

1 4 He withers all in silence, and ~~in~~ his hand  
Unclothes the earth, and freezes up frail life.

2 7 The graves give up their dead : fair Elenor <sup>gave</sup>  
Walk'd by the castle gate, and looked in.

3 She shriek'd aloud, and sunk upon the steps  
On the cold stone her pale cheek . Sickly smells

4 9 " O Elenor, ~~behold~~ thy husband's head,

5 13 And the jolly swain laughs ~~his~~ fill. <sup>still</sup>

6 15 Come hither, Sleep,

And my griefs unfold :

But lo ! the morning peeps

Over the eastern <sup>birds</sup> steep,

7 And the rustling ~~leaves~~ of dawn

The earth do scorn.

8 17 *ill* Curse my ~~black~~ stars, and blefs my pleasing wor.

In lucent words my darkling verbes dight,  
9 24 ~~And~~ <sup>thru</sup> wash my earthly mind in thy clear streams,  
That wisdom may descend in fairy dreams :

10 And when thou yield'st to night thy wide domain,

11 <sup>cares</sup> Midas the praise hath gain'd of lengthen'd cares,

Eleven inked emendations in the Turnbull copy of Blake's *Poetical Sketches*.