## TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. William Blake: *Songs of Innocence and of Experience* ........................................... 1
1. William Blake: *Songs of Innocence and of Experience*

This example features a fragment of William Blake's *Songs of innocence and of experience*, encoded and made available by the University of Virginia Library, for their Text Collection. It forms a good example of how an anthology can be encoded. The work is considered as a single text (<text>) whose <body> contains both books. Both *Songs of Innocence* and *Songs of Experience* are encoded as <div1> numbered text divisions, with a @type attribute with value book. Inside these books, all 45 poems are encoded as <div2 type="poem">. All poems have a title (<head>) and are subdivided into stanzas (<lg type="stanza">) and lines (<l>). Page breaks are recorded with <pb/> elements, whose @n attribute contain the page number.
<text xmlns="http://www.tei-c.org/ns/1.0" xml:id="d1">
<body xml:id="d2">
<div1 type="book" xml:id="d3">
<head>Songs of Innocence</head>
<pb n="4"/>
<div2 type="poem" xml:id="d4">
<head>Introduction</head>
<lg type="stanza">
<l>Piping down the valleys wild, </l>
<l>Piping songs of pleasant glee, </l>
<l>On a cloud I saw a child, </l>
<l>And he laughing said to me: </l>
</lg>
<lg type="stanza">
<l>"Pipe a song about a Lamb!" </l>
<l>So I piped with merry chear. </l>
<l>"Piper, pipe that song again;" </l>
<l>So I piped, he wept to hear. </l>
</lg>
<lg type="stanza">
<l>"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe; </l>
<l>Sing thy songs of happy chear;" </l>
<l>So I sung the same again, </l>
<l>While he wept with joy to hear. </l>
</lg>
<lg type="stanza">
<l>"Piper, sit thee down and write </l>
<l>In a book, that all may read." </l>
<l>So he vanis'd from my sight, </l>
<l>And I pluck'd a hollow reed, </l>
</lg>
<lg type="stanza">
<l>And I made a rural pen, </l>
<l>And I stain'd the water clear, </l>
<l>And I wrote my happy songs </l>
<l>Every child may joy to hear. </l>
</lg>
</div2>
<pb n="5"/>
<div2 type="poem" xml:id="d5">
<head>The Shepherd</head>
<lg type="stanza">
</lg>
</div2>
</body>
</text>
How sweet is the Shepherd's sweet lot!  
From the morn to the evening he strays;  
He shall follow his sheep all the day,  
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.

For he hears the lamb's innocent call,  
And he hears the ewe's tender reply;  
He is watchful while they are in peace,  
For they know when their Shepherd is nigh.

The Sun does arise,  
And make happy the skies;  
The merry bells ring  
To welcome the Spring;  
The sky-lark and thrush,  
The birds of the bush,  
Sing louder around  
To the bells' cheerful sound,  
While our sports shall be seen  
On the Ecchoing Green.

Old John, with white hair,  
Does laugh away care,  
Sitting under the oak,  
Among the old folk.  
They laugh at our play,  
And soon they all say:  
"Such, such were the joys  
When we all, girls & boys,  
In our youth time were seen  
On the Ecchoing Green."

Till the little ones, weary,  
No more can be merry;
The sun does descend,  
And our sports have an end.  
Round the laps of their mothers  
Many sisters and brothers,  
Like birds in their nest,  
Are ready for rest,  
And sport no more seen  
On the darkening Green.

Little lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?  
Gave thee life & bid thee feed,  
By the stream & o'er the mead;  
Gave thee clothing of delight,  
Softest clothing, wooly, bright;  
Gave thee such a tender voice,  
Making all the vales rejoice?  
Little Lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,  
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:  
He is called by thy name,  
For he calls himself a Lamb.  
He is meek & he is mild;  
He became a little child.  
I a child & thou a lamb.  
We are called by his name.  
Little Lamb, God bless thee!  
Little Lamb, God bless thee!

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