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copywork – memory work – handwriting

**FREE
PRINTABLE**

The Tyger

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies.
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?

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Tyger Tyger burning bright,
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

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W T y g e r
A s e r
D e e p s
D a r e
F r a m e
F e a r f u l
F e a r f u l
W h a t
D a r e

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The Tyger

T T, b b,
I t f o t n;
W i h o e,
C f t f s?

I w d d o s.
B t f o t e?
O w w d h a?
W t h, d s t f?

A w s, & w a,
C t t s o t h?
A w t h b i b,
W d h? & w d f?

W t h? w t c,
I w f w t b?
W t a? w d g,
D i d t c l

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The Tyger

Tyger, burning bright,
In forests of the ;
What frame ?
or
of eyes?
aspire?
What the , seize fire?
, &
twist sinews of thy heart?
when thy heart
hand? & what feet?
What ? chain,
In thy brain?
the ? dread grasp,
its deadly terrors clasp!

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The Tyger

William Blake, 1794 – 1/4in print

The Tyger



Tyger Tyger, burning bright,

In the forests of the night;

What immortal hand or eye,

Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies.

Burnt the fire of thine eyes?

On what wings dare he aspire?

What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,

Could twist the sinews of thy heart?

And when thy heart began to beat,

What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,

In what furnace was thy brain?

What the anvil? what dread grasp,

Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spears

And water'd heaven with their tears:

Did he smile his work to see?

Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright,

In the forests of the night:

What immortal hand or eye,

Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

The Tyger



T _ _ _ T _ _ , b _ _ _ b _ _ ,

I _ t _ _ f _ _ _ o _ t _ n _ ;

W _ _ i _ _ _ h _ o _ e _ ,

C _ _ f _ _ _ t _ f _ _ _ s _ _ ?

I _ w _ _ d _ _ _ d _ _ _ o _ s _ .

B _ _ _ t _ _ f _ _ o _ t _ _ e _ ?

O _ w _ _ w _ _ d _ h _ a _ ?

W _ _ t _ _ h _ , d _ _ s _ _ t _ f _ ?

A _ w _ _ s _ _ _ , & w _ a _ ,

C _ _ _ t _ _ _ t _ _ s _ _ _ o _ t _ h _ ?

A _ w _ _ t _ _ h _ _ b _ _ t _ b _ ,

W _ _ d _ _ h _ ? & w _ _ d _ _ f _ ?

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I _ w _ _ f _ _ _ w _ t _ b _ ?

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D _ _ i _ _ d _ _ _ t _ _ _ c _ t _

W _ _ t _ _ s _ _ _ t _ _ _ d _ _ _ t _ _ _ s _ _ _

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D _ _ h _ _ s _ _ _ h _ _ w _ _ t _ _ s _ _ ?

D _ _ h _ _ w _ _ m _ _ _ t _ _ _ L _ _ _ m _ _ _ t _ _ _ ?

T _ _ _ T _ _ _ b _ _ _ b _ _ _ ,

I _ _ t _ _ f _ _ _ _ o _ _ t _ _ n _ _ _ :

W _ _ i _ _ _ _ h _ _ o _ _ e _ _ ,

D _ _ _ f _ _ _ t _ _ f _ _ _ s _ _ _ ?

The Tyger



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The Tyger



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And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp,
Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see?
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In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,

Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

The Tyger



T T, b b,
I t f o t n;
W i h o e,
C f t f s?

I w d d o s.
B t f o t e?
O w w d h a?
W t h, d s t f?

A w s, & w a,
C t t s o t h?
A w t h b t b,
W d h? & w d f?

W t h? w t c,
I w f w t b?
W t a? w d g,
D i d t c!

W t s t d t s

A w' h w t t:

D h s h w t s?

D h w m t L m t?

T T b b,

I t f o t n:

W i h o e,

D f t f s?

The Tyger



Tyger, burning bright,

In forests of the night;

What frame

thy frame of thine own design?

What do thy similes or metaphors

of eyes?

What do thy aspirations

What the fire, the smoke, the

What the, & the

twist sinews of thy heart?

when thy heart

hand? & what feet?

What the chain,

In thy brain?

the dread grasp,

its deadly terrors clasp!

the stars down their spears
,
with their tears:
he smile work to see?
Did he the Lamb make thee?

Tyger,
forests of the night:
What
frame thy fearful symmetry?