

WILLIAM BLAKE

By Safi

EARLY LIFE

William Blake was born on 28th November 1757

He grew up in Soho London

At a young age he loved art not poetry

And at the age of 14 he attended a drawing school



This is one of William Blakes painting/drawings

SCHOOL/UNIVERSITY



He did school until he was able to read and write then he became home-schooled by his mother, (Catherine Blake)



At the age of 14 he went to an art school as I said before his early interests were doing art



William Blake's mother, Catherine Blake

MARRIAGE AND ADULT LIFE

William Blake did marry, he married a lovely painter who was also called Catherine

They did not have any children

At the age of 16 he wanted to become a poet



William Blakes family

WHY IS HE FAMOUS?

He wasn't famous when he was alive, but he got more popular and well known when he died

William Blake wrote loads of things such as songs, hymns and was well known for his poems especially the **Tyger**

The Tyger

By William Blake

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?



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His most famous poem, the Tyger

DEATH

Sadly everyone's life has to come to an end and William Blakes did He died on the **12th august 1927**

he died from an unknown disease which isn't named and died leaving many water colour paintings unfinished

This amazing poet/artist will never be forgotten



This was one of Williams last poem called **the lamb**