child with the Lamb and with Christ, these ideas apply to him as well, and through this line, the relationship is strengthened. The poem ends with the benediction, "Little Lamb, God bless thee." The picture is now complete. The child, perceiving that his kinship with the lamb and with all of nature comes through Christ, gives his God-like blessing to the lamb.

Blake has achieved his purpose not only through the ideas that he has expressed but also in the words and manner of expression. First, he has used the artless, simple diction of the very young. It has a rhythmical beauty, but more than that, it appeals to the senses, primarily to the sense of sight. Blake knew that children are attracted to things through their eyes, and, therefore, he used words that appeal to the eye and paint a picture rather than words that appeal to the intellect. Secondly, the form of the poem carries out his purpose. The short line verses and sentence structure are like the speech of the child. The short sentences give the poem the quick flowing tone of a young person's speech. Finally, the use of many vowels give the poem a rich, liquid tone. The words are woven together to form a gossamer web that holds the heart of childhood.

**The Designer**

Frances King

If I thought I could bargain
Or bribe or make even trade
And return to your graces,
Your small lighted room...

If I brought an apron of violets,
Of miniature white flowers,
Would I gain entrance?
Would they give me a glance
Through the door?
If I thought I could bargain . . .
I'll send you a blackbird
That sings very well
If you'll grant me one fragment of our intense
conversation . . . No?
If I could bribe . . .
Remember how you loved bittersweet?
Let me bring you several sprays
Of the brusk, red-orange fruit.
Let me add a few plums
And a large honey comb,
And all I ask is your dark glances.
No?
If I could trade . . .
I'll trade you a basket of
Shining silver snails
For a small promise.
I'll trade you a narrow kite
And a rag doll
For a swift kiss.
No?
I see I ask too much,
But I'll have you yet,
For a door shuts out perfume,
And a room is empty
Without a girl's laughter,
And a lamp is lonely
Shining on an open book.

That Year

Frances King

The senior year was shorter than the rest
And twice as sharp. Sometimes the ivy seemed
Not half so green or heavy as the year
Before. And was the movement of the trees
Beyond the glass more sad, the way it seemed?
If "Alice" grew more deep and Frost almost
Lost favor with the crowd, was this so new?
If friends wore swords and foes bore olive wreaths
In fettered hands, was that so strange? I feared
The times when neutral lines of Henry James
(Less innocent, more traced with secret hopes)
Would rise from tablecloths in other rooms.
If labs remember "Tristan und Isolde" at ten,
(October sun like May, the dusty moss
In bottles)—Let it there remain. If all
The willow leaves were whispering "cherry tree,"
And steeples of New Hampshire thrust the sky
Aside, what matters that? If Shakespeare smiled
And Spenser frowned upon the edges of
Long conversations on the moonlit steps,
What proof against the breach? For though the "seem"
And "is" were tossed, and though the heart sought fast
To know the moment to refrain from thought,
There still remained a life to portion out
In silver, when Thoreau would serve no use.

The Penitent
Frances King

We kneel so tall,
We kneel so very straight,
On the frozen ground,
On the small grave.
This is the cemetery time,
This is the grave's year.
The brown hooded figures
Pass and return again—
Moving like late summer beetles
Against the tall brick wall.
Must I do penance?
And must I do penance
For afternoons lost
In contemplation of arrogant swans,
For mornings spent in counting the bells,
For evenings
Gone while I resisted the nightingale?
We kneel so tall,
We kneel so very straight,
On the frozen ground,
On the small grave.
So You noted and remembered
That swift chase
And the ultimate capture
Under the yew tree?
So You recorded
The forbidden boat ride
Under the bent willows,
Between the steep banks?
Suddenly we discover with horror,
And the fear rises like a mist,
And the mist wraps the hooded figures,
And the horror obscures the book of confession—
For the ones we know are living,
And what is this grave?
And why are we here?
We kneel so tall,
We kneel so very straight.
On the frozen ground,
On the small grave.
And we must do penance,
And we must do penance
For the race and the ride and the bird!

MSS
Upper Class
Material