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伦敦的街道属富人专有，泰晤士河在一旁为他们日夜奔流；徘徊中我遇到一张张面颊挂着划痕，显现肌体的虚弱，浮露内心的忧愁。穷人没有发言的权利，禁令剥夺他们的一切自由；大人声声悲泣，幼儿阵阵哀嚎，禁锢灵魂的锁声震街头。打扫烟囱的孩子放声痛哭，熏黑的教堂为之摇晃颤抖；士兵的叹息如战场的鲜血涌向宫墙，他们的不幸让宫殿受辱蒙羞。深夜的街巷令我最为寒心，怕听年轻妓女刻毒的诅咒：让新生的婴儿胎死腹中，结婚的花车变成下葬的灵柩！

London by William Blake I wandered through each chartered street,  
Near where the chartered Thames does flow, A mark in every face I meet,  
Marks of weakness, marks of woe. In every cry of every man,  
In every infants cry of fear, In every voice, in every ban, The  
mind-forged manacles I hear: How the chimney-sweepers cry Every  
blackening church appals, And the hapless soldiers sigh Runs in  
blood down palace-walls. But most, through midnight streets I hear  
How the youthful harlots curse Blasts the new-born infants tear, And  
blights with plagues the marriage-hearse. 100Test 下载频道开通，  
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