Collected Poems

William Blake

Edited by Neil Azevedo
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About the Editor
Also from William Ralph Press
William Blake (1757-1827) was an English poet, engraver, and painter. Blake, born in London on November 28th, from his earliest years claimed to have visions—a claim this editor does not dispute after months of emersion within his work. Whether true visions, hallucinations, or fancies of the imagination the intricate mythology Blake created in such elaborately textured poems as *The Book of Thel*, *Vision of the Daughters of Albion*, *Tiriel*, *America*, *Europe*, *The Book of Urizen*, *The Book of Los*, *The Song of Los*, *The Book of Ahania*, *Vala or The Four Zoas*, *Milton*, and the colossal *Jerusalem* among others is singular in the world of English letters for its scope and success at exploring the difficult and paradoxical ideas that characterize philosophical truth as it pertains to a human existence shaped by religious tradition. While best known for his early, uniquely powerful and groundbreaking lyrical volumes—*Songs of Innocence* (1789) and *Songs of Experience* (1794), collections that systematically contrast the guilelessness of innocence with the disaffected acrimony of experience—it is his exploratory work in the aforementioned poems that reveal his true genius as a poet among other poets.

In creating this electronic volume as a representation of his verse, which exists in its original state largely as engraved etched prints created by Blake himself, or as unfinished notes, it was extraordinarily challenging to find that editorial mindset that both endeavors to empty one’s self of preconceived notions in order to channel the author’s grammatical intent and simultaneously understand the work enough to represent it faithfully in the chosen medium. From this perspective, Blake is not for the faint of heart, and the result is—I hope—satisfactory. I, assuming an average reader’s intelligence and in the interest of authenticity, made no effort to enhance, alter or correct grammatical choices Blake made even though many of those choices were unclear or seemed to have been for expediency as opposed to clarity as was the case in much of his work that is only in manuscript form. Many of my predecessors—to all of whom I owe much gratitude for creating the place where I could work out my own thoughts and choices—of course often made different decisions than I did, so while I do assert my own subjective document as an authentic representation of Blake’s poetry, I in no way make a claim on this volume being definitive. Ultimately, I hope the result is acceptable, and for that, you will be the judge.
So it is with a great deal of humility and an enormous amount of pleasure that I present this complete volume of Blake’s poetic output for your enjoyment, and a sincere wish that you will find his work as rich, beautiful and fascinating as I do.

—Neil Azevedo, Mother’s Day, 5/10/2015
POETICAL SKETCHES
To Spring

O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down
Thro’ the clear windows of the morning, turn
Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,
Which in full choir hails thy approach, O Spring!

The hills tell each other, and the list’ning
Valleys hear; all our longing eyes are turned
Up to thy bright pavilions: issue forth,
And let thy holy feet visit our clime.

Come o’er the eastern hills, and let our winds
Kiss thy perfumed garments; let us taste
Thy morn and evening breath; scatter thy pearls
Upon our love-sick land that mourns for thee.

O deck her forth with thy fair fingers; pour
Thy soft kisses on her bosom; and put
Thy golden crown upon her languish’d head,
Whose modest tresses were bound up for thee.
To Summer

O thou who passest thro’ our vallies in
Thy strength, curb thy fierce steeds, allay the heat
That flames from their large nostrils! thou, O Summer,
Oft pitched’st here thy golden tent, and oft
Beneath our oaks hast slept, while we beheld
With joy thy ruddy limbs and flourishing hair.

Beneath our thickest shades we oft have heard
Thy voice, when noon upon his fervid car
Rode o’er the deep of heaven; beside our springs
Sit down, and in our mossy vallies, on
Some bank beside a river clear, throw thy
Silk draperies off, and rush into the stream:
Our vallies love the Summer in his pride.

Our bards are fam’d who strike the silver wire:
Our youth are bolder than the southern swains:
Our maidens fairer in the sprightly dance:
We lack not songs, nor instruments of joy,
Nor echoes sweet, nor waters clear as heaven,
Nor laurel wreaths against the sultry heat.
To Autumn

O Autumn, laden with fruit, and stained
With the blood of the grape, pass not, but sit
Beneath my shady roof; there thou may’st rest,
And tune thy jolly voice to my fresh pipe,
And all the daughters of the year shall dance
Sing now the lusty song of fruits and flowers.

“The narrow bud opens her beauties to
The sun, and love runs in her thrilling veins;
Blossoms hang round the brows of morning, and
Flourish down the bright cheek of modest Eve,
Till clust’ring Summer breaks forth into singing,
And feather’d clouds strew flowers round her head.

The spirits of the air live on the smells
Of fruit; and joy, with pinions light, roves round
The gardens, or sits singing in the trees.”
Thus sang the jolly Autumn as he sat;
Then rose, girded himself, and o’er the bleak
Hills fled from our sight; but left his golden load.
To Winter

O Winter! bar thine adamantine doors:
The north is thine; there hast thou built thy dark
Deep-founded habitation. Shake not thy roofs,
Nor bend thy pillars with thine iron car.

He hears me not, but o’er the yawning deep
Rides heavy; his storms are unchain’d, sheathed
In ribbed steel; I dare not lift mine eyes,
For he hath rear’d his sceptre o’er the world.

Lo! now the direful monster, whose skin clings
To his strong bones, strides o’er the groaning rocks
He withers all in silence, and in his hand
Unclothes the earth, and freezes up frail life.

He takes his seat upon the cliffs, the mariner
Cries in vain. Poor little wretch, that deal’st
With storms; till heaven smiles, and the monster
Is driv’n yelling to his caves beneath mount Hecla.
To the Evening Star

Thou fair-hair’d angel of the evening,
Now, whilst the sun rests on the mountains, light
Thy bright torch of love; thy radiant crown
Put on, and smile upon our evening bed!
Smile on our loves, and while thou drawest the
Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy silver dew
On every flower that shuts its sweet eyes
In timely sleep. Let thy west wind sleep on
The lake; speak silence with thy glimmering eyes,
And wash the dusk with silver. Soon, full soon,
Dost thou withdraw; then the wolf rages wide,
And the lion glares thro’ the dun forest:
The fleeces of our flocks are cover’d with
Thy sacred dew: protect them with thine influence.
To Morning

O holy virgin! clad in purest white,
Unlock heav’n’s golden gates, and issue forth;
Awake the dawn that sleeps in heaven; let light
Rise from the chambers of the east, and bring
The honied dew that cometh on waking day.
O radiant morning, salute the sun
Rouz’d like a huntsman to the chace, and with
Thy buskin’d feet appear upon our hills.
Fair Elenor

The bell struck one, and shook the silent tower;
The graves give up their dead: fair Elenor
Walk’d by the castle gate, and looked in.
A hollow groan ran thro’ the dreary vaults.

She shriek’d aloud, and sunk upon the steps
On the cold stone her pale cheek. Sickly smells
Of death issue as from a sepulchre,
And all is silent but the sighing vaults.

Chill death withdraws his hand, and she revives;
Amaz’d, she finds herself upon her feet,
And, like a ghost, thro’ narrow passages
Walking, feeling the cold walls with her hands.

Fancy returns, and now she thinks of bones,
And grinning skulls, and corruptible death,
Wrap’d in his shroud; and now fancies she hears
Deep sighs, and sees pale sickly ghosts gliding.

At length, no fancy, but reality
Distracts her. A rushing sound, and the feet
Of one that fled, approaches—Ellen stood,
Like a dumb statue, froze to stone with fear.

The wretch approaches, crying, “The deed is done;
Take this, and send it by whom thou wilt send;
It is my life—send it to Elenor:—
He’s dead, and howling after me for blood!

Take this,” he cry’d; and thrust into her arms
A wet napkin, wrap’d about; then rush’d
Past, howling: she receiv'd into her arms
Pale death, and follow'd on the wings of fear.

They pass'd swift thro' the outer gate; the wretch,
Howling, leap'd o'er the wall into the moat,
Stifling in mud. Fair Ellen pass'd the bridge,
And heard a gloomy voice cry, “Is it done?”

As the deer wounded, Ellen flew over
The pathless plain; as the arrows that fly
By night, destruction flies, and strikes in darkness,
She fled from fear, till at her house arriv'd.

Her maids await her; on her bed she falls,
That bed of joy, where erst her lord hath press'd:
“Ah, woman’s fear!” she cry’d; “Ah, cursed duke!
Ah, my dear lord! ah, wretched Elenor!

My lord was like a flower upon the brows
Of lusty May! Ah, life as frail as flower!
O ghastly death! withdraw thy cruel hand,
Seek’st thou that flow’r to deck thy horrid temples?

My lord was like a star, in highest heav’n
Drawn down to earth by spells and wickedness;
My lord was like the opening eyes of day,
When western winds creep softly o’er the flowers:

But he is darken’d; like the summer’s noon,
Clouded; fall’n like the stately tree, cut down;
The breath of heaven dwelt among his leaves.
O Elenor, weak woman, fill’d with woe!”

Thus having spoke, she raised up her head,
And saw the bloody napkin by her side,
Which in her arms she brought; and now, tenfold
More terrified, saw it unfold itself.
Her eyes were fix’d; the bloody cloth unfolds,
Disclosing to her sight the murder’d head
Of her dear lord, all ghastly pale, clotted
With gory blood; it groan’d, and thus it spake:

“O Elenor, I am thy husband’s head,
Who, sleeping on the stones of yonder tower,
Was ‘reft of life by the accursed duke!
A hired villain turn’d my sleep to death!

O Elenor, beware the cursed duke;
O give not him thy hand now I am dead;
He seeks thy love, who, coward, in the night,
Hired a villain to bereave my life.”

She sat with dead cold limbs, stiffen’d to stone;
She took the gory head up in her arms;
She kiss’d the pale lips; she had no tears to shed;
She hugg’d it to her breast, and groan’d her last.
How sweet I roam’d from field to field,
    And tasted all the summer’s pride,
‘Till I the prince of love beheld,
    Who in the sunny beams did glide!

He shew’d me lilies for my hair,
    And blushing roses for my brow;
He led me through his gardens fair,
    Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May dews my wings were wet,
    And Phœbus fir’d my vocal rage;
He caught me in his silken net,
    And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
    Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;
Then stretches out my golden wing,
    And mocks my loss of liberty.
Song (My silks and fine array...)

My silks and fine array,
   My smiles and languish’d air,
By love are driv’n away;
   And mournful lean Despair
Brings me yew to deck my grave;
Such end true lovers have.

His face is fair as heav’n
   When springing buds unfold;
O why to him was’t giv’n
   Whose heart is wintry cold?
His breast is love’s all worshipp’d tomb,
Where all love’s pilgrims come.

Bring me an axe and spade,
   Bring me a winding sheet;
When I my grave have made
   Let winds and tempests beat:
Then down I’ll lie as cold as clay.
True love doth pass away!
Love and harmony combine,
And around our souls intwine,
While thy branches mix with mine,
And our roots together join.

Joys upon our branches sit,
Chirping loud and singing sweet;
Like gentle streams beneath our feet
Innocence and virtue meet.

Thou the golden fruit dost bear,
I am clad in flowers fair;
Thy sweet boughs perfume the air,
And the turtle buildeth there.

There she sits and feeds her young
Sweet I hear her mournful song;
And thy lovely leaves among,
There is love: I hear his tongue.

There his charming nest doth lay,
There he sleeps the night away;
There he sports along the day,
And doth among our branches play.
Song (I love the jocund dance...)

I love the jocund dance,
    The softly breathing song,
Where innocent eyes do glance,
    And where lisps the maiden’s tongue.

I love the laughing vale,
    I love the echoing hill,
Where mirth does never fail,
    And the jolly swain laughs his fill.

I love the pleasant cot,
    I love the innocent bow’r,
Where white and brown is our lot,
    Or fruit in the mid-day hour.

I love the oaken seat,
    Beneath the oaken tree,
Where all the old villagers meet,
    And laugh our sports to see.

I love our neighbours all,
    But, Kitty, I better love thee;
And love them I ever shall;
    But thou art all to me.
Song (Memory, hither come...)

Memory, hither come,
   And tune your merry notes:
And, while upon the wind
   Your music floats,
I’ll pore upon the stream
Where sighing lovers dream,
And fish for fancies as they pass
Within the watery glass.

I’ll drink of the clear stream,
   And hear the linnet’s song;
And there I’ll lie and dream
   The day along:
And when night comes, I’ll go
   To places fit for woe,
Walking along the darken’d valley
   With silent Melancholy.
Mad Song

The wild winds weep,
    And the night is a-cold;
Come hither, Sleep,
    And my griefs infold:
But lo! the morning peeps
    Over the eastern steeps,
And the rustling birds of dawn
The earth do scorn.

Lo! to the vault
    Of paved heaven,
With sorrow fraught
    My notes are driven:
They strike the ear of night,
    Make weep the eyes of day;
They make mad the roaring winds,
    And with tempests play.

Like a fiend in a cloud,
    With howling woe
After night I do crowd,
    And with night will go;
I turn my back to the east
From whence comforts have increas’d;
For light doth seize my brain
With frantic pain.
Song (Fresh from the dewy hill...)

Fresh from the dewy hill, the merry year
Smiles on my head and mounts his flaming car;
Round my young brows the laurel wreathes a shade,
And rising glories beam around my head.

My feet are wing’d, while o’er the dewy lawn,
I meet my maiden risen like the morn:
O bless those holy feet, like angels’ feet;
O bless those limbs, beaming with heav’nly light.

Like as an angel glitt’ring in the sky
In times of innocence and holy joy;
The joyful shepherd stops his grateful song
To hear the music of an angel’s tongue.

So when she speaks, the voice of Heaven I hear;
So when we walk, nothing impure comes near;
Each field seems Eden, and each calm retreat;
Each village seems the haunt of holy feet.

But that sweet village where my black-ey’d maid
Closes her eyes in sleep beneath night’s shade,
Whene’er I enter, more than mortal fire
Burns in my soul, and does my song inspire.
Song (When early morn walks forth...)

When early morn walks forth in sober grey,
Then to my black ey’d maid I haste away;
When evening sits beneath her dusky bow’r,
And gently sighs away the silent hour,
The village bell alarms, away I go,
And the vale darkens at my pensive woe.

To that sweet village, where my black ey’d maid
Doth drop a tear beneath the silent shade,
I turn my eyes; and pensive as I go
Curse my black stars and bless my pleasing woe.

Oft when the summer sleeps among the trees,
Whisp’ring faint murmurs to the scanty breeze,
I walk the village round; if at her side
A youth doth walk in stolen joy and pride,
I curse my stars in bitter grief and woe,
That made my love so high and me so low.

O should she e’er prove false, his limbs I’d tear
And throw all pity on the burning air;
I’d curse bright fortune for my mixed lot,
And then I’d die in peace and be forgot.
To the Muses

Whether on Ida’s shady brow,
  Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the sun, that now
  From antient melody have ceas’d;

Whether in Heav’n ye wander fair,
  Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air
  Where the melodious winds have birth;

Whether on chrystal rocks ye rove,
  Beneath the bosom of the sea
Wand’ring in many a coral grove,
  Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry!

How have you left the antient love
  That bards of old enjoy’d in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move!
  The sound is forc’d, the notes are few!
Gwin, King of Norway

Come, kings, and listen to my song:
When Gwin, the son of Nore,
Over the nations of the North
His cruel sceptre bore;

The Nobles of the land did feed
Upon the hungry poor;
They tear the poor man’s lamb, and drive
The needy from their door.

The land is desolate; our wives
And children cry for bread;
Arise, and pull the tyrant down!
Let Gwin be humbled!

Gordred the giant rous’d himself
From sleeping in his cave;
He shook the hills, and in the clouds
The troubl’d banners wave.

Beneath them roll’d, like tempests black,
The num’rous sons of blood;
Like lions’ whelps, roaring abroad,
Seeking their nightly food.

Down Bleron’s hills they dreadful rush,
Their cry ascends the clouds;
The trampling horse and clanging arms
Like rushing mighty floods!

Their wives and children, weeping loud,
Follow in wild array,
Howling like ghosts, furious as wolves
   In the bleak wintry day.

“Pull down the tyrant to the dust,
   Let Gwin be humbled,”
They cry, “and let ten thousand lives
   Pay for the tyrant’s head.”

From tow’r to tow’r the watchmen cry,
   “O Gwin, the son of Nore,
Arouse thyself! the nations, black
   Like clouds, come rolling o’er!”

Gwin rear’d his shield, his palace shakes,
   His chiefs come rushing round;
Each, like an awful thunder cloud,
   With voice of solemn sound:

Like reared stones around a grave
   They stand around the King;
Then suddenly each seiz’d his spear,
   And clashing steel does ring.

The husbandman does leave his plough
   To wade thro’ fields of gore;
The merchant binds his brows in steel,
   And leaves the trading shore;

The shepherd leaves his mellow pipe,
   And sounds the trumpet shrill;
The workman throws his hammer down
   To heave the bloody bill.

Like the tall ghost of Barraton
   Who sports in stormy sky,
Gwin leads his host, as black as night
   When pestilence does fly,
With horses and with chariots—
    And all his spearmen bold,
March to the sound of mournful song,
    Like clouds around him roll’d.

Gwin lifts his hand—the nations halt;
    “Prepare for war!” he cries—
Gordred appears!—his frowning brow
    Troubles our northern skies.

The armies stand, like balances
    Held in th’ Almighty’s hand;—
“Gwin, thou hast fill’d thy measure up:
    Thou’rt swept from out the land.”

And now the raging armies rush’d
    Like warring mighty seas;
The Heav’ns are shook with roaring war,
    The dust ascends the skies!

Earth smokes with blood, and groans and shakes
    To drink her children’s gore,
A sea of blood; nor can the eye
    See to the trembling shore!

And on the verge of this wild sea
    Famine and death doth cry;
The cries of women and of babes
    Over the field doth fly.

The King is seen raging afar,
    With all his men of might;
Like blazing comets scattering death
    Thro’ the red fev’rous night.

Beneath his arm like sheep they die,
And groan upon the plain;
The battle faints, and bloody men
Fight upon hills of slain.

Now death is sick, and riven men
Labour and toil for life;
Steed rolls on steed, and shield on shield,
Sunk in this sea of strife!

The god of war is drunk with blood;
The earth doth faint and fail;
The stench of blood makes sick the heav’ns;
Ghosts glut the throat of hell!

O what have Kings to answer for
Before that awful throne;
When thousand deaths for vengeance cry,
And ghosts accusing groan!

Like blazing comets in the sky
That shake the stars of light,
Which drop like fruit unto the earth
Thro’ the fierce burning night;

Like these did Gwin and Gordred meet,
And the first blow decides;
Down from the brow unto the breast
Gordred his head divides!

Gwin fell: the sons of Norway fled,
All that remain’d alive;
The rest did fill the vale of death,
For them the eagles strive.

The river Dorman roll’d their blood
Into the northern sea;
Who mourn’d his sons, and overwhelm’d
The pleasant south country.
An Imitation of Spenser

Golden Apollo, that thro’ heaven wide
    Scatter’st the rays of light, and truth’s beams,
In lucent words my darkling verses dight,
    And wash my earthy mind in thy clear streams,
That wisdom may descend in fairy dreams,
All while the jocund hours in thy train
Scatter their fancies at thy poet’s feet;
    And when thou yields to night thy wide domain,
Let rays of truth enlight his sleeping brain.

For brutish Pan in vain might thee assay
    With tinkling sounds to dash thy nervous verse,
Sound without sense; yet in his rude affray,
    (For ignorance is Folly’s leasing nurse
And love of Folly needs none other curse;)
Midas the praise hath gain’d of lengthen’d eares,
    For which himself might deem him ne’er the worse
To sit in council with his modern peers,
And judge of tinkling rimes and elegances terse.

And thou, Mercurius, that with winged brow
    Dost mount aloft into the yielding sky,
And thro’ Heav’n’s halls thy airy flight dost throw,
Entering with holy feet to where on high
Jove weighs the counsel of futurity;
    Then, laden with eternal fate, dost go
Down, like a falling star, from autumn sky,
And o’er the surface of the silent deep dost fly.

    If thou arrivest at the sandy shore
Where nought but envious hissing adders dwell,
    Thy golden rod, thrown on the dusty floor,
Can charm to harmony with potent spell;
Such is sweet Eloquence, that does dispel
    Envy and Hate that thirst for human gore:
And cause in sweet society to dwell
Vile savage minds that lurk in lonely cell.

O Mercury, assist my lab’ring sense
That round the circle of the world wou’d fly,
    As the wing’d eagle scorns the tow’ry fence
Of Alpine hills round his high aëry,
And searches thro’ the corners of the sky,
    Sports in the clouds to hear the thunder’s sound,
And see the winged lightnings as they fly,
    Then, bosom’d in an amber cloud, around
Plumes his wide wings, and seeks Sol’s palace high.

And thou, O warrior maid invincible,
Arm’d with the terrors of Almighty Jove,
    Pallas, Minerva, maiden terrible,
Lov’st thou to walk the peaceful solemn grove,
    In solemn gloom of branches interwove?
Or bear’st thy Ægis o’er the burning field,
    Where, like the sea, the waves of battle move?
Or have thy soft piteous eyes beheld
    The weary wanderer thro’ the desert rove?
Or does th’ afflicted man thy heav’nly bosom move?
When silver Snow decks Susan’s cloaths,
And jewel hangs at th’ shepherd’s nose,
The blushing bank is all my care,
With hearth so red, and walls so fair;
“Heap the sea-coal, come, heap it higher,
The oaken log lay on the fire.”
The well-wash’d stools, a circling row,
With lad and lass, how fair the show!
The merry can of nut-brown ale,
The laughing jest, the love-sick tale,
’Till, tir’d of chat, the game begins,
The lasses pricked the lads with pins;
Roger from Dolly twitch’d the stool,
She, falling, kiss’d the ground, poor fool!
She blush’d so red, with side-long glance
At hob-nail Dick, who griev’d the chance.
But now for Blind-man’s Buff they call;
Of each incumbrance clear the hall—
Jenny her silken ’kerchief folds,
And bleary-eyed Will the black lot holds;
Now laughing stops, with “Silence! hush!”
And Peggy Pout gives Sam a push.—
The Blind-man’s arms, extended wide,
Sam slips between:— “O woe betide
Thee, clumsy Will!”—but titt’ring Kate
Is pen’d up in the corner straight!
And now Will’s eyes beheld the play,
He thought his face was t’other way.—
“Now, Kitty, now! what chance hast thou,
Roger so near thee, Trips, I vow!”
She catches him—then Roger ties
His own head up—but not his eyes;
For thro’ the slender cloth he sees,
And runs at Sam, who slips with ease
His clumsy hold; and, dodging round,
Sukey is tumbled on the ground!—
“See what it is to play unfair!
Where cheating is, there’s mischief there.”
But Roger still pursues the chace,—
“He sees! he sees!” cries, softly, Grace;
“O Roger, thou, unskill’d in art,
Must, surer bound, go thro’ thy part!”
Now Kitty, pert, repeats the rhymes,
And Roger turns him round three times,
Then pauses ere he starts—but Dick
Was mischief bent upon a trick:
Down on his hands and knees he lay
Directly in the Blind-man’s way,
Then cries out “Hem!” Hodge heard, and ran
With hood-wink’d chance—sure of his man;
But down he came.—Alas, how frail
Our best of hopes, how soon they fail!
With crimson drops he stains the ground;
Confusion startles all around.
Poor piteous Dick supports his head,
And fain would cure the hurt he made;
But Kitty hasted with a key,
And down his back they straight convey
The cold relief—the blood is stay’d,
And Hodge again holds up his head.
Such are the fortunes of the game,
And those who play should stop the same
By wholesome laws; such as all those
Who on the blinded man impose,
Stand in his stead; as long a-gone
When men were first a nation grown,
Lawless they liv’d, till wantonness
And liberty began t’ increase,
And one man lay in another’s way;
Then laws were made to keep fair play.
King Edward the Third

PERSONS.
King Edward.
Lord Audley.
The Black Prince.
Lord Percy.
Queen Philippa.
Bishop.
Duke of Clarence.
William, Dagworth’s Man.
Sir John Chandos.
Sir Thomas Dagworth.
Peter Blunt, a common Soldier.
Sir Walter Manny.

SCENE I.
The Coast of France. King Edward and Nobles before it. The Army.

King. O Thou, to whose fury the nations are
But as dust, maintain thy servant’s right.
Without thine aid, the twisted mail, and spear,
And forged helm, and shield of seven-times beaten brass,
Are idle trophies of the vanquisher.
When confusion rages, when the field is in a flame,
When the cries of blood tear horror from heav’n,
And yelling death runs up and down the ranks,
Let Liberty, the charter’d right of Englishmen,
Won by our fathers in many a glorious field,
Enervate my soldiers; let Liberty
Blaze in each countenance, and fire the battle.
The enemy fight in chains, invisible chains, but heavy;
Their minds are fetter’d, then how can they be free,
While, like the mounting flame,
We spring to battle o’er the floods of death?
And these fair youths, the flow’r of England,
Vent’ring their lives in my most righteous cause,
O sheathe their hearts with triple steel, that they
May emulate their fathers’ virtues.
And thou, my son, be strong; thou fightest for a crown
That death can never ravish from thy brow,
A crown of glory—but from thy very dust
Shall beam a radiance, to fire the breasts
Of youth unborn! Our names are written equal
In fame’s wide trophied hall; ’tis ours to gild
The letters, and to make them shine with gold
That never tarnishes: whether Third Edward,
Or the Prince of Wales, or Montacute, or Mortimer,
Or ev’n the least by birth, shall gain the brightest fame,
Is in his hand to whom all men are equal.
The world of men are like the num’rous stars
That beam and twinkle in the depth of night,
Each clad in glory according to his sphere;
But we, that wander from our native seats
And beam forth lustre on a darkling world,
Grow larger as we advance; and some, perhaps
The most obscure at home, that scarce were seen
To twinkle in their sphere, may so advance
That the astonish’d world, with up-turn’d eyes,
Regardless of the moon, and those that once were bright,
Stand only for to gaze upon their splendour.

He here knights the Prince, and other young Nobles.

Now let us take a just revenge for those
Brave Lords, who fell beneath the bloody axe
At Paris. Thanks, noble Harcourt, for ’twas
By your advice we landed here in Brittany,
A country not yet sown with destruction,
And where the fiery whirlwind of swift war
Has not yet swept its desolating wing.—
Into three parties we divide by day,
And separate march, but join again at night;
Each knows his rank, and Heav’n marshal all.

Exeunt.

**SCENE II.**

*English Court. Lionel, Duke of Clarence; Queen Philippa, Lords, Bishop, &c.*

*Clarence.* My Lords, I have by the advice of her
Whom I am doubly bound to obey, my Parent
And my Sovereign, call’d you together.
My task is great, my burden heavier than
My unfledg’d years;
Yet, with your kind assistance, Lords, I hope
England shall dwell in peace; that, while my father
Toils in his wars, and turns his eyes on this
His native shore, and sees commerce fly round
With his white wings, and sees his golden London
And her silver Thames, throng’d with shining spires
And corded ships, her merchants buzzing round
Like summer bees, and all the golden cities
In his land overflowing with honey,
Glory may not be dimm’d with clouds of care.
Say, Lords, should not our thoughts be first to commerce?
My Lord Bishop, you would recommend us agriculture?

*Bishop.* Sweet Prince, the arts of peace are great,
And no less glorious than those of war,
Perhaps more glorious in the philosophic mind.
When I sit at my home, a private man,
My thoughts are on my gardens and my fields,
How to employ the hand that lacketh bread.
If Industry is in my diocese,
Religion will flourish; each man’s heart
Is cultivated and will bring forth fruit:
This is my private duty and my pleasure.
But, as I sit in council with my prince,
My thoughts take in the gen’ral good of the whole,
And England is the land favour'd by Commerce;
For Commerce, tho' the child of Agriculture,
Fosters his parent, who else must sweat and toil,
And gain but scanty fare. Then, my dear Lord,
Be England's trade our care; and we, as tradesmen,
Looking to the gain of this our native land.

*Clar.* O my good Lord, true wisdom drops like honey
   From your tongue, as from a worship'd oak.
Forgive, my Lords, my talkative youth, that speaks
Not merely what my narrow observation has
Pick'd up, but what I have concluded from your lessons.
Now, by the Queen's advice, I ask your leave
To dine to-morrow with the Mayor of London:
If I obtain your leave, I have another boon
To ask, which is, the favour of your company;
I fear Lord Percy will not give me leave.

*Percy.* Dear Sir, a prince should always keep his state,
   And grant his favours with a sparing hand,
Or they are never rightly valued.
These are my thoughts; yet it were best to go,
But keep a proper dignity, for now
You represent the sacred person of
Your father; 'tis with princes as 'tis with the sun;
If not sometimes o'er-clouded, we grow weary
Of his officious glory.

*Clar.* Then you will give me leave to shine sometimes,
   My Lord?

*Lord.* Thou hast a gallant spirit, which I fear
   Will be imposed on by the closer sort. [*Aside.*]

*Clar.* Well, I'll endeavour to take
   Lord Percy's advice; I have been used so much
To dignity that I'm sick on't.

*Queen Phil.* Fie, fie, Lord Clarence; you proceed not to business,
   But speak of your own pleasures.
I hope their Lordships will excuse your giddiness.

*Clar.* My Lords, the French have fitted out many
Small ships of war, that, like to ravening wolves,
Infest our English seas, devouring all
Our burden’d vessels, spoiling our naval flocks.
The merchants do complain and beg our aid.

*Percy.* The merchants are rich enough;
Can they not help themselves?

*Bish.* They can, and may; but how to gain their will
Requires our countenance and help.

*Percy.* When that they find they must, my Lord, they will:
Let them but suffer awhile, and you shall see
They will bestir themselves.

*Bish.* Lord Percy cannot mean that we should suffer
This disgrace: if so, we are not sovereigns
Of the sea; our right, that Heaven gave
To England, when at the birth of nature
She was seated in the deep, the Ocean ceas’d
His mighty roar, and fawning, play’d around
Her snowy feet, and own’d his awful Queen.
Lord Percy, if the heart is sick, the head
Must be aggriev’d; if but one member suffer,
The heart doth fail. You say, my Lord, the merchants
Can, if they will, defend themselves against
These rovers: this is a noble scheme,
Worthy the brave Lord Percy, and as worthy
His generous aid to put it into practice.

*Percy.* Lord Bishop, what was rash in me is wise
In you; I dare not own the plan. ’Tis not
Mine. Yet will I, if you please,
Quickly to the Lord Mayor, and work him onward
To this most glorious voyage, on which cast
I’ll set my whole estate,
But we will bring these Gallic rovers under.

*Queen Phil.* Thanks, brave Lord Percy; you have the thanks
Of England’s Queen, and will, ere long, of England.

*Exeunt.*

**SCENE III.**

*At Cressy. Sir Thomas Dagworth and Lord Audley meeting.*
Audley. Good morrow, brave Sir Thomas; the bright morn
   Smiles on our army, and the gallant sun
   Springs from the hills like a young hero
   Into the battle, shaking his golden locks
   Exultingly: this is a promising day.

Dagworth. Why, my Lord Audley, I don’t know.
   Give me your hand, and now I’ll tell you what
   I think you do not know. Edward’s afraid of Philip.

Aud. Ha, Ha, Sir Thomas! you but joke;
   Did you e’er see him fear? At Blanchetaque,
   When almost singly he drove six thousand
   French from the ford, did he fear then?

Dagw. Yes, fear; that made him fight so.

Aud. By the same reason I might say, ’tis fear
   That makes you fight.

Dagw. Mayhap you may: look upon Edward’s face,
   No one can say he fears; but when he turns
   His back, then I will say it to his face,
   He is afraid; he makes us all afraid.
   I cannot bear the enemy at my back.
   Now here we are at Cressy; where to-morrow,
   To-morrow we shall know. I say, Lord Audley,
   That Edward runs away from Philip.

Aud. Perhaps you think the Prince too is afraid?

Dagw. No; God forbid! I’m sure he is not.
   He is a young lion. O I have seen him fight,
   And give command, and lightning has flashed
   From his eyes across the field; I have seen him
   Shake hands with death, and strike a bargain for
   The enemy; he has danc’d in the field
   Of battle, like the youth at morris play.
   I’m sure he’s not afraid, nor Warwick, nor none,
   None of us but me, and I am very much afraid.

Aud. Are you afraid too, Sir Thomas?
   I believe that as much as I believe
   The King’s afraid; but what are you afraid of?
Dagw. Of having my back laid open; we turn
    Our backs to the fire, till we shall burn our skirts.
Aud. And this, Sir Thomas, you call fear? Your fear
    Is of a different kind then from the King’s;
    He fears to turn his face, and you to turn your back.
    I do not think, Sir Thomas, you know what fear is.

Enter Sir John Chandos.

Chand. Good morrow, Generals; I give you joy;
    Welcome to the fields of Cressy. Here we stop,
    And wait for Philip.
Dagw. I hope so.
Aud. There, Sir Thomas, do you call that fear?
Dagw. I don’t know; perhaps he takes it by fits.
    Why, noble Chandos, look you here—
    One rotten sheep spoils the whole flock;
    And if the bell-weather is tainted, I wish
    The Prince may not catch the distemper too.
Chand. Distemper, Sir Thomas! what distemper?
    I have not heard.
Dagw. Why, Chandos, you are a wise man,
    I know you understand me; a distemper
    The King caught here in France of running away.
Aud. Sir Thomas, you say, you have caught it too.
Dagw. And so will the whole army; ’tis very catching,
    For, when the coward runs, the brave man totters.
    Perhaps the air of the country is the cause.
    I feel it coming upon me, so I strive against it;
    You yet are whole; but, after a few more
    Retreats, we all shall know how to retreat
    Better than fight.—To be plain, I think retreating.
    Too often takes away a soldier’s courage.
Chand. Here comes the King himself; tell him your thoughts
    Plainly, Sir Thomas.
Dagw. I’ve told him before, but his disorder
    Makes him deaf.

Enter King Edward and Black Prince.
King. Good morrow, Generals; when English courage fails,
Down goes our right to France;
But we are conquerors every where; nothing
Can stand our soldiers; each man is worthy
Of a triumph. Such an army of heroes
Ne’er shouted to the Heav’ns, nor shook the field.
Edward, my son, thou art
Most happy, having such command; the man
Were base who were not fir’d to deeds
Above heroic, having such examples.

Prince. Sire, with respect and deference I look
Upon such noble souls, and wish myself
Worthy the high command that Heaven and you
Have given me. When I have seen the field glow,
And in each countenance the soul of war
Curb’d by the manliest reason, I have been wing’d
With certain victory; and ’tis my boast,
And shall be still my glory, I was inspir’d
By these brave troops.

Dagw. Your Grace had better make
Them all Generals.

King. Sir Thomas Dagworth, you must have your joke,
And shall, while you can fight as you did at
The Ford.

Dagw. I have a small petition to your Majesty.

King. What can Sir Thomas Dagworth ask that Edward
Can refuse?

Dagw. I hope your Majesty cannot refuse so great
A trifle: I’ve gilt your cause with my best blood,
And would again, were I not forbid
By him whom I am bound to obey: my hands
Are tied up, my courage shrunk and wither’d,
My sinews slacken’d, and my voice scarce heard;
Therefore I beg I may return to England.

King. I know not what you could have ask’d, Sir Thomas,
That I would not have sooner parted with
Than such a soldier as you have been, and such a friend;
Nay, I will know the most remote particulars
Of this your strange petition; that, if I can,
I still may keep you here.

Dagw. Here on the fields of Cressy we are settled
’Till Philip springs the tim’rous covey again.
The Wolf is hunted down by causeless fear;
The lion flees, and fear usurps his heart,
Startled, astonish’d at the clam’rous Cock;
The Eagle, that doth gaze upon the sun,
Fears the small fire that plays about the fen;
If, at this moment of their idle fear,
The Dog doth seize the Wolf, the Forester the Lion,
The Negro in the crevice of the rock
Doth seize the soaring Eagle; undone by flight,
They tame submit; such the effect flight has
On noble souls. Now hear its opposite:
The tim’rous Stag starts from the thicket wild,
The fearful Crane springs from the splashy fen,
The shining Snake glides o’er the bending grass;
The Stag turns head! and bays the crying Hounds,
The Crane o’ertaken, sighteth with the Hawk,
The Snake doth turn, and bite the padding foot;
And, if your Majesty’s afraid of Philip,
You are more like a Lion than a Crane:
Therefore I beg I may return to England.

King. Sir Thomas, now I understand your mirth,
Which often plays with Wisdom for its pastime,
And brings good counsel from the breast of laughter.
I hope you’ll stay, and see us fight this battle,
And reap rich harvest in the fields of Cressy;
Then go to England, tell them how we fight,
And set all hearts on fire to be with us.
Philip is plum’d, and thinks we flee from him,
Else he would never dare to attack us. Now,
Now the quarry’s set! and Death doth sport
In the bright sunshine of this fatal day.
Dagw. Now my heart dances, and I am as light
As the young bridegroom going to be married.
Now must I to my soldiers, get them ready,
Furbish our armours bright, new plume our helms,
And we will sing like the young housewives busied
In the dairy; my feet are wing’d, but not
For flight, an please your grace.

King. If all my soldiers are as pleas’d as you,
’Twill be a gallant thing to fight or die;
Then I can never be afraid of Philip.

Dagw. A raw-bon’d fellow t’other day pass’d by me;
I told him to put off his hungry looks—
He answer’d me, “I hunger for another battle.”
I saw a little Welchman with a fiery face;
I told him he look’d like a candle half
Burn’d out; he answer’d, he was “pig enough
To light another pattle.” Last night, beneath
The moon I walk’d abroad, when all had pitch’d
Their tents, and all were still,
I heard a blooming youth singing a song
He had compos’d, and at each pause he wip’d
His dropping eyes. The ditty was, “If he
Return’d victorious, he should wed a maiden
Fairer than snow, and rich as midsummer.”
Another wept, and wish’d health to his father.
I chid them both, but gave them noble hopes.
These are the minds that glory in the battle,
And leap and dance to hear the trumpet sound.

King. Sir Thomas Dagworth, be thou near our person;
Thy heart is richer than the vales of France:
I will not part with such a man as thee.
If Philip came arm’d in the ribs of death,
And shook his mortal dart against my head,
Thou’dst laugh his fury into nerveless shame!
Go now, for thou art suited to the work,
Throughout the camp; enflame the timorous,
Blow up the sluggish into ardour, and
Confirm the strong with strength, the weak inspire,
And wing their brows with hope and expectation:
Then to our tent return, and meet to council.

Exit Dagworth.

Chand. That man's a hero in his closet, and more
   A hero to the servants of his house
   Than to the gaping world; he carries windows
   In that enlarged breast of his, that all
   May see what's done within.

Prince. He is a genuine Englishman, my Chandos,
   And hath the spirit of Liberty within him.
   Forgive my prejudice, Sir John; I think
   My Englishmen the bravest people on
   The face of the earth.

Chand. Courage, my Lord, proceeds from self-dependence;
   Teach man to think he's a free agent,
   Give but a slave his liberty, he'll shake
   Off sloth, and build himself a hut, and hedge
   A spot of ground; this he'll defend; 'tis his
   By right of nature: thus set in action,
   He will still move onward to plan conveniences,
   'Till glory fires his breast to enlarge his castle;
   While the poor slave drudges all day, in hope
   To rest at night.

King. O Liberty, how glorious art thou!
   I see thee hov'ring o'er my army, with
   Thy wide-stretch'd plumes; I see thee
   Lead them on to battle;
   I see thee blow thy golden trumpet, while
   Thy sons shout the strong shout of victory!
   O noble Chandos, think thyself a gardener,
   My son a vine, which I commit unto
   Thy care: prune all extravagant shoots, and guide
   Th' ambitious tendrils in the paths of wisdom;
   Water him with thy advice; and Heav'n
   Rain fresh'ning dew upon his branches. And,
O Edward, my dear son! learn to think lowly of
Thyself, as we may all each prefer other—
’Tis the best policy, and ’tis our duty.

Exit King Edward.

Prince. And may our duty, Chandos, be our pleasure.
Now we are alone, Sir John, I will unburden,
And breathe my hopes into the burning air,
Where thousand deaths are posting up and down,
Commission’d to this fatal field of Cressy;
Methinks I see them arm my gallant soldiers,
And gird the sword upon each thigh, and fit
Each shining helm, and string each stubborn bow,
And dance to the neighing of our steeds.
Methinks the shout begins, the battle burns;
Methinks I see them perch on English crests,
And roar the wild flame of fierce war upon
The thronged enemy! In truth I am too full;
It is my sin to love the noise of war.
Chandos, thou seest my weakness; strong nature
Will bend or break us; my blood, like a springtide,
Does rise so high to overflow all bounds
Of moderation; while Reason, in his
Frail bark, can see no shore or bound for vast
Ambition. Come, take the helm, my Chandos,
That my full-blown sails overset me not
In the wild tempest; condemn my ‘ventrous youth,
That plays with danger, as the innocent child
Unthinking plays upon the viper’s den:
I am a coward, in my reason, Chandos.

Chand. You are a man, my prince, and a brave man,
If I can judge of actions; but your heat
Is the effect of youth, and want of use;
Use makes the armed field and noisy war
Pass over as a summer cloud, unregarded,
Or but expected as a thing of course.
Age is contemplative; each rolling year
Brings forth fruit to the mind's treasure-house;
While vacant youth doth crave and seek about
Within itself, and findeth discontent,
Then, 'tir'd of thought, impatient takes the wing,
Seizes the fruits of time, attacks experience,
Roams round vast Nature’s forest, where no bounds
Are set, the swiftest may have room, the strongest
Find prey; till 'tir'd at length, sated and tired
With the changing sameness, old variety,
We sit us down, and view our former joys
With distaste and dislike.

Prince. Then, if we must tug for experience,
Let us not fear to beat round Nature’s wilds,
And rouze the strongest prey; then, if we fall,
We fall with glory. I know the wolf
Is dangerous to fight, not good for food,
Nor is the hide a comely vestment; so
We have our battle for our pains. I know
That youth has need of age to point fit prey,
And oft the stander-by shall steal the fruit
Of th’ other’s labour. This is philosophy;
These are the tricks of the world; but the pure soul
Shall mount on native wings, disdaining
Little sport, and cut a path into the heaven of glory,
Leaving a track of light for men to wonder at.
I'm glad my father does not hear me talk;
You can find friendly excuses for me, Chandos;
But do you not think, Sir John, that if it please
Th’ Almighty to stretch out my span of life,
I shall with pleasure view a glorious action
Which my youth master’d.

Chand. Considerate age, my Lord, views motives,
And not acts; when neither warbling voice
Nor trilling pipe is heard, nor pleasure sits
With trembling age; the voice of Conscience then,
Sweeter than music in a summer’s eve,
Shall warble round the snowy head, and keep
Sweet symphony to feather’d angels, sitting
As guardians round your chair; then shall the pulse
Beat slow, and taste, and touch, and sight, and sound, and smell,
That sing and dance round Reason’s fine-wrought throne,
Shall flee away, and leave them all forlorn;
Yet not forlorn if Conscience is his friend.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.
In Sir Thomas Dagworth’s Tent. Dagworth, and William his Man.

Dagw. Bring hither my armour, William;
   Ambition is the growth of ev’ry clime.
Will. Does it grow in England, Sir?
Dagw. Aye, it grows most in lands most cultivated.
Will. Then it grows most in France; the vines here
   Are finer than any we have in England.
Dagw. Aye, but the oaks are not.
Will. What is the tree you mentioned? I don’t think I ever saw it.
Dagw. Ambition.
Will. Is it a little creeping root that grows in ditches?
Dagw. Thou dost not understand me, William.
   It is a root that grows in every breast;
   Ambition is the desire or passion that one man
   Has to get before another, in any pursuit after glory;
   But I don’t think you have any of it.
Will. Yes, I have; I have a great ambition to know every thing, Sir.
Dagw. But when our first ideas are wrong, what follows must all be wrong, of course; ’tis best to know a little, and to know that little aright.
Will. Then, Sir, I should be glad to know if it was not ambition that brought over our King to France to fight for his right?
Dagw. Tho’ the knowledge of that will not profit thee much, yet I will tell you that it was ambition.
Will. Then if ambition is a sin, we are all guilty in coming with him, and in fighting for him.
Dagw. Now, William, thou dost thrust the question home; but I must tell you, that guilt being an act of the mind, none are guilty but those whose minds are prompted by that
same ambition.

Will. Now, I always thought that a man might be guilty of doing wrong without knowing it was wrong.

Dagw. Thou art a natural philosopher, and knowest truth by instinct; while reason runs aground, as we have run our argument. Only remember, William, all have it in their power to know the motives of their own actions, and 'tis a sin to act without some reason.

Will. And whoever acts without reason may do a great deal of harm without knowing it.

Dagw. Thou art an endless moralist.

Will. Now there's a story come into my head, that I will tell your honour if you'll give me leave.

Dagw. No, William, save it till another time; this is no time for storytelling; but here comes one who is as entertaining as a good story.

Enter Peter Blunt.

Peter. Yonder's a musician going to play before the King; it's a new song about the French and English, and the Prince has made the minstrel a squire, and given him I don't know what, and I can't tell whether he don't mention us all one by one; and he is to write another about all us that are to die, that we may be remembered in Old England, for all our blood and bones are in France; and a great deal more that we shall all hear by and by; and I came to tell your honour, because you love to hear warsongs.

Dagw. And who is this minstrel, Peter, do'st know?

Peter. O aye, I forgot to tell that; he has got the same name as Sir John Chandos, that the Prince is always with—the wise man that knows us all as well as your honour, only en't so good natur'd.

Dagw. I thank you, Peter, for your information, but not for your compliment, which is not true; there's as much difference between him and me as between glittering sand and fruitful mould; or shining glass and a wrought diamond, set in rich gold, and fitted to the finger of an emperor: such is that worthy Chandos.

Peter. I know your honour does not think any thing of yourself, but every body else does.

Dagw. Go, Peter, get you gone; flattery is delicious, even from the lips of a babbler.

Exit Peter.

Will. I never flatter your honour.

Dagw. I don't know that.

Will. Why you know, Sir, when we were in England, at the tournament at Windsor, and the Earl of Warwick was tumbled over, you ask'd me if he did not look well when he
fell; and I said, No, he look’d very foolish; and you was very angry with me for not flattering you.

*Dagw.* You mean that I was angry with you for not flattering the Earl of Warwick.

*Exeunt.*

**SCENE V.**

*Sir Thomas Dagworth’s Tent. Sir Thomas Dagworth—to him.*

*Enter Sir Walter Manny.*

*Sir Walter.* Sir Thomas Dagworth, I have been weeping

Over the men that are to die to-day.

*Dagw.* Why, brave Sir Walter, you or I may fall.

*Sir Walter.* I know this breathing flesh must lie and rot,

Cover’d with silence and forgetfulness.—

Death wons in cities’ smoke, and in still night,

When men sleep in their beds, walketh about!

How many in walled cities lie and groan,

Turning themselves upon their beds,

Talking with death, answering his hard demands!

How many walk in darkness, terrors are round

The curtains of their beds, destruction is

Ready at the door! How many sleep

In earth, cover’d with stones and deathy dust,

Resting in quietness, whose spirits walk

Upon the clouds of heaven, to die no more!

Yet death is terrible, tho’ borne on angels’ wings.

How terrible then is the field of death,

Where he doth rend the vault of heaven,

And shake the gates of hell!

O Dagworth, France is sick! the very sky,

Tho’ sunshine light it, seems to me as pale

As the pale fainting man on his death-bed,

Whose face is shewn by light of sickly taper!

It makes me sad and sick at very heart,

Thousands must fall to-day!

*Dagw.* Thousands of souls must leave this prison-house,

To be exalted to those heavenly fields,
Where songs of triumph, palms of victory,
Where peace and joy and love and calm content
Sit singing in the azure clouds, and strew
Flowers of heaven’s growth over the banquet-table:
Bind ardent Hope upon your feet like shoes,
Put on the robe of preparation,
The table is prepar’d in shining heaven,
The flowers of immortality are blown;
Let those that fight fight in good steadfastness,
And those that fall shall rise in victory.

*Sir Walter.* I’ve often seen the burning field of war,
And often heard the dismal clang of arms;
But never, till this fatal day of Cressy,
Has my soul fainted with these views of death.
I seem to be in one great charnel-house,
And seem to scent the rotten carcases;
I seem to hear the dismal yells of death,
While the black gore drops from his horrid jaws:
Yet I not fear the monster in his pride.—
But O the souls that are to die to-day!

*Dagw.* Stop, brave Sir Walter; let me drop a tear,
Then let the clarion of war begin;
I’ll fight and weep, ’tis in my country’s cause;
I’ll weep and shout for glorious liberty.
Grim war shall laugh and shout, decked in tears,
And blood shall flow like streams across the meadows,
That murmur down their pebbly channels, and
Spend their sweet lives to do their country service:
Then shall England’s verdure shoot, her fields shall smile,
Her ships shall sing across the foaming sea,
Her mariners shall use the flute and viol,
And rattling guns, and black and dreary war,
Shall be no more.

*Sir Walter.* Well; let the trumpet sound, and the drum beat;
Let war stain the blue heavens with bloody banners,
I’ll draw my sword, nor ever sheath it up
‘Till England blow the trump of victory,
Or I lay stretch’d upon the field of death.

_Exeunt._

**SCENE VI.**

_In the Camp. Several of the Warriors meet at the King’s Tent with a Minstrel, who sings the following Song:_

O sons of Trojan Brutus, cloth’d in war,
Whose voices are the thunder of the field,
Rolling dark clouds o’er France, muffling the sun
In sickly darkness like a dim eclipse,
Threatening as the red brow of storms, as fire
Burning up nations in your wrath and fury!

Your ancestors came from the fires of Troy,
(Like lions rouz’d by light’ning from their dens,
Whose eyes do glare against the stormy fires)
Heated with war, fill’d with the blood of Greeks,
With helmets hewn, and shields covered with gore,
In navies black, broken with wind and tide!

They landed in firm array upon the rocks
Of Albion; they kiss’d the rocky shore;
“Be thou our mother and our nurse,” they said;
“Our children’s mother, and thou shalt be our grave,
The sepulchre of ancient Troy, from whence
Shall rise cities, and thrones, and arms, and awful pow’rs.”

Our fathers swarm from the ships. Giant voices
Are heard from the hills, the enormous sons
Of Ocean run from rocks and caves: wild men,
Naked and roaring like lions, hurling rocks,
And wielding knotty clubs, like oaks entangled
Thick as a forest, ready for the axe.

Our fathers move in firm array to battle;
The savage monsters rush like roaring fire,
Like as a forest roars with crackling flames,
When the red lightning, borne by furious storms,
Lights on some woody shore; the parched heavens
Rain fire into the molten raging sea.

The smoking trees are strewn upon the shore,
Spoil’d of their verdure. O how oft have they
Defy’d the storm that howled o’er their heads!
Our fathers, sweating, lean on their spears, and view
The mighty dead: giant bodies streaming blood,
Dread visages frowning in silent death.

Then Brutus spoke, inspir’d; our fathers sit
Attentive on the melancholy shore:—
Hear ye the voice of Brutus— “The flowing waves
Of time come rolling o’er my breast,” he said;
“And my heart labours with futurity:
Our sons shall rule the empire of the sea.

Their mighty wings shall stretch from east to west,
Their nest is in the sea, but they shall roam
Like eagles for the prey; nor shall the young
Crave or be heard; for plenty shall bring forth,
Cities shall sing, and vales in rich array
Shall laugh, whose fruitful laps bend down with fulness.

“Our sons shall rise from thrones in joy,
Each one buckling on his armour; Morning
Shall be prevented by their swords gleaming,
And Evening hear their song of victory:
Their towers shall be built upon the rocks,
Their daughters shall sing, surrounded with shining spears.

“Liberty shall stand upon the cliffs of Albion,
Casting her blue eyes over the green ocean;
Or, tow’ring, stand upon the roaring waves,
Stretching her mighty spear o’er distant lands;
While, with her eagle wings, she covereth
Fair Albion’s shore, and all her families.”
O for a voice like thunder, and a tongue
to drown the throat of war!—When the senses
are shaken, and the soul is driven to madness,
who can stand? When the souls of the oppressed
fight in the troubled air that rages, who can stand?
When the whirlwind of fury comes from the
Throne of God, when the frowns of his countenance
Drive the nations together, who can stand?
When Sin claps his broad wings over the battle,
And sails rejoicing in the flood of Death;
When souls are torn to everlasting fire,
And fiends of Hell rejoice upon the slain,
O who can stand? O who hath caused this?
O who can answer at the throne of God?
The Kings and Nobles of the Land have done it!
Hear it not, Heaven, thy Ministers have done it!
Prologue to King John

Justice hath heaved a sword to plunge in Albion’s breast; for Albion’s sins are crimson dy’d, and the red scourge follows her desolate sons. Then Patriot rose; full oft did Patriot rise, when Tyranny hath stain’d fair Albion’s breast with her own children’s gore. Round his majestic feet deep thunders roll; each heart does tremble, and each knee grows slack. The stars of heaven tremble; the roaring voice of war, the trumpet, calls to battle. Brother in brother’s blood must bathe, rivers of death. O land most hapless! O beauteous island, how forsaken! Weep from thy silver fountains, weep from thy gentle rivers! The angel of the island weeps. Thy widowed virgins weep beneath thy shades. Thy aged fathers gird themselves for war. The sucking infant lives to die in battle; the weeping mother feeds him for the slaughter. The husbandman doth leave his bending harvest. Blood cries afar! The land doth sow itself! The glittering youth of courts must gleam in arms. The aged senators their ancient swords assume. The trembling sinews of old age must work the work of death against their progeny; for Tyranny hath stretch’d his purple arm, and “Blood!” he cries; “the chariots and the horses, the noise of shout, and dreadful thunder of the battle heard afar!”—Beware, O Proud! thou shalt be humbled; thy cruel brow, thine iron heart is smitten, though lingering Fate is slow. O yet may Albion smile again, and stretch her peaceful arms, and raise her golden head, exultingly! Her citizens shall throng about her gates, her mariners shall sing upon the sea, and myriads shall to her temples crowd! Her sons shall joy as in the morning! Her daughters sing as to the rising year!
A War Song to Englishmen

Prepare, prepare the iron helm of war,
Bring forth the lots, cast in the spacious orb;
Th’ Angel of Fate turns them with mighty hands,
And casts them out upon the darken’d earth!
    Prepare, prepare!

Prepare your hearts for Death’s cold hand! prepare
Your souls for flight, your bodies for the earth!
Prepare your arms for glorious victory!
Prepare your eyes to meet a holy God!
    Prepare, prepare!

Whose fatal scroll is that? Methinks ’tis mine!
Why sinks my heart, why faltereth my tongue?
Had I three lives, I’d die in such a cause,
And rise, with ghosts, over the well-fought field.
    Prepare, prepare!

The arrows of Almighty God are drawn!
Angels of Death stand in the low’ring heavens!
Thousands of souls must seek the realms of light,
And walk together on the clouds of heaven!
    Prepare, prepare!

Soldiers, prepare! Our cause is Heaven’s cause;
Soldiers, prepare! Be worthy of our cause:
Prepare to meet our fathers in the sky:
Prepare, O troops, that are to fall to-day!
    Prepare, prepare!

Alfred shall smile, and make his harp rejoice;
The Norman William, and the learned Clerk,
And Lion Heart, and black-brow’d Edward, with
His loyal queen shall rise, and welcome us!

Prepare, prepare!
The Couch of Death

The veiled Evening walked solitary down the western hills, and Silence reposed in the valley; the birds of day were heard in their nests, rustling in brakes and thickets; and the owl and bat flew round the darkening trees: all is silent when Nature takes her repose.—In former times, on such an evening, when the cold clay breathed with life, and our ancestors, who now sleep in their graves, walked on the steadfast globe, the remains of a family of the tribes of Earth, a mother and a sister, were gathered to the sick bed of a youth. Sorrow linked them together; leaning on one another's necks alternately—like lilies dropping tears in each other's bosom—they stood by the bed like reeds bending over a lake, when the evening drops trickle down. His voice was low as the whisperings of the woods when the wind is asleep, and the visions of Heaven unfold their visitation. “Parting is hard and death is terrible; I seem to walk through a deep valley, far from the light of day, alone and comfortless! The damps of death fall thick upon me! Horrors stare me in the face! I look behind, there is no returning; Death follows after me; I walk in regions of Death, where no tree is, without a lantern to direct my steps, without a staff to support me.” Thus he laments through the still evening, till the curtains of darkness were drawn. Like the sound of a broken pipe, the aged woman raised her voice. “O my son, my son, I know but little of the path thou goest! But lo! there is a God, who made the world; stretch out thy hand to Him.” The youth replied, like a voice heard from a sepulchre, “My hand is feeble, how should I stretch it out? My ways are sinful, how should I raise mine eyes? My voice hath used deceit, how should I call on Him who is Truth? My breath is loathsome, how should He not be offended? If I lay my face in the dust, the grave opens its mouth for me; if I lift up my head, sin covers me as a cloak. O my dear friends, pray ye for me! Stretch forth your hands that my Helper may come! Through the void space I walk, between the sinful world and eternity! Beneath me burns eternal fire! O for a hand to pluck me forth!” As the voice of an omen heard in the silent valley, when the few inhabitants cling trembling together; as the voice of the Angel of Death, when the thin beams of the moon give a faint light, such was this young man's voice to his friends. Like the bubbling waters of the brook in the dead of night, the aged woman raised her cry, and said, “O Voice, that dwellest in my breast, can I not cry, and lift my eyes to Heaven? Thinking of this, my spirit is turned within me into confusion! O my child, my child, is thy breath infected? so is mine. As the deer wounded, by the brooks of water, so the arrows of sin stick in my flesh; the poison hath entered into my marrow.” Like rolling
waves upon a desert shore, sighs succeeded sighs; they covered their faces and wept. The youth lay silent, his mother's arm was under his head; he was like a cloud tossed by the winds, till the sun shine, and the drops of rain glisten, the yellow harvest breathes, and the thankful eyes of the villagers are turned up in smiles. The traveller, that hath taken shelter under an oak, eyes the distant country with joy. Such smiles were seen upon the face of the youth: a visionary hand wiped away his tears, and a ray of light beamed around his head. All was still. The moon hung not out her lamp, and the stars faintly glimmered in the summer sky; the breath of night slept among the leaves of the forest; the bosom of the lofty hill drank in the silent dew, while on his majestic brow the voice of Angels is heard, and stringed sounds ride upon the wings of night. The sorrowful pair lift up their heads, hovering Angels are around them, voices of comfort are heard over the Couch of Death, and the youth breathes out his soul with joy into eternity.
Who is this, that with unerring step dares tempt the wilds, where only Nature’s foot hath trod? ’Tis Contemplation, daughter of the grey Morning! Majestical she steppeth, and with her pure quill on every flower writeth Wisdom’s name; now lowly bending, whispers in mine ear, “O man, how great, how little, thou! O man, slave of each moment, lord of eternity! seest thou where Mirth sits on the painted cheek? doth it not seem ashamed of such a place, and grow immoderate to brave it out? O what an humble garb true Joy puts on! Those who want Happiness must stoop to find it; it is a flower that grows in every vale. Vain foolish man, that roams on lofty rocks, where, ’cause his garments are swoln with wind, he fancies he is grown into a giant! Lo, then, Humility, take it, and wear it in thine heart; lord of thyself, thou then art lord of all. Clamour brou00a7s along the streets, and destruction hovers in the city’s smoke; but on these plains, and in these silent woods, true joys descend: here build thy nest; here fix thy staff; delights blossom around; numberless beauties blow; the green grass springs in joy, and the nimble air kisses the leaves; the brook stretches its arms along the velvet meadow, its silver inhabitants sport and play; the youthful sun joys like a hunter roused to the chase, he rushes up the sky, and lays hold on the immortal coursers of day; the sky glitters with the jingling trappings. Like a triumph, season follows season, while the airy music fills the world with joyful sounds.” I answered, “Heavenly goddess! I am wrapped in mortality, my flesh is a prison, my bones the bars of death; Misery builds over our cottage roofs, and Discontent runs like a brook. Even in childhood, Sorrow slept with me in my cradle; he followed me up and down in the house when I grew up; he was my schoolfellow: thus he was in my steps and in my play, till he became to me as my brother. I walked through dreary places with him, and in church-yards; and I oft found myself sitting by Sorrow on a tomb-stone.”
Samson

Samson, the strongest of the children of men, I sing; how he was foiled by woman’s arts, by a false wife brought to the gates of death! O Truth! that shinest with propitious beams, turning our earthly night to heavenly day, from presence of the Almighty Father, thou visitest our darkling world with blessed feet, bringing good news of Sin and Death destroyed! O white-robed Angel, guide my timorous hand to write as on a lofty rock with iron pen the words of truth, that all who pass may read.—Now Night, noon-tide of damned spirits, over the silent earth spreads her pavilion, while in dark council sat Philista’s lords; and, where strength failed, black thoughts in ambush lay. Their helmed youth and aged warriors in dust together lie, and Desolation spreads his wings over the land of Palestine: from side to side the land groans, her prowess lost, and seeks to hide her bruised head under the mists of night, breeding dark plots. For Dalila’s fair arts have long been tried in vain; in vain she wept in many a treacherous tear. “Go on, fair traitress; do thy guileful work; ere once again the changing moon her circuit hath performed, thou shalt overcome, and conquer him by force unconquerable, and wrest his secret from him. Call thine alluring arts and honest-seeming brow, the holy kiss of love, and the transparent tear; put on fair linen that with the lily vies, purple and silver; neglect thy hair, to seem more lovely in thy loose attire; put on thy country’s pride, deceit, and eyes of love decked in mild sorrow; and sell thy lord for gold.” For now, upon her sumptuous couch reclined in gorgeous pride, she still entreats, and still she grasps his vigorous knees with her fair arms. “Thou lov’st me not! thou’rt war, thou art not love! O foolish Dalila! O weak woman! it is death clothed in flesh thou lovest, and thou hast been encircled in his arms! Alas, my lord, what am I calling thee? Thou art my God! To thee I pour my tears for sacrifice morning and evening. My days are covered with sorrow, shut up, darkened! By night I am deceived! Who says that thou wast born of mortal kind? Destruction was thy father, a lioness suckled thee, thy young hands tore human limbs, and gorged human flesh. Come hither, Death; art thou not Samson’s servant? ’Tis Dalila that calls, thy master’s wife; no, stay, and let thy master do the deed: one blow of that strong arm would ease my pain; then should I lay at quiet and have rest. Pity forsook thee at thy birth! O Dagon furious, and all ye gods of Palestine, withdraw your hand! I am but a weak woman. Alas, I am wedded to your enemy! I will go mad, and tear my crisped hair; I’ll run about, and pierce the ears o’ th’ gods! O Samson, hold me not; thou lovest me not! Look not upon me with those deathful eyes! Thou wouldst my death, and death approaches fast.”
Thus, in false tears, she bath’d his feet, and thus she day by day oppressed his soul: he seemed a mountain, his brow among the clouds; she seemed a silver stream, his feet embracing. Dark thoughts rolled to and fro in his mind, like thunder clouds troubling the sky; his visage was troubled; his soul was distressed. “Though I should tell her all my heart, what can I fear? Though I should tell this secret of my birth, the utmost may be warded off as well when told as now.” She saw him moved, and thus resumes her wiles. “Samson, I’m thine; do with me what thou wilt: my friends are enemies; my life is death; I am a traitor to my nation, and despised; my joy is given into the hands of him who hates me, using deceit to the wife of his bosom. Thrice hast thou mocked me and grieved my soul. Didst thou not tell me with green withs to bind thy nervous arms; and, after that, when I had found thy falsehood, with new ropes to bind thee fast? I knew thou didst but mock me. Alas, when in thy sleep I bound thee with them to try thy truth, I cried, ‘The Philistines be upon thee, Samson!’ Then did suspicion wake thee; how didst thou rend the feeble ties! Thou fearest nought, what shouldst thou fear? Thy power is more than mortal, none can hurt thee; thy bones are brass, thy sinews are iron. Ten thousand spears are like the summer grass; an army of mighty men are as flocks in the valleys; what canst thou fear? I drink my tears like water; I live upon sorrow! O worse than wolves and tigers, what canst thou give when such a trifle is denied me? But O! at last thou mockest me, to shame my over-fond inquiry. Thou toldest me to weave thee to the beam by thy strong hair; I did even that to try thy truth; but, when I cried ‘The Philistines be upon thee!’ then didst thou leave me to bewail that Samson loved me not.” He sat, and inward griev’d; he saw and lov’d the beauteous suppliant, nor could conceal aught that might appease her; then, leaning on her bosom, thus he spoke: “Hear, O Dalila! doubt no more of Samson’s love; for that fair breast was made the ivory palace of my inmost heart, where it shall lie at rest: for sorrow is the lot of all of woman born: for care was I brought forth, and labour is my lot: nor matchless might, nor wisdom, nor every gift enjoyed, can from the heart of man hide sorrow. Twice was my birth foretold from heaven, and twice a sacred vow enjoined me that I should drink no wine, nor eat of any unclean thing; for holy unto Israel’s God I am, a Nazarite even from my mother’s womb. Twice was it told, that it might not be broken. ‘Grant me a son, kind Heaven,’ Manoa cried; but Heaven refused. Childless he mourned, but thought his God knew best. In solitude, though not obscure, in Israel he lived, till venerable age came on: his flocks increased, and plenty crowned his board, beloved, revered of man. But God hath other joys in store. Is burdened Israel his grief? The son of his old age shall set it free! The venerable sweetener of his life receives the promise first from Heaven. She saw the maidens play, and blessed their innocent mirth; she blessed each new-joined pair; but from her the long-wished deliverer shall spring. Pensive, alone she sat within the house, when busy day was fading, and calm
evening, time for contemplation, rose from the forsaken east, and drew the curtains of heaven: pensive she sat, and thought on Israel's grief, and silent prayed to Israel's God; when lo! an angel from the fields of light entered the house. His form was manhood in the prime, and from his spacious brow shot terrors through the evening shade. But mild he hailed her, 'Hail, highly favoured!' said he; 'for lo! thou shalt conceive, and bear a son, and Israel's strength shall be upon his shoulders, and he shall be called Israel's Deliverer. Now, therefore, drink no wine, and eat not any unclean thing, for he shall be a Nazarite to God.' Then, as a neighbour, when his evening tale is told, departs, his blessing leaving, so seemed he to depart: she wondered with exceeding joy, nor knew he was an angel. Manoa left his fields to sit in the house, and take his evening's rest from labour—the sweetest time that God has allotted mortal man. He sat, and heard with joy, and praised God, who Israel still doth keep. The time rolled on, and Israel groaned oppressed. The sword was bright, while the ploughshare rusted, till hope grew feeble, and was ready to give place to doubting. Then prayed Manoa: 'O Lord, thy flock is scattered on the hills! The wolf teareth them, Oppression stretches his rod over our land, our country is ploughed with swords, and reaped in blood. The echoes of slaughter reach from hill to hill. Instead of peaceful pipe the shepherd bears a sword, the ox-goad is turned into a spear. O when shall our Deliverer come? The Philistine riots on our flocks, our vintage is gathered by bands of enemies. Stretch forth thy hand, and save!' Thus prayed Manoa. The aged woman walked into the field, and lo! again the angel came, clad as a traveller fresh risen on his journey. She ran and called her husband, who came and talked with him. 'O man of God,' said he, 'thou comest from far! Let us detain thee while I make ready a kid, that thou mayest sit and eat, and tell us of thy name and warfare; that, when thy sayings come to pass, we may honour thee.' The Angel answered, 'My name is Wonderful; inquire not after it, seeing it is a secret; but, if thou wilt, offer an offering unto the Lord.'"
Welcome stranger to this place.
Where joy doth sit on every bough,
Paleness flies from every face,
We reap not what we do not sow.

Innocence doth like a Rose,
Bloom on every Maidens cheek;
Honour twines around her brows,
The jewel Health adorns her neck.
Song 2nd by a Young Shepherd

When the trees do laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it,
When the meadow laughs with lively green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene,

When the greenwood laughs with the voice of joy,
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by,
When Edessa, and Lyca, and Emilie,
With their sweet round mouths sing Ha, Ha, He,

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread;
Come live and be merry and join with me
To sing the sweet chorus of Ha, Ha, He.
Song by an Old Shepherd

When silver snow decks Sylvio’s cloaths
And jewel hangs at shepherd’s nose,
We can abide life’s pelting storm,
That makes our limbs quake, if our hearts be warm.

Whilst Virtue is our walking staff,
And Truth a lantern to our path;
We can abide life’s pelting storm
That makes our limbs quake, if our hearts be warm.

Blow boisterous Wind, stern Winter frown,
Innocence is a Winter’s gown;
So clad, we’ll abide life’s pelting storm
That makes our limbs quake, if our hearts be warm.
AN ISLAND IN THE MOON

(Written c. 1784-5, existing only as a fragment in manuscript form.)
Chapter 1

In the Moon, is a certain Island near by a mighty continent, which small island seems to have some affinity to England, & what is more extraordinary the people are so much alike & their language so much the same that you would think you was among your friends. In this Island dwells three Philosophers—Suction, the Epicurean, Quid the Cynic, & Sipsop, the Pythagorean. I call them by the names of these sects tho the sects are not ever mentiond there as being quite out of date however the things still remain, and the vanities are the same. the three Philosophers sat together thinking of nothing. In comes—Etruscan Column the Antiquarian & after an abundance of Enquiries to no purpose sat himself down & described something that nobody listend to so they were employd when Mrs Gimblet came in the corners of her mouth seemd I dont know how, but very odd as if she hoped you had not an ill opinion of her. to be sure we are all poor creatures. well she seated & seemd to listen with great attention while the Antiquarian seemd to be talking of virtuous cats, but it was not so. she was thinking of the shape of her eyes & mouth & he was thinking, of his eternal fame the three Philosophers at this time were each endeavouring to conceal his laughter, (not at them but) at his own imaginations this was the situation of this improving company, when in a great hurry, Inflammable Gass the Wind finder enterd. they seemd to rise & salute each other

Etruscan Column & Inflammable Gass fixd their eyes on each other, their tongues went in question & answer, but their thoughts were otherwise employd

I don’t like his eyes said Etruscan Column He’s a foolish puppy said Inflammable Gass, smiling on him. the 3 Philosophers—the Cynic smiling, the Epicurean seeming studying the flame of the candle, & the Pythagorean playing with the cat—listen’d with open mouths to the edifying discourses.

Sir said the Antiquarian I have seen these works, & I do affirm that they are no such thing. They seem to me to be the most wretched, paltry, flimsy Stuff that ever—What d’ye say? What dye say? said Inflammable Gass Why—why I wish I could see you write so. Sir said the Antiquarian according to my opinion the author is an errant blockhead. Your reason—Your reason? said Inflammable Gass. Why why I think it very abominable to call a man a blockhead that you know nothing of. Reason Sir said the Antiquarian. I’ll give you an example for your reason As I was walking along the street I saw a number of swallows on the rails of an old Gothic square they seemd to be going on their passage, as Pliny says as I was looking up, a little outre fellow pulling me by the sleeve, cries, Pray Sir who do all they belong to? I turnd my self about with great contempt. Said I Go along, you fool! Fool! said he who do you call fool I only askd you a civil question. I had a great mind
to have thrash’d the fellow only he was bigger than I here—Etruscan column left off—
Inflammable Gass, recollecting himself said, “Indeed I do not think the man was a fool 
for he seems to me to have been desirous of enquiring into the works of nature—Ha Ha 
Ha said the Pythagorean. it was re-echo’d by Inflammable Gass to overthrow the 
argument—Etruscan Column then starting up & clenching both his fists was prepared to 
give a formal answer to the company But Obtuse Angle, entering the room having made a 
gentle bow, proceeded to empty his pockets of a vast number of papers, turned about & 
sat down wiped his head with his pocket handkerchief & shutting his eyes began to 
scratch his head—well gentlemen said he, what is the cause of strife the Cynic answer’d 
they are only quarreling about Voltaire—Yes said the Epicurean & having a bit of fun with 
him. And said the Pythagorean endeavoring to incorporate their souls with their bodies

Obtuse Angle giving a grin said Voltaire understood nothing of the Mathematics, and 
a man must be a fool i’faith not to understand the Mathematics

Inflammable Gass turning round hastily in his chair said Mathematics he found out a 
number of Queries in Philosophy. Obtuse Angle shutting his eyes & saying that he always 
understood better when he shut his eyes In the first place it is of no use for a man to 
make Queries but to solve them, for a man may be a fool & make Queries but a man must 
have good sound sense to solve them. a query & an answer are as different as a strait line 
& a crooked one. secondly I—I—I—a ye Secondly, Voltaire’s a fool says the Epicurean—. 
Pooh says the Mathematician scratching his head with double violence it is not worth 
Quarreling about.—The Antiquarian here got up—& hemming twice to shew the strength 
of his Lungs, said But my Good Sir Voltaire was immersed in matter, & seems to have 
understood very little but what he saw before his eyes, like the Animal upon the 
Pythagoreans lap always playing with its own tail. Ha Ha Ha said Inflammable Gass he 
was the Glory of France—I have got a bottle of air that would spread a Plague. here the 
Antiquarian shrugged up his shoulders & was silent while Inflammable Gass talk’d for half 
an hour.

When Steelyard, the lawgiver, coming in stalking—with an act of parliament in his 
hand, said that it was a shameful thing that acts of parliament should be in a free state, it 
had so engrossed his mind that he did not salute the company.

Mrs Gimblet drew her mouth downwards.
Chapter 2

Tilly Lally the Siptippidist Aradobo, the dean of Morocco, Miss Gittipin & Mrs Nannicantipot, Gibble Gabble the wife of Inflammable Gass—and Little Scoprell enterd the room (If I have not presented you with every character in the piece call me—Ass.)
In the Moon, as Phebus stood over his oriental Gardening, O ay, come, I’ll sing you a song said the Cynic. the trumpeter shit in his hat said the Epicurean & clapt it on his head, said the Pythagorean

Ill begin again said the Cynic

Little Phebus came strutting in
With his fat belly & his round chin
What is it you would please to have
Ho Ho
I wont let it go at only so & so.

Mrs Gimblet look’d as if they meant her. Tilly Lally laught like a Cherry clapper. Aradobo ask’d Who was Phebus Sir? Obtuse Angle answerd, quickly, He was the God of Physic, Painting, Perspective Geometry Geography Astronomy, Cookery, Chymistry, Mechanics, Tactics Pathology Phraseology Theology Mythology Astrology Osteology, Somatology in short every art & science adorn’d him as beads round his neck. here Aradobo lookd Astonishd & askd if he understood Engraving—Obtuse Angle Answerd indeed he did.—Well said the other he was as great as Chatterton. Tilly Lally turnd round to Obtuse Angle & askd who it was that was as great as Chatterton. Hay, how should I know Answerd Obtuse Angle Who was It Aradobo. why sir said he the Gentleman that the song was about. Ah said Tilly Lally I did not hear it. what was it Obtuse Angle. Pooh said he Nonsense. Mhm said Tilly Lally—it was Phebus said the Epicurean Ah that was the Gentleman said Aradobo. Pray Sir said Tilly Lally who was Phebus. Obtuse Angle answerd the heathens in the old ages us’d to have Gods that they worship’d, & they us’d to sacrifice to them you have read about that in the bible. Ah said Aradobo I thought I had read of Phebus in the Bible.—Aradobo you should always think before you speak said Obtuse Angle—Ha Ha Ha he means Pharaoh said Tilly Lally—I am ashamd of you,— making use of the names in the Bible said Mrs. Sigtagatist. Ill tell you what Mrs Sinagain I don’t think there’s any harm in it, said Tilly Lally—No said Inflammable Gass. I have got a camera obscura at home what was it you was talking about. Law said Tilly Lally what has that to do with Pharaoh—. Pho nonsense hang Pharoh & all his host said the Pythagorean sing away Quid—

Then the Cynic sung—

Honour & Genius is all I ask
And I ask the Gods no more

No more No more | the three Philosophers
No more No more | bear Chorus.
Here Aradobo suck'd his under lip.
Hang names said the Pythagorean what’s Pharoh better than Phebus or Phebus than Pharoh. hang them both said the Cynic Don’t be prophane said Mrs Sistagatist. Why said Mrs Nannicantipot I don’t think its prophane to say hang Pharoh. ah said Mrs Sinagain. I’m sure you ought to hold your tongue, for you never say any thing about the scriptures, & you hinder your husband from going to church—Ha Ha said Inflammable Gass what don’t you like to go to church. no said Mrs Nannicantipot I think a person may be as good at home. If I had not a place of profit that forces me to go to church said Inflammable Gass Id see the parsons all hang’d a parcel of lying— O said Mrs Sigtagatist if it was not for churches & chapels I should not have livd so long—there was I up in a Morning at four o’clock when I was a Girl. I would run like the dickins till I was all in a heat. I would stand till I was ready to sink into the earth. ah Mr Huffcap would kick the bottom of the Pulpit out, with Passion, would tear off the sleeve of his Gown, & set his wig on fire & throw it at the people hed cry & stamp & kick & sweat and all for the good of their souls—Im sure he must be a wicked villain said Mrs Nannicantipot a passionate wretch. If I was a man I’d wait at the bottom of the pulpit stairs & knock him down & run away.—You would You Ignorant jade I wish I could see you hit any of the ministers. you deserve to have your ears boxed you do.—Im sure this is not religion answers the other—Then Mr Inflammable Gass ran & shovd his head into the fire & set his hair all in a flame & ran about the room. —No No he did not I was only making a fool of you
Chapter 5

Obtuse Angle Scopprell Aradobo & Tilly Lally are all met in Obtuse Angles study—

Pray said Aradobo is Chatterton a Mathematician. No said Obtuse Angle how be so foolish as to think he was Oh I did not think he was I only askd said Aradobo. How could you think he was not, & ask if he was said Obtuse Angle.— I did think he was before you told me but afterwards I thought he was not

Obtuse Angle said In the first place you thought he was & then afterwards when I said he was not you thought he was not. —Oh no sir I thought that he was not but I askd to know whether he was.—How can that be said Obtuse Angle how could you ask & think that he was not—why said he. It came into my head that he was not—Why then said Obtuse Angle you said that he was. Did I say so Law I did not think I said that—Did not he said Obtuse Angle Yes said Scopprell. But I meant said Aradobo I I I cant think Law Sir I wish youd tell me, how it is

Then Obtuse Angle put his chin in his hand & said when ever you think you must always think for yourself—How Sir said Aradobo, whenever I think I must think myself—I think I do—In the first place said he with a grin—Poo Poo said Obtuse Angle dont be a fool—

Then Tilly Lally took up a Quadrant & askd. Is not this a sun dial. Yes said Scopprell but its broke—at this moment the three Philosophers enterd and lowring darkness hoverd oer th assembly.

Come said the Epicurean lets have some rum & water & hang the mathematics come Aradobo say some thing then Aradobo began In the first place I think I think in the first place that Chatterton was clever at Fissic Follogy, Pistinology, Aridology, Arography, Transmography Phizography, Hogamy Hatomy, & hall that but he eat wery little wickly that is he slept very little which he brought into a consumsion, & what was that that he took Fissic or somethink & so died

So all the people in the book enterd into the room & they could not talk any more to the present purpose
They all went home & left the Philosophers. then Suction Askd if Pindar was not a better Poet, than Ghiotto was a Painter

Plutarch has not the life of Ghiotto said Sipsop No said Quid to be sure he was an Italian. well said Suction that is not any proof. Plutarch was a nasty ignorant puppy said Quid I hate your sneaking rascals. theres Aradobo in ten or twelve years will be a far superior genius. Ah, said the Pythagorean Aradobo will make a very clever fellow. why said Quid I think that natural fool would make a clever fellow if he was properly brought up—Ah hang your reasoning said the Epicurean I hate reasoning I do every thing by my feelings—

Ah said Sipsop, I only wish Jack Tearguts had had the cutting of Plutarch he understands anatomy better than any of the Ancients hell plunge his knife up to the hilt in a single drive and thrust his fist in, and all in the space of a Quarter of an hour. he does not mind their crying—tho they cry ever so hell Swear at them & keep them down with his fist & tell them that hell scrape their bones if they dont lay still & be quiet—What the devil should the people in the hospital that have it done for nothing, make such a piece of work for

Hang that said Suction let us have a Song
Then the Cynic sang

When old corruption first begun
Adornd in yellow vest
He committed on flesh a whoredom
O what wicked beast

From them a callow babe did spring
And old corruption smild
To think his race should never end
For now he had a child

He calld him Surgery & fed
The babe with his own milk
For flesh & he could neer agree
She would not let him suck

4
And this he always kept in mind
And formd a crooked knife
And ran about with bloody hands
To seek his mothers life

5
And as he ran to seek his mother
He met with a dead woman
He fell in love & married her
A deed which is not common

6
She soon grew pregnant & brought forth
Scurvy & spotted fever
The father grind & skipt about
And said I’m made for ever

7
For now I have procurd these imps
Ill try experiments
With that he tied poor scurvy down
& stopt up all its vents

8
And when the child began to swell
He shouted out aloud
Ive found the dropsy out & soon
Shall do the world more good

9
He took up fever by the neck
And cut out all its spots
And thro the holes which he had made
He first discover’d guts
Ah said Sipsop you think we are rascals & we think you are rascals. I do as I chuse what is it to any body what I do I am always unhappy too when I think of Surgery—I dont know I do it because I like it. My father does what he likes & so do I. I think some how Ill leave it off there was a woman having her cancer cut & she shriekd so, that I was quite sick
Good night said Sipsop, Good night said the other two then Quid & Suction were left alone. then said Quid I think that Homer is bombast & Shakespeare is too wild & Milton has no feelings they might be easily outdone Chatterton never writ those poems. a parcel of fools going to Bristol—if I was to go Id find it out in a minute. but Ive found it out already—If I don’t knock them all up next year in the Exhibition Ill be hangd said Suction. hang Philosophy I would not give a farthing for it do all by your feelings, and never think at all about it. Im hangd if I dont get up to morrow morning by four o clock & work Sir Joshua—Before ten years are at an end said Quid how I will work these poor milk sop devils, an ignorant pack of wretches

So they went to bed.
Chapter 8

Steelyard the Lawgiver, sitting at his table taking extracts from Herveys Meditations among the tombs & Youngs Night thoughts. He is not able to hurt me (said he) more than making me Constable or taking away the parish business. Hah!

O what a scene is here what a disguise
My crop of corn is but a field of tares

Says Jerome happiness is not for us poor crawling reptiles of the earth Talk of happiness & happiness its no such thing—every person has as something

Hear then the pride & knowledge of a Sailor
His sprit sail fore sail main sail & his mizzen.
A poor frail man god wot I know none frailer
I know no greater sinner than John Taylor

If I had only myself to care for I’d soon make Double Elephant look foolish, & Filligree work I hope shall live to see—

The wreck of matter & the crush of worlds
as Younge says

Obtuse Angle enterd the Room. What news, Mr Steelyard—I am Reading Theron & Aspasio, said he. Obtuse Angle took up the books one by one I don’t find it here said he. Oh no said the other it was the meditations. Obtuse Angle took up the book & read till the other was quite tir’d out

Then Scopprell & Miss Gittipin, coming in Scopprell took up a book & read
An Easy of Understanding by John Lookye Gent
John Locke said Obtuse Angle. O ay Lock said Scopprell.

Now here said Miss Gittipin I never saw such company in my life. you are always talking of your books I like to be where we talk.—you had better take a walk, that we may have some pleasure I am sure I never see any pleasure. theres Double Elephants Girls they have their own way, & theres Miss Filligree work she goes out in her coaches & her footman & her maids & Stormonts & Balloon hats & a pair of Gloves every day & the sorrows of Werter & Robinsons & the Queen of Frances Puss colour & my Cousin Gibble
Gabble says that I am like nobody else I might as well be in a nunnery. There they go in Post chaises & Stages to Vauxhall & Ranelagh. And I hardly know what a coach is, except when I go to Mr Jacko’s. He knows what riding is & his wife is the most agreeable woman you hardly know she has a tongue in her head & he is the funniest fellow, & I do believe he’ll go in partnership with his master. & they have black servants lodge at their house I never saw such a place in my life he says he has Six & twenty rooms in his house, and I believe it & he is not such a liar as Quid thinks he is. Poo Poo Hold your tongue, hold your tongue, said the Lawgiver. This quite provoked Miss Gittipin to interrupt in her favourite topic & she proceeded to use every provoking speech that ever she could, & he bore it like a Saint than a Lawgiver and with great solemnity he address’d the company in these words

They call women the weakest vessel but I think they are the strongest. A girl has always more tongue than a boy I have seen a little brat no higher than a nettle & she had as much tongue as a city clerk but a boy would be such a fool not have any thing to say and if any body ask’d him a question he would put his head into a hole & hide it. I am sure I take but little pleasure you have as much pleasure as I have. there I stand & bear every fools insult. if I had only myself to care for, I’d wring off their noses

To this Scopprell answer’d. I think the Ladies discourses Mr Steelyard are some of them more improving than any book. that is the way I have got some of my knowledge

Then said Miss Gittipin, Mr Scopprell, do you know the song of Phebe and Jellicoe—no Miss said Scopprell—then she repeated these verses while Steelyard walk’d about the room

Phebe drest like beauties Queen
Jellicoe in faint peagreen
Sitting all beneath a grot
Where the little lambkins trot

Maidens dancing loves a sporting
All the country folks a courting
Susan, Johnny Bet & Joe
Lightly tripping on a row

Happy people who can be
In happiness compar’d with ye
The Pilgrim with his crook & hat
Sees your happiness compleat
A charming Song indeed miss said Scopprell here they receivd a summons for a merry making at the Philosophers house
Chapter 9

I say this evening all get drunk. I say dash. an Anthem an Anthem, said Suction

Lo the Bat with Leathern wing
Winking & blinking
Winking & blinking
Winking & blinking
Like Doctor Johnson

Quid: O ho Said Doctor Johnson
To Scipio Africanus
If you dont own me a Philosopher
I'll kick your Roman Anus

Suction: A ha To Doctor Johnson
Said Scipio Africanus
Lift up my Roman Petticoatt
And kiss my Roman Anus

And the Cellar goes down with a Step (Grand Chorus

Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho Hom Hooooo my poooooor siiides I I should die if I was to live here said Scopprell Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho

1st Vo Want Matches
2d Vo Yes Yes Yes
1st Vo Want Matches
2d Vo No—————

1st Vo Want Matches
2d Vo. Yes Yes Yes
1st Vo. Want Matches
2d Vo. No—————

Here was Great confusion & disorder Aradobo said that the boys in the street sing
something very pritty & funny about Matches Then Mrs Nannicantipot sung

I cry my matches as far as Guild hall
God bless the duke & his aldermen all

Then sung Scopprell:

I ask the Gods no more
   no more, no more

Then said Suction come Mr Lawgiver your song and the Lawgiver sung

As I walkd forth one may morning
To see the fields so pleasant & so gay
O there did I spy a young maiden sweet
Among the Violets that smell so sweet
   Smell so sweet
   Smell so sweet
Among the Violets that smell so sweet

Hang your Violets heres your Rum & water O ay said Tilly Lally. Joe Bradley & I was going along one day in the Sugar house Joe Bradley saw for he had but one eye one saw a treacle Jar So he goes of his blind side & dips his hand up to the shoulder in treacle. here lick lick lick said he Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha For he had but one eye Ha Ha Ha Ha Ho then sung Scopprell:

And I ask the Gods no more
   no more no more
   no more no more

Miss Gittipin said he you sing like a harpsichord. let your bounty descend to our fair ears and favour us with a fine song

This frog he would a wooing ride,
   Kitty alone Kitty alone
This frog he would a wooing ride
Kitty alone & I
Sing cock I cary, Kitty alone
    Kitty alone Kitty alone
Cock I cary Kitty alone
    Kitty alone & I

Charming truly elegant said Scoprell

And I ask the gods no more

Hang your Serious Songs, said Sipsop & he sung as follows

Fa ra so bo ro
    Fa ra bo ra
Sa ba ra ra ba rare roro
Sa ra ra ra bo ro ro ro
    Radara
Sarapodo no flo ro

Hang Italian songs lets have English said Quid Sing a Mathematical Song Obtuse Angle then he sung

Hail Matrimony made of Love
To thy wide gates how great a drove
    On purpose to be yok’d do come
Widows & maids & Youths also,
That lightly trip on beauty’s toe
    Or sit on beauty’s bum

Hail fingerfooted lovely Creatures
The females of our human Natures
    Formed to suckle all Mankind
Tis you that come in time of need
Without you we shoud never Breed
    Or any Comfort find

For if a Damsel’s blind or lame
Or Nature’s hand has crooked her frame
  Or if she’s deaf or is wall eyed
Yet if her heart is well inclined
Some tender lover she shall find
  That panteth for a Bride

The universal Poultice this
To cure whatever is amiss
  In damsel or in Widow gay
It makes them smile it makes them skip
Like Birds just cured of the pip
  They chirp & hop away

Then come ye Maidens come ye Swains,
Come & be eased of all your pains
  In Matrimony’s Golden cage—

  Go & be hanged said Scopprel how can you have the face to make game of Matrimony
——What you skipping flea how dare ye? Ill dash you through your chair says the Cynic
This Quid (cries out Miss Gittipin) always spoils good company in this manner & its a shame

    Then Quid callld upon Obtuse Angle for a Song & he wiping his face & looking on the corner of the ceiling sang

To be or not to be
Of great capacity
  Like Sir Isaac Newton
Or Locke or Doctor South
Or Sherlock upon death
  I’d rather be Sutton

For he did build a house
For aged men & youth
  With walls of brick & stone
He furnishd it within
With whatever he could win
  And all his own
He drew out of the Stocks
His money in a box
    And sent his servant
To Green the Bricklayer
And to the Carpenter
    He was so fervent

The chimneys were three score
The windows many more
    And for convenience
He sinks & gutters made
And all the way he pавd
    To hinder pestilence

Was not this a good man
Whose life was but a span
    Whose name was Sutton
As Locke or Doctor South
Or Sherlock upon Death
    Or Sir Isaac Newton

The Lawgiver was very attentive & begd to have it sung over again & again till the
company were tired & insisted on the Lawgiver singing a song himself which he readily
complied with

This city & this country has brought forth many mayors
To sit in state & give forth laws out of their old oak chairs
With face as brown as any nut with drinking of strong ale
Good English hospitality O then it did not fail

With scarlet gowns & broad gold lace would make a yeoman sweat
With stockings rolled above their knees & shoes as black as jet
With eating beef & drinking beer O they were stout & hale
Good English hospitality O then it did not fail

Thus sitting at the table wide, the Mayor & Aldermen
Were fit to give law to the city each eat as much as ten
The hungry poor enterd the hall to eat good beef & ale
Good English hospitality O then it did not fail

Here they gave a shout, & the company broke up
Thus these happy Islanders spent their time but felicity does not last long, for being met at the house of Inflammable Gass the windfinder, the following affairs happen’d.

Come Flammable said Gibble Gabble & lets enjoy ourselves bring the Puppets. Hay Hay, said he, you sho, why ya ya, how can you be so foolish.—Ha Ha Ha she calls the experiments puppets Then he went up stairs & loaded the maid, with glasses, & brass tubes, & magic pictures

Here ladies & gentlemen said he Ill shew you a louse or a flea or a butterfly or a cock chafer the blade bone of a tittle back, no, no heres a bottle of wind that I took up in the bog house. o dear o dear the waters got into the sliders. look here Gibble Gabble—lend me your handkerchief, Tilly Lally Tilly Lally took out his handkerchief which smeared the glass worse than ever. then he screwed it on then he took the sliders & then he set up the glasses for the Ladies to view the pictures thus he was employed & quite out of breath

While Tilly Laily & Scopprell were pumping at the air pump Smack went the glass—. Hang said Tilly Lally. Inflammable Gass turnd short round & threw down the table & Glasses & Pictures, & broke the bottles of wind & let out the Pestilence. He saw the Pestilence fly out of the bottle & cried out while he ran out of the room. come out come out we are putrified, we are corrupted. our lungs are destroyd with the Flogiston this will spread a plague all thro’ the Island he was down stairs the very first on the back of him came all the others in a heap

So they need not bidding go
Another merry meeting at the house of Steelyard the Lawgiver

After Supper Steelyard & Obtuse Angle. had pump’d Inflammable Gass quite dry. they playd at forfeits & tryd every method to get good song then he sung humour. said Miss Gittipin Pray Mr Obtuse Angle sing us a song then he sung

Upon a holy Thursday their innocent faces clean
The children walking two & two in grey & blue & green
Grey headed beadles walkd before with wands as white as snow
Till into the high dome of Pauls they like Thames waters flow

O what a multitude they seemd, these flowers of London town
Seated in companies they sit with radiance all their own
The hum of multitudes were there, but multitudes of lambs
Thousands of little girls & boys raising their innocent hands

Then like a mighty wind they raise to heavn the voice of song
Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heavn among
Beneath them sit the revrend men the guardians of the poor
Then cherish pity lest you drive an angel from your door

After this they all sat silent for a quarter of an hour & Mrs Sistagatist said it puts me in Mind of my mothers song

When the tongues of children are heard on the green
   And laughing is heard on the hill
My heart is at rest within my breast
   And every thing else is still

Then come home my children the sun is gone down
   And the dews of night arise
Come Come leave off play & let us away
Till the morning appears in the skies

No No let us play for it is yet day
And we cannot go to sleep
Besides in the Sky the little birds fly
And the meadows are coverd with Sheep

Well Well go & play till the light fades away
And then go home to bed
The little ones leaped & shouted & laughd
And all the hills echoed

Then Miss Gittipin Tilly Lally sung Quid sung

O father father where are you going
O do not walk so fast
O speak father speak to your little boy
Or else I shall be lost.

The night it was dark & no father was there
And the child was wet with dew
The mire was deep & the child did weep
And away the vapour flew

Here nobody could sing any longer, till Tilly Lally pluckd up a spirit & he sung.

O I say you Joe
Throw us the ball
Ive a good mind to go
And leave you all

I never saw such a bowler
To bowl the ball in a tansey
And to clean it with my handkercher
Without saying a word

That Bills a foolish fellow
He has given me a black eye
He does not know how to handle a bat
Any more than a dog or a cat
He has knockd down the wicket
And broke the stumps
And runs without shoes to save his pumps

Here a laugh began and Miss Gittipin sung

Leave O leave me to my sorrows
Here Ill sit & fade away
Till Im nothing but a spirit
And I lose this form of clay

Then if chance along this forest
Any walk in pathless ways
Thro the gloom he'll see my shadow
Hear my voice upon the Breeze

The Lawgiver all the while sat delighted to see them in such a serious humour Mr Scopprel said he you must be acquainted with a great many songs. O dear sir Ho Ho Ho I am no singer I must beg of one of these tender hearted ladies to sing for me—they all declined & he was forced to sing himself

Theres Doctor Clash
And Signior Falalasole
O they sweep in the cash
Into their purse hole
Fa me la sol La me fa sol

Great A little A
Bouncing B
Play away Play away
Your out of the key
Fa me la sol La me fa sol

Musicians should have
A pair of very good ears
And Long fingers & thumbs
And not like clumsy bears
Fa me la sol La me fa sol

Gentlemen Gentlemen
Rap Rap Rap
Fiddle Fiddle Fiddle
Clap Clap Clap
Fa me la sol La me fa sol

Hm said the Lawgiver, funny enough lets have handels waterpiece then Sipsop sung

A crowned king,
On a white horse sitting
With his trumpets sounding
And Banners flying
Thro’ the clouds of smoke he makes his way

And the shout of his thousands fills his heart with rejoicing & victory
And the shout of his thousands fills his heart with rejoicing & victory
Victory Victory—twas William, the prince of Orange

... them Illuminating the Manuscript—Ay said she that would be excellent. Then said he I would have all the writing Engraved instead of Printed & at every other leaf a high finishd print all in three Volumes folio, & sell them a hundred pounds apiece. they would Print off two thousand then said she whoever will not have them will be ignorant fools & will not deserve to live Dont you think I have something of the Goats face says he. Very like a Goats face—she answerd—I think your face said he is like that noble beast the Tyger—Oh I was at Mrs Sicknakens & I was speaking of my abilities but their nasty hearts poor devils are eat up with envy—they envy me my abilities & all the Women envy your abilities my dear they hate people who are of higher abilities than their nasty filthy Selves but do you outface them & then Strangers will see you have an opinion—now I think we should do as much good as we can when we are at Mr Femality’s do you snap & take me up—and I will fall into such a passion Ill hollow and stamp & frighten all the People there & show them what truth is—at this Instant Obtuse Angle came in Oh I am glad you are come said Quid
SONG OF INNOCENCE AND EXPERIENCE

Shewing the Two Contrary States of the Human Soul

(Engraved 1789–1794)
Songs of Innocence: Introduction

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee
On a cloud I saw a child.
And he laughing said to me.

Pipe a song about a Lamb;
So I piped with merry cheer,
Piper pipe that song again—
So I piped, he wept to hear.

Drop thy pipe thy happy pipe
Sing thy songs of happy chear,
So I sung the same again
While he wept with joy to hear

Piper sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read—
So he vanish’d from my sight.
And I pluck’d a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stain’d the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs,
Every child may joy to hear
The Shepherd

How sweet is the Shepherds 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 lambs innocent call.
And he hears the ewes 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.
The Lamb

Little Lamb who made thee
Dost thou know who made thee
Gave thee life & bid thee fee.
By the stream & o’er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing woolly 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.
The Little Black Boy

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but O! my soul is white.
White as an angel is the English child:
But I am black, as if bereav’d of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree
And sitting down before the heat of day.
She took me on her lap and kissed me,
And pointing to the east began to say.

“Look on the rising sun! there God does live
And gives his light, and gives his heat away.
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noon day.

And we are put on earth a little space.
That we may learn to bear the beams of love,
And these black bodies and this sun-burnt face
Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

For when our souls have learn’d the heat to bear
The cloud will vanish we shall hear his voice.
Saying: come out from the grove my love & care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.

Thus did my mother say and kissed me.
And thus I say to little English boy.
When I from black and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy:

I’ll shade him from the heat till he can bear,
To lean in joy upon our fathers knee.
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him and he will then love me.
The Blossom

Merry Merry Sparrow
Under leaves so green
A happy Blossom
Sees you swift as arrow
Seek your cradle narrow
Near my Bosom

Pretty Pretty Robin
Under leaves so green,
A happy Blossom
Hears you sobbing sobbing
Pretty Pretty Robin
Near my Bosom
When my mother died I was very young,  
And my father sold me while yet my tongue,  
Could scarcely cry weep weep weep weep weep.  
So your chimneys I sweep & in soot I sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head  
That curl'd like a lamb's back, was shav'd, so I said.  
Hush Tom never mind it, for when your head's bare,  
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair.

And so he was quiet, & that very night,  
As Tom was a sleeping he had such a sight,  
That thousands of sweepers Dick, Joe Ned & Jack  
Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black

And by came an Angel who had a bright key,  
And he open'd the coffins & set them all free.  
Then down a green plain leaping laughing, they run  
And wash in a river and shine in the Sun.

Then naked & white, all their bags left behind,  
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind.  
And the Angel told Tom if he'd be a good boy,  
He'd have God for his father & never want joy.

And so Tom awoke and we rose in the dark  
And got with our bags & our brushes to work.  
Tho' the morning was cold, Tom was happy & warm,  
So if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.
The Little Boy Lost

Father, father, where are you going
O do not walk so fast.
Speak father, speak to your little boy
Or else I shall be lost,

The night was dark no father was there
The child was wet with dew.
The mire was deep, & the child did weep
And away the vapour flew.
The Little Boy Found

The little boy lost in the lonely fen,
Led by the wand’ring light,
Began to cry, but God ever nigh,
Appeard like his father in white.

He kissed the child & by the hand led
And to his mother brought,
Who in sorrow pale, thro’ the lonely dale
Her little boy weeping sought.
Laughing Song

When the green woods laugh, with the voice of joy
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by,
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it.

When the meadows laugh with lively green
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene,
When Mary and Susan and Emily,
With their sweet round mouths sing Ha Ha He.

When the painted birds laugh in the shade
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread
Come live & be merry and join with me,
To sing the sweet chorus of Ha, Ha, He.
A Cradle Song

Sweet dreams form a shade,
O’er my lovely infant’s head.
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams.
By happy silent moony beams.

Sweet sleep with soft down,
Weave thy brows an infant crown.
Sweet sleep Angel mild,
Hover o’er my happy child.

Sweet smiles in the night
Hover over my delight.
Sweet smiles Mothers smiles
All the livelong night beguiles.

Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,
Chase not slumber from thy eyes.
Sweet moans, sweeter smiles.
All the dovelike moans beguiles.

Sleep sleep happy child.
All creation slept and smil’d.
Sleep sleep, happy sleep.
While o’er thee thy mother weep

Sweet babe in thy face,
Holy image I can trace.
Sweet babe once like thee,
Thy maker lay and wept for me

Wept for me for thee for all.
When he was an infant small.
Thou his image ever see.
Heavenly face that smiles on thee.

Smiles on thee on me on all,
Who became an infant small,
Infant smiles are his own smiles.
Heaven & earth to peace beguiles.
The Divine Image

To Mercy Pity Peace and Love,
All pray in their distress:
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy Pity Peace and Love,
Is God our Father dear:
And Mercy Pity Peace and Love,
Is Man his child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart
Pity, a human face:
And Love, the human form divine,
And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine
Love Mercy Pity Peace.

And all must love the human form,
In heathen, turk or jew.
Where Mercy, Love, & Pity dwell
There God is dwelling too.
Holy Thursday

Twas on a Holy Thursday their innocent faces clean
The children walking two & two in red & blue & green
Grey headed beadles walkd before with wands as white as snow
Till into the high dome of Pauls they like Thames waters flow

O what a multitude they seemd these flowers of London town
Seated in companies they sit with radiance all their own
The hum of multitudes was there but multitudes of lambs
Thousands of little boys & girls raising their innocent hands

Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of song
Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven among
Beneath them sit the aged men wise guardians of the poor
Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door
Night

The sun descending in the west
The evening star does shine.
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine,
The moon like a flower,
In heavens high bower;
With silent delight,
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell green fields and happy groves,
Where flocks have took delight;
Where lambs have nibbled, silent moves
The feet of angels bright;
Unseen they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest,
Where birds are coverd warm;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm;
If they see any weeping,
That should have been sleeping
They pour sleep on their head
And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tygers howl for prey
They pitying stand and weep;
Seeking to drive their thirst away,
And keep them from the sheep.
But if they rush dreadful;
The angels most heedful,
Receive each mild spirit,
New worlds to inherit.

And there the lions ruddy eyes,
Shall flow with tears of gold:
And pitying the tender cries,
And walking round the fold:
Saying: wrath by his meekness
And by his health, sickness,
Is driven away,
From our immortal day.

And now beside thee bleating lamb,
I can lie down and sleep;
Or think on him who bore thy name,
Grase after thee and weep.
For wash’d in lifes river,
My bright mane for ever.
Shall shine like the gold.
As I guard o’er the fold.
Spring

Sound the Flute!
Now it’s mute.
Birds delight
Day and Night.
Nightingale
In the dale
Lark in Sky
Merrily
Merrily Merrily to welcome in the Year

Little Boy
Full of joy.
Little Girl
Sweet and small,
Cock does crow
So do you.
Merry voice
Infant noise
Merrily Merrily to welcome in the Year

Little Lamb
Here I am,
Come and lick
My white neck.
Let me pull
Your soft Wool.
Let me kiss
Your soft face.
Merrily Merrily we welcome in the Year
Nurse’s Song

When the voices of children are heard on the green
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast
And every thing else is still

Then come home my children, the sun is gone down
And the dews of night arise
Come come leave off play, and let us away
Till the morning appears in the skies

No no let us play, for it is yet day
And we cannot go to sleep
Besides in the sky, the little birds fly
And the hills are all cover’d with sheep

Well well go & play till the light fades away
And then go home to bed
The little ones leaped & shouted & laugh’d
And all the hills ecchoed
Infant Joy

I have no name
I am but two days old.—
What shall I call thee?
I happy am
Joy is my name,—
Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty joy!
Sweet joy but two days old.
Sweet joy I call thee:
Thou dost smile.
I sing the while
Sweet joy befall thee.
A Dream

Once a dream did weave a shade,
O’er my Angel-guarded bed,
That an Emmet lost its way
Where on grass methought I lay.

Troubled wilderd and forlorn
Dark benighted travel-worn,
Over many a tangled spray
All heart-broke I heard her say.

O my children! do they cry
Do they hear their father sigh.
Now they look abroad to see,
Now return and weep for me.

Pitying I drop’d a tear:
But I saw a glow-worm near:
Who replied. What wailing wight
Calls the watchman of the night.

I am set to light the ground,
While the beetle goes his round:
Follow now the beetles hum,
Little wanderer hie thee home.
On Anothers Sorrow

Can I see anothers woe,
And not be in sorrow too.
Can I see anothers grief,
And not seek for kind relief.

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrows share,
Can a father see his child,
Weep, nor be with sorrow fill’d.

Can a mother sit and hear,
An infant groan an infant fear—
No no never can it be.
Never never can it be.

And can he who smiles on all
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small birds grief & care
Hear the woes that infants bear—

And not sit beside the nest
Pouring pity in their breast,
And not sit the cradle near
Weeping tear on infants tear.

And not sit both night & day,
Wiping all our tears away.
O! no never can it be.
Never never can it be.

He doth give his joy to all.
He becomes an infant small.
He becomes a man of woe
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not, thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy maker is not by.
Think not, thou canst weep a tear,
And thy maker is not near.

O! he gives to us his joy,
That our grief he may destroy
Till our grief is fled & gone
He doth sit by us and moan
Hear the voice of the Bard!
Who Present, Past, & Future sees
Whose ears have heard,
The Holy Word,
That walk’d among the ancient trees.

Calling the lapsed Soul
And weeping in the evening dew:
That might controll,
The starry pole;
And fallen fallen light renew!

O Earth O Earth return!
Arise from out the dewy grass;
Night is worn,
And the morn
Rises from the slumberous mass.

Turn away no more:
Why wilt thou turn away
The starry floor
The watry shore
Is giv’n thee till the break of day.
Earth’s Answer

Earth rais’d up her head,
From the darkness dread & drear.
Her light fled:
Stony dread!
And her locks cover’d with grey despair.

Prison’d on watry shore
Starry Jealousy does keep my den
Cold and hoar
Weeping o’er
I hear the Father of the ancient men

Selfish father of men
Cruel jealous selfish fear
Can delight
Chain’d in night
The virgins of youth and morning bear.

Does spring hide its joy
When buds and blossoms grow?
Does the sower
Sow by night?
Or the plowman in darkness plow?

Break this heavy chain,
That does freeze my bones around
Selfish! vain,
Eternal bane!
That free Love with bondage bound.
The Clod & the Pebble

Love seeketh not Itself to please,
Nor for itself hath any care;
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a Heaven in Hells despair.

So sung a little Clod of Clay,
Trodden with the cattles feet:
But a Pebble of the brook,
Warbled out these metres meet.

Love seeketh only Self to please,
To bind another to its delight;
Joys in anothers loss of ease,
And builds a Hell in Heavens despite.
Holy Thursday

Is this a holy thing to see,
In a rich and fruitful land,
Babes reduced to misery,
Fed with cold and usurious hand?

Is that trembling cry a song?
Can it be a song of joy?
And so many children poor?
It is a land of poverty!

And their sun does never shine.
And their fields are bleak & bare.
And their ways are fill’d with thorns.
It is eternal winter there.

For where-e’er the sun does shine,
And where-e’er the rain does fall:
Babe can never hunger there,
Nor poverty the mind appall.
The Little Girl Lost

In futurity
I prophetic see,
That the earth from sleep,
(Grave the sentence deep)

Shall arise and seek
For her maker meek:
And the desart wild
Become a garden mild.

In the southern clime,
Where the summers prime,
Never fades away;
Lovely Lyca lay.

Seven summers old
Lovely Lyca told.
She had wanderd long,
Hearing wild birds song.

Sweet sleep, come to me
Underneath this tree;
Do father, mother weep.—
“Where can Lyca sleep”.

Lost in desart wild
Is your little child.
How can Lyca sleep,
If her mother weep?

If her heart does ake,
Then let Lyca wake;
If my mother sleep,
Lyca shall not weep.

Frowning frowning night,
O’er this desart bright,
Let thy moon arise,
While I close my eyes.

Sleeping Lyca lay;
While the beasts of prey,
Come from caverns deep,
View’d the maid asleep

The kingly lion stood
And the virgin view’d,
Then he gambold round
O’er the hallowd ground:

Leopards, tygers play,
Round her as she lay;
While the lion old,
Bow’d his mane of gold.

And her bosom lick,
And upon her neck,
From his eyes of flame,
Ruby tears there came;

While the lioness,
Loos’d her slender dress,
And naked they convey’d
To caves the sleeping maid.
The Little Girl Found

All the night in woe
Lyca’s parents go:
Over vallies deep,
While the desarts weep.

Tired and woe-begone,
Hoarse with making moan:
Arm in arm seven days,
They trac’d the desart ways.

Seven nights they sleep,
Among shadows deep:
And dream they see their child
Starv’d in desart wild.

Pale thro pathless ways
The fancied image strays,
Famish’d, weeping, weak
With hollow piteous shriek

Rising from unrest,
The trembling woman prest,
With feet of weary woe;
She could no further go.

In his arms he bore,
Her arm’d with sorrow sore;
Till before their way,
A couching lion lay.

Turning back was vain,
Soon his heavy mane,
Bore them to the ground;  
Then he stalk’d around,

Smelling to his prey.  
But their fears allay,  
When he licks their hands;  
And silent by them stands.

They look upon his eyes  
Fill’d with deep surprise:  
And wondering behold,  
A spirit arm’d in gold.

On his head a crown  
On his shoulders down,  
Flow’d his golden hair.  
Gone was all their care.

Follow me he said,  
Weep not for the maid;  
In my palace deep,  
Lyca lies asleep.

Then they followed,  
Where the vision led:  
And saw their sleeping child,  
Among tygers wild.

To this day they dwell  
In a lonely dell  
Nor fear the wolvish howl,  
Nor the lions growl.
The Chimney-Sweeper

A little black thing among the snow:  
Crying weep, weep. in notes of woe!  
Where are thy father & mother? say? 
They are both gone up to the church to pray.

Because I was happy upon the heath. 
And smil’d among the winters snow:  
They clothed me in the clothes of death.  
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

And because I am happy. & dance & sing.  
They think they have done me no injury: 
And are gone to praise God & his Priest & King 
Who make up a heaven of our misery.
Nurses Song

When the voices of children are heard on the green
And whisperings are in the dale:
The days of my youth rise fresh in my mind,
My face turns green and pale.

Then come home my children, the sun is gone down,
And the dews of night arise
Your spring & your day are wasted in play
And your winter and night in disguise.
The Sick Rose

O Rose thou art sick.
The invisible worm,
That flies in the night
In the howling storm:

Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy:
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.
The Fly

Little Fly
Thy summers play,
My thoughtless hand
Has brush’d away.

Am not I
A fly like thee?
Or art not thou
A man like me?

For I dance,
And drink & sing:
Till some blind hand
Shall brush my wing.

If thought is life
And strength & breath;
And the want
Of thought is death;

Then am I
A happy fly,
If I live,
Or if I die.
The Angel

I Dreamt a Dream! what can it mean?
And that I was a maiden Queen:
Guarded by an Angel mild;
Witless woe was ne’er beguil’d!

And I wept both night and day
And he wip’d my tears away
And I wept both day and night
And hid from him my hearts delight

So he took his wings and fled:
Then the morn blush’d rosy red:
I dried my tears & armd my fears,
With ten thousand shields and spears.

Soon my Angel came again:
I was arm’d, he came in vain:
For the time of youth was fled
And grey hairs were on my head.
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?
My Pretty Rose Tree

A flower was offered to me;
Such a flower as May never bore.
But I said I’ve a Pretty Rose-tree.
And I passed the sweet flower o’er.

Then I went to my Pretty Rose-tree;
To tend her by day and by night.
But my Rose turned away with jealousy:
And her thorns were my only delight.
Ah! Sun-Flower

Ah Sun-flower! weary of time.
Who countest the steps of the Sun:
Seeking after that sweet golden clime
Where the travellers journey is done.

Where the Youth pined away with desire,
And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow:
Arise from their graves and aspire,
Where my Sun-flower wishes to go.
The Lily

The modest Rose puts forth a thorn:
The humble Sheep, a threatening horn:
While the Lily white shall in Love delight,
Nor a thorn nor a threat stain her beauty bright
The Garden of Love

I went to the Garden of Love.
And saw what I never had seen:
A Chapel was built in the midst,
Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of this Chapel were shut,
And Thou shalt not. writ over the door;
So I turn’d to the Garden of Love,
That so many sweet flowers bore.

And I saw it was filled with graves,
And tomb-stones where flowers should be:
And Priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,
And binding with briars, my joys & desires.
Dear Mother, dear Mother, the Church is cold.
But the Ale-house is healthy & pleasant & warm;
Besides I can tell where I am use’d well,
Such usage in heaven will never do well.

But if at the Church they would give us some Ale.
And a pleasant fire, our souls to regale;
We’d sing and we’d pray, all the live-long day;
Nor ever once wish from the Church to stray,

Then the Parson might preach & drink & sing.
And we’d be as happy as birds in the spring:
And modest dame Lurch, who is always at Church,
Wou’ld not have bandy children nor fasting nor birch.

And God like a father rejoicing to see,
His children as pleasant and happy as he:
Would have no more quarrel with the Devil or the Barrel
But kiss him & give him both drink and apparel.
London

I wander thro’ each charter’d street,
Near where the charter’d Thames does flow.
And 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-forg’d manacles I hear

How the Chimney-sweepers cry
Every blackning church appalls;
And the hapless Soldiers sigh,
Runs in blood down Palace walls

But most thro’ midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlots curse
Blasts the new-born Infants tear
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse
Pity would be no more,
If we did not make somebody Poor:
And Mercy no more could be,
If all were as happy as we;

And mutual fear brings peace;
Till the selfish loves increase.
Then Cruelty knits a snare,
And spreads his baits with care.

He sits down with holy fears,
And waters the ground with tears:
Then Humility takes its root
Underneath his foot.

Soon spreads the dismal shade
Of Mystery over his head;
And the Caterpillar and Fly,
Feed on the Mystery.

And it bears the fruit of Deceit,
Ruddy and sweet to eat;
And the Raven his nest has made
In its thickest shade.

The Gods of the earth and sea,
Sought thro’ Nature to find this Tree
But their search was all in vain:
There grows one in the Human Brain
Infant Sorrow

My mother groand! my father wept.
Into the dangerous world I leapt:
Helpless, naked, piping loud;
Like a fiend hid in a cloud.

Struggling in my fathers hands:
Striving against my swaddling bands:
Bound and weary I thought best
To sulk upon my mothers breast.
A Poison Tree

I was angry with my friend:
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe:
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I watered it in fears.
Night & morning with my tears:
And I sunned it with smiles.
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night.
Till it bore an apple bright.
And my foe beheld it shine.
And he knew that it was mine.

And into my garden stole.
When the night had veild the pole:
In the morning glad I see;
My foe outstretchd beneath the tree.
A Little Boy Lost

Nought loves another as itself
Nor venerates another so.
Nor is it possible to Thought
A greater than itself to know:

And Father, how can I love you,
Or any of my brothers more?
I love you like the little bird
That picks up crumbs around the door.

The Priest sat by and heard the child.
In trembling zeal he seiz’d his hair:
He led him by his little coat:
And all admir’d the Priestly care.

And standing on the altar high,
Lo what a fiend is here! said he:
One who sets reason up for judge
Of our most holy Mystery.

The weeping child could not be heard.
The weeping parents wept in vain:
They strip’d him to his little shirt.
And bound him in an iron chain.

And burn’d him in a holy place,
Where many had been burn’d before:
The weeping parents wept in vain.
Are such things done on Albions shore.
A Little Girl Lost

Children of the future Age,
Reading this indignant page:
Know that in a former time,
Love! sweet Love! was thought a crime.

In the Age of Gold,
Free from winters cold:
Youth and maiden bright,
To the holy light,
Naked in the sunny beams delight.

Once a youthful pair,
Fill’d with softest care:
Met in garden bright
Where the holy light,
Had just remov’d the curtains of the night.

There in rising day,
On the grass they play:
Parents were afar:
Strangers came not near:
And the maiden soon forgot her fear.

Tired with kisses sweet
They agree to meet,
When the silent sleep
Waves o’er heavens deep;
And the weary tired wanderers weep.

To her father white
Came the maiden bright:
But his loving look.
Like the holy book,
All her tender limbs with terror shook.

Ona! pale and weak!
To thy father speak:
O the trembling fear!
O the dismal care!
That shakes the blossoms of my hoary hair
To Tirzah

Whate’er is Born of Mortal Birth,
Must be consumed with the Earth
To rise from Generation free;
Then what have I to do with thee?

The Sexes sprung from Shame & Pride,
Blow’d in the morn: in evening died
But Mercy changd Death into Sleep;
The Sexes rose to work & weep.

Thou Mother of my Mortal part
With cruelty didst mould my Heart,
And with false self-deceiving tears,
Didst bind my Nostrils Eyes & Ears.

Didst close my Tongue in senseless clay
And me to Mortal Life betray:
The Death of Jesus set me free,
Then what have I to do with thee?
The Schoolboy

I love to rise in a summer morn,
When the birds sing on every tree;
The distant huntsman winds his horn,
And the sky-lark sings with me.
O! what sweet company.

But to go to school in a summer morn
O! it drives all joy away;
Under a cruel eye outworn,
The little ones spend the day,
In sighing and dismay.

Ah! then at times I drooping sit,
And spend many an anxious hour.
Nor in my book can I take delight,
Nor sit in learnings bower,
Worn thro’ with the dreary shower

How can the bird that is born for joy,
Sit in a cage and sing.
How can a child when fears annoy,
But droop his tender wing,
And forget his youthful spring.

O! father & mother, if buds are nip’d
And blossoms blown away,
And if the tender plants are strip’d
Of their joy in the springing day,
By sorrow and cares dismay,

How shall the summer arise in joy
Or the summer fruits appear
Or how shall we gather what griefs destroy
Or bless the mellowing year,
When the blasts of winter appear.
Youth of delight come hither:
And see the opening morn,
Image of truth new born
Doubt is fled & clouds of reason
Dark disputes & artful teazing.
Folly is an endless maze,
Tangled roots perplex her ways,
How many have fallen there!
They stumble all night over bones of the dead;
And feel they know not what but care;
And wish to lead others when they should be led.
A Divine Image: An Additional Poem, Etched about 1794

Cruelty has a human heart,
And Jealousy a human face;
Terror the human form divine,
And Secrecy the human dress.

The human dress is forgèd iron,
The human form a fiery forge,
The human face a furnace seal’d,
The human heart its hungry gorge.
POEMS FROM "THE ROSSETTI MANUSCRIPT"

Sometimes Called “The Manuscript Book”

(circa 1793–1811)
"Never seek to tell thy love...

Never seek to tell thy love
Love that never told can be
For the gentle wind does move
Silently invisibly

I told my love I told my love
I told her all my heart
Trembling cold in ghastly fears
Ah she doth depart

Soon as she was gone from me
A traveller came by
Silently invisibly
He took her with a sigh

Alternate Version

I told my love I told my love
I told her all my heart
Trembling cold in ghastly fears
Ah she doth depart

Soon as she was gone from me
A traveller came by
Silently invisibly
O was no deny

(c. 1789-93)
"I laid me down upon a bank..."

I laid me down upon a bank
Where love lay sleeping
I heard among the rushes dank
Weeping Weeping

Then I went to the heath & the wild
To the thistles & thorns of the waste
And they told me how they were beguild
Driven out & compeld to be chaste

(c. 1789-93)
"I saw a Chapel all of gold..."

I saw a chapel all of gold
That none did dare to enter in
And many weeping stood without
Weeping mourning worshipping

I saw a serpent rise between
The white pillars of the door
And he forcd & forcd & forcd
Down the golden hinges tore

And along the pavement sweet
Set with pearls & rubies bright
All his shining length he drew
Till upon the altar white

Vomiting his poison out
On the bread & on the wine
So I turned into a sty
And laid me down among the swine

(c. 1789-93)
"I asked a thief to steal me a peach..."

I asked a thief to steal me a peach
He turned up his eyes
I askd a lithe lady to lie her down
Holy & meek she cries

As soon as I went
An Angel came
He winkd at the thief
And smild at the dame

And without one word said
Had a peach from the tree
And still as a maid
Enjoyd the lady

(c. 1789-93)
"I heard an Angel singing..."

I heard an Angel singing
When the day was springing
Mercy Pity Peace
Is the worlds release

Thus he sung all day
Over the new mown hay
Till the sun went down
And haycocks looked brown

I heard a Devil curse
Over the heath & the furze
Mercy could be no more
If there was nobody poor

And pity no more could be
If all were as happy as we
At his curse the sun went down
And the heavens gave a frown

And Miseries increase
Is Mercy Pity Peace

*Alternate Additional Penultimate Stanza*

Down pourd the heavy rain
Over the new reapd grain
And Mercy & Pity & Peace descended
The Farmers were ruind & harvest was ended
(c. 1789-93)
A Cradle Song

Sleep sleep beauty bright
Dreaming oer the joys of night
Sleep sleep in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit & weep

Sweet Babe in thy face
Soft desires I can trace
Secret joys & secret smiles
Little pretty infant wiles

As thy softest limbs I feel
Smiles as of the morning steal
Oer thy cheek & oer thy breast
Where thy little heart does rest

O the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep
When thy little heart does wake
Then the dreadful lightnings break

From thy cheek & from thy eye
Oer the youthful harvests nigh
Infant wiles & infant smiles
Heaven & Earth of peace beguiles

(c. 1789-93)
I feard the fury of my wind
Would blight all blossoms fair & true
And my sun it shind & shind
And my wind it never blew

But a blossom fair or true
Was not found on any tree
For all blossoms grew & grew
Fruitless false tho fair to see

(c. 1789-93)
"Why should I care for the men of thames..."

Why should I care for the men of thames
Or the cheating waves of charterd streams
Or shrink at the little blasts of fear
That the hireling blows into my ear

Tho born on the cheating banks of Thames
Tho his waters bathed my infant limbs
The Ohio shall wash his stains from me
I was born a slave but I go to be free

(c. 1789-93)
Infant Sorrow

My mother groand my father wept
Into the dangerous world I leapt
Helpless naked piping loud
Like a fiend hid in a cloud

Struggling in my fathers hands
Striving against my swaddling bands
Bound & weary I thought best
To sulk upon my mothers breast

When I saw that rage was vain
And to sulk would nothing gain
Turning many a trick and wile
I began to soothe & smile

And I soothe day after day
Till upon the ground I stray
And I smile night after night
Seeking only for delight

And I saw before me shine
Clusters of the wandring vine
And many a lovely flower and tree
Stretchd their blossoms out to me

My father then with holy look
In his hands a holy book
Pronounced curses on my head
And bound me in a mirtle shade

So I smote them & their gore
Staind the roots my mirtle bore
But the time of youth is fled
And grey hairs are on my head

(c. 1789-93)
"Silent Silent Night"

Silent Silent Night
Quench the holy light
Of thy torches bright

For possessd of Day
Thousand spirits stray
That sweet joys betray

Why should joys be sweet
Used with deceit
Nor with sorrows meet

But an honest joy
Does itself destroy
For a harlot coy

(c. 1789-93)
"Thou hast a lap full of seed..."

Thou hast a lap full of seed
And this is a fine country
Why dost thou not cast thy seed
And live in it merrily

Shall I cast it on the sand
And turn it into fruitful land
For on no other ground
Can I sow my seed
Without tearing up
Some stinking weed

(c. 1789-93)
In a Mirtle Shade

Why should I be bound to thee
O my lovely mirtle tree
Love free love cannot be bound
To any tree that grows on ground

O how sick & weary I
Underneath my mirtle lie
Like to dung upon the ground
Underneath my mirtle bound

Oft my mirtle sighd in vain
To behold my heavy chain
Oft my father saw us sigh
And laughd at our simplicity

So I smote him & his gore
Staind the roots my mirtle bore
But the time of youth is fled
And grey hairs are on my head

(c. 1789-93)
To Nobodaddy

Why art thou silent & invisible
Father of Jealousy
Why dost thou hide thyself in clouds
From every searching Eye

Why darkness & obscurity
In all thy words & laws
That none dare eat the fruit but from
The wily serpents jaws
Or is it because secrecy gains females loud applause

(c. 1789-93)
"Are not the joys of morning sweeter..."

Are not the joys of morning sweeter
Than the joys of night
And are the vigorous joys of youth
Ashamed of the light

Let age & sickness silent rob
The vineyards in the night
But those who burn with vigorous youth
Pluck fruits before the light

(c. 1789-93)
The Wild Flowers Song

As I wanderd the forest
The green leaves among
I heard a wild flower
Singing a song

I slept in the Earth
In the silent night
I murmurd my fears
And I felt delight

In the morning I went
As rosy as morn
To seek for new Joy
But I met with scorn

(c. 1789-93)
To My Mirtle

To a lovely mirtle bound
Blossoms showring all around
O how sick & weary I
Underneat my mirtle lie

Why should I be bound to thee
O my lovely mirtle tree

(c. 1789-93)
Day

The Sun arises in the East
Clothed in robes of blood & gold
Swords & spears & wrath increast
All around his bosom rold
Crownd with warlike fires & raging desires

(c. 1789-93)
The Fairy

Come hither my sparrows
My little arrows
If a tear or a smile
Will a man beguile
If an amorous delay
Clouds a sunshiny day
If the step of a foot
Smites the heart to its root
Tis the marriage ring
Makes each fairy a king

So a fairy sung
From the leaves I sprung
He leapd from the spray
To flee away
But in my hat caught
He soon shall be taught
Let him laugh let him cry
Hes my butterfly
For I’ve pulld out the Sting
Of the marriage ring

(c. 1789-93)
The Good are attracted by Mens perceptions
   And Think not for themselves
   Till Experience teaches them to catch
And to cage the Fairies & Elves

And then the Knave begins to snarl
And the Hypocrite to howl
And all his good Friends shew their private ends
And the Eagle is known from the Owl

(c. 1789-93)
"Let the Brothels of Paris be opened..."

Let the Brothels of Paris be opened
With many an alluring dance
To awake the Physicians thro the city
Said the beautiful Queen of France

The King awoke on his couch of gold
As soon as he heard these tidings told
"Arise & come both fife and drum
And the Famine shall eat both crust & crumb"

Then old Nobodaddy aloft
Farted & belch’d & cough’d
And said I love hanging & drawing & quartering
Every bit as well as war & slaughtering.

(Damn praying & singing
Unless they will bring in
The blood of ten thousand by fighting or swinging)

Then he swore a great & solemn Oath
To kill the people I am loth
But If they rebel they must go to hell
They shall have a Priest & a passing bell

The Queen of France just touch’d this Globe
And the pestilence darted from her robe
But our good Queen quite grows to the ground
And a great many suckers grow all around

Fayette beside King Lewis stood
He saw him sign his hand
And soon he saw the famine rage
About the fruitful land

Fayette beheld the Queen to smile
And wink her lovely eye
And soon he saw the pestilence
From street to street to fly

Fayette beheld the King & Queen
In tears & iron bound
But mute Fayette wept tear for tear
And guarded them around

Fayette Fayette thourt bought & sold
And sold is thy happy morrow
Thou gavest the tears of Pity away
In exchange for the tears of sorrow

Who will exchange his own fire side
For the stone of anothers door
Who will exchange his wheaten loaf
For the links of a dungeon floor

O who would smile on the wintry seas
And pity the stormy roar
Or who will exchange his new born child
For the dog at the wintry door

(c. 1789-93)
"A fairy skipd upon my knee..."

A fairy skipd upon my knee
Singing & dancing merrily
I said Thou thing of patches rings
Pins Necklaces & such like things
Disgracer of the Female Form
Thou paltry gilded poisonous worm
Weeping he fell upon my thigh
And thus in tears did soft reply
Knowest thou not O Fairies Lord
How much by us Contemnd Abhorrd
Whatever hides the Female form
That cannot bear the Mental storm
Therefore in Pity still we give
Our lives to make the Female live
And what would turn into disease
We turn to what will joy & please

(c. 1789-93)
To Mrs Ann Flaxman

A little Flower grew in a lonely Vale
Its form was lovely but its colours, pale
One standing in the Porches of the Sun
When his Meridian Glories were begun
Leapd from the steps of fire & on the grass

Alighted where his little flower was
With hands divine he movd the gentle Sod
And took the Flower up in its native Clod
Then planting it upon a Mountains brow
‘Tis your own fault if you dont flourish now

(c. 1800)
"My Spectre around me night & day..."

My Spectre around me night & day
Like a Wild beast guards my way
My Emanation far within
Weeps incessantly for my Sin

A Fathomless & boundless deep
There we wander there we weep
On the hungry craving wind
My Spectre follows thee behind

He scents thy footsteps in the snow
Wheresoever thou dost go
Thro the wintry hail & rain.
When wilt thou return again

Dost thou not in Pride & Scorn
Fill with tempests all my morn
And with jealousies & fears
Fill my pleasant nights with tears

Seven of my sweet loves thy knife
Has bereaved of their life
Their marble tombs I built with tears
And with cold & shuddering fears

Seven more loves weep night & day
Round the tombs where my loves lay
And seven more loves attend each night
Around my couch with torches bright

And seven more Loves in my bed
Crown with wine my mournful head
Pitying & forgiving all
Thy transgressions great & small

When wilt thou return & view
My loves & them to life renew
When wilt thou return & live
When wilt thou pity as I forgive

Oer my Sins Thou sit & moan
Hast thou no sins of thy own
Oer my Sins thou sit & weep
And lull thy own Sins fast asleep

What transgressions I commit
Are for thy Transgressions fit
They thy Harlots thou their Slave
And my Bed becomes their Grave

Never Never I return
Still for Victory I burn
Living thee alone Ill have
And when dead Ill be thy Grave

Thro the Heaven & Earth & Hell
Thou shalt never never quell
I will fly & thou pursue
Night & Morn the flight renew

Poor pale pitiable form
That I follow in a Storm
Iron tears & groans of lead
Bind around my akeing head

Till I turn from Female Love
And root up the Infernal Grove
I shall never worthy be
To Step into Eternity
And to end thy cruel mocks
Annihilate thee on the rocks
And another form create
To be subservient to my Fate

Let us agree to give up Love
And root up the infernal grove
Then shall we return & see
The worlds of happy Eternity

And throughout all Eternity
I forgive you you forgive me
As our Dear Redeemer said
This the Wine & this the Bread

(c. 1800–1810)
"Beneath the white thorn lovely May..."

Beneath the white thorn lovely May
Three Virgins at the Break of day
Whither Young Man whither away
Alas for wo alas for wo alas for wo
They cry & tears for ever flow
The one was clothd in flames of fire
The other clothd in Iron wire
The other clothd in tears & sighs
Dazzling bright before my Eyes
They bore a Net of Golden twine
To hang upon the branches fine
Pitying I wept to see the woe
That Love & Beauty undergo
To be consumd in burning fires
And in ungratified desires
Wings they had that soft inclose
Round their body when they chose
They would let them down at will
Or make translucent
And in tears clothd night & day
Melted all my soul away
When they saw my tears a smile
That did heaven itself beguile
Bore the Golden net aloft
As by downy pinions soft
Oer the morning of my day
Underneath the net I stray
Now intreating flaming fire
Now intreating iron wire
Now intreating tears & sighs
O when will the Morning rise
(c. 1800–1810)
When Klopstock England defied
Uprose terrible Blake in his pride
For old Nobodaddy aloft
Farted & Belchd & coughd
Then swore a great oath that made heaven quake
And calld aloud to English Blake
Blake was giving his body ease
At Lambeth beneath the poplar trees
From his seat then started he
And turnd himself round three times three
The Moon at that sight blushd scarlet red
The stars threw down their cups & fled
And all the devils that were in hell
Answered with a ninefold yell
Klopstock felt the intripled turn
And all his bowels began to churn
And his bowels turned round three times three
And lockd in his soul with a ninefold key
That from his body it neer could be parted
Till to the last trumpet it was farted
Then again old Nobodaddy swore
He neer had seen such a thing before
Since Noah was shut in the ark
Since Eve first chose her hell fire spark
Since twas the fashion to go naked
Since the old anything was created
And so feeling he begd him to turn again
And ease poor Klopstocks nine fold pain
From pity then he redend round
And the Spell removed unwound
If Blake could do this when he rose up from shite
What might he not do if he sat down to write
(c. 1800–1810)
"Mock on Mock on Voltaire Rousseau..."

Mock on Mock on Voltaire Rousseau
Mock on Mock on tis all in vain
You throw the sand against the wind
And the wind blows it back again

And every sand becomes a Gem
Reflected in the beams divine
Blown back they blind the mocking Eye
But still in Israels paths they shine

The Atoms of Democritus
And Newtons Particles of light
Are sands upon the Red sea shore
Where Israels tents do shine so bright

(c. 1800–1810)
"I saw a Monk of Charlemaine...

I saw a Monk of Charlemaine
Arise before my sight
I talkd to the Grey Monk where he stood
In beams of infernal light

Gibbon arose with a lash of steel
And Voltaire with a wracking wheel
The Schools in Clouds of Learning rolld
Arose with War in iron and gold

Thou lazy Monk they sound afar
In vain condemning Glorious War
And in thy Cell thou shall ever dwell
Rise War & bind him in his Cell

The blood red ran from the Grey monks side
His hands & feet were wounded wide
His body bent his arms & knees
Like to the roots of ancient trees

I die I die the Mother said
My Children will die for lack of bread
What more has the merciless tyrant said
The Monk sat down on her stony bed

His Eye was dry no tear could flow
A hollow groan first spoke his woe
He trembled & shudderd upon the bed
At length with a feeble cry he said

When God commanded this hand to write
In the studious hours of deep midnight
He told me that All I wrote should prove
The bane of all that on Earth I love

My brother starvd between two walls
His childrens cry my soul appalls
I mockd at the wrack & griding chain
My bent body mocks at their torturing pain

Thy father drew his sword in the north
With his thousands strong he is marched forth
Thy brother has armd himself in steel
To revenge the wrongs thy Children feel

But vain the sword & vain the bow
They never can work wars overthrow
The Hermits prayer & the widows tear
Alone can free the world from fear

The hand of vengeance sought the bed
To which the purple tyrant fled
The iron hand crushd the tyrants head
And became a tyrant in his stead

Until the Tyrant himself relent
The Tyrant who first the black bow bent
Slaughter shall heap the bloody plain
Resistance & war is the Tyrants gain

But the Tear of love & forgiveness sweet
And submission to death beneath his feet
The Tear shall melt the sword of steel
And every wound it has made shall heal

For the tear is an intellectual thing
And a sigh is the Sword of an Angel King
And the bitter groan of the Martyrs woe
Is an arrow from the Almighties bow.
Alternate Additional Stanza

When Satan first the black bow bent
And the Moral Law from the Gospel rent
He forg’d the Law into a Sword
And spill’d the blood of Mercys Lord

(c. 1800–1810)
Morning

To find the Western path
Right thro the Gates of Wrath
I urge my way
Sweet Mercy leads me on
With soft repentant moan
I see the break of day

The war of swords & spears
Melted by dewy tears
Exhales on high
The Sun is freed from fears
And with soft grateful tears
Ascends the sky

(c. 1800–1810)
The Birds

*He.* Where thou dwellest in what Grove
Tell me Fair one tell me love
Where thou thy charming Nest dost build
O thou pride of every field

*She.* Yonder stands a lonely tree
There I live & mourn for thee
Morning drinks my silent tear
And evening winds my sorrows bear

*He.* O thou Summers harmony
I have livd & mournd for thee
Each day I mourn along the wood
And night hath heard my sorrows loud

*She.* Dost thou truly long for me
And am I thus sweet to thee
Sorrow now is at an End
O my Lover & my Friend

*He.* Come on wings of joy we’ll fly
To where my Bower hangs on high
Come & make thy calm retreat
Among green leaves & blossoms sweet

(c. 1800–1810)
"You dont believe—I wont attempt to make ye..."

You dont believe I wont attempt to make ye
You are asleep I won’t attempt to wake ye
Sleep on Sleep on while in your pleasant dreams
Of Reason you may drink of Lifes clear streams
Reason and Newton they are quite two things
For so the Swallow & the Sparrow sings
Reason says Miracle. Newton says Doubt
Aye thats the way to make all Nature out
Doubt Doubt & dont believe without experiment
That is the very thing that Jesus meant
When he said Only Believe Believe & try
Try Try & never mind the Reason why

(c. 1800–1810)
"If it is true what the Prophets write..."

If it is True What the Prophets write
That the heathen Gods are all stocks & stones
Shall we for the sake of being Polite
Feed them with the juice of our marrow bones

And if Bezaleel & Aholiab drew
What the Finger of God pointed to their View
Shall we suffer the Roman & Grecian Rods
To compell us to worship them as Gods

They stole them from the Temple of the Lord
And Worshippd them that they might make Inspired Art Abhorrd

The Wood & Stone were calld The Holy Things
And their Sublime Intent given to their Kings
All the Atonements of Jehovah spurnd
And Criminals to Sacrifices Turnd

(c. 1800–1810)
"I will tell you what Joseph of Arimathea...

I will tell you what Joseph of Arimathea
Said to my Fairy was not it very queer
Pliny & Trajan what are You here
Come listen to Joseph of Arimathea
Listen patient & when Joseph has done
Twill make a fool laugh & a Fairy Fun

(c. 1800–1810)
"Why was Cupid a Boy..."

Why was Cupid a Boy
And why a boy was he
He should have been a Girl
For ought that I can see

For he shoots with his bow
And the Girl shoots with her Eye
And they both are merry & glad
And laugh when we do cry

And to make Cupid a Boy
Was the Cupid Girls mocking plan
For a boy cant interpret the thing
Till he is become a man

And then hes so piercd with care
And wounded with arrowy smarts
That the whole business of his life
Is to pick out the heads of the darts

Twas the Greeks love of war
Turnd Love into a Boy
And Woman into a Statue of Stone
And away fled every Joy

(c. 1800–1810)
"Now Art has lost its mental Charms..."

Now Art has lost its mental Charms
France shall subdue the World in Arms
So spoke an Angel at my birth
Then said Descend thou upon Earth
Renew the Arts on Britains Shore
And France shall fall down & adore
With works of Art their Armies meet
And War shall sink beneath thy feet
But if thy Nation Arts refuse
And if they scorn the immortal Muse
France shall the arts of Peace restore
And save thee from the Ungrateful shore

Spirit who lovst Brittannias Isle
Round which the Fiends of Commerce smile

_Cetera desunt_

(c. 1800–1810)
"I rose up at the dawn of day..."

I rose up at the dawn of day
Get thee away get thee away
Prayst thou for Riches away away
This is the Throne of Mammon grey

Said I this sure is very odd
I took it to be the Throne of God
For every Thing besides I have
It is only for Riches that I can crave

I have Mental Joy & Mental Health
And Mental Friends & Mental wealth
Ive a Wife I love & that loves me
Ive all But Riches Bodily

I am in Gods presence night & day
And he never turns his face away
The accuser of sins by my side does stand
And he holds my money bag in his hand

For my worldly things God makes him pay
And hed pay for more if to him I would pray
And so you may do the worst you can do
Be assured Mr Devil I wont pray to you

Then If for Riches I must not Pray
God knows I little of Prayers need say
So as a Church is known by its Steeple
If I pray it must be for other People

He says if I do not worship him for a God
I shall eat coarser food & go worse shod
So as I dont value such things as these
You must do Mr Devil just as God please

(c. 1800–1810)
"The Caverns of the Grave Ive seen..."

The Caverns of the Grave Ive seen
And these I shewd to Englands Queen
But now the Caves of Hell I view
Who shall I dare to show them to
What mighty Soul in Beautys form
Shall dauntless View the Infernal Storm
Egremonts Countess can controll
The flames of Hell that round me roll
If she refuse I still go on
Till the Heavens & Earth are gone
Still admird by Noble minds
Followd by Envy on the winds
Reengravd Time after Time
Ever in their youthful prime
My Designs unchangd remain
Time may rage but rage in vain
For above Times troubled Fountains
On the Great Atlantic Mountains
In my Golden House on high
There they Shine Eternally

(c. 1800–1810)
The Door of Death is made of Gold,  
That Mortal Eyes cannot behold;  
But, when the Mortal Eyes are clos’d,  
And cold and pale the Limbs repos’d,  
The Soul awakes; and, wond’ring, sees  
In her mild Hand the golden Key  
The Grave is Heaven’s golden Gate,  
And rich and poor around it wait;  
O Shepherdess of England’s Fold,  
Behold this Gate of Pearl and Gold!

To dedicate to England’s Queen  
The Visions that my Soul has seen,  
And, by Her kind permission, bring  
What I have borne on solemn Wing  
From the vast regions of the Grave,  
Before Her Throne my Wings I wave;  
Bowing before my Sov’reign’s Feet,  
“The Grave produc’d these Blossoms sweet  
In mild repose from Earthly strife;  
The Blossoms of Eternal Life!”  

(Printed 1808)
The Everlasting Gospel: Alpha

α

The Vision of Christ that thou dost see
Is my Visions Greatest Enemy
Thine has a great hook nose like thine
Mine has a snub nose like to mine
Thine is the Friend of All Mankind
Mine speaks in parables to the Blind
Thine loves the same world that mine hates
Thy Heaven doors are my Hell Gates
Socrates taught what Melitus
Loathd as a Nations bitterest Curse
And Caiphas was in his own Mind
A benefactor to Mankind
Both read the Bible day & night
But thou readst black where I read white

(c. 1810)
Was Jesus gentle or did he
Give any marks of Gentility
When twelve years old he ran away
And left his Parents in dismay
When after three days sorrow found
Loud as Sinai’s trumpet sound
No Earthly Parents I confess
My Heavenly Fathers business
Ye understand not what I say
And angry force me to obey
Obedience is a duty then
And favour gains with God & Men
John from the Wilderness loud cried
Satan gloried in his Pride
Come said Satan come away
Ill soon see if youll obey
John for disobedience bled
But you can turn the stones to bread
Gods high king & Gods high Priest
Shall Plant their Glories in your breast
If Caiaphas you will obey
If Herod you with bloody Prey
Feed with the Sacrifice & be
Obedient fall down worship me
Thunders & lightnings broke around
And Jesus voice in thunders sound
Thus I seize the Spiritual Prey
Ye smiters with disease make way
I come Your King & God to seize
Is God a Smiter with disease
The God of this World raged in vain
He bound Old Satan in His Chain
And bursting forth his furious ire
Became a Chariot of fire
Throughout the land he took His course
And traced diseases to their source
He cursed the Scribe & Pharisee
Trampling down Hypocrisy
Where ever his Chariot took its way
There Gates of Death let in the day
Broke down from every Chain & Bar
And Satan in his Spiritual War
Dragd at His Chariot wheels loud howld
The God of this World louder rolld
The Chariot Wheels & louder still
His voice was heard from Zions hill
And in his hand the Scourge shone bright
He scourged the Merchant Canaanite
From out the Temple of his Mind
And in his Body tight does bind
Satan & all his Hellish Crew
And thus with wrath he did subdue
The Serpent Bulk of Natures dross
Till He had naild it to the Cross
He took on Sin in the Virgins Womb
And put it off on the Cross & Tomb
To be Worshipd by the Church of Rome

(c. 1810)
The Everlasting Gospel: Gamma

Was Jesus Humble or did he
Give any Proofs of Humility
Boast of high Things with Humble tone
And give with Charity a Stone
When but a Child he ran away
And left his Parents in dismay
When they had wanderd three days long
These were the words upon his tongue
No Earthly Parents I confess
I am doing my Fathers business
When the rich learned Pharisee
Came to consult him secretly
Upon his heart with Iron pen
He wrote Ye must be born again
He was too proud to take a bribe
He spoke with authority not like a Scribe
He says with most consummate Art
Follow me I am meek & lowly of heart
As that is the only way to escape
The Misers net & the Gluttons trap
What can be done with such desperate Fools
Who follow after the Heathen Schools
I was standing by when Jesus died
What I calld Humility they calld Pride
He who loves his Enemies betrays his Friends
This surely is not what Jesus intends
But the sneaking Pride of Heroic Schools
And the Scribes & Pharisees Virtuous Rules
For he acts with honest triumphant Pride
And this is the cause that Jesus died
He did not die with Christian Ease
Asking pardon of his Enemies
If he had Caiphas would forgive
Sneaking submission can always live
He had only to say that God was the devil
And the devil was God like a Christian Civil
Mild Christian regrets to the devil confess
For affronting him thrice in the Wilderness
He had soon been bloody Caesars Elf
And at last he would have been Caesar himself
Like dr Priestly & Bacon & Newton
Poor Spiritual Knowledge is not worth a button
For thus the Gospel Sr Isaac confutes
God can only be known by his Attributes
And as for the Indwelling of the Holy Ghost
Or of Christ & his Father its all a boast
And Pride & Vanity of the imagination
That disdains to follow this Worlds Fashion
To teach doubt & Experiment
Certainly was not what Christ meant
What was he doing all that time
From twelve years old to manly prime
Was he then Idle or the Less
About his Fathers business
Or was his wisdom held in scorn
Before his wrath began to burn
In Miracles throughout the Land
That quite unnervd Caiaphas hand
If he had been Antichrist Creeping Jesus
Hed have done any thing to please us
Gone sneaking into Synagogues
And not usd the Elders & Priests like dogs
But Humble as a Lamb or Ass
Obeyd himself to Caiaphas
God wants not Man to Humble himself
This is the trick of the ancient Elf
This is the Race that Jesus ran
Humble to God Haughty to Man
Cursing the Rulers before the People
Even to the temples highest Steeple
And when he Humbled himself to God
Then descended the Cruel Rod
If thou humblest thyself thou humblest me
Thou also dwellst in Eternity
Thou art a Man God is no more
Thy own humanity learn to adore
For that is my Spirit of Life
Awake arise to Spiritual Strife
And thy Revenge abroad display
In terrors at the Last Judgment day
Gods Mercy & Long Suffering
Is but the Sinner to Judgment to bring
Thou on the Cross for them shalt pray
And take Revenge at the Last Day
Jesus replied & thunders hurld
I never will Pray for the World
Once I did so when I prayd in the Garden
I wishd to take with me a Bodily Pardon
Can that which was of woman born
In the absence of the Morn
When the Soul fell into Sleep
And Archangels round it weep
Shooting out against the Light
Fibres of a deadly night
Reasoning upon its own dark Fiction
In doubt which is Self Contradiction
Humility is only doubt
And does the Sun & Moon blot out
Rooting over with thorns & stems
The buried Soul & all its Gems.
This Lifes dim Windows of the Soul
Distorts the Heavens from Pole to Pole
And leads you to Believe a Lie
When you see with not thro the Eye
That was born in a night to perish in a night
When the Soul slept in the beams of Light.

(c. 1810)
The Everlasting Gospel: Delta

This was Spoke by My Spectre to Voltaire Bacon &c

Did Jesus teach Doubt or did he
Give any lessons of Philosophy
Charge Visionaries with Deceiving
Or call Men wise for not Believing

(c. 1810)
The Everlasting Gospel: Epsilon

Was Jesus Born of a Virgin Pure
With narrow Soul & looks demure
If he intended to take on Sin
The Mother should an Harlot been
Just such a one as Magdelen
With seven devils in her Pen
Or were Jew Virgins still more Curst
And more sucking devils nurst
Or what was it which he took on
That he might bring Salvation
A Body subject to be Tempted
From neither pain not grief Exempted
Or such a body as might not feel
The passions that with Sinners deal
Yes but they say he never fell
Ask Caiaphas for he can tell
He mockd the Sabbath & he mockd
The Sabbaths God & he unlocked
The Evil spirits from their Shrines
And turnd Fisherman to Divines
Oeturnd the Tent of Secret Sins
& its Golden cords & Pins
Tis the Bloody Shrine of War
Pinnd around from Star to Star
Halls of Justice hating Vice Where the Devil Combs his Lice
He turnd the devils into Swine
That he might tempt the Jews to Dine
Since which a Pig has got a look
That for a Jew may be mistook
Obey your Parents what says he
Woman what have I to do with thee
No Earthly Parents I confess
I am doing my Fathers Business
He scornd Earths Parents scornd Earths God
And mockd the one & the others Rod
His Seventy Disciples sent
Against Religion & Government
They by the Sword of Justice fell
And him thier Cruel Murderer tell
He left his Fathers trade to roam
A wandring Vagrant without Home
And thus he others labour stole
That he might live above Controll
The Publicans & Harlots he
Selected for his Company
And from the Adulteress turnd away
Gods righteous Law that lost its Prey

(c. 1810)
The Everlasting Gospel: Zeta

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Was Jesus Chaste or did he
Give any Lessons of Chastity
The morning blushd fiery red
Mary was found in Adulterous bed
Earth groand beneath & Heaven above
Trembled at discovery of Love
Jesus was sitting in Moses Chair
They brought the trembling Woman There
Moses commands she be stoned to Death
What was the sound of Jesus breath
He laid his hand on Moses Law
The Ancient Heavens in Silent Awe
Writ with Curses from Pole to Pole
All away began to roll
The Earth trembling & Naked lay
In secret bed of Mortal Clay
On Sinai felt the hand Divine
Putting back the bloody shrine
And she heard the breath of God
As she heard by Edens flood
Good & Evil are no more
Sinais trumpets cease to roar
Cease finger of God to Write
The Heavens are not clean in thy Sight
Thou art Good & thou Alone
Nor may the sinner cast one stone
To be Good only is to be
A Devil or else a Pharisee
Thou Angel of the Presence Divine
That didst create this Body of Mine
Wherefore hast thou writ these Laws
And Created Hells dark jaws
My Presence I will take from thee
A Cold Leper thou shalt be
Tho thou wast so pure & bright
That Heaven was Impure in thy Sight
Tho thy Oath turnd Heaven Pale
Tho thy Covenant built Hells Jail
Tho thou didst all to Chaos roll
With the Serpent for its soul
Still the breath Divine does move
And the breath Divine is Love
Mary Fear Not Let me see
The Seven Devils that torment thee
Hide not from my Sight thy Sin
That forgiveness thou maist win
Has no Man Condemned thee
No Man Lord! then what is he
Who shall Accuse thee. Come Ye forth
Fallen Fiends of Heavnly birth
That have forgot your Ancient love
And driven away my trembling Dove
You shall bow before her feet
You shall lick the dust for Meat
And tho you cannot Love but Hate
Shall be beggars at Loves Gate
What was thy love Let me see it
Was it love or Dark Deceit
Love too long from Me has fled.
Twas dark deceit to Earn my bread
Twas Covet or twas Custom or
Some trifle not worth caring for
That they may call a shame & Sin
Loves Temple that God dwelleth in
And hide in secret hidden Shrine
The Naked Human form divine
And render that a Lawless thing
On which the Soul Expands its wing
But this O Lord this was my Sin
When first I let these Devils in
In dark pretence to Chastity
Blaspheming Love blaspheming thee
Thence Rose Secret Adulteries
And thence did Covet also rise
My Sin thou hast forgiven me
Canst thou forgive my Blasphemy
Canst thou return to this dark Hell
And in my burning bosom dwell
And canst thou Die that I may live
And canst thou Pity & forgive
Then Rolld the shadowy Man away
From the Limbs of Jesus to make them his prey
An Ever devouring appetite
Glittering with festering Venoms bright
Crying Crucify this cause of distress
Who dont keep the secrets of Holiness
All Mental Powers by Diseases we bind
But he heals the Deaf & the Dumb & the Blind
Whom God has afflicted for Secret Ends
He comforts & Heals & calls them Friends
But when Jesus was Crucified
Then was perfected his glittering pride
In three Nights he devourd his prey
And still he devours the Body of Clay
For dust & Clay is the Serpents meat
Which never was made for Man to Eat

(c. 1810)
The Everlasting Gospel: Eta

Seeing this False Christ In fury & Passion
I made my Voice heard all over the Nation
What are those &c

(c. 1810)
The Everlasting Gospel: Theta

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I am sure This Jesus will not do
Either for Englishman or Jew

(c. 1810)
THE PICKERING MANUSCRIPT

(c. 1801-04)
The Smile

There is a Smile of Love
And there is a Smile of Deceit
And there is a Smile of Smiles
In which these two Smiles meet

And there is a Frown of Hate
And there is a Frown of disdain
And there is a Frown of Frowns
Which you strive to forget in vain

For it sticks in the Hearts deep Core
And it sticks in the deep Back bone
And no Smile that ever was smild
But only one Smile alone

That betwixt the Cradle & Grave
It only once Smild can be
But when it once is Smild
Theres an end to all Misery
The Golden Net

Three Virgins at the break of day
Whither young Man whither away
Alas for woe! alas for woe!
They cry & tears for ever flow
The one was Clothd in flames of fire
The other Clothd in iron wire
The other Clothd in tears & sighs
Dazzling bright before my Eyes
They bore a Net of Golden twine
To hang upon the Branches fine
Pitying I wept to see the woe
That Love & Beauty undergo
To be consumd in burning Fires
And in ungratified desires
And in tears clothd Night & day
Melted all my Soul away
When they saw my Tears a Smile
That did Heaven itself beguile
Bore the Golden Net aloft
As on downy Pinions soft
Over the Morning of my day
Underneath the Net I stray
Now intreating Burning Fire
Now intreating Iron Wire
Now intreating Tears & Sighs
O when will the morning rise
The Mental Traveller

I traveld thro’ a Land of Men
A Land of Men & Women too
And heard & saw such dreadful things
As cold Earth wanderers never knew

For there the Babe is born in joy
That was begotten in dire woe
Just as we Reap in joy the fruit
Which we in bitter tears did sow

And if the Babe is born a Boy
He’s given to a Woman Old
Who nails him down upon a rock
Catches his Shrieks in Cups of gold

She binds iron thorns around his head
She pierces both his hands & feet
She cuts his heart out at his side
To make it feel both cold & heat

Her fingers number every Nerve
Just as a Miser counts his gold
She lives upon his shrieks & cries
And She grows young as he grows old

Till he becomes a bleeding youth
And she becomes a Virgin bright
Then he rends up his Manacles
And binds her down for his delight

He plants himself in all her Nerves
Just as a Husbandman his mould
And She becomes his dwelling place
And Garden fruitful Seventy fold

An aged Shadow soon he fades
Wandering round an Earthly Cot
Full filled all with gems & gold
Which he by industry had got

And these are the gems of the Human Soul
The rubies & pearls of a lovesick eye
The countless gold of the akeing heart
The martyrs groan & the lovers sigh

They are his meat they are his drink
He feeds the Beggar & the Poor
And the way faring Traveller
For ever open is his door

His grief is their eternal joy
They make the roofs & walls to ring
Till from the fire on the hearth
A little Female Babe does spring

And she is all of solid fire
And gems & gold that none his hand
Dares stretch to touch her Baby form
Or wrap her in his swaddling-band

But She comes to the Man she loves
If young or old or rich or poor
They soon drive out the aged Host
A Beggar at another's door

He wanders weeping far away
Untill some other take him in
Oft blind & age-bent sore distrest
Untill he can a Maiden win
And to allay his freezing Age
The Poor Man takes her in his arms
The Cottage fades before his Sight
The Garden & its lovely Charms

The Guests are scatterd thro’ the land
For the Eye altering alters all
The Senses roll themselves in fear
And the flat Earth becomes a Ball

The Stars Sun Moon all shrink away
A desart vast without a bound
And nothing left to eat or drink
And a dark desart all around

The honey of her Infant lips
The bread & wine of her sweet smile
The wild game of her roving Eye
Does him to Infancy beguile

For as he eats & drinks he grows
Younger & younger every day
And on the desart wild they both
Wander in terror & dismay

Like the wild Stag she flees away
Her fear plants many a thicket wild
While he pursues her night & day
By various arts of Love beguild

By various arts of Love & Hate
Till the wide desart planted oer
With Labyrinths of wayward Love
Where roams the Lion Wolf & Boar

Till he becomes a wayward Babe
And she a weeping Woman Old
Then many a Lover wanders here
The Sun & Stars are nearer rolld
The trees bring forth sweet Extacy
To all who in the desart roam
Till many a City there is Built
And many a pleasant Shepherds home
But when they find the frowning Babe
Terror strikes thro the region wide
They cry the Babe the Babe is Born
And flee away on Every side
For who dare touch the frowning form
His arm is witherd to its root
Lions Boars Wolves all howling flee
And every Tree does shed its fruit
And none can touch that frowning form
Except it be a Woman Old
She nails him down upon the Rock
And all is done as I have told
The Land of Dreams

Awake awake my little Boy
Thou wast thy Mothers only joy
Why dost thou weep in thy gentle sleep
Awake thy Father does thee keep

O what Land is the Land of Dreams
What are its Mountains & what are its Streams
O Father I saw my Mother there
Among the Lilies by waters fair

Among the Lambs clothed in white
She walkd with her Thomas in sweet delight
I wept for joy like a dove I mourn
O when shall I again return

Dear Child I also by pleasant Streams
Have wanderd all Night in the Land of Dreams
But tho calm & warm the waters wide
I could not get to the other side

Father O Father what do we here
In this Land of unbelief & fear
The Land of Dreams is better far
Above the light of the Morning Star
Mary

Sweet Mary the first time she ever was there
Came into the Ball room among the Fair
The young Men & Maidens around her throng
And these are the words upon every tongue

An Angel is here from the heavenly Climes
Or again does return the Golden times
Her eyes outshine every brilliant ray
She opens her lips tis the Month of May

Mary moves in soft beauty & conscious delight
To augment with sweet smiles all the joys of the Night
Nor once blushes to own to the rest of the Fair
That sweet Love & Beauty are worthy our care

In the Morning the Villagers rose with delight
And repeated with pleasure the joys of the night
And Mary arose among Friends to be free
But no Friend from henceforward thou Mary shalt see

Some said she was proud some call’d her a whore
And some when she passed by shut to the door
A damp cold came oer her her blushes all fled
Her lillies & roses are blighted & shed

O why was I born with a different Face
Why was I not born like this Envious Race
Why did Heaven adorn me with bountiful hand
And then set me down in an envious Land

To be weak as a Lamb & smooth as a Dove
And not to raise Envy is call’d Christian Love
But if you raise Envy your Merits to blame
For planting such spite in the weak & the tame

I will humble my Beauty I will not dress fine
I will keep from the Ball & my Eyes shall not shine
And if any Girls Lover forsakes her for me
I’ll refuse him my hand & from Envy be free

She went out in Morning attird plain & neat
Proud Marys gone Mad said the Child in the Street
She went out in Morning in plain neat attire
And came home in Evening bespatterd with mire

She trembled & wept sitting on the Bed side
She forgot it was Night & she trembled & cried
She forgot it was Night she forgot it was Morn
Her soft Memory imprinted with Faces of Scorn

With Faces of Scorn & with Eyes of disdain
Like foul Fiends inhabiting Marys mild Brain
She remembers no Face like the Human Divine
All Faces have Envy sweet Mary but thine

And thine is a Face of sweet Love in Despair
And thine is a Face of mild sorrow & care
And thine is a Face of wild terror & fear
That shall never be quiet till laid on its bier
The Crystal Cabinet

The Maiden caught me in the Wild
Where I was dancing merrily
She put me into her Cabinet
And Lockd me up with a golden Key

This Cabinet is formd of Gold
And Pearl & Crystal shining bright
And within it opens into a World
And a little lovely Moony Night

Another England there I saw
Another London with its Tower
Another Thames & other Hills
And another pleasant Surrey Bower

Another Maiden like herself
Translucent lovely shining clear
Threefold each in the other closd
O what a pleasant trembling fear

O what a smile a threefold Smile
Filld me that like a flame I burnd
I bent to Kiss the lovely Maid
And found a Threefold Kiss returnd

I strove to sieze the inmost Form
With ardor fierce & hands of flame
But burst the Crystal Cabinet
And like a Weeping Babe became

A weeping Babe upon the wild
And Weeping Woman pale reclind
And in the outward air again
I fill'd with woes the passing Wind
The Grey Monk

I die I die the Mother said
My Children die for lack of Bread
What more has the merciless Tyrant said
The Monk sat down on the Stony Bed

The blood red ran from the Grey Monks side
His hands & feet were wounded wide
His Body bent his arms & knees
Like to the roots of ancient trees

His eye was dry no tear could flow
A hollow groan first spoke his woe
He trembled & shudderd upon the Bed
At length with a feeble cry he said

When God commanded this hand to write
In the studious hours of deep midnight
He told me the writing I wrote should prove
The Bane of all that on Earth I lovd

My Brother starvd between two Walls
His Childrens Cry my Soul appalls
I mockd at the wrack & griding chain
My bent body mocks their torturing pain

Thy Father drew his sword in the North
With his thousands strong he marched forth
Thy Brother has armd himself in Steel
To avenge the wrongs thy Children feel

But vain the Sword & vain the Bow
They never can work Wars overthrow
The Hermits Prayer & the Widows tear
Alone can free the World from fear

For a Tear is an Intellectual Thing
And a Sigh is the Sword of an Angel King
And the bitter groan of the Martyrs woe
Is an Arrow from the Almighty's Bow

The hand of Vengeance found the Bed
To which the Purple Tyrant fled
The iron hand crush'd the Tyrant's head
And became a Tyrant in his stead
Auguries of Innocence

To see a World in a Grain of Sand
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
And Eternity in an hour
A Robin Red breast in a Cage
Puts all Heaven in a Rage
A dove house filld with doves & Pigeons
Shudders Hell thro all its regions
A dog starvd at his Masters Gate
Predicts the ruin of the State
A Horse misusd upon the Road
Calls to Heaven for Human blood
Each outcry of the hunted Hare
A fibre from the Brain does tear
A Skylark wounded in the wing
A Cherubim does cease to sing
The Game Cock clipd & armd for fight
Does the Rising Sun affright
Every Wolfs & Lions howl
Raises from Hell a Human Soul
The wild deer, wandring here & there
Keeps the Human Soul from Care
The Lamb misusd breeds Public Strife
And yet forgives the Butchers knife
The Bat that flits at close of Eve
Has left the Brain that won’t Believe
The Owl that calls upon the Night
Speaks the Unbelievers fright
He who shall hurt the little Wren
Shall never be belovd by Men
He who the Ox to wrath has movd
Shall never be by Woman lovd
The wanton Boy that kills the Fly
Shall feel the Spiders enmity
He who torments the Chafers Sprite
Weaves a Bower in endless Night
The Catterpiller on the Leaf
Repeats to thee thy Mothers grief
Kill not the Moth nor Butterfly
For the Last Judgment draweth nigh
He who shall train the Horse to War
Shall never pass the Polar Bar
The Beggars Dog & Widows Cat
Feed them & thou wilt grow fat
The Gnat that sings his Summers Song
Poison gets from Slanders tongue
The poison of the Snake & Newt
Is the sweat of Envys Foot
The poison of the Honey Bee
Is the Artists Jealousy
The Princes Robes & Beggars Rags
Are Toadstools on the Misers Bags
A Truth thats told with bad intent
Beats all the Lies you can invent
It is right it should be so
Man was made for Joy & Woe
And when this we rightly know
Thro the World we safely go
Joy & Woe are woven fine
A Clothing for the soul divine
Under every grief & pine
Runs a joy with silken twine
The Babe is more than swaddling Bands
Throughout all these Human Lands
Tools were made & Born were hands
Every Farmer Understands
Every Tear from Every Eye
Becomes a Babe in Eternity
This is caught by Females bright
And return'd to its own delight
The Bleat the Bark Bellow & Roar
Are Waves that Beat on Heavens Shore
The Babe that weeps the Rod beneath
Writes Revenge in realms of Death
The Beggars Rags fluttering in Air
Does to Rags the Heavens tear
The Soldier armd with Sword & Gun
Palsied strikes the Summers Sun
The poor Mans Farthing is worth more
Than all the Gold on Africs Shore
One Mite wrung from the Labrers hands
Shall buy & sell the Misers Lands
Or if protected from on high
Does that whole Nation sell & buy
He who mocks the Infants Faith
Shall be mock'd in Age & Death
He who shall teach the Child to Doubt
The rotting Grave shall neer get out
He who respects the Infants faith
Triumphs over Hell & Death
The Childs Toys & the Old Mans Reasons
Are the Fruits of the Two seasons
The Questioner who sits so sly
Shall never know how to Reply
He who replies to words of Doubt
Doth put the Light of Knowledge out
The Strongest Poison ever known
Came from Caesars Laurel Crown
Nought can Deform the Human Race
Like to the Armours iron brace
When Gold & Gems adorn the Plow
To peaceful Arts shall Envy Bow
A Riddle or the Crickets Cry
Is to Doubt a fit Reply
The Emmets Inch & Eagles Mile
Make Lame Philosophy to smile
He who Doubts from what he sees
Will neer Believe do what you Please
If the Sun & Moon should Doubt
Theyd immediately Go out
To be in a Passion you Good may Do
But no Good if a Passion is in you
The Whore & Gambler by the State
Licencd build that Nations Fate
The Harlots cry from Street to Street
Shall weave Old Englands winding Sheet
The Winners Shout the Losers Curse
Dance before dead Englands Hearse
Every Night & every Morn
Some to Misery are Born
Every Morn and every Night
Some are Born to sweet delight
Some are Born to sweet delight
Some are Born to Endless Night
We are led to Believe a Lie
When we see not Thro the Eye
Which was Born in a Night to perish in a Night
When the Soul Slept in Beams of Light
God Appears & God is Light
To those poor Souls who dwell in Night
But does a Human Form Display
To those who Dwell in Realms of day
Long John Brown & Little Mary Bell

Little Mary Bell had a Fairy in a Nut
Long John Brown had the Devil in his Gut
Long John Brown lovd Little Mary Bell
And the Fairy drew the Devil into the Nut-shell

Her Fairy skipd out & her Fairy skipd in
He laughd at the Devil saying Love is a Sin
The devil he raged & the Devil he was wroth
And the devil enterd into the Young Mans broth

He was soon in the Gut of the loving Young Swain
For John eat & drank to drive away Loves pain
But all he could do he grew thinner & thinner
Tho he eat & drank as much as ten Men for his dinner

Some said he had a Wolf in his stomach day & night
Some said he had the Devil & they guessd right
The fairy skipd about in his glory Joy & Pride
And he laughd at the Devil till poor John Brown died

Then the Fairy skipd out of the old Nut shell
And woe & alack for Pretty Mary Bell
For the Devil crept in when The Fairy skipd out
And there goes Miss Bell with her fusty old Nut
William Bond

I wonder whether the Girls are mad
And I wonder whether they mean to kill
And I wonder if William Bond will die
For assuredly he is very ill

He went to Church in a May morning
Attended by Fairies one two & three
But the Angels Of Providence drove them away
And he returnd home in Misery

He went not out to the Field nor Fold
He went not out to the Village nor Town
But he came home in a black black cloud
And took to his Bed & there lay down

And an Angel of Providence at his Feet
And an Angel of Providence at his Head
And in the midst a Black Black Cloud
And in the midst the Sick Man on his Bed

And on his Right hand was Mary Green
And on his Left hand was his Sister Jane
And their tears fell thro the black black Cloud
To drive away the sick mans pain

O William if thou dost another Love
Dost another Love better than poor Mary
Go & take that other to be thy Wife
And Mary Green shall her Servant be

Yes Mary I do another Love
Another I Love far better than thee
And Another I will have for my Wife
Then what have I to do with thee

For thou art Melancholy Pale
And on thy Head is the cold Moons shine
But she is ruddy & bright as day
And the sun beams dazzle from her eyne

Mary trembled & Mary chilld
And Mary fell down on the right hand floor
That William Bond & his Sister Jane
Scarce could recover Mary more

When Mary woke & found her Laid
On the Right hand of her William dear
On the Right hand of his loved Bed
And saw her William Bond so near

The Fairies that fled from William Bond
Danced around her Shining Head
They danced over the Pillow white
And the Angels of Providence left the Bed

I thought Love livd in the hot sun Shine
But O he lives in the Moony light
I thought to find Love in the heat of day
But sweet Love is the Comforter of Night

Seek Love in the Pity of others Woe
In the gentle relief of anothers care
In the darkness of night & the winters snow
In the naked & outcast Seek Love there
To John Flaxman, 12 September 1800

To My Dearest Friend, John Flaxman, these lines:

I Bless thee, O Father of Heaven & Earth, that ever I saw Flaxman’s face. Angels stand round my Spirit in Heaven, the blessed of Heaven are my friends upon Earth.

When Flaxman was taken to Italy, Fuseli was given to me for a season, And now Flaxman hath given me Hayley his friend to be mine, such my lot upon Earth.

Now my lot in the Heavens is this, Milton lov’d me in childhood & shew’d me his face. Ezra came with Isaiah the Prophet, but Shakespeare in riper years gave me his hand; Paracelsus & Behmen appear’d to me, terrors appear’d in the Heavens above And in Hell beneath, & a mighty & awful change threatened the Earth.

The American War began. All its dark horrors passed before my face Across the Atlantic to France. Then the French Revolution commenc’d in thick clouds, And my Angels have told me that seeing such visions I could not subsist on the Earth, But by my conjunction with Flaxman, who knows to forgive Nervous Fear.
To Mrs Flaxman, 14 September 1800

To my dear Friend, Mrs Anna Flaxman
Hercules Buildings Lambeth, 14 Sept 1800

This Song to the flower of Flaxmans joy
To the blossom of hope for a sweet decoy
Do all that you can or all that you may
To entice him to Felpham & far away

Away to Sweet Felpham for Heaven is there
The Ladder of Angels descends thro the air
On the Turret its spiral does softly descend
Thro’ the village then winds at My Cot it does end

You stand in the village & look up to heaven
The precious stones glitter on flights seventy seven
And My brother is there & My Friend & Thine
Descend & Ascend with the Bread & the Wine

The Bread of sweet Thought & the Wine of Delight
Feed the Village of Felpham by day & by night
And at his own door the blessd Hermit does stand
Dispensing Unceasing to all the wide Land
To Thomas Butts, 2 October 1800

To my Friend Butts I write
My first Vision of Light
On the yellow sands sitting
The Sun was Emitting
His Glorious beams
From Heavens high Streams
Over Sea over Land
My Eyes did Expand
Into regions of air
Away from all Care
Into regions of fire
Remote from Desire
The Light of the Morning
Heavens Mountains adorning
In particles bright
The jewels of Light
Distinct shone & clear—
Amazd & in fear
I each particle gazed
Astonishd Amazed
For each was a Man
Human formd. Swift I ran
For they beckond to me
Remote by the Sea
Saying. Each grain of Sand
Every Stone on the Land
Each rock & each hill
Each fountain & rill
Each herb & each tree
Mountain hill Earth & Sea
Cloud Meteor & Star
Are Men Seen Afar
I stood in the Streams
Of Heavens bright beams
And Saw Felpham sweet
Beneath my bright feet
In soft Female charms
And in her fair arms
My Shadow I knew
And my wifes shadow too
And My Sister & Friend.
We like Infants descend
In our Shadows on Earth
Like a weak mortal birth
My Eyes more & more
Like a Sea without shore
Continue Expanding
The Heavens commanding
Till the jewels of Light
Heavenly Men beaming bright
Appeard as One Man
Who Complacent began
My limbs to infold
In his beams of bright gold
Like dross purgd away
All my mire & my clay
Soft consumd in delight
In his bosom sun bright
I remaind. Soft he smild
And I heard his voice Mild
Saying This is My Fold
O thou Ram hornd with gold
Who awakest from sleep
On the sides of the Deep
On the Mountains around
The roarings resound
Of the lion & wolf
The loud sea & deep gulf
These are guards of My Fold
O thou Ram hornd with gold
And the voice faded mild
I remaind as a Child
All I ever had known
Before me bright Shone
I saw you & your wife
By the fountains of Life
Such the Vision to me
 Appeard on the Sea
To Mrs Butts

Wife of the Friend of those I most revere.
Receive this tribute from a Harp sincere
Go on in Virtuous Seed sowing on Mold
Of Human Vegetation & Behold
Your Harvest Springing to Eternal life
Parent of Youthful Minds & happy Wife
To Thomas Butts, 22 November 1802

With happiness stretch'd across the hills
In a cloud that dewy sweetness distills
With a blue sky spread over with wings
And a mild sun that mounts & sings
With trees & fields full of Fairy elves
And little devils who fight for themselves
Remembrance the Verses that Hayley sung
When my heart knock'd against the root of my tongue
With Angels planted in Hawthorn bowers
And God himself in the passing hours
With Silver Angels across my way
And Golden Demons that none can stay
With my Father hovering upon the wind
And my Brother Robert just behind
And my Brother John the evil one
In a black cloud making his mone
Tho dead they appear upon my path
Notwithstanding my terrible wrath
They beg they intreat they drop their tears
Fil'd full of hopes fil'd full of fears
With a thousand Angels upon the Wind
Pouring disconsolate from behind
To drive them off & before my way
A frowning Thistle implores my stay
What to others a trifle appears
Fills me full of smiles or tears
For double the vision my Eyes do see
And a double vision is always with me
With my inward Eye 'tis an old Man grey
With my outward a Thistle across my way
"If thou goest back the thistle said
Thou art to endless woe betray'd"
For here does Theotormon lower
And here is Enitharmons bower
And Los the terrible thus hath sworn
Because thou backward dost return
Poverty Envy old age & fear
Shall bring thy Wife upon a bier
And Butts shall give what Fuseli gave
A dark black Rock & a gloomy Cave.”

I struck the Thistle with my foot
And broke him up from his delving root
“Must the duties of life each other cross
Must every joy be dung & dross
Must my dear Butts feel cold neglect
Because I give Hayley his due respect
Must Flaxman look upon me as wild
And all my friends be with doubts beguild
Must my Wife live in my Sisters bane
Or my sister survive on my Loves pain
The curses of Los the terrible shade
And his dismal terrors make me afraid”

So I spoke & struck in my wrath
The old man weltering upon my path
Then Los appeard in all his power
In the Sun he appeard descending before
My face in fierce flames in my double sight
Twas outward a Sun: inward Los in his might

“My hands are labourd day & night
And Ease comes never in my sight
My Wife has no indulgence given
Except what comes to her from heaven
We eat little we drink less
This Earth breeds not our happiness
Another Sun feeds our lifes streams
We are not warmed with thy beams
Thou measurest not the Time to me
Nor yet the Space that I do see
My Mind is not with thy light arrayd
Thy terrors shall not make me afraid"

When I had my Defiance given
The Sun stood trembling in heaven
The Moon that glowd remote below
Became leprous & white as snow
And every Soul of men on the Earth
Felt affliction & sorrow & sickness & dearth
Los flam'd in my path & the Sun was hot
With the bows of my Mind & the Arrows of Thought
My bowstring fierce with Ardour breathes
My arrows glow in their golden sheaves
My brothers & father march before
The heavens drop with human gore

Now I a fourfold vision see
And a fourfold vision is given to me
Tis fourfold in my supreme delight
And three fold in soft Beulah's night
And twofold Always. May God us keep
From Single vision & Newton's sleep
To Thomas Butts, 16 August 1803

O why was I born with a different face
Why was I not born like the rest of my race
When I look each one starts! when I speak I offend
Then I’m silent & passive & lose every Friend

Then my verse I dishonour. My pictures despise
My person degrade & my temper chastise
And the pen is my terror. the pencil my shame
All my Talents I bury, and dead is my Fame

I am either too low or too highly prizd
When Elate I am Envy’d, When Meek I’m despis’d
Great things are done when Men & Mountains meet
This is not done by Jostling in the Street

To God
If you have formd a Circle to go into
Go into it yourself & see how you would do

They said this mystery never shall cease
The priest promotes war & the soldier peace

An Answer to the Parson
Why of the sheep do you not learn peace
Because I dont want you to shear my fleece

Come hither my boy tell me what thou seest there
A fool tangled in a religious snare
Nail his neck to the Cross nail it with a nail
Nail his neck to the Cross ye all have power over his tail

Love to faults is always blind
Always is to joy inclind
Lawless wingd & unconfind
And breaks all chains from every mind

Deceit to secrecy confind
Lawful cautious & refund
To every thing but interest blind
And forges fetters for the mind

There souls of men are bought & sold
And milk fed infancy for gold
And youth to slaughter houses led
And beauty for a bit of bread

Soft Snow
I walked abroad on a snowy day
I askd the soft snow with me to play
She playd & she melted in all her prime
And the winter calld it a dreadful crime

Abstinence sows sand all over
The ruddy limbs & flaming hair
But Desire Gratified
Plants fruits of life & beauty there

In a wife would I desire
What in whores is always found
The lineaments of Gratified desire

---

Merlin’s Prophecy

The harvest shall flourish in wintry weather
When two virginities meet together

The King & the Priest must be tied in a tether
Before two virgins can meet together

---

The Kid

Thou little Kid didst play
&c

---

If you trap the moment before its ripe
The tears of repentance youll certainly wipe
But if once you let the ripe moment go
You can never wipe off the tears of woe

---

An old maid early eer I knew
Ought but the love that on me grew
And now Im coverd oer and oer
And wish that I had been a Whore

O I cannot cannot find
The undaunted courage of a Virgin Mind
For Early I in love was crost
Before my flower of love was lost

The sword sung on the barren heath
The sickle in the fruitful field
The sword he sung a song of death
But could not make the sickle yield

O lapwing thou fliest around the heath
Nor seest the net that is spread beneath
Why dost thou not fly among the corn fields
They cannot spread nets where a harvest yields

Terror in the house does roar
But Pity stands before the door

Several Questions Answered
He who binds to himself a joy
Doth the winged life destroy
But he who kisses the joy as it flies
Lives in Eternity's sun rise

The look of love alarms
Because tis filld with fire
But the look of soft deceit
Shall Win the lovers hire

Soft deceit & Idleness,
These are Beautys sweetest dress

What is it men in women do require
The lineaments of Gratified Desire
What is it women do in men require
The lineaments of Gratified Desire

An Ancient Proverb

Remove away that blackning church
Remove away that marriage hearse
Remove away that—of blood
Youll quite remove the ancient curse

If I eer Grow to Mans Estate
O Give to me a Womans fate
May I govern all both great & small
Have the last word & take the wall

Since all the Riches of this World
May be gifts from the Devil & Earthly Kings
I should suspect that I worshipd the Devil
If I thankd my God for Worldly things

Riches

The countless gold of a merry heart
The rubies & pearls of a loving eye
The indolent never can bring to the mart
Nor the secret hoard up in his treasury
The Angel that presided oer my birth
Said Little creature formd of Joy & Mirth
Go love without the help of any King on Earth

Grown old in Love from Seven till Seven times Seven
I oft have wishd for Hell for Ease from Heaven

A Woman Scaly & a Man all Hairy
Is such a Match as he who dares
Will find the Womans Scales scrape off the Mans hairs

Do what you will this Lifes a Fiction,
And is made up of Contradiction

---

Advice of the Popes Who Succeeded the Age of Raphael
Degrade first the Arts if you’d Mankind degrade,
Hire Idiots to Paint with cold light & hot shade:
Give high Price for the worst, leave the best in disgrace,
And with Labours of Ignorance fill every place.

---

On the Great Encouragement Given by English Nobility & Gentry to
Correggio Rubens Reynolds Gainsborough Catalani Du Crow & Dilbury
Doodle

As the Ignorant Savage will sell his own Wife
For a Sword or a Cutlass a dagger or Knife
So the Taught Savage Englishman spends his whole Fortune
On a smear or a squall to destroy Picture or Tune
And I call upon Colonel Wardle
To give these Rascals a dose of Cawdle

I asked my dear friend Orator Prig
What's the first part of oratory he said a great wig
And what is the second then dancing a jig
And bowing profoundly he said a great wig
And what is the third then he snored like a pig
And puffing his cheeks out replied a great wig
So if a great painter with questions you push
What's the first part of painting he'll say a paint-brush
And what is the second with most modest blush
Hell smile like a cherub and say a paint-brush
And what is the third he'll bow like a rush
With a leer in his eye he'll reply a paint-brush
Perhaps this is all a painter can want
But look yonder that house is the house of Rembrandt

O dear Mother outline of knowledge most sage,
What's the First Part of painting she said: Patronage
And what is the second to Please and Engage
She frowned like a Fury & said Patronage
And what is the Third she put off Old Age
And smild like a Syren & said Patronage

When Nations grow Old. The Arts grow Cold
And Commerce settles on every Tree
And the Poor & the Old can live upon Gold
For all are Born Poor. Aged Sixty three
These are the Idiots chiepest arts
To blend & not define the Parts
The Swallow sings in Courts of Kings
That Fools have their high finishings
And this the Princes golden rule
The Laborious stumble of a Fool
To make out the parts is the wise mans aim
But to lose them the Fool makes his foolish Game

The Cripple every step Drudges & labours
And says come learn to walk of me Good Neighbours
Sir Joshua in astonishment cries out
See what Great Labour Pain him & Modest Doubt
Newton & Bacon cry being badly Nursted.
He is all Experiments from last to first
He walks & stumbles as if he crept
And how high labourd is every step

You say their Pictures well Painted be
And yet they are Blockheads you all agree
Thank God I never was sent to school
To be Flogd into following the Style of a Fool

The Errors of a Wise Man make your Rule
Rather than the Perfections of a Fool

When you look at a picture you always can see
If a Man of Sense has Painted he
Then never flinch but keep up a Jaw
About freedom & Jenny suck awa’

---

**The Washer Womans Song**

I washd them out & washd them in
And they told me it was a great Sin

---

**English Encouragement of Art Cromeks Opinions Put Into Rhyme**

*First reading*

If you mean to Please Every body you will
Set to work both Ignorance & skill
For a great Madjority are Ignorant
And skill to them looks raving & rant
Like putting oil & water into a lamp
Twill make a great splutter with smoke & damp
For there is no use as it seems to me
Of lighting a Lamp when you dont wish to see

*Final reading*

If you mean to Please Every body you will
Menny wouver both Bunglishness & skill
For a great Conquest are Bunglery
And Jenous looks to ham like mad Rantery
Like displaying oil & water into a lamp
Twill hold forth a huge splutter with smoke & damp
For its all sheer loss as it seems to me
Of displaying up a light when we want not to see

And when it smells of the Lamp we can
Say all was owing to the Skilful Man
For the smell of water is but small
So een let Ignorance do it all
When I see a Rubens Rembrandt Correggio
I think of the Crippled Harry & Slobbering Joe
And then I question thus are artists rules
To be drawn from the works of two manifest fools
Then God defend us from the Arts I say
Send Battle Murder Sudden Death O pray
Rather than be such a blind Human Fool
Id be an Ass a Hog a Worm a Chair a Stool

Give pensions to the Learned Pig
Or the Hare playing on a Tabor
Anglus can never see Perfection
But in the Journeymans Labour

Some look. to see the sweet Outlines
And beauteous Forms that Love does wear
Some look. to find out Patches. Paint.
Bracelets & Stays & Powderd Hair

Sir Joshua praised Rubens with a Smile
By Calling his the ornamental Style
And yet his praise of Flaxman was the smartest
When he calld him the Ornamental Artist
But sure such ornaments we well may spare
As Crooked limbs & louzy heads of hair

Sir Joshua Praises Michael Angelo
Tis Christian Mildness when Knaves Praise a Foe
But Twould be Madness all the World would say
Should Michael Angelo praise Sir Joshua
Christ usd the Pharisees in a rougher way

Can there be anything more mean
More Malice in disguise
Than Praise a Man for doing what
That Man does most despise
Reynolds Lectures Exactly so
When he praises Michael Angelo

To the Royal Academy
A strange Erratum in all the Editions
Of Sir Joshua Reynoldss Lectures
Shoud be corrected by the Young Gentlemen
And the Royal Academys Directors

Instead of Michael Angelo
Read Rembrandt for it is fit
To make meer common honesty
In all that he has writ

Florentine Ingratitude
Sir Joshua sent his own Portrait to
The birth Place of Michael Angelo
And in the hand of the simpering fool
He put a Dirty paper scroll
And on the paper to be polite
Did Sketches by Michael Angelo write
The Florentines said Tis a Dutch English bore
Michael Angelos name writ on Rembrandts door
The Florentines call it an English Fetch
For Michael Angelo never did Sketch
Every line of his has Meaning
And needs neither Suckling nor Weaning
Tis the trading English Venetian Cant
To speak Michael Angelo & Act Rembrandt
It will set his Dutch friends all in a roar
To write Mch Ang on Rembrandts door
But You must not bring in your hand a Lie
If you mean that the Florentines should buy
Giotto’s circle or Apelles Line
Were not the Work of Sketchers drunk with Wine
Nor of the City Clarks merry hearted Fashion
Nor of Sir Isaac Newtons Calculation
Nor of the City Clarks Idle Facilities
Which sprang from Sir Isaac Newtons great Abilities
These Verses were written by a very Envious man
Who whatever likeness he may have to Michael Angelo
Never can have any to Sir Jehoshuan

No real Style of Colouring ever appears
But advertising in the News Papers
Look there youll see Sr Joshuas Colouring
Look at his Pictures All has taken Wing

When Sr Joshua Reynolds died
All Nature was degraded;
The King dropd a tear into the Queens Ear;
And all his Pictures Faded

A Pitiful Case
The Villain at the Gallows tree
When he is doom'd to die
To assuage his misery
In Virtues praise does cry

So Reynolds when he came to die
To assuage his bitter woe:
Thus aloud did howl & cry
Michael Angelo Michael Angelo

O Reader behold the Philosophers Grave
He was born quite a Fool: but he died quite a Knave

I Rubens am a Statesman & a saint
Deceptions? O no—so I'll learn to Paint

Swell'd limbs with no outline that you can descry
That Stink in the Nose of a Stander by
But all the Pulp wash'd painted finish'd with labour
Of an hundred Journeymens how dye do Neighbour?

To English Connoisseurs
You must agree that Rubens was a Fool
And yet you make him master of your School
And give more money for his slobberings
Than you will give for Rafaels finest Things
I understood Christ was a Carpenter
And not a Brewers Servant my good Sir
A Pretty Epigram for the Entertainment of Those Who Have Paid Great Sums in the Venetian & Flemish Ooze

Nature & Art in this together Suit
What is Most Grand is always most Minute
Rubens thinks Tables Chairs & Stools are Grand
But Rafael thinks A Head a foot a hand

Raphael Sublime Majestic Graceful Wise
His Executive Power must I despise
Rubens Low Vulgar Stupid Ignorant
His power of Execution I must grant
Learn the Laborious stumble of a Fool
And from an Idiots Actions form my rule
Go send your Children to the Slobbering School

On the Venetian Painter
He makes the Lame to walk we all agree
But then he strives to blind those who can see.

A Pair of Stays to mend the Shape
Of crooked Humpy Woman:
Put on O Venus! now thou art,
Quite a Venetian Roman.

Venetian; all thy Colouring is no more
Than Boulsterd Plasters on a Crooked Whore
To Venetian Artists

That God is colouring Newton does shew
And the devil is a Black outline all of us know
Perhaps this little Fable may make us merry
A dog went over the water without a wherry
A bone which he had stolen he had in his mouth
He cared not whether the wind was north or south
As he swam he saw the reflection of the bone
This is quite Perfection, one Generalizing Tone
Outline Theres no outline Theres no such thing
All is Chiaro Scuro Poco Pen its all colouring
Snap. Snap! he has lost shadow & substance too
He had them both before now how do ye do
A great deal better than I was before
Those who taste colouring love it more & more

All Pictures thats Panted with Sense & with Thought
Are Painted by Madmen as sure as a Groat
For the Greater the Fool in the Pencil more blest
And when they are drunk they always pant best
Thy never can Rafael it Fuseli it nor Blake it
If they cant see an outline pray how can they make it
When Men will draw outlines begin you to jaw them
Madmen see outlines & therefore they draw them

Call that the Public Voice which is their Error
Like as a Monkey peeping in a Mirror
Admires all his colours brown & warm
And never once perceives his ugly form

I am no Homers Hero you all know
I profess not Generosity to a Foe
My Generosity is to my Friends
That for their Friendship I may make amends.
The Generous to Enemies promotes their Ends
And becomes the Enemy & Betrayer of his Friends

Anger & Wrath my bosom rends
I thought them the Errors of friends
But all my limbs with warmth glow
I find them the Errors of the foe

If you play a Game of Chance know before you begin
If you are benevolent you will never win

Of H—— (Hayley’s) birth this was the happy lot
His Mother on his Father him begot

To forgive Enemies H—— (Hayley) does pretend
Who never in his Life forgave a friend

Thy Friendship oft has made my heart to ake
Do be my Enemy for Friendships sake

On H——ys (Hayley’s) Friendship
When H——y finds out what you cannot do
That is the very thing he’ll set you to
If you break not your Neck tis not his fault
But pecks of poison are not pecks of salt
And when he could not act upon my wife
Hired a Villain to bereave my Life

On H—— (Hayley) the Pick Thank
I write the Rascal Thanks till he & I
With Thanks & Compliments are quite drawn dry

My title as a Genius thus is provd
Not Praisd by Hayley nor by Flaxman lov’d

To F(laxman)
You call me Mad tis Folly to do so
To seek to turn a Madman to a Foe
If you think as you speak you are an Ass
If you do not you are but what you was

To F(laxman)
I mock thee not tho I by thee am Mocked
Thou callst me Madman but I call thee Blockhead

To Nancy F(laxman)
How can I help thy Husbands copying Me
Should that make difference twixt me & Thee
To F(laxman) & S(tothard)
I found them blind I taught how to see
And now they know neither themselves nor me
Tis Excellent to turn a thorn to a pin
A Fool to a bolt a Knave to a glass of gin

To S(tothard)
You all your Youth observd the Golden Rule
Till youre at last become the golden fool
I sport with Fortune Merry Blithe & Gay
Like to the Lion Sporting with his Prey
Take you the hide & horns which you may wear
Mine is the flesh the bones may be your Share

Cromek Speaks
I always take my judgment from a Fool
Because his judgment is so very Cool
Not prejudiced by feelings great or small
Amiable state he cannot feel at all

On S(tothard)
You say reserve & modesty he has
Whose heart is iron his head wood & his face brass
The Fox the Owl the Beetle & the Bat
By sweet reserve & modesty get Fat

S(tothard) in Childhood on the Nursery floor
Was extreme Old & most extremely poor
He has grown old & rich & what he will
He is extreme old & extreme poor still

---

**Mr Stothard to Mr Cromek**

For Fortunes favours you your riches bring
But Fortune says she gave you no such thing
Why should you be ungrateful to your friends
Sneaking & Backbiting & Odds & Ends

---

**Mr Cromek to Mr Stothard**

Fortune favours the Brave old Proverbs say
But not with Money. that is not the way
Turn back turn back you travel all in vain
Turn through the iron gate down Sneaking lane

---

Cr(omek) loves artists as he loves his Meat
He loves the Art but tis the Art to Cheat

---

A Petty sneaking Knave I knew
O Mr Cr(omek) how do ye do

---

P(hillips) loved me, not as he lovd his Friends
For he lovd them for gain to serve his Ends
He loved me and for no Gain at all
But to rejoice & triumph in my fall

---

The Sussex Men are Noted Fools
And weak is their brain pan
I wonder if Haines the painter
Is not a Sussex Man

Look Flaxman & Stothard do old acquaintance well renew
Prospero had One Caliban & I have Two

Epitaph for William Cowper ESQre

The only Man that eer I knew
Who did not make me almost spew
Was Fuseli he was both Turk & Jew
And so dear Christian Friends how do you do

For this is being a Friend just in the nick
Not when hes well but waiting till hes sick
He calls you to his help be you not movd
Until by being Sick his wants are provd

You see him spend his Soul in Prophecy
Do you believe it a confounded lie
Till some Bookseller & the Public Fame
Prove there is truth in his extravagant claim

For tis atrocious in a Friend you love
To tell you any thing that he cant prove
And tis most wicked in a Christian Nation
For any Man to pretend to Inspiration

Madman I have been calld Fool they call thee
I wonder which they Envy Thee or Me

To H(unt)

You think Fuseli is not a Great Painter Im Glad
This is one of the best compliments he ever had

Cosway Frazer & Baldwin of Egypt's Lake
Fear to associate with Blake
This Life is a Warfare against Evils
They heal the sick he casts out devils
Hayley Flaxman & Stothard are also in doubt
Lest their Virtue should be put to the rout
One grins tother spits & in corners hides
And all the Virtuous have shewn their backsides

And his legs carried it like a long fork
Reachd all the way from Chichester to York
From York all across Scotland to the Sea
This was a Man of Men as seems to me
Not only in his Mouth his own Soul lay
But my Soul also would he bear away
Like as a Pedlar bears his weary Pack
So Stewhards Soul he buckld to his Back
But once alas committing a Mistake
He bore the wretched Soul of William Blake
That he might turn it into Eggs of Gold
But neither Back nor mouth those Eggs could hold
His under jaw dropd as those Eggs he laid
And Stewhards Eggs are addled & decayd
The Examiner whose very name is Hunt
Calld Death a Madman trembling for the affront
Like trembling Hare sits on his weakly paper
On which he usd to dance & sport & caper
Yorkshire Jack Hemp & gentle blushing daw
Clapd Death into the corner of their jaw
And Felpham Billy rode out every morn
Horseback with Death over the fields of corn
Who with iron hand cuffd in the afternoon
The Ears of Billys Lawyer & Dragoon
And Cur my Lawyer & Dady Jack Hemps Parson
Both went to Law with Death to keep our Ears on
For how to starve Death we had laid a plot
Against his Price but Death was in the Pot
He made them pay his Price alack a day
He knew both Law & Gospel better than they
O that I neer had seen that William Blake
Or could from death Assassinetti wake
We thought Alas that such a thought should be
That Blake would Etch for him & draw for me
For twas a kind of Bargain Screwmuch made
That Blakes designs should be by us displayed
Because he makes designs so very cheap
Then Screwmuch at Blakes soul took a long leap
Twas not a Mouse twas Death in a disguise
And I alas live to weep out mine Eyes
And Death sits laughing on their Monuments
On which hes written Recievd the Contents
But I have writ so sorrowful my thought is
His Epitaph for my tears are aqua fortis
Come Artists knock your heads against This stone
For Sorrow that our friend Bob Screwmuchs gone
And now the Men upon me smile & Laugh
Ill also write my own dear Epitaph
And Ill be buried near a Dike
That my friends may weep as much as they like
Here lies Stewhard the Friend of All &c
Was I angry with Hayley who usd me so ill
Or can I be angry with Felphams old Mill
Or angry with Flaxman or Cromek or Stothard
Or poor Schiavonetti whom they to death botherd
Or angry with Macklin or Boydel or Bowyer
Because they did not say O what a Beau ye are
At a Friends Errors Anger shew
Mirth at the Errors of a Foe

Having given great offence by writing in Prose
Ill write in Verse as soft as Bartolloze
Some blush at what others can see no crime in
But nobody sees any harm in Rhyming
Dryden in Rhyme cries Milton only plannd
Every Fool shook his bells throughout the land
Tom Cooke cut Hogarth down with his clean graving
Thousands of Connoisseurs with joy ran raving
Thus Hayley on his Toilette seeing the sope
Cries Homer is very much improvd by Pope
Some say Ive given great Provision to my foes
And that now I lead my false friends by the nose
Flaxman & Stothard smelling a sweet savour
Cry Blakified drawing spoils painter & Engraver
While I looking up to my Umbrella
Resolv'd to be a very contrary fellow
Cry looking quite from Skumference to Center
No one can finish so high as the original Inventor
Thus Poor Schiavonetti died of the Cromek
A thing thats tied around the Examiners neck
This is my sweet apology to my friends
That I may put them in mind of their latter Ends
If Men will act like a maid smiling over a Churn
They ought not, when it comes to anothers turn
To grow sower at what a friend may utter
Knowing & feeling that we all have need of Butter

False Friends fie fie our Friendship you shant sever
In spite we will be greater friends than ever

Her whole life is an epigram: smack smooth, and neatly penned,
Platted quite neat to catch applause, with a sliding noose at the end.

He has observd the Golden Rule
Till hes become the Golden Fool

And in Melodious Accents I
Will sit me down & Cry. I. I.

Some people admire the work of a Fool
For its sure to keep your judgment cool
It does not reproach you with want of wit
It is not like a lawyer serving a writ

Hes a Blockhead who wants a proof of what he Cant Perceive
And he’s a Fool who tries to make such a Blockhead believe

Great Men & Fools do often me Inspire
But the Greater Fool the Greater Liar

Some Men created for destruction come
Into the World & make the World their home
Be they as Vile & Base as Eer they can
Thay'll still be called “The Worlds” honest man

An Epitaph
Come knock your heads against this stone
For sorrow that poor John Thompson’s gone.

Another
I was buried near this Dike
That my Friends may weep as much as they like

Another
Here lies John Trot the Friend of all mankind
He has not left one Enemy behind
Friends were quite hard to find old authors say
But now they stand in every bodies way

When France got free Europe ‘twixt Fools & Knaves
Were Savage first to France, & after; Slaves

On the Virginity of the Virgin Mary & Johanna Southcott
Whateer is done to her she cannot know
And if you'll ask her she will swear it so
Whether 'tis good or evil none's to blame
No one can take the pride no one the shame

Each Man is in His Spectres power
Untill the arrival of that hour
When his Humanity awake
And Cast his own Spectre into the Lake

And there to Eternity aspire
The selfhood in a flame of fire
Till then the Lamb of God

The Hebrew Nation did not write it
Avarice & Chastity did shite it

Imitation of Pope A Compliment to the Ladies
Wondrous the Gods more wondrous are the Men
More Wondrous Wondrous still the Cock & Hen
More Wondrous still the Table Stool & Chair
But Ah! More wondrous still the Charming Fair

When a man has married a wife
he finds out whether
Her knees & elbows are only
  glued together

To Chloes breast young Cupid sily stole
But he crept in at Myras pocket hole

Around the Spring of Gray my wild root weaves
Traveller repose & Dream among my leaves.
And Aged Tiriel. stood before the Gates of his beautiful palace
With Myratana. once the Queen of all the western plains
But now his eyes were darkned. & his wife fading in death
They stood before their once delightful palace. & thus the Voice
Of aged Tiriel. arose. that his sons might hear in their gates

Accursed race of Tiriel. behold your father
Come forth & look on her that bore you. come you accursed sons.
In my weak arms. I here have borne your dying mother
Come forth sons of the Curse come forth. see the death of Myratana

His sons ran from their gates. & saw their aged parents stand
And thus the eldest son of Tiriel raisd his mighty voice

Old man unworthy to be calld. the father of Tiriels race
For evry one of those thy wrinkles. each of those grey hairs
Are cruel as death. & as obdurate as the devouring pit
Why should thy sons care for thy curses thou accursed man
Were we not slaves till we rebeld. Who cares for Tiriels curse
His blessing was a cruel curse. His curse may be a blessing

He ceast the aged man raisd up his right hand to the heavens
His left supported Myratana shrinking in pangs of death
The orbs of his large eyes he open. & thus his voice went forth
Serpents not sons. wrenting around the bones of Tiriel
Ye worms of death feasting upon your aged parents flesh
Listen & hear your mothers groans. No more accursed Sons
She bears. she groans not at the birth of Heuxos or Yuva
These are the groans of death ye serpents. These are the groans of death
Nourished with milk ye serpents. nourishd with mothers tears & cares
Look at my eyes blind as the orbless scull among the stones
Look at my bald head. Hark listen ye serpents listen
What Myratana. What my wife. O Soul O Spirit O fire
What Myratana. art thou dead. Look here ye serpents look
The serpents sprung from her own bowels have draind her dry as this
Curse on your ruthless heads. for I will bury her even here

So saying he began to dig a grave with his aged hands
But Heuxos calld a son of Zazel. to dig their mother a grave

Old cruelty desist & let us dig a grave for thee
Thou hast refusd our charity thou hast refusd our food
Thou hast refusd our clothes our beds our houses for thy dwelling
Chusing to wander like a Son of Zazel in the rocks
Why dost thou curse. is not the curse now come upon your head
Was it not you enslavd the sons of Zazel. & they have cursd
And now you feel it. Dig a grave & let us bury our mother

There take the body. cursed sons. & may the heavens rain wrath
As thick as northern fogs. around your gates. to choke you up
That you may lie as now your mother lies. like dogs. cast out
The stink. of your dead carcases. annoying man & beast
Till your white bones are bleachd with age for a memorial.
No your remembrance shall perish. for when your carcases
Lie stinking on the earth. the buriers shall arise from the east
And. not a bone of all the sons of Tiriel remain
Bury your mother but you cannot bury the curse of Tiriel

He ceast & darkling oer the mountains sought his pathless way
He wander'd day & night to him both day & night were dark
The sun he felt but the bright moon was now a useless globe
O'er mountains & thro vales of woe. the blind & aged man
Wander'd till he that leadeth all. led him to the vales of Har
And Har & Heva like two children sat beneath the Oak
Mnetha now aged waited on them. & brought them food & clothing
But they were as the shadow of Har. & as the years forgotten
Playing with flowers. & running after birds they spent the day
And in the night like infants slept delighted with infant dreams

Soon as the blind wanderer enter'd the pleasant gardens of Har
They ran weeping like frighted infants for refuge in Mnethas arms
The blind man felt his way & cried peace to these open doors
Let no one fear for poor blind Tiriel hurts none but himself
Tell me O friends where am I now. & in what pleasant place

This is the valley of Har said Mnetha & this the tent of Har
Who art thou poor blind man. that takest the name of Tiriel on thee
Tiriel is king of all the west. who art thou I am Mnetha
And this is Har & Heva. trembling like infants by my side

I know Tiriel is king of the west & there he lives in joy
No matter who I am O Mnetha. if thou hast any food
Give it me. for I cannot stay my journey is far from hence

Then Har said O my mother Mnetha venture not so near him
For he is the king of rotten wood & of the bones of death
He wanders. without eyes. & passes thro thick walls & doors
Thou shalt not smite my mother Mnetha O thou eyeless man

A wanderer. I beg for food. you see I cannot weep
I cast away my staff the kind companion of my travel
And I kneel down that you may see I am a harmless man

He kneeled down & Mnetha said Come Har & Heva rise
He is an innocent old man & hungry with his travel

Then Har arose & laid his hand upon old Tiriels head

God bless thy poor bald pate. God bless. thy hollow winking eyes
God bless thy shriveld beard. God. bless. thy many wrinkled forehead
Thou hast no teeth old man & thus I kiss thy sleek bald head
Heva come kiss his bald head for he will not hurt us Heva

Then Heva came & took old Tiriel in her mothers arms

Bless thy poor eyes old man. & bless the old father of Tiriel
Thou art my Tiriels old father. I know thee thro thy wrinkles
Because thou smellest. like the figtree. thou smellest like ripe figs
How didst thou lose thy eyes old Tiriel. bless thy wrinkled face

Mnetha said come in aged wanderer tell us of thy name
Why shouldest thou conceal thyself from those of thine own flesh

I am not of this region. said Tiriel dissemblingly
I am an aged wanderer once father of a race
Far in the north. but they were wicked & were all destroyd
And I their father sent an outcast. I have told you all
Ask me no more I pray for grief hath seald my precious sight

O Lord said Mnetha how I tremble are there then more people
More human creatures on this earth beside the sons of Har

No more said Tiriel but I remain on all this globe
And I remain an outcast. hast thou any thing to drink

Then Mnetha gave him milk & fruits. & they sat down together

They sat & eat & Har & Heva smild on Tiriel
Thou art a very old old man but I am older than thou
How came thine hair to leave thy forehead how came thy face so brown
My hair is very long my beard. doth cover all my breast
God bless thy piteous face. to count the wrinkles in thy face
Would puzzle Mnetha. bless thy face for thou art Tiriel

Tiriel I never saw but once I sat with him & eat
He was as cheerful as a prince & gave me entertainment
But long I staid not at his palace for I am forced to wander

What wilt thou leave us too said Heva thou shalt not leave us too
For we have many sports to shew thee & many songs to sing
And after dinner we will walk into the cage of Har
And thou shalt help us to catch birds. & gather them ripe cherries
Then let thy name be Tiriel & never leave us more

If thou dost go said Har I wish thine eyes may see thy folly
My sons have left me did thine leave thee O twas very cruel

No venerable man said Tiriel ask me not such things
For thou dost make my heart to bleed my sons were not like thine
But worse O never ask me more or I must flee away

Thou shalt not go said Heva till thou hast seen our singing birds
And heard Har sing in the great cage & slept upon our fleeces
Go not for thou art so like Tiriel. that I love thine head
Tho it is wrinkled like the earth parchd with the summer heat

Then Tiriel rose up from the seat & said god bless these tents
My Journey is oer rocks & mountains. not in pleasant vales
I must not sleep nor rest because of madness & dismay

And Mnetha said Thou must not go to wander dark. alone
But dwell with us & let us be to thee instead of eyes
And I will bring thee food old man. till death shall call thee hence
Then Tiriel frownd & answerd. Did I not command you saying
Madness & deep dismay possess the heart of the blind man
The wanderer who seeks the woods leaning upon his staff

Then Mnetha trembling at his frowns led him to the tent door
And gave to him his staff & blest him. he went on his way

But Har & Heva stood & watchd him till he enterd the wood
And then they went & wept to Mnetha. but they soon forgot their tears

Over the weary hills the blind man took his lonely way
To him the day & night alike was dark & desolate
But far he had not gone when Ijim from his woods come down
Met him at entrance of the forest in a dark & lonely way

Who art thou Eyeless wretch that thus obstructst the lions path
Ijim shall rend thy feeble joints thou tempter of dark Ijim
Thou hast the form of Tiriel but I know thee well enough
Stand from my path foul fiend is this the last of thy deceits
To be a hypocrite & stand in shape of a blind beggar

The blind man heard his brothers voice & kneeld down on his knee

O brother Ijim if it is thy voice that speaks to me
Smite not thy brother Tiriel tho weary of his life
My sons have smitten me already. and if thou smitest me
The curse that rolls over their heads will rest itself on thine
Tis now seven years Since in my palace I beheld thy face

Come thou dark fiend I dare thy cunning know that Ijim scorns
To smite thee in the form of helpless age & eyeless policy
Rise up for I discern thee & I dare thy eloquent tongue
Come I will lead thee on thy way & use thee as a scoff
O Brother Ijim thou beholdest wretched Tiriel
Kiss me my brother & then leave me to wander desolate

No artful fiend. but I will lead thee dost thou want to go
Reply not lest I bind thee with the green flags of the brook
Ay now thou art discoverd I will use thee like a slave

When Tiriel heard the words of Ijim he sought not to reply
He knew twas vain for Ijims words were as the voice of Fate
And they went on together over hills thro woody dales
Blind to the pleasures of the sight & deaf to warbling birds
All day they walkd & all the night beneath the pleasant Moon
Westwardly journeying till Tiriel grew weary with his travel

O Ijim I am faint & weary for my knees forbid
To bear me further. urge me not lest I should die with travel
A little rest I crave a little water from a brook
Or I shall soon discover that I am a mortal man
And you will lose your once lovd Tiriel alas how faint I am

Impudent fiend said Ijim hold thy glib & eloquent tongue
Tiriel is a king. & thou the tempter of dark Ijim
Drink of this running brook. & I will bear thee on my shoulders

He drank & Ijim raisd him up & bore him on his shoulders
All day he bore him & when evening drew her solemn curtain
Enterd the gates of Tiriels palace. & stood & calld aloud

Heuxos come forth I here have brought the fiend that troubles Ijim
Look knowst thou aught of this grey beard. or of these blinded eyes

Heuxos & Lotho ran forth at the sound of Ijims voice
And saw their aged father borne upon his mighty shoulders
Their eloquent tongues were dumb & sweat stood on their trembling limbs
They knew twas vain to strive with Ijim they bowd & silent stood
What Heuxos call thy father for I mean to sport to night
This is the hypocrite that sometimes roars a dreadful lion
Then I have rent his limbs & left him rotting in the forest
For birds to eat but I have scarce departed from the place
But like a tyger he would come & so I rent him too
Then like a river he would seek to drown me in his waves
But soon I buffetted the torrent anon like to a cloud
Fraught with the swords of lightning, but I bravd the vengeance too
Then he would creep like a bright serpent till around my neck
While I was Sleeping he would twine I squeezd his poisnous soul
Then like a toad or like a newt. would whisper in my ears
Or like a rock stood in my way. or like a poisnous shrub
At last I caught him in the form of Tiriel blind & old
And so Ill keep him fetch your father forth Myratana

They stood confounded. and Thus Tiriel raisd his silver voice

Serpents not sons why do you stand fetch hither Tiriel
Fetch hither Myratana & delight yourselves with scoffs
For poor blind Tiriel is returnd & this much injurd head
Is ready for your bitter taunts. come forth sons of the curse

Mean time the other sons of Tiriel ran around their father
Confounded at the terrible strength of Ijim they knew twas vain
Both spear & shield were useless & the coat of iron mail
When Ijim stretchd his mighty arm. the arrow from his limbs
Rebounded & the piercing sword broke on his naked flesh

Then is it true Heuxos that thou hast turnd thy aged parent
To be the sport of wintry winds. (said Ijim) is this true
It is a lie & I am like the tree torn by the wind
Thou eyeless fiend. & you dissemblers. Is this Tiriels house
It is as false as Matha. & as dark as vacant Orcus
Escape ye fiends for Ijim will not lift his hand against ye

So saying. Ijim gloomy turnd his back & silent sought
The secret forests & all night wanderd in desolate ways
And aged Tiriel stood & said where does the thunder sleep
Where doth he hide his terrible head & his swift & fiery daughters
Where do they shroud their fiery wings & the terrors of their hair
Earth thus I stamp thy bosom rouse the earthquake from his den
To raise his dark & burning visage thro the cleaving ground
To thrust these towers with his shoulders. let his fiery dogs
Rise from the center belching flames & roarings. dark smoke
Where art thou Pestilence that bathest in fogs & standing lakes
Rise up thy sluggish limbs. & let the loathsomest of poisons
Drop from thy garments as thou walkest. wrapt in yellow clouds
Here take thy seat. in this wide court. let it be strown with dead
And sit & smile upon these cursed sons of Tiriel
Thunder & fire & pestilence. here you not Tiriels curse

He ceast the heavy clouds confusd rolld round the lofty towers
Discharging their enormous voices. at the fathers curse
The earth trembled fires belched from the yawning clefts
And when the shaking ceast a fog possest the accursed clime
The cry was great in Tiriels palace his five daughters ran
And caught him by the garments weeping with cries of bitter woe

Aye now you feel the curse you cry. but may all ears be deaf
As Tiriels & all eyes as blind as Tiriels to your woes
May never stars shine on your roofs may never sun nor moon
Visit you but eternal fogs hover around your walls
Hela my youngest daughter you shall lead me from this place
And let the curse fall on the rest & wrap them up together

He ceast & Hela led her father from the noisom place
In haste they fled while all the sons & daughters of Tiriel
Chaind in thick darkness uttered cries of mourning all the night
And in the morning Lo an hundred men in ghastly death
The four daughters stretchd on the marble pavement
silent all falln by the pestilence the rest moped round in guilty fears
And all the children in their beds were cut off in one night
Thirty of Tiriels sons remaind. to wither in the palace
Desolate. Loathed. Dumb Astonishd waiting for black death

And Hela led her father thro the silent of the night
Astonishd silent. till the morning beams began to spring

Now Hela I can go with pleasure & dwell with Har & Heva
Now that the curse shall clean devour all those guilty sons
This is the right & ready way I know it by the sound
That our feet make. Remember Hela I have savd thee from death
Then be obedient to thy father for the curse is taken off thee
I dwelt with Myratana five years in the desolate rock
And all that time we waited for the fire to fall from heaven
Or for the torrents of the sea to overwhelm you all
But now my wife is dead & all the time of grace is past
You see the parents curse. Now lead me where I have commanded

O Leagued with evil spirits thou accursed man of sin
True I was born thy slave who askd thee to save me from death —
Twas for thy self thou cruel man because thou wantest eyes

True Hela this is the desert of all those cruel ones
Is Tiriel cruel look. his daughter & his youngest daughter
Laughs at affection glories in rebellion. scoffs at Love:—
I have not eat these two days lead me to Har & Hevas tent
Or I will wrap thee up in such a terrible fathers curse
That thou shalt feel worms in thy marrow creeping thro thy bones
Yet thou shalt lead me. Lead me I command to Har & Heva

O cruel O destroyer O consumer. O avenger
To Har & Heva I will lead thee then would that they would curse
Then would they curse as thou hast cursed but they are not like thee
O they are holy. & forgiving filld with loving mercy
Forgetting the offences of their most rebellious children
Or else thou wouldest not have livd to curse thy helpless children

Look on my eyes Hela & see for thou hast eyes to see
The tears swell from my stony fountains. wherefore do I weep
Wherefore from my blind orbs art thou not siezd with poisnous stings
Laugh serpent youngest venomous reptile of the flesh of Tiriel
Laugh. for thy father Tiriel shall give thee cause to laugh
Unless thou lead me to the tent of Har child of the curse

Silence thy evil tongue thou murderer of thy helpless children
I lead thee to the tent of Har not that I mind thy curse
But that I feel they will curse thee & hang upon thy bones
Fell shaking agonies. & in each wrinkle of that face
Plant worms of death to feast upon the tongue of terrible curses

Hela my daughter listen. thou art the daughter of Tiriel
Thy father calls. Thy father lifts his hand unto the heavens
For thou hast laughed at my tears. & curst thy aged father
Let snakes rise from thy bedded locks & laugh among thy curls

He ceast her dark hair upright stood while snakes infolded round
Her madding brows. her shrieks appalld the soul of Tiriel

What have I done Hela my daughter fearst thou now the curse
Or wherefore dost thou cry Ah wretch to curse thy aged father
Lead me to Har & Heva & the curse of Tiriel
Shall fail. If thou refuse howl in the desolate mountains

She howling led him over mountains & thro frightened vales
Till to the caves of Zazel they approachd at even tide
Forth from their caves old Zazel & his sons ran. when they saw
Their tyrant prince blind & his daughter howling & leading him

They laughd & mocked some threw dirt & stones as they passd by
But when Tiriel turned around & raised his awful voice
Some fled away but Zazel stood still & thus began

Bald tyrant, wrinkled cunning listen to Zazels chains
Twas thou that chained thy brother Zazel where are now thine eyes
Shout beautiful daughter of Tiriel. thou singest a sweet song
Where are you going. come & eat some roots & drink some water
Thy crown is bald old man. the sun will dry thy brains away
And thou wilt be as foolish as thy foolish brother Zazel

The blind man heard. & smote his breast & trembling passed on
They threw dirt after them. till to the covert of a wood
The howling maiden led her father where wild beasts resort
Hoping to end her woes. but from her cries the tygers fled
All night they wandered thro the wood & when the sun arose
They entered on the mountains of Har at Noon the happy tents
Were frightened by the dismal cries of Hela on the mountains

But Har & Heva slept fearless as babes. on loving breasts
Mnetha awoke she ran & stood at the tent door & saw
The aged wanderer led towards the tents she took her bow
And chose her arrows then advanced to meet the terrible pair

And Mnetha hastened & met them at the gate of the lower garden
Stand still or from my bow receive a sharp & winged death

Then Tiriel stood. saying what soft voice threatens such bitter things
Lead me to Har & Heva I am Tiriel King of the west

And Mnetha led them to the tent of Har. and Har & Heva
Ran to the door. when Tiriel felt the ankles of aged Har
He said. O weak mistaken father of a lawless race
Thy laws O Har & Tiriels wisdom end together in a curse
Why is one law given to the lion & the patient Ox

And why men bound beneath the heavens in a reptile form
A worm of sixty winters creeping on the dusky ground
The child springs from the womb, the father ready stands to form
The infant head while the mother idle plays with her dog on her couch
The young bosom is cold for lack of mothers nourishment & milk
Is cut off from the weeping mouth with difficulty & pain
The little lids are lifted & the little nostrils open
The father forms a whip to rouse the sluggish senses to act
And scourges off all youthful fancies from the new-born man
Then walks the weak infant in sorrow compelled to number footsteps
Upon the sand. &c
And when the drone has reached his crawling length
Black berries appear that poison all around him. Such was Tiriel
Compelled to pray repugnant & to humble the immortal spirit
Till I am subtle as a serpent in a paradise
Consuming all both flowers & fruits insects & warbling birds
And now my paradise is fallen & a drear sandy plain
Returns my thirsty hissings in a curse on thee O Har
Mistaken father of a lawless race my voice is past

He ceast outstretched at Har & Hevas feet in awful death
Does the Eagle know what is in the pit?
Or wilt thou go ask the Mole:
Can Wisdom be put in a silver rod?
Or Love in a golden bowl?

The daughters of Mne Seraphim led round their sunny flocks,
All but the youngest. she in paleness sought the secret air.
To fade away like morning beauty from her mortal day:
Down by the river of Adona her soft voice is heard:
And thus her gentle lamentation falls like morning dew.

O life of this our spring! why fades the lotus of the water?
Why fade these children of the spring? born but to smile & fall.
Ah! Thel is like a watry bow, and like a parting cloud,
Like a reflection in a glass. like shadows in the water.
Like dreams of infants. like a smile upon an infants face,
Like the doves voice, like transient day, like music in the air;
Ah! gentle may I lay me down, and gentle rest my head.
And gentle sleep the sleep of death. and gentle hear the voice
Of him that walketh in the garden in the evening time.
The Lilly of the valley breathing in the humble grass
Answer’d the lovely maid and said: I am a watry weed,
And I am very small, and love to dwell in lowly vales;
So weak, the gilded butterfly scarce perches on my head
Yet I am visited from heaven, and he that smiles on all.
Walks in the valley, and each morn over me spreads his hand
Saying, rejoice thou humble grass, thou new-born lilly flower,
Thou gentle maid of silent valleys, and of modest brooks;
For thou shalt be clothed in light, and fed with morning manna:
Till summers heat melts thee beside the fountains and the springs
To flourish in eternal vales: then why should Thel complain,

Why should the mistress of the vales of Har, utter a sigh.

She ceased & smiled in tears, then sat down in her silver shrine.

Thel answered. O thou little virgin of the peaceful valley.
Giving to those that cannot crave, the voiceless, the o’ertired.
Thy breath doth nourish the innocent lamb, he smells thy milky garments,
He crops thy flowers, while thou sittest smiling in his face,
Wiping his mild and meekin mouth from all contagious taints.
Thy wine doth purify the golden honey, thy perfume,
Which thou dost scatter on every little blade of grass that springs
Revives the milked cow, & tames the fire-breathing steed.
But Thel is like a faint cloud kindled at the rising sun:
I vanish from my pearly throne, and who shall find my place.

Queen of the vales the Lilly answered, ask the tender cloud,
And it shall tell thee why it glitters in the morning sky,
And why it scatters its bright beauty thro’ the humid air.
Descend O little cloud & hover before the eyes of Thel.

The Cloud descended, and the Lilly bowed her modest head:
And went to mind her numerous charge among the verdant grass.
O little Cloud the virgin said, I charge thee tell to me,
Why thou complainest not when in one hour thou fade away:
Then we shall seek thee, but not find; ah Thel is like to Thee.
I pass away. yet I complain, and no one hears my voice.

The Cloud then shew’d his golden head and his bright form emerg’d,
Hovering and glittering on the air before the face of Thel.

O virgin know’st thou not. our steeds drink of the golden springs
Where Luvah doth renew his horses: look’st thou on my youth,
And fearest thou because I vanish and am seen no more.
Nothing remains; O maid I tell thee, when I pass away,
It is to tenfold life, to love, to peace, and raptures holy:
Unseen descending, weigh my light wings upon balmy flowers;
And court the fair-eyed dew. to take me to her shining tent;
The weeping virgin, trembling kneels before the risen sun,
Till we arise link’d in a golden band, and never part;
But walk united, bearing food to all our tender flowers
Dost thou O little Cloud? I fear that I am not like thee;
For I walk through the vales of Har. and smell the sweetest flowers
But I feed not the little flowers: I hear the warbling birds.
But I feed not the warbling birds. they fly and seek their food;
But Thel delights in these no more because I fade away.
And all shall say. without a use this shining woman liv’d
Or did she only live. to be at death the food of worms.

The Cloud reclind upon his airy throne and answer’d thus.

Then if thou art the food of worms, O virgin of the skies,
How great thy use, how great thy blessing; every thing that lives,
Lives not alone. nor for itself: fear not and I will call
The weak worm from its lowly bed, and thou shalt hear its voice.
Come forth worm of the silent valley, to thy pensive queen.

The helpless worm arose, and sat upon the Lillys leaf,
And the bright Cloud saild on, to find his partner in the vale.
Then Thel astonish’d view’d the Worm upon its dewy bed.

Art thou a Worm? image of weakness. art thou but a Worm?
I see thee like an infant wrapped in the Lillys leaf:
Ah weep not little voice, thou can’st not speak. but thou can’st weep;
Is this a Worm? I see thee lay helpless & naked: weeping,
And none to answer, none to cherish thee with mothers smiles.

The Clod of Clay heard the Worms voice & raisd her pitying head;
She bow’d over the weeping infant. and her life exal’d
In milky fondness. then on Thel she fix’d her humble eyes.

O beauty of the vales of Har. we live not for ourselves,
Thou seest me the meanest thing, and so I am indeed;
My bosom of itself is cold. and of itself is dark,

But he that loves the lowly. pours his oil upon my head.
And kisses me, and binds his nuptial bands around my breast.
And says; Thou mother of my children, I have loved thee.
And I have given thee a crown that none can take away
But how this is sweet maid, I know not. and I cannot know,
I ponder. and I cannot ponder; yet I live and love.

The daughter of beauty wip’d her pitying tears with her white veil,
And said. Alas! I knew not this, and therefore did I weep:
That God would love a Worm I knew. and punish the evil foot
That wilful, bruis’d its helpless form: but that he cherish’d it
With milk and oil, I never knew; and therefore did I weep.
And I complain’d in the mild air, because I fade away.
And lay me down in thy cold bed, and leave my shining lot.

Queen of the vales, the matron Clay answer’d; I heard thy sighs,
And all thy moans flew o’er my roof. but I have call’d them down:
Wilt thou O Queen enter my house. ’tis given thee to enter,
And to return; fear nothing. enter with thy virgin feet.
The eternal gates terrific porter lifted the northern bar:
Thel enter'd in & saw the secrets of the land unknown;
She saw the couches of the dead, & where the fibrous roots
Of every heart on earth infixes deep its restless twists:
A land of sorrows & of tears where never smile was seen.

She wanderd in the land of clouds thro’ valleys dark, listning
Dolours & lamentations: waiting oft beside a dewy grave
She stood in silence. listning to the voices of the ground,
Till to her own grave plot she came. & there she sat down.
And heard this voice of sorrow breathed from the hollow pit.
Why cannot the Ear be closed to its own destruction?
Or the glistning Eye to the poison of a smile!
Why are Eyelids stord with arrows ready drawn,
Where a thousand fighting men in ambush lie?
Or an Eye of gifts & graces, show’ring fruits & coined gold!
Why a Tongue impress’d with honey from every wind?
Why an Ear, a whirlpool fierce to draw creations in?
Why a Nostril wide inhaling terror trembling & affright
Why a tender curb upon the youthful burning boy!
Why a little curtain of flesh on the bed of our desire?

The Virgin started from her seat, & with a shriek.
Fled back unhinderd till she came into the vales of Har

*The End*
THE MARRIAGE OF HEAVEN AND HELL

(Engraved, c. 1790)

The Argument.

Rintrah roars & shakes his fires in the burdend air;
Hungry clouds swag on the deep

Once meek, and in a perilous path,
The just man kept his course along
The vale of death.
Roses are planted where thorns grow.
And on the barren heath
Sing the honey bees.

Then the perilous path was planted:
And a river, and a spring
On every cliff and tomb;
And on the bleached bones
Red clay brought forth.

Till the villain left the paths of ease,
To walk in perilous paths, and drive
The just man into barren climes.

Now the sneaking serpent walks
In mild humility.
And the just man rages in the wilds
Where lions roam.

Rintrah roars & shakes his fires in the burdend air;
Hungry clouds swag on the deep.

As a new heaven is begun, and it is now thirty-three years since its advent: the Eternal Hell revives. And lo! Swedenborg is the Angel sitting at the tomb; his writings are the linen clothes folded up. Now is the dominion of Edom, & the return of Adam into Paradise; see Isaiah XXXIV & XXXV Chap:

Without Contraries is no progression. Attraction and Repulsion, Reason and Energy, Love and Hate, are necessary to Human existence.

From these contraries spring what the religious call Good & Evil. Good is the passive that obeys Reason. Evil is the active springing from Energy.

Good is Heaven. Evil is Hell.

The Voice of the Devil

All Bibles or sacred codes. have been the causes of the following Errors.

1. That Man has two real existing principles Viz: a Body & a Soul.
2. That Energy. calld Evil. is alone from the Body. & that Reason. calld Good. is alone from the Soul.
3. That God will torment Man in Eternity for following his Energies.

But the following Contraries to these are True

1. Man has no Body distinct from his Soul for that calld Body is a portion of Soul discernd by the five Senses. the chief inlets of Soul in this age
2. Energy is the only life and is from the Body and Reason is the bound or outward circumference of Energy.
3. Energy is Eternal Delight

Those who restrain desire, do so because theirs is weak enough to be restrained; and the restrainer or reason usurps its place & governs the unwilling.
And being restraind it by degrees becomes passive till it is only the shadow of desire.
The history of this is written in Paradise Lost. & the Governor or Reason is call’d Messiah.

And the original Archangel or possessor of the command of the heavenly host, is call’d the Devil or Satan and his children are call’d Sin & Death

But in the Book of Job Miltons Messiah is call’d Satan.

For this history has been adopted by both parties
It indeed appear’d to Reason as if Desire was cast out. but the Devils account is, that
the Messiah fell. & formed a heaven of what he stole from the Abyss

This is shewn in the Gospel, where he prays to the Father to send the comforter or Desire that Reason may have Ideas to build on, the Jehovah of the Bible being no other than he, who dwells in flaming fire. Know that after Christ's death, he became Jehovah.

But in Milton; the Father is Destiny, the Son, a Ratio of the five senses. & the Holy ghost, Vacuum!

Note. The reason Milton wrote in fetters when he wrote of Angels & God, and at liberty when of Devils & Hell, is because he was a true Poet and of the Devils party without knowing it.

A Memorable Fancy.
As I was walking among the fires of hell, delighted with the enjoyments of Genius; which to Angels look like torment and insanity. I collected some of their Proverbs: thinking that as the sayings used in a nation, mark its character, so the Proverbs of Hell, shew the nature of Infernal wisdom better than any description of buildings or garments.

When I came home; on the abyss of the five senses, where a flat sided steep frowns over the present world. I saw a mighty Devil folded in black clouds, hovering on the sides of the rock, with corroding fires he wrote the following sentence now perceived by the minds of men, & read by them on earth.

How do you know but ev'ry Bird that cuts the airy way,
Is an immense world of delight, clos'd by your senses five?

Proverbs of Hell.
In seed time learn, in harvest teach, in winter enjoy.
Drive your cart and your plow over the bones of the dead.
The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom.
Prudence is a rich ugly old maid courted by Incapacity.
He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence.
The cut worm forgives the plow.
Dip him in the river who loves water.
A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees.
He whose face gives no light, shall never become a star.
Eternity is in love with the productions of time.
The busy bee has no time for sorrow.
The hours of folly are measur'd by the clock, but of wisdom: no clock can measure.
All wholesome food is caught without a net or a trap.
Bring out number weight & measure in a year of dearth.
No bird soars too high, if he soars with his own wings.
A dead body revenges not injuries.
The most sublime act is to set another before you.
If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise.
Folly is the cloak of knavery.
Shame is Pride's cloak.

Prisons are built with stones of Law, Brothels with bricks of Religion.
The pride of the peacock is the glory of God.
The lust of the goat is the bounty of God.
The wrath of the lion is the wisdom of God.
The nakedness of woman is the work of God.
Excess of sorrow laughs. Excess of joy weeps.
The roaring of lions, the howling of wolves, the raging of the stormy sea, and the destructive sword are portions of eternity too great for the eye of man.
The fox condemns the trap, not himself.
Joys impregnate. Sorrows bring forth.
Let man wear the fell of the lion. woman the fleece of the sheep.
The bird a nest, the spider a web, man friendship.
The selfish smiling fool & the sullen frowning fool shall be both thought wise that they may be a rod.
What is now proved was once, only imagin'd.
The rat, the mouse, the fox, the rabbet; watch the roots, the lion, the tyger, the horse, the elephant, watch the fruits.
The cistern contains: the fountain overflows.
One thought. fills immensity.
Always be ready to speak your mind, and a base man will avoid you.
Every thing possible to be believ'd is an image of truth.
The eagle never lost so much time, as when he submitted to learn of the crow.

The fox provides for himself but God provides for the lion.
Think in the morning, Act in the noon, Eat in the evening, Sleep in the night.
He who has suffer'd you to impose on him knows you.
As the plow follows words, so God rewards prayers.
The tygers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction.
Expect poison from the standing water.
You never know what is enough unless you know what is more than enough.
Listen to the fools reproach! it is a kingly title!
The eyes of fire, the nostrils of air, the mouth of water, the beard of earth.
The weak in courage is strong in cunning.
The apple tree never asks the beech how he shall grow, nor the lion. the horse; how he shall take his prey.
The thankful receiver bears a plentiful harvest.
If others had not been foolish. we should be so.
The soul of sweet delight. can never be defil’d,
When thou seest an Eagle, thou seest a portion of Genius. lift up thy head!
As the catterpillar chooses the fairest leaves to lay her eggs on, so the priest lays his curse on the fairest joys.
To create a little flower is the labour of ages.
Damn. braces: Bless relaxes.
The best wine is the oldest. the best water the newest.
Prayers plow not! Praises reap not!
Joys laugh not! Sorrows weep not!

The head Sublime, the heart Pathos, the genitals Beauty, the hands & feet Proportion.
As the air to a bird or the sea to a fish, so is contempt to the contemptible.
The crow wish’d every thing was black, the owl, that every thing was white.
Exuberance is Beauty.
If the lion was advised by the fox. he would be cunning.
Improvement makes strait roads, but the crooked roads without Improvement, are roads of Genius.
Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires
Where man is not nature is barren.
Truth can never be told so as to be understood, and not be believ’d.

Enough! or Too much

The ancient Poets animated all sensible objects with Gods or Geniuses calling them by the names and adorning them with the properties of woods, rivers, mountains, lakes, cities, nations, and whatever their enlarged & numerous senses could perceive.

And particularly they studied the genius of each city & country. placing it under its mental deity.
Till a system was formed, which some took advantage of & enslav’d the vulgar by attempting to realize or abstract the mental deities from their objects: thus began Priesthood.

Choosing forms of worship from poetic tales.
And at length they pronounced that the Gods had orderd such things.
Thus men forgot that All deities reside in the human breast.

A Memorable Fancy.
The Prophets Isaiah and Ezekiel dined with me, and I asked them how they dared so roundly to assert. that God spake to them; and whether they did not think at the time, that they would be misunderstood, & so be the cause of imposition.

Isaiah answer’d. I saw no God. nor heard any, in a finite organical perception; but my senses discover’d the infinite in every thing, and as I was then perswaded. & remain confirm’d; that the voice of honest indignation is the voice of God, I cared not for consequences but wrote.

Then I asked: does a firm perswasion that a thing is so, make it so?
He replied. All poets believe that it does, & in ages of imagination this firm perswasion removed mountains; but many are not capable of a firm perswasion of any thing.

Then Ezekiel said. The philosophy of the east taught the first principles of human perception some nations held one principle for the origin & some another, we of Israel taught that the Poetic Genius (as you now call it) was the first principle and all the others merely derivative, which was the cause of our despising the Priests & Philosophers of other countries, and prophecying that all Gods would at last be proved. to originate in ours & to be the tributaries of the Poetic Genius, it was this. that our great poet King David desired so fervently & invokes so patheticly, saying by this he conquers enemies & governs kingdoms; and we so loved our God. that we cursed in his name all the deities of surrounding nations, and asserted that they had rebelled; from these opinions the vulgar came to think that all nations would at last be subject to the jews.

This said he, like all firm perswasions, is come to pass, for all nations believe the jews code and worship the jews god, and what greater subjection can be

I heard this with some wonder, & must confess my own conviction. After dinner I ask’d Isaiah to favour the world with his lost works, he said none of equal value was lost. Ezekiel said the same of his.

I also asked Isaiah what made him go naked and barefoot three years? he answerd, the same that made our friend Diogenes the Grecian.
I then asked Ezekiel, why he eat dung, & lay so long on his right & left side? he answered, the desire of raising other men into a perception of the infinite this the North American tribes practise. & is he honest who resists his genius or conscience, only for the sake of present ease or gratification?

The ancient tradition that the world will be consumed in fire at the end of six thousand years is true, as I have heard from Hell. For the cherub with his flaming sword is hereby commanded to leave his guard at the tree of life, and when he does, the whole creation will be consumed, and appear infinite. and holy whereas it now appears finite & corrupt.

This will come to pass by an improvement of sensual enjoyment. But first the notion that man has a body distinct from his soul, is to be expunged; this I shall do, by printing in the infernal method, by corrosives, which in Hell are salutary and medicinal, melting apparent surfaces away, and displaying the infinite which was hid.

If the doors of perception were cleansed every thing would appear to man as it is: infinite.

For man has closed himself up, till he sees all things thro’ narrow chinks of his cavern.

A Memorable Fancy
I was in a Printing house in Hell & saw the method in which knowledge is transmitted from generation to generation.

In the first chamber was a Dragon-Man, clearing away the rubbish from a caves mouth; within, a number of Dragons were hollowing the cave,

In the second chamber was a Viper folding round the rock & the cave, and others adorning it with gold silver and precious stones.

In the third chamber was an Eagle with wings and feathers of air, he caused the inside of the cave to be infinite, around were numbers of Eagle like men, who built palaces in the immense cliffs.

In the fourth chamber were Lions of flaming fire raging around & melting the metals into living fluids.

In the fifth chamber were Unnam’d forms, which cast the metals into the expanse. There they were reciev’d by Men who occupied the sixth chamber, and took the forms of books & were arranged in libraries.

The Giants who formed this world into its sensual existence and now seem to live in
it in chains; are in truth. the causes of its life & the sources of all activity, but the chains are, the cunning of weak and tame minds. which have power to resist energy. according to the proverb, the weak in courage is strong in cunning.

Thus one portion of being, is the Prolific. the other, the Devouring: to the devourer it seems as if the producer was in his chains, but it is not so, he only takes portions of existence and fancies that the whole.

But the Prolific would cease to be Prolific unless the Devourer as a sea recieved the excess of his delights.

Some will say, Is not God alone the Prolific? I answer, God only Acts & Is, in existing beings or Men.

These two classes of men are always upon earth, & they should be enemies; whoever tries to reconcile them seeks to destroy existence.

Religion is an endeavour to reconcile the two.

Note. Jesus Christ did not wish to unite but to seperate them, as in the Parable of sheep and goats! & he says I came not to send Peace but a Sword.

Messiah or Satan or Tempter was formerly thought to be one of the Antediluvians who are our Energies.

A Memorable Fancy

An Angel came to me and said. O pitiable foolish young man! O horrible! O dreadful state! consider the hot burning dungeon thou art preparing for thyself to all eternity, to which thou art going in such career.

I said. perhaps you will be willing to shew me my eternal lot & we will contemplate together upon it and see whether your lot or mine is most desirable

So he took me thro’ a stable & thro’ a church & down into the church vault at the end of which was a mill: thro’ the mill we went, and came to a cave. down the winding cavern we groped our tedious way till a void boundless as a nether sky appeard beneath us & we held by the roots of trees and hung over this immensity; but I said, if you please we will commit ourselves to this void, and see whether providence is here also, if you will not I will? but he answerd. do not presume O young-man but as we here remain behold thy lot which will soon appear when the darkness passes away

So I remaind with him sitting in the twisted root of an oak. he was suspended in a fungus which hung with the head downward into the deep:

By degrees we beheld the infinite Abyss, fiery as the smoke of a burning city; beneath us at an immense distance was the sun, black but shining; round it were fiery tracks on which revolv’d vast spiders, crawling after their prey; which flew or rather swum in the
infinite deep, in the most terrific shapes of animals sprung from corruption. & the air was full of them, & seemd composed of them; these are Devils. and are called Powers of the air, I now asked my companion which was my eternal lot? he said, between the black & white spiders

But now, from between the black & white spiders a cloud and fire burst and rolled thro the deep blackning all beneath, so that the nether deep grew black as a sea & rolled with a terrible noise: beneath us was nothing now to be seen but a black tempest, till looking east between the clouds & the waves, we saw a cataract of blood mixed with fire and not many stones throw from us appeard and sunk again the scaly fold of a monstrous serpent. at last to the east, distant about three degrees appeard a fiery crest above the waves slowly it reared like a ridge of golden rocks till we discoverd two globes of crimson fire. from which the sea fled away in clouds of smoke, and now we saw, it was the head of Leviathan. his forehead was divided into streaks of green & purple like those on a tygers forehead: soon we saw his mouth & red gills hang just above the raging foam tinging the black deep with beams of blood, advancing toward us with all the fury of a spiritual existence.

My friend the Angel climb’d up from his station into the mill; I remain’d alone, & then this appearance was no more, but I found myself sitting on a pleasant bank beside a river by moon light hearing a harper who sung to the harp. & his theme was, The man who never alters his opinion is like standing water, & breeds reptiles of the mind.

But I arose, and sought for the mill, & there I found my Angel, who surprised asked me, how I escaped?

I answerd. All that we saw was owing to your metaphysics: for when you ran away, I found myself on a bank by moonlight hearing a harper, But now we have seen my eternal lot, shall I shew you yours? he laughd at my proposal: but I by force suddenly caught him in my arms, & flew westerly thro’ the night, till we were elevated above the earths shadow: then I flung myself with him directly into the body of the sun, here I clothed myself in white, & taking in my hand Swedenborgs volumes sunk from the glorious clime, and passed all the planets till we came to saturn, here I staid to rest & then leap’d into the void, between saturn & the fixed stars.

Here said I! is your lot, in this space, if space it may be calld, Soon we saw the stable and the church, & I took him to the altar and open’d the Bible, and lo! it was a deep pit, into which I descended driving the Angel before me, soon we saw seven houses of brick, one we enterd; in it were a number of monkeys, baboons, & all of that species chaind by the middle, grinning and snatching at one another, but withheld by the shortness of their chains: however I saw that they sometimes grew numerous, and then the weak were caught by the strong and with a grinning aspect, first coupled with & then devourd, by
plucking off first one limb and then another till the body was left a helpless trunk. This
after grinning & kissing it with seeming fondness they devourd too; and here & there I
saw one savourily picking the flesh off of his own tail; as the stench terribly annoyd us
both we went into the mill, & I in my hand brought the skeleton of a body, which in the
mill was Aristotles Analytics.

So the Angel said: thy phantasy has imposed upon me & thou oughtest to be
ashamed.

I answerd: we impose on one another, & it is but lost time to converse with you
whose works are only Analytics.

Opposition is true Friendship.

I have always found that Angels have the vanity to speak of themselves as the only
wise; this they do with a confident insolence sprouting from systematic reasoning:
Thus Swedenborg boasts that what he writes is new; tho’ it is only the Contents or
Index of already publish’d books.

A man carried a monkey about for a shew, & because he was a little wiser than the
monkey, grew vain, and conciev’d himself as much wiser than seven men. It is so with
Swedenborg; he shews the folly of churches & exposes hypocrites, till he imagines that all
are religious. & himself the single One on earth that ever broke a net.

Now hear a plain fact: Swedenborg has not written one new truth: Now hear another:
he has written all the old falshoods.

And now hear the reason. He conversed with Angels who are all religious, &
conversed not with Devils who all hate religion, for he was incapable thro’ his conceited
notions.

Thus Swedenborgs writings are a recapitulation of all superficial opinions, and an
analysis of the more sublime, but no further.

Have now another plain fact: Any man of mechanical talents may from the writings
of Paracelsus or Jacob Behmen, produce ten thousand volumes of equal value with
Swedenborg’s. and from those of Dante or Shakespear, an infinite number.

But when he has done this, let him not say that he knows better than his master, for
he only holds a candle in sunshine.

A Memorable Fancy
Once I saw a Devil in a flame of fire. who arose before an Angel that sat on a cloud. and
the Devil uttered these words.
The worship of God is. Honouring his gifts in other men each according to his genius, and loving the greatest men best, those who envy or calumniate great men hate God, for there is no other God.

The Angel hearing this became almost blue but mastering himself he grew yellow, & at last white pink & smiling, and then replied,

Thou Idolater, is not God One? & is not he visible in Jesus Christ? and has not Jesus Christ given his sanction to the law of ten commandments and are not all other men fools, sinners, & nothings?

The Devil answer’d; bray a fool in a mortar with wheat. yet shall not his folly be beaten out of him: if Jesus Christ is the greatest man, you ought to love him in the greatest degree; now hear how he has given his sanction to the law of ten commandments: did he not mock at the sabbath, and so mock the sabbaths God? murder those who were murderd because of him? turn away the law from the woman taken in adultery? steal the labor of others to support him? bear false witness when he omitted making a defence before Pilate? covet when he pray’d for his disciples, and when he bid them shake off the dust of their feet against such as refused to lodge them? I tell you, no virtue can exist without breaking these ten commandments:. Jesus was all virtue and acted from impulse: not from rules.

When he had so spoken: I beheld the Angel who stretched out his arms embracing the flame of fire & he was consumed and arose as Elijah.

Note. This Angel, who is now become a Devil, is my particular friend: we often read the Bible together in its infernal or diabolical sense which the world shall have if they behave well

I have also: The Bible of Hell: which the world shall have whether they will or no.

One Law for the Lion & Ox is Oppression

A Song of Liberty

1. The Eternal Female groand! it was heard over all the Earth:
2. Albions coast is sick silent; the American meadows faint!
3. Shadows of Prophecy shiver along by the lakes and the rivers and mutter across the ocean! France rend down thy dungeon;
4. Golden Spain burst the barriers of old Rome;
5. Cast thy keys O Rome into the deep down falling, even to eternity down falling,
6. And weep!
7. In her trembling hands she took the new, born terror howling;
8. On those infinite mountains of light now barr’d out by the atlantic sea, the new born fire stood before the starry king!
9. Flag’d with grey brow’d snows and thunderous visages the jealous wings wav’d over the deep.
10. The speary hand burned aloft, unbuckled was the shield, forth went the hand of jealousy among the flaming hair, and hurl’d the new born wonder thro’ the starry night.
11. The fire, the fire, is falling!
12. Look up! look up! O citizen of London. enlarge thy countenance; O Jew, leave counting gold! return to thy oil and wine; O African! black African! (go. winged thought widen his forehead.)
13. The fiery limbs, the flaming hair, shot like the sinking sun into the western sea.
14. Wak’d from his eternal sleep, the hoary, element roaring fled away:
15. Down rushd beating his wings in vain the jealous king: his grey brow’d councillors, thunderous warriors, curl’d veterans, among helms, and shields, and chariots horses, elephants: banners, castles, slings and rocks,
16. Falling, rushing, ruined! buried in the ruins, on Urthona’s dens.
17. All night beneath the ruins, then their sullen flames faded emerge round the gloomy king,
18. With thunder and fire: leading his starry hosts thro’ the waste wilderness he promulgates his ten commands, glancing his beamy eyelids over the deep in dark dismay,
19. Where the son of fire in his eastern cloud, while the morning plumes her golden breast,
20. Spurning the clouds written with curses, stamps the stony law to dust, loosing the eternal horses from the dens of night, crying

   Empire is no more! and now the lion & wolf shall cease.

Chorus
Let the Priests of the Raven of dawn, no longer in deadly black, with hoarse note curse the sons of joy. Nor his accepted brethren whom, tyrant, he calls free; lay the bound or build the roof. Nor pale religious letchery call that virginity, that wishes but acts not!

   For every thing that lives is Holy
THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

A Poem,
In Seven Books.
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Advertisement
The Remaining Books of this Poem are finished, and will be published in their Order.
The dead brood over Europe, the cloud and vision descends over cheerful France; 
O cloud well appointed! Sick, sick: the Prince on his couch, wreath’d in dim 
And appalling mist; his strong hand outstretched, from his shoulder down the bone 
Runs aching cold into the sceptre too heavy for mortal grasp—no more 
To be swayed by visible hand, nor in cruelty bruise the mild flourishing mountains. 

Sick the mountains, and all their vineyards weep, in the eyes of the kingly mourner; 
Pale is the morning cloud in his visage. Rise, Necker: the ancient dawn calls us 
To awake from slumbers of five thousand years. I awake, but my soul is in dreams; 
From my window I see the old mountains of France, like aged men, fading away. 

Troubled, leaning on Necker, descends the King to his chamber of council; shady mountains 
In fear utter voices of thunder; the woods of France embosom the sound; 
Clouds of wisdom prophetic reply, and roll over the palace roof heavy. 
Forty men, each conversing with woes in the infinite shadows of his soul, 
Like our ancient fathers in regions of twilight, walk, gathering round the King: 
Again the loud voice of France cries to the morning; the morning prophesies to its clouds. 

For the Commons convene in the Hall of the Nation. France shakes! And the heavens of France 
Perplex’d vibrate round each careful countenance! Darkness of old times around them 
Utters loud despair, shadowing Paris; her grey towers groan, and the Bastille trembles. 
In its terrible towers the Governor stood, in dark fogs list’ning the horror; 
A thousand his soldiers, old veterans of France, breathing red clouds of power and dominion, 
Sudden seiz’d with howlings, despair, and black night, he stalk’d like a lion from tower to tower; his howlings were heard in the Louvre; from court to court restless he dragg’d his strong limbs; from court to court curs’d the fierce torment unquell’d, 
Howling and giving the dark command; in his soul stood the purple plague, 
Panting over the prisoners like a wolf gorg’d; and the den nam’d Horror held a man 
Chain’d hand and foot; round his neck an iron band, bound to the impregnable wall;
In his soul was the serpent coil’d round in his heart, hid from the light, as in a cleft rock:
And the man was confin’d for a writing prophetic: in the tower nam’d Darkness, was a man
Pinion’d down to the stone floor, his strong bones scarce cover’d with sinews; the iron rings
Were forg’d smaller as the flesh decay’d, a mask of iron on his face hid the lineaments
Of ancient Kings, and the frown of the eternal lion was hid from the oppressed earth.
In the tower named Bloody, a skeleton yellow remained in its chains on its couch
Of stone, once a man who refus’d to sign papers of abhorrence; the eternal worm
Crept in the skeleton. In the den nam’d Religion, a loathsome sick woman bound down
To a bed of straw; the seven diseases of earth, like birds of prey, stood on the couch
And fed on the body: she refus’d to be whore to the Minister, and with a knife smote him.
In the tower nam’d Order, an old man, whose white beard cover’d the stone floor like weeds
On margin of the sea, shrivel’d up by heat of day and cold of night; his den was short
And narrow as a grave dug for a child, with spider’s webs wove, and with slime
Of ancient horrors cover’d, for snakes and scorpions are his companions; harmless they breathe
His sorrowful breath: he, by conscience urg’d, in the city of Paris rais’d a pulpit,
And taught wonders to darken’d souls. In the den nam’d Destiny a strong man sat,
His feet and hands cut off, and his eyes blinded; round his middle a chain and a band
Fasten’d into the wall; fancy gave him to see an image of despair in his den,
Eternally rushing round, like a man on his hands and knees, day and night without rest:
He was friend to the favourite. In the seventh tower, nam’d the tower of God, was a man
Mad, with chains loose, which he dragg’d up and down; fed with hopes year by year, he pined
For liberty; vain hopes: his reason decay’d, and the world of attraction in his bosom
Centr’d, and the rushing of chaos overwhelm’d his dark soul. He was confin’d
For a letter of advice to a King, and his ravings in winds are heard over Versailles.

But the dens shook and trembled, the prisoners look up and assay to shout; they listen,
Then laugh in the dismal den, then are silent, and a light walks round the dark towers.
For the Commons convene in the Hall of the Nation; like spirits of fire in the beautiful Porches of the Sun, to plant beauty in the desart craving abyss, they gleam
On the anxious city; all children new-born first behold them; tears are fled,
And they nestle in earth-breathing bosoms. So the city of Paris, their wives and children,
Look up to the morning Senate, and visions of sorrow leave pensive streets.
But heavy brow’d jealousies lour o’er the Louvre; and terrors of ancient Kings
Descend from the gloom and wander thro’ the palace and weep round the King and his
Nobles;
While loud thunders roll, troubling the dead, Kings are sick throughout all the earth,
The voice ceas’d: the Nation sat; And the triple forg’d fetters of times were unloos’d.
The voice ceas’d: the Nation sat; but ancient darkness and trembling wander thro’ the
palace.

As in day of havoc and routed battle, among thick shades of discontent,
On the soul-skirting mountains of sorrow cold waving, the Nobles fold round the King,
Each stern visage lock’d up as with strong bands of iron, each strong limb bound down as
with marble,
In flames of red wrath burning, bound in astonishment a quarter of an hour.

Then the King glow’d: his Nobles fold round, like the sun of old time quench’d in clouds;
In their darkness the King stood; his heart flam’d, and utter’d a with’ring heat, and these
words burst forth:

“Thro’ darkness, thro’ clouds rolling round me, the spirits of ancient Kings
Shivering over their bleached bones; round them their counsellors look up from the dust,
Crying: ‘Hide from the living! Our bands and our prisoners shout in the open field,
Hide in the nether earth! Hide in the bones! Sit obscured in the hollow scull.
Our flesh is corrupted, and we wear away. We are not numbered among the living. Let us
hide
In stones, among roots of trees. The prisoners have burst their dens,
Let us hide, let us hide in the dust, and plague and wrath and tempest shall cease.”

He ceas’d, silent pond’ring, his brows folded heavy, his forehead was in affliction,
Like the central fire from the window he saw his vast armies spread over the hills,
Breathing red fires from man to man, and from horse to horse: then his bosom
Expanded like starry heaven; he sat down: his Nobles took their ancient seats.

Then the ancientest Peer, Duke of Burgundy, rose from the Monarch’s right hand, red as
wines
From his mountains; an odour of war, like a ripe vineyard, rose from his garments, 
And the chamber became as a clouded sky; o’er the council he stretch’d his red limbs, 
Cloth’d in flames of crimson; as a ripe vineyard stretches over sheaves of corn, 
The fierce Duke hung over the Council; around him croud, weeping in his burning robe, 
A bright cloud of infant souls: his words fall like purple autumn on the sheaves.

“Shall this marble built heaven become a clay cottage, this earth an oak stool, and these 
mowers
From the Atlantic mountains mow down all this great starry harvest of six thousand 
years?
And shall Necker, the hind of Geneva, stretch out his crook’d sickle o’er fertile France, 
Till our purple and crimson is faded to russet, and the kingdoms of earth bound in 
sheaves,
And the ancient forests of chivalry hewn, and the joys of the combat burnt for fuel; 
Till the power and dominion is rent from the pole, sword and scepter from sun and moon, 
The law and gospel from fire and air, and eternal reason and science 
From the deep and the solid, and man lay his faded head down on the rock 
Of eternity, where the eternal lion and eagle remain to devour?
This to prevent, urg’d by cries in day, and prophetic dreams hovering in night, 
To enrich the lean earth that craves, furrow’d with ploughs, whose seed is departing from 
her, 
Thy Nobles have gather’d thy starry hosts round this rebellious city, 
To rouze up the ancient forests of Europe, with clarions of loud breathing war, 
To hear the horse neigh to the drum and trumpet, and the trumpet and war shout reply. 
Stretch the hand that beckons the eagles of heaven; they cry over Paris, and wait 
Till Fayette point his finger to Versailles—the eagles of heaven must have their prey!”

The King lean’d on his mountains; then lifted his head and look’d on his armies, that 
shone 
Through heaven, tinging morning with beams of blood; then turning to Burgundy 
troubled:—
“Burgundy, thou wast born a lion! My soul is o’ergrown with distress
For the Nobles of France, and dark mists roll round me and blot the writing of God
Written in my bosom. Necker rise, leave the kingdom, thy life is surrounded with snares;
We have call’d an Assembly, but not to destroy; we have given gifts, not to the weak;
I hear rushing of muskets and bright’ning of swords; and visages, redd’ning with war,
Frowning and looking up from brooding villages and every dark’ning city;
Ancient wonders frown over the kingdom, and cries of women and babes are heard, And tempests of doubt roll around me, and fierce sorrows, because of the Nobles of France; Depart, answer not, for the tempest must fall, as in years that are passed away.”

He ceas’ d, and burn’ d silent, red clouds roll round Necker, a weeping is heard o’er the palace; Like a dark cloud Necker paus’ d, and like thunder on the just man’s burial day he paus’ d; Silent sit the winds, silent the meadows, while the husbandman and woman of weakness And bright children look after him into the grave, and water his clay with love, Then turn towards pensive fields; so Necker paus’ d, and his visage was cover’d with clouds.

Dropping a tear the old man his place left, and when he was gone out He set his face toward Geneva to flee, and the women and children of the city Kneel’ d round him and kissed his garments and wept; he stood a short space in the street, Then fled; and the whole city knew he was fled to Geneva, and the Senate heard it.

But the Nobles burn’ d wrathful at Necker’s departure, and wreath’ d their clouds and waters In dismal volumes; as, risen from beneath, the Archbishop of Paris arose In the rushing of scales and hissing of flames and rolling of sulphurous smoke:—

“Hearken, Monarch of France, to the terrors of heaven, and let thy soul drink of my counsel; Sleeping at midnight in my golden tower, the repose of the labours of men Wav’d its solemn cloud over my head. I awoke; a cold hand passed over my limbs, and behold An aged form, white as snow, hov’ ring in mist, weeping in the uncertain light. Dim the form almost faded, tears fell down the shady cheeks; at his feet many cloth’d In white robes, strewn in air censers and harps, silent they lay prostrated; Beneath, in the awful void, myriads descending and weeping thro’ dismal winds; Endless the shady train shiv’ ring descended, from the gloom where the aged form wept. At length, trembling, the vision sighing, in a low voice like the voice of the grasshopper, whisper’ d: ‘My groaning is heard in the abbeys, and God, so long worshipp’d, departs as a lamp Without oil; for a curse is heard hoarse thro’ the land, from a godless race Descending to beasts; they look downward, and labour, and forget my holy law;
The sound of prayer fails from lips of flesh, and the holy hymn from thicken’d tongues: 
For the bars of Chaos are burst; her millions prepare their fiery way 
Thro’ the orbed abode of the holy dead, to root up and pull down and remove, 
And Nobles and Clergy shall fail from before me, and my cloud and vision be no more; 
The mitre become black, the crown vanish, and the scepter and ivory staff 
Of the ruler wither among bones of death; they shall consume from the thistly field, 
And the sound of the bell, and voice of the sabbath, and singing of the holy choir 
Is turn’d into songs of the harlot in day, and cries of the virgin in night. 
They shall drop at the plough and faint at the harrow, unredeem’d, unconfess’d, unpardon’d; 
The priest rot in his surplice by the lawless lover, the holy beside the accursed, 
The King, frowning in purple, beside the grey ploughman, and their worms embrace together.’ 
The voice ceas’d: a groan shook my chamber; I slept, for the cloud of repose returned; 
But morning dawn’d heavy upon me. I rose to bring my Prince heaven utter’d counsel. 
Hear my counsel, O King! and send forth thy Generals; the command of Heaven is upon thee; 
Then do thou command, O King, to shut up this Assembly in their final home; 
Let thy soldiers possess this city of rebels, that threaten to bathe their feet 
In the blood of Nobility, trampling the heart and the head; let the Bastille devour 
These rebellious seditious; seal them up, O Anointed, in everlasting chains.” 
He sat down, a damp cold pervaded the Nobles, and monsters of worlds unknown 
Swam round them, watching to be delivered; When Aumont, whose chaos-born soul 
Eternally wand’ring, a Comet and swift-falling fire, pale enter’d the chamber; 
Before the red Council he stood, like a man that returns from hollow graves. 
“Awe-surrounded, alone thro’ the army a fear and a with’ring blight blown by the north, 
The Abbe de Sieyes from the Nation’s Assembly, O Princes and Generals of France, 
Unquestioned, unhindered, awe-struck are the soldiers; a dark shadowy man in the form 
Of King Henry the Fourth walks before him in fires; the captains like men bound in 
chains 
Stood still as he pass’d, he is come to the Louvre, O King, with a message to thee; 
The strong soldiers tremble, the horses their manes bow, and the guards of thy palace are fled!” 
Up rose awful in his majestic beams Bourbon’s strong Duke; his proud sword, from his thigh
Drawn, he threw on the earth: the Duke of Bretagne and the Earl of Bourgogne
Rose inflam’d, to and fro in the chamber, like thunder-clouds ready to burst.

“What damp all our fires, O spectre of Henry!” said Bourbon, “and rend the flames
From the head of our King? Rise, Monarch of France; command me, and I will lead
This army of superstition at large, that the ardor of noble souls quenchless,
May yet burn in France, nor our shoulders be plough’d with the furrows of poverty.”

Then Orleans, generous as mountains, arose and unfolded his robe, and put forth
His benevolent hand, looking on the Archbishop, who changed as pale as lead,
Would have risen but could not, his voice issued harsh grating; instead of words harsh
hissings
Shook the chamber; he ceas’d abash’d. Then Orleans spoke; all was silent,
He breath’d on them, and said: “O Princes of fire, whose flames are for growth, not
-consuming,
Fear not dreams, fear not visions, nor be you dismay’d with sorrows which flee at the
morning;
Can the fires of Nobility ever be quench’d, or the stars by a stormy night?
Is the body diseas’d when the members are healthful? can the man be bound in sorrow
Whose ev’ry function is fill’d with its fiery desire? can the soul whose brain and heart
Cast their rivers in equal tides thro’ the great Paradise, languish because the feet,
Hands, head, bosom, and parts of love, follow their high breathing joy?
And can Nobles be bound when the people are free, or God weep when his children are
happy?
Have you never seen Fayette’s forehead, or Mirabeau’s eyes, or the shoulders of Target,
Or Bailly the strong foot of France, or Clermont the terrible voice, and your robes
Still retain their own crimson? mine never yet faded, for fire delights in its form.
But go, merciless man, enter into the infinite labyrinth of another’s brain
Ere thou measure the circle that he shall run. Go, thou cold recluse, into the fires
Of another’s high flaming rich bosom, and return unconsum’d, and write laws.
If thou canst not do this, doubt thy theories, learn to consider all men as thy equals,
Thy brethren, and not as thy foot or thy hand, unless thou first fearest to hurt them.”

The Monarch stood up; the strong Duke his sword to its golden scabbard return’d,
The Nobles sat round like clouds on the mountains, when the storm is passing away:—
“Let the Nation’s Ambassador come among Nobles, like incense of the valley!”
Aumont went out and stood in the hollow porch, his ivory wand in his hand; A cold orb of disdain revolv’d round him, and covered his soul with snows eternal. Great Henry’s soul shuddered, a whirlwind and fire tore furious from his angry bosom; He indignant departed on horses of heav’n. Then the Abbe de Sieyes rais’d his feet On the steps of the Louvre, like a voice of God following a storm, the Abbe follow’d The pale fires of Aumont into the chamber; as a father that bows to his son, Whose rich fields inheriting spread their old glory, so the voice of the people bowed Before the ancient seat of the kingdom and mountains to be renewed.

“Hear, O heavens of France, the voice of the people, arising from valley and hill, O’erclouded with power. Hear the voice of valleys, the voice of meek cities, Mourning oppressed on village and field, till the village and field is a waste. For the husbandman weeps at blights of the fife, and blasting of trumpets consume The souls of mild France; the pale mother nourishes her child to the deadly slaughter. When the heavens were seal’d with a stone, and the terrible sun clos’d in an orb, and the moon Rent from the nations, and each star appointed for watchers of night, The millions of spirits immortal were bound in the ruins of sulphur heaven To wander inslav’d; black, deprest in dark ignorance, kept in awe with the whip To worship terrors, bred from the blood of revenge and breath of desire In bestial forms, or more terrible men; till the dawn of our peaceful morning, Till dawn, till morning, till the breaking of clouds, and swelling of winds, and the universal voice, Till man raise his darken’d limbs out of the caves of night, his eyes and his heart Expand: Where is Space? where O Sun is thy dwelling? where thy tent, O faint slumb’rous Moon? Then the valleys of France shall cry to the soldier, ‘Throw down thy sword and musket, And run and embrace the meek peasant.’ Her Nobles shall hear and shall weep, and put off The red robe of terror, the crown of oppression, the shoes of contempt, and unbuckle The girdle of war from the desolate earth; then the Priest in his thund’rous cloud Shall weep, bending to earth embracing the valleys, and putting his hand to the plough, Shall say, ‘No more I curse thee; but now I will bless thee: No more in deadly black Devour thy labour; nor lift up a cloud in thy heavens, O laborious plough, That the wild raging millions, that wander in forests, and howl in law-blasted wastes, Strength madden’d with slavery, honesty bound in the dens of superstition, May sing in the village, and shout in the harvest, and woo in pleasant gardens
Their once savage loves, now beaming with knowledge, with gentle awe adorned;
And the saw, and the hammer, the chisel, the pencil, the pen, and the instruments
Of heavenly song sound in the wilds once forbidden, to teach the laborious plowman
And shepherd, deliver’d from clouds of war, from pestilence, from night-fear, from
murder,
From falling, from stifling, from hunger, from cold, from slander, discontent and sloth,
That walk in beasts and birds of night, driven back by the sandy desart,
Like pestilent fogs round cities of men; and the happy earth sing in its course,
The mild peaceable nations be opened to heav’n, and men walk with their fathers in bliss.’
Then hear the first voice of the morning: ‘Depart, O clouds of night, and no more
Return; be withdrawn cloudy war, troops of warriors depart, nor around our peaceable
city
Breathe fires; but ten miles from Paris let all be peace, nor a soldier be seen!’”

He ended: the wind of contention arose, and the clouds cast their shadows; the Princes
Like the mountains of France, whose aged trees utter an awful voice, and their branches
Are shatter’d; till gradual a murmur is heard descending into the valley,
Like a voice in the vineyards of Burgundy when grapes are shaken on grass,
Like the low voice of the labouring man, instead of the shout of joy;
And the palace appear’d like a cloud driven abroad; blood ran down the ancient pillars,
Thro’ the cloud a deep thunder, the Duke of Burgundy, delivers the King’s command.

“Seest thou yonder dark castle, that moated around, keeps this city of Paris in awe?
Go, command yonder tower, saying: ‘Bastille, depart! and take thy shadowy course;
Overstep the dark river, thou terrible tower, and get thee up into the country ten miles.
And thou black southern prison, move along the dusky road to Versailles; there
Frown on the gardens,’ and, if it obey and depart, then the King will disband
This war-breathing army; but, if it refuse, let the Nation’s Assembly thence learn
That this army of terrors, that prison of horrors, are the bands of the murmuring
kingdom.”

Like the morning star arising above the black waves, when a shipwreck’d soul sighs for
morning,
Thro’ the ranks, silent, walk’d the Ambassador back to the Nation’s Assembly, and told
The unwelcome message; silent they heard; then a thunder roll’d round loud and louder,
Like pillars of ancient halls and ruins of times remote, they sat.
Like a voice from the dim pillars Mirabeau rose; the thunders subsided away;
A rushing of wings around him was heard as he brighten’d, and cried out aloud, “Where is the General of the Nation?” The walls re-echo’d: “Where is the General of the Nation?”

Sudden as the bullet wrapp’d in his fire, when brazen cannons rage in the field, Fayette sprung from his seat saying, “Ready!” then bowing like clouds, man toward man, the Assembly

Like a Council of ardours seated in clouds, bending over the cities of men, And over the armies of strife, where their children are marshall’d together to battle, They murmuring divide, while the wind sleeps beneath, and the numbers are counted in silence,

While they vote the removal of War, and the pestilence weighs his red wings in the sky.

So Fayette stood silent among the Assembly, and the votes were given, and the numbers numb’red; And the vote was that Fayette should order the army to remove ten miles from Paris.

The aged Sun rises appall’d from dark mountains, and gleams a dusky beam On Fayette, but on the whole army a shadow, for a cloud on the eastern hills Hover’d, and stretch’d across the city, and across the army, and across the Louvre, Like a flame of fire he stood before dark ranks, and before expecting captains

On pestilent vapours around him flow frequent specters of religious men weeping In winds driven out of the abbeys, their naked souls shiver in keen open air, Driven out by the fiery cloud of Voltaire, and thund’rous rocks of Rousseau, They dash like foam against the ridges of the army, uttering a faint feeble cry.

Gleams of fire streak the heavens, and of sulphur the earth, from Fayette as he lifted his hand; But silent he stood, till all the officers rush round him like waves Round the shore of France, in day of the British flag, when heavy cannons Affright the coasts, and the peasant looks over the sea and wipes a tear; Over his head the soul of Voltaire shone fiery; and over the army Rousseau his white cloud Unfolded, on souls of war living terrors silent list’ning toward Fayette, His voice loud inspir’d by liberty, and by spirits of the dead, thus thunder’d:

“The Nation’s Assembly command that the Army remove ten miles from Paris; Nor a soldier be seen in road or in field, till the Nation command return.”
Rushing along iron ranks glittering, the officers each to his station
Depart, and the stern captain strokes his proud steed, and in front of his solid ranks
Waits the sound of trumpet; captains of foot stand each by his cloudy drum;
Then the drum beats, and the steely ranks move, and trumpets rejoice in the sky.
Dark cavalry, like clouds fraught with thunder ascend on the hills, and bright infantry, rank
Behind rank, to the soul shaking drum and shrill fife along the roads glitter like fire.

The noise of trampling, the wind of trumpets, smote the palace walls with a blast.
Pale and cold sat the King in midst of his peers, and his noble heart sunk, and his pulses
Suspended their motion, a darkness crept over his eyelids, and chill cold sweat
Sat round his brows faded in faint death; his peers pale like mountains of the dead,
Cover’d with dews of night, groaning, shaking forests and floods. The cold newt,
And snake, and damp toad on the kingly foot crawl, or croak on the awful knee,
Shedding their slime, in folds of the robe the crown’d adder builds and hisses
From stony brows; shaken the forests of France, sick the kings of the nations,
And the bottoms of the world were open’d, and the graves of arch-angels unseal’d;
The enormous dead lift up their pale fires and look over the rocky cliffs.

A faint heat from their fires reviv’d the cold Louvre; the frozen blood reflow’d.
Awful uprose the King, him the peers follow’d, they saw the courts of the Palace
Forsaken, and Paris without a soldier, silent, for the noise was gone up
And follow’d the army, and the Senate in peace sat beneath morning’s beam.

End of the First Book.
VISIONS OF THE DAUGHTERS OF ALBION

(Engraved 1793)

The Eye sees more than the Heart knows.

The Argument

I loved Theotormon
And I was not ashamed
I trembled in my virgin fears
And I hid in Leutha’s vale!

I plucked Leutha’s flower,
And I rose up from the vale;
But the terrible thunders tore
My virgin mantle in twain.

Visions

Enslav’d, the Daughters of Albion weep: a trembling lamentation
Upon their mountains; in their valleys, sighs toward America.

For the soft soul of America, Oothoon wanderd in woe,
Along the vales of Leutha seeking flowers to comfort her;
And thus she spoke to the bright Marygold of Leutha’s vale
Art thou a flower! art thou a nymph! I see thee now a flower;
Now a nymph! I dare not pluck thee from thy dewy bed!
The Golden nymph replied; pluck thou my flower Oothoon the mild
Another flower shall spring, because the soul of sweet delight
Can never pass away. she ceas’d & clos’d her golden shrine.

Then Oothoon pluck’d the flower saying, I pluck thee from thy bed
Sweet flower. and put thee here to glow between my breasts
And thus I turn my face to where my whole soul seeks.

Over the waves she went in wing’d exulting swift delight;
And over Theotormons reign, took her impetuous course.

Bromion rent her with his thunders. on his stormy bed
Lay the faint maid, and soon her woes appalld his thunders hoarse.

Bromion spoke. behold this harlot here on Bromions bed,
And let the jealous dolphins sport around the lovely maid;
Thy soft American plains are mine, and mine thy north & south:
Stampt with my signet are the swarthy children of the sun:
They are obedient, they resist not, they obey the scourge:
Their daughters worship terrors and obey the violent:
Now thou maist marry Bromions harlot, and protect the child
Of Bromions rage, that Oothoon shall put forth in nine moons time.

Then storms rent Theotormons limbs; he rolld his waves around.
And folded his black jealous waters round the adulterate pair
Bound back to back in Bromions caves terror & meekness dwell
At entrance Theotormon sits wearing the threshold hard
With secret tears; beneath him sound like waves on a desart shore
The voice of slaves beneath the sun, and children bought with money.
That shiver in religious caves beneath the burning fires
Of lust, that belch incessant from the summits of the earth.

Oothoon weeps not: she cannot weep! her tears are locked up;
But she can howl incessant writhing her soft snowy limbs.
And calling Theotormons Eagles to prey upon her flesh.

I call with holy voice! kings of the sounding air,
Rend away this defiled bosom that I may reflect.
The image of Theotormon on my pure transparent breast.

The Eagles at her call descend & rend their bleeding prey;
Theotormon severely smiles. her soul reflects the smile;
As the clear spring muddied with feet of beasts grows pure & smiles.

The Daughters of Albion hear her woes. & echo back her sighs.
Why does my Theotormon sit weeping upon the threshold;
And Oothoon hovers by his side, persuading him in vain:
I cry arise O Theotormon for the village dog
Barks at the breaking day. the nightingale has done lamenting.
The lark does rustle in the ripe corn, and the Eagle returns
From nightly prey, and lifts his golden beak to the pure east;
Shaking the dust from his immortal pinions to awake
The sun that sleeps too long. Arise my Theotormon I am pure.
Because the night is gone that clo'd me in its deadly black.
They told me that the night & day were all that I could see;
They told me that I had five senses to inclose me up.
And they inclo'sd my infinite brain into a narrow circle.
And sunk my heart into the Abyss, a red round globe hot burning
Till all from life I was obliterated and erased.
Instead of morn arises a bright shadow, like an eye
In the eastern cloud: instead of night a sickly charnel house;
That Theotormon hears me not! to him the night and morn
Are both alike: a night of sighs, a morning of fresh tears;
And none but Bromion can hear my lamentations.

With what sense is it that the chicken shuns the ravenous hawk?
With what sense does the tame pigeon measure out the expanse?
With what sense does the bee form cells? have not the mouse & frog
Eyes and ears and sense of touch? yet are their habitations.
And their pursuits, as different as their forms and as their joys:
Ask the wild ass why he refuses burdens: and the meek camel
Why he loves man: is it because of eye ear mouth or skin
Or breathing nostrils? No. for these the wolf and tyger have.
Ask the blind worm the secrets of the grave, and why her spires
Love to curl round the bones of death; and ask the ravenous snake
Where she gets poison: & the wing’d eagle why he loves the sun
And then tell me the thoughts of man, that have been hid of old.

Silent I hover all the night, and all day could be silent.
If Theotormon once would turn his loved eyes upon me;
How can I be defild when I reflect thy image pure?
Sweetest the fruit that the worm feeds on. & the soul prey’d on by woe
The new wash’d lamb ting’d with the village smoke & the bright swan
By the red earth of our immortal river: I bathe my wings.
And I am white and pure to hover round Theotormon’s breast.

Then Theotormon broke his silence. and he answered.

Tell me what is the night or day to one o’erflowd with woe?
Tell me what is a thought? & of what substance is it made?
Tell me what is a joy? & in what gardens do joys grow?
And in what rivers swim the sorrows? and upon what mountains
Wave shadows of discontent? and in what houses dwell the wretched
Drunken with woe forgotten. and shut up from cold despair.

Tell me where dwell the thoughts forgotten till thou call them forth
Tell me where dwell the joys of old? & where the ancient loves?
And when will they renew again & the night of oblivion past?
That I might traverse times & spaces far remote and bring
Comforts into a present sorrow and a night of pain
Where goest thou O thought! to what remote land is thy flight?
If thou returnest to the present moment of affliction
Wilt thou bring comforts on thy wings. and dews and honey and balm;
Or poison from the desart wilds, from the eyes of the envier.

Then Bromion said: and shook the cavern with his lamentation
Thou knowest that the ancient trees seen by thine eyes have fruit;
But knowest thou that trees and fruits flourish upon the earth
To gratify senses unknown? trees beasts and birds unknown:
Unknown, not unpercievd, spread in the infinite microscope,
In places yet unvisited by the voyager, and in worlds
Over another kind of seas, and in atmospheres unknown:
Ah! are there other wars, beside the wars of sword and fire!
And are there other sorrows, beside the sorrows of poverty!
And are there other joys, beside the joys of riches and ease?
And is there not one law for both the lion and the ox?
And is there not eternal fire, and eternal chains?
To bind the phantoms of existence from eternal life?

Then Oothoon waited silent all the day, and all the night,
But when the morn arose, her lamentation renewd,
The Daughters of Albion hear her woes, & echo back her sighs.

O Urizen! Creator of men! mistaken Demon of heaven:
Thy joys are tears! thy labour vain, to form men to thine image.
How can one joy absorb another? are not different joys
Holy, eternal, infinite! and each joy is a Love.

Does not the great mouth laugh at a gift? & the narrow eyelids mock
At the labour that is above payment, and wilt thou take the ape
For thy councillor? or the dog, for a schoolmaster to thy children?
Does he who contemns poverty, and he who turns with abhorrence
From usury: feel the same passion or are they moved alike?
How can the giver of gifts experience the delights of the merchant?
How the industrious citizen the pains of the husbandman.
How different far the fat fed hireling with hollow drum;
Who buys whole corn fields into wastes, and sings upon the heath:
How different their eye and ear! how different the world to them!
With what sense does the parson claim the labour of the farmer?
What are his nets & gins & traps. & how does he surround him
With cold floods of abstraction, and with forests of solitude,
To build him castles and high spires. where kings & priests may dwell.
Till she who burns with youth, and knows no fixed lot; is bound
In spells of law to one she loathes: and must she drag the chain
Of life, in weary lust: must chilling murderous thoughts, obscure
The clear heaven of her eternal spring? to bear the wintry rage
Of a harsh terror driv’n to madness, bound to hold a rod
Over her shrinking shoulders all the day; & all the night
To turn the wheel of false desire: and longings that wake her womb
To the abhorred birth of cherubs in the human form
That live a pestilence & die a meteor & are no more.
Till the child dwell with one he hates. and do the deed he loaths
And the impure scourge force his seed into its unripe birth
E’er yet his eyelids can behold the arrows of the day.

Does the whale worship at thy footsteps as the hungry dog?
Or does he scent the mountain prey, because his nostrils wide
Draw in the ocean? does his eye discern the flying cloud
As the ravens eye? or does he measure the expanse like the vulture?
Does the still spider view the cliffs where eagles hide their young?
Or does the fly rejoice, because the harvest is brought in?
Does not the eagle scorn the earth & despise the treasures beneath?
But the mole knoweth what is there, & the worm shall tell it thee.
Does not the worm erect a pillar in the mouldering church yard?
And a palace of eternity in the jaws of the hungry grave
Over his porch these words are written. Take thy bliss O Man!
And sweet shall be thy taste & sweet thy infant joys renew!

Infancy, fearless, lustful, happy! nestling for delight
In laps of pleasure; Innocence! honest, open, seeking
The vigorous joys of morning light; open to virgin bliss,
Who taught thee modesty, subtil modesty! child of night & sleep
When thou awak’st. wilt thou dissemble all thy secret joys
Or wert thou not, awake when all this mystery was disclos’d!
Then com’st thou forth a modest virgin knowing to dissemble
With nets found under thy night pillow, to catch virgin joy,
And brand it with the name of whore; & sell it in the night,
In silence. ev’n without a whisper, and in seeming sleep:
Religious dreams and holy vespers, light thy smoky fires:
Once were thy fires lighted by the eyes of honest morn
And does my Theotormon seek this hypocrite modesty!
This knowing, artful, secret, fearful, cautious, trembling hypocrite.
Then is Oothoon a whore indeed! and all the virgin joys
Of life are harlots: and Theotormon is a sick mans dream
And Oothoon is the crafty slave of selfish holiness.
But Oothoon is not so, a virgin fill’d with virgin fancies
Open to joy and to delight where ever beauty appears
If in the morning sun I find it: there my eyes are fix’d
In happy copulation; if in evening mild. wearied with work;
Sit on a bank and draw the pleasures of this free born joy.

The moment of desire! the moment of desire! The virgin
That pines for man; shall awaken her womb to enormous joys
In the secret shadows of her chamber; the youth shut up from
The lustful joy. shall forget to generate. & create an amorous image
In the shadows of his curtains and in the folds of his silent pillow.
Are not these the places of religion? the rewards of continence?
The self enjoyings of self denial? Why dost thou seek religion?
Is it because acts are not lovely, that thou seekest solitude,
Where the horrible darkness is impressed with reflections of desire.

Father of Jealousy. be thou accursed from the earth!
Why hast thou taught my Theotormon this accursed thing?
Till beauty fades from off my shoulders darken’d and cast out,
A solitary shadow wailing on the margin of non-entity.

I cry, Love! Love! Love! happy happy Love! free as the mountain wind!
Can that be Love, that drinks another as a sponge drinks water?
That clouds with jealousy his nights, with weepings all the day:
To spin a web of age around him. grey and hoary! dark!
Till his eyes sicken at the fruit that hangs. before his sight.
Such is self-love that envies all! a creeping skeleton
With lamplike eyes watching around the frozen marriage bed.

But silken nets and traps of adamant will Oothoon spread,
And catch for thee girls of mild silver, or of furious gold;
I’ll lie beside thee on a bank & view their wanton play
In lovely copulation bliss on bliss with Theotormon:
Red as the rosy morning, lustful as the first born beam,
Oothoon shall view his dear delight, nor e’er with jealous cloud
Come in the heaven of generous love; nor selfish blightings bring.
Does the sun walk in glorious raiment, on the secret floor
Where the cold miser spreads his gold? or does the bright cloud drop
On his stone threshold? does his eye behold the beam that brings
Expansion to the eye of pity? or will he bind himself
Beside the ox to thy hard furrow? does not that mild beam blot
The bat, the owl, the glowing tyger, and the king of night.
The sea fowl takes the wintry blast, for a cov’ring to her limbs:
And the wild snake, the pestilence to adorn him with gems & gold.
And trees, & birds, & beasts, & men, behold their eternal joy.
Arise you little glancing wings, and sing your infant joy!
Arise and drink your bliss, for every thing that lives is holy!
Thus every morning wails Oothoon, but Theotormon sits
Upon the margind ocean conversing with shadows dire.

The Daughters of Albion hear her woes, & echo back her sighs.

The End
AMERICA: A PROPHESY

(Engraved 1793)

Preludium

The shadowy daughter of Urthona stood before red Ore. When fourteen suns had faintly journey’d o’er his dark abode; His food she brought in iron baskets, his drink in cups of iron; Crown’d with a helmet & dark hair the nameless female stood; A quiver with its burning stores, a bow like that of night, When pestilence is shot from heaven; no other arms she need: Invulnerable tho’ naked, save where clouds roll round her loins, Their awful folds in the dark air; silent she stood as night; For never from her iron tongue could voice or sound arise; But dumb till that dread day when Ore assay’d his fierce embrace.

Dark virgin; said the hairy youth, thy father stern abhorr’d; Rivets my tenfold chains while still on high my spirit soars; Sometimes an eagle screaming in the sky, sometimes a lion, Stalking upon the mountains, & sometimes a whale I lash The raging fathomless abyss, anon a serpent folding Around the pillars of Urthona, and round thy dark limbs, On the Canadian wilds I fold, feeble my spirit folds. For chained beneath I rend these caverns; when thou bringest food I howl my joy! and my red eyes seek to behold thy face In vain! these clouds roll to & fro, & hide thee from my sight.

Silent as despairing love, and strong as jealousy, The hairy shoulders rend the links, free are the wrists of fire; Round the terrific loins he siez’d the panting struggling womb; It joy’d: she put aside her clouds & smiled her first-born smile;
As when a black cloud shews its light’nings to the silent deep.
Soon as she saw the terrible boy then burst the virgin cry.
I know thee, I have found thee, & I will not let thee go;
Thou art the image of God who dwells in darkness of Africa;
And thou art fall’n to give me life in regions of dark death.
On my American plains I feel the struggling afflictions
Endur’d by roots that writhe their arms into the nether deep:
I see a serpent in Canada, who courts me to his love;
In Mexico an Eagle, and a Lion in Peru;
I see a Whale in the South-sea, drinking my soul away.
O what limb rending pains I feel. thy fire & my frost
Mingle in howling pains, in furrows by thy lightnings rent;
This is eternal death; and this the torment long foretold.

The stern Bard ceas’d, asham’d of his own song; enrag’d he swung
His harp aloft sounding, then dash’d its shining frame against
A ruin’d pillar in glittring fragments; silent he turn’d away,
And wander’d down the vales of Kent in sick & drear lamentings.

A Prophecy
The Guardian Prince of Albion burns in his nightly tent,
Sullen fires across the Atlantic glow to America’s shore:
Piercing the souls of warlike men, who rise in silent night,
Washington, Franklin, Paine & Warren, Gates, Hancock & Green;
Meet on the coast glowing with blood from Albions fiery Prince.

Washington spoke; Friends of America look over the Atlantic sea;
A bended bow is lifted in heaven, & a heavy iron chain
Descends link by link from Albions cliffs across the sea to bind
Brothers & sons of America, till our faces pale and yellow;
Heads deprest, voices weak, eyes downcast, hands work-bruis’d,
Feet bleeding on the sultry sands, and the furrows of the whip
Descend to generations that in future times forget.–

The strong voice ceas’d; for a terrible blast swept over the heaving sea;
The eastern cloud rent; on his cliffs stood Albions wrathful Prince
A dragon form clashing his scales at midnight he arose,
And flam’d red meteors round the land of Albion beneath.
His voice, his locks, his awful shoulders, and his glowing eyes,
Appear to the Americans upon the cloudy night.

Solemn heave the Atlantic waves between the gloomy nations,
Swelling, belching from its deeps red clouds & raging Fires!
Albion is sick! America faints! enrag’d the Zenith drew.
As human blood shooting its veins all round the orbed heaven
Red rose the clouds from the Atlantic in vast wheels of blood
And in the red clouds rose a Wonder o’er the Atlantic sea;
Intense! naked! a Human fire fierce glowing, as the wedge
Of iron heated in the furnace; his terrible limbs were fire
With myriads of cloudy terrors banners dark & towers
Surrounded; heat but not light went thro’ the murky atmosphere

The King of England looking westward trembles at the vision

Albions Angel stood beside the Stone of night, and saw
The terror like a comet, or more like the planet red
That once inclos’d the terrible wandering comets in its sphere.
Then Mars thou wast our center, & the planets three flew round
Thy crimson disk; so e’er the Sun was rent from thy red sphere;
The Spectre glowd his horrid length staining the temple long
With beams of blood; & thus a voice came forth, and shook the temple

The morning comes, the night decays, the watchmen leave their stations;
The grave is burst, the spices shed, the linen wrapped up;
The bones of death, the cov’ring clay, the sinews shrunk & dry’d.
Reviving shake, inspiring move, breathing! awakening!
Spring like redeemed captives when their bonds & bars are burst;
Let the slave grinding at the mill, run out into the field:
Let him look up into the heavens & laugh in the bright air;
Let the inchained soul shut up in darkness and in sighing,
Whose face has never seen a smile in thirty weary years;
Rise and look out, his chains are loose, his dungeon doors are open.
And let his wife and children return from the oppressors scourge;
They look behind at every step & believe it is a dream. 
Singing, The Sun has left his blackness, & has found a fresher morning 
And the fair Moon rejoices in the clear & cloudness night; 
For Empire is no more, and now the Lion & Wolf shall cease.

In thunders ends the voice. Then Albions Angel wrathful burnt 
Beside the Stone of Night; and like the Eternal Lions howl 
In famine & war, reply’d. Art thou not Ore; who serpent-form’d 
Stands at the gate of Enitharmon to devour her children; 
Blasphemous Demon, Antichrist, hater of Dignities; 
Lover of wild rebellion, and transgressor of Gods Law; 
Why dost thou come to Angels eyes in this terrific form?

The terror answered: I am Ore, wreath’d round the accursed tree: 
The times are ended; shadows pass the morning gins to break; 
The fiery joy, that Urizen perverted to ten commands, 
What night he led the starry hosts thro’ the wide wilderness: 
That stony law I stamp to dust: and scatter religion abroad 
To the four winds as a torn book, & none shall gather the leaves; 
But they shall rot on desart sands, & consume in bottomless deeps; 
To make the desarts blossom, & the deeps shrink to their fountains, 
And to renew the fiery joy, and burst the stony roof. 
That pale religious letchery, seeking Virginity, 
May find it in a harlot, and in coarse-clad honesty 
The undefil’d tho’ ravish’d in her cradle night and morn: 
For every thing that lives is holy, life delights in life; 
Because the soul of sweet delight can never be defil’d. 
Fires inwrap the earthly globe, yet man is not consumed; 
Amidst the lustful fires he walks: his feet become like brass, 
His knees and thighs like silver, & his breast and head like gold.

Sound! sound! my loud war-trumpets & alarm my Thirteen Angels! 
Loud howls the eternal Wolf! the eternal Lion lashes his tail! 
America is darkened; and my punishing Demons terrified 
Crouch howling before their caverns deep like skins dry’d in the wind. 
They cannot smite the wheat, nor quench the fatness of the earth. 
They cannot smite with sorrows, nor subdue the plow and spade.
They cannot wall the city, nor moat round the castle of princes.
They cannot bring the stubbed oak to overgrow the hills.
For terrible men stand on the shores, & in their robes I see
Children take shelter from the lightnings, there stands Washington
And Paine and Warren with their foreheads reard toward the east
But clouds obscure my aged sight. A vision from afar!

Sound! sound! my loud war-trumpets & alarm my thirteen Angels:
Ah vision from afar! Ah rebel form that rent the ancient
Heavens; Eternal Viper self-renew’d, rolling in clouds
I see thee in thick clouds and darkness on America’s shore.
Writhing in pangs of abhorred birth; red flames the crest rebellious
And eyes of death; the harlot womb oft opened in vain
Heaves in enormous circles, now the times are return’d upon thee,
Devourer of thy parent, now thy unutterable torment renews.

Sound! sound! my loud war-trumpets & alarm my thirteen Angels!
Ah terrible birth! a young one bursting! where is the weeping mouth?
And where the mothers milk? instead those ever-hissing jaws
And parched lips drop with fresh gore; now roll thou in the clouds
Thy mother lays her length outstretched upon the shore beneath.

Sound! sound! my loud war-trumpets & alarm my thirteen Angels!
Loud howls the eternal Wolf: the eternal Lion lashes his tail!

Thus wept the Angel voice & as he wept the terrible blasts
Of trumpets, blew a loud alarm across the Atlantic deep.
No trumpets answer: no reply of clarions or of fifes,
Silent the Colonies remain and refuse the loud alarm.
On those vast shady hills between America & Albions shore;
Now barr’d out by the Atlantic sea: call’d Atlantean hills:
Because from their bright summits you may pass to the Golden world
An ancient palace, archetype of mighty Emperies,
Rears its immortal pinnacles, built in the forest of God
By Ariston the kind of beauty for his stolen bride,

Here on their magic seats the thirteen Angels sat perturb’d
For clouds from the Atlantic hover o’er the solemn roof.

Fiery the Angels rose, & as they rose deep thunder roll’d
Around their shores: indignant burning with the fires of Ore
And Bostons Angel cried aloud as they flew thro’ the dark night.

He cried: Why trembles honesty and like a murderer,
Why seeks he refuge from the frowns of his immortal station!
Must the generous tremble & leave his joy, to the idle: to the pestilence!
To keep the gen’rous from experience till the ungenerous
Are unrestrained performers of the energies of nature;
Till pity is become a trade, and generosity a science,
That men get rich by, & the sandy desart is giv’n to the strong
What God is he, writes laws of peace, & clothes him in a tempest
What pitying Angel lusts for tears, and fans himself with sighs
What crawling villain preaches abstinence & warps himself
In fat of lambs? no more I follow, no more obedience pay.
So cried he, rending off his robe & throwing down his scepter.
In sight of Albions Guardian, and all the thirteen Angels
Rent off their robes to the hungry wind, & threw their golden scepters
Down to the land of America, indignant they descended
Headlong from out their heav’nly heights, descending swift as fires
Over the land; naked & flaming are their lineaments seen
In the deep gloom, by Washington & Paine & Warren they stood
And the flame folded roaring fierce within the pitchy night
Before the Demon red, who burnt towards America,
In black smoke thunders and loud winds rejoicing in its terror
Breaking in smoky wreaths from the wild deep, & gath’ring thick
In flames as of a furnace on the hand from North to South
What time the thirteen Governors that England sent convene
In Bernards house; the flames coverd the land, they rouze they cry
Shaking their mental chains they rush in fury to the sea
To quench their anguish; at the feet of Washington down fall’n
They grovel on the sand and writhing lie, while all
The British soldiers thro’ the thirteen states sent up a howl
Of anguish: threw their swords & muskets to the earth & ran
From their encampments and dark castles seeking where to hide
From the grim flames; and from the visions of Ore: in sight
Of Albions Angel; who enrag’d his secret clouds open’d
From north to south, and burnt outstretched on wings of wrath cov’ring
The eastern sky, spreading his awful wings across the heavens;
Beneath him roll’d his num’rous hosts, all Albions Angels camp’d
Darkened the Atlantic mountains & their trumpets shook the valleys
Arm’d with diseases of the earth to cast upon the Abyss,
Their numbers forty millions, must’ring in the eastern sky.

In the flames stood & view’d the armies drawn out in the sky
Washington Franklin Paine & Warren Allen Gates & Lee:
And heard the voice of Albions Angel give the thunderous command:
His plagues obedient to his voice flew forth out of their clouds
Falling upon America, as a storm to cut them off
As a blight cuts the tender corn when it begins to appear.
Dark is the heaven above, & cold & hard the earth beneath;
And as a plague wind fill’d with insects cuts off man & beast;
And as a sea o’erwhelms a land in the day of an earthquake:

Fury! rage! madness! in a wind swept through America
And the red flames of Ore that folded roaring fierce around
The angry shores, and the fierce rushing of th’inhabitants together:
The citizens of New-York close their books & lock their chests;
The mariners of Boston drop their anchors and unlade;
The scribe of Pensylvania casts his pen upon the earth;
The builder of Virginia throws his hammer down in fear.

Then had America been lost, o’erwhelm’d by the Atlantic,
And Earth had lost another portion of the infinite,
But all rush together in the night in wrath and raging fire
The red fires rag’d! the plagues recoil’d! then rolld they back with fury
On Albions Angels; then the Pestilence began in streaks of red
Across the limbs of Albions Guardian, the spotted plague smote Bristols
And the Leprosy Londons Spirits, sickening all their bands:
The millions sent up a howl of anguish and threw off their hammer’d mail,
And cast their swords & spears to earth, & stood a naked multitude.
Albions Guardian writhed in torment on the eastern sky
Pale quivring toward the brain his glimmering eyes, teeth chattering
Howling & shuddering his legs quivering; convuls’d each muscle & sinew
Sick’ning lay Londons Guardian, and the ancient miter’d York
Their heads on snowy hills, their ensigns sick’ning in the sky
The plagues creep on the burning winds driven by flames of Ore,
And by the fierce Americans rushing together in the night
Driven o’er the Guardians of Ireland and Scotland and Wales
They spotted with plagues forsook the frontiers & their banners scard
With fires of hell, deform their ancient heavens with shame & woe.
Hid in his caves the Bard of Albion felt the enormous plagues.
And a cowl of flesh grew o’er his head & scales on his back & ribs;
And rough with black scales all his Angels fright their ancient heavens
The doors of marriage are open, and the Priests in rustling scales
Rush into reptile coverts, hiding from the fires of Ore,
That play around the golden roofs in wreaths of fierce desire,
Leaving the females naked and glowing with the lusts of youth

For the female spirits of the dead pining in bonds of religion;
Run from their fetters reddening, & in long drawn arches sitting:
They feel the nerves of youth renew, and desires of ancient times,
Over their pale limbs as a vine when the tender grape appears

Over the hills, the vales, the cities, rage the red flames fierce;
The Heavens melted from north to south; and Urizen who sat
Above all heavens in thunders wrap’d, emerg’d his leprous head
From out his holy shrine, his tears in deluge piteous
Falling into the deep sublime! flag’d with grey-brow’d snows
And thunderous visages, his jealous wings wav’d over the deep;
Weeping in dismal howling woe he dark descended howling
Around the smitten bands, clothed in tears & trembling shudd’ring cold.
His stored snows he poured forth, and his icy magazines
He open’d on the deep, and on the Atlantic sea white shiv’ring.
Leprous his limbs, all over white, and hoary was his visage,
Weeping in dismal howlings before the stern Americans
Hiding the Demon red with clouds & cold mists from the earth;
Till Angels & weak men twelve years should govern o’er the strong:
And then their end should come, when France reciev’d the Demons light.

Stiff shudderings shook the heav’nly thrones! France Spain & Italy,
In terror view’d the bands of Albion, and the ancient Guardians
Fainting upon the elements, smitten with their own plagues
They slow advance to shut the five gates of their law-built heaven
Filled with blasting fancies and with mildews of despair
With fiere disease and lust, unable to stem the fires of Ore;
But the five gates were consum’d, & their bolts and hinges melted
And the fierce flames burnt round the heavens & round the abodes of men

    Finis
Five windows light the cavern’d Man; thro’ one he breathes the air; Thro’ one, hears music of the spheres; thro’ one, the eternal vine Flourishes, that he may recieve the grapes; thro’ one can look. And see small portions of the eternal world that ever groweth; Thro’ one, himself pass out what time he please, but he will not; For stolen joys are sweet, & bread eaten in secret pleasant.

So sang a Fairy mocking as he sat on a streak’d Tulip, Thinking none saw him: when he ceas’d I started from the trees! And caught him in my hat as boys knock down a butterfly How know you this said I small Sir? where did you learn this song Seeing himself in my possession thus he answered me: My master, I am yours. command me, for I must obey.

Then tell me, what is the material world, and is it dead? He laughing answer’d: I will write a book on leaves of flowers, If you will feed me on love-thoughts, & give me now and then A cup of sparkling poetic fancies; so when I am tipsie, I’ll sing to you to this soft lute; and shew you all alive The world, when every particle of dust breathes forth its joy.

I took him home in my warm bosom: as we went along Wild flowers I gatherd; & he shew’d me each eternal flower: He laugh’d aloud to see them whimper because they were pluck’d. They hover’d round me like a cloud of incense: when I came Into my parlour and sat down, and took my pen to write: My Fairy sat upon the table, and dictated EUROPE.
Preludium

The nameless shadowy female rose from out the breast of Orc:
Her snaky hair brandishing in the winds of Enitharmon;
And thus her voice arose.

O mother Enitharmon wilt thou bring forth other sons?
To cause my name to vanish, that my place may not be found.
For I am faint with travel!
Like the dark cloud disburdend in the day of dismal thunder.

My roots are brandish’d in the heavens. my fruits in earth beneath
Surge, foam, and labour into life, first born & first consum’d!
Consumed and consuming!
Then why shouldst thou accursed mother bring me into life?

I wrap my turban of thick clouds around my lab’ring head;
And fold the sheety waters as a mantle round my limbs.
Yet the red sun and moon,
And all the overflowing stars rain down prolific pains.

Unwilling I look up to heaven! unwilling count the stars!
Sitting in fathomless abyss of my immortal shrine.
I sieze their burning power
And bring forth howling terrors, all devouring fiery kings.

Devouring & devoured roaming on dark and desolate mountains
In forests of eternal death, shrieking in hollow trees.
Ah mother Enitharmon!
Stamp not with solid form this vig’rous progeny of fires.

I bring forth from my teeming bosom myriads of flames.
And thou dost stamp them with a signet, then they roam abroad
And leave me void as death:
Ah! I am drown’d in shady woe, and visionary joy.

And who shall bind the infinite with an eternal band?
To compass it with swaddling bands? and who shall cherish it
With milk and honey?
I see it smile & I roll inward & my voice is past.

She ceast & rolld her shady clouds
Into the secret place.

A Prophecy

The deep of winter came;
What time the secret child,
Descended thro’ the orient gates of the eternal day:
War ceas’d, & all the troops like shadows fled to their abodes.
Then Enitharmon saw her sons & daughters rise around.
Like pearly clouds they meet together in the crystal house:
And Los, possessor of the moon, joy’d in the peaceful night:
Thus speaking while his num’rous sons shook their bright fiery wings

Again the night is come
That strong Urthona takes his rest,
And Urizen unloos’d from chains
Glows like a meteor in the distant north
Stretch forth your hands and strike the elemental strings!
Awake the thunders of the deep,
The shrill winds wake!
Till all the sons of Urizen look out and envy Los:
Sieze all the spirits of life and bind
Their warbling joys to our loud strings
Bind all the nourishing sweets of earth
To give us bliss, that we may drink the sparkling wine of Los
And let us laugh at war,
Despising toil and care,
Because the days and nights of joy, in lucky hours renew.

Arise O Orc from thy deep den,
First born of Enitharmon rise!
And we will crown thy head with garlands of the ruddy vine;
For now thou art bound;
And I may see thee in the hour of bliss, my eldest born.

The horrent Demon rose, surrounded with red stars of fire,
Whirling about in furious circles round the immortal fiend.
Then Enitharmon down descended into his red light,
And thus her voice rose to her children, the distant heavens reply:

Now comes the night of Enitharmons joy!
Who shall I call? Who shall I send?
That Woman, lovely Woman! may have dominion?
Arise O Rintrah thee I call! & Palamabron thee!
Go! tell the Human race that Womans love is Sin!
That an Eternal life awaits the worms of sixty winters
In an allegorical abode where existence hath never come:
Forbid all Joy, & from her childhood shall the little female
Spread nets in every secret path.

My weary eyelids draw towards the evening, my bliss is yet but new.

Arise O Rintrah eldest born: second to none but Orc:
O lion Rintrah raise thy fury from thy forests black:
Bring Palamabron horned priest, skipping upon the mountains:
And silent Elynittria the silver bowed queen:
Rintrah where hast thou hid thy bride:
Weeps she in desart shades?
Alas my Rintrah! bring the lovely jealous Ocalythron.

Arise my son: bring all thy brethren O thou king of fire.
Prince of the sun I see thee with thy innumerable race:
Thick as the summer stars:
But each ramping his golden mane shakes,
And thine eyes rejoice because of strength O Rintrah furious king

Enitharmon slept,
Eighteen hundred years: Man was a Dream!
The night of Nature and their harps unstrung:
She slept in middle of her nightly song,
Eighteen hundred years, a female dream!

Shadows of men in fleeting bands upon the winds:
Divide the heavens of Europe:
Till Albions Angel smitten with his own plagues fled with his bands
The cloud bears hard on Albions shore:
Fill’d with immortal demons of futurity:
In council gather the smitten Angels of Albion
The cloud bears hard upon the council house; down rushing
On the heads of Albions Angels.

One hour they lay buried beneath the ruins of that hall;
But as the stars rise from the salt lake they arise in pain,
In troubled mists o’erclouded by the terrors of strugling times.
In thoughts perturb’d. they rose from the bright ruins silent following
The fiery King, who sought his ancient temple serpent-form’d
That stretches out its shady length along the Island white.
Round him roll’d his clouds of war; silent the Angel went,
Along the infinite shores of Thames to golden Verulam.
There stand the venerable porches that high-towering rear
Their oak-surrounded pillars, form’d of massy stones, uncut
With tool; stones precious; such eternal in the heavens,
Of colours twelve. few known on earth, give light in the opake,
Plac’d in the order of the stars, when the five senses whelm’d
In deluge o’er the earth-born man; then turn’d the fluxile eyes
Into two stationary orbs, concentrating all things.
The ever-varying spiral ascents to the heavens of heavens
Were bended downward; and the nostrils golden gates shut
Turn’d outward, barr’d and petrify’d against the infinite.

Thought chang’d the infinite. to a serpent; that which pitieth:
To a devouring flame; and man fled from its face and hid
In forests of night; then all the eternal forests were divided
Into earths rolling in circles of space, that like an ocean rush’d
And overwhelmed all except this finite wall of flesh.
Then was the serpent temple form’d, image of infinite
Shut up in finite revolutions, and man became an Angel;
Heaven a mighty circle turning; God a tyrant crown’d.

Now arriv’d the ancient Guardian at the southern porch,
That planted thick with trees of blackest leaf, & in a vale
Obscure, enclos’d the Stone of Night; oblique it stood, o’erhung
With purple flowers and berries red; image of that sweet south,
Once open to the heavens and elevated on the human neck,
Now overgrown with hair and covered with a stony roof,
Downward ’tis sunk beneath th’ attractive north, that round the feet
A raging whirlpool draws the dizzy enquirer to his grave:
    Albions Angel rose upon the Stone of Night.
He saw Urizen on the Atlantic;
And his brazen Book,
That Kings & Priests had copied on Earth
Expanded from North to South.

And the clouds & fires pale rolld round in the night of Enitharmon
Round Albions cliffs & Londons walls; still Enitharmon slept!
Rolling volumes of grey mist involve Churches, Palaces, Towers:
For Urizen unclaspd his Book! feeding his soul with pity
The youth of England hid in gloom curse the pained heavens; compell’d
Into the deadly night to see the form of Albions Angel
Their parents brought them forth & aged ignorance preaches canting,
On a vast rock, perciev’d by those senses that are clos’d from thought:
Bleak, dark, abrupt, it stands & overshadows London city
They saw his boney feet on the rock, the flesh consum’d in flames:
They saw the Serpent temple lifted above, shadowing the Island white:
They heard the voice of Albions Angel howling in flames of Orc,
Seeking the trump of the last doom

Above the rest the howl was heard from Westminster louder & louder:
The Guardian of the secret codes forsook his ancient mansion,
Driven out by the flames of Orc; his fur’d robes & false locks
Adhered and grew one with his flesh, and nerves & veins shot thro’ them
With dismal torment sick, hanging upon the wind: he fled
Groveling along Great George Street thro’ the Park gate; all the soldiers
Fled from his sight: he drag’d his torments to the wilderness.

Thus was the howl thro Europe!
For Orc rejoic’d to hear the howling shadows
But Palamabron shot his lightnings trenching down his wide back
And Rintrah hung with all his legions in the nether deep

Enitharmon laugh’d in her sleep to see (O womans triumph)
Every house a den, every man bound; the shadows are fill’d
With spectres, and the windows wove over with curses of iron:
Over the doors Thou shalt not; & over the chimneys Fear is written:
With bands of iron round their necks fasten’d into the walls
The citizens: in leaden gyves the inhabitants of suburbs
Walk heavy: soft and bent are the bones of villagers

Between the clouds of Urizen the flames of Orc roll heavy
Around the limbs of Albions Guardian, his flesh consuming.
Howlings & hissings, shrieks & groans, & voices of despair
Arise around him in the cloudy
Heavens of Albion, Furious
The red limb’d Angel siez’d, in horror and torment;
The Trump of the last doom; but he could not blow the iron tube!
Thrice he assay’d presumptuous to awake the dead to Judgment.
A mighty Spirit leap’d from the land of Albion,
Nam’d Newton; he siez’d the Trump. & blow’d the enormous blast!
Yellow as leaves of Autumn the myriads of Angelic hosts,
Fell thro’ the wintry skies seeking their graves;
Rattling their hollow bones in howling and lamentation.

Then Enitharmon woke, nor knew that she had slept
And eighteen hundred years were fled
As if they had not been
She calld her sons & daughters
To the sports of night,
Within her crystal house;
And thus her song proceeds.
Arise Ethinthus! tho’ the earth-worm call;
Let him call in vain;
Till the night of holy shadows
And human solitude is past!
Ethinthus queen of waters, how thou shinest in the sky:
My daughter how do I rejoice! for thy children flock around
Like the gay fishes on the wave, when the cold moon drinks the dew.
Ethinthus! thou art sweet as comforts to my fainting soul:
For now thy waters warble round the feet of Enitharmon.

Manathu-Vorcyon! I behold thee flaming in my halls,
Light of thy mothers soul! I see thy lovely eagles round;
Thy golden wings are my delight, & thy flames of soft delusion.

Where is my lureing bird of Eden! Leutha silent love!
Leutha, the many colourd bow delights upon thy wings:
Soft soul of flowers Leutha!
Sweet smiling pestilence! I see thy blushing light:
Thy daughters many changing,
Revolve like sweet perfumes ascending O Leutha silken queen!

Where is the youthful Antamon. prince of the pearly dew.
O Antamon. why wilt thou leave thy mother Enitharmon?
Alone I see thee crystal form.
Floting upon the bosomd air:
With lineaments of gratified desire.
My Antamon the seven churches of Leutha seek thy love.

I hear the soft Oothoon in Enitharmons tents:
Why wilt thou give up womans secrecy my melancholy child?
Between two moments bliss is ripe:
O Theotormon robb’d of joy, I see thy salt tears flow
Down the steps of my crystal house.

Sotha & Thiralatha, secret dwellers of dreamful caves,
Arise and please the horrent fiend with your melodious songs.
Still all your thunders golden hoofd, & bind your horses black.
Orc! smile upon my children!
Smile son of my afflictions.
Arise O Orc and give our mountains joy of thy red light.

She ceas’d, for All were forth at sport beneath the solemn moon
Waking the stars of Urizen with their immortal songs,
That nature felt thro’ all her pores the enormous revelry,
Till morning ope’d the eastern gate.
Then every one fled to his station. & Enitharmon wept.
But terrible Orc, when he beheld the morning in the east,
Shot from the heights of Enitharmon;
And in the vineyards of red France appear’d the light of his fury

The sun glow’d fiery red!
The furious terrors flew around!
On golden chariots raging, with red wheels dropping with blood;
The Lions lash their wrathful tails!
The Tigers couch upon the prey & suck the ruddy tide:
And Enitharmon groans & cries in anguish and dismay.

Then Los arose his head he reard in snaky thunders clad:
And with a cry that shook all nature to the utmost pole,
Call’d all his sons to the strife of blood.

Finis
THE BOOK OF URIZEN

(Engraved 1794)
Preludium to the Book of Urizen

Of the primeval Priests assum’d power,
When Eternals spurn’d back his religion;
And gave him place in the north,
Obscure, shadowy, void, solitary.

Eternals I hear your call gladly,
Dictate swift winged words, & fear not
To unfold your dark visions of torment.

Chap: I

1. Lo, a shadow of horror is risen
In Eternity! Unknown, unprolific!
Self-closed, all-repelling: what Demon
Hath form’d this abominable void
This soul-shudd’ring vacuum?—Some said
“It is Urizen”, But unknown, abstracted
Brooding secret, the dark power hid.

2. Times on times he divided, & measur’d
Space by space in his ninefold darkness
Unseen, unknown! changes appeard
In his desolate mountains rifted furious
By the black winds of perturbation

3. For he strove in battles dire
In unseen confictions with shapes
Bred from his forsaken wilderness,
Of beast, bird, fish, serpent & element
Combustion, blast, vapour and cloud.

4. Dark revolving in silent activity:
Unseen in tormenting passions;
An activity unknown and horrible;
A self-contemplating shadow,
In enormous labours occupied

5. But Eternals beheld his vast forests
Age on ages he lay, clos’d, unknown,
Brooding shut in the deep; all avoid
The petrific abominable chaos

6. His cold horrors silent, dark Urizen
Prepar’d: his ten thousands of thunders
Rang’d in gloom’d array stretch out across
The dread world, & the rolling of wheels
As of swelling seas, sound in his clouds
In his hills of stor’d snows, in his mountains
Of hail & ice; voices of terror,
Are heard, like thunders of autumn,
When the cloud blazes over the harvests

Chap: II

1. Earth was not: nor globes of attraction
The will of the Immortal expanded
Or contracted his all flexible senses.
Death was not, but eternal life sprung

2. The sound of a trumpet the heavens
Awoke & vast clouds of blood roll’d
Round the dim rocks of Urizen, so nam’d
That solitary one in Immensity

3. Shrill the trumpet: & myriads of Eternity,
Muster around the bleak desarts
Now fill’d with clouds, darkness & waters
That roll’d perplex’d labring & utter’d
Words articulate, bursting in thunders
That roll’d on the tops of his mountains

4. From the depths of dark solitude, From
The eternal abode in my holiness,
Hidden set apart in my stern counsels
Reserv’d for the days of futurity,
I have sought for a joy without pain,
For a solid without fluctuation
Why will you die O Eternals?
Why live in unquenchable burnings?

5. First I fought with the fire; consum’d
Inwards, into a deep world within:
A void immense, wild dark & deep,
Where nothing was; Natures wide womb
And self balanc’d stretch’d o’er the void
I alone, even I! the winds merciless
Bound; but condensing, in torrents
They fall & fall; strong I repell’d
The vast waves, & arose on the waters
A wide world of solid obstruction

6. Here alone I in books formd of metals
Have written the secrets of wisdom
The secrets of dark contemplation
By fightings and conflicts dire,
With terrible monsters Sin-bred:
Which the bosoms of all inhabit;
Seven deadly Sins of the soul.

7. Lo! I unfold my darkness: and on
This rock, place with strong hand the Book
Of eternal brass, written in my solitude.

8. Laws of peace, of love, of unity:
Of pity, compassion, forgiveness.
Let each chuse one habitation:
His ancient infinite mansion:
One command, one joy, one desire,
One curse, one weight, one measure
One King, one God, one Law.

Chap: III

1. The voice ended, they saw his pale visage
   Emerge from the darkness; his hand
   On the rock of eternity unclasping
   The Book of brass. Rage siez’d the strong

2. Rage, fury, intense indignation
   In cataracts of fire blood & gall
   In whirlwinds of sulphurous smoke:
   And enormous forms of energy;
   All the seven deadly sins of the soul
   In living creations appear’d
   In the flames of eternal fury.

3. Sund’ring, dark’ning, thund’ring!
   Rent away with a terrible crash
   Eternity roll’d wide apart
   Wide asunder rolling
   Mountainous all around
   Departing; departing; departing:
   Leaving ruinous fragments of life
   Hanging frowning cliffs & all between
   An ocean of voidness unfathomable.

4. The roaring fires ran o’er the heav’ns
   In whirlwinds & cataracts of blood
   And o’er the dark desarts of Urizen
   Fires pour thro’ the void on all sides
   On Urizens self-begotten armies.
5. But no light from the fires. all was darkness
   In the flames of Eternal fury

6. In fierce anguish & quenchless flames
   To the desarts and rocks he ran raging
   To hide, but he could not: combining
   He dug mountains & hills in vast strength,
   He piled them in incessant labour,
   In howlings & pangs & fierce madness
   Long periods in burning fires labouring
   Till hoary, and age-broke, and aged,
   In despair and the shadows of death.

7. And a roof, vast petrific around,
   On all sides he fram'd: like a womb;
   Where thousands of rivers in veins
   Of blood pour down the mountains to cool
   The eternal fires beating without
   From Eternals; & like a black globe
   View'd by sons of Eternity, standing
   On the shore of the infinite ocean
   Like a human heart strugling & beating
   The vast world of Urizen appear'd.

8. And Los round the dark globe of Urizen,
   Kept watch for Eternals to confine,
   The obscure separation alone;
   For Eternity stood wide apart,
   As the stars are apart from the earth

9. Los wept howling around the dark Demon:
   And cursing his lot; for in anguish,
   Urizen was rent from his side;
   And a fathomless void for his feet;
   And intense fires for his dwelling.
10. But Urizen laid in a stony sleep
Unorganiz’d, rent from Eternity

11. The Eternals said: What is this? Death.
Urizen is a clod of clay.

12: Los howld in a dismal stupor,
Groaning! gnashing! groaning!
Till the wrenching apart was healed

13: But the wrenching of Urizen heal’d not
Cold, featureless, flesh or clay,
Rifted with direful changes
He lay in a dreamless night

14: Till Los rouz’d his fires, affrighted
At the formless unmeasurable death.

Chap IV (a)

1: Los smitten with astonishment
Frightend at the hurtling bones

2: And at the surging sulphureous
Perturbed Immortal mad raging

3: In whirlwinds & pitch & nitre
Round the furious limbs of Los

4: And Los formed nets & gins
And threw the nets round about

5: He watch’d in shuddring fear
The dark changes & bound every change
With rivets of iron & brass;
6. And these were the changes of Urizen.

Chap: IV (b)

1. Ages on ages roll’d over him!
   In stony sleep ages roll’d over him!
   Like a dark waste stretching chang’able
   By earthquakes riv’n, belching sullen fires
   On ages roll’d ages in ghastly
   Sick torment; around him in whirlwinds
   Of darkness the eternal Prophet howl’d
   Beating still on his rivets of iron
   Pouring sodor of iron; dividing
   The horrible night into watches.

2. And Urizen (so his eternal name)
   His prolific delight obscurd more & more
   In dark secresy hiding in surgeing
   Sulphureous fluid his phantasies.
   The Eternal Prophet hevd the dark bellows,
   And turn’d restless the tongs; and the hammer
   Incessant beat; forging chains new & new
   Numb’ring with links. hours, days & years

3. The eternal mind bounded began to roll
   Eddies of wrath ceaseless round & round,
   And the sulphureous foam surgeing thick
   Settled, a lake, bright, & shining clear:
   White as the snow on the mountains cold.

4. Forgetfulness, dumbness, necessity!
   In chains of the mind locked up,
   Like fetters of ice shrinking together
   Disorganiz’d, rent from Eternity,
   Los beat on his fetters of iron;
   And heated his furnaces & pour’d
Iron sodor and sodor of brass

5. Restless turnd the immortal inchain’d
Heaving dolorous! anguish’d! unbearable
Till a roof shaggy wild inclos’d
In an orb, his fountain of thought.

6. In a horrible dreamful slumber;
Like the linked infernal chain;
A vast Spine writh’d in torment
Upon the winds; shooting pain’d
Ribs, like a bending cavern
And bones of solidness, froze
Over all his nerves of joy.
And a first Age passed over,
And a state of dismal woe.

7. From the caverns of his jointed Spine,
Down sunk with fright a red
Round globe hot burning deep
Deep down into the Abyss:
Panting: Conglobing, Trembling
Shooting out ten thousand branches
Around his solid bones.
And a second Age passed over,
And a state of dismal woe.

8. In harrowing fear rolling round;
His nervous brain shot branches
Round the branches of his heart.
On high into two little orbs
And fixed in two little caves
Hiding carefully from the wind,
His Eyes beheld the deep,
And a third Age passed over:
And a state of dismal woe.
9. The pangs of hope began,
In heavy pain striving, struggling.
Two Ears in close volutions.
From beneath his orbs of vision
Shot spiring out and petrified
As they grew. And a fourth Age passed
And a state of dismal woe.

10. In ghastly torment sick;
Hanging upon the wind;
Two Nostrils bent down to the deep.
And a fifth Age passed over;
And a state of dismal woe.

11. In ghastly torment sick;
Within his ribs bloated round,
A craving Hungry Cavern;
Thence arose his channeld Throat,
And like a red flame a Tongue
Of thirst & of hunger appeared.
And a sixth Age passed over:
And a state of dismal woe.

12. Enraged & stifled with torment
He threw his right Arm to the north
His left Arm to the south
Shooting out in anguish deep,
And his Feet stampd the nether Abyss
In trembling & howling & dismay.
And a seventh Age passed over:
And a state of dismal woe.

Chap: V

1. In terrors Los shrunk from his task:
His great hammer fell from his hand:
His fires beheld, and sickening,
Hid their strong limbs in smoke.
For with noises ruinous loud;
With hurtlings & clashings & groans
The Immortal endur’d his chains,
Tho’ bound in a deadly sleep.

2. All the myriads of Eternity:
All the wisdom & joy of life:
Roll like a sea around him,
Except what his little orbs
Of sight by degrees unfold.

3. And now his eternal life
Like a dream was obliterated

4. Shudd’ring, the Eternal Prophet smote
With a stroke, from his north to south region
The bellows & hammer are silent now
A nerveless silence, his prophetic voice
Siez’d; a cold solitude & dark void
The Eternal Prophet & Urizen clos’d

5. Ages on ages rolld over them
Cut off from life & light frozen
Into horrible forms of deformity
Los suffer’d his fires to decay
Then he look’d back with anxious desire
But the space undivided by existence
Struck horror into his soul.

6. Los wept obscur’d with mourning:
His bosom earthquak’d with sighs;
He saw Urizen deadly black,
In his chains bound, & Pity began,

7. In anguish dividing & dividing
For pity divides the soul
In pangs eternity on eternity
Life in cataracts pourd down his cliffs
The void shrunk the lymph into Nerves
Wand’ring wide on the bosom of night
And left a round globe of blood
Trembling upon the Void

Thus the Eternal Prophet was divided
Before the death-image of Urizen
For in changeable clouds and darkness
In a winterly night beneath,
The Abyss of Los stretch’d immense:
And now seen now obscur’d to the eyes
Of Eternals, the visions remote
Of the dark seperation appear’d.
As glasses discover Worlds
In the endless Abyss of space,
So the expanding eyes of Immortals
Beheld the dark visions of Los,
And the globe of life blood trembling.

8. The globe of life blood trembled
Branching out into roots;
Fibrous, writhing upon the winds;
Fibres of blood, milk and tears;
In pangs, eternity on eternity.
At length in tears & cries imbodied
A female form trembling and pale
Waves before his deathly face

9. All Eternity shudderd at sight
Of the first female now separate
Pale as a cloud of snow
Waving before the face of Los

10. Wonder, awe, fear, astonishment,
Petrify the eternal myriads;
At the first female form now separate
They call’d her Pity, and fled

11. “Spread a Tent, with strong curtains around them
Let cords & stakes bind in the Void
That Eternals may no more behold them”

12. They began to weave curtains of darkness
They erected large pillars round the Void
With golden hooks fastend in the pillars
With infinite labour the Eternals
A woof wove, and called it Science

Chap: VI

1. But Los saw the Female & pitied
He embrac’d her, she wept, she refus’d
In perverse and cruel delight
She fled from his arms, yet he followd

2. Eternity shudder’d when they saw,
Man begetting his likeness,
On his own divided image.

3. A time passed over, the Eternals
Began to erect a tent;
When Enitharmon, sick,
Felt a Worm within her womb.

4. Yet helpless it lay like a Worm
In the trembling womb
To be moulded into existence

5. All day the worm lay on her bosom
All night within her womb
The worm lay till it grew to a serpent
With dolorous hissings & poisons
Round Enitharmons loins folding,

6. Coiled within Enitharmons womb
The serpent grew casting its scales,
With sharp pangs the hissings began
To change to a grating cry,
Many sorrows and dismal throes
Many forms of fish, bird & beast,
Brought forth an Infant form
Where was a worm before.

7. The Eternals their tent finished
Alarm'd with these gloomy visions
When Enitharmon groaning
Produc'd a man Child to the light.

8. A shriek ran thro’ Eternity:
And a paralytic stroke;
At the birth of the Human shadow.

9. Delving earth in his resistless way;
Howling, the Child with fierce flames
Issu’d from Enitharmon.

10. The Eternals, closed the tent:
They beat down the stakes the cords
Stretch’d for a work of eternity;
No more Los beheld Eternity.

11. In his hands he seize’d the infant
He bathed him in springs of sorrow
He gave him to Enitharmon.

Chap VII
1. They named the child Orc, he grew
Fed with milk of Enitharmon

2. Los awoke her; O sorrow & pain!
A tight’ning girdle grew,
Around his bosom. In sobbings
He burst the girdle in twain,
But still another girdle
Oppressd his bosom, In sobbings
Again he burst it. Again
Another girdle succeeds
The girdle was form’d by day;
By night was burst in twain.

3. These falling down on the rock
Into an iron Chain
In each other link by link lock’d

4. They took Orc to the top of a mountain.
O how Enitharmon wept!
They chain’d his young limbs to the rock
With the Chain of Jealousy
Beneath Urizens deathful shadow

5. The dead heard the voice of the child
And began to awake from sleep
All things. heard the voice of the child
And began to awake to life.

6. And Urizen craving with hunger
Stung with the odours of Nature
Explor’d his dens around

7. He form’d a line & a plummet
To divide the Abyss beneath.
He form’d a dividing rule:
8. He formed scales to weigh;  
He formed massy weights;  
He formed a brazen quadrant;  
He formed golden compasses  
And began to explore the Abyss  
And he planted a garden of fruits  

9. But Los encircled Enitharmon  
With fires of Prophecy  
From the sight of Urizen & Orc.  

10. And she bore an enormous race  

Chap: VIII

1. Urizen explor’d his dens  
Mountain, moor, & wilderness,  
With a globe of fire lighting his journey  
A fearful journey, annoy’d  
By cruel enormities: forms  
Of life on his forsaken mountains  

2. And his world teem’d vast enormities  
Frightning; faithless; fawning  
Portions of life; similitudes  
Of a foot, or a hand, or a head  
Or a heart, or an eye, they swam mischevous  
Dread terrors! delighting in blood  

3. Most Urizen sicken’d to see  
His eternal creations appear  
Sons & daughters of sorrow on mountains  
Weeping! wailing! first Thiriel appear’d  
Astonish’d at his own existence  
Like a man from a cloud born, & Utha
From the waters emerging, laments!
Grodna rent the deep earth howling
Amaz’d! his heavens immense cracks
Like the ground parch’d with heat; then Fuzon
Flam’d out! first begotten, last born.
All his eternal sons in like manner
His daughters from green herbs & cattle
From monsters, & worms of the pit.

4. He in darkness clos’d, view’d all his race
And his soul sicken’d! he curs’d
Both sons & daughters; for he saw
That no flesh nor spirit could keep
His iron laws one moment,

5. For he saw that life liv’d upon death
The Ox in the slaughter house moans
The Dog at the wintry door
And he wept, & he called it Pity
And his tears flowed down on the winds

6. Cold he wander’d on high, over their cities
In weeping & pain & woe!
And where-ever he wanderd in sorrows
Upon the aged heavens
A cold shadow follow’d behind him
Like a spiders web, moist, cold, & dim
Drawing out from his sorrowing soul
The dungeon-like heaven dividing
Where ever the footsteps of Urizen
Walk’d over the cities in sorrow.

7. Till a Web dark & cold, throughout all
The tormented element stretch’d
From the sorrows of Urizens soul
And the Web is a Female in embrio.
None could break the Web, no wings of fire.
8. So twisted the cords, & so knotted
The meshes: twisted like to the human brain


Chap: IX

1. Then the Inhabitants of those Cities:
Felt their Nerves change into Marrow
And hardening Bones began
In swift diseases and torments,
In throbblings & shootings & grindings
Thro’ all the coasts; till weaken’d
The Senses inward rush’d shrinking,
Beneath the dark net of infection.

2. Till the shrunken eyes clouded over
Discernd not the woven hipocrisy
But the streaky slime in their heavens
Brought together by narrowing perceptions
Appeard transparent air; for their eyes
Grew small like the eyes of a man
And in reptile forms shrinking together
Of seven feet stature they remaind

3. Six days they shrunk up from existence
And on the seventh day they rested
And they bless’d the seventh day, in sick hope:
And forgot their eternal life

4. And their thirty cities divided
In form of a human heart
No more could they rise at will
In the infinite void, but bound down
To earth by their narrowing perceptions
They lived a period of years
Then left a noisom body
To the jaws of devouring darkness

5. And their children wept, & built
Tombs in the desolate places,
And form’d laws of prudence, and call’d them
The eternal laws of God

6. And the thirty cities remaind
Surrounded by salt floods, now call’d
Africa: its name was then Egypt.

7. The remaining sons of Urizen
Beheld their brethren shrink together
Beneath the Net of Urizen;
Perswasion was in vain;
For the ears of the inhabitants
Were wither’d, & deafen’d, & cold.
And their eyes could not discern,
Their brethren of other cities.

8. So Fuzon call’d all together
The remaining children of Urizen:
And they left the pendulous earth:
They called it Egypt, & left it.

9. And the salt ocean rolled englob’d

The End of the Book of Urizen
I will sing you a song of Los, the Eternal Prophet:
He sung it to four harps at the tables of Eternity.
In heart-formed Africa.
Urizen faded! Ariston shudderd!
And thus the Song began

Adam stood in the garden of Eden:
And Noah on the mountains of Ararat;
They saw Urizen give his Laws to the Nations
By the hands of the children of Los.

Adam shudderd! Noah faded! black grew the sunny African
When Rintrah gave Abstract Philosophy to Brama in the East:
(Night spoke to the Cloud!
Lo these Human form’d spirits in smiling hipocrisy. War
Against one another; so let them War on; slaves to the eternal Elements)
Noah shrunk, beneath the waters;
Abram fled in fires from Chaldea;
Moses beheld upon Mount Sinai forms of dark delusion:

To Trismegistus. Palamabron gave an abstract Law:
To Pythagoras Socrates & Plato.

Times rolled on o’er all the sons of Har, time after time
Orc on Mount Atlas howld, chain’d down with the Chain of Jealousy
Then Oothoon hoverd over Judah & Jerusalem
And Jesus heard her voice (a man of sorrows) he receivd
A Gospel from wretched Theotormon.

The human race began to wither, for the healthy built
Secluded places, fearing the joys of Love
And the disease’d only propagated:
So Antamon call’d up Leutha from her valleys of delight:
And to Mahomet a loose Bible gave.
But in the North, to Odin, Sotha gave a Code of War,
Because of Diralada thinking to reclaim his joy.

These were the Churches: Hospitals: Castles: Palaces:
Like nets & gins & traps to catch the joys of Eternity
And all the rest a desart;
Till like a dream Eternity was obliterated & erased.

Since that dread day when Har and Heva fled.
Because their brethren & sisters liv’d in War & Lust;
And as they fled they shrunk
Into two narrow doleful forms:
Creeping in reptile flesh upon
The bosom of the ground:
And all the vast of Nature shrunk
Before their shrunken eyes.

Thus the terrible race of Los & Enitharmon gave
Laws & Religions to the sons of Har binding them more
And more to Earth: closing and restraining:
Till a Philosophy of Five Senses was complete
Urizen wept & gave it into the hands of Newton & Locke

Clouds roll heavy upon the Alps round Rousseau & Voltaire:
And on the mountains of Lebanon round the deceased Gods
Of Asia; & on the desarts of Africa round the Fallen Angels
The Guardian Prince of Albion burns in his nightly tent
The Kings of Asia heard
The howl rise up from Europe!
And each ran out from his Web;
From his ancient woven Den;
For the darkness of Asia was startled
At the thick-flaming, thought-creating fires of Orc.

And the Kings of Asia stood
And cried in bitterness of soul.

Shall not the King call for Famine from the heath?
Nor the Priest, for Pestilence from the fen?
To restrain! to dismay! to thin!
The inhabitants of mountain and plain;
In the day, of full-feeding prosperity;
And the night of delicious songs.

Shall not the Councillor throw his curb
Of Poverty on the laborious?
To fix the price of labour;
To invent allegoric riches:

And the privy admonishers of men
Call for fires in the City
For heaps of smoking ruins,
In the night of prosperity & wantonness

To turn man from his path,
To restrain the child from the womb,

To cut off the bread from the city,
That the remnant may learn to obey.
That the pride of the heart may fail;
That the lust of the eyes may be quench'd:
That the delicate ear in its infancy
May be dull'd; and the nostrils clos'd up;
To teach mortal worms the path
That leads from the gates of the Grave.

Urizen heard them cry!
And his shudd'ring waving wings
Went enormous above the red flames
Drawing clouds of despair thro' the heavens
Of Europe as he went:
And his Books of brass iron & gold
Melted over the land as he flew,

Heavy-waving, howling, weeping.

And he stood over Judea:
And stay'd in his ancient place:
And stretch'd his clouds over Jerusalem;

For Adam, a mouldering skeleton
Lay bleach'd on the garden of Eden;
And Noah as white as snow
On the mountains of Ararat.

Then the thunders of Urizen bellow'd aloud
From his woven darkness above.

Orc raging in European darkness
Arose like a pillar of fire above the Alps
Like a serpent of fiery flame!
The sullen Earth
Shrank!

Forth from the dead dust rattling bones to bones
Join: shaking convuls’d the shivering clay breathes
And all flesh naked stands: Fathers and Friends;
Mothers & Infants; Kings & Warriors:

The Grave shrieks with delight, & shakes
Her hollow womb, & clasps the solid stem:
Her bosom swells with wild desire:
And milk & blood & glandous wine.

The Song of Los is Ended
    Urizen Wept
1: Eno aged Mother,  
Who the chariot of Leutha guides,  
Since the day of thunders in old time

2: Sitting beneath the eternal Oak  
Trembled and shook the stedfast Earth  
And thus her speech broke forth.

3: O Times remote!  
When Love & Joy were adoration:  
And none impure were deem’d.  
Not Eyeless Covet  
Nor Thin-lip’d Envy  
Nor Bristled Wrath  
Nor Curled Wantonness

4: But Covet was poured full:  
Envy fed with fat of lambs:  
Wrath with lions gore:  
Wantonness lulld to sleep  
With the virgins lute,  
Or sated with her love.
5: Till Covet broke his locks & bars,
And slept with open doors:
Envy sung at the rich mans feast:
Wrath was follow’d up and down
By a little ewe lamb
And Wantonness on his own true love
Begot a giant race:

6: Raging furious the flames of desire
Ran thro’ heaven & earth, living flames
Intelligent, organiz’d: arm’d
With destruction & plagues. In the midst
The Eternal Prophet bound in a chain
Compell’d to watch Urizens shadow

7: Rag’d with curses & sparkles of fury
Round the flames roll as Los hurls his chains
Mounting up from his fury, condens’d
Rolling round & round, mounting on high
Into vacuum: into non-entity.
Where nothing was! dash’d wide apart
His feet stamp the eternal fierce-raging
Rivers of wide flame; they roll round
And round on all sides making their way
Into darkness and shadowy obscurity

8: Wide apart stood the fires: Los remain’d
In the void between fire and fire
In trembling and horror they beheld him
They stood wide apart, driv’n by his hands
And his feet which the nether abyss
Stamp’d in fury and hot indignation

9: But no light from the fires all was
Darkness round Los: heat was not; for bound up
Into fiery spheres from his fury
The gigantic flames trembled and hid
10: Coldness, darkness, obstruction, a Solid  
Without fluctuation, hard as adamant  
Black as marble of Egypt; impenetrable  
Bound in the fierce raging Immortal.  
And the separated fires froze in  
A vast solid without fluctuation,  
Bound in his expanding clear senses  

Chap: II  

1: The Immortal stood frozen amidst  
The vast rock of eternity; times  
And times; a night of vast durance:  
Impatient, stifled, stiffend, hardned.  

2: Till impatience no longer could bear  
The hard bondage, rent: rent, the vast solid  
With a crash from immense to immense  

3: Crack’d across into numberless fragments  
The Prophetic wrath, strug’ling for vent  
Hurls apart, stamping furious to dust  
And crumbling with bursting sobs; heaves  
The black marble on high into fragments  

4: Hurl’d apart on all sides, as a falling  
Rock: the innumerable fragments away  
Fell asunder; and horrible vacuum  
Beneath him & on all sides round.  

5: Falling, falling! Los fell & fell  
Sunk precipitant heavy down down  
Times on times, night on night, day on day  
Truth has bounds. Error none: falling, falling:  
Years on years, and ages on ages
Still he fell thro’ the void, still a void
Found for falling day & night without end.
For tho’ day or night was not; their spaces
Were measured by his incessant whirls
In the horrid vacuity bottomless.

6: The Immortal revolving; indignant
First in wrath threw his limbs, like the babe
New born into our world: wrath subsided
And contemplative thoughts first arose
Then aloft his head rear’d in the Abyss
And his downward-borne fall chang’d oblique

7: Many ages of groans: till there grew
Branchy forms: organizing the Human
Into finite inflexible organs.

8: Till in process from falling he bore
Sidelong on the purple air, wafting
The weak breeze in efforts oerwearied

9: Incessant the falling Mind labour’d
Organizing itself: till the Vacuum
Became element, pliant to rise,
Or to fall, or to swim, or to fly:
With ease searching the dire vacuity

Chap: III

1: The Lungs heave incessant, dull and heavy
For as yet were all other parts formless
Shivering: clinging around like a cloud
Dim & glutinous as the white Polypus
Driv’n by waves & englob’d on the tide.

2: And the unformed part crav’d repose
Sleep began: the Lungs heave on the wave
Weary overweigh’d, sinking beneath
In a stifling black fluid he woke

3: He arose on the waters, but soon
Heavy falling his organs like roots
Shooting out from the seed, shot beneath,
And a vast world of waters around him
In furious torrents began.

4: Then he sunk, & around his spent Lungs
Began intricate pipes that drew in
The spawn of the waters. Outbranching
An immense Fibrous form, stretching out
Thro’ the bottoms of immensity raging.

5: He rose on the floods: then he smote
The wild deep with his terrible wrath,
Seperating the heavy and thin.

6: Down the heavy sunk; cleaving around
To the fragments of solid: up rose
The thin; flowing round the fierce fires
That glow’d furious in the expanse.

Chap: IV

1: Then Light first began; from the fires
Beams, conducted by fluid so pure
Flow’d around the Immense: Los beheld
Forthwith, writhing upon the dark void
The Back bone of Urizen appear
Hurtling upon the wind
Like a serpent! like an iron chain
Whirling about in the Deep.
2: Upfolding his Fibres together
To a Form of impregnable strength
Los astonish’d and terrified, built
Furnaces; he formed an Anvil
A Hammer of adamant then began
The binding of Urizen day and night

3: Circling round the dark Demon, with howlings
Dismay & sharp blightings; the Prophet
Of Eternity beat on his iron links.

4: And first from those infinite fires
The light that flow’d down on the winds
He siez’d; beating incessant, condensing
The subtil particles in an Orb.

5: Roaring indignant the bright sparks
Endur’d the vast Hammer; but unwearied
Los beat on the Anvil; till glorious
An immense Orb of fire he fram’d

6: Oft he quench’d it beneath in the Deeps
The survey’d the all-bright mass. Again
Siezing fires from the terrific Orbs
He heated the round Globe, then beat
While roaring his Furnaces endur’d
The chain’d Orb in their infinite wombs

7: Nine ages completed their circles
When Los heated the glowing mass, casting
It down into the Deeps: the Deeps fled
Away in redounding smoke; the Sun
Stood self-balanc’d. And Los smild with joy.
He the vast Spine of Urizen siez’d
And bound down to the glowing illusion

8: But no light, for the Deep fled away
On all sides, and left an unform’d
Dark vacuity: here Urizen lay
In fierce torments on his glowing bed

9: Till his Brain in a rock, & his Heart
In a fleshy slough formed four rivers
Obscuring the immense Orb of fire
Flowing down into night: till a Form
Was completed, a Human Illusion
In darkness and deep clouds involvd.

*The End of the*
*Book of Los*
THE BOOK OF AHANIA

(Engraved 1795)

Ahania

Chap: I

1: Fuzon, on a chariot iron-wing’d
On spiked flames rose; his hot visage
Flam’d furious! sparkles in his hair & beard
Shot down his wide bosom and shoulders.
On clouds of smoke rages his chariot
And his right hand burns red in its cloud
Moulding into a vast globe, his wrath
As the thunder-stone is moulded.
Son of Urizens silent burnings

2: Shall we worship this Demon of smoke,
Said Fuzon, this abstract non-entity
This cloudy God seated on waters
Now seen, now obscur’d, King of sorrow?

3: So he spoke, in a fiery flame,
On Urizen frowning indignant,
The Globe of wrath shaking on high
Roaring with fury, he threw
The howling Globe: burning it flew
Lengthning into a hungry beam. Swiftly

4: Oppos’d to the exulting flam’d beam
The broad Disk of Urizen upheav’d
Across the Void many a mile.

5: It was forg’d in mills where the winter
Beats incessant; ten winters the disk
Unremitting endur’d the cold hammer.

6: But the strong arm that sent it, remember’d
The sounding beam; laughing it tore through
That beaten mass: keeping its direction
The cold loins of Urizen dividing.

7: Dire shriek’d his invisible Lust
Deep groan’d Urizen! stretching his awful hand
Ahania (so name his parted soul)
He siez’d on his mountains of Jealousy.
He groand anguishd & called her Sin,
Kissing her and weeping over her;
Then hid her in darkness in silence;
Jealous tho’ she was invisible.

8: She fell down a faint shadow wandring
In chaos and circling dark Urizen,
As the moon anguishd circles the earth;
Hopeless! abhorrd! a death-shadow,
Unseen, unbodied, unknown,
The mother of Pestilence.

9: But the fiery beam of Fuzon
Was a pillar of fire to Egypt
Five hundred years wandring on earth
Till Los siezd it and beat in a mass
With the body of the sun.

Chap: II
1: But the forehead of Urizen gathering,  
And his eyes pale with anguish, his lips  
Blue & changing; in tears and bitter  
Contrition he prepar’d his Bow,  

2: Form’d of Ribs: that in his dark solitude  
When obscur’d in his forests fell monsters,  
Arose. For his dire Contemplations  
Rush’d down like floods from his mountains  
In torrents of mud settling thick  
With Eggs of unnatural production  
Forthwith hatching; some howl’d on his hills  
Some in vales; some aloft flew in air  

3: Of these: an enormous dread Serpent  
Scaled and poisonous horned  
Approach’d Urizen even to his knees  
As he sat on his dark rooted Oak.  

4: With his horns he push’d furious.  
Great the conflict & great the jealousy  
In cold poisons: but Urizen smote him  

5: First he poison’d the rocks with his blood  
Then polish’d his ribs, and his sinews  
Dried; laid them apart till winter;  
Then a Bow black prepar’d: on this Bow,  
A poisoned rock plac’d in silence;  
He utter’d these words to the Bow:  

6: O Bow of the clouds of secrisy!  
O nerve of that lust form’d monster!  
Send this rock swift, invisible thro’  
The black clouds, on the bosom of Fuzon  

7: So saying, In torment of his wounds,  
He bent the enormous ribs slowly;
A circle of darkness! then fixed
The sinew in its rest: then the Rock
Poisonous source! plac’d with art, lifting difficult
Its weighty bulk: silent the rock lay.

8: While Fuzon his tygers unloosing
Thought Urizen slain by his wrath.
I am God. said he, eldest of things!

9: Sudden sings the rock, swift & invisible
On Fuzon flew, enter’d his bosom;
His beautiful visage, his tresses,
That gave light to the mornings of heaven
Were smitten with darkness, deform’d
And outstretch’d on the edge of the forest

10: But the rock fell upon the Earth,
Mount Sinai, in Arabia.

Chap: III

1: The Globe shook; and Urizen seated
On black clouds his sore wound anointed
The ointment flow’d down on the void
Mix’d with blood; here the snake gets her poison

2: With difficulty & great pain; Urizen
Lifted on high the dead corse:
On his shoulders he bore it to where
A Tree hung over the Immensity

3: For when Urizen shrunk away
From Eternals, he sat on a rock
Barren; a rock which himself
From redounding fancies had petrified
Many tears fell on the rock,
Many sparks of vegetation;  
Soon shot the painted root  
Of Mystery, under his heel:  
It grew a thick tree; he wrote  
In silence his book of iron:  
Till the horrid plant bending its boughs  
Grew to roots when it felt the earth  
And again sprung to many a tree.

4: Amaz’d started Urizen! when  
He beheld himself compassed round  
And high roofed over with trees  
He arose but the stems stood so thick  
He with difficulty and great pain  
Brought his Books, all but the Book  
Of iron, from the dismal shade

5: The Tree still grows over the Void  
Enrooting itself all around  
An endless labyrinth of woe!

6: The corse of his first begotten  
On the accursed Tree of Mystery:  
On the topmost stem of this Tree  
Urizen nail’d Fuzon’s corse.

Chap: IV

1: Forth flew the arrows of pestilence  
Round the pale living Corse on the tree

2: For in Urizens slumbers of abstraction  
In the infinite ages of Eternity:  
When his Nerves of Joy melted & flow’d  
A white Lake on the dark blue air  
In perturb’d pain and dismal torment
Now stretching out, now swift conglobing.

3: Effluvia vapor’d above
In noxious clouds; these hover’d thick
Over the disorganiz’d Immortal,
Till petrific pain scurf’d o’er the Lakes
As the bones of man, solid & dark

4: The clouds of disease hover’d wide
Around the Immortal in torment
Perching around the hurtling bones
Disease on disease, shape on shape,
Winged screaming in blood & torment.

5: The Eternal Prophet beat on his anvils
Enrag’d in the desolate darkness
He forg’d nets of iron around
And Los threw them around the bones

6: The shapes screaming flutter’d vain
Some combin’d into muscles & glands
Some organs for craving and lust
Most remain’d on the tormented void:
Urizen’s army of horrors.

7: Round the pale living Corse on the Tree
Forty years flew the arrows of pestilence

8: Wailing and terror and woe
Ran thro’ all his dismal world:
Forty years all his sons & daughters
Felt their skulls harden; then Asia
Arose in the pendulous deep.

9: They reptilize upon the Earth.

10: Fuzon groand on the Tree.
Chap: V

1: The lamenting voice of Ahania
Weeping upon the void.
And round the Tree of Fuzon:
Distant in solitary night
Her voice was heard, but no form
Had she: but her tears from clouds
Eternal fell round the Tree

2: And the voice cried: Ah Urizen! Love!
Flower of morning! I weep on the verge
Of Non-entity; how wide the Abyss
Between Ahania and thee!

3: I lie on the verge of the deep.
I see thy dark clouds ascend,
I see thy black forests and floods,
A horrible waste to my eyes!

4: Weeping I walk over rocks
Over dens & thro’ valleys of death
Why didst thou despise Ahania
To cast me from thy bright presence
Into the World of Loneness

5: I cannot touch his hand:
Nor weep on his knees, nor hear
His voice & bow, nor see his eyes
And joy, nor hear his footsteps, and
My heart leap at the lovely sound!
I cannot kiss the place
Whereon his bright feet have trod,
But I wander on the rocks
With hard necessity.
6: Where is my golden palace  
Where my ivory bed  
Where the joy of my morning hour  
Where the sons of eternity, singing

7: To awake bright Urizen, my king!  
To arise to the mountain sport,  
To the bliss of eternal valleys:

8: To awake my king in the morn!  
To embrace Ahania's joy  
On the breadth of his open bosom:  
From my soft cloud of dew to fall  
In showers of life on his harvests.

9: When he gave my happy soul  
To the sons of eternal joy:  
When he took the daughters of life.  
Into my chambers of love:

10: When I found babes of bliss on my beds.  
And bosoms of milk in my chambers  
Fill'd with eternal seed  
O! eternal births sung round Ahania,  
In interchange sweet of their joys.

11: Swell'd with ripeness & fat with fatness  
Bursting on winds my odors,  
My ripe figs and rich pomegranates  
In infant joy at thy feet  
O Urizen, sported and sang;

12: Then thou with thy lap full of seed  
With thy hand full of generous fire  
Walked forth from the clouds of morning  
On the virgins of springing joy,
On the human soul to cast
The seed of eternal science.

13: The sweat poured down thy temples
To Ahania return’d in evening
The moisture awoke to birth
My mothers-joys, sleeping in bliss.

14: But now alone over rocks, mountains
Cast out from thy lovely bosom:
Cruel jealousy! selfish fear!
Self-destroying: how can delight,
Renew in these chains of darkness
Where bones of beasts are strown
On the bleak and snowy mountains
Where bones from the birth are buried
Before they see the light.

Finis
VALA, OR THE FOUR ZOAS

(Manuscript c. 1797–1804)

VALA

OR

The Death and Judgement of the Eternal Man

A Dream of Nine Nights

THE FOUR ZOAS

The torments of Love & Jealousy in

The Death and Judgement

of Albion the Ancient Man

Rest before Labour

Οτι ουκ εστιν ημιν η παλή προς αίμα και σαρκα, αλλα προς τας αρχας, προς τας εξουσιας, προς τους κοσμοκρατορας του σκοτους του αιωνος τουτου, προς τα πνευματικα της πονηριας εν τοις επουρανιοις.

Εφες: VI κεφ. 12. ver.

NIGHT THE FIRST
The Song of the Aged Mother which shook the heavens with wrath
Hearing the march of long resounding strong heroic Verse
Marshalld in order for the day of Intellectual Battle
The heavens shall quake, the earth was moved & shuddered & the mountains
With all their woods, the streams & valleys: waild in dismal fear
Four Mighty Ones are in every Man: a Perfect Unity
Cannot Exist. but from the Universal Brotherhood of Eden
The Universal Man. To Whom be Glory Evermore Amen
What are the Natures of those Living Creatures the Heavenly Father only
Knoweth No Individual Knoweth nor Can know in all Eternity

Los was the fourth immortal starry one, & in the Earth
Of a bright Universe, Empery attended day & night
Days & nights of revolving joy, Urthona was his name

In Eden; in the Auricular Nerves of Human Life,
Which is the Earth of Eden, he his Emanations propagated
Fairies of Albion afterwards Gods of the Heathen, Daughter of Beulah Sing
His fall into Division & his Resurrection to Unity
His fall into the Generation of decay & death & his Regeneration by the Resurrection from the dead

Begin with Tharmas Parent power. darkning in the West

Lost! Lost! Lost! are my Emanations Enion O Enion
We are become a Victim to the Living We hide in secret
I have hidden Jerusalem in Silent Contrition O Pity Me
I will build thee a Labyrinth also O pity me O Enion
Why hast thou taken sweet Jerusalem from my inmost Soul
Let her Lay secret in the Soft recess of darkness & silence
It is not Love I bear to Enitharmon It is Pity
She hath taken refuge in my bosom & I cannot cast her out.

The Men have recieved their death wounds & their Emanations are fled
To me for refuge & I cannot turn them out for Pitys sake
Enion said—Thy fear has made me tremble thy terrors have surrounded me
All Love is lost Terror succeeds & Hatred instead of Love
And stern demands of Right & Duty instead of Liberty
Once thou wast to Me the loveliest son of heaven—But now
Why art thou Terrible and yet I love thee in thy terror till
I am almost Extinct & soon shall be a shadow in Oblivion
Unless some way can be found that I may look upon thee & live
Hide me some Shadowy semblance. secret whispring in my Ear
In secret of soft wings. in mazes of delusive beauty
I have lookd into the secret soul of him I lovd
And in the Dark recesses found Sin & cannot return

Trembling & pale sat Tharmas weeping in his clouds

Why wilt thou Examine every little fibre of my soul
Spreading them out before the Sun like Stalks of flax to dry
The infant joy is beautiful but its anatomy
Horrible Ghast & Deadly nought shalt thou find in it
But Death Despair & Everlasting brooding Melancholy

Thou wilt go mad with horror if thou dost Examine thus
Every moment of my secret hours Yea I know
That I have sinnd & that my Emanations are become harlots
I am already distracted at their deeds & if I look
Upon them more Despair will bring self murder on my soul
O Enion thou art thyself a root growing in hell
Tho thus heavenly beautiful to draw me to destruction

Sometimes I think thou art a flower expanding
Sometimes I think thou art fruit breaking from its bud
In dreadful dolor & pain & I am like an atom
A Nothing left in darkness yet I am an identity
I wish & feel & weep & groan Ah terrible terrible

In Eden Females sleep the winter in soft silken veils
Woven by their own hands to hide them in the darksom grave
But Males immortal live renewd by female deaths. in soft
Delight they die & they revive in spring with music & songs
Enion said Farewell I die I hide from thy searching eyes

So saying—From her bosom weaving soft in Sinewy threads
A tabernacle for Jerusalem She sat among the Rocks
Singing her lamentation. Tharmas groaned among his Clouds
Weeping, then bending from his Clouds he stooped his innocent head
And stretching out his holy hand in the vast Deep sublime
Turned round the circle of Destiny with tears & bitter sighs
And said. Return O Wanderer when the Day of Clouds is o'er

So saying he sunk down into the sea a pale white corse
In torment he sunk down & flowd among her filmy Woof
His Spectre issuing from his feet in flames of fire
In gnawing pain drawn out by her lovd fingers every nerve
She counted. every vein & lacteal threading them among
Her woof of terror. Terrified & drinking tears of woe
Shuddering she wove. nine days & nights Sleepless her food was tears
Wondering she saw her woof begin to animate. & not
As Garments woven subservient to her hands but having a will
Of its own perverse & wayward Enion loved & wept

Nine days she labourd at her work & nine dark sleepless nights
But on the tenth trembling morn the Circle of Destiny Complete
Round rolld the Sea Englobing in a watry Globe self balanced
A Frowning Continent appeared Where Enion in the desert
Terrified in her own Creation viewing her woven shadow
Sat in a dread intoxication of Repentance & Contrition

There is from Great Eternity a mild & pleasant rest
Namd Beulah a Soft Moony Universe feminine lovely
Pure mild & Gentle given in Mercy to those who sleep
Eternally. Created by the Lamb of God around
On all sides within & without the Universal Man
The Daughters of Beulah follow sleepers in all their Dreams
Creating Spaces lest they fall into Eternal Death
The Circle of Destiny complete they gave to it a Space
And namd the Space Ulro & brooded over it in care & love

They said The Spectre is in every man insane & most
Deformd Thro the three heavens descending in fury & fire
We meet it with our Songs & loving blandishments & give
To it a form of vegetation But this Spectre of Tharmas
Is Eternal Death What shall we do O God pity & help
So spoke they & closd the Gate of the Tongue in trembling fear

What have I done said Enion accursed wretch! What deed.
Is this a deed of Love I know what I have done. I know
Too late now to repent. Love is changd to deadly Hate,
A life is blotted out & I alone remain possessd with Fears
I see the shadow of the dead within my soul wandering
In darkness & solitude forming Seas of Doubt & rocks of Repentance
Already are my Eyes reverted. all that I behold
Within my soul has lost its splendor & a brooding Fear
Shadows me oer & drives me outward to a world of woe
So waild she trembling before her own Created Phantasm
But standing on the Rocks her woven shadow glowing bright
Who animating times on times by the force of her sweet song

She drew the Spectre forth from Tharmas in her shining loom
Of vegetation weeping in wayward infancy & sullen youth
Listening to her soft lamentations soon his tongue began
To Lisp out words & soon in masculine strength augmenting he
Reard up a form of gold & stood upon the glittering rock
A shadowy human form winged & in his depths
The dazzlings as of gems shone clear, rapturous in fury
Glorying in his own eyes Exalted in terrific Pride

Searching for glory wishing that the heavens had eyes to See
And courting that the Earth would ope her Eyelids & behold
Such wondrous beauty repining in the midst of all his glory
That nought but Enion could be found to praise adore & love
Three days in self admiring raptures on the rocks he flamd
And three dark nights repind the solitude. but the third morn
Astonish'd he found Enion hidden in the darksome Cave

She spoke What am I wherefore was I put forth on these rocks
Among the Clouds to tremble in the wind in solitude
Where is the voice that lately woke the desart Where the Face
That wept among the clouds & where the voice that shall reply
No other living thing is here. The Sea the Earth the Heaven
And Enion desolate where art thou Tharmas O return
Three days she wail'd & three dark nights sitting among the Rocks
While the bright spectre hid himself among the trailing clouds
Then sleep fell on her eyelids in a Chasm of the Valley
The Sixteenth morn the Spectre stood before her manifest
The Spectre thus spoke. Who art thou Diminutive husk & shell
Broke from my bonds I scorn my prison I scorn & yet I love
If thou hast sinnd & art polluted know that I am pure
And unpolluted & will bring to rigid strict account
All thy past deeds hear what I tell thee! mark it well! remember!
This world is Thine in which thou dwellest that within thy soul
That dark & dismal infinite where Thought roams up & down
Is Mine & there thou goest when with one Sting of my tongue
Envenomed thou rollst inward to the place whence I emerg'd

She trembling answer'd Wherefore was I born & what am I
A sorrow & a fear a living torment & naked Victim
I thought to weave a Covering for my Sins from wrath of Tharmas
Examining the sins of Tharmas I soon found my own
O slay me not thou art his Wrath embodied in Deceit
I thought Tharmas a Sinner & murder'd his Emanations
His secret loves & Graces Ah me wretched What have I done
For now I find that all those Emanations were my Children's Souls
And I have murder'd them with Cruelty above atonement
Those that remain have fled from my cruelty into the desarts
And thou the delusive tempter to these deeds sittest before me
And art thou Tharmas all thy soft delusive beauty cannot
Tempt me to murder my own soul & wipe my tears & smile
In this thy world not mine tho dark I feel my world within
The Spectre said Thou sinful Woman. was it thy Desire
That I should hide thee with my power & delight thee with my beauty

And now thou darknest in my presence. never from my sight
Shalt thou depart to weep in secret. In my jealous wings
I evermore will hold thee when thou goest out or comest in
Tis thou has darkend all My World O Woman lovely bane

Thus they contended all the day among the Caves of Tharmas
Twisting in fearful forms & howling, howling harsh shrieking
Mingling his horrible darkness with her tender limbs then high she soard
Shrieking above the ocean: a bright wonder that nature shudderd at

Half Woman & half desart all his darkly waving colours mix
With her fair crystal clearness in her lips & cheeks his metals rose
In bluses like the morning & his rocky features softning
A monster lovely in the heavens or wandring on the earth
With female voice incessant wailing in incessant thirst warbling upon the hollow vales
Beauty all blushing with desire mocking her fell despair a self enjoying wonder

Wandering desolate, a wonder abhorr’d by Gods & men
For Enion brooded groaning loud the rough seas vegetate.
Golden rocks rise from the vast vortex
And thus her voice. Glory, delight: & sweet enjoyment born
To mild Eternity shut in a threefold shape delightful
To wander in sweet solitude enrapturd at every wind

Till with fierce pain she brought forth on the rocks her sorrow & woe
Behold two little Infants wept upon the desolate wind.

The first state weeping they began & helpless as a wave
Beaten along its sightless way growing enormous in its motion to
Its utmost goal, till strength from Enion like richest summer shining
Raisd the bright boy & girl with glories from their heads out beaming
Drawing forth drooping mothers pity drooping mothers sorrow

But those in Great Eternity Met in the Council of God
As One Man hovering over Gilead & Hermon
He is the Good Shepherd He is the Lord & Master
To Create Man Morning by Morning by Morning to Give gifts at Noon day
Enion brooded, oer the rocks, the rough rocks groaning vegetate
Such power was given to the Solitary wanderer.
The barked Oak, the long limb’d Beech; the Ches’nut tree; the Pine.
The Pear tree mild, the frowning Walnut, the sharp Crab, & Apple sweet,
The rough bark opens; twittering peep forth little beaks & wings
The Nightingale, the Goldfinch, Robin, Lark, Linnet & Thrush
The Goat leap’d from the craggy cliff the Sheep awoke from the mould
Upon its green stalk rose the Corn, waving innumerable
Infolding the bright Infants from the desolating winds

They sulk upon her breast her hair became like snow on mountains
Weaker & weaker, weeping woful, wearier and wearier
Faded & her bright Eyes decayd melted with pity & love

And then they wander’d far away she sought for them in vain
In weeping blindness stumbling she followd them oer rocks & mountains
Rehumanizing from the Spectre in pangs of maternal love
Ingrate they wanderd scorning her drawing her Spectrous Life
Repelling her away & away by a dread repulsive power
Into Non Entity revolving round in dark despair.
And drawing in the Spectrous life in pride and haughty joy
Thus Enion gave them all her spectrous life in deep despair

Then Eno a daughter of Beulah took a Moment of Time
And drew it out to Seven thousand years with much care & affliction
And many tears & in the Every year made windows into Eden
She also took an atom of space & opend its center
Into Infinitude & ornamented it with wondrous art
Astonishd sat her Sisters of Beulah to see her soft affections
To Enion & her children & they ponderd these things wondering
And they Alternate kept watch over the Youthful terrors
They saw not yet the Hand Divine for it was not yet reveald
But they went on in Silent Hope & Feminine repose
But Los & Enitharmon delighted in the Moony spaces of Eno
Nine Times they livd among the forests, feeding on sweet fruits
And nine bright Spaces wanderd weaving mazes of delight
Snaring the wild Goats for their milk they eat the flesh of Lambs
A male & female naked & ruddy as the pride of summer
Alternate Love & Hate his breast; hers Scorn & Jealousy
In embryon passions. they kiss’d not nor embrac’d for shame & fear
His head beamd light & in his vigorous voice was prophecy
He could control the times & seasons, & the days & years
She could control the spaces, regions, desart, flood & forest
But had no power to weave a Veil of covering for her Sins
She drive the Females all away from Los
And Los drive all the Males from her away
They wanderd long, till they sat down upon the margind sea.
Conversing with the visions of Beulah in dark slumberous bliss

Nine years they view the gleaming spheres reading the Visions of Beulah
But the two youthful wonders wanderd in the world of Tharmas
Thy name is Enitharmon; said the fierce prophetic boy
While thy mild voice fills all these Caverns with sweet harmony
O how our Parents sit & mourn in their silent secret bowers

But Enitharmon answerd with a dropping tear & frowning
Dark as a dewy morning when the crimson light appears
To make us happy let them weary their immortal powers
While we draw in their sweet delights while we return them scorn
On scorn to feed our discontent; for if we grateful prove
They will withhold sweet love, whose food is thorns & bitter roots.

We hear the warlike clarions we view the turning spheres
Yet Thou in indolence reposest holding me in bonds

Hear! I will sing a Song of Death! it is a Song of Vala!
The Fallen Man takes his repose: Urizen sleeps in the porch
Luvah and Vala woke & flew up from the Human Heart
Into the Brain; from thence upon the pillow Vala slumber’d.
And Luvah siez’d the Horses of Light, & rose into the Chariot of Day
Sweet laughter siezd me in my sleep! silent & close I laughd
For in the visions of Vala I walkd with the mighty Fallen One

I heard his voice among the branches, & among sweet flowers.
Why is the light of Enitharmon darken’d in dewy morn
Why is the silence of Enitharmon a terror & her smile a whirlwind
Uttering this darkness in my halls, in the pillars of my Holy-ones
Why dost thou weep as Vala? & wet thy veil with dewy tears,
In slumbers of my night-repose, infusing a false morning?
Driving the Female Emanations all away from Los
I have refused to look upon the Universal Vision
And wilt thou slay with death him who devotes himself to thee
If thou drivest all the Females away from Luvah I will drive all the Males away from thee
Once born for the sport & amusement of Man now born to drink up all his Powers

I heard the sounding sea; I heard the voice weaker and weaker;
The voice came & went like a dream, I awoke in my sweet bliss.

Then Los smote her upon the Earth twas long eer she revivd
He answer’d, darkning more with indignation hid in smiles

I die not Enitharmon tho thou singst thy Song of Death
Nor shalt thou me torment. For I behold the Fallen Man
Seeking to comfort Vala, she will not be comforted
She rises from his throne and seeks the shadows of her garden
Weeping for Luvah lost, in the bloody beams of your false morning
Sickning lies the Fallen Man his head sick his heart faint
Mighty atchievement of your power! Beware the punishment

Refusing to behold the Divine image which all behold
And live thereby, he is sunk down into a deadly sleep
But we immortal in our own strength survive by stern debate
Till we have drawn the Lamb of God into a mortal form
And that he must be born is certain for One must be All
And comprehend within himself all things both small & great
We therefore for whose sake all things aspire to be & live
Will so recieve the Divine Image that amongst the Reprobate
He may be devoted to Destruction from his mothers womb
I see, invisible descend into the Gardens of Vala
Luvah walking on the winds, I see the invisible knife
I see the shower of blood: I see the swords & spears of futurity
Tho in the Brain of Man we live, & in his circling Nerves.
Tho’ this bright world of all our joy is in the Human Brain.
Where Urizen & all his Hosts hang their immortal lamps
Thou neer shalt leave this cold expanse where watry Tharmas mourns

So spoke Los. Scorn & Indignation rose upon Enitharmon
Then Enitharmon reddning fierce stretchd her immortal hands

Descend O Urizen descend with horse & chariots
Threaten not me O visionary thine the punishment
The Human Nature shall no more remain nor Human acts
Form the rebellious Spirits of Heaven. but War & Princedom & Victory & Blood

Night darkend as she spoke! a shuddring ran from East to West
A Groan was heard on high. The warlike clarions ceast. the Spirits
Of Luvah & Vala shudderd in their Orb: an orb of blood!

Eternity groand & was troubled at the Image of Eternal Death
The Wandering Man bow’d his faint head and Urizen descended
And the one must have murderd the other if he had not descended
Indignant muttering low thunders; Urizen descended
Gloomy sounding, Now I am God from Eternity to Eternity
Sullen sat Los plotting Revenge. Silent he eye’d the Prince
Of Light. Silent the prince of Light viewd Los. at length a brooded
Smile broke from Urizen for Enitharmon brightend more & more
Sullen he lowerd on Enitharmon but he smild on Los

Saying Thou art the Lord of Luvah into thine hands I give
The prince of Love the murderer his soul is in thine hands
Pity not Vala for she pitied not the Eternal Man
Nor pity thou the cries of Luvah. Lo these starry hosts
They are thy servants if thou wilt obey my awful Law
Los answered furious art thou one of those who when most complacent
Mean mischief most. If you are such Lo! I am also such
One must be master. try thy Arts I also will try mine
For I perceive Thou hast Abundance which I claim as mine

Urizen startled stood but not Long soon he cried
Obey my voice young Demon I am God from Eternity to Eternity

Thus Urizen spoke collected in himself in awful pride
Art thou a visionary of Jesus the soft delusion of Eternity
Lo I am God the terrible destroyer & not the Saviour
Why should the Divine Vision compell the sons of Eden
to forego each his own delight to war against his Spectre
The Spectre is the Man the rest is only delusion & fancy

So spoke the Prince of Light & sat beside the Seat of Los
Upon the sandy shore rested his chariot of fire
Ten thousand thousand were his hosts of spirits on the wind:
Ten thousand thousand glittering Chariots shining in the sky:
They pour upon the golden shore beside the silent ocean.
Rejoicing in the Victory & the heavens were filld with blood

The Earth spread forth her table wide. the Night a silver cup
Fill’d with the wine of anguish waited at the golden feast
But the bright Sun was not as yet; he filling all the expanse
Slept as a bird in the blue shell that soon shall burst away

Los saw the wound of his blow he saw he pitied he wept
Los now repented that he had smitten Enitharmon he felt love
Arise in all his Veins he threw his arms around her loins
To heal the wound of his smiting

They eat the fleshly bread, they drank the nervous wine
They listend to the Elemental Harps & Sphery Song
They view’d the dancing Hours, quick sporting thro’ the sky
With winged radiance scattering joys thro the ever changing light
But Luvah & Vala standing in the bloody sky
On high remaind alone forsaken in fierce jealousy
They stood above the heavens forsaken desolate suspended in blood
Descend they could not. nor from Each other avert their eyes
Eternity appeard above them as One Man infolded
In Luvahs robes of blood & bearing all his afflictions
As the sun shines down on the misty earth Such was the Vision

But purple night and crimson morning & golden day descending
Thro’ the clear changing atmosphere display’d green fields among
The varying clouds, like paradises stretch’d in the expanse
With towns & villages and temples, tents sheep-folds and pastures
Where dwell the children of the elemental worlds in harmony.
Not long in harmony they dwell, their life is drawn away
And wintry woes succeed; successive driven into the Void
Where Enion craves: successive drawn into the golden feast

And Los & Enitharmon sat in discontent & scorn
The Nuptial Song arose from all the thousand thousand spirits
Over the joyful Earth & Sea, and ascended into the Heavens
For Elemental Gods their thunderous Organs blew; creating
Delicious Viands. Demons of Waves their watry Eccho’s woke!
Bright Souls of vegetative life, budding and blossoming
Stretch their immortal hands to smite the gold & silver Wires
And with immortal Voice soft warbling fill all Earth & Heaven.
With doubling Voices & loud Horns wound round sounding
Cavernous dwellers fill’d the enormous Revelry, Responsing!
And Spirits of Flaming fire on high, govern’d the mighty Song.

And This the Song! sung at The Feast of Los & Enitharmon

Ephraim calld out to Zion: Awake O Brother Mountain
Let us refuse the Plow & Spade, the heavy Roller & spiked
Harrow. burn all these Corn fields. throw down all these fences
Fattend on Human blood & drunk with wine of life is better far
Than all these labours of the harvest & the vintage. See the river
Red with the blood of Men. swells lustful round my rocky knees
My clouds are not the clouds of verdant fields & groves of fruit
But Clouds of Human Souls. my nostrils drink the lives of Men

The Villages Lament. they faint outstretchd upon the plain
Wailing runs round the Valleys from the Mill & from the Barn
But most the polishd Palaces dark silent bow with dread
Hiding their books & pictures. underneath the dens of Earth

The Cities send to one another saying My sons are Mad
With wine of cruelty. Let us plat a scourge O Sister City
Children are nourishd for the Slaughter; once the Child was fed
With Milk; but wherefore now are Children fed with blood

The Horse is of more value than the Man. The Tyger fierce
Laughs at the Human form. the Lion mocks & thirsts for blood
They cry O Spider spread thy web! Enlarge thy bones & fill’d
With marrow, sinews & flesh Exalt thyself attain a voice

Call to thy dark armd hosts, for all the sons of Men muster together
To desolate their cities! Man shall be no more! Awake O Hosts
The bow string sang upon the hills! Luvah & Vala ride
Triumphant in the bloody sky. & the Human form is no more
The listning Stars heard, & the first beam of the morning started back
He cried out to his Father, depart! depart! but sudden Siez’d,
And clad in steel. & his Horse proudly neighd; he smelt the battle
Afar off, Rushing back, reddning with rage the Mighty Father

Siezd his bright Sheephook studded with gems & gold, he Swung it round
His head shrill sounding in the sky, down rushd the Sun with noise
Of war. The Mountains fled away they sought a place beneath
Vala remaind in desarts of dark solitude. nor Sun nor Moon
By night nor day to comfort her, she labourd in thick smoke
Tharmas endurd not, he fled howling. then a barren waste sunk down
Conglobing in the dark confusion, Mean time Los was born
And Thou O Enitharmon! Hark I hear the hammers of Los.

They melt the bones of Vala, & the bones of Luvah into wedges
The innumerable sons & daughters of Luvah closed in furnaces
Melt into furrows. winter blows his bellows: Ice & Snow
Tend the dire anvils. Mountains mourn & Rivers faint & fail.

There is no City nor Corn-field nor Orchard! all is Rock & Sand
There is no Sun nor Moon nor Star. but rugged wintry rocks
Justling together in the void suspended by inward fires
Impatience now no longer can endure. Distracted Luvah.

Bursting forth from the joins of Enitharmon, Thou fierce Terror
Go howl in vain, Smite Smite his fetters Smite O wintry hammers
Smite Spectre of Urthona, mock the fiend who drew us down
From heavens of joy into this Deep. Now rage but rage in vain. Thus Sang the Demons of the Deep. the Clarions of War blew loud
The Feast redounds & Crownd with roses & the circling vine
The Enormous Bride & Bridegroom sat, beside them Urizen
With faded radiance sighd, forgetful of the flowing wine
And of Ahania his Pure Bride but She was distant far.

But Los & Enitharmon sat in discontent & scorn
Craving the more the more enjoying, drawing out sweet bliss
From all the turning wheels of heaven & the chariots of the Slain.

At distance Far in Night repelled. in direful hunger craving
Summers & Winters round revolving in the frightful deep.
Enion blind & age-bent wept upon the desolate wind.

Why does the Raven cry aloud and no eye pities her?
Why fall the Sparrow & the Robin in the foodless winter?
Faint! shivering they sit on leafless bush, or frozen stone.

Wearied with seeking food across the snowy waste; the little
Heart, cold; and the little tongue consum’d, that once in thoughtless joy
Gave songs of gratitude to waving corn fields round their nest.
Why howl the Lion & the Wolf? why do they roam abroad?
Deluded by summers heat they sport in enormous love
And cast their young out to the hungry wilds & sandy desarts.

Why is the Sheep given to the knife? the Lamb plays in the Sun
He starts! he hears the foot of Man! he says, Take thou my wool
But spare my life, but he knows not that winter cometh fast.

The Spider sits in his labourd Web, eager watching for the Fly
Presently comes a famishd Bird & takes away the Spider
His Web is left all desolate, that his little anxious heart
So careful wove; & spread it out with sighs and weariness.

This was the Lamentation of Enion round the golden Feast
Eternity groand and was troubled at the image of Eternal Death
Without the body of Man an Exudation from his sickning limbs.

Now Man was come to the Palm tree & to the Oak of Weeping
Which stand upon the Edge of Beulah & he sunk down
From the supporting arms of the Eternal Saviour; who disposd
The pale limbs of his Eternal Individuality
Upon The Rock of Ages. Watching over him with Love & Care.

Then those in Great Eternity met in the Council of God
As one Man for contracting their Exalted Senses
They behold Multitude or Expanding they behold as one
As One Man all the Universal family & that one Man
They call Jesus the Christ & they in him & he in them
Live in Perfect harmony in Eden the land of life
Consulting as One Man above the Mountain of Snowdon Sublime.

For messengers from Beulah come in tears & darkning clouds
Saying Shiloh is in ruins our brother is sick Albion He
Whom thou lovest is sick he wanders from his house of Eternity
The daughters of Beulah terrified have closd the Gate of the Tongue
Luvah & Urizen contend in war around the holy tent.
So spoke the Ambassadors from Beulah & with solemn mourning
They were introduced to the divine presence & they kneeled down
In Conways Vale thus recounting the Wars of Death Eternal.

The Eternal Man wept in the holy tent Our Brother in Eternity
Even Albion whom thou lovest wept in pain his family
Slept round on hills & valleys in the regions of his love
But Urizen awoke & Luvah woke & thus conferred.
Thou Luvah said the Prince of Light behold our sons & daughters
Repos'd on beds. let them sleep on, do thou alone depart
Into thy wished Kingdom where in Majesty & Power
We may erect a throne. deep in the North I place my lot
Thou in the South listen attentive. In silent of this night
I will infold the Eternal tent in clouds opaque while thou
Siezing the chariots of the morning. Go outfleetting ride
Afar into the Zenith high bending thy furious course
Southward with half the tents of men inclos'd in clouds
Of Tharmas & Urthona. I remaining in porches of the brain
Will lay my scepter on Jerusalem the Emanation
On all her sons & on thy sons O Luvah & on mine
Till dawn was wont to wake them then my trumpet sounding loud
Ravish'd away in night my strong command shall be obey'd
For I have plac'd my centinels in stations each tenth man
Is bought & sold & in dim night my Word shall be their law.

Luvah replied Dictate to thy Equals. am not I
The Prince of all the hosts of Men nor Equal know in Heaven
If I arise into the Zenith leaving thee to watch
The Emanation & her Sons the Satan & the Anak
Sihon and Og. wilt thou not rebel to my laws remain
In darkness building thy strong throne & in my ancient night
Daring my power wilt arm my sons against me in the Atlantic
My deep My night which thou assuming hast assum'd my Crown
I will remain as well as thou & here with hands of blood
Smite this dark sleeper in his tent then try my strength with thee.
While thus he spoke his fires reddend oer the holy tent
Urizen cast deep darkness round him silent brooding death
Eternal death to Luvah. raging Luvah pourd
The Lances of Urizen from chariots. round the holy tent
Discord began & yells & cries shook the wide firmament
Beside his anvil stood Urthona dark. a mass of iron
Glowd furious on the anvil prepar’d for spades & coulters. All
His sons fled from his side to join the conflict pale he heard
The Eternal voice he stood the sweat chill’d on his mighty limbs
He drop’d his hammer, dividing from his aking bosom fled
A portion of his life shrieking upon the wind she fled
And Tharmas took her in pitying Then Enion in jealous fear
Murder’d her & hid her in her bosom embalming her for fear
She should arise again to life. Embalmd in Enions bosom
Enitharmon remains a corse such thing was never known
In Eden that one died a death never to be reviv’d
Urthona stood in terror but not long his spectre fled.

To Enion & his body fell. Tharmas beheld him fall
Endlong a raging serpent rolling round the holy tent
The sons of war astonish’d at the Glittering monster drove
Him far into the world of Tharmas into a cavernd rock.

But Urizen with darkness overspreading all the armies
Sent round his heralds secretly commanding to depart
Into the north Sudden with thunders sound his multitudes
Retreat from the fierce conflict all the sons of Urizen at once
Mustring together in thick clouds leaving the rage of Luvah
To pour its fury on himself & on the Eternal Man.

Sudden down fell they all together into an unknown Space
Deep horrible without End. Separated from Beulah far beneath
The Mans exteriors are become indefinite open’d to pain
In a fierce hungring void & none can visit his regions.

Jerusalem his Emanation is become a ruin
Her little ones are slain on the top of every street
And she herself led captive & scatterd into the indefinite
Gird on thy sword O thou most mighty in glory & majesty
Destroy these oppressors of Jerusalem & those who ruin Shiloh.

So spoke the Messengers of Beulah. Silently removing
The Family Divine drew up the Universal tent
Above High Snowdon & closd the Messengers in clouds around
Till the time of the End. Then they Elected Seven. called the Seven
Eyes of God & the Seven lamps of the Almighty
The Seven are one within the other the Seventh is named Jesus
The Lamb of God blessed for ever & he followd the Man
Who wanderd in mount Ephraim seeking a Sepulcher
His inward eyes closing from the Divine vision & all
His children wandering outside from his bosom fleeing away.

The Daughters of Beulah beheld the Emanation they pitied
They wept before the Inner gates of Enitharmons bosom
And of her fine wrought brain & of her bowels within her loins
Three gates within Glorious & bright open into Beulah
From Enitharmons inward parts but the bright female terror
Refusd to open the bright gates she closd and barrd them fast
Lest Los should enter into Beulah thro her beautiful gates.

The Emanation stood before the Gates of Enitharmon
Weeping. the Daughters of Beulah silent in the Porches
Spread her a couch unknown to Enitharmon here reposd
Jerusalem in slumbers soft lulld into silent rest.

Terrific ragd the Eternal Wheels of intellect terrific ragd
The living creatures of the wheels in the Wars of Eternal life
But perverse rolld the wheels of Urizen & Luvah back reversd
Downwards & outwards consuming in the wars of Eternal Death.

End of the First Night
Rising upon his Couch of Death Albion beheld his Sons
Turning his Eyes outward to Self. losing the Divine Vision
Albion calld Urizen & said. Behold these sickning Spheres
Whence is this Voice of Enion that soundeth in my Porches
Take thou possession! take this Scepter! go forth in my might
For I am weary, & must sleep in the dark sleep of Death
Thy brother Luvah hath smitten me but pity thou his youth
Tho thou hast not pitid my Age O Urizen Prince of Light.

Urizen rose from the bright Feast like a star thro’ the evening sky
Exulting at the voice that callld him from the Feast of envy
First he beheld the body of Man pale, cold, the horrors of death
Beneath his feet shot thro’ him as he stood in the Human Brain
And all its golden porches grew pale with his sickening light
No more Exulting for he saw Eternal Death beneath
Pale he beheld futurity; pale he beheld the Abyss
Where Enion blind & age bent wept in direful hunger craving
All rav’ning like the hungry worm, & like the silent grave
Mighty was the draught of Voidness to draw Existence in.

Terrific Urizen strode above, in fear & pale dismay
He saw the indefinite space beneath & his soul shrunk with horror
His feet upon the verge of Non Existence; his voice went forth.

Luvah & Vala trembling & shrinking, beheld the great Work master
And heard his Word! Divide ye bands influence by influence
Build we a Bower for heavens darling in the grizly deep
Build we the Mundane Shell around the Rock of Albion.

The Bands of Heaven flew thro the air singing & shouting to Urizen
Some fix’d the anvil, some the loom erected, some the plow
And harrow formd & framd the harness of silver & ivory
The golden compasses, the quadrant & the rule & balance
They erected the furnaces, they formd the anvils of gold beaten in mills
Where winter beats incessant, fixing them firm on their base
The bellows began to blow & the Lions of Urizen stood round the anvil.

And the leopards covered with skins of beasts tended the roaring fires
Sublime distinct their lineaments divine of human beauty
The tygers of wrath called the horses of instruction from their mangers
They unloos’d them & put on the harness of gold & silver & ivory
In human forms distinct they stood round Urizen prince of Light
Petrifying all the Human Imagination into rock & sand
Groans ran along Tyburns brook and along the River of Oxford
Among the Druid Temples. Albion groaned on Tyburns brook
Albion gave his loud death groan The Atlantic Mountains trembled
Aloft the Moon fled with a cry the Sun with streams of blood
From Albions Loins fled all Peoples and Nations of the Earth
Fled with the noise of Slaughter & the stars of heaven Fled
Jerusalem came down in a dire ruin over all the Earth
She fell cold from Lambeths Vales in groans & Dewy death
The dew of anxious souls the death-sweat of the dying
In every pillard hall & arched roof of Albions skies
The brother & the brother bathe in blood upon the Severn
The Maiden weeping by. The father & the mother with
The Maidens father & her mother fainting over the body
And the Young Man the Murderer fleeing over the mountains.

Reuben slept on Penmaenmawr & Levi slept on Snowdon
Their eyes their ears nostrils & tongues roll outward they behold
What is within now seen without they are raw to the hungry wind
They become Nations far remote in a little & dark Land
The Daughters of Albion girded around their garments of Needlework
Stripping Jerusalem’s curtains from mild demons of the hills
Across Europe & Asia to China & Japan like lightenings
They go forth & return to Albion on his rocky couch
Gwendolen Ragan Sabrina Gonorill Mehetabel Cordella
Boadicea Conwenna Estrild Gwinefrid Ignoge Cambel
Binding Jerusalem’s Children in the dungeons of Babylon
They play before the Armies before the hounds of Nimrod
While The Prince of Light on Salisbury plain among the druid stones.
Rattling the adamantine chains & hooks heave up the ore
In mountainous masses, plung'd in furnaces, & they shut & seald
The furnaces a time & times; all the while blew the North
His cloudy bellows & the South & East & dismal West
And all the while the plow of iron cut the dreadful furrows
In Ulro beneath Beulah where the Dead wail Night & Day.

Luvah was cast into the Furnaces of affliction & sealed
And Vala fed in cruel delight, the furnaces with fire
Stern Urizen beheld urg'd by necessity to keep
The evil day afar, & if perchance with iron power
He might avert his own despair; in woe & fear he saw.

Vala incircle round the furnaces where Luvah was clos'd
In joy she heard his howlings, & forgot he was her Luvah
With whom she walkd in bliss, in times of innocence & youth.

Hear ye the voice of Luvah from the furnaces of Urizen

If I indeed am Valas King & ye O sons of Men
The workmanship of Luvahs hands; in times of Everlasting
When I called forth the Earth-worm from the cold & dark obscure
I nurturd her I fed her with my rains & dews, she grew
A scaled Serpent, yet I fed her tho’ she hated me
Day after day she fed upon the mountains in Luvahs sight
I brought her thro’ the Wilderness, a dry & thirsty land
And I commanded springs to rise for her in the black desart
Till she became a Dragon winged bright & poisonous
I opend all the floodgates of the heavens to quench her thirst.

And I commanded the Great deep to hide her in his hand
Till she became a little weeping Infant a span long
I carried her in my bosom as a man carries a lamb
I loved her I gave her all my soul & my delight
I hid her in soft gardens & in secret bowers of Summer
Weaving mazes of delight along the sunny paradise
Inextricable labyrinths, She bore me sons & daughters
And they have taken her away & hid her from my sight
They have surrounded me with walls of iron & brass, O Lamb
Of God clothed in Luvahs garments little knowest thou
Of death Eternal that we all go to Eternal Death
To our Primeval Chaos in fortuitous concourse of incoherent
Discordant principles of Love & Hate I suffer affliction
Because I love. for I was love but hatred awakes in me
And Urizen who was Faith & Certainty is changd to Doubt
The hand of Urizen is upon me because I blotted out
That Human delusion to deliver all the sons of God
From bondage of the Human form, O first born Son of Light
O Urizen my enemy I weep for thy stern ambition
But weep in vain O when will you return Vala the Wanderer.
These were the words of Luvah patient in afflictions
Reasoning from the loins in the unreal forms of Ulros night

And when Luvah age after age was quite melted with woe
The fires of Vala faded like a shadow cold & pale
An evanescent shadow. last she fell a heap of Ashes
Beneath the furnaces a woful heap in living death.

Then were the furnaces unseald with spades & pickaxes
Roaring let out the fluid, the molten metal ran in channels
Cut by the plow of ages held in Urizens strong hand
In many a valley, for the Bulls of Luvah dragd the Plow.

With trembling horror pale aghast the Children of Man
Stood on the infinite Earth & saw these visions in the air
In waters & in Earth beneath they cried to one another
What are we terrors to one another. Come O brethren wherefore
Was this wide Earth spread all abroad. not for wild beasts to roam
But many stood silent & busied in their families
And many said We see no Visions in the darksom air
Measure the course of that sulphur orb that lights the darksom day
Set stations on this breeding Earth & let us buy & sell
Others arose & schools Erected forming Instruments
To measure out the course of heaven. Stern Urizen beheld
In woe his brethren & his Sons in darkning woe lamenting
Upon the winds in clouds involvd Uttering his voice in thunders
Commanding all the work with care & power & severity.

Then siezd the Lions of Urizen their work, & heated in the forge
Roar the bright masses, thund’ring beat the hammers, many a pyramid
Is form’d & thrown down thund’ring into the deeps of Non Entity
Heated red hot they hizzing rend their way down many a league
Till resting. each his center finds; suspended there they stand
Casting their sparkles dire abroad into the dismal deep
For measurd out in orderd spaces the Sons of Urizen
With compasses divide the deep; they the strong scales erect
That Luvah rent from the faint Heart of the Ancient Fallen Man
And weigh the massy Cubes, then fix them in their awful stations.

And all the time in Caverns shut, the golden Looms erected
First spun, then wove the Atmospheres, there the Spider & Worm
Plied the wingd shuttle piping shrill thro’ all the list’ning threads
Beneath the Caverns roll the weights of lead & spindles of iron
The enormous warp & woof rage direful in the affrighted deep.

While far into the vast unknown, the strong wing’d Eagles bend
Their venturous flight, in Human forms distinct; thro darkness deep
They bear the woven draperies; on golden hooks they hang abroad
The universal curtains & spread out from Sun to Sun
The vehicles of light, they separate the furious particles
Into mild currents as the water mingles with the wine.

While thus the Spirits of strongest wing enlighten the dark deep
The threads are spun & the cords twisted & drawn out; then the weak
Begin their work; & many a net is netted; many a net
Spread & many a Spirit caught, innumerable the nets
Innumerable the gins & traps; & many a soothing flute
Is form’d & many a corded lyre, outspread over the immense
In cruel delight they trap the listeners, & in cruel delight
Bind them, condensing the strong energies into little compass
Some became seed of every plant that shall be planted; some
The bulbous roots, thrown up together into barns & garners.

Then rose the Builders; First the Architect divine his plan
Unfolds, The wondrous scaffold reared all round the infinite
Quadrangular the building rose the heavens squared by a line.
Trigons & cubes divide the elements in finite bonds
Multitudes without number work incessant: the hewn stone
Is placed in beds of mortar mingled with the ashes of Vala
Severe the labour, female slaves the mortar trod oppressed.

Twelve halls after the names of his twelve sons composed
The wondrous building & three Central Domes after the Names
Of his three daughters were encompassed by the twelve bright halls
Every hall surrounded by bright Paradises of Delight
In which are towns & Cities Nations Seas Mountains & Rivers
Each Dome opened toward four halls & the Three Domes Encompassed
The Golden Hall of Urizen whose western side glow'd bright
With ever streaming fires beaming from his awful limbs.

His Shadowy Feminine Semblance here repos'd on a White Couch
Or hover'd o'er his Starry head & when he smiled she brightend
Like a bright Cloud in harvest. but when Urizen frowned she wept
In mists over his carved throne & when he turn'd his back
Upon his Golden hall & sought the Labyrinthine porches
Of his wide heaven Trembling, cold in paling fears she sat
A shadow of Despair therefore toward the West Urizen form'd
A recess in the wall for fires to glow upon the pale
Females limbs in his absence & her Daughters oft upon
A Golden Altar burnt perfumes with Art Celestial form'd

Foursquare sculptur'd & sweetly Engrav'd to please their shadowy mother
Ascending into her misty garments the blue smoke roll'd to revive
Her cold limbs in the absence of her Lord. Also her sons
With lives of Victims sacrificed upon an altar of brass
On the East side. Reviv'd her Soul with lives of beasts & birds
Slain on the Altar up ascending into her cloudy bosom
Of terrible workmanship the Altar labour of ten thousand Slaves
One thousand Men of wondrous power spent their lives in its formation
It stood on twelve steps named after the names of her twelve sons
And was Erected at the chief entrance of Urizen's hall.

When Urizen returned from his immense labours & travels
Descending she repos'd beside him folding him around
In her bright skirts. Astonished & Confounded he beheld
Her shadowy form now Separate he shudderd & was silent
Till her caresses & her tears reviv'd him to life & joy
Two wills they had two intellects & not as in times of old
This Urizen perceiv'd & silent brooded in darkning Clouds
To him his Labour was but Sorrow & his Kingdom was Repentance
He drive the Male Spirits all away from Ahania
And she drive all the Females from him away.

Los joy'd & Enitharmon laugh'd, saying. Let us go down
And see this labour & sorrow; They went down to see the woes
Of Vala & the woes of Luvah, to draw in their delights.

And Vala like a shadow oft appeared to Urizen.
The King of Light beheld her mourning among the Brick kilns compelled
To labour night & day among the fires, her lamenting voice
Is heard when silent night returns & the labourers take their rest.

O Lord wilt thou not look upon our sore afflictions
Among these flames incessant labouring, our hard masters laugh
At all our sorrow. We are made to turn the wheel for water
To carry the heavy basket on our scorched shoulders, to sift
The sand & ashes, & to mix the clay with tears & repentance
I see not Luvah as of old I only see his feet
Like pillars of fire travelling through darkness & non entity
The times are now returned upon us, we have given ourselves
To scorn and now are scorned by the slaves of our enemies
Our beauty is cover'd over with clay & ashes, & our backs
Furrow'd with whips, & our flesh bruised with the heavy basket
Forgive us O thou piteous one whom we have offended, forgive
The weak remaining shadow of Vala that returns in sorrow to thee.
Thus she lamented day & night, compelld to labour & sorrow
Luvah in vain her lamentations heard; in vain his love
Brought him in various forms before her still she knew him not
Still she despisd him, calling on his name & knowing him not
Still hating still professing love, still labouring in the smoke.

And Los & Enitharmon joyd, they drank in tenfold joy
From all the sorrow of Luvah & the labour of Urizen
And Enitharmon joyd Plotting to rend the secret cloud
To plant divisions in the Soul of Urizen & Ahania.

But infinitely beautiful the wondrous work arose
In sorrow & care. a Golden World whose porches round the heavens
And pillard halls & rooms receivd the eternal wandering stars
A wondrous golden Building; many a window many a door
And many a division let in & out into the vast unknown
Cubed in windows square immoveable, within its walls & cielings
The heavens were closd and spirits mournd their bondage night and day
And the Divine Vision appeard in Luvahs robes of blood
Thus was the Mundane shell builded by Urizens strong power.
Sorrowing went the Planters forth to plant, the Sowers to sow
They dug the channels for the rivers & they pourd abroad
The seas & lakes, they reard the mountains & the rocks & hills
On broad pavilions, on pillard roofs & porches & high towers
In beauteous order, thence arose soft clouds & exhalations
Wandering even to the sunny Cubes of light & heat
For many a window ornamented with sweet ornaments
Lookd out into the World of Tharmas, where in ceaseless torrents
His billows roll where monsters wander in the foamy paths.

On clouds the Sons of Urizen beheld Heaven walled round
They weighd & orderd all & Urizen comforted saw
The wondrous work flow forth like visible out of the invisible
For the Divine Lamb Even Jesus who is the Divine Vision
Permitted all lest Man should fall into Eternal Death
For when Luvah sunk down himself put on the robes of blood
Lest the state call’d Luvah should cease. & the Divine Vision
Walked in robes of blood till he who slept should awake.

Thus were the stars of heaven created. like a golden chain
To bind the Body of Man to heaven from falling into the Abyss
Each took his station, & his course began with sorrow & care.

In sevens & tens & fifties, hundreds, thousands, numberd all
According to their various powers. Subordinate to Urizen
And to his sons in their degrees & to his beauteous daughters.

Travelling in silent majesty along their order’d ways
In right lined paths outmeasur’d by proportions of number weight
And measure. mathematic motion wondrous. along the deep
In fiery pyramid. or Cube. or unornamented pillar square
Of fire far shining. travelling along even to its destind end
Then falling down. a terrible space recovring in winter dire
Its wasted strength. it back returns upon a nether course
Till fired with ardour fresh recruited in its humble season
It rises up on high all summer till its wearied course
Turns into autumn. such the periods of many worlds
Others triangular right angled course maintain. others obtuse
Acute Scalene, in simple paths. but others move
In intricate ways biquadrate. Trapeziums Rhombs Rhomboids
Paralellograms. triple & quadruple. polygonic
In their amazing hard subdued course in the vast deep
And Los & Enitharmon were drawn down by their desires
Descending sweet upon the wind among soft harps & voices
To plant divisions in the Soul of Urizen & Ahania
To conduct the Voice of Enion to Ahanias midnight pillow.

Urizen saw & envied & his imagination was filled
Repining he contemplated the past in his bright sphere
Terrified with his heart & spirit at the visions of futurity
That his dread fancy form’d before him in the unformd void.

For Los & Enitharmon walk’d forth on the dewy Earth
Contracting or expanding their all flexible senses
At will to murmur in the flowers small as the honey bee
At will to stretch across the heavens & step from star to star
Or standing on the Earth erect, or on the stormy waves
Driving the storms before them or delighting in sunny beams
While round their heads the Elemental Gods kept harmony.

And Los said. Lo the Lilly pale & the rose reddning fierce
Reproach thee & the beamy gardens sicken at thy beauty
I grasp thy vest in my strong hand in vain. like water springs
In the bright sands of Los. evading my embrace. then I alone
Wander among the virgins of the summer. Look they cry
The poor forsaken Los mockd by the worm the shelly snail
The Emmet & the beetle hark they laugh & mock at Los.

Enitharmon answerd. Secure now from the smitings of thy Power
Demon of fury If the God enrapturd me infolds
In clouds of sweet obscurity my beauteous form dissolving
Howl thou over the body of death tis thine But if among the virgins
Of summer. I have seen thee sleep & turn thy cheek delighted
Upon the rose or lilly pale. or on a bank where sleep
The beamy daughters of the light starting they rise they flee
From thy fierce love for tho I am dissolvd in the bright God
My spirit still pursues thy false love over rocks & valleys

Los answerd Therefore fade I thus dissolvd in rapturd trance
Thou canst repose on clouds of secrecy while oer my limbs
Cold dews & hoary frost creeps tho I lie on banks of summer
Among the beauties of the World. Cold & repining Los
Still dies for Enitharmon nor a spirit springs from my dead corse
Then I am dead till thou revivest me with thy sweet song
Now taking on Ahanias form & now the form of Enion
I know thee not as once I knew thee in those blessed fields
Where memory wishes to repose among the flocks of Tharmas
Enitharmon answerd Wherefore didst thou throw thine arms around
Ahanias Image I decievd thee & will still decieve
Urizen saw thy sin & hid his beams in darkning Clouds
I still keep watch altho I tremble & wither across the heavens
In strong vibrations of fierce jealousy for thou art mine
Created for my will my slave tho strong tho I am weak
Farewell the God calls me away. I depart in my sweet bliss

She fled vanishing on the wind And left a dead cold corse
In Los’s arms howlings began over the body of death
Los spoke. Thy God in vain shall call thee if by my strong power
I can infuse my dear revenge into his glowing breast
Then jealousy shall shadow all his mountains & Ahania
Curse thee thou plague of woful Los & seek revenge on thee.

So saying in deep sobs he languishd till dead he also fell
Night passd & Enitharmon eer the dawn returnd in bliss
She sang Oer Los. reviving him to Life his groans were terrible
But thus she sang. I sieze the sphery harp I strike the strings.

At the first Sound the Golden sun arises from the Deep
And shakes his awful hair
The Eccho wakes the moon to unbind her silver locks
The golden sun bears on my song
And nine bright spheres of harmony rise round the fiery King.

The joy of woman is the Death of her most best beloved
Who dies for Love of her
In torments of fierce jealousy & pangs of adoration
The Lovers night bears on my song
And the nine Spheres rejoice beneath my powerful controll

They sing unceasing to the notes of my immortal hand
The solemn silent moon
Reverberates the living harmony upon my limbs
The birds & beasts rejoice & play
And every one seeks for his mate to prove his inmost joy.

Furious & terrible they sport & rend the nether deeps
The deep lifts up his rugged head
And lost in infinite humming wings vanishes with a cry
The fading cry is ever dying
The living voice is ever living in its inmost joy.

Arise you little glancing wings & sing your infant joy
Arise & drink your bliss
For every thing that lives is holy for the source of life
Descends to be a weeping babe
For the Earthworm renews the moisture of the sandy plain.

Now my left hand I stretch to earth beneath
And strike the terrible string
I wake sweet joy in dens of sorrow & I plant a smile
In forests of affliction
And wake the bubbling springs of life in regions of dark death.

O I am weary lay thine hand upon me or I faint
I faint beneath these beams of thine
For thou hast touchd my five senses & they answerd thee
Now I am nothing & I sink
And on the bed of silence sleep till thou awakest me.

Thus sang the Lovely one in Rapturous delusive trance
Los heard reviving he siezd her in his arms delusive hopes
Kindling She led him into Shadows & thence fled outstretched
Upon the immense like a bright rainbow weeping & smiling & fading.

Thus livd Los driving Enion far into the deathful infinite
That he may also draw Ahania’s spirit into her Vortex
Ah happy blindness Enion sees not the terrors of the uncertain
Thus Enion wails from the dark deep, the golden heavens tremble.

I am made to sow the thistle for wheat; the nettle for a nourishing dainty
I have planted a false oath in the earth, it has brought forth a poison tree
I have chosen the serpent for a councellor & the dog
For a schoolmaster to my children
I have blotted out from light & living the dove & nightingale
And I have caused the earth worm to beg from door to door
I have taught the thief a secret path into the house of the just
I have taught pale artifice to spread his nets upon the morning
My heavens are brass my earth is iron my moon a clod of clay
My sun a pestilence burning at noon & a vapour of death in night.

What is the price of Experience do men buy it for a song
Or wisdom for a dance in the street? No it is bought with the price
Of all that a man hath his house his wife his children
Wisdom is sold in the desolate market where none come to buy
And in the witherd field where the farmer plows for bread in vain.

It is an easy thing to triumph in the summers sun
And in the vintage & to sing on the waggon loaded with corn
It is an easy thing to talk of patience to the afflicted
To speak the laws of prudence to the houseless wanderer
To listen to the hungry ravens cry in wintry season
When the red blood is filld with wine & with the marrow of lambs.

It is an easy thing to laugh at wrathful elements
To hear the dog howl at the wintry door, the ox in the slaughter house moan
To see a god on every wind & a blessing on every blast
To hear sounds of love in the thunder storm that destroys our enemies house
To rejoice in the blight that covers his field, & the sickness that cuts off his children
While our olive & vine sing & laugh round our door & our children bring fruits & flowers.

Then the groan & the dolor are quite forgotten & the slave grinding at the mill
And the captive in chains & the poor in the prison, & the soldier in the field
When the shatterd bone hath laid him groaning among the happier dead.

It is an easy thing to rejoice in the tents of prosperity
Thus could I sing & thus rejoice, but it is not so with me!
Ahania heard the Lamentation & a swift Vibration
Spread thro her Golden frame. She rose up eer the dawn of day
When Urizen slept on his couch. drawn thro unbounded space
Onto the margin of Non Entity the bright Female came
There she beheld the Spectrous form of Enion in the Void
And never from that moment could she rest upon her pillow.

The End of the Second Night

NIGHT THE THIRD

Now sat the King of Light on high upon his starry throne
And bright Ahania bow’d herself before his splendid feet

O Urizen look on Me. like a mournful stream
I Embrace round thy knees & wet My bright hair with My tears.
Why sighs my Lord! are not the morning stars thy obedient Sons
Do they not bow their bright heads at thy voice? at thy command
Do they not fly into their stations & return their light to thee
The immortal Atmospheres are thine, there thou art seen in glory
Surrounded by the ever changing Daughters of the Light
Thou sitst in harmony for God hath set thee over all
Why wilt thou look upon futurity darkning present joy.

She ceas’d the Prince his light obscurd & the splendors of his crown
Infolded in thick clouds, from whence his mighty voice burst forth
O bright shadow a Boy is born of the dark Ocean
Whom Urizen doth serve, with Light replenishing his darkness
I am set here a King of trouble commanded here to serve
And do my ministry to those who eat of my wide table
All this is mine yet I must serve & that Prophetic boy
Must grow up to command his Prince but hear my determind Decree
Vala shall become a Worm in Enitharmons Womb
Laying her seed upon the fibres soon to issue forth
And Luvah in the loins of Los a dark & furious death
Alas for me! what will become of me at that dread time?

Ahania bow’d her head & wept seven days before the King
And on the eighth day when his clouds unfolded from his throne
She rais’d her bright head sweet perfum’d & thus with heavenly voice

O Prince the Eternal One hath set thee leader of his hosts.
Raise then thy radiant eyes to him raise thy obedient hands
And comforts shall descend from heaven into thy darkning clouds
Leave all futurity to him resume thy fields of Light
Why didst thou listen to the voice of Luvah that dread morn
To give the immortal steeds of light to his deceitful hands
No longer now obedient to thy will thou art compell’d
To forge the curbs of iron & brass to build the iron mangers
To feed them with intoxication from the wine presses of Luvah
Till the Divine Vision & Fruition is quite obliterated
They call thy lions to the fields of blood, they rowze thy tygers
Out of the halls of justice, till these dens thy wisdom fram’d
Golden & beautiful but O how unlike those sweet fields of bliss
Where liberty was justice & eternal science was mercy
Then O my dear lord listen to Ahania, listen to the vision
The vision of Ahania in the slumbers of Urizen
When Urizen slept in the porch & the Ancient Man was smitten
The Fallen Darkning Man walk’d on the steps of fire before his halls
And Vala walk’d with him in dreams of soft deluding slumber
He looked up & saw thee Prince of Light thy splendor faded
But saw not Los nor Enitharmon for Luvah hid them in shadow
In a soft cloud Outstretch’d across, & Luvah dwelt in the cloud.

Then Man ascended mourning into the splendors of his palace
Above him rose a Shadow from his wearied intellect
Of living gold, pure, perfect, holy; in white linen pure he hover’d’d
A sweet entrancing self delusion, a watry vision of Man
Soft exulting in existence all the Man absorbing.

Man fell upon his face prostrate before the watry shadow
Saying O Lord whence is this change thou knowest I am nothing
And Vala trembled & cover’d her face, & her locks were spread on the pavement
I heard astonish’d at the Vision & my heart trembled within me
I heard the voice of the Slumberous Man & thus he spoke
Idolatrous to his own Shadow words of Eternity uttering.
O I am nothing when I enter into judgment with thee
If thou withdraw thy breath I die & vanish into Hades
If thou dost lay thine hand upon me behold I am silent
If thou withhold thine hand I perish like a fallen leaf
O I am nothing & to nothing must return again
If thou withdraw thy breath, behold I am oblivion.

He ceasd: the shadowy voice was silent; but the cloud hoverd over their heads
In golden wreathes, the sorrow of Man & the balmy drops fell down
And Lo that Son of Man, that shadowy Spirit of the Fallen One
Luvah, descended from the cloud; In terror Albion rose
Indignant rose the Awful Man & turnd his back on Vala.

Why roll thy clouds in sick’ning mists. I can no longer hide
The dismal vision of mine Eyes, O love & life & light!
Prophetic dreads urge me to speak. futurity is before me
Like a dark lamp. Eternal death haunts all my expectation
Rent from Eternal Brotherhood we die & are no more

I heard the Voice of the Albion starting from his sleep.

Whence is this voice crying Enion that soundeth in my ears
O cruel pity! O dark deceit! can Love seek for dominion
And Luvah strove to gain dominion over the Ancient Man
They strove together above the Body where Vala was inclos’d
And the dark body of Albion left prostrate upon the crystal pavement
Coverd with boils from head to foot. the terrible smitings of Luvah.

Then frownd the Albion & put forth Luvah from his presence
(I heard him: frown not Urizen: but listen to my Vision)

Saying, Go & die the Death of Man for Vala the sweet wanderer
I will turn the volutions of your Ears outward; & bend your Nostrils
Downward; & your fluxile Eyes englob’d, roll round in fear
Your withring Lips & Tongue shrink up into a narrow circle
Till into narrow forms you creep. Go take your fiery way
And learn what ’tis to absorb the Man you Spirits of Pity & Love.

O Urizen why art thou pale at the visions of Ahania
Listen to her who loves thee lest we also are driven away.

They heard the Voice & fled swift as the winters setting sun
And now the Human Blood foamed high, I saw that Luvah & Vala
Went down the Human Heart where Paradise & its joys abounded
In jealous fears in fury & rage, & flames roll’d round their fervid feet
And the vast form of Nature like a Serpent play’d before them.

And as they went in folding fires & thunders of the deep
Vala shrunk in like the dark sea that leaves its slimy banks
And from her bosom Luvah fell far as the east & west
And the vast form of Nature like a Serpent roll’d between.
Whether this is Jerusalem or Babylon we know not.
All is Confusion All is tumult & we alone are escaped.

She ended. for his wrathful throne burst forth the black hail storm.

Am I not God said Urizen. Who is Equal to me
Do I not stretch the heavens abroad or fold them up like a garment.

He spoke mustering his heavy clouds around him black opaque
Then thunders roll’d around & lightnings darted to & fro
His visage changed to darkness & his strong right hand came forth
To cast Ahania to the Earth he seize’d her by the hair
And threw her from the steps of ice that froze around his throne.

Saying Art thou also become like Vala. thus I cast thee out
Shall the feminine indolent bliss. the indulgent self of weariness
The passive idle sleep the enormous night & darkness of Death
Set herself up to give her laws to the active masculine virtue
Thou little diminutive portion that darst be a counterpart
Thy passivity thy laws of obedience & insincerity
Are my abhorrence. Wherefore hast thou taken that fair form
Whence is this power given to thee! once thou wast in my breast
A sluggish current of dim waters. on whose verdant margin
A cavern shaggd with horrid shades. dark cool & deadly. where
I laid my head in the hot noon after the broken clods
Had wearied me. there I laid my plow & there my horses fed
And thou hast risen with thy moist locks into a watry image
Reflecting all my indolence my weakness & my death
To weigh me down beneath the grave into non Entity
Where Luvah strives scorned by Vala age after age wandering
Shrinking & shrinking from her Lord & calling him the Tempter
And art thou also become like Vala thus I cast thee out.

So loud in thunders spoke the King folded in dark despair
And threw Ahania from his bosom obdurate She fell like lightning
Then fled the sons of Urizen from his thunderous throne petrific
They fled to East & West & left the North & South of Heaven
A crash ran thro the immense The bounds of Destiny were broken
The bounds of Destiny crashd direful & the swelling Sea
Burst from its bonds in whirlpools fierce roaring with Human voice
Triumphing even to the Stars at bright Ahania's fall

Down from the dismal North the Prince in thunders & thick clouds
As when the thunderbolt down falleth on the appointed place
Fell down down rushing ruining thundering shuddering
Into the Caverns of the Grave & places of Human Seed
Where the impressions of Despair & Hope enroot forever
A world of Darkness. Ahania fell far into Non Entity.

She Continued falling. Loud the Crash continud loud & Hoarse
From the Crash roared a flame of blue sulphureous fire from the flame
A dolorous groan that struck with dumbness all confusion
Swallowing up the horrible din in agony on agony
Thro the Confusion like a crack across from immense to immense
Loud strong a universal groan of death louder
Than all the wracking elements deafend & rended worse
Than Urizen & all his hosts in curst despair down rushing
But from the Dolorous Groan one like a shadow of smoke appeard
And human bones rattling together in the smoke & stamping
The nether Abyss & gnashing in fierce despair. panting in sobs
Thick short incessant bursting sobbing. deep despairing stamping struggling
Struggling to utter the voice of Man struggling to take the features of Man. Struggling
To take the limbs of Man at length emerging from the smoke
Of Urizen dashed in pieces from his precipitant fall
Tharmas reard up his hands & stood on the affrighted Ocean
The dead reard up his Voice & stood on the resounding shore.

Crying. Fury in my limbs. destruction in my bones & marrow
My skull riven into filaments. my eyes into sea jellies
Floating upon the tide wander bubbling & bubbling
Uttering my lamentations & begetting little monsters
Who sit mocking upon the little pebbles of the tide
In all my rivers & on dried shells that the fish
Have quite forsaken. O fool fool to lose my sweetest bliss
Where art thou Enion ah too near to cunning too far off
And yet too near. Dashd down I send thee into distant darkness
Far as my strength can hurl thee wander there & laugh & play
Among the frozen arrows they will tear thy tender flesh
Fall off afar from Tharmas come not too near my strong fury
Scream & fall off & laugh at Tharmas lovely summer beauty
Till winter rends thee into Shivers as thou hast rended me
So Tharmas bellowd oer the ocean thundring sobbing bursting
The bounds of Destiny were broken & hatred now began
Instead of love to Enion. Enion blind & age bent
Plungd into the cold billows living a life in midst of waters
In terrors she witherd away to Entuthon Benithon
A world of deep darkness where all things in horrors are rooted.

These are the words of Enion heard from the cold waves of despair.

O Tharmas I had lost thee. & when I hoped I had found thee
O Tharmas do not thou destroy me quite but let
A little shadow. but a little showery form of Enion
Be near thee loved Terror. let me still remain & then do thou
Thy righteous doom upon me. only let me hear thy voice
Driven by thy rage I wander like a cloud into the deep
Where never yet Existence came, there losing all my life
I back return weaker & weaker, consume me not away
In thy great wrath. tho I have sinned. tho I have rebelld
Make me not like the things forgotten as they had not been
Make not the thing that loveth thee. a tear wiped away.

Tharmas replied riding on storms his voice of Thunder rolld.

Image of grief thy fading lineaments make my eyelids fail
What have I done! both rage & mercy are alike to me
Looking upon thee Image of faint waters. I recoil
From my fierce rage into thy semblance. Enion return
Why does thy piteous face Evanish like a rainy cloud
Melting. a shower of falling tears. nothing but tears! Enion:
Substanceless. voiceless, weeping. vanishd. nothing but tears! Enion
Art thou for ever vanishd from the watry eyes of Tharmas
Rage Rage shall never from my bosom. winds & waters of woe
Consuming all to the end consuming. Love and Hope are ended.

For now no more remaind of Enion in the dismal air
Only a voice eternal wailing in the Elements
Where Enion, blind & age bent wanderd Ahania wanders now
She wanders in Eternal fear of falling into the indefinite
For her bright eyes behold the Abyss. Sometimes a little sleep
Weighs down her eyelids then she falls then starting wakes in fears
Sleepless to wander round repelld on the margin of Non Entity.

The End of the Third Night

NIGHT THE FOURTH

But Tharmas rode on the dark Abyss. the voice of Tharmas rolld
Over the heaving deluge. he saw Los & Enitharmon Emerge
In strength & brightness from the Abyss his bowels yearnd over them
They rose in strength above the heaving deluge. in mighty scorn
Red as the Sun in the hot morning of the bloody day
Tharmas beheld them his bowels yearnd over them.

And he said Wherefore do I feel such love & pity
Ah Enion Ah Enion Ah lovely lovely Enion
How is this All my hope is gone for ever fled
Like a famishd Eagle Eyeless raging in the vast expanse
Incessant tears are now my food. incessant rage & tears
Deathless for ever now I wander seeking oblivion
In torrents of despair in vain. for if I plunge beneath
Stifling I live. If dashd in pieces from a rocky height
I reunite in endless torment. would I had never risen
From deaths cold sleep beneath the bottom of the raging Ocean
And cannot those who once have lovd. ever forget their Love?
Are love & rage the same passion? they are the same in me
Are those who love. like those who died. risen again from death
Immortal. in immortal torment. never to be deliverd
Is it not possible that one risen again from Death
Can die! When dark despair comes over can I not
Flow down into the sea & slumber in oblivion. Ah Enion.
Deformd I see these lineaments of ungratified Desire
The all powerful curse of an honest man be upon Urizen & Luvah
But thou My Son Glorious in brightness comforter of Tharmas
Go forth Rebuild this Universe beneath my indignant power
A Universe of Death & Decay. Let Enitharmons hands
Weave soft delusive forms of Man above my watry world
Renew these ruind souls of Men thro Earth Sea Air & Fire
To waste in endless corruption. renew thou I will destroy
Perhaps Enion may resume some little semblance
To ease my pangs of heart & to restore some peace to Tharmas.

Los answerd in his furious pride sparks issuing from his hair
Hitherto shalt thou come. no further. here thy proud waves cease
We have drunk up the Eternal Man by our unbounded power
Beware lest we also drink up thee rough demon of the waters
Our God is Urizen the King. King of the Heavenly hosts
We have no other God but he thou father of worms & clay  
And he is fallen into the Deep rough Demon of the waters  
And Los remains God over all. weak father of worms & clay  
I know I was Urthona keeper of the gates of heaven  
But now I am all powerful Los & Urthona is but my shadow.

Doubting stood Tharmas in the solemn darkness. his dim Eyes  
Swam in red tears. he reared his waves above the head of Los  
In wrath. but pitying back withdrew with many a sigh  
Now he resolved to destroy Los & now his tears flowed down.

In scorn stood Los red sparks of blighting from his furious head  
Flew over the waves of Tharmas. pitying Tharmas stayed his Waves.

For Enitharmon shrieked amain crying O my sweet world  
Built by the Architect divine whose love to Los & Enitharmon  
Thou rash abhorred Demon in thy fury hast o'erthrown.

What Sovereign Architect said Tharmas dare my will control  
For if I will urge these waters. If I will they sleep  
In peace beneath my awful frown my will shall be my Law.

So saying in a Wave he rapped bright Enitharmon far  
Apart from Los. but covered her with softest brooding care  
On a broad wave in the warm west. balming her bleeding wound.

O how Los howled at the rending asunder all the fibres rent  
Where Enitharmon joined to his left side in grueling pain  
He falling on the rocks bellowed his Dolor. till the blood  
Stanch'd, then in ululation wailed his woes upon the wind.

And Tharmas called to the Dark Spectre who upon the Shores  
With dislocated Limbs had fallen. The Spectre rose in pain  
A Shadow blue obscure & dismal. like a statue of lead  
Bent by its fall from a high tower the dolorous shadow rose.

Go forth said Tharmas works of joy are thine obey & live
So shall the spungy marrow issuing from thy splintered bones
Bonify. & thou shalt have rest when this thy labour is done
Go forth bear Enitharmon back to the Eternal Prophet
Build her a bower in the midst of all my dashing waves
Make first a resting place for Los & Enitharmon. then
Thou shalt have rest. If thou refusest dashd abroad on all
My waves. thy limbs shall separate in stench & rotting & thou
Become a prey to all my demons of despair & hope.

The Spectre of Urthona seeing Enitharmon writhd
His cloudy form in jealous fear & muttering thunders hoarse
And casting round thick glooms. thus uttered his fierce pangs of heart
Tharmas I know thee. how are we alterd our beauty decayd
But still I know thee tho in this horrible ruin whelmd
Thou once the mildest son of heaven art now become a Rage
A terror to all living things. think not that I am ignorant
That thou art risen from the dead or that my power forgot

I slumber here in weak repose. I well remember the Day
The day of terror & abhorrence
When fleeing from the battle thou fleeing like the raven
Of dawn outstretching an expanse where neer expanse had been
Drewst all the Sons of Beulah into thy dread vortex following
Thy Eddying spirit down the hills of Beulah. All my sons
Stood round me at the anvil where new heated the wedge
Of iron glowd furious prepar'd for spades & mattocks
Hearing the symphonies of war loud sounding. All my sons
Fled from my side then pangs smote me unknown before. I saw
My loins begin to break forth into veiny pipes & writhe
Before me in the wind englobing trembling with strong vibrations
The bloody mass began to animate. I bending over
Wept bitter tears incessant. Still beholding how the piteous form
Dividing & dividing from my loins a weak & piteous
Soft cloud of snow a female pale & weak I soft embracd
My counter part & call'd it Love. I named her Enitharmon
But found myself & her together issuing down the tide
Which now our rivers were become delving thro caverns huge
Of goary blood struggling to be delived from our bonds
She strove in vain not so Urthona strove for breaking forth,
A shadow blue obscure & dismal from the breathing Nostrils
Of Enion I issued into the air divided from Enitharmon
I howld in sorrow I beheld thee rotting upon the Rocks
I pitying hoverd over thee I protected thy ghastly corse
From Vultures of the deep then wherefore shouldst thou rage
Against me who thee guarded in the night of death from harm.

Tharmas replied. Art thou Urthona My friend my old companion,
With whom I livd in happiness before that deadly night
When Urizen gave the horses of Light into the hands of Luvah
Thou knowest not what Tharmas knows. O I could tell thee tales
That would enrage thee as it has Enraged me even
From Death in wrath & fury. But now come bear back
Thy loved Enitharmon. For thou hast her here before thine Eyes

But my sweet Enion is vanishd & I never more
Shall see her unless thou O Shadow. wilt protect this Son
Of Enion & him assist. to bind the fallen King
Lest he should rise again from death in all his dreary power
Bind him, take Enitharmon for thy sweet reward while I
In vain am driven on false hope. hope sister of despair.

Groaning the terror rose & drave his solid rocks before
Upon the tide till underneath the feet of Los a World
Dark dreadful rose & Enitharmon lay at Los’s feet
The dolorous shadow joyd. weak hope appeard around his head.

Tharmas before Los stood & thus the Voice of Tharmas rolld

Now all comes into the power of Tharmas. Urizen is falln
And Luvah hidden in the Elemental forms of Life & Death
Urthona is My Son. O Los thou art Urthona & Tharmas
Is God. The Eternal Man is seald never to be deliverd
I roll my floods over his body my billows & waves pass over him
The Sea encompasses him & monsters of the deep are his companions
Dreamer of furious oceans cold sleeper of weeds & shells
Thy Eternal form shall never renew my uncertain prevails against thee
Yet tho I rage God over all. A portion of my Life
That in Eternal fields in comfort wandered with my flocks
At noon & laid her head upon my wearied bosom at night
She is divided. She is vanish'd even like Luvah & Vala
O why did foul ambition seize thee Urizen Prince of Light
And thee O Luvah prince of Love till Tharmas was divided
And I what can I now behold but an Eternal Death
Before my Eyes & an Eternal weary work to strive
Against the monstrous forms that breed among my silent waves
Is this to be A God far rather would I be a Man
To know sweet Science & to do with simple companions
Sitting beneath a tent & viewing sheepfolds & soft pastures
Take thou the hammer of Urthona rebuild these furnaces
Dost thou refuse mind I the sparks that issue from thy hair

I will compell thee to rebuild by these my furious waves
Death choose or life thou strugglest in my waters, now choose life
And all the Elements shall serve thee to their soothing flutes
Their sweet inspiriting lyres thy labours shall administer
And they to thee only remit not faint not thou my son
Now thou dost know what tis to strive against the God of waters.

So saying Tharmas on his furious chariots of the Deep
Departed far into the Unknown & left a wondrous void
Round Los. afar his waters bore on all sides round. with noise
Of wheels & horses hoofs & Trumpets Horns & Clarions.

Terrified Los beheld the ruins of Urizen beneath
A horrible Chaos to his eyes. a formless unmeasurable Death
Whirling up broken rocks on high into the dismal air
And fluctuating all beneath in Eddies of molten fluid.

Then Los with terrible hands siezd on the Ruind Furnaces
Of Urizen. Enormous work: he builded them anew
Labour of Ages in the Darkness & the war of Tharmas
And Los formed Anvils of Iron petrific. for his blows
Petrify with incessant beating many a rock, many a planet.

But Urizen slept in a stoned stupor in the nether Abyss
A dreamful horrible State in tossings on his icy bed
Freezing to solid all beneath, his grey oblivious form
Stretch'd over the immense heaves in strong shudders. silent his voice
In brooding contemplation stretching out from North to South
In mighty power. Round him Los rolld furious
His thunderous wheels from furnace to furnace. tending diligent
The contemplative terror. frightend in his scornful sphere
Frightend with cold infectious madness. in his hand the thundering
Hammer of Urthona. forming under his heavy hand the hours.

The days & years. in chains of iron round the limbs of Urizen
Linkd hour to hour & day to night & night to day & year to year
In periods of pulsative furor. mills he formd & works
Of many wheels resistless in the power of dark Urthona.

But Enitharmon wrapd in clouds waild loud. for as Los beat
The anvils of Urthona link by link the chains of sorrow
Warping upon the winds & whirling round in the dark deep
Lashd on the limbs of Enitharmon & the sulphur fires
Belchd from the furnaces wreathd round her. chaind in ceaseless fire
The lovely female howld & Urizen beneath deep groand
Deadly between the hammers beating grateful to the Ears
Of Los, absorbd in dire revenge he drank with joy the cries
Of Enitharmon & the groans of Urizen fuel for his wrath
And for his pity secret feeding on thoughts of cruelty.

The Spectre wept at his dire labours when from Ladles huge
He pourd the molten iron round the limbs of Enitharmon
But when he pourd it round the bones of Urizen he laughd
Hollow upon the hollow wind. his shadowy form obeying
The voice of Los compell'd he labourd round the Furnaces.

And thus began the binding of Urizen day & night in fear
Circling round the dark Demon with howlings dismay & sharp blightings
The Prophet of Eternity beat on his iron links & links of brass
And as he beat round the hurtling Demon, terrified at the Shapes
Enslaved humanity put on he became what he beheld
Raging against Tharmas his God & uttering
Ambiguous words blasphemous filled with envy firm resolved
On hate Eternal in his vast disdain he laboured beating
The Links of fate link after link an endless chain of sorrows.

The Eternal Mind bounded began to roll eddies of wrath ceaseless
Round & round & the sulphureous foam surging thick
Settled a Lake bright & shining clear. White as the snow

Forgetfulness dumbness necessity in chains of the mind locked up
In fetters of ice shrinking, disorganised rent from Eternity
Los beat on his fetters & heated his furnaces
And poured iron sordor & sordor of brass

Restless the immortal inchaind heaving dolorous
Anguished unbearable till a roof shaggy wild inclosed
In an orb his fountain of thought
In a horrible dreamful slumber like the linked chain
A vast spine writhed in torment upon the wind
Shooting pained. ribs like a bending Cavern
And bones of solidness froze over all his nerves of joy
A first age passed. a State of dismal woe

From the Caverns of his jointed spine down sunk with fright
A red round globe. hot burning. deep deep down into the Abyss
Panting Conglobing trembling Shooting out ten thousand branches
Around his solid bones & a Second age passed over

In harrowing fear rolling his nervous brain shot branches
On high into two little orbs hiding in two little caves
Hiding carefully from the wind his eyes beheld the deep
And a third age passed a State of dismal woe
The pangs of hope began in heavy pain striving struggling
Two Ears in close volutions from beneath his orbs of vision
Shot spiring out & petrified as they grew. And a Fourth
Age passed over & a State of dismal woe

In ghastly torment sick hanging upon the wind
Two nostrils bent down to the deeps—
And a fifth age passed & a state of dismal woe

In ghastly torment sick. within his ribs bloated round
A craving hungry cavern. Thence arose his channeld
Throat. then like a red flame a tongue of hunger
And thirst appeared and a sixth age passed of dismal woe

Enraged & stifled with torment he threw his right arm to the north
His left arm to the south shooting out in anguish deep
And his feet stamped the nether abyss in trembling howling & dismay
And a seventh age passed over & a state of dismal woe

The Council of God on high watching over the Body
Of Man clothed in Luvahs robes of blood saw & wept
Descending over Beulahs mild moon covered regions
The daughters of Beulah saw the Divine Vision they were comforted
And as a Double female form loveliness & perfection of beauty
They bowed the head & worshipped & with mild voice spoke these words

Lord. Saviour if thou hadst been here our brother had not died
And now we know that whatsoever thou wilt ask of God
He will give it thee for we are weak women & dare not lift
Our eyes to the Divine pavilions. therefore in mercy thou
Appearest clothed in Luvahs garments that we may behold thee
And live. Behold Eternal Death is in Beulah Behold
We perish & shall not be found unless thou grant a place
In which we may be hidden under the Shadow of wings
For if we who are but for a time & who pass away in winter
Behold these wonders of Eternity we shall consume
Such were the words of Beulah of the Feminine Emanation
The Empyrean groaned throughout All Eden was darkened
The Corse of Albion lay on the Rock the sea of Time & Space.
Beat round the Rock in mighty waves & as a Polypus
That vegetates beneath the Sea the limbs of Man vegetated
In monstrous forms of Death a Human polypus of Death

The Saviour mild & gentle bent over the corse of Death
Saying If ye will Believe your Brother shall rise again

And first he found the Limit of Opacity & named it Satan
In Albions bosom for in every human bosom these limits stand
And next he found the Limit of Contraction & named it Adam
While yet those beings were not born nor knew of good or Evil

Then wondrously the Starry Wheels felt the divine hand. Limit
Was put to Eternal Death Los felt the Limit & saw
The Finger of God touch the Seventh furnace in terror
And Los beheld the hand of God over his furnaces
Beneath the Deeps in dismal Darkness beneath immensity

In terrors Los shrunk from his task. his great hammer
Fell from his hand his fires hid their strong limbs in smoke
For with noises ruinous hurtlings & clashings & groans
The immortal endur'd. tho bound in a deadly sleep
Pale terror seized the Eyes of Los as he beat round
The hurtling Demon. terrified at the shapes
Enslaved humanity put on he became what he beheld
He became what he was doing he was himself transformed

(Bring in here the Globe of Blood as in the B of Urizen)

The globe of life blood trembled Branching out into roots
Fibrous, writhing upon the winds
Fibres of blood, milk and tears
In pangs, eternity on eternity. At length in tears & cries imbodied
A female form trembling and pale Waves before his deathy face
Spasms siezd his muscular fibres writhing to & fro his pallid lips
Unwilling movd as Urizen howld his loins wavd like the sea
At Enitharmons shrieks his knees each other smote & then he lookd
With stony Eyes on Urizen & then swift writhd his neck
Involuntary to the Couch where Enitharmon lay
The bones of Urizen hurtle on the wind the bones of Los
Twinge & his iron sinews bend like lead & fold
Into unusual forms dancing & howling stamping the Abyss

The End of the Fourth Night

NIGHT THE FIFTH

Infected Mad he dancd on his mountains high & dark as heaven
Now fixd into one stedfast bulk his features stonify
From his mouth curses & from his eyes sparks of blighting
Beside the anvil cold he dancd with the hammer of Urthona
Terrific pale. Enitharmon stretchd on the dreary Earth
Felt her immortal limbs freeze stiffning pale inflexible
His feet shrunk withring from the deep shrinking & withering
And Enitharmon shrunk up all their fibres withring beneath
As plants witherd by winter leaves & stems & roots decaying
Melt into thin air while the seed drivn by the furious wind
Rests on the distant Mountains top. So Los & Enitharmon
Shrank into fixed space stood trembling on a Rocky cliff
Yet mighty bulk & majesty & beauty remaind but unexpansive
As far as highest Zenith from the lowest Nadir. so far shrunk
Los from the furnaces a Space immense & left the cold
Prince of Light bound in chains of intellect among the furnaces
But all the furnaces were out & the bellows had ceast to blow

He stood trembling & Enitharmon clung around his knees
Their senses unexpansive in one stedfast bulk remain
The night blew cold & Enitharmon shriekd on the dismal wind
Her pale hands cling around her husband & over her weak head
Shadows of Eternal Death sit in the leaden air

But the soft pipe the flute the viol organ harp & cymbal
And the sweet sound of silver voices calm the weary couch
Of Enitharmon but her groans drown the immortal harps
Loud & more loud the living music floats upon the air
Faint & more faint the daylight wanes. The wheels of turning darkness
Began in solemn revolutions. Earth convulsed with rending pangs
Rock'd to & fro & cried sore at the groans of Enitharmon
Still the faint harps & silver voices calm the weary couch
But from the caves of deepest night ascending in clouds of mist
The winter spread his wide black wings across from pole to pole
Grim frost beneath & terrible snow linked in a marriage chain
Began a dismal dance. The winds around on pointed rocks
Settled like bats innumerable ready to fly abroad
The groans of Enitharmon shake the skies the laboring Earth
Till from her heart rending his way a terrible Child sprang forth
In thunder smoke & sullen flames & howlings & fury & blood

Soon as his burning Eyes were open on the Abyss
The horrid trumpets of the deep bellowed with bitter blasts
The Enormous Demons woke & howled around the new born king
Crying Luvah King of Love thou art the King of rage & death
Urizen cast deep darkness round him raging Luvah poured
The spears of Urizen from Chariots round the Eternal tent
Discord began then yells & cries shook the wide firmament

Where is Sweet Vala gloomy prophet where the lovely form
That drew the body of Man from heaven into this dark Abyss
Soft tears & sighs where are you come forth shout on bloody fields
Shew thy soul Vala shew thy bow & quiver of secret fires
Draw thy bow Vala from the depths of hell thy black bow draw
And twang the bow string to our howlings let thine arrows black
Sing in the Sky as once they sang upon the hills of Light
When dark Urthona wept in torment of the secret pain
He wept & he divided & he laid his gloomy head
Down on the Rock of Eternity on darkness of the deep
Torn by black storms & ceaseless torrents of consuming fire
Within his breast his fiery sons chaind down & filld with cursings

And breathing terrible blood & vengeance gnashing his teeth with pain
Let loose the Enormous Spirit in the darkness of the deep
And his dark wife that once fair crystal form divinely clear
Within his ribs producing serpents whose souls are flames of fire

But now the times return upon thee Enitharmons womb
Now holds thee soon to issue forth. Sound Clarions of war
Call Vala from her close recess in all her dark deceit
Then rage on rage shall fierce redound out of her crystal quiver

So sung the Demons round red Orc & round faint Enitharmon
Sweat & blood stood on the limbs of Los in globes. his fiery Eyelids
Faded. he rouzd he siezd the wonder in his hands & went
Shuddring & weeping thro the Gloom & down into the deeps

Enitharmon nursd her fiery child in the dark deeps
Sitting in darkness. over her Los mournd in anguish fierce
Coverd with gloom. the fiery boy grew fed by the milk
Of Enitharmon. Los around her builded pillars of iron
And brass & silver & gold fourfold in dark prophetic fear
For now he feard Eternal Death & uttermost Extinction
He builded Golgonooza on the Lake of Udan Adan
Upon the Limit of Translucence then he builded Luban
Tharmas laid the Foundations & Los finishd it in howling woe

But when fourteen summers & winters had revolved over
Their solemn habitation Los beheld the ruddy boy
Embracing his bright mother & beheld malignant fires
In his young eyes discerning plain that Orc plotted his death
Grief rose upon his ruddy brows. a tightening girdle grew
Around his bosom like a bloody cord. in secret sobs
He burst it, but next morn another girdle succeeds
Around his bosom. Every day he viewed the fiery youth
With silent fear & his immortal cheeks grew deadly pale
Till many a morn & many a night passed over in dire woe
Forming a girdle in the day & bursting it at night
The girdle was formed by day by night was burst in twain
Falling down on the rock an iron chain link by link locked

Enitharmon beheld the bloody chain of nights & days
Depending from the bosom of Los & how with grining pain
He went each morning to his labours with the spectre dark
Called it the chain of Jealousy. Now Los began to speak
His woes aloud to Enitharmon. Since he could not hide
His uncouth plague. He seized the boy in his immortal hands
While Enitharmon followed him weeping in dismal woe
Up to the iron mountains top & there the Jealous chain
Fell from his bosom on the mountain. The Spectre dark
Held the fierce boy Los nailed him down binding around his limbs
The accursed chain O how bright Enitharmon howled & cried
Over her son. Obdurate Los bound down her loved joy

The hammer of Urthona smote the rivets in terror of brass
Tenfold. the Demons rage flam'd tenfold forth rending
Roaring redounding. Loud Loud Louder & Louder & fird
The darkness warring with the waves of Tharmas & Snows of Urizen
Crackling the flames went up with fury from the immortal demon
Surrounded with flames the Demon grew loud howling in his fires
Los folded Enitharmon in a cold white cloud in fear
Then led her down into the deeps & into his labyrinth
Giving the Spectre sternest charge over the howling fiend

Concenterd into Love of Parent Storgous Appetite Craving
His limbs bound down mock at his chains for over them a flame
Of circling fire unceasing plays to feed them with life & bring
The virtues of the Eternal worlds ten thousand thousand spirits
Of life lament around the Demon going forth & returning
At his enormous call they flee into the heavens of heavens
And back return with wine & food. Or dive into the deeps
To bring the thrilling joys of sense to quell his ceaseless rage
His eyes the lights of his large soul contract or else expand
Contracted they behold the secrets of the infinite mountains
The veins of gold & silver & the hidden things of Vala
Whatever grows from its pure bud or breathes a fragrant soul
Expanded they behold the terrors of the Sun & Moon
The Elemental Planets & the orbs of eccentric fire
His nostrils breathe a fiery flame. his locks are like the forests
Of wild beasts there the lion glares the tyger & wolf howl there
And there the Eagle hides her young in cliffs & precipices
His bosom is like starry heaven expanded all the stars
Sing round. there waves the harvest & the vintage rejoices. the springs
Flow into rivers of delight. there the spontaneous flowers
Drink laugh & sing. the grasshopper the Emmet & the Fly
The golden Moth builds there a house & spreads her silken bed

His loins inwove with silken fires are like a furnace fierce
As the strong Bull in summer time when bees sing round the heath
Where the herds low after the shadow & after the water spring
The numrous flocks cover the mountain & shine along the valley
His knees are rocks of adamant & rubie & emerald
Spirits of strength in Palaces rejoice in golden armour
Armed with spear & shield they drink & rejoice over the slain
Such is the Demon such his terror in the nether deep

But when returnd to Golgonooza Los & Enitharmon
Felt all the sorrow Parents feel. they wept toward one another
And Los repented that he had chaind Orc upon the mountain
And Enitharmons tears prevaild parental love returnd
Tho terrible his dread of that infernal chain They rose
At midnight hasting to their much beloved care
Nine days they traveld thro the Gloom of Entuthon Benithon
Los taking Enitharmon by the hand led her along
The dismal vales & up to the iron mountains top where Orc
Howld in the furious wind he thought to give to Enitharmon
Her son in tenfold joy & to compensate for her tears
Even if his own death resulted so much pity him paind

But when they came to the dark rock & to the spectrous cave
Lo the young limbs had strucken root into the rock & strong
Fibres had from the Chain of Jealousy inwove themselves
In a swift vegetation round the rock & round the Cave
And over the immortal limbs of the terrible fiery boy
In vain they strove now to unchain. In vain with bitter tears
To melt the chain of Jealousy. not Enitharmons death
Nor the Consummation of Los could ever melt the chain
Nor unroot the infernal fibres from their rocky bed
Nor all Urthonas strength nor all the power of Luvahs Bulls
Tho they each morning drag the unwilling Sun out of the deep
Could uproot the infernal chain. for it had taken root
Into the iron rock & grew a chain beneath the Earth
Even to the Center wrapping round the Center & the limbs
Of Orc entering with fibres. became one with him a living Chain
Sustained by the Demons life. Despair & Terror & Woe & Rage
Inwrap the Parents in cold clouds as they bend howling over
The terrible boy till fainting by his side the Parents fell.

Not long they lay Urthonas spectre found herbs of the pit
Rubbing their temples he reviv’d them. all their lamentations
I write not here but all their after life was lamentation

When satiated with grief they returnd back to Golgonooza
Enitharmon on the road of Dranthon felt the inmost gate
Of her bright heart burst open & again close with a deadly pain
Within her heart Vala began to reanimate in bursting sobs
And when the Gate was open she beheld that dreary Deep
Where bright Ahania wept. She also saw the infernal roots
Of the chain of Jealousy & felt the rendings of fierce howling Orc
Rending the Caverns like a mighty wind pent in the Earth
Tho wide apart as furthest north is from the furthest south
Urizen trembled where he lay to hear the howling terror
The rocks shook the Eternal bars tuggd to & fro were rifted
Outstretchd upon the stones of ice the ruins of his throne
Urizen shuddring heard his trembling limbs shook the strong caves
The Woes of Urizen shut up in the deep dens of Urthona
Ah how shall Urizen the King submit to this dark mansion
Ah how is this! Once on the heights I stretchd my throne sublime
The mountains of Urizen once of silver where the sons of wisdom dwelt
And on whose tops the Virgins sang are rocks of Desolation
My fountains once the haunt of Swans now breed the scaly tortoise
The houses of my harpers are become a haunt of crows
The gardens of wisdom are become a field of horrid graves
And on the bones I drop my tears & water them in vain
Once how I walked from my palace in gardens of delight
The sons of wisdom stood around the harpers followd with harps
Nine virgins clothd in light composd the song to their immortal voices
And at my banquets of new wine my head was crownd with joy
Then in my ivory pavilions I slumberd in the noon
And walked in the silent night among sweet smelling flowers
Till on my silver bed I slept & sweet dreams round me hoverd
But now my land is darkend & my wise men are departed
My songs are turned into cries of Lamentation
Heard on my Mountains & deep sighs under my palace roofs
Because the Steeds of Urizen once swifter than the light
Were kept back from my Lord & from his chariot of mercies
O did I keep the horses of the day in silver pastures
O I refusd the Lord of day the horses of his prince
O did I close my treasuries with roofs of solid stone
And darken all my Palace walls with envyings & hate
O Fool to think that I could hide from his all piercing eyes
The gold & silver & costly stones his holy workmanship
O Fool could I forget the light that filled my bright spheres
Was a reflection of his face who called me from the deep

I well remember for I heard the mild & holy voice
Saying O light spring up & shine & I sprang up from the deep
He gave to me a silver scepter & crowned me with a golden crown
& said Go forth & guide my Son who wanders on the ocean

I went not forth. I hid myself in black clouds of my wrath
I called the stars around my feet in the night of councils dark
The stars threw down their spears & fled naked away
We fell. I seized thee dark Urthona In my left hand falling

I seized thee beauteous Luvah thou art faded like a flower
And like a lilly is thy wife Vala withered by winds
When thou didst bear the golden cup at the immortal tables
Thy children smote their fiery wings crowned with the gold of heaven

Thy pure feet stepped on the steps divine. too pure for other feet
And thy fair locks shadowd thine eyes from the divine effulgence
Then thou didst keep with Strong Urthona the living gates of heaven
But now thou art bound down with him even to the gates of hell

Because thou gavest Urizen the wine of the Almighty
For steeds of Light that they might run in thy golden chariot of pride
I gave to thee the Steeds I poured the stolen wine
And drunken with the immortal draught fell from my throne sublime

I will arise Explore these dens & find that deep pulsation
That shakes my caverns with strong shudders. perhaps this is the night
Of Prophecy & Luvah hath burst his way from Enitharmon
When Thought is closed in Caves. Then love shall shew its root in deepest Hell

The End of the Fifth Night
So Urizen arose & leaning on his Spear explored his dens
He threw his flight thro the dark air to where a river flowd
And taking off his silver helmet filled it & drank
But when Unsatiated his thirst he assayed to gather more
Lo three terrific women at the verge of the bright flood
Who would not suffer him to approach, but drove him back with storms

Urizen knew them not & thus addressed the spirits of darkness
Who art thou Eldest Woman sitting in thy clouds
What is that name written on thy forehead? what art thou?
And wherefore dost thou pour this water forth in sighs & care

She answered not but filled her urn & poured it forth abroad

Answerest thou not said Urizen, then thou maist answer me
Thou terrible woman clad in blue, whose strong attractive power
Draws all into a fountain at the rock of thy attraction
With frowning brow thou sittest mistress of these mighty waters

She answered not but stretched her arms & threw her limbs abroad

Or wilt thou answer youngest Woman clad in shining green
With labour & care thou dost divide the current into four
Queen of these dreadful rivers speak & let me hear thy voice

They reared up a wall of rocks and Urizen raised his spear.
They gave a scream, they knew their father Urizen knew his daughters
They shrunk into their channels. dry the rocky strand beneath his feet
Hiding themselves in rocky forms from the Eyes of Urizen

Then Urizen wept & thus his lamentation poured forth

O horrible O dreadful state! those whom I loved best
On whom I pour'd the beauties of my light adorning them
With jewels & precious ornament labour'd with art divine
Vests of the radiant colours of heaven & crowns of golden fire
I gave sweet lillies to their breasts & roses to their hair
I taught them songs of sweet delight. I gave their tender voices
Into the blue expanse & I invented with laborious art
Sweet instruments of sound. in pride encompassing my Knees
They pourd their radiance above all. the daughters of Luvah Envied
At their exceeding brightness & the sons of eternity sent them gifts
Now will I pour my fury on them & I will reverse
The precious benediction. for their colours of loveliness
I will give blackness for jewels hoary frost for ornament deformity
For crowns wreathd Serpents for sweet odors stinking corruptibility
For voices of delight hoarse croakings inarticulate thro frost
For labourd fatherly care & sweet instruction. I will give
Chains of dark ignorance & cords of twisted self conceit
And whips of stern repentance & food of stubborn obstinacy
That they may curse Tharmas their God & Los his adopted son
That they may curse & worship the obscure Demon of destruction
That they may worship terrors & obey the violent
Go forth sons of my curse Go forth daughters of my abhorrence

Tharmas heard the deadly scream across his watry world
And Urizens loud sounding voice lamenting on the wind
And he came riding in his fury. froze to solid were his waves
Silent in ridges he beheld them stand round Urizen
A dreary waste of solid waters for the King of Light
Darkend his brows with his cold helmet & his gloomy spear
Darkend before him. Silent on the ridgy waves he took
His gloomy way before him Tharmas fled & flying fought

Crying. What & who art thou Cold Demon. art thou Urizen
Art thou like me risen again from death or art thou deathless
If thou art he my desperate purpose hear & give me death
For death to me is better far than life. death my desire
That I in vain in various paths have sought but still I live
The Body of Man is given to me I seek in vain to destroy
For still it surges forth in fish & monsters of the deeps
And in these monstrous forms I Live in an Eternal woe
And thou O Urizen art falln never to be deliverd
Withhold thy light from me for ever & I will withhold
From thee thy food so shall we cease to be & all our sorrows
End & the Eternal Man no more renew beneath our power
If thou refuest in eternal flight thy beams in vain
Shall pursue Tharmas & in vain shalt crave for food I will
Pour down my flight thro dark immensity Eternal falling
Thou shalt pursue me but in vain till starvd upon the void
Thou hangst a dried skin shrunk up weak wailing in the wind

So Tharmas spoke but Urizen replied not. On his way
He took high bounding over hills & desarts floods & horrible chasms
Infinite was his labour without end his travel he strove
In vain for hideous monsters of the deeps annoyed him sore
Scaled & finnd with iron & brass they devoured the path before him
Incessant was the conflict. On he bent his weary steps
Making a path toward the dark world of Urthona. he rose
With pain upon the dreary mountains & with pain descended
And saw their grizly fears & his eyes sickend at the sight
The howlings gnashings groanings shriekings shudderings sobbings burstings
Mingle together to create a world for Los. In cruel delight

Los brooded on the darkness. nor saw Urizen with a Globe of fire
Lighting his dismal journey thro the pathless world of death
Writing in bitter tears & groans in books of iron & brass
The enormous wonders of the Abysses once his brightest joy
For Urizen beheld the terrors of the Abyss wandering among
The ruind spirits once his children & the children of Luvah
Scard at the sound of their own sigh that seems to shake the immense
They wander Moping in their heart a Sun a Dreary moon
A Universe of fiery constellations in their brain
An Earth of wintry woe beneath their feet & round their loins
Waters or winds or clouds or brooding lightnings & pestilential plagues
Beyond the bounds of their own self their senses cannot penetrate
As the tree knows not what is outside of its leaves & bark
And yet it drinks the summer joy & fears the winter sorrow
So in the regions of the grave none knows his dark compeer
Tho he partakes of his dire woes & mutual returns the pang
The throb the dolor the convulsion in soul sickening woes

Not so closd up the Prince of Light now darkend wandring among
For Urizen beheld the terrors of the Abyss wandring among
The Ruind Spirits once his Children & the Children of Luvah

The horrid shapes & sights of torment in burning dungeons & in
Fetters of red hot iron some with crowns of serpents & some
With monsters girding round their bosoms. Some lying on beds of sulphur
On racks & wheels he beheld women marching oer burning wastes
Of Sand in bands of hundreds & of fifties & of thousands strucken with
Lightnings which blazed after them upon their shoulders in their march
In successive vollies with loud thunders swift flew the King of Light
Over the burning desarts Then the desarts passd. involvd in clouds
Of smoke with myriads moping in the stifling vapours. Swift
Flew the King tho flagd his powers labring. till over rocks
And Mountains faint weary he wanderd. where multitudes were shut
Up in the solid mountains & in rocks which heaved with their torments
Then came he among fiery cities & castles built of burning steel
Then he beheld the forms of tygers & of Lions dishumanizd men
Many in serpents & in worms stretchd out enormous length
Over the sullen mould & slimy tracks obstruct his way
Drawn out from deep to deep woven by ribbd
And scaled monsters or armd in iron shell or shell of brass
Or gold a glittering torment shining & hissing in eternal pain
Some columns of fire or of water sometimes stretchd out in heighth
Sometimes in length sometimes englobing wandering in vain seeking for ease
His voice to them was but an inarticulate thunder for their Ears
Were heavy & dull & their eyes & nostrils closed up
Oft he stood by a howling victim Questioning in words
Soothing or Furious no one answerd every one wrapd up
In his own sorrow howld regardless of his words, nor voice
Of sweet response could he obtain tho oft assayd with tears
He knew they were his Children ruind in his ruind world
Here he had time enough to repent of his rashly threatend curse
He saw them cursed beyond his Curse his soul melted with fear
He could not take their fetters off for they grew from the soul
Nor could he quench the fires for they flamed out from the heart
Nor could he calm the Elements because himself was Subject
So he threw his flight in terror & pain & in repentant tears

Oft would he stand & question a fierce scorpion glowing with gold
In vain the terror heard not. then a lion he would seize
By the fierce mane staying his howling course in vain the voice
Of Urizen in vain the Eloquent tongue. A Rock a Cloud a Mountain
Were now not Vocal as in Climes of happy Eternity
Where the lamb replies to the infant voice & the lion to the man of years
Giving them sweet instructions Where the Cloud the River & the Field
Talk with the husbandman & shepherd. But these attackd him sore
Siezing upon his feet & rending the Sinews that in Caves
He hid to recure his obstructed powers with rest & oblivion

When he had passed these southern terrors he approachd the East
Void pathless beaten with iron sleet & eternal hail & rain
No form was there no living thing & yet his way lay thro
This dismal world, he stood a while & lookd back oer his former
terrific voyage. Hills & Vales of torment & despair
Sighing & Wiping a fresh tear. then turning round he threw
Himself into the dismal void. falling he fell & fell
Whirling in irresistible revolutions down & down
In the horrid bottomless vacuity falling falling falling
Into the Eastern vacuity the empty world of Luvah
The ever pitying one who seeth all things saw his fall
And in the dark vacuity created a bosom of clay
When wearied dead he fell his limbs reposd in the bosom of slime
As the seed falls from the sower's hand so Urizen fell & death
Shut up his powers in oblivion. then as the seed shoots forth
In pain & sorrow. So the slimy bed his limbs renewd
At first an infant weakness. periods passd he gathered strength
But still in solitude he sat then rising threw his flight
Onward tho falling thro the waste of night & ending in death
And in another resurrection to sorrow & weary travel
But still his books he bore in his strong hands & his iron pen
For when he died they lay beside his grave & when he rose
He siezd them with a dismal smile for wrapd in his death clothes
He hid them when he slept in death when he revivd the clothes
Were rotted by the winds the books remaind still unconsumd
Still to be written & interleavd with brass & iron & gold
Time after time for such a journey none but iron pens
Can write And adamantine leaves recieve nor can the man who goes
The journey obstinate refuse to write time after time

Endless had been his travel but the Divine hand him led
For infinite the distance & obscurd by Combustions dire
By rocky masses frowning in the abysses revolving erratic
Round Lakes of fire in the dark deep the ruins of Urizen's world
Oft would he sit in a dark rift & regulate his books
Or sleep such sleep as spirits eternal wearied in his dark
Tearful & sorrowful state. then rise look out & ponder
His dismal voyage eyeing the next sphere tho far remote
Then darting into the Abyss of night his venturous limbs
Thro lightnings thunders earthquakes & concussions fires & floods
Stemming his downward fall labouring up against futurity
Creating many a Vortex fixing many a Science in the deep
And thence throwing his venturous limbs into the Vast unknown
Swift Swift from Chaos to chaos from void to void a road immense

For when he came to where a Vortex ceasd to operate
Nor down nor up remaind then if he turnd & lookd back
From whence he came twas upward all. & if he turnd and viewd
The unpassd void upward was still his mighty wandring
The midst between an Equilibrium grey of air serene
Where he might live in peace & where his life might meet repose

But Urizen said Can I not leave this world of Cumbrous wheels
Circle oer Circle nor on high attain a void
Where self sustaining I may view all things beneath my feet
Or sinking thro these Elemental wonders swift to fall
I thought perhaps to find an End a world beneath of voidness
Whence I might travel round the outside of this Dark confusion
When I bend downward bending my head downward into the deep
Tis upward all which way soever I my course begin
But when A Vortex formd on high by labour & sorrow & care
And weariness begins on all my limbs then sleep revives
My wearied spirits waking then tis downward all which way
So ever I my spirits turn no end I find of all
O what a world is here unlike those climes of bliss
Where my sons gatherd round my knees. O thou poor ruind world
Thou horrible ruin once like me thou wast all glorious
And now like me partaking desolate thy masters lot
Art thou O ruin the once glorious heaven are these thy rocks
Where joy sang in the trees & pleasure sported on the rivers

And laughter sat beneath the Oaks & innocence sported round
Upon the green plains & sweet friendship met in palaces
And books & instruments of song & pictures of delight
Where are they whelmd beneath these ruins in horrible destruction
And if Eternal falling I repose on the dark bosom
Of winds & waters or thence fall into a Void where air
Is not down falling thro immensity ever & ever
I lose my powers weakend every revolution till a death
Shuts up my powers then a seed in the vast womb of darkness
I dwell in dim oblivion. brooding over me the Enormous worlds
Reorganize me shooting forth in bones & flesh & blood
I am regenerated to fall or rise at will or to remain
A labourer of ages a dire discontent a living woe
Wandring in vain. Here will I fix my foot & here rebuild
Here Mountains of Brass promise much riches in their dreadful bosoms
So he began to form of gold silver & iron
And brass vast instruments to measure out the immense & fix
The whole into another world better suited to obey
His will where none should dare oppose his will himself being King
Of All & all futurity be bound in his vast chain.

And the Sciences were fixd & the Vortexes began to operate
On all the sons of men & every human soul terrified
At the turning wheels of heaven shrunk away inward withring away
Gaining a New Dominion over all his Sons & Daughters & over the sons & daughters of
Luvah in the horrible Abyss
For Urizen lamented over them in a selfish lamentation
Till a white woof coverd his cold limbs from head to feet
Hair white as snow coverd him in flaky locks terrific
Overspreading his limbs. in pride he wanderd weeping
Clothed in aged venerableness obstinately resolv'd
Travelling thro' darkness & where'ere he traveld a dire Web
Followd behind him as the Web of a Spider dusky & cold
Shivering across from Vortex to Vortex drawn out from his mantle of years
A living Mantle adjoin'd to his life & growing from his Soul

And the Web of Urizen stretch'd direful shivering in clouds
And uttering such woes such bursts such thunderings
The eyelids expansive as morning & the Ears
As a golden ascent winding round to the heavens of heavens
Within the dark horrors of the Abysses lion or tyger or scorpion

For every one open'd within into Eternity at will
But they refus'd because their outward forms were in the Abyss
And the wing like tent of the Universe beautiful surrounding all
Or drawn up or let down at the will of the immortal man
Vibrated in such anguish the eyelids quiverd
Weak & Weaker their expansive orbs began shrinking
Pangs smote thro' the brain & a universal shriek
Ran thro' the Abysses rending the web torment on torment

Thus Urizen in sorrows wander'd many a dreary way
Warring with monsters of the Deeps in his most hideous pilgrimage
Till his bright hair scatter'd in snows his skin bark'd over with wrinkles
Four Caverns rooting downwards their foundations thrusting forth
The metal rock & stone in ever painful throes of vegetation
The Cave of Orc stood to the South a furnace of dire flames
Quenchless unceasing. In the west the Cave of Urizen
For Urizen fell as the Midday sun falls down into the West
North stood Urthonas stedfast throne a World of Solid darkness
Shut up in stifling obstruction rooted in dumb despair
The East was Void. But Tharmas rolld his billows in ceaseless eddies
Void pathless beat with Snows eternal & iron hail & rain
All thro the caverns of fire & air & Earth, Seeking
For Enions limbs nought finding but the black sea weed & sickning slime
Flying away from Urizen that he might not give him food
Above beneath on all sides round in the vast deep of immensity
That he might starve the sons & daughters of Urizen on the winds
Making between horrible chasms into the vast unknown
All these around the world of Los cast forth their monstrous births
But in Eternal times the Seat of Urizen is in the South
Urthona in the North Luvah in East Tharmas in West

And now he came into the Abhorred world of Dark Urthona
By Providence divine conducted not bent from his own will
Lest death Eternal should be the result for the Will cannot be violated
Into the doleful vales where no tree grew nor river flowd
Nor man nor beast nor creeping thing nor sun nor cloud nor star
Still he with his globe of fire immense in his venturous hand
Bore on thro the Affrighted vales ascending & descending
Oerwearied or in cumbrous flight he venturd oer dark rifts
Or down dark precipices or climbd with pain and labour huge
Till he beheld the world of Los from the Peaked rock of Urthona
And heard the howling of red Orc distincter & distincter

Redoubling his immortal efforts thro the narrow vales
With difficulty down descending guided by his Ear
And by his globe of fire he went down the Vale of Urthona
Between the enormous iron walls built by the Spectre dark
Dark grew his globe reddning with mists & full before his path
Striding across the narrow vale the Shade of Urthona
A spectre Vast appeard whose feet & legs with iron scaled
Stampd the hard rocks expectant of the unknown wanderer
Whom he had seen wanding his nether world when distant far
And watchd his swift approach collected dark the Spectre stood
Beside him Tharmas stayd his flight & stood in stern defiance
Communing with the Spectre who rejoicd along the vale
Round his loins a girdle glowd with many colourd fires
In his hand a knotted Club whose knots like mountains frownd
Desart among the Stars them withering with its ridges cold
Black scales of iron arm the dread visage iron spikes instead
Of hair shoot from his orbed scull. his glowing eyes
Burn like two furnaces. he calld with Voice of Thunder
Four winged heralds mount the furious blasts & blow their trumps
Silver Brass & iron clangors clamoring rend the shores
Like white clouds rising from the Vales his fifty two armies
From the four Cliffs of Urthona rise glowing around the Spectre
Four sons of Urizen the Squadrons of Urthona led in arms
Of gold & silver brass & iron he knew his mighty sons
Then Urizen arose upon the wind back many a mile
Retiring into his dire Web scattering fleecy snows
As he ascended howling loud the Web vibrated strong
From heaven to heaven from globe to globe. In vast excentric paths
Compulsive rolld the Comets at his dread command the dreary way
Falling with wheel impetuous down among Urthonas vales
And round red Orc returning back to Urizen gorgd with blood
Slow roll the massy Globes at his command & slow oerwheel
The dismal squadrons of Urthona. weaving the dire Web
In their progressions & preparing Urizens path before him

The End of the Sixth Night

NIGHT THE SEVENTH

Then Urizen arose The Spectre fled & Tharmas fled
The darkening Spectre of Urthona hid beneath a rock
Tharmas threw his impetuous flight thro the deeps of immensity
Revolving round in whirlpools fierce all round the cavernd worlds

But Urizen silent descended to the Caves of Orc & saw
A Cavernd Universe of flaming fire the horses of Urizen
Here bound to fiery mangers furious dash their golden hoofs
Striking fierce sparkles from their brazen fetters. fierce his lions
Howl in the burning dens his tygers roam in the redounding smoke
In forests of affliction. the adamantine scales of justice
Consuming in the raging lamps of mercy pourd in rivers
The holy oil rages thro all the cavernd rocks fierce flames
Dance on the rivers & the rocks howling & drunk with fury
The plow of ages & the golden harrow wade thro fields
Of goary blood the immortal seed is nourishd for the slaughter
The bulls of Luvah breathing fire bellow on burning pastures
Round howling Orc whose awful limbs cast forth red smoke & fire
That Urizen approachd not near but took his seat on a rock
And rangd his books around him brooding Envious over Orc

Howling & rending his dark caves the awful Demon lay
Pulse after pulse beat on his fetters pulse after pulse his spirit
Darted & darted higher & higher to the shrine of Enitharmon
As when the thunder folds himself in thickest clouds
The watry nations couch & hide in the profoundest deeps
Then bursting from his troubled head with terrible visages & flaming hair
His swift wingd daughters sweep across the vast black ocean.
Los felt the Envy in his limbs like to a blighted tree
For Urizen fixd in Envy sat brooding & coverd with snow
His book of iron on his knees he tracd the dreadful letters
While his snows fell & his storms beat to cool the flames of Orc
Age after Age till underneath his heel a deadly root
Struck thro the rock the root of Mystery accursed shooting up
Branches into the heaven of Los they pipe formd bending down
Take root again whereever they touch again branching forth
In intricate labyrinths oerspreading many a grizly deep

Amazd started Urizen when he found himself compassd round
And high roofed over with trees. he arose but the stems
Stood so thick he with difficulty & great pain brought
His books out of the dismal shade. all but the book of iron
Again he took his seat & rangd his Books around
On a rock of iron frowning over the foaming fires of Orc.
And Urizen hung over Orc & viewd his terrible wrath
Sitting upon an iron Crag at length his words broke forth

Image of dread whence art thou whence is this most woeful place
Whence these fierce fires but from thyself No other living thing
In all this Chasm I behold. No other living thing
Dare thy most terrible wrath abide Bound here to waste in pain
Thy vital substance in these fires that issue new & new
Around thee sometimes like a flood & sometimes like a rock
Of living pangs thy horrible bed glowing with ceaseless fires
Beneath thee & around Above a Shower of fire now beats
Moulded to globes & arrowy wedges rending thy bleeding limbs
And now a whirling pillar of burning sands to overwhelm thee
Steeping thy wounds in salts infernal & in bitter anguish
And now a rock moves on the surface of this lake of fire
To bear thee down beneath the waves in stifling despair
Pity for thee movd me to break my dark & long repose
And to reveal myself before thee in a form of wisdom
Yet thou dost laugh at all these tortures & this horrible place
Yet throw thy limbs these fires abroad that back return upon thee
While thou reposest throwing rage on rage feeding thyself
With visions of sweet bliss far other than this burning clime
Sure thou art bath'd in rivers of delight on verdant fields
Walking in joy in bright Expanses sleeping on bright clouds
With visions of delight so lovely that they urge thy rage
Tenfold with fierce desire to rend thy chain & howl in fury
And dim oblivion of all woe & desperate repose
Or is thy joy founded on torment which others bear for thee

Orc answerd curse thy hoary brows. What dost thou in this deep
Thy Pity I contemn scatter thy snows elsewhere
I rage in the deep for Lo my feet & hands are nail'd to the burning rock
Yet my fierce fires are better than thy snows. Shuddring thou sittest
Thou art not chain'd Why shouldst thou sit cold grovelling demon of woe
In tortures of dire coldness now a Lake of waters deep
Sweeps over thee freezing to solid still thou sitst close'd up
In that transparent rock as if in joy of thy bright prison
Till overburdened with its own weight drawn out through immensity
With a crash breaking across the horrible mass comes down
Thundring & hail & frozen iron haled from the Element
Rends thy white hair yet thou dost fixd obdurate brooding sit
Writing thy books. Anon a cloud filled with a waste of snows
Covers thee still obdurate still resolv'd & writing still
Tho rocks roll over thee tho floods pour tho winds black as the Sea
Cut thee in gashes tho the blood pours down around thy ankles
Freezing thy feet to the hard rock still thy pen obdurate
Traces the wonders of Future in horrible fear of the future
I rage furious in the deep for lo my feet & hands are nail'd
To the hard rock or thou shouldst feel my enmity & hate
In all the diseases of man falling upon thy grey accursed front

Urizen answered Read my books explore my Constellations
Enquire of my Sons & they shall teach thee how to War
Enquire of my Daughters who accursd in the dark depths
Knead bread of Sorrow by my stern command for I am God
Of all this dreadful ruin Rise O daughters at my Stern command

Rending the Rocks Eleth & Uveth rose & Ona rose
Terrific with their iron vessels driving them across
In the dim air they took the book of iron & plac'd above
On clouds of death & sang their songs kneading the bread of Orc
Orc listend to the song compelld hungring on the cold wind
That swagg'd heavy with the accursed dough, the hoar frost ragd
Thro Onas sieve the torrent rain pour'd from the iron pail
Of Eleth & the icy hands of Uveth kneaded the bread
The heavens bow with terror underneath their iron hands
Singing at their dire work the words of Urizens book of iron
While the enormous scrolls rolld dreadful in the heavens above
And still the burden of their song in tears was poured forth
The bread is kneaded let us rest O cruel father of children

But Urizen remitted not their labours upon his rock

And Urizen Read in his book of brass in sounding tones.
Listen O Daughters to my voice
Listen to the Words of Wisdom
So shall you govern over all let Moral Duty tune your tongue
But be your hearts harder than the nether millstone
To bring the shadow of Enitharmon beneath our wondrous tree
That Los may Evaporate like smoke & be no more
Draw down Enitharmon to the Spectre of Urthona
And let him have dominion over Los the terrible shade
Compell the poor to live upon a Crust of bread by soft mild arts
Smile when they frown frown when they smile & when a man looks pale
With labour & abstinence say he looks healthy & happy
And when his children sicken let them die there are enough
Born even too many & our Earth will be overrun
Without these arts If you would make the poor live with temper
With pomp give every crust of bread you give with gracious cunning
Magnify small gifts reduce the man to want a gift & then give with pomp
Say he smiles if you hear him sigh If pale say he is ruddy
Preach temperance say he is overgorgd & drowns his wit
In strong drink tho you know that bread & water are all
He can afford Flatter his wife pity his children till we can
Reduce all to our will as spaniels are taught with art
Lo how the heart & brain are formed in the breeding womb
Of Enitharmon how it buds with life & forms the bones
The little heart the liver & the red blood in its labyrinths
By gratified desire by strong devouring appetite she fills
Los with ambitious fury that his race shall all devour
Then Orc cried Curse thy Cold hypocrisy. already round thy Tree
In scales that shine with gold & rubies thou beginnest to weaken
My divided Spirit Like a worm I rise in peace unbound
From wrath Now When I rage my fetters bind me more
O torment O torment A Worm compellel. Am I a worm
Is it in strong deceit that man is born. In strong deceit
Thou dost refrain my fury that the worm may fold the tree
Avaunt Cold hypocrite I am chaind or thou couldst not use me thus
The Man shall rage bound with this Chain the worm in silence creep
Thou wilt not cease from rage Grey Demon silence all thy storms
Give me example of thy mildness King of furious hail storms
Art thou the cold attractive power that holds me in this chain
I well remember how I stole thy light & it became fire
Consuming. Thou Knowst me now O Urizen Prince of Light
And I know thee is this the triumph this the Godlike State
That lies beyond the bounds of Science in the Grey obscure
Terrified Urizen heard Orc now certain that he was Luvah
And Orc he began to Organize a Serpent body
Despising Urizens light & turning it into flaming fire
Recieving as a poison Cup Receives the heavenly wine
And turning affection into fury & thought into abstraction
A Self consuming dark devourer rising into the heavens

Urizen envious brooding sat & saw the secret terror
Flame high in pride & laugh to scorn the source of his deceit
Nor knew the source of his own but thought himself the Sole author
Of all his wandering Experiments in the horrible Abyss
He knew that weakness stretches out in breadth & length he knew
That wisdom reaches high & deep & therefore he made Orc
In Serpent form compellld stretch out & up the mysterious tree
He suffered him to Climb that he might draw all human forms
Into submission to his will nor knew the dread result

Los sat in showers of Urizen watching cold Enitharmon
His broodings rush down to his feet producing Eggs that hatching
Burst forth upon the winds above the tree of Mystery
Enitharmon lay on his knees. Urizen tracd his Verses
In the dark deep the dark tree grew. her shadow was drawn down
Down to the roots it wept over Orc. the Shadow of Enitharmon

Los saw her stretchd the image of death upon his witherd valleys
Her Shadow went forth & returnd Now she was pale as snow
When the mountains & hills are coverd over & the paths of Men shut up
But when her spirit returnd as ruddy as a morning when
The ripe fruit blushes into joy in heavens eternal halls
She Secret joyd to see She fed herself on his Despair
She said I am avengd for all my sufferings of old
Sorrow shot thro him from his feet it shot up to his head
Like a cold night that nips the roots & shatters off the leaves
Silent he stood o'er Enitharmon watching her pale face
He spoke not he was Silent till he felt the cold disease
Then Los mourn'd on the dismal wind in his jealous lamentation

Why can I not Enjoy thy beauty Lovely Enitharmon
When I return from clouds of Grief in the wandring Elements
Where thou in thrilling joy in beaming summer loveliness
Delectable reposes ruddy in my absence flaming with beauty
Cold pale in sorrow at my approach trembling at my terrific
Forehead & eyes thy lips decay like roses in the spring
How art thou Shrunk thy grapes that burst in summers vast Excess
Shut up in little purple covering faintly bud & die
Thy olive trees that pour'd down oil upon a thousand hills
Sickly look forth & scarcely stretch their branches to the plain
Thy roses that expanded in the face of glowing morn
Hid in a little silken veil scarce breathe & faintly shine
Thy lilies that gave light what time the morning looked forth
Hid in the Vales faintly lament & no one hears their voice
All things beside the woful Los enjoy the delights of beauty
Once how I sang & calld the beasts & birds to their delights
Nor knew that I alone exempted from the joys of love
Must war with secret monsters of the animating worlds
O that I had not seen the day then should I be at rest
Nor felt the stingings of desire nor longings after life
For life is Sweet to Los the wretched to his winged woes
Is given a craving cry that they may sit at night on barren rocks
And whet their beaks & snuff the air & watch the opening dawn
And Shriek till at the smells of blood they stretch their boney wings
And cut the winds like arrows shot by troops of Destiny

Thus Los lamented in the night unheard by Enitharmon
For the Shadow of Enitharmon descended down the tree of Mystery
The Spectre saw the Shade Shivering over his gloomy rocks
Beneath the tree of Mystery which in the dismal Abyss
Began to blossom in fierce pain shooting its writhing buds
In throes of birth & now the blossoms falling shining fruit
Appeared of many colours & of various poisonous qualities
Of Plagues hidden in shining globes that grew on the living tree

The Spectre of Urthona saw the Shadow of Enitharmon
Beneath the Tree of Mystery among the leaves & fruit
Reddning the Demon strong prepard the poison of sweet Love
He turnd from side to side in tears he wept & he embracd
The fleeting image & in whispers mild wood the faint shade

Loveliest delight of Men. Enitharmon shady hiding
In secret places where no eye can trace thy watry way
Have I found thee have I found thee tremblest thou in fear
Because of Orc because he rent his discordant way
From thy sweet loins of bliss. red flowd thy blood
Pale grew thy face & his lightnings playd around thee thunders hoverd
Over thee, & the terrible Orc rent his discordant way
But the next joy of thine shall be in sweet delusion
And its birth in fainting & sleep & Sweet delusions of Vala

The Shadow of Enitharmon answerd Art thou terrible Shade
Set over this sweet boy of mine to guard him lest he rend
His mother to the winds of heaven Intoxicated with
The fruit of this delightful tree. I cannot flee away
From thy embrace else be assurd so horrible a form
Should never in my arms repose. now listen I will tell
Thee Secrets of Eternity which neer before unlockd
My golden lips nor took the bar from Enitharmons breast
Among the Flowers of Beulah walkd the Eternal Man & Saw
Vala the lilly of the desart. melting in high noon
Upon her bosom in sweet bliss he fainted Wonder siezd
All heaven they saw him dark. they built a golden wall
Round Beulah There he reveld in delight among the Flowers
Vala was pregnant & brought forth Urizen Prince of Light
First born of Generation. Then behold a wonder to the Eyes
Of the now fallen Man a double form Vala appeard. A Male
And female shuddring pale the Fallen Man recoild
From the Enormity & calld them Luvah & Vala. turning down
The vales to find his way back into Heaven but found none
For his frail eyes were faded & his ears heavy & dull

Urizen grew up in the plains of Beulah Many Sons
And many daughters flourishd round the holy Tent of Man
Till he forgot Eternity delighted in his sweet joy
Among his family his flocks & herds & tents & pastures.
But Luvah close conferrd with Urizen in darksom night
To bind the father & enslave the brethren Nought he knew
Of sweet Eternity the blood flowd round the holy tent & rivn
From its hinges uttering its final groan all Beulah fell
In dark confusion mean time Los was born & Enitharmon
But how I know not then forgetfulness quite wrapd me up
A period nor do I more remember till I stood
Beside Los in the Cavern dark enslavd to vegetative forms
According to the Will of Luvah who assumd the Place
Of the Eternal Man & smote him. But thou Spectre dark
Maist find a way to punish Vala in thy fiery South
To bring her down subjected to the rage of my fierce boy

The Spectre said. Thou lovely Vision this delightful Tree
Is given us for a Shelter from the tempests of Void & Solid
Till once again the morn of ages shall renew upon us
To reunite in those mild fields of happy Eternity
Where thou & I in undivided Essence walkd about
Imbodied. thou my garden of delight & I the spirit in the garden
Mutual there we dwelt in one anothers joy revolving
Days of Eternity with Tharmas mild & Luvah sweet melodious
Upon our waters. This thou well rememberest listen I will tell
What thou forgettest. They in us & we in them alternate Livd
Drinking the joys of Universal Manhood. One dread morn
Listen O vision of Delight One dread morn of goary blood
The manhood was divided for the gentle passions making way
Thro the infinite labyrinths of the heart & thro the nostrils issuing
In odorous stupefaction stood before the Eyes of Man
A female bright. I stood beside my anvil dark a mass
Of iron glowed bright prepar'd for spades & plowshares. sudden down
I sunk with cries of blood issuing downward in the veins
Which now my rivers were become rolling in tubelike forms
Shut up within themselves descending down I sunk along
The goary tide even to the place of seed & there dividing
I was divided in darkness & oblivion thou an infant woe
And I an infant terror in the womb of Enion
My masculine spirit scorning the frail body issued forth
From Enion's brain In this deformed form leaving thee there
Till times passed over thee but still my spirit returning hover'd
And form'd a Male to be a counterpart to thee O Love
Darkened & Lost In due time issuing forth from Enion's womb
Thou & that demon Los wert born Ah jealousy & woe
Ah poor divided dark Urthona now a Spectre wandering
The deeps of Los the Slave of that Creation I created
I labour night & day for Los but listen thou my vision
I view futurity in thee I will bring down soft Vala
To the embraces of this terror & I will destroy
That body I created then shall we unite again in bliss
Thou knowest that the Spectre is in Every Man insane brutish
Deform'd that I am thus a ravening devouring lust continually
Craving & devouring but my Eyes are always upon thee O lovely
Delusion & I cannot crave for anything but thee not so
& till
I have thee in my arms & am again united to Los
To be one body & One spirit with him
The spectres of the Dead for I am as the Spectre of the Living
For till these terrors planted round the Gates of Eternal life
Are driven away & annihilated we never can
repass the Gates

Astonish'd fill'd with tears the spirit of Enitharmon beheld
And heard the Spectre bitterly she wept Embracing fervent
Her once lovd Lord now but a Shade herself also a shade
Conferring times on times among the branches of that Tree
Thus they conferred among the intoxicating fumes of Mystery
Till Enitharmons shadow pregnant in the deeps beneath
Brought forth a wonder horrible. While Enitharmon shrieked
And trembled thro the Worlds above Los wept his fierce soul was terrifid
At the shrieks of Enitharmon at her tossings nor could his eyes perceive
The cause of her dire anguish for she lay the image of Death
Movd by strong shudders till her shadow was deliverd then she ran
Raving about the upper Elements in maddning fury

She burst the Gates of Enitharmons heart with direful Crash
Nor could they ever be closd again the golden hinges were broken
And the gates broke in sunder & their ornaments defacd
Beneath the tree of Mystery for the immortal shadow shuddering
Brought forth this wonder horrible a Cloud she grew & grew
Till many of the dead burst forth from the bottoms of their tombs
In male forms without female counterparts or Emanations
Cruel and ravening with Enmity & Hatred & War
In dreams of Ulro dark delusive drawn by the lovely shadow
The Spectre terrified gave her Charge over the howling Orc
Then took the tree of Mystery root in the World of Los
Its topmost boughs shooting a fibre beneath Enitharmons couch
The double rooted Labyrinth soon waved around their heads

But then the Spectre enterd Los’s bosom Every sigh & groan
Of Enitharmon bore Urthonas Spectre on its wings
Obdurate Los felt Pity Enitharmon told the tale
Of Urthona. Los embrac’d the Spectre first as a brother
Then as another Self; astonish’d humanizing & in tears
In Self abasement Giving up his Domineering lust

Thou never canst embrace sweet Enitharmon terrible Demon. Till
Thou art united with thy Spectre Consummating by pains & labours
That mortal body & by Self annihilation back returning
To Life Eternal be assurd I am thy real Self
Tho thus divided from thee & the Slave of Every passion
Of thy fierce Soul Unbar the Gates of Memory look upon me
Not as another but as thy real Self I am thy Spectre
Tho horrible & Ghastly to thine Eyes tho buried beneath
The ruins of the Universe. hear what in
dized I speak & be silent
Thou didst subdue me in old times by thy Immortal Strength
When I was a ravning hungring & thirsting cruel lust & murder
If we unite in one another better world will be
Opend within your heart & loins & wondrous brain
Threefold as it was in Eternity & this the fourth Universe
Will be Renewd by the three & consummated in Mental fires
But if thou dost refuse Another body will be prepared
For me & thou annihilate evaporate & be no more
For thou art but a form & organ of life & of thyself
Art nothing being Created Continually by Mercy & Love divine

Los furious answerd. Spectre horrible thy words astound my Ear
With irresistible conviction I feel I am not one of those
Who when convincd can still persist tho furious controllable
By Reasons power. Even I already feel a World within
Opening its gates & in it all the real substances
Of which these in the outward World are shadows which pass away
Come then into my Bosom & in thy shadowy arms bring with thee
My lovely Enitharmon. I will quell my fury & teach
Peace to the Soul of dark revenge & repentance to Cruelty

So spoke Los & Embracing Enitharmon & the Spectre
Clouds would have folded round in Extacy & Love uniting
But Enitharmon trembling fled & hid beneath Urizens tree
But mingling together with his Spectre the Spectre of Urthona
Wondering beheld the Center opend by Divine Mercy inspired
He in his turn Gave Tasks to Los Enormous to destroy
That body he created but in vain for Los performd
Wonders of labour
They Builded Golgonooza Los labouring builded pillars high
And Domes terrific in the nether heavens for beneath
Was opend new heavens & a new Earth beneath & within
Threefold within the brain within the heart within the loins
A Threefold Atmosphere Sublime continuous from Urthonas world
But yet having a Limit Twofold named Satan & Adam.
But Los stood on the Limit of Translucence weeping & trembling
Filled with doubts in self accusation beheld the fruit
Of Urizens Mysterious tree For Enitharmon thus spake

When In the Deeps beneath I gatherd of this ruddy fruit
It was by that I knew that I had Sinnd & then I knew
That without a ransom I could not be savd from Eternal death
That Life lives upon Death & by devouring appetite
All things subsist on one another thenceforth in despair
I spend my glowing time but thou art strong & mighty
To bear this Self conviction take then Eat thou also of
The fruit & give me proof of life Eternal or I die

Then Los plucked the fruit & Eat & sat down in Despair
And must have given himself to death Eternal But
Urthonas spectre in part mingling with him comforted him
Being a medium between him & Enitharmon. But This Union
Was not to be Effected without Cares & Sorrows & Troubles
Of six thousand Years of self denial and of bitter Contrition

Urthonas Spectre terrified beheld the Spectres of the Dead
Each Male formd without a counterpart without a concentering vision
The Spectre of Urthona wept before Los Saying I am the cause
That this dire state commences I began the dreadful state
Of Separation & on my dark head the curse & punishment
Must fall unless a way be found to Ransom & Redeem

But I have thee my Counterpart miraculous
These Spectres have no Counter therefore they ravin
Without the food of life Let us Create them Counterparts
For without a Created body the Spectre is Eternal Death

Los trembling answerd Now I feel the weight of stern repentance
Tremble not so my Enitharmon at the awful gates
Of thy poor broken Heart I see thee like a shadow withering
As on the outside of Existence but look! behold! take comfort!
Turn inwardly thine Eyes & there behold the Lamb of God
Clothed in Luvahs robes of blood descending to redeem

O Spectre of Urtorna take comfort O Enitharmon
Couldst thou but cease from terror & trembling & affright
When I appear before thee in forgiveness of ancient injuries
Why shouldst thou remember & be afraid. I surely have died in pain
Often enough to convince thy jealousy & fear & terror
Come hither be patient let us converse together because
I also tremble at myself & at all my former life

Enitharmon answerd I behold the Lamb of God descending
To Meet these Spectres of the Dead I therefore fear that he
Will give us to Eternal Death fit punishment for such
Hideous offenders Uttermost extinction in eternal pain
An ever dying life of stifling & obstruction shut out
Of existence to be a sign of terror to all who behold
Lest any should in futurity do as we have done in heaven
Such is our state nor will the Son of God redeem us but destroy

So Enitharmon spoke trembling & in torrents of tears

Los sat in Golgonooza in the Gate of Luban where
He had erected many porches where branchd the Mysterious Tree
Where the Spectrous dead wail & sighing thus he spoke to Enitharmon
Lovely delight of Men Enitharmon shady refuge from furious war
Thy bosom translucent is a soft repose for the weeping souls
Of those piteous victims of battle there they sleep in happy obscurity
They feed upon our life we are their victims. Stern desire
I feel to fabricate embodied semblances in which the dead
May live before us in our palaces & in our gardens of labour
Which now open within the Center we behold spread abroad
To form a world of Sacrifice of brothers & sons & daughters
To comfort Orc in his dire sufferings look my fires enlume afresh
Before my face ascending with delight as in ancient times

Enitharmon spread her beaming locks upon the wind & said
O Lovely terrible Los wonder of Eternity O Los my defence & guide
Thy works are all my joy. & in thy fires my soul delights
If mild they burn in just proportion & in secret night
And silence build their day in shadow of soft clouds & dews
Then I can sigh forth on the winds of Golgonooza piteous forms
That vanish again into my bosom. but if thou my Los
Wilt in sweet moderated fury. fabricate forms sublime
Such as the piteous spectres may assimilate themselves into
They shall be ransoms for our Souls that we may live
So Enitharmon spoke & Los his hands divine inspired began
To hew the cavernd rocks of Dranthon into forms of beauty
To modulate his fires studious the loud roaring flames
He vanquishd with the strength of Art bending their iron points
And drawing them forth delighted upon the winds of Golgonooza
From out the ranks of Urizens war & from the fiery lake
Of Orc bending down as the binder of the Sheaves follows
The reaper in both arms embracing the furious raging flames
Los drew them forth out of the deeps planting his right foot firm
Upon the Iron crag of Urizen thence springing up aloft
Into the heavens of Enitharmon in a mighty circle

And first he drew a line upon the walls of shining heaven
And Enitharmon tincturd it with beams of blushing love
It remaind permanent a lovely form inspird divinely human
Dividing into just proportions Los unwearied labourd
The immortal lines upon the heavens till with sighs of love
Sweet Enitharmon mild Entrancd breathd forth upon the wind
The spectrous dead Weeping the Spectres viewd the immortal works
Of Los Assimilating to those forms Embodied & Lovely
In youth & beauty in the arms of Enitharmon mild reposing

First Rintrah & then Palamabron drawn from out the ranks of war
In infant innocence reposd on Enitharmons bosom
Orc was comforted in the deeps his Soul revivd in them
As the Eldest brother is the fathers image So Orc became
As Los a father to his brethren & he joyd in the dark lake
Tho bound with chains of Jealousy & in scales of iron & brass
But Los loved them & refusd to Sacrifice their infant limbs
And Enitharmons smiles & tears prevaild over self protection
They rather chose to meet Eternal death than to destroy
The offspring of their Care & Pity Urthonas spectre was comforted
But Tharmas most rejoicd in hope of Enions return
For he beheld new Female forms born forth upon the air
Who wove soft silken veils of covering in sweet rapturd trance
Mortal & not as Enitharmon without a covering veil

First his immortal spirit drew Urizens Shadow away
From out the ranks of war separating him in sunder
Leaving his Spectrous form which could not be drawn away
Then he divided Thiriel the Eldest of Urizens sons
Urizen became Rintrah Thiriel became Palamabron
Thus dividing the powers of Every Warrior
Startled was Los he found his Enemy Urizen now
In his hands. he wonderd that he felt love & not hate
His whole soul loved him he beheld him an infant
Lovely breathd from Enitharmon he trembled within himself

But in the deeps beneath the roots of Mystery indarkest night
Where Urizen sat on his rock the Shadow brooded
Urizen saw & triumphd & he cried to his warriors

The time of Prophecy is now revolvd & all
This Universal Ornament is mine & in my hands
The ends of heaven like a Garment will I fold them round me
Consuming what must be consumd then in power & majesty
I will walk forth thro those wide fields of endless Eternity
A God & not a Man a Conqueror in triumphant glory
And all the Sons of Everlasting shall bow down at my feet

The shadowy voice answerd O urizen Prince of Light
First Trades & Commerce ships & armed vessels he builded laborious
To swim the deep & on the Land children are sold to trades
Of dire necessity still laboring day & night till all
Their life extinct they took the spectre form in dark despair
And slaves in myriads in ship loads burden the hoarse sounding deep
Rattling with clanking chains the Universal Empire groans
And he commanded his Sons found a Center in the Deep
And Urizen laid the first Stone & all his myriads
Builted a temple in the image of the human heart

And in the inner part of the Temple wondrous workmanship
They formed the Secret place reversing all the order of delight
That whosoever entered into the temple might not behold
The hidden wonders allegoric of the Generations
Of secret lust when hid in chambers dark the nightly harlot
Plays in Disguise in whispered hymn & mumbling prayer The priests
He ordained & Priestesses clothed in disguises beastial
Inspiring secrecy & lamps they bore intoxicating fumes
Roll round the Temple & they took the Sun that glowed o'er Los
And with immense machines down rolling the terrific orb
Compell'd. The Sun reddening like a fierce lion in his chains
Descended to the sound of instruments that drowned the noise
Of the hoarse wheels & the terrific howlings of wild beasts
That dragged the wheels of the Sun's chariot & they put the Sun
Into the temple of Urizen to give light to the Abyss
To light the War by day to hide his secret beams by night
For he divided day & night in different ordered portions
The day for war the night for secret religion in his temple

Los reared his mighty stature on Earth stood his feet. Above
The moon his furious forehead circled with black bursting thunders
His naked limbs glittering upon the dark blue sky his knees
Bathed in bloody clouds. his loins in fires of war where spears
And swords rage where the Eagles cry & the Vultures laugh saying
Now comes the night of Carnage now the flesh of Kings & Princes
Pampered in palaces for our food the blood of Captains nurtured
With lust & murder for our drink the drunken Raven shall wander
All night among the slain & mock the wounded that groan in the field

Tharmas laughed. furious among the Banners clothed in blood

Crying As I will rend the Nations all asunder rending
The People, vain their combinations I will scatter them
But thou O Son whom I have crowned and inthroned thee Strong
I will preserve tho Enemies arise around thee numberless
I will command my winds & they shall scatter them or call

My Waters like a flood around thee fear not trust in me
And I will give thee all the ends of heaven for thy possession
In war shalt thou bear rule in blood shalt thou triumph for me
Because in times of Everlasting I was rent in sunder
And what I loved best was divided among my Enemies
My little daughters were made captives & I saw them beaten
With whips along the sultry sands. I heard those whom I lov'd
Crying in secret tents at night & in the morn compelld
To labour & behold my heart sunk down beneath
In sighs & sobbings all dividing till I was divided
In twain & lo my Crystal form that lived in my bosom
Followd her daughters to the fields of blood they left me naked
Alone & they refus'd to return from the fields of the mighty
Therefore I will reward them as they have rewarded me
I will divide them in my anger & thou O my King
Shalt gather them from out their graves & put thy fetter on them
And bind them to thee that my crystal form may come to me
So cried the Demon of the Waters in the Clouds of Los
Outstretched upon the hills lay Enitharmon clouds & tempests
Beat round her head all night all day she riots in Excess
But night or day Los follows War & the dismal moon rolls over her
That when Los warr'd upon the South reflected the fierce fires
Of his immortal head into the North upon faint Enitharmon
Red rage the furies of fierce Orc black thunders roll round Los
Flaming his head like the bright sun seen thro a mist that magnifies
His disk into a terrible vision to the Eyes of trembling mortals
And Enitharmon trembling & in fear uttered these words
I put not any trust in thee nor in thy glittering scales
Thy eyelids are a terror to me & the flaming of thy crest
The rushing of thy Scales confound me thy hoarse rushing scales
And if that Los had not built me a tower upon a rock
I must have died in the dark desart among noxious worms
How shall I flee how shall I flee into the tower of Los
My feet are turned backward & my footsteps slide in clay
And clouds are closed around my tower my arms labour in vain
Does not the God of waters in the wracking Elements
Love those who hate rewarding with hate the Loving Soul

And must not I obey the God thou Shadow of Jealousy
I cry the watchman heareth not I pour my voice in roarings
Watchman the night is thick & darkness cheats my rayie sight
Lift up Lift up O Los awake my watchman for he sleepeth
Lift up Lift up Shine forth O Light watchman thy light is out
O Los unless thou keep my tower the Watchman will be slain
So Enitharmon cried upon her terrible Earthy bed
While the broad Oak wreathed his roots round her forcing his dark way
Thro caves of death into Existence The Beech long limbd advanced
Terrific into the paind heavens The fruit trees humanizing
Shewed their immortal energies in warlike desperation
Rending the heavens & earths & drinking blood in the hot battle
To feed their fruit to gratify their hidden sons & daughters
That far within the close recesses of their secret palaces
Viewd the vast war & joyd wishing to vegetate
Into the Worlds of Enitharmon Loud the roaring winds
Burdend with clouds howl round the Couch sullen the wooly sheep
Walks thro the battle Dark & fierce the Bull his rage
Propagates thro the warring Earth The Lion raging in flames
The Tyger in redounding smoke The Serpent of the woods
And of the waters & the scorpion of the desert irritate
With harsh songs every living soul. The Prester Serpent runs
Along the ranks crying Listen to the Priest of God ye warriors
This Cowl upon my head he placd in times of Everlasting
And said Go forth & guide my battles. like the jointed spine
Of Man I made thee when I blotted Man from life & light
Take thou the seven Diseases of Man store them for times to come
In store houses in secret places that I will tell thee of
To be my great & awful curses at the time appointed

The Prester Serpent ceasd the War song sounded loud & strong
Thro all the heavens Urizen's Web vibrated torment on torment
Then I heard the earthquake &c.

Now in the Caverns of the Grave & Places of human seed
The nameless shadowy Vortex stood before the face of Orc
The Shadow reared her dismal head over the flaming youth
With sighs & howling & deep sobs that he might lose his rage
And with it lose himself in meekness she embraced his fire
As when the Earthquake rouzes from his den his shoulders huge
Appear above the crumbling Mountain. Silence waits around him
A moment then astounding horror belches from the Center
The fiery dogs arise the shoulders huge appear
So Orec rolled round his clouds upon the deeps of dark Urthona
Knowing the arts of Urizen were Pity & Meek affection
And that by these arts the Serpent form exuded from his limbs

Silent as despairing love & strong as Jealousy
Jealous that she was Vala now become Urizen's harlot
And the Harlot of Los & the deluded harlot of the Kings of Earth
His soul was gnawn in sunder
The hairy shoulders rend the links free are the wrists of fire
Red rage redounds he rouzed his lions from his forests black
They howl around the flaming youth rending the nameless shadow
And running their immortal course thro solid darkness borne

Loud Sounds the war song round red Orc in his fury
And round the nameless shadowy Female in her howling terror
When all the Elemental Gods joined in the wondrous Song

Sound the War trumpet terrific Souls clad in attractive steel
Sound the shrill fife serpents of war. I hear the northern drum
Awake, I hear the flappings of the folding banners

The dragons of the North put on their armour
Upon the Eastern sea direct they take their course
The glimmering of their horses trappings stains the vault of night
Stop we the rising of the glorious King. spur spur your clouds

Of death O northern drum awake O hand of iron sound
The northern drum. Now give the charge! bravely obscurd!
With darts of wintry hail. Again the black bow draw
Again the Elemental Strings to your right breasts draw
And let the thundring drum speed on the arrows black

The arrows flew from cloudy bow all day. till blood
From east to west flowd like the human veins in rivers
Of life upon the plains of death & valleys of despair

Now sound the clarions of Victory now strip the slain
Clothe yourselves in golden arms brothers of war
They sound the clarions strong they chain the howling captives
they give the Oath of blood They cast the lots into the helmet,
They vote the death of Luvah & they naild him to the tree
They piercd him with a spear & laid him in a sepulcher
To die a death of Six thousand years bound round with desolation
The sun was black & the moon rold a useless globe thro heaven

Then left the Sons of Urizen the plow & harrow the loom
The hammer & the Chisel & the rule & compasses
They forgd the sword the chariot of war the battle ax
The trumpet fitted to the battle & the flute of summer
And all the arts of life they changd into the arts of death
The hour glass contemnd because its simple workmanship
Was as the workmanship of the plowman & the water wheel
That raises water into Cisterns broken & burnd in fire
Because its workmanship was like the workmanship of the Shepherd
And in their stead intricate wheels invented Wheel without wheel
To perplex youth in their outgoings & to bind to labours
Of day & night the myriads of Eternity. that they might file
And polish brass & iron hour after hour laborious workmanship
Kept ignorant of the use that they might spend the days of wisdom
In sorrowful drudgery to obtain a scanty pittance of bread
In ignorance to view a small portion & think that All
And call it Demonstration blind to all the simple rules of life

Now now the Battle rages round thy tender limbs O Vala
Now smile among thy bitter tears now put on all thy beauty
Is not the wound of the sword Sweet & the broken bone delightful
Wilt thou now smile among the slain when the wounded groan in the field

Lift up thy blue eyes Vala & put on thy sapphire shoes
O Melancholy Magdalen behold the morning breaks
Gird on thy flaming Zone. descend into the Sepulcher
Scatter the blood from thy golden brow the tears from thy silver locks
Shake off the waters from thy wings & the dust from thy white garments

Remember all thy feigned terrors on the secret Couch
When the sun rose in glowing morn with arms of mighty hosts
Marching to battle who was wont to rise with Urizen's harps
Gift as a Sower with his seed to scatter life abroad

Arise O Vala bring the bow of Urizen bring the swift arrows of light
How ragd the golden horses of Urizen bound to the chariot of Love
Compell'd to leave the plow to the Ox to snuff up the winds of desolation
To trample the corn fields in boastful neighings. this is no gentle harp
This is no warbling brook nor Shadow of a Myrtle tree

But blood & wounds & dismal cries & clarions of war
And hearts laid open to the light by the broad grizly sword
And bowels hidden in hammerd steel rippd forth upon the ground
Call forth thy smiles of soft deceit call forth thy cloudy tears
We hear thy sighs in trumpets shrill when Morn shall blood renew

So sung the demons of the deep the Clarions of war blew loud
Orc rent her & his human form consumd in his own fires
Mingled with her dolorous members strewn thro the Abyss
She joyd in all the Conflict Gratified & drinking tears of woe
No more remaind of Orc but the Serpent round the tree of Mystery
The form of Orc was gone he reard his serpent bulk among
The stars of Urizen in Power rending the form of life
Into a formless indefinite & strewing her on the Abyss
Like clouds upon the winter sky broken with winds & thunders

This was to her Supreme delight The Warriors mournd disappointed
They go out to war with Strong Shouts & loud Clarions O Pity
They return with lamentations mourning & weeping

Invisible or visible drawn out in length or stretchd in breadth
The Shadowy Female Varied in the War in her delight
Howling in discontent black & heavy uttering brute sounds
Wading thro fens among the slimy weeds making Lamentations
To decieve Tharmas in his rage to soothe his furious soul
To stay him in his flight that Urizen might live tho in pain
He said Art thou bright Enion is the Shadow of hope returnnd

And She said Tharmas I am Vala bless thy innocent face
Doth Enion avoid the sight of thy blue watry eyes
Be not perswaded that the air knows this or the falling dew
Tharmas replid O Vala once I livd in a garden of delight

I wakend Enion in the Morning & she turnd away
Among the apple trees & all the gardens of delight
Swam like a dream before my eyes I went to seek the steps
Of Enion in the gardens & the shadows compassd me
And closd me in a watry world of woe where Enion stood
Trembling before me like a shadow like a mist like air
And she is gone & here alone I war with darkness & death
I hear thy voice but not thy form see. thou & all delight
And life appear & vanish mocking me with shadows of false hope
Hast thou forgot that the air listens thro all its districts telling
The subtillest thoughts shut up from light in chambers of the Moon

Tharmas. The Moon has chambers where the babes of love lie hid
And whence they never can be brought in all Eternity
Unless exposd by their vain parents. Lo him whom I love
Is hidden from me & I never in all Eternity
Shall see him Enitharmon & Ahania combind with Enion
Hid him in that Outrageous form of Orc which torments me for Sin
For all my Secret faults which he brings forth upon the light
Of day in jealousy & blood my Children are led to Urizen's war
Before my eyes & for every one of these I am condemn'd
To Eternal torment in these flames for tho I have the power
To rise on high Yet love here binds me down & never never
Will I arise till him I love is loss'd from this dark chain

Tharmas replied Vala thy Sins have lost us heaven & bliss
Thou art our Curse and till I can bring love into the light
I never will depart from my great wrath

So Tharmas wail'd wrathful then rode upon the Stormy Deep
Cursing the Voice that mock'd him with false hope in furious mood
Then She returns swift as a blight upon the infant bud
Howling in all the notes of woe to stay his furious rage
Stamping the hills wading or swimming flying furious or falling
Or like an Earthquake rumbling in the bowels of the earth
Or like a cloud beneath & like a fire flaming on high
Walking in pleasure of the hills or murmuring in the dales
Like to a rushing torrent beneath & a falling rock above
A thunder cloud in the south & a lulling voice heard in the north

And she went forth & saw the forms of life & of delight
Walking on Mountains or flying in the open expanse of heaven
She heard sweet voices in the winds & in the voices of birds
That rose from waters for the waters were as the voice of Luvah
Not seen to her like waters or like this dark world of death
Tho all those fair perfections which men know only by name
In beautiful substantial forms appeard & served her
As food or drink or ornament or in delightful works
To build her bowers for the Elements brought forth abundantly
The living soul in glorious forms & every one came forth
Walking before her Shadowy face & bowing at her feet
But in vain delights were poured forth on the howling melancholy
For her delight the horse his proud neck bow'd & his white mane
And the Strong Lion deign'd in his mouth to wear the golden bit
While the far beaming Peacock waited on the fragrant wind
To bring her fruits of sweet delight from trees of richest wonders
And the strong piniond Eagle bore the fire of heaven in the night season
Wood & subdud into Eternal Death the Demon Lay
In rage against the dark despair, the howling Melancholy

For far & wide she stretchd thro all the worlds of Urizens journey
And was Ajoind to Beulah as the Polypus to the Rock
Mourning the daughters of Beulah saw nor could they have sustaind
The horrid sight of death & torment. But the Eternal Promise
They wrote on all their tombs & pillars & on every Urn
These words If ye will believe your Brother shall rise again
In golden letters ornamented with sweet labours of Love
Waiting with Patience for the fulfilment of the Promise Divine
And all the Songs of Beulah sounded comfortable notes
Not sufferg doubt to rise up from the Clouds of the Shadowy Female
Then myriads of the Dead burst thro the bottoms of their tombs
Descending on the shadowy females clouds in Spectrous terror
Beyond the Limit of Translucence on the Lake of Udan Adan
These they namd Satans & in the Aggregate they namd Them Satan

The End of the Seventh Night

NIGHT THE EIGHTH

Then All in Great Eternity Met in the Council of God
Met as one Man Even Jesus upon Gilead & Hermon
Upon the Limit of Contraction to create the fallen Man
The Fallen Man stretchd like a Corse upon the oozy Rock
Washd with the tides Pale overgrown with weeds
That movd with horrible dreams hovring high over his head
Two winged immortal shapes one standing at his feet
Toward the East one standing at his head toward the west
Their wings joind in the Zenith over head
They had which clothed their bodies like a garment of soft down
Silvery white shining upon the dark blue sky in silence
Their wings touched the heavens their fair feet hovered above
The swelling tides they bent over the dead corpse like an arch
Pointed at top in highest heavens of precious stones & pearl
Such is a Vision of All Beulah hovering over the Sleeper
Such is a Vision of All Beulah hovring over the Sleeper
The limit of Contraction now was fixed & Man began
To wake upon the Couch of Death he sneezed seven times
A tear of blood dropped from either eye again he repos'd
In the saviour's arms, in the arms of tender mercy & loving kindness
Then Los said I behold the Divine Vision thro the broken Gates
Of thy poor broken heart astonish'd melted into Compassion & Love
And Enitharmon said I see the Lamb of God upon Mount Zion
Wondering with love & Awe they felt the divine hand upon them
For nothing could restrain the dead in Beulah from descending
Unto Ulros night tempted by the Shadowy females sweet
Delusive cruelty they descend away from the Daughters of Beulah
And Enter Urizen's temple Enitharmon pitying & her heart
Gates broken down, they descend thro the Gate of Pity
The broken heart Gate of Enitharmon She sighs them forth upon the wind
Of Golgonooza Los stood receiving them
For Los could enter into Enitharmon's bosom & explore
Its intricate Labyrinths now the Obdurate heart was broken
From out the War of Urizen & Tharmas receiving them
Into his hands. Then Enitharmon erected Looms in Luban's Gate
And call'd the Looms Cathedron in these Looms She wove the Spectres
Bodies of Vegetation Singing lulling Cadences to drive away
Despair from the poor wandering spectres and Los loved them
With a parental love for the Divine hand was upon him
And upon Enitharmon & the Divine Countenance shone
In Golgonooza Looking down the Daughters of Beulah saw
With joy the bright Light & in it a Human form
And knew he was the Saviour Even Jesus & they worshipped

Astonish'd Comforted Delighted in notes of Rapturous Extacy
All Beulah stood astonish'd Looking down to Eternal Death
They saw the Saviour beyond the Pit of death & destruction
For whether they lookd upward they saw the Divine Vision
Or whether they lookd downward still they saw the Divine Vision
Surrounding them on all sides beyond sin & death & hell

Enitharmon wove in tears singing Songs of Lamentation
And pitying comfort as she sighd forth on the wind the Spectres
Also the Vegetated bodies which Enitharmon wove
Opend within their hearts & in their loins & in their brain
To Beulah & the Dead in Ulro descended from the War
Of Urizen & Tharmas & from the Shadowy females clouds
And some were woven single & some two fold & some three fold
In Head or Heart or Reins according to the fittest order
Of most mercifull pity & compassion to the Spectrous dead

When Urizen saw the Lamb of God clothed in Luvahs robes
Perplexd & terrifid he Stood tho well he knew that Orc
Was Luvah But he now beheld a new Luvah. Or One
Who assumd Luvahs form & stood before him opposite
But he saw Orc a Serpent form augmenting times on times
In the fierce battle & he saw the Lamb of God & the World of Los
Surrounded by his dark machines for Orc augmented swift
In fury a Serpent wondrous among the Constellations of Urizen
A crest of fire rose on his forehead red as the carbuncle
Beneath down to his eyelids scales of pearl then gold & silver
Immingleed with the ruby overspread his Visage down
His furious neck writhing contortive in dire budding pains
The scaly armour shot out. Stubborn down his back & bosom
The Emerald Onyx Sapphire jasper beryl amethyst
Strove in terrific emulation which should gain a place
Upon the mighty Fiend the fruit of the mysterious tree
Kneaded in Uveths kneading trough. Still Orc devourd the food
In raging hunger Still the pestilential food in gems & gold
Exuded round his awful limbs Stretching to serpent length
His human bulk While the dark shadowy female brooding over
Measurd his food morning & evening in cups & baskets of iron

With tears of sorrow incessant she labourd the food of Orc
Compelled by the iron-hearted sisters Daughters of Urizen
Gathering the fruit of that mysterious tree circling its root
She spread herself thro all the branches in the power of Orc
Thus Urizen in self deceit his warlike preparations fabricated
And when all things were finishd sudden waved among the Stars
His hurtling hand gave the dire signal thunderous Clarions blow
And all the hollow deep rebelled with the wonderous war
But Urizen his mighty rage let loose in the mid deep
Sparkles of Dire affliction issued round his frozen limbs
Horrible hooks & nets he formed twisting the cords of iron
And brass & molten metals cast in hollow globes & borded
Tubes in petrific steel & rammed combustibles & wheels
And chains & pullies fabricated all round the heavens of Los
Communing with the Serpent of Orc in dark dissimulation
And with the Synagogue of Satan in dark Sanhedrim
To undermine the World of Los & tear bright Enitharmon
To the four winds hopeless of future. All futurity
Seems teeming with Endless destruction never to be repelled
Desperate remorse swallows the present in a quenchless rage

Terrified & astonished Urizen beheld the battle take a form
Which he intended not a Shadowy hermaphrodite black & opake
The Soldiers named it Satan but he was yet unformed & vast
Hermaphroditic it at length became hiding the Male
Within as in a Tabernacle Abominable Deadly

The battle howls the terrors fired rage in the work of death
Enormous Works Los Contemplated inspired by the holy Spirit
Los builds the Walls of Golgonooza against the stirring battle
That only thro the Gates of Death they can enter to Enitharmon
Raging they take the human visage & the human form

Feeling the hand of Los in Golgonooza & the force
Attractive of his hammers beating & the Silver looms
Of Enitharmon singing lulling cadences on the wind
They humanize in the fierce battle where in direful pain
Troop by troop the beastial droves rend one another sounding loud
The instruments of sound & troop by troop in human forms they urge
The dire confusion till the battle faints those that remain
Return in pangs & horrible convulsions to their beastial state
For the monsters of the Elements Lions or Tygers or Wolves
Sound loud the howling music Inspird by Los & Enitharmon Sounding loud terrific men
They seem to one another laughing terrible among the banners
And when the revolution of their day of battles over
Relapsing in dire torment they return to forms of woe
To moping visages returning inanimate tho furious
No more erect tho strong drawn out in length they ravin
For senseless gratification & their visages thrust forth
Flatten above & beneath & stretch out into beastial length
Weakend they stretch beyond their power in dire droves till war begins
Or Secret religion in their temples before secret shrines
And Urizen gave life & sense by his immortal power
To all his Engines of deceit that linked chains might run
Thro ranks of war spontaneous & that hooks & boring screws
Might act according to their forms by innate cruelty
He formed also harsh instruments of sound
To grate the soul into destruction or to inflame with fury
The spirits of life to pervert all the faculties of sense
Into their own destruction if perhaps he might avert
His own despair even at the cost of every thing that breathes
Thus in the temple of the Sun his books of iron & brass
And silver & gold he consecrated reading incessantly
To myriads of perturbed spirits thro the universe
They propagated the deadly words the Shadowy Female absorbing
The enormous Sciences of Urizen ages after ages exploring
The fell destruction. And she said O Urizen Prince of Light
What words of Dread pierce my faint Ear what falling snows around
My feeble limbs infold my destind misery
I alone dare the lash abide to sit beneath the blast
Unhurt & dare the inclement forehead of the King of Light
From dark abysses of the times remote fated to be

The sorrower of Eternity in love with tears Submiss I rear
My Eyes to thy Pavilions hear my prayer for Luvah's Sake
I see the murderer of my Luvah clothd in robes of blood
He who assumd my Luvahs throne in times of Everlasting
Where hast thou hid him whom I love in what remote Abyss
Resides that God of my delight O might my eyes behold
My Luvah then could I deliver all the sons of God
From Bondage of these terrors & with influences sweet
As once in those eternal fields in brotherhood & Love
United we should live in bliss as those who sinned not
The Eternal Man is seald by thee never to be deliverd
We are all servants to thy will O King of Light relent
Thy furious power be our father & our loved King
But if my Luvah is no more If thou hast smitten him
And laid him in the Sepulcher Or if thou wilt revenge
His murder on another Silent I bow with dread
But happiness can never to thee O King nor me
For he was source of every joy that this mysterious tree
Unfolds in Allegoric fruit. When shall the dead revive
Can that which has existed cease or can love & life Expire

Urizen heard the Voice & saw the Shadow. underneath
His woven darkness & in laws & deceitful religions
Beginning at the tree of Mystery circling its root
She spread herself thro all the branches in the power of Orc
A shapeless & indefinite cloud in tears of sorrow incessant
Stepping the Direful Web of Religion swagging heavy it fell
From heaven to heavn thro all its meshes altering the Vortexes
Misplacing every Center hungry desire & lust began
Gathering the fruit of that Mysterious tree till Urizen
Sitting within his temple furious felt the numming stupor
Himself tangled in his own net in sorrow lust repentance

Enitharmon wove in tears Singing Songs of Lamentations
And pitying comfort as she sighd forth on the wind the spectres
And wove them bodies calling them her belovd sons & daughters
Employing the daughters in her looms & Los employd the Sons
In Golgonoozas Furnaces among the Anvils of time & space
Thus forming a Vast family wondrous in beauty & love
And they appeard a Universal female form created
From those who were dead in Ulro from the Spectres of the dead

And Enitharmon namd the Female Jerusalem the holy
Wondring she saw the Lamb of God within Jerusalems Veil
The divine Vision seen within the inmost deep recess
Of fair Jerusalems bosom in a gently beaming fire
Then sang the Sons of Eden round the Lamb of God & said
Glory Glory Glory to the holy Lamb of God
Who now beginneth to put off the dark Satanic body
Now we behold redemption Now we know that life Eternal
Depends alone upon the Universal hand & not in us
Is aught but death In individual weakness sorrow & pain
We behold with wonder Enitharmons Looms & Los’s Forges
And the Spindles of Tirzah & Rahab and the Mills of Satan & Beelzeboul
In Golgonooza Los’s anvils stand & his Furnaces rage
The hard dentant hammers are lulld by the flute lula lula
The bellowing furnaces blare by the long sounding Clarion
Ten thousand demons labour at the forges Creating Continually
The times & spaces of Mortal Life the Sun the Moon the Stars
In periods of Pulsative furor beating into wedges & bars
Then drawing into wires the terrific Passions & Affections
Of Spectrous dead. Thence to the Looms of Cathedron conveyd
The Daughters of Enitharmon weave the ovarium & the integument
In soft silk drawn from their own bowels in lascivious delight
With songs of sweetest cadence to the turning spindle & reel
Lulling the weeping spectres of the dead. Clothing their limbs
With gifts & gold of Eden. Astonishd stupified with delight
The terrors put on their sweet clothing on the banks of Arnon
Whence they plunge into the river of space for a period till
The dread Sleep of Ulro is past. But Satan Og & Sihon
Build Mills of resistless wheels to unwind the soft threads & reveal
Naked of their clothing the poor spectres before the accusing heavens
While Rahab & Tirzah far different mantles prepare webs of torture
Mantles of despair girdles of bitter compunction shoes of indolence
Veils of ignorance covering from head to feet with a cold web
We look down into Ulro we behold the Wonders of the Grave
Eastward of Golgonooza stands the Lake of Udan Adan In
Entuthon Benithon a Lake not of Waters but of Spaces
Perturbed black & deadly on its Islands & its Margins
The Mills of Satan and Beelzeboul stand round the roots of Urizens tree
For this Lake is formed from the tears & sighs & death sweat of the Victims
Of Urizens laws. to irrigate the roots of the tree of Mystery
They unweave the soft threads then they weave them anew in the forms
Of dark death & despair & none from Eternity to Eternity could escape
But thou O Universal Humanity who is One Man blessed for Ever
Recievest the Integuments woven Rahab beholds the Lamb of God
She smites with her knife of flint She destroys her own work
Times upon times thinking to destroy the Lamb blessed for Ever
He puts off the clothing of blood he redeems the spectres from their bonds
He awakes the sleepers in Ulro the Daughters of Beulah praise him
They anoint his feet with ointment they wipe them with the hair of their head
We now behold the Ends of Beulah & we now behold
Where Death Eternal is put off Eternally
Assume the dark Satanic body in the Virgins womb
O Lamb divine it cannot thee annoy O pitying one
Thy pity is from the foundation of the World & thy Redemption
Begun Already in Eternity. Come then O Lamb of God
Come Lord Jesus come quickly
So sang they in Eternity looking down into Beulah

The war roared round Jerusalems Gates it took a hideous form
Seen in the aggregate a Vast Hermaphroditic form
Heaved like an Earthquake laboring with convulsive groans
Intolerable at length an awful wonder burst
From the Hermaphroditic bosom Satan he was named
Son of Perdition terrible his form dishumanized monstrous
A male without a female counterpart a howling fiend
Forlorn of Eden & repugnant to the forms of life
Yet hiding the shadowy female Vala as in an ark & Curtains
Abhorred accursed ever dying an Eternal death
Being multitudes of tyrant Men in union blasphemous
Against the divine image. Congregated Assemblies of wicked men

Los said to Enitharmon Pitying I saw
Pitying the Lamb of God Descended thro Jerusalems gates
To put off Mystery time after time & as a Man
Is born on Earth so was he born of Fair Jerusalem
In mysterys woven mantle & in the Robes of Luvah

He stood in fair Jerusalem to awake up into Eden
The fallen Man but first to Give his vegetated body
To be cut off & separated that the Spiritual body may be Reveald

The Lamb of God stood before Satan opposite
In Entuthon Benithon in the shadows of torments & woe
Upon the heights of Amalek taking refuge in his arms
The Victims fled from punishment for all his words were peace

Urizen calld together the Synagogue of Satan in dire Sanhedrim
To Judge the Lamb of God to Death as a murderer & robber
As it is written he was numberd among the transgressors

Cold dark opake the Assembly met twelvefold in Amalek
Twelve rocky unshapd forms terrific forms of torture & woe
Such seemd the Synagogue to distant view amidst them beamd
A False Feminine Counterpart of Lovely Delusive Beauty

Dividing & Uniting at will in the Cruelties of Holiness
Vala drawn down into a Vegetated body now triumphant
The Synagogue of Satan Clothed her with Scarlet robes & Gems
And on her forehead was her name written in blood Mystery
When viewd remote She is One when viewd near she divides
To multitude as it is in Eden so permitted because
It was the best possible in the State called Satan to Save
From Death Eternal & to put off Satan Eternally
The Synagogue Created her from Fruit of Urizens tree
By devilish arts abominable unlawful unutterable
Perpetually vegetating in detestable births
Of Female forms beautiful thro poisons hidden in secret
Which give a tincture to false beauty therefore they were calld
The daughters & there was hidden within
The bosom of Satan The false Female as in an ark & veil
Which christ must rend & her reveal Her Daughters are Calld
Tirzah She is namd Rahab their various divisions are calld
The Daughters of Amalek Canaan & Moab binding on the Stones
Their victims & with knives tormenting them singing with tears
Over their victims Hear ye the song of the Females of Amalek

O thou poor human form O thou poor child of woe
Why dost thou wander away from Tirzah why me compell to bind thee
If thou dost go away from me I shall consume upon the rocks
These fibres of thine eyes that used to wander in distant heavens
Away from me I have bound down with a hot iron
These nostrils that Expanded with delight in morning skies
I have bent downward with lead molten in my roaring furnaces
My soul is seven furnaces incessant roars the bellows
Upon my terribly flaming heart the molten metal runs
In channels thro my fiery limbs O love O pity O pain
O the pangs the bitter pangs of love forsaken

Ephraim was a wilderness of joy where all my wild beasts ran
The river Kanah wanderd by my sweet Manassehs side
To see the boy spring into heaven sounding from my sight
Go Noah fetch the girdle of strong brass heat it red hot
Press it around the loins of this expanding cruelty
Shriek not so my only love
Bind him down Sisters bind him down on Ebal mount of Cursing
Malah come forth from Lebanon & Hoglah from Mount sinai
Come circumscribe this tongue of sweets & with a Screw of iron
Fasten this Ear into the Rock Milcah the task is thine
Weep not so sisters weep not so our life depends on this
Or mercy & truth are fled away from Shechem & Mount Gilead
Unless my beloved is bound upon the Stems of Vegetation
Such are the songs of Tirzah such the loves of Amalek
The Lamb of God descended thro the twelve portions of Luvah
Bearing his sorrows & recieving all his cruel wounds

Thus was the Lamb of God condemnd to Death
They naild him upon the tree of Mystery weeping over him
And then mocking & then worshipping calling him Lord & King
Sometimes as twelve daughters lovely & sometimes as five
They stood in beaming beauty & sometimes as one even Rahab
In which is Tirzah untranslucent an opake covering
Who is Mystery Babylon the Great the Mother of Harlots

And Rahab stripd off Luvahs robes from off the lamb of God
Then first she saw his glory & her harlot form appeard
In all its turpitude beneath the divine light & of Luvahs robes
She made herself a Mantle
Also the Vegetated bodies which Enitharmon wove in her looms
Opend within the heart & in the loins & in the brain
To Beulah & the dead in Beulah descended thro their gates
And some were woven one fold some two fold & some threefold
In head or heart or reins according to the fittest order
Of most mournful pity & compassion to the spectrous dead

Jerusalem saw the Body dead upon the Cross She fled away
Saying Is this Eternal Death Where shall I hide from Death
Pity me Los pity me Urizen & let us build
A Sepulcher & worship Death in fear while yet we live
Death! God of All from whom we rise to whom we all return
And Let all Nations of the Earth worship at the Sepulcher
With Gifts & Spices with lamps rich embossed jewels & gold

Los took the Body from the Cross Jerusalem weeping over
They bore it to the Sepulcher which Los had hewn in the rock
Of Eternity for himself he hewed it despairing of Life Eternal

But when Rahab had cut off the Mantle of Luvah from
The Lamb of God it rolld apart, revealing to all in heaven
And all on Earth the Temple & the Synagogue of Satan & Mystery
Even Rahab in all her turpitude Rahab divided herself
She stood before Los in her Pride among the Furnaces
Dividing & uniting in Delusive feminine pomp questioning him

He answerd her with tenderness & love not uninspird
Los sat upon his anvil stock they sat beside the forge
Los wipd the sweat from his red brow & thus began
To the delusive female forms shining among his furnaces

I am that shadowy Prophet who six thousand years ago
Fell from my station in the Eternal bosom. I divided
To multitude & my multitudes are children of Care & Labour
O Rahab I behold thee I was once like thee a Son
Of Pride and I also have piercd the Lamb of God in pride & wrath
Hear me repeat my Generations that thou mayst also repent

And these are the Sons of Los & Enitharmon. Rintrah Palamabron
Theotormon Bromion Antamon Ananton Ozoth Ohana
Sotha Mydon Ellayol Natho Gon Harhath Satan
Har Ochim Ijim Adam Reuben Simeon Levi Judah Dan Naphtali
Gad Asher Issachar Zebulun Joseph Benjamin David Solomon
Paul Constantine Charlemaine Luther Milton
These are our daughters Ocalythron Elynittria Oothoon Leutha
Elythiria Enanto Manathu Vorcyon Ethinthus Moab Midian
Adah Zillah Caina Naamah Tamar Rahab Tirzah Mary
And myriads more of Sons & Daughters to whom our love increasd

To each according to the multiplication of their multitudes
But Satan accusd Palamabron before his brethren also he maddend
The horses of palambrons harrow wherefor Rintrah & Palamabron
Cut him off from Golgonooza. But Enitharmon in tears
Wept over him Created him a Space closd with a tender moon
And he rolld down beneath the fires of Orc a Globe immense
Crusted with snow in a dim void. here by the Arts of Urizen
He tempted many of the Sons & Daughters of Los to flee
Away from Me first Reuben fled then Simeon then Levi then Judah
Then Dan then Naphtali then Gad then Asher then Issachar
Then Zebulun then Joseph then Benjamin twelve sons of Los
And this is the manner in which Satan became the Tempter

There is a State namd Satan learn distinct to know O Rahab
The Difference between States & Individuals of those States
The State namd Satan never can be redeemd in all Eternity
But when Luvah in Orc became a Serpent he descended into
That State calld Satan Enitharmon breathd forth on the Winds
Of Golgonooza her well beloved knowing he was Orc’s human remains
She tenderly lovd him above all his brethren he grew up
In mothers tenderness The Enormous worlds rolling in Urizens power
Must have given Satan by these mild arts Dominion over all
Wherefore Palamabron being accusd by Satan to Los
Calld down a Great Solemn assembly Rintrah in fury & fire
Defended Palamabron & rage filld the Universal Tent

Because Palamabron was good naturd Satan supposd he feared him
And Satan not having the Science of Wrath but only of Pity
Was soon condemn’d & wrath was left to wrath & Pity to Pity
Rintrah & Palamabron Cut sheer off from Golgonooza
Enitharmons Moony space & in it Satan & his companions
They rolld down a dim world Crusted with Snow deadly & dark

Jerusalem pitying them wove them mantles of life & death
Times after times And those in Eden sent Lucifer for their Guard
Lucifer refusd to die for Satan & in pride he forsook his charge
Then they sent Molech Molech was impatient They sent
Molech impatient They Sent Elohim who created Adam
To die for Satan Adam refusd but was compell’d to die
By Satans arts. Then the Eternals Sent Shaddai
Shaddai was angry Pachad descended Pachad was terrified
And then they Sent Jehovah who leprous stretchd his hand to Eternity
Then Jesus Came & Died willing beneath Tirzah & Rahab
Thou art that Rahab Lo the Tomb what can we purpose more
Lo Enitharmon terrible & beautiful in Eternal youth
Bow down before her you children & set Jerusalem free
Rahab burning with pride & revenge departed from Los
Los dropd a tear at her departure but he wipd it away in hope
She went to Urizen in pride the Prince of Light beheld
Reveal’d before the face of heaven his secret holiness

Darkness & sorrow cover’d all flesh Eternity was darken’d

Urizen sitting in his web of deceitful Religion
felt the female death a dull & numming stupor such as neer
Before assaulted the bright human form he felt his pores
Drink in the deadly dull delusion horrors of Eternal death
Shot thro him Urizen sat Stonied upon his rock
Forgetful of his own Laws pitying he began to Embrace
The Shadowy Female since life cannot be quench’d Life exuded
His eyes shot outwards then his breathing nostrils drawn forth
Scales cover’d over a cold forehead & a neck outstretch’d
Into the deep to seize the shadow scales his neck & bosom
Cover’d & scales his hands & feet upon his belly falling
Outstretch’d thro the immense his mouth wide opening tongueless
His teeth a triple row he strove to seize the shadow in vain
And his immense tail lash’d the Abyss his human form a Stone
A form of Senseless Stone remain’d in terrors on the rock
Abominable to the eyes of mortals who explore his books
His wisdom still remain’d & all his memory stord with woe

And still his stony form remain’d in the Abyss immense
Like the pale visage in its sheet of lead that cannot follow
Incessant stern disdain his scaly form gnaws inwardly
With deep repentance for the loss of that fair form of Man
With Envy he saw Los with Envy Tharmas & the Spectre
With Envy & in vain he swam around his stony form

No longer now Erect the King of Light outstretch’d in fury
Lashes his tail in the wild deep his Eyelids like the Sun
Arising in his pride enlighten all the Grizly deeps
His scales transparent give forth light like windows of the morning
His neck flames with wrath & majesty he lashes the Abyss
Beating the Desarts & the rocks the desarts feel his power
They shake their slumbers off. They wave in awful fear
Calling the Lion & the Tyger the horse & the wild Stag

The Elephant the wolf the Bear the Lamia the Satyr
His Eyelids give their light around his folding tail aspires
Among the stars the Earth & all the Abysses feel his fury
When as the snow covers the mountains oft petrific hardness
Covers the deeps at his vast fury moaning in his rock
Hardens the Lion & the Bear trembling in the Solid mountain
They view the light & wonder crying out in terrible existence
Up bound the wild stag & the horse behold the King of Pride

Oft doth his Eye emerge from the Abyss into the realms
Of his Eternal day & memory strives to augment his ruthfulness
Then weeping he descends in wrath drawing all things in his fury
Into obedience to his will & now he finds in vain
That not of his own power he bore the human form erect
Nor of his own will gave his Laws in times of Everlasting
For now fierce Orc in wrath & fury rises into the heavens
A King of wrath & fury a dark enraged horror
And Urizen repentant forgets his wisdom in the abyss
In forms of priesthood in the dark delusions of repentance
Repining in his heart & spirit that Orc reignd over all
And that his wisdom servd but to augment the indefinite lust

Then Tharmas & Urthona felt the stony stupor rise
Into their limbs Urthona shot forth a Vast Fibrous form
Tharmas like a pillar of sand rolld round by the whirlwind
An animated Pillar rolling round & round in incessant rage

Los felt the stony stupor & his head rolld down beneath
Into the Abysses of his bosom the vessels of his blood
Dart forth upon the wind in pipes writhing about in the Abyss
And Enitharmon pale & cold in milky juices flowd
Into a form of Vegetation living having a voice
Moving in rootlike fibres trembling in fear upon the Earth

And Tharmas gave his Power to Los Urthona gave his strength
Into the youthful prophet for the Love of Enitharmon
And of the nameless Shadowy female in the nether deep
And for the dread of the dark terrors of Orc & Urizen
Thus in a living Death the nameless shadow all things bound
All mortal things made permanent that they may be put off
Time after time by the Divine Lamb who died for all
And all in him died. & he put off all mortality

Tharmas on high rode furious thro the afflicted worlds
Pursuing the Vain Shadow of Hope fleeing from identity
In abstract false Expanses that he may not hear the Voice
Of Ahania wailing on the winds in vain he flies for still
The voice incessant calls on all the children of Men
For she spoke of all in heaven & all upon the Earth
Saw not as yet the Divine vision her Eyes are Toward Urizen
And thus Ahania cries aloud to the Caverns of the Grave

Will you keep a flock of wolves & lead them will you take the wintry blast
For a covering to your limbs or the summer pestilence for a tent to abide in
Will you erect a lasting habitation in the mouldering Church yard
Or a pillar & palace of Eternity in the jaws of the hungry grave
Will you seek pleasure from the festering wound or marry for a Wife
The ancient Leprosy that the King & Priest may still feast on your decay
And the grave mock & laugh at the plowd field saying

I am the nourisher thou the destroyer in my bosom is milk & wine
And a fountain from my breasts to me come all multitudes
To my breath they obey they worship me I am a goddess & queen
But listen to Ahania O ye sons of the Murderd one
Listen to her whose memory beholds your ancient days
Listen to her whose eyes behold the dark body of corruptible death
Looking for Urizen in vain. in vain I seek for morning
The Eternal Man sleeps in the Earth nor feels the vigrous sun
Nor silent moon nor all the hosts of heaven move in his body
His fiery halls are dark & round his limbs the Serpent Orc
Fold without fold encompasses him And his corrupting members
Vomit out the Scaly monsters of the restless deep

They come up in the rivers & annoy the nether parts
Of Man who lays upon the shores leaning his faded head
Upon the Oozy rock inwrapped with the weeds of death
His eyes sink hollow in his head his flesh coverd with slime
And shrunk up to the bones alas that Man should come to this
His strong bones beat with snows & hid within the caves of night
Marrowless bloodless falling into dust driven by the winds
O how the horrors of Eternal Death take hold on Man
His faint groans shake the caves & issue thro the desolate rocks

And the Strong Eagle now with numming cold blighted of feathers
Once like the pride of the sun now flagging in cold night
Hovers with blasted wings aloft watching with Eager Eye
Till Man shall leave a corruptible body he famishd hears him groan
And now he fixes his strong talons in the pointed rock
And now he beats the heavy air with his enormous wings
Beside him lies the Lion dead & in his belly worms

Feast on his death till universal death devours all
And the pale horse seeks for the pool to lie him down & die
But finds the pools filled with serpents devouring one another
He droops his head & trembling stands & his bright eyes decay
These are the Visions of My Eyes the Visions of Ahania

Thus cries ahania Enion replies from the Caverns of the Grave

Fear not O poor forsaken one O land of briars & thorns
Where once the Olive flourishd & the Cedar spread his wings
Once I waild desolate like thee my fallow fields in fear
Cried to the Churchyards & the Earthworm came in dismal state
I found him in my bosom & I said the time of Love
Appears upon the rocks & hills in silent shades but soon
A voice came in the night a midnight cry upon the mountains
Awake the bridegroom cometh I awoke to sleep no more
But an Eternal Consummation is dark Enion
The watry Grave. O thou Corn field O thou Vegetater happy
More happy is the dark consumer hope drowns all my torment
For I am now surrounded by a shadowy vortex drawing
The Spectre quite away from Enion that I die a death
Of better hope altho I consume in these raging waters
The furrowd field replies to the grave I hear her reply to me
Behold the time approaches fast that thou shalt be as a thing
Forgotten when one speaks of thee he will not be believd
When the man gently fades away in his immortality
When the mortal disappears in improved knowledge cast away
The former things so shall the Mortal gently fade away
And so become invisible to those who still remain
Listen I will tell thee what is done in the caverns of the grave

The Lamb of God has rent the Veil of Mystery soon to return
In Clouds & Fires around the rock & the Mysterious tree
As the seed waits Eagerly watching for its flower & fruit
Anxious its little soul looks out into the clear expanse
To see if hungry winds are abroad with their invisible army
So Man looks out in tree & herb & fish & bird & beast
Collecting up the scatterd portions of his immortal body
Into the Elemental forms of every thing that grows
He tries the sullen north wind riding on its angry furrows
The sultry south when the sun rises & the angry east
When the sun sets when the clods harden & the cattle stand
Drooping & the birds hide in their silent nests. he stores his thoughts
As in a store house in his memory he regulates the forms
Of all beneath & all above & in the gentle West
Reposes where the Suns heat dwells he rises to the Sun
And to the Planets of the Night & to the stars that gild
The Zodiac & the stars that sullen stand to north & south
He touches the remotest pole & in the Center weeps
That Man should Labour & sorrow & learn & forget & return
To the dark valley whence he came to begin his labours anew
In pain he sighs in pain he labours in his universe
Screaming in birds over the deep & howling in the Wolf
Over the slain & moaning in the cattle & in the winds
And weeping over Orc & Urizen in clouds & flaming fires
And in the cries of birth & in the groans of death his voice
Is heard throughout the Universe whereever a grass grows
Or a leaf buds. The Eternal Man is seen is heard is felt
And all his Sorrows till he reassumes his ancient bliss
Such are the words of Ahania & Enion. Los hears & weeps

But Rahab hewed a Sepulcher in the Rock of Eternity
And placing in the Sepulcher the body which she had taken
From the divine Lamb wept over the Sepulcher weaving
Her web of Religion around the Sepulcher times after times beside Jerusalems Gate
But as she wove behold the bottom of the Sepulcher
Rent & a door was opened through the bottom of the Sepulcher
Into Eternity And as she wove she heard a Voice behind her calling her
She turned & saw the Divine Vision & her
And Los & Enitharmon took the Body of the Lamb
Down from the Cross & placed it in a Sepulcher which Los had hewn
For himself in the Rock of Eternity trembling & in despair
Jerusalem wept over the Sepulcher two thousand Years

Rahab triumphs over all she took Jerusalem
Captive A Willing Captive by delusive arts impelled
To worship Urizens Dragon form to offer her own Children
Upon the bloody Altar. John Saw these things Revealed in Heaven
On Patmos Isle & heard the Souls cry out to be delivered
He saw the Harlot of the Kings of Earth & saw her Cup
Of fornication food of Orc & Satan pressed from the fruit of Mystery
But when she saw the form of Ahania weeping on the Void
And heard Enions voice sound from the caverns of the Grave
No more spirit remained in her She secretly left the Synagogue of Satan
She communed with Orc in secret She hid him with the flax
That Enitharmon had numbered away from the Heavens
She gathered it together to consume her Harlot Robes
In bitterest Contrition sometimes Self condemning repentant
And Sometimes kissing her Robes & Jewels & weeping over them
Sometimes returning to the Synagogue of Satan in Pride
And Sometimes weeping before Orc in humility & trembling
The Synagogue of Satan therefore uniting against Mystery
Satan divided against Satan resolvd in open Sanhedrim
To burn Mystery with fire & form another from her ashes
For God put it into their heart to fulfill all his will

The Ashes of Mystery began to animate they callld it Deism
And Natural Religion as of old so now anew began
Babylon again in Infancy Callld Natural Religion

The End of the Eighth Night

NIGHT THE NINTH: BEING THE LAST JUDGMENT

And Los & Enitharmon builde Jerusalem weeping
Over the Sepulcher & over the Crucified body
Which to their Phantom Eyes appear’d Still in the Sepulcher
But Jesus stood beside them in the Spirit Separating
Their Spirit from their body. Terrified at Non Existence
For such they deemd the death of the body. Los his vegetable hands
Outstretched his right hand branching out in fibrous strength
Siezd the Sun. His left hand like dark roots coverd the Moon
And tore them down cracking the heavens across from immense to immense
Then fell the fires of Eternity with loud & shrill
Sound of Loud Trumpet thundering along from heaven to heaven
A mighty sound articulate Awake ye dead & come
To Judgment from the four winds Awake & Come away
Folding like scrolls of the Enormous volume of Heaven & Earth
With thunderous noise & dreadful shakings rocking to & fro
The heavens are shaken & the Earth removed from its place
The foundations of the Eternal hills discoverd
The thrones of Kings are shaken they have lost their robes & crowns
The poor smite their oppressors they awake up to the harvest
The naked warriors rush together down to the sea shore
Trembling before the multitudes of slaves now set at liberty
They are become like wintry flocks like forests stripd of leaves
The oppressed pursue like the wind there is no room for escape
The Spectre of Enitharmon let loose on the troubled deep
Waild shrill in the confusion & the Spectre of Urthona

Reciev'd her in the darkning South their bodies lost they stood
Trembling & weak a faint embrace a fierce desire as when
Two shadows mingle on a wall they wail & shadowy tears
Fell down & shadowy forms of joy mixd with despair & grief
Their bodies buried in the ruins of the Universe
Mingled with the confusion. Who shall call them from the Grave

Rahab & Tirzah wail aloud in the wild flames they give up themselves to Consummation
The books of Urizen unroll with dreadful noise the folding Serpent
Of Orc began to Consume in fierce raving fire his fierce flames
Issud on all sides gathering strength in animating volumes
Roaming abroad on all the winds raging intense reddening
Into resistless pillars of fire rolling round & round gathering
Strength from the Earths consumd & heavens & all hidden abysses
Wherever the Eagle has Explord or Lion or Tyger trod
Or where the Comets of the night or stars of asterial day
Have shot their arrows or long beamed spears in wrath & fury

And all the while the trumpet sounds from the clotted gore & from the hollow den
Start forth the trembling millions into flames of mental fire
Bathing their limbs in the bright visions of Eternity

Then like the doves from pillars of Smoke the trembling families
Of women & children throughout every nation under heaven
Cling round the men in bands of twenties & of fifties pale
As snow that falls around a leafless tree upon the green
Their oppressors are falln they have Stricken them they awake to life
Yet pale the just man stands erect & looking up to heavn
Trembling & strucken by the Universal stroke the trees unroot
The rocks groan horrible & run about. The mountains &
Their rivers cry with a dismal cry the cattle gather together
Lowing they kneel before the heavens. the wild beasts of the forests
Tremble the Lion shuddering asks the Leopard. Feelest thou
The dread I feel unknown before My voice refuses to roar
And in weak moans I speak to thee This night
Before the mornings dawn the Eagle calld the Vulture
The Raven calld the hawk I heard them from my forests black
Saying Let us go up far for soon I smell upon the wind
A terror coming from the South. The Eagle & Hawk fled away
At dawn & Eer the sun arose the raven & Vulture followd
Let us flee also to the north. They fled. The Sons of Men
Saw them depart in dismal droves. The trumpet sounded loud
And all the Sons of Eternity Descended into Beulah

In the fierce flames the limbs of Mystery lay consuming with howling
And deep despair. Rattling go up the flames around the Synagogue
Of Satan Loud the Serpent Orc ragd thro his twenty Seven
Folds. The tree of Mystery went up in folding flames
Blood issud out in mighty volumes pouring in whirlpools fierce
From out the flood gates of the Sky The Gates are burst down pour
The torrents black upon the Earth the blood pours down incessant
Kings in their palaces lie drownd Shepherds their flocks their tents
Roll down the mountains in black torrents Cities Villages
High spires & Castles drownd in the black deluge Shoal on Shoal
Float the dead carcasses of Men & Beasts driven to & fro on waves
Of foaming blood beneath the black incessant Sky till all
Mysterys tyrants are cut off & not one left on Earth

And when all Tyranny was cut off from the face of Earth
Around the Dragon form of Urizen & round his stony form
The flames rolling intense tho the wide Universe
Began to Enter the Holy City. Entring the dismal clouds
In furrowd lightnings break their way the wild flames liking upt
The Bloody Deluge living flames winged with intellect
And Reason round the Earth they march in order flame by flame
From the clotted gore & from the hollow den
Start forth the trembling millions into flames of mental fire
Bathing their Limbs in the bright visions of Eternity

Beyond this Universal Confusion beyond the remotest Pole
Where their vortexes begin to operate there stands
A Horrible rock far in the South it was forsaken when
Urizen gave the horses of Light into the hands of Luvah
On this rock lay the faded head of the Eternal Man
Enwrapped round with weeds of death pale cold in sorrow & woe
He lifts the blue lamps of his Eyes & cries with heavenly voice
Bowing his head over the consuming Universe he cried

O weakness & O weariness O war within my members
My sons exiled from my breast pass to & fro before me
My birds are silent on my hills flocks die beneath my branches
My tents are fallen my trumpets & the sweet sounds of my harp
Is silent on my clouded hills that belch forth storms & fires
My milk of cows & honey of bees & fruit of golden harvest
Are gatherd in the scorching heat & in the driving rain
My robe is turned to confusion & my bright gold to stones
Where once I sat. I weary walk in misery & pain
For from within my witherd breast grown narrow with my woes
The Corn is turnd to thistles & the apples into poison
The birds of song to murderous crows My joys to bitter groans

The voices of children in my tents to cries of helpless infants
And all exiled from the face of light & shine of morning
In this dark world a narrow house I wander up & down
I hear Mystery howling in these flames of Consummation
When shall the Man of future times become as in days of old
O weary life why sit I here & give up all my powers
To indolence to the night of death when indolence & mourning
Sit hovring over my dark threshold. tho I arise look out
And scorn the war within my members yet my heart is weak
And my head faint Yet will I look again unto the morning
Whence is this sound of rage of Men drinking each others blood
Drunk with the smoking gore & red but not with nourishing wine
The Eternal Man sat on the Rocks & cried with awful voice
O Prince of Light where art thou I behold thee not as once
In those Eternal fields in clouds of morning stepping forth
With harps & songs where bright Ahania sang before thy face
And all thy sons & daughters gathered round my ample table
See you not all this wracking furious confusion
Come forth from slumbers of thy cold abstraction come forth
Arise to Eternal births shake off thy cold repose
Schoolmaster of souls great opposer of change arise
That the Eternal worlds may see thy face in peace & joy
That thou dread form of Certainty maist sit in town & village
While little children play around thy feet in gentle awe
Fearing thy frown loving thy smile O Urizen Prince of light

He call'd the deep buried his voice & answer none return'd
Then wrath burst round the Eternal Man was wrath again he cried

Arise O stony form of death O dragon of the Deeps
Lie down before my feet O Dragon let Urizen arise
O how couldst thou deform those beautiful proportions
Of life & person for as the Person so is his life proportioned
Let Luvah rage in the dark deep even to Consummation
For if thou feedest not his rage it will subside in peace
But if thou darest obstinate refuse my stern behest
Thy crown & scepter I will seize & regulate all my members
In stern severity & cast thee out into the indefinite
Where nothing lives, there to wander. & if thou returnst weary
Weeping at the threshold of Existence I will steel my heart
Against thee to Eternity & never receive thee more
Thy self destroying beast formed Science shall be thy eternal lot
My anger against thee is greater than against this Luvah
For war is energy Enslaved but thy religion
The first author of this war & the distracting of honest minds
Into confused perturbation & strife & honour & pride
Is a deceit so detestable that I will cast thee out
If thou repentest not & leave thee as a rotten branch to be burnd
With Mystery the Harlot & with Satan for Ever & Ever
Error can never be redeemd in all Eternity
But Sin Even Rahab is redeemd in blood & fury & jealousy
That line of blood that stretchd across the windows of the morning
Redeemd from Errors power. Wake thou dragon of the Deeps

Urizen wept in the dark deep anxious his Scaly form
To reassume the human & he wept in the dark deep

Saying O that I had never drank the wine nor eat the bread
Of dark mortality nor cast my view into the futurity nor turnd
My back darkning the present clouding with a cloud
And building arches high & cities turrets & towers & domes
Whose smoke destroyd the pleasant garden & whose running Kennels
Chokd the bright rivers burdning with my Ships the angry deep
Thro Chaos seeking for delight & in spaces remote
Seeking the Eternal which is always present to the wise
Seeking for pleasure which unsought falls round the infants path
And on the fleeces of mild flocks who neither care nor labour
But I the labourer of ages whose unwearied hands
Are thus deformd with hardness with the sword & with the spear
And with the Chisel & the mallet I whose labours vast
Order the nations separating family by family
Alone enjoy not. I alone in misery supreme
Ungratified give all my joy unto this Luvah & Vala
Then Go O dark futurity I will cast thee forth from these
Heavens of my brain nor will I look upon futurity more
I cast futurity away & turn my back upon that void
Which I have made for lo futurity is in this moment
Let Orc consume let Tharmas rage let dark Urthona give
All strength to Los & Enitharmon & let Los self cursd
Rend down this fabric as a wall ruind & family extinct
Rage Orc Rage Tharmas Urizen no longer curbs your rage
So Urizen spoke he shook his snows from off his Shoulders & arose
As on a Pyramid of mist his white robes scattering
The fleecy white renewd he shook his aged mantles off
Into the fires Then glorious bright Exulting in his joy
He sounding rose into the heavens in naked majesty
In radiant Youth. when Lo like garlands in the Eastern sky
When vocal may comes dancing from the East Ahania came
Exulting in her flight as when a bubble rises up
On to the surface of a lake. Ahania rose in joy
Excess of Joy is worse than grief — her heart beat high her blood
Burst its bright Vessels She fell down dead at the feet of Urizen
Outstretched a Smiling corse they buried her in a silent cave
Urizen dropt a tear the Eternal Man Darkend with sorrow

The three daughters of Urizen guard Ahania's Death couch
Rising from the confusion in tears & howlings & despair
Calling upon their fathers Name upon their Rivers dark

And the Eternal Man Said Hear my words O Prince of Light

Behold Jerusalem in whose bosom the Lamb of God
Is seen tho slain before her Gates he self renewd remains
Eternal & I thro him awake from deaths dark vale
The times revolve the time is coming when all these delights
Shall be renewd & all these Elements that now consume
Shall refLOURISH. Then bright Ahania shall awake from death
A glorious Vision to thine Eyes a Self renewing Vision
The spring. the summer to be thine then sleep the wintry days
In silken garments spun by her own hands against her funeral
The winter thou shalt plow & lay thy stores into thy barns
Expecting to recieve Ahania in the spring with joy
Immortal thou. Regenerate She & all the lovely Sex
From her shall learn obedience & prepare for a wintry grave
That spring may see them rise in tenfold joy & sweet delight
Thus shall the male & female live the life of Eternity
Because the Lamb of God Creates himself a bride & wife
That we his Children evermore may live in Jerusalem
Which now descendeth out of heaven a City yet a Woman
Mother of myriads redeemd & born in her spiritual palaces
By a New Spiritual birth Regenerated from Death
Urizen said. I have Erred & my Error remains with me
What Chain encompasses in what Lock is the river of light confind
That issues forth in the morning by measure & the evening by carefulness
Where shall we take our stand to view the infinite & unbounded
Or where are human feet for Lo our eyes are in the heavens

He ceased for rivn link from link the bursting Universe explodes
All things reversed flew from their centers rattling bones
To bones Join, shaking convulsed the shivering clay breathes
Each speck of dust to the Earth’s center nestles round & round
In pangs of an Eternal Birth in torment & awe & fear
All spirits deceased let loose from reptile prisons come in shoals
Wild furies from the tyger’s brain & from the lions Eyes
And from the ox & ass come moping terrors. from the Eagle
And raven numerous as the leaves of autumn every species
Flock to the trumpet muttering over the sides of the grave & crying
In the fierce wind round heaving rocks & mountains filled with groans
On rifted rocks suspended in the air by inward fires
Many a woful company & many on clouds & waters
Fathers & friends Mothers & Infants Kings & Warriors
Priests & chain’d Captives met together in a horrible fear
And every one of the dead appears as he had lived before

And all the marks remain of the slaves scourge & tyrants Crown
And of the Priests oergorged Abdomen & of the merchants thin
Sinewy deception & of the warriors outbraving & thoughtlessness
In lineaments too extended & in bones too strait & long

They shew their wounds they accuse they seize the oppressor howlings began
On the golden palace Songs & joy on the desart the Cold babe
Stands in the furious air he cries the children of six thousand years
Who died in infancy rage furious a mighty multitude rage furious
Naked & pale standing on the expecting air to be delivered
Rend limb from limb the Warrior & the tyrant reuniting in pain
The furious wind still rends around they flee in sluggish effort
They beg they intreat in vain now they Listend not to intreaty
They view the flames red rolling on thro the wide universe
From the dark jaws of death beneath & desolate shores remote
These covering Vaults of heaven & these trembling globes of Earth
One Planet calls to another & one star enquires of another
What flames are these coming from the South what noise what dreadful rout
As of a battle in the heavens hark heard you not the trumpet
As of fierce battle While they spoke the flames come on intense roaring

They see him whom they have piercd they wail because of him
They magnify themselves no more against Jerusalem Nor
Against her little ones the innocent accused before the Judges
Shines with immortal Glory trembling the Judge springs from his throne
Hiding his face in the dust beneath the prisoners feet & saying
Brother of Jesus what have I done intreat thy lord for me
Perhaps I may be forgiven While he speaks the flames roll on

And after the flames appears the Cloud of the Son of Man
Descending from Jerusalem with power and great Glory
All nations look up to the Cloud & behold him who was Crucified

The Prisoner answers you scourgd my father to death before my face
While I stood bound with cords & heavy chains. your hipocrisy
Shall now avail you nought. So speaking he dashd him with his foot

The Cloud is Blood dazling upon the heavens & in the cloud
Above upon its volumes is beheld a throne & a pavement
Of precious stones. surrounded by twenty four venerable patriarchs
And these again surrounded by four Wonders of the Almighty
Incomprehensible. pervading all amidst & round about
Fourfold each in the other reflected they are named Life’s in Eternity
Four Starry Universes going forward from Eternity to Eternity
And the Falln Man who was arisen upon the Rock of Ages

Beheld the Vision of God & he arose up from the Rock
And Urizen arose up with him walking thro the flames
To meet the Lord coming to Judgment but the flames repelld them
Still to the Rock in vain they strove to Enter the Consummation Together for the Redeemd Man could not enter the Consummation

Then siezd the Sons of Urizen the Plow they polishd it From rust of ages all its ornaments of Gold & silver & ivory Reshone across the field immense where all the nations Darkend like Mould in the divided fallows where the weed Triumphs in its own destruction they took down the harness From the blue walls of heaven starry jingling ornamented With beautiful art the study of angels the workmanship of Demons When Heaven & Hell in Emulation strove in sports of Glory

The noise of rural work resounded thro the heavens of heavens The horses neigh from the battle the wild bulls from the sultry waste The tygers from the forests & the lions from the sandy desarts They Sing they sieze the instruments of harmony they throw away

The spear the bow the gun the mortar they level the fortifications They beat the iron engines of destruction into wedges They give them to Urthonas Sons ringing the hammers sound In dens of death to forge the spade the mattock & the ax The heavy roller to break the clods to pass over the nations

The Sons of Urizen Shout Their father rose The Eternal horses Harnessd They calld to Urizen the heavens moved at their call The limbs of Urizen shone with ardor. He laid his hand on the Plow Thro dismal darkness drave the Plow of ages over Cities And all their Villages over Mountains & all their Vallies Over the graves & caverns of the dead. Over the Planets And over the void Spaces over Sun & moon & star & constellation

Then Urizen commanded & they brought the Seed of Men The trembling souls of All the Dead stood before Urizen Weak wailing in the troubled air East west & north & south

He turnd the horses loose & laid his Plow in the northern corner Of the wide Universal field. then Stepd forth into the immense
Then he began to sow the seed he girded round his loins 
With a bright girdle & his skirt filld with immortal souls 
Howling & Wailing fly the souls from Urizens strong hand

For from the hand of Urizen the myriads fall like stars 
Into their own appointed places driven back by the winds 
The naked warriors rush together down to the sea shores 
They are become like wintry flocks like forests stripd of leaves 
The Kings & Princes of the Earth cry with a feeble cry 
Driven on the unproducing sands & on the hardend rocks 
And all the while the flames of Orc follow the ventrous feet 
Of Urizen & all the while the Trump of Tharmas sounds 
Weeping & wailing fly the souls from Urizens strong hand 
The daughters of Urizen stand with Cups & measures of foaming wine 
Immense upon the heavens with bread & delicate repasts

Then follows the golden harrow in the midst of Mental fires 
To ravishing melody of flutes & harps & softest voice 
The seed is harrowd in while flames heat the black mould & cause 
The human harvest to begin Towards the south first sprang 
The myriads & in silent fear they look out from their graves

Then Urizen sits down to rest & all his wearied Sons 
Take their repose on beds they drink they sing they view the flames 
Of Orc in joy they view the human harvest springing up 
A time they give to sweet repose till all the harvest is ripe

And Lo like the harvest Moon Ahania cast off her death clothes 
She folded them up in care in silence & her brightning limbs 
Bathd in the clear spring of the rock then from her darksom cave 
Issud in majesty divine. Urizen rose up from his couch 
On wings of tenfold joy clapping his hands his feet his radiant wings 
In the immense as when the Sun dances upon the mountains 
A shout of jubilee in lovely notes responding from daughter to daughter 
From son to Son as if the Stars beaming innumerable 
Thro night should sing soft warbling filling Earth & heaven
And bright Ahania took her seat by Urizen in songs & joy

The Eternal Man also sat down upon the Couches of Beulah
Sorrowful that he could not put off his new risen body
In mental flames the flames refusd they drove him back to Beulah
His body was redeemd to be permanent thro Mercy Divine

And now fierce Orc had quite consumd himself in Mental flames
Expending all his energy against the fuel of fire
The Regenerate Man stoopd his head over the Universe & in
His holy hands recievd the flaming Demon & Demoness of Smoke
And gave them to Urizens hands the Immortal frownd Saying

Luvah & Vala henceforth you are Servants obey & live
You shall forget your former state return O Love in peace
Into your place the place of seed not in the brain or heart
If Gods combine against Man Setting their Dominion above
The Human form Divine. Thrown down from their high Station
In the Eternal heavens of Human Imagination: buried beneath
In dark oblivion with incessant pangs ages on ages
In Enmity & war first weekend then in stern repentance
They must renew their brightness & their disorganizd functions
Again reorganize till they resume the image of the human
Cooperating in the bliss of Man obeying his Will
Servants to the infinite & Eternal of the Human form

Luvah & Vala descended & enterd the Gates of Dark Urthona
And walkd from the hands of Urizen in the shadows of Valas Garden
Where the impressions of Despair & Hope for ever vegetate
In flowers in fruits in fishes birds & beasts & clouds & waters
The land of doubts & shadows sweet delusions unformd hopes
They saw no more the terrible confusion of the wracking universe
They heard not saw not felt not all the terrible confusion
For in their orbed senses within closd up they wanderd at will
And those upon the Couches viewd them in the dreams of Beulah
As they reposd from the terrible wide universal harvest
Invisible Luvah in bright clouds hoverd over Valas head
And thus their ancient golden age renewd for Luvah spoke
With voice mild from his golden Cloud upon the breath of morning
Come forth O Vala from the grass & from the silent Dew
Rise from the dews of death for the Eternal Man is Risen

She rises among flowers & looks toward the Eastern clearness
She walks yea runs her feet are wingd on the tops of the bending grass
Her garments rejoice in the vocal wind & her hair glistens with dew

She answerd thus Whose voice is this in the voice of the nourishing air
In the spirit of the morning awaking the Soul from its grassy bed

Where dost thou dwell for it is thee I seek & but for thee
I must have slept Eternally nor have felt the dew of thy morning
Look how the opening dawn advances with vocal harmony
Look how the beams foreshew the rising of some glorious power
The sun is thine he goeth forth in his majestic brightness
O thou creating voice that callest & who shall answer thee

Where dost thou flee O fair one where dost thou seek thy happy place
To yonder brightness there I haste for sure I came from thence
Or I must have slept eternally nor have felt the dew of morning

Eternally thou must have slept nor have felt the morning dew
But for yon nourishing sun tis that by which thou art arisen
The birds adore the sun the beasts rise up & play in his beams
And every flower & every leaf rejoices in his light
Then O thou fair one sit thee down for thou art as the grass
Thou risest in the dew of morning & at night art folded up

Alas am I but as a flower then will I sit me down
Then will I weep then Ill complain & sigh for immortality
And chide my maker thee O Sun that raisedst me to fall

So saying she sat down & wept beneath the apple trees
O be thou blotted out thou Sun that raisedst me to trouble
That gavest me a heart to crave & raisedst me thy phantom
To feel thy heat & see thy light & wander here alone
Hopeless if I am like the grass & so shall pass away

Rise sluggish Soul why sitst thou here why dost thou sit & weep
Yon Sun shall wax old & decay but thou shalt ever flourish
The fruit shall ripen & fall down & the flowers consume away
But thou shalt still survive arise O dry thy dewy tears

Hah! Shall I still survive whence came that sweet & comforting voice
And whence that voice of sorrow O sun thou art nothing now to me
Go on thy course rejoicing & let us both rejoice together
I walk among his flocks & hear the bleating of his lambs
O that I could behold his face & follow his pure feet
I walk by the footsteps of his flocks come hither tender flocks
Can you converse with a pure Soul that seeketh for her maker
You answer not then am I set your mistress in this garden
I'll watch you & attend your footsteps you are not like the birds

That sing & fly in the bright air but you do lick my feet
And let me touch your wooly backs follow me as I sing
For in my bosom a new song arises to my Lord

Rise up O Sun most glorious minister & light of day
Flow on ye gentle airs & bear the voice of my rejoicing
Wave freshly clear waters flowing around the tender grass
And thou sweet smelling ground put forth thy life in fruits & flowers
Follow me O my flocks & hear me sing my rapturous Song
I will cause my voice to be heard on the clouds that glitter in the sun
I will call & who shall answer me I will sing who shall reply
For from my pleasant hills behold the living living springs
Running among my green pastures delighting among my trees
I am not here alone my flocks you are my brethren
And you birds that sing & adorn the sky you are my sisters
I sing & you reply to my Song I rejoice & you are glad
Follow me O my flocks we will now descend into the valley
O how delicious are the grapes flourishing in the sun
How clear the spring of the rock running among the golden sand
How cool the breezes of the valley & the arms of the branching trees
Cover us from the sun come & let us sit in the Shade
My Luvah here hath placed me in a Sweet & pleasant Land
And given me fruits & pleasant waters & warm hills & cool valleys
Here will I build myself a house & here I'll call on his name
Here I'll return when I am weary & take my pleasant rest

So spoke the Sinless Soul & laid her head on the downy fleece
Of a curled Ram who stretched himself in sleep beside his mistress
And soft sleep fell upon her eyelids, in the silent noon of day

Then Luvah passed by & saw the sinless Soul
And said Let a pleasant house arise to be the dwelling place
Of this immortal Spirit growing in lower Paradise
He spoke & pillars were builded & walls as white as ivory
The grass she slept upon was paved with pavement as of pearl
Beneath her rose a downy bed & a ceiling covered all

Vala awoke. When in the pleasant gates of sleep I entered
I saw my Luvah like a spirit stand in the bright air
Round him stood spirits like me who reared me a bright house
And here I see thee house remain in my most pleasant world

My Luvah smiled I kneeled down he laid his hand on my head
And when he laid his hand upon me from the gates of sleep I came
Into this bodily house to tend my flocks in my pleasant garden

So saying she arose & walked round her beautiful house
And then from her white door she looked to see her bleating lambs
But her flocks were gone up from beneath the trees into the hills

I see the hand that leadeth me doth also lead my flocks
She went up to her flocks & turned oft to see her shining house
She stopped to drink of the clear spring & eat the grapes & apples
She bore the fruits in her lap she gathered flowers for her bosom
She called to her flocks saying follow me o my flocks

They followd her to the silent vally beneath the spreading trees
And on the rivers margin she ungirded her golden girdle
She stood in the river & viewd herself within the watry glass
And her bright hair was wet with the waters She rose up from the river
And as she rose her Eyes were opend to the world of waters
She saw Tharmas sitting upon the rocks beside the wavy sea
He stroked the water from his beard & mourned faint thro the summer vales

And Vala stood on the rocks of Tharmas & heard his mournful voice

O Enion my weary head is in the bed of death
For weeds of death have wrapd around my limbs in the hoary deeps
I sit in the place of shells & mourn & thou art closd in clouds
When will the time of Clouds be past & the dismal night of Tharmas
Arise O Enion Arise & smile upon my head
As thou dost smile upon the barren mountains and they rejoice
When wilt thou smile on Tharmas O thou bringer of golden day
Arise O Enion arise for Lo I have calmd my seas

So saying his faint head he laid upon the Oozy rock
And darkness coverd all the deep the light of Enion faded
Like a faint flame quivering upon the surface of the darkness

Then Vala lifted up her hands to heaven to call on Enion
She called but none could answer her & the Echo of her voice returnd

Where is the voice of God that called me from the silent dew
Where is the Lord of Vala dost thou hide in clefts of the rock
Why shouldst thou hide thyself from Vala from the soul that wanders desolate

She ceas’d & light beamd round her like the glory of the morning

And She arose out of the river & girded her golden girdle

And now her feet step on the grassy bosom of the ground
Among her flocks & she turnd her eyes toward her pleasant house
And saw in the door way beneath the trees two little children playing
She drew near to her house & her flocks followd her footsteps
The Children clung around her knees she embracd them & wept over them

Thou little Boy art Tharmas & thou bright Girl Enion
How are ye thus renewd & brought into the Gardens of Vala
She embracd them in tears, till the sun descended the western hills
And then she enterd her bright house leading her mighty children
And when night came the flocks laid round the house beneath the trees
She laid the Children on the beds which she saw prepard in the house
Then last herself laid down & closd her Eyelids in soft slumbers

And in the morning when the Sun arose in the crystal sky
Vala awoke & calld the children from their gentle slumbers

Awake O Enion awake & let thine innocent Eyes
Enlighten all the Crystal house of Vala awake awake
Awake Tharmas awake awake thou child of dewy tears
Open the orbs of thy blue eyes & smile upon my gardens

The Children woke & smild on Vala. she kneeld by the golden couch
She presd them to her bosom & her pearly tears dropd down
O my sweet Children Enion let Tharmas kiss thy Cheek
Why dost thou turn thyself away from his sweet watry eyes
Tharmas henceforth in Valas bosom thou shalt find sweet peace
O bless the lovely eyes of Tharmas & the Eyes of Enion

They rose they went out wandring sometimes together sometimes alone
Why weepest thou Tharmas Child of tears in the bright house of joy
Doth Enion avoid the sight of thy blue heavenly Eyes
And dost thou wander with my lambs & wet their innocent faces
With thy bright tears because the steps of Enion are in the gardens
Arise sweet boy & let us follow the path of Enion

So saying they went down into the garden among the fruits
And Enion sang among the flowers that grew among the trees
And Vala said Go Tharmas weep not Go to Enion

He said O Vala I am sick & all this garden of Pleasure
Swims like a dream before my eyes but the sweet smelling fruit
Revives me to new deaths I fade even like a water lilly
In the suns heat till in the night on the couch of Enion
I drink new life & feel the breath of sleeping Enion
But in the morning she arises to avoid my Eyes
Then my loins fade & in the house I sit me down & weep

Chear up thy Countenance bright boy & go to Enion
Tell her that Vala waits her in the shadows of her garden

He went with timid steps & Enion like the ruddy morn
When infant spring appears in swelling buds & opening flowers
Behind her Veil withdraws so Enion turnd her modest head

But Tharmas spoke Vala seeks thee sweet Enion in the shades
Follow the steps of Tharmas, O thou brightness of the gardens
He took her hand reluctant she followd in infant doubts

Thus in Eternal Childhood straying among Valas flocks
In infant sorrow & joy alternate Enion & Tharmas playd
Round Vala in the Gardens of Vala & by her rivers margin
They are the shadows of Tharmas & of Enion in Valas world
And the sleepers who rested from their harvest work beheld these visions
Thus were the sleepers entertaind upon the Couches of Beulah

When Luvah & Vala were closd up in their world of shadowy forms
Darkness was all beneath the heavens only a little light
Such as glows out from sleeping spirits appeard in the deeps beneath
As when the wind sweeps over a Corn field the noise of souls
Thro all the immense borne down by Clouds swagging in autumnal heat
Muttering along from heaven to heaven hoarse roll the human forms
Beneath thick clouds dreadful lightnings burst & thunders roll
Down pour the torrent Floods of heaven on all the human harvest
Then Urizen sitting at his repose on beds in the bright South
Cried Times are Ended he Exulted he arose in joy he exulted
He pour'd his light & all his Sons & daughters pour'd their light
To exhale the spirits of Luvah & Vala thro' the atmosphere
And Luvah & Vala saw the Light their spirits were Exhald
In all their ancient innocence the floods depart the clouds
Dissipate or sink into the Seas of Tharmas Luvah sat
Above on the bright heavens in peace. the Spirits of Men beneath
Cried out to be deliver'd & the Spirit of Luvah wept
Over the human harvest & over Vala the sweet wanderer
In pain the human harvest wav'd in horrible groans of woe
The Universal Groan went up the Eternal Man was Darkend

Then Urizen arose & took his Sickle in his hand
There is a brazen sickle & a scythe of iron hid
Deep in the South guarded by a few solitary stars
This sickle Urizen took the scythe his sons embracd
And went forth & began to reap & all his joyful sons
Reapd the wide Universe & bound in Sheaves a wondrous harvest
They took them into the wide barns with loud rejoicings & triumph
Of flute & harp & drum & trumpet horn & clarion

The feast was spread in the bright South & the Regenerate Man
Sat at the feast rejoicing & the wine of Eternity
Was serv'd round by the flames of Luvah all Day & all the Night
And when Morning began to dawn upon the distant hills
A whirlwind rose up in the Center & in the Whirlwind a Shriek
And in the Shriek a rattling of bones & in the rattling of bones
A dolorous groan & from the dolorous groan in tears
Rose Enion like a gentle light & Enion spoke saying

O Dreams of Death the human form dissolving companied
By beasts & worms & creeping things & darkness & despair
The clouds fall off from my wet brow the dust from my cold limbs
Into the Sea of Tharmas Soon renewd a Golden Moth
I shall cast off my death clothes & Embrace Tharmas again
For Lo the winter melted away upon the distant hills
And all the black mould sings. She speaks to her infant race her milk
Descends down on the sand. the thirsty sand drinks & rejoices
Wondering to behold the Emmet the Grasshopper the jointed worm
The roots shoot thick thro the solid rocks bursting their way
They cry out in joys of existence. the broad stems
Rear on the mountains stem after stem the scaly newt creeps
From the stone & the armed fly springs from the rocky crevice
The spider. The bat burst from the hardend slime crying
To one another What are we & whence is our joy & delight
Lo the little moss begins to spring & the tender weed
Creeps round our secret nest. Flocks brighten the Mountains
Herds throng up the Valley wild beasts fill the forests

Joy thirld thro all the Furious form of Tharmas humanizing
Mild he Embracd her whom he sought he raisd her thro the heavens
Sounding his trumpet to awake the dead on high he soard
Over the ruind worlds the smoking tomb of the Eternal Prophet

The Eternal Man arose He welcomd them to the Feast
The feast was spread in the bright South & the Eternal Man
Sat at the feast rejoicing & the wine of Eternity
Was servd round by the flames of Luvah all day & all the night
And Many Eternal Men sat at the golden feast to see
The female form now separate They shudderd at the horrible thing
Not born for the sport and amusement of Man but born to drink up all his powers
They wept to see their shadows they said to one another this is Sin
This is the Generative world they rememberd the Days of old

And One of the Eternals spoke All was silent at the feast

Man is a Worm wearied with joy he seeks the caves of sleep
Among the Flowers of Beulah in his selfish cold repose
Forsaking Brotherhood & Universal love in selfish clay
Folding the pure wings of his mind seeking the places dark
Abstracted from the roots of Science then inclosd around
In walls of Gold we cast him like a Seed into the Earth
Till times & spaces have passd over him duly every morn
We visit him covering with a Veil the immortal seed
With windows from the inclement sky we cover him & with walls
And hearths protect the Selfish terror till divided all
In families we see our shadows born & thence we know
That Man subsists by Brotherhood & Universal Love
We fall on one anothers necks more closely we embrace

Not for ourselves but for the Eternal family we live
Man liveth not by Self alone but in his brothers face
Each shall behold the Eternal Father & love & joy abound

So spoke the Eternal at the Feast they embracd the New born Man
Calling him Brother image of the Eternal Father. they sat down
At the immortal tables sounding loud their instruments of joy
Calling the Morning into Beulah the Eternal Man rejoiced

When Morning dawnd The Eternals rose to labour at the Vintage
Beneath they saw their sons & daughters wondering inconceivable
At the dark myriads in Shadows in the worlds beneath

The morning dawnd Urizen rose & in his hand the Flail
Sounds on the Floor heard terrible by all beneath the heavens
Dismal loud redounding the nether floor shakes with the sound

And all Nations were threshed out & the stars threshd from their husks

Then Tharmas took the Winnowing fan the winnowing wind furious
Above veerd round by the violent whirlwind driven west & south
Tossed the Nations like Chaff into the seas of Tharmas

O Mystery Fierce Tharmas cries Behold thy end is come
Art thou she that made the nations drunk with the cup of Religion
Go down ye Kings & Councillors & Giant Warriors
Go down into the depths go down & hide yourselves beneath
Go down with horse & Chariots & Trumpets of hoarse war

Lo how the Pomp of Mystery goes down into the Caves
Her great men howl & throw the dust & rend their hoary hair
Her delicate women & children shriek upon the bitter wind
Spoiled of their beauty their hair rent & their skin shriveled up
Lo darkness covers the long pomp of banners on the wind
And black horses & armed men & miserable bound captives
Where shall the graves receive them all & where shall be their place
And who shall mourn for Mystery who never loosed her Captives
Let the slave grinding at the mill run out into the field
Let him look up into the heavens & laugh in the bright air
Let the inchain'd soul shut up in darkness & in sighing
Whose face has never seen a smile in thirty weary years
Rise & look out his chains are loose his dungeon doors are open
And let his wife & children return from the oppressor's scourge
They look behind at every step & believe it is a dream
Are these the Slaves that groan along the streets of Mystery
Where are your bonds & task masters are these the prisoners
Where are your chains where are your tears why do you look around
If you are thirsty there is the river go bathe your parched limbs
The good of all the Land is before you for Mystery is no more

Then All the Slaves from every Earth in the wide Universe
Sing a New Song drowning confusion in its happy notes
While the flail of Urizen sounded long & the winnowing wind of Tharmas
So loud so clear in the wide heavens & the song that they sung was this
Composed by an African Black from the little Earth of Sotha

Aha Aha how came I here so soon in my sweet native land
How came I here Methinks I am as I was in my youth

When in my father's house I sat & heard his cheering voice
Methinks I see his flocks & herds & feel my limbs renew'd
And Lo my Brethren in their tents & their little ones around them

The song arose to the Golden feast the Eternal Man rejoiced
Then the Eternal Man said Luvah the Vintage is ripe arise
The sons of Urizen shall gather the vintage with sharp hooks
And all thy sons O Luvah bear away the families of Earth
I hear the flail of Urizen his barns are full no room
Remains & in the Vineyards stand the abounding sheaves beneath
The falling Grapes that odorous burst upon the winds. Arise
My flocks & herds trample the Corn my cattle browse upon
The ripe Clusters The shepherds shout for Luvah prince of Love
Let the Bulls of Luvah tread the Corn & draw the loaded waggon
Into the Barn while children glean the Ears around the door
Then shall they lift their innocent hands & stroke his furious nose
And he shall lick the little girls white neck & on her head
Scatter the perfume of his breath while from his mountains high
The lion of terror shall come down & bending his bright mane
And couching at their side shall eat from the curld boys white lap
His golden food and in the evening sleep before the door

Attempting to be more than Man We become less said Luvah
As he arose from the bright feast drunk with the wine of ages
His crown of thorns fell from his head he hung his living Lyre
Behind the seat of the Eternal Man & took his way
Sounding the Song of Los descending to the Vineyards bright
His sons arising from the feast with golden baskets follow
A fiery train as when the Sun sings in the ripe vineyards
Then Luvah stood before the wine press all his fiery sons
Brought up the loaded Waggons with shoutings ramping tygers play
In the jingling traces furious lions sound the song of joy
To the golden wheels circling upon the pavement of heaven & all
The Villages of Luvah ring the golden tiles of the villages
Reply to violins & tabors to the pipe flute lyre & cymbal
Then fell the Legions of Mystery in maddning confusion
Down Down thro the immense with outcry fury & despair
Into the wine presses of Luvah howling fell the Clusters
Of human families thro the deep. the wine presses were filld
The blood of life flowd plentiful Odors of life arose
All round the heavenly arches & the Odors rose singing this song

O terrible wine presses of Luvah O caverns of the Grave
How lovely the delights of those risen again from death
O trembling joy excess of joy is like Excess of grief
So sang the Human Odors round the wine presses of Luvah

But in the Wine presses is wailing terror & despair
Forsaken of their Elements they vanish & are no more
No more but a desire of Being a distracted ravening desire
Desiring like the hungry worm & like the gaping grave
They plunge into the Elements the Elements cast them forth
Or else consume their shadowy semblance Yet they obstinate
Tho pained to distraction Cry O let us Exist for
This dreadful Non Existence is worse than pains of Eternal Birth
Eternal Death who can Endure. let us consume in fires
In waters stifling or in air corroding or in earth shut up
The Pangs of Eternal birth are better than the Pangs of Eternal Death

How red the Sons & daughters of Luvah how they tread the Grapes
Laughing & shouting drunk with odors many fall oerwearied
Drownd in the wine is many a youth & maiden those around
Lay them on skins of tygers or the spotted Leopard or wild Ass
Till they revive or bury them in cool Grots making lamentation

But in the Wine Presses the Human Grapes Sing not nor dance
They howl & writhe in shoals of torment in fierce flames consuming
In chains of iron & in dungeons circled with ceaseless fires
In pits & dens & shades of death in shapes of torment & woe
The Plates the Screws and Racks & Saws & cords & fires & floods
The cruel joy of Luvahs daughters lacerating with knives
And whips their Victims & the deadly sports of Luvahs sons

Timbrels & Violins sport round the Wine Presses The little Seed
The Sportive root the Earthworm the small beetle the wise Emmet
Dance round the Wine Presses of Luvah. the Centipede is there
The ground Spider with many Eyes the Mole clothed in Velvet
The Earwig armd the tender maggot emblem of Immortality
The Slow Slug the grasshopper that sings & laughs & drinks
The winter comes he folds his slender bones without a murmur
There is the Nettle that stings with soft down & there
The indignant Thistle whose bitterness is bred in his milk
And who lives on the contempt of his neighbour there all the idle weeds
That creep about the obscure places shew their various limbs
Naked in all their beauty dancing round the Wine Presses
They Dance around the Dying & they Drink the howl & groan
They catch the Shrieks in cups of gold they hand them to one another
These are the sports of love & these the sweet delights of amorous play
Tears of the grapes the death sweat of the Cluster the last sigh
Of the mild youth who listens to the luring songs of Luvah

The Eternal Man darkend with Sorrow & a wintry mantle
Coverd the Hills He said O Tharmas rise & O Urthona

Then Tharmas & Urthona rose from the Golden feast satiated
With Mirth & Joy Urthona limping from his fall on Tharmas leand
In his right hand his hammer Tharmas held his Shepherds crook
Beset with gold gold were the ornaments formd by sons of Urizen

Then Enion & Ahania & Vala & the wife of Dark Urthona
Rose from the feast in joy ascending to their Golden Looms
There the wingd shuttle Sang the spindle & the distaff & the Reel
Rang sweet the praise of industry. Thro all the golden rooms
Heaven rang with winged Exultation All beneath howld loud
With tenfold rout & desolation roard the Chasms beneath
Where the wide woof flowd down & where the Nations are gatherd together

Tharmas went down to the Wine presses & beheld the sons & daughters
Of Luvah quite exhausted with the Labour & quite filld
With new wine. that they began to torment one another and to tread
The weak. Luvah & Vala slept on the floor o’erwearied
Urthona calld his Sons around him Tharmas calld his sons
Numrous. they took the wine they separated the Lees
And Luvah was put for dung on the ground by the Sons of Tharmas & Urthona
They formed heavens of sweetest woods of gold & silver & ivory
Of glass & precious stones They loaded all the waggons of heaven
And took away the wine of ages with solemn songs & joy

Luvah & Vala woke & all the sons & daughters of Luvah
Awoke they wept to one another & they reascended
To the Eternal Man in woe he cast them wailing into
The world of shadows thro the air till winter is over & gone

But the Human Wine stood wondering in all their delightful Expanses
The Elements subside the heavens rolld on with vocal harmony

Then Los who is Urthona rose in all his regenerate power
The Sea that rolld & foamd with darkness & the shadows of death
Vomited out & gave up all the floods lift up their hands
Singing & shouting to the Man they bow their hoary heads
And murmuring in their channels flow & circle round his feet

Then Dark Urthona took the Corn out of the Stores of Urizen
He ground it in his rumbling Mills Terrible the distress
Of all the Nations of Earth ground in the Mills of Urthona
In his hand Tharmas takes the Storms. he turns the whirlwind Loose
Upon the wheels the stormy seas howl at his dread command
And Eddying fierce rejoice in the fierce agitation of the wheels
Of Dark Urthona Thunders Earthquakes Fires Water floods
Rejoice to one another loud their voices shake the Abyss
Their dread forms tending the dire mills The grey hoar frost was there
And his pale wife the aged Snow they watch over the fires
They build the Ovens of Urthona Nature in darkness groans
And Men are bound to sullen contemplations in the night
Restless they turn on beds of sorrow. in their inmost brain
Feeling the crushing Wheels they rise they write the bitter words
Of Stern Philosophy & knead the bread of knowledge with tears & groans

Such are the works of Dark Urthona Tharmas sifted the corn
Urthona made the Bread of Ages & he placed it
In golden & in silver baskets in heavens of precious stone
And then took his repose in Winter in the night of Time

The Sun has left his blackness & has found a fresher morning
And the mild moon rejoices in the clear & cloudless night
And Man walks forth from midst of the fires the evil is all consumd
His eyes behold the Angelic spheres arising night & day
The stars consumd like a lamp blown out & in their stead behold
The Expanding Eyes of Man behold the depths of wondrous worlds
One Earth one sea beneath nor Erring Globes wander but Stars
Of fire rise up nightly from the Ocean & one Sun
Each morning like a New born Man issues with songs & Joy
Calling the Plowman to his Labour & the Shepherd to his rest
He walks upon the Eternal Mountains raising his heavenly voice
Conversing with the Animal forms of wisdom night & day
That risen from the Sea of fire renewd walk oer the Earth

For Tharmas brought his flocks upon the hills & in the Vales
Around the Eternal Mans bright tent the little Children play
Among the wooly flocks The hammer of Urthona sounds
In the deep caves beneath his limbs renewd his Lions roar
Around the Furnaces & in the Evening sport upon the plains
They raise their faces from the Earth conversing with the Man

How is it we have walkd thro fires & yet are not consumd
How is it that all things are changd even as in ancient times

The Sun arises from his dewy bed & the fresh airs
Play in his smiling beams giving the seeds of life to grow
And the fresh Earth beams forth ten thousand thousand springs of life
Urthona is arisen in his strength no longer now
Divided from Enitharmon no longer the Spectre Los
Where is the Spectre of Prophecy where the delusive Phantom

Departed & Urthona rises from the ruinous walls
In all his ancient strength to form the golden armour of science
For intellectual War The war of swords departed now
The dark Religions are departed & sweet Science reigns

END OF THE DREAM
MILTON

(Engraved 1804–1809)

A Poem in 2 Books

To Justify the Ways of God to Men.

PREFACE

The Stolen and Perverted Writings of Homer & Ovid, of Plato & Cicero, which all Men ought to contemn, are set up by artifice against the Sublime of the Bible: but when the New Age is at leisure to Pronounce, all will be set right & those Grand Works of the more ancient & consciously & professedly Inspired Men will hold their proper rank & the Daughters of Memory shall become the Daughters of Inspiration. Shakspeare & Milton were both curb’d by the general malady & infection from the silly Greek & Latin slaves of the Sword. Rouze up O Young Men of the New Age! Set your foreheads against the ignorant Hirelings! For we have Hirelings in the Camp, the Court, & the University: who would if they could for ever depress Mental & prolong Corporeal War. Painters! on you I call. Sculptors! Architects! Suffer not the fashionable Fools to depress your powers by the prices they pretend to give for contemptible works or the expensive advertizing boasts that they make of such works; believe Christ & his Apostles that there is a Class of Men whose whole delight is in Destroying. We do not want either Greek or Roman Models if we are but just & true to our own Imaginations, those Worlds of Eternity in which we shall live for ever; in Jesus our Lord.

And did those feet in ancient time.
Walk upon England’s mountains green:
And was the holy Lamb of God.
On England’s pleasant pastures seen!
And did the Countenance Divine.
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here.
Among these dark Satanic Mills?

Bring me my Bow of burning gold:
Bring me my Arrows of desire:
Bring me my Spear: O clouds unfold:
Bring me my Chariot of fire:

I will not cease from Mental Fight.
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand:
Till we have built Jerusalem.
In England’s green & pleasant Land.

Would to God that all the Lord’s people were Prophets.
Numbers, xi.ch 29.v
Daughters of Beulah! Muses who inspire the Poet’s Song
Record the journey of immortal Milton thro’ your Realms
Of terror & mild moony lustre, in soft sexual delusions
Of varied beauty, to delight the wanderer and repose
His burning thirst & freezing hunger! Come into my hand
By your mild power; descending down the Nerves of my right arm
From out the Portals of my Brain, where by your ministry
The Eternal Great Humanity Divine planted his Paradise,
And in it caus’d the Spectres of the Dead to take sweet forms
In likeness of himself. Tell also of the False Tongue! vegetated
Beneath your land of shadows; of its sacrifices, and
Its offerings; even till Jesus, the image of the Invisible God
Became its prey; a curse, an offering, and an atonement.
For Death Eternal in the heavens of Albion, & before the Gates
Of Jerusalem his Emanation, in the heavens beneath Beulah

Say first! what mov’d Milton, who walk’d about in Eternity
One hundred years, pond’ring the intricate mazes of Providence
Unhappy tho’ in heav’n, he obey’d, he murmur’d not, he was silent
Viewing his Sixfold Emanation scatter’d thro’ the deep
In torment: To go into the deep her to redeem & himself perish?
That cause at length mov’d Milton to this unexampled deed
A Bard’s prophetic Song! for sitting at eternal tables.
Terrific among the Sons of Albion, in chorus solemn & loud
A Bard broke forth: all sat attentive to the awful man.

Mark well my words! they are of your eternal salvation;

Three Classes are Created by the Hammer of Los, & Woven
By Enitharmons Looms when Albion was slain upon his Mountains
And in his Tent. thro envy of Living Form. even of the Divine Vision
And of the sports of Wisdom in the Human Imagination
Which is the Divine Body of the Lord Jesus. blessed for ever.
Mark well my words. they are of your eternal salvation:
Urizen lay in darkness & solitude. in chains of the mind lock’d up
Los siezd his Hammer & Tongs; he labourd at his resolute Anvil
Among indefinite Druid rocks & snows of doubt & reasoning.

Refusing all Definite Form. the Abstract Horror roofd. stony hard
And a first Age passed over & a State of dismal woe:

Down sunk with fright a red round Globe hot burning. deep
Deep down into the Abyss. panting: conglobing: trembling
And a second Age passed over & a State of dismal woe.

Rolling round into two little Orbs & closed in two little Caves
The Eyes beheld the Abyss: lest bones of solidness freeze over all
And a third Age passed over & a State of dismal woe

From beneath his Orbs of Vision. Two Ears in close volutions
Shot spiring out in the deep darkness & petrified as they grew
And a fourth Age passed over & a State of dismal woe

Hanging upon the wind. Two Nostrils bent down into the Deep
And a fifth Age passed over & a State of dismal woe

In ghastly torment sick. a Tongue of hunger & thirst flamed out
And a sixth Age passed over & a State of dismal woe.

Enraged & stifled without & within: in terror & woe. he threw his
Right Arm to the north. his left Arm to the south. & his Feet
Stampd the nether Abyss in trembling & howling & dismay
And a seventh Age passed over & a State of dismal woe.

Terrified Los stood in the Abyss & his immortal limbs
Grew deadly pale; he became what he beheld; for a red
Round Globe sunk down from his Bosom into the Deep in pangs
He hoverd over it trembling & weeping. suspended it shook
The nether Abyss in tremblings. he wept over it. he cherish’d it
In deadly sickening pain: till separated into a Female pale
As the cloud that brings the snow; all the while from his Back
A blue fluid exuded in Sinews hardening in the Abyss
Till it separated into a Male Form howling in Jealousy

Within labouring. beholding Without: from Particulars to Generals
Subduing his Spectre. they Builded the Looms of Generation
They Builded Great Golgonooza Times on Times Ages on Ages
First Orc was Born then the Shadowy Female: then All Los’s Family
At last Enitharmon brought forth Satan Refusing Form. in vain
The Miller of Eternity made subservient to the Great Harvest
That he may go to his own Place Prince of the Starry Wheels

Beneath the Plow of Rintrah & the Harrow of the Almighty
In the hands of Palamabron. Where the Starry Mills of Satan
Are built beneath the Earth & Waters of the Mundane Shell
Here the Three Classes of Men take their Sexual texture Woven
The Sexual is Threefold: the Human is Fourfold.

If you account it Wisdom when you are angry to be silent. and
Not to shew it: I do not account that Wisdom but Folly.
Every Mans Wisdom is peculiar to his own Individiality
O Satan my youngest born, art thou not Prince of the Starry Hosts
And of the Wheels of Heaven. to turn the Mills day & night?
Art thou not Newtons Pantocrator weaving the Woof of Locke
To Mortals thy Mills seem every thing & the Harrow of Shaddai
A scheme of Human conduct invisible & incomprehensible
Get to thy Labours at the Mills & leave me to my wrath

Satan was going to reply. but Los roll’d his loud thunders.

Anger me not! thou canst not drive the Harrow in pitys paths.
Thy Work is Eternal Death, with Mills & Ovens & Cauldrons.
Trouble me no more, thou canst not have Eternal Life

So Los spoke! Satan trembling obey’d weeping along the way.
Mark well my words, they are of your eternal Salvation
Between South Molton Street & Stratford Place: Calvary's foot
Where the Victims were preparing for Sacrifice their Cherubim
Around their loins pour forth their arrows & their bosoms beam
With all colours of precious stones, & their inmost palaces
Resounded with preparation of animals wild & tame
(Mark well my words! Corporeal Friends are Spiritual Enemies)
Mocking Druidical Mathematical Proportion of Length Bredth Hight
Displaying Naked Beauty: with Flute & Harp & Song

Palamabron with the fiery Harrow in morning returning
From breathing fields, Satan fainted beneath the artillery
Christ took on Sin in the Virgin's Womb & put it off on the Cross
All pitied the piteous & was wrath with the wrathful, & Los heard it.

And this is the manner of the Daughters of Albion in their beauty
Every one is threefold in Head & Heart & Reins, & every one
Has three Gates into the Three Heavens of Beulah, which shine
Translucent in their Foreheads & their Bosoms & their Loins
Surrounded with fires unapproachable: but whom they please
They take up into their Heavens in intoxicating delight
For the Elect cannot be Redeem'd, but Created continually
By Offering & Atonement in the cruelties of Moral Law
Hence the three Classes of Men take their fix'd destinations
They are the Two Contraries & the Reasoning Negative.

While the Females prepare the Victims, the Males at Furnaces
And Anvils dance the dance of tears & pain: loud lightnings
Lash on their limbs as they turn the whirlwinds loose upon
The Furnaces. lamenting around the Anvils, & ths their Song

Ah weak & wide astray: All shut in narrow doleful form
Creeping in reptile flesh upon the bosom of the ground
The Eye of Man a little narrow orb clos'd up & dark
Scarcely beholding the great light conversing with the Void
The Ear a little shell in small volutions shutting out
All melodies & comprehending only Discord and Harmony
The Tongue a little moisture fills. a little food it cloys
A little sound it utters & its cries are faintly heard
Then brings forth Moral Virtue the cruel Virgin Babylon

Can such an Eye judge of the stars? & looking thro its tubes
Measure the sunny rays that point their spears on Udanadan
Can such an Ear fill’d with the vapours of the yawning pit.
Judge of the pure melodious harp struck by a hand divine:
Can such closed Nostrils feel a joy? or tell of autumn
When grapes & figs burst their covering to the joyful air
Can such a Tongue boast of the living waters? or take in
Ought but the Vegetable Ratio & loathe the faint delight
Can such gross Lips percieve? alas, folded within themselves
They touch not ought but pallid turn & tremble at every wind

Thus they sing Creating the Three Classes among Druid Rocks
Charles calls on Milton for Atonement. Cromwell is ready
James calls for fires in Golgonooza. for heaps of smoking ruins
In the night of prosperity and wantonness which he himself Created
Among the Daughters of Albion. among the Rocks of the Druids
When Satan fainted beneath the arrows of Elynittria
And Mathematic Proportion was subdued by Living Proportion

From Golgonooza the spiritual Four-fold London eternal
In immense labours & sorrows, ever building, ever falling.
Thro Albions four Forests which overspread all the Earth.
From London Stone to Blackheath east; to Hounslow west:
To Finchley north: to Norwood south: and the weights
Of Enitharmons Loom play lulling cadences on the winds of Albion
From Caithness in the north. to Lizard-point & Dover in the south

Loud sounds the Hammer of Los. & loud his Bellows is heard
Before London to Hampsteads breadths & Highgates heights To
Stratford & old Bow: & across to the Gardens of Kensington
On Tyburns Brook: loud groans Thames beneath the iron Forge
Of Rintrah & Palamabron of Theotorm & Bromion. to forge the instruments
Of Harvest: the Plow & Harrow to pass over the Nations
The Surrey hills glow like the clinkers of the furnace: Lambeths Vale
Where Jerusalems foundations began: where they were laid in ruins
Where they were laid in ruins from every Nation & Oak Groves rooted
Dark gleams before the Furnace-mouth. a heap of burning ashes
When shall Jerusalem return & overspread all the Nations
Return: return to Lambeths Vale O building of human souls
Thence stony Druid Temples overspread the Island white
And thence from Jerusalems ruins..from her walls of salvation
And praise: thro the whole Earth were reard from Ireland
To Mexico & Peru west, & east to China & Japan; till Babel
The Spectre of Albion frownd over the Nations in glory & war
All things begin & end in Albions ancient Druid rocky shore
But now the Starry Heavens are fled from the mighty limbs of Albion

Loud sounds the Hammer of Los, loud turn the Wheels of Enitharmon
Her Looms vibrate with soft affections, weaving the Web of Life
Out from the ashes of the Dead; Los lifts his iron Ladles
With molten ore he heaves the iron cliffs in his rattling chains
From Hyde Park to the Alms-houses of Mile-end & old Bow
Here the Three Classes of Mortal Men take their fixd destinations
And hence they overspread the Nations of the whole Earth & hence
The Web of Life is woven: & the tender sinews of life created
And the Three Classes of Men regulated by Los’s hammer.
The first. The Elect from before the foundation of the World:
The second. The Redeem’d. The Third. The Reprobate & Form’d
To destruction from the mothers womb:
follow with me my plow.

Of the first class was Satan: with incomparable mildness;
His primitive tyrannical attempts on Los: with most endearing love
He soft intreated Los to give him Palamabrons station;
For Palamabron returnd with labour wearied every evening
Palamabron oft refus’d; and as often Satan offer’d
His service till by repeated offers and repeated intreaties
Los gave to him the Harrow of the Almighty; alas blamable
Palamabron fear’d to be angry lest Satan should accuse him of
Ingratitude. & Los believe the accusation thro Satans extreme
Mildness. Satan labour’d all day. it was a thousand years
In the evening returning terrified overlabourd & astonish’d
Embrac’d soft with a brothers tears Palamabron. who also wept

Mark well my words! they are of your eternal salvation

Next morning Palamabron rose; the horses of the Harrow
Were maddend with tormenting fury, & the servants of the Harrow
The Gnomes, accus’d Satan. with indignation fury and fire.
Then Palamabron reddening like the Moon in an eclipse.
Spoke saying. You know Satans mildness and his self-imposition.
Seeming a brother, being a tyrant, even thinking himself a brother
While he is murdering the just: prophetic I behold
His future course thro’ darkness and despair to eternal death
But we must not be tyrants also: he hath assum’d my place
For one whole day. under pretence of pity and love to me:
My horses hath he maddend! and my fellow servants injur’d:
How should he he know the duties of another? O foolish forbearance
Would I had told Los, all my heart! but patience O my friends.
All may be well: silent remain. while I call Los and Satan.

Loud as the wind of Beulah that unroots the rocks & hills
Palamabron call’d: and Los & Satan came before him
And Palamabron shew’d the horses & the servants. Satan wept,
And mildly cursing Palamabron. him accus’d of crimes
Himself had wrought. Los trembled: Satans blandishments almost
Perswaded the Prophet of Eternity that Palamabron
Was Satans enemy, & that the Gnomes being Palamabron’s friends
Were leagued together against Satan thro’ ancient enmity.
What could Los do? how could he judge, when Satans self, believ’d
That he had not oppres’d the horses of the Harrow, nor the servants.

So Los said. Henceforth Palamabron. let each his own station
Keep: nor in pity false. nor in officious brotherhood. where
None needs. be active. Mean time Palamabrons horses.
Rag’d with thick flames redundant, & the Harrow maddend with fury.
Trembling Palamabron stood. the strongest of Demons trembled:
Curbing his living creatures; many of the strongest Gnomes. They bit in their wild fury, who also madden’d like wildest beasts.

Mark well my words; they are of your eternal salvation.

Mean while wept Satan before Los. accusing Palamabron; Himself exculpating with mildest speech. for himself believ’d That he had not opress’d nor injur’d the refractory servants.

But Satan returning to his Mills (for Palamabron had serv’d The Mills of Satan as the easier task) found all confusion, And back return’d to Los. not fill’d with vengeance but with tears. Himself convinc’d of Palamabrons turpitude. Los beheld The servants of the Mills drunken with wine and dancing wild. With shouts and Palamabrons songs. rending the forests green With echoing confusion. tho’ the Sun was risen on high.

Then Los took off his left sandal placing it on his head. Signal of solemn mourning: when the servants of the Mills Beheld the signal they in silence stood. tho’ drunk with wine. Los wept! But Rintrah also came. and Enitharmon on His arm lean’d tremblingly observing all these things.

And Los said. Ye Genii of the Mills: the Sun is on high Your labours call you; Palamabron is also in sad dilemma: His horses are mad; his Harrow confounded! his companions enragd. Mine is the fault! I should have remember’d that pity divides the soul And, man, unmans: follow with me my Plow, this mournful day Must be a blank in Nature; follow with me, and tomorrow again Resume your labours, & this day shall be a mournful day

Wildly they follow’d Los and Rintrah, & the Mills were silent They mourn’d all day this mournful day of Satan & Palamabron; And all the Elect & all the Redeem’d mourn’d one toward another Upon the mountains of Albion among the cliffs of the Dead.

They Plow’d in tears! incessant pour’d Jehovahs rain. & Molechs
Thick fires contending with the rain, thunder’d above rolling
Terrible over their heads; Satan wept over Palamabron
Theotormon & Bromion contended on the side of Satan
Pitying his youth and beauty: trembling at eternal death;
Michael contended against Satan in the rolling thunder
Thulloh the friend of Satan also reprovd him; faint their reproof.

But Rintrah who is of the reprobate: of those Form’d to destruction
In indignation. for Satans soft dissimulation of friendship!
Flam’d above all the plowed furrows, angry red and furious.
Till Michael sat down in the furrow weary dissolv’d in tears
Satan who drave the team beside him, stood angry & red
He smote Thulloh & slew him, & he stood terrible over Michael
Urging him to arise; he wept! Enitharmon saw his tears
But Los hid Thulloh from her sight, lest she should die of grief
She wept; she trembled! she kissed Satan; she wept over Michael
She form’d a Space for Satan & Michael & for the poor infected
Trembling she wept over the Space, & clos’d it with a tender Moon

Los secret buried Thulloh, weeping disconsolate over the moony Space

But Palamabron called down a Great Solemn Assembly,
That he who will not defend Truth. may be compelled to
Defend a Lie, that he may be snared & caught & taken

And all Eden descended into Palamabrons tent
Among Albions Druids & Bards, in the caves beneath Albions
Death Couch, in the caverns of death. in the corner of the Atlantic.
And in the midst of the Great Assembly Palamabron prayd:
O God protect me from my friends. that they have not power over me
Thou hast giv’n me power to protect myself from my bitterest enemies.

Mark well my words, they are of your eternal salvation

Then rose the Two Witnesses. Rintrah & Palamabron:
And Palamabron appeal’d to all Eden, and receivd
Judgment; and Lo; it fell on Rintrah and his rage:
Which now flam’d high & furious in Satan against Palamabron
Till it became a proverb in Eden. Satan is among the Reprobate.

Los in his wrath curs’d heaven & earth, he rent up Nations
Standing on Albions rocks among high-reard Driud temples
Which reach the stars of heaven & stretch from pole to pole.

He displacd continents, the oceans fled before his face
He alter’d the poles of the world. east. west & north & south
But he clos’d up Enitharmon from the sight of all these things

For Satan flaming with Rintrahs fury hidden beneath his own mildness
Accus’d Palamabron before the Assembly of ingratitute! of malice;
He created Seven deadly Sins drawing out his infernal scroll.
Of Moral laws and cruel punishments upon the clouds of Jehovah
To pervert the Divine voice in its entrance to the earth
With thunder of war & trumpets sound. with armies of disease
Punishments & deaths musterd & number’d; Saying I am God alone
There is no other! let all obey my principles of moral individuality
I have brought them from the uppermost innermost recesses
Of my Eternal Mind, transgressors I will rend off for ever,
As now I rend this accursed Family from my covering.

Thus Satan rag’d amidst the Assembly! and his bosom grew
Opake against the Divine Vision; the paved terraces of
His bosom inwards shone with fires, but the stones becoming opake:
Hid him from sight. in an extreme blackness and darkness,
And there a World of deeper Ulro was open’d, in the midst
Of the Assembly. In Satans bosom a vast unfathomable Abyss.

Astonishment held the Assembly in an awful silence; and tears
Fell down as dews of night. & a loud solemn universal groan
Was utter’d from the east & from the west & from the south
And from the north! and Satan stood opake immeasurable
Covering the east with solid blackness, round his hidden heart
With thunders utterd from his hidden wheels: accusing loud
The Divine Mercy for protecting Palamabron in his tent.
Rintrah rear’d up walls of rocks and pour’d rivers & moats
Of fire round the walls: columns of fire guard around
Between Satan and Palamabron in the terrible darkness.

And Satan not having the Science of Wrath, but only of Pity;
Rent them asunder, and wrath was left to wrath. & pity to pity,
He sunk down a dreadful Death. unlike the slumbers of Beulah

The Separation was terrible: the Dead was repos’d on his Couch
Beneath the Couch of Albion. on the seven mountains of Rome
In the whole place of the Covering Cherub. Rome Babylon & Tyre.
His Spectre raging furious descended into its Space

Then Los & Enitharmon knew that Satan is Urizen
Drawn down by Orc & the Shadowy Female into Generation
Oft Enitharmon enter’d weeping into the Space. there appearing
An aged Woman raving along the Streets (the Space is named Canaan) then she returned to Los weary frightened as from dreams
The nature of a Female Space is this: it shrinks the Organs
Of Life till they become Finite & Itself seems Infinite

And Satan vibrated in the immensity of the Space! Limited
To those without but Infinite to those within: it fell down and
Became Canaan: closing Los from Eternity in Albion’s Cliffs
A mighty Fiend against the Divine Humanity mustering to War
Satan! Ah me! is gone to his own place, said Los! their God
I will not worship in their Churches. nor King in their Theatres
Elynittria: whence is this Jealousy running along the mountains
British Women were not Jealous when Greek & Roman were Jealous
Every thing in Eternity shines by its own Internal light: but thou
Darkenest every Internal light with the arrows of thy quiver
Bound up in the horns of Jealousy to a deadly fading Moon
And Ocalythron binds the Sun into a Jealous Globe
That every thing is fixd Opake without Internal light
So Los lamented over Satan. who triumphant divided the Nations

He set his face against Jerusalem to destroy the Eon of Albion
But Los hid Enitharmon from the sight of all these things.
Upon the Thames whose lulling harmony repos’d her soul:
Where Beulah lovely terminates in rocky Albion:
Terminating in Hyde Park. on Tyburns awful brook.

And the Mills of Satan were separated into a moony Space
Among the rocks of Albions Temples. and Satans Druid sons
Offer the Human Victims throughout all the Earth. and Albions
Dread Tomb immortal on his Rock. overshadowd the whole Earth:
Where Satan making to himself Laws from his own identity.
Compell’d others to serve him in moral gratitude & submission
Being call’d God; setting himself above all that is called God
And all the Spectres of the Dead calling themselves Sons of God
In his Synagogues worship Satan under the Unutterable Name

And it was enquir’d: Why in a Great Solemn Assembly
The Innocent should be condemn’d for the Guilty? Then an Eternal rose

Saying. If the Guilty should be condemn’d. he must be an Eternal Death
And one must die for another throughout all Eternity.
Satan is fall’n from his station & never can be redeem’d
But must be new Created continually moment by moment
And therefore the Class of Satan shall be calld the Elect. & those
Of Rintrah. the Reprobate. & those of Palamabron the Redeem’d
For he is redeem’d from Satans Law. the wrath falling on Rintrah;
And therefore Palamabron dared not to call a solemn Assembly
Till Satan had assum’d Rintrahs wrath in the day of mourning
In a feminine delusion of false pride self-deciev’d.

So spoke the Eternal and confirm’d it with a thunderous oath

But when Leutha (a Daughter of Beulah) beheld Satans condemnation
She down descended into the midst of the Great Solemn Assembly
Offering herself a Ransom for Satan. taking on her. his Sin

Mark well my words, they are of your eternal salvation!
And Leutha stood glowing with varying colours immortal, heart-piercing
And lovely; & her moth-like elegance shone over the Assembly

At length standing upon the golden floor of Palamabron
She spoke: I am the Author of this Sin; by my suggestion
My Parent power Satan has committed this transgression
I loved Palamabron & I sought to approach his Tent,
But beautiful Elynittria with her silver arrows repelld me.
For her light is terrible to me. I fade before her immortal beauty.
O wherefore doth a Dragon-Form forth issue from my limbs
To sieze her new born son? Ah me! the wretched Leutha!
This to prevent. entering the doors of Satans brain night after night
Like sweet perfumes I stupified the masculine perceptions
And kept only the feminine awake. hence rose. his soft
Delusory love to Palamabron: admiration join’d with envy
Cupidity unconquerable! my fault, when at noon of day
The Horses of Palamabron call’d for rest and pleasant death:
I sprang out of the breast of Satan. over the Harrow beaming
In all my beauty: that I might unloose the flaming steeds
As Elynittria use’d to do: but too well those living creatures
Knew that I was not Elynittria. and they brake the traces
But me. the servants of the Harrow saw not: but as a bow
Of varying colours on the hills: terribly rag’d the horses.
Satan astonishd. and with power above his own controll
Compell’d the Gnomes to curb the horses. & to throw banks of sand
Around the fiery flaming Harrow in labyrinthine forms.
And brooks between to intersect the meadows in their course.
The Harrow cast thick flames: Jehovah thunderd above:
Chaos & ancient night fled from beneath the fiery Harrow:
The Harrow cast thick flames & orb’d us round in concave fires
A Hell of our own making. see. its flames still gird me round
Jehovah thunder’d above: Satan in pride of heart
Drove the fierce Harrow among the constellations of Jehovah
Drawing a third part in the fires as stubble north & south
To devour Albion and Jerusalem the Emanation of Albion
Driving the Harrow in Pitys paths. ’twas then. with our dark fires
Which now gird round us (O eternal torment) I form’d the Serpent
Of precious stones & gold turn’d poisons on the sultry wastes
The Gnomes in all that day spar’d not: they curs’d Satan bitterly.
To do unkind things in kindness! with power armd. to say
The most irritating things in the midst of tears and love
These are the stings of the Serpent! thus did we by them; till thus
They in return retaliated. and the Living Creatures maddend.
The Gnomes laboured. I weeping hid in Satans inmost brain:
But when the Gnomes refus’d to labour more, with blandishments
I came forth from the head of Satan; back the Gnomes recoil’d.
And call’d me Sin, and for a sign portentous held me. Soon
Day sunk and Palamabron return’d, trembling I hid myself.
In Satans inmost Palace of his nervous fine wrought Brain:
For Elynittaria met Satan with all her singing women.
Terrific in their joy & pouring wine of wildest power
They gave Satan their wine: indignant at the burning wrath.
Wild with prophetic fury his former life became like a dream
Cloth’d in the Serpents folds. in selfish holiness demanding purity
Being most impure. self-condemn’d to eternal tears, he drove
Me from his inmost Brain & the doors clos’d with thunders sound
O Divine Vision who didst create the Female: to repose
The Sleepers of Beulah; pity the repentant Leutha, My
Sick Couch bears the dark shades of Eternal Death infolding
The Spectre of Satan. he furious refuses to repose in sleep
I humbly bow in all my Sin before the Throne Divine,
Not so the Sick-one; Alas what shall be done him to restore?
Glorying to involve Albions Body in fires of eternal War—

Now Leutha ceas’d: tears flow’d: but the Divine Pity supported her.

All is my fault! We are the Spectre of Luvah the murderer
Of Albion: O Vala! O Luvah! O Albion! O lovely Jerusalem
The Sin was begun in Eternity. and will not rest to Eternity
Till two Eternitys meet together, Ah! lost! lost! lost! for ever!

So Leutha spoke. But when she saw that Enitharmon had
Created a New Space to protect Satan from punishment:
She fled to Enitharmon’s Tent & hid herself. Loud raging
Thunderd the Assembly dark & clouded. and they ratify’d
The kind decision of Enitharmon & gave a Time to the Space.
Even Six Thousand years: and sent Lucifer for its Guard.
But Lucifer refus’d. to die & in pride he forsook his charge
And they elected Molech. and when Molech was impatient
The Divine hand found the Two Limits: first of Opacity, then of Contraction
Opacity was named Satan, Contraction was named Adam.
Triple Elohim came: Elohim wearied fainted: they elected Shaddai.
Shaddai angry. Pahad descended: Pahad terrified. they sent Jehovah
And Jehovah was leprous; loud he call’d. stretching his hand to Eternity
For then the Body of Death was perfected in hypocritic holiness.
Around the Lamb. a Female Tabernacle woven in Cathedrons Looms
He died as a Reprobate. he was Punish’d as a Transgressor:
Glory! Glory! Glory! to the Holy Lamb of God
I touch the heavens as an instrument to glorify the Lord!

The Elect shall meet the Redeem’d. on Albions rocks they shall meet
Astonish’d at the Transgressor. in him beholding the Saviour.
And the Elect shall say to the Redeemd. We behold it is of Divine
Mercy alone! of Free Gift and Election that we live.
Our Virtues & Cruel Goodnesses, have deserv’d Eternal Death.
Thus they weep upon the fatal Brook of Albions River.

But Elynittria met Leutha in the place where she was hidden
And threw aside her arrows. and laid down her sounding Bow:
She sooth’d her with soft words & brought her to Palamabrons bed
In moments new created for delusion, interwoven round about.
In dreams she bore the shadowy Spectre of Sleep. & namd him Death.
In dreams she bore Rahab the mother of Tirzah & her sisters,
In Lambeths vales: in Cambridge & in Oxford, places of Thought
Intricate labyrinths of Times and Spaces unknown. that Leutha lived
In Palamabrons Tent. and Oothoon was her charming guard.

The Bard ceas’d. All consider’d and a loud resounding murmur
Continu’d round the Halls: and much they question’d the immortal
Loud voic’d Bard. and many condemn’d the high tone’d Song
Saying Pity and Love are too venerable for the imputation
Of Guilt. Others said. If it is true! if the acts have been perform’d
Let the Bard himself witness. Where hadst thou this terrible Song

The Bard replied. I am Inspired! I know it is Truth! for I Sing
According to the inspiration of the Poetic Genius
Who is the eternal all-protecting Divine Humanity
To whom be Glory & Power & Dominion Evermore Amen

Then there was great murmuring in the Heavens of Albion
Concerning Generation & the Vegetative power & concerning
The Lamb the Saviour: Albion trembled to Italy Greece & Egypt
To Tartary & Hindostan & China & to Great America
Shaking the roots & fast foundations of the Earth in doubtfulness
The loud voic’d Bard terrify’d took refuge in Miltons bosom

Then Milton rose up from the heavens of Albion ardorous!
The whole Assembly wept prophetic, seeing in Miltons face
And in his lineaments divine the shades of Death & Ulro
He took off the robe of the promise. & ungirded himself from the oath of God

And Milton said. I go to Eternal Death! The Nations still
Follow after the detestable Gods of Priam; in pomp
Of warlike selfhood. contradicting and blaspheming.
When will the Resurrection come; to deliver the sleeping body
From corruptibility; O when Lord Jesus wilt thou come?
Tarry no longer; for my soul lies at the gates of death.
I will arise and look forth for the morning of the grave.
I will go down to the sepulcher to see if morning breaks!
I will go down to self annihilation and eternal death.
Lest the Last Judgment come & find me unannihilate.
And I be siez’d & giv’n into the hands of my own Selfhood
The Lamb of God is seen thro’ mists & shadows, hov’ring
Over the sepulchers in clouds of Jehovah & winds of Elohim
A disk of blood. distant; & heav’ns & earth’s roll dark between
What do I here before the Judgment? without my Emanation?
With the daughters of memory, & not with the daughters of inspiration
I in my Selfhood am that Satan: I am that Evil One!
He is my Spectre! in my obedience to loose him from my Hells
To claim the Hells, my Furnaces. I go to Eternal Death.

And Milton said. I go to Eternal Death; Eternity shudder'd
For he took the outside course. among the graves of the dead
A mournful shade. Eternity shudderd at the image of eternal death

Then on the verge of Beulah he beheld his own Shadow:
A mournful form double; hermaphroditic: male & female
In one wonderful body. and he enterd into it
In direful pain for the dread shadow. twenty-seven-fold
Reachd to the depths of direst Hell, & thence to Albions land:
Which is this earth of vegetation on which now I write.

The Seven Angels of the Presence wept over Miltons Shadow:
As when a man dreams, he reflects not that his body sleeps.
Else he would wake; so seem'd he entering his Shadow: but
With him the Spirits of the Seven Angels of the Presence
Entering; they gave him still perceptions of his Sleeping Body:
Which now arose and walk'd with them in Eden, as an Eighth
Image Divine tho’ darken’d; and tho walking as one walks
In sleep: and the Seven comforted and supported him.

Like as a Polypus that vegetates beneath the deep!
They saw his Shadow vegetated underneath the Couch
Of death: for when he enterd into his Shadow: Himself:
His real and immortal Self; was as appeard to those
Who dwell in immortality, as One sleeping on a couch
Of gold: and those in immortality gave forth their Emanations
Like Females of sweet beauty. to guard round him & to feed
His lips with food of Eden in his cold and dim repose!
But to himself he seemd a wanderer lost in dreary night.

Onwards his Shadow kept its course among the Spectres; call’d
Satan, but swift as lightning passing them. startled the shades
Of Hell beheld him in a trail of light as of a comet
That travels into Chaos: so Milton went guarded within.

The nature of infinity is this! That every thing, has its
Own Vortex; and when once a traveller thro Eternity,
Has passd that Vortex, he percieves it roll backward behind
His path, into a globe itself infolding: like a sun:
Or like a moon, or like a universe of starry majesty.
While he keeps onwards in his wondrous journey on the earth
Or like a human form, a friend with with whom he livd benevolent.
As the eye of man views both the east & west encompassing
Its vortex; and the north & south, with all their starry host;
Also the rising sun & setting moon he views surrounding
His corn-fields and his valleys of five hundred acres square,
Thus is the earth one infinite plane, and not as apparent
To the weak traveller confin’d beneath the moony shade.
Thus is the heaven a vortex passd already, and the earth
A vortex not yet pass’d by the traveller thro’ Eternity.

First Milton saw Albion upon the Rock of Ages.
Deadly pale outstretched and snowy cold, storm coverd:
A Giant form of perfect beauty outstretched on the rock
In solemn death. the Sea of Time & Space thunderd aloud
Against the rock, which was inwrapped with the weeds of death
Hovering over the cold bosom, in its vortex Milton bent down
To the bosom of death, what was underneath soon seemd above.
A cloudy heaven mingled with stormy seas in loudest ruin;
But as a wintry globe descends precipitant thro’ Beulah bursting.
With thunders loud and terrible: so Miltons shadow fell.
Precipitant loud thundring into the Sea of Time & Space.

Then first I saw him in the Zenith as a falling star.
Descending perpendicular, swift as the swallow or swift;
And on my left foot falling on the tarsus, enterd there;
But from my left foot a black cloud redounding spread over Europe.
Then Milton knew that the Three Heavens of Beulah were beheld
By him on earth in his bright pilgrimage of sixty years

To Annihilate the Selfhood of Deceit & False Forgiveness Daughters

In those three Females whom his Wives, & those three whom his
Had represented and contain'd, that they might be resum'd
By giving up of Selfhood: & they distant view'd his journey
In their eternal spheres, now Human, tho' their Bodies remain clos'd
In the dark Ulro till the Judgment: also Milton knew: they and
Himself was Human, tho' now wandering thro Death's Vale
In conflict with those Female forms, which in blood & jealousy
Surrounded him, dividing & uniting without end or number.
He saw the Cruelties of Ulro, and he wrote them down
In iron tablets: and his Wives & Daughters names were these
Rahab and Tirzah, & Milcah & Malah & Noah & Hoglah.
They sat rang'd round him as the rocks of Horeb round the land
Of Canaan: and they wrote, in thunder smoke and fire
His dictate; and his body was the Rock Sinai; that body,
Which was on earth born to corruption: & the six Females
Are Hor & Peor & Bashan & Abarim & Lebanon & Hermon
Seven rocky masses terrible in the Desarts of Midian.

But Milton's Human Shadow continu'd journeying above
The rocky masses of The Mundane Shell; in the Lands
Of Edom & Aram & Moab & Midian & Amalek.
The Mundane Shell, is a vast Concave Earth: an immense
Hardend shadow of all things upon our Vegetated Earth
Enlarg'd into dimension & deform'd into indefinite space
In Twenty-seven Heavens and all their Hells; with Chaos
And Ancient Night; & Purgatory. It is a cavernous Earth
Of labyrinthine intricacy twenty-seven-folds of opakeness
And finishes where the lark mounts; here Milton journeyed
In that Region call'd Midian, among the Rocks of Horeb
For travellers from Eternity, pass outward to Satan's seat
But travellers to Eternity, pass inward to Golgonooza.

Los the Vehicular terror beheld him, & divine Enitharmon
Call'd all her daughters, Saying. Surely to unloose my bond
Is this Man come! Satan shall be unloosed upon Albion

Los heard in terror Enitharmon's words; in fibrous strength
His limbs shot forth like roots of trees against the forward path
Of Milton's journey. Urizen beheld the immortal Man,
And Tharmas Demon of the Waters. & Orc. who is Luvah

The Shadowy Female seeing Milton, howld in her lamentation
Over the Deeps. outstretcing her Twenty seven Heavens over Albion

And thus the Shadowy Female howls in articulate howlings

I will lament over Milton in the lamentations of the afflicted
My Garments shall be woven of sighs & heart broken lamentations
The misery of unhappy Families shall be drawn out into its border
Wrought with the needle with dire sufferings poverty pain & woe
Along the rocky Island & thence throughout the whole Earth
There shall be the sick Father & his starving Family! there
The Prisoner in the stone Dungeon & the Slave at the Mill
I will have Writings written all over it in Human Words
That every Infant that is born upon the Earth shall read
And get by rote as a hard task of a life of sixty years
I will have Kings inwoven upon it. & Councillors & Mighty Men
The Famine shall clasp it together with buckles & Clasps
And the Pestilence shall be its fringe & the War its girdle
To divide into Rahab & Tirzah that Milton may come to our tents
For I will put on the Human Form & take the Image of God
Even Pity & Humanity but my Clothing shall be Cruelty
And I will put on Holiness as a breastplate & as a helmet
And all my ornaments shall be of the gold of broken hearts
And the precious stones of anxiety & care & desperation & death
And repentance for sin & sorrow & punishment & fear
To defend me from thy terrors O Orc! my only beloved!

Orc answerd. Take not the Human Form O loveliest. Take not Terror upon thee! Behold how I am & tremble lest thou also Consume in my Consummation; but thou maist take a Form Female & lovely, that cannot consume in Mans consummation Wherefore dost thou Create & Weave this Satan for a Covering When thou attemptest to put on the Human Form. my wrath Burns to the top of heaven against thee in Jealousy & fear. Then I rend thee asunder. then I howl over thy clay & ashes When wilt thou put on the Female Form as in times of old With a Garment of Pity & Compassion like the Garment of God His garments are long sufferings for the Children of Men Jerusalem is his Garment & not thy Covering Cherub O lovely Shadow of my delight who wanderest seeking for the prey.

So spoke Orc when Oothoon & Leutha hoverd over his Couch Of fire in interchange of Beauty & Perfection in the darkness Opening interiorly into Jerusalem & Babylon shining glorious In the Shadowy Females bosom Jealous her darkness grew Howlings filld all the desolate places in accusations of Sin In Female beauty shining in the unformd void & Orc in vain Stretch’d out his hands of fire. & wooed; they triumph in his pain

Thus darkend the Shadowy Female tenfold & Orc tenfold Glowd on his rocky Couch against the darkness: loud thunders Told of the enormous conflict Earthquake beneath: around: Rent the Immortal Females, limb from limb & joint from joint And moved the fast foundations of the Earth to wake the Dead

Urizen emerged from his Rocky Form & from his Snows, And he also darkend his brows: freezing dark rocks between The footsteps, and infixing deep the feet in marble beds: That Milton labourd with his journey. & his feet bled sore
Upon the clay now chang’d to marble; also Urizen rose.
And met him on the shores of Arnon; & by the streams of the brooks

Silent they met. and silent strove among the streams of Arnon
Even to Mahanaim, when with cold hand Urizen stoop’d down
And took up water from the river Jordan: pouring on
To Miltons brain the icy fluid from his broad cold palm.
But Milton took of the red clay of Succoth. moulding it with care
Between his palms; and filling up the furrows of many years
Beginning at the feet of Urizen, and on the bones
Creating new flesh on the Demon cold, and building him,
As with new clay a Human form in the Valley of Beth Peor.

Four Universes round the Mundane Egg remain Chaotic
One to the North. named Urthona; One to the South. named Urizen;
One to the East, named Luvah: One to the West, named Tharmas
They are the Four Zoa’s that stood around the Throne Divine!
But when Luvah assum’d the World of Urizen to the South;
And Albion was slain upon his mountains, & in his tent;
All fell towards the Center in dire ruin, sinking down.
And in the South remains a burning fire; in the East a void.
In the West, a world of raging waters; in the North a solid,
Unfathomable! without end, But in the midst of these,
Is built eternally the Universe of Los and Enitharmon:
Towards which Milton went, but Urizen oppos’d his path.

The Man and Demon strove many periods, Rahab beheld
Standing on Carmel; Rahab and Tirzah trembled to behold.
The enormous strife, one giving life, the other giving death
To his adversary. and they sent forth all their sons & daughters
In all their beauty to entice Milton across the river,

The Twofold form Hermaphroditic: and the Double-sexed:
The Female-male & the Male-female, self-dividing stood
Before him in their beauty, & in cruelties of holiness!
Shining in darkness, glorious upon the deeps of Entuthon.
Saying. Come thou to Ephraim! behold the Kings of Canaan!
The beautiful Amalekites. behold the fires of youth
Bound with the Chain of Jealousy by Los & Enitharmon;
The banks of Cam; cold learnings streams: Londons dark-frowning towers;
Lament upon the winds of Europe in Rephaims Vale.
Because Ahania rent apart into a desolate night,
Laments! & Enion wanders like a weeping inarticulate voice
And Vala labours for her bread & water among the Furnaces
Therefore bright Tirzah triumphs! putting on all beauty,
And all perfection. in her cruel sports among the Victims.
Come bring with thee Jerusalem with songs on the Grecian Lyre!
In Natural Religion: in experiments on Men,
Let her beOfferd up to Holiness! Tirzah numbers her;
She numbers with her fingers every fibre ere it grow:
Where is the Lamb of God? where is the promise of his coming?
Her shadowy Sisters form the bones. even the bones of Horeb:
Around the marrow! and the orbed scull around the brain:
His Images are born for War! for Sacrifice to Tirzah:
To Natural Religion! to Tirzah the Daughter of Rahab the Holy!
She ties the knot of nervous fibres, into a white brain!
She ties the knot of bloody veins, into a red hot heart!
Within her bosom Albion lies embalmd. never to awake
Hand is become a rock! Sinai & Horeb. is Hyle & Coban:
Scofield is bound in iron armour before Reubens Gate!
She ties the knot of milky seed into two lovely Heavens,
Two yet but one: each in the other sweet reflected! these
Are our Three Heavens beneath the shades of Beulah. land of rest
Come then to Ephraim & Manasseh O beloved-one!
Come to my ivory palaces O beloved of thy mother!
And let us bind thee in the bands of War & be thou King
Of Canaan and reign in Hazor where the Twelve Tribes meet.
So spoke they as in one voice! Silent Milton stood before
The darkend Urizen; as the sculptor silent stands before
His forming image; he walks round it patient labouring.
Thus Milton stood forming bright Urizen. while his Mortal part
Sat frozen in the rock of Horeb: and his Redeemed portion,
Thus form’d the Clay of Urizen; but within that portion
His real Human walkd above in power and majesty
Tho darkend; and the Seven Angels of the Presence attended him.

O how can I with my gross tongue that cleaveth to the dust.
Tell of the Four-fold Man. in starry numbers fitly orderd
Or how can I with my cold hand of clay! But thou O Lord
Do with me as thou wilt! for I am nothing, and vanity:
If thou chuse to elect a worm, it shall remove the mountains.
For that portion namd the Elect; the Spectrous body of Milton:
Redounding from my left foot into Los’s Mundane space,
Brooded over his Body in Horeb against the Resurrection
Preparing it for the Great Consummation; red the Cherub on Sinai
Glow’d; but in terrors folded round his clouds of blood.

Now Albions sleeping Humanity began to turn upon his Couch;
Feeling the electric flame of Miltons awful precipitate descent.
Seest thou the little winged fly. smaller than a grain of sand?
It has a heart like thee; a brain open to heaven & hell,
Withinside wondrous & expansive; its gates are not clos’d,
I hope thine are not: hence it clothes itself in rich array;
Hence thou art cloth’d with human beauty O thou mortal man
Seek not thy heavenly father then beyond the skies:
There Chaos dwells & ancient Night & Og & Anak old:
For every human heart has gates of brass & bars of adamant,
Which few dare unbar because dread Og & Anak guard the gates
Terrific! and each mortal brain is walld and moated round
Within: and Og & Anak watch here; here is the Seat
Of Satan in its Webs; for in brain and heart and loins
Gates open behind Satans Seat to the City of Golgonooza
Which is the spiritual fourfold London, in the loins of Albion

Thus Milton fell thro Albions heart. travelling outside of Humanity
Beyond the Stars in Chaos in Caverns of the Mundane Shell.
But many of the Eternals rose up from eternal tables
Drunk with the Spirit, burning round the Couch of death they stood
Looking down into Beulah: wrathful, fill’d with rage;
They rend the heavens round the Watchers in a fiery circle:
And round the Shadowy Eighth: the Eight close up the Couch
Into a tabernacle, and flee with cries down to the Deeps:
Where Los opens his three wide gates, surrounded by raging fires;
They soon find their own place & join the Watchers of the Ulro.

Los saw them and a cold pale horror cover'd o'er his limbs
Pondering he knew that Rintrah & Palamabron might depart:
Even as Reuben & as Gad; gave up himself to tears.
He sat down on his anvil-stock; and leand upon the trough.
Looking into the black water, mingling it with tears,

At last when desperation almost tore his heart in twain
He recollected an old Prophecy in Eden recorded.
And often sung to the loud harp at the immortal feasts
That Milton of the Land of Albion should up ascend
Forwards from Ulro from the Vale of Felpham; and set free
Orc from his Chain of Jealousy, he started at the thought
And down descended into Udan-Adan; it was night:
And Satan sat sleeping upon his Couch in Udan Adan:
His Spectre slept, his Shadow woke: when one sleeps th’other wakes

But Milton entering my Foot: I saw in the nether
Regions of the Imagination; also all men on Earth,
And all in Heaven, saw in the nether regions of the Imagination
In Ulro beneath Beulah, the vast breach of Miltons descent.
But I knew not that it was Milton, for man cannot know
What passes in his members till periods of Space & Time
Reveal the secrets of Etenity: for more extensive
Than any other earthly things, are Mans earthly lineaments.
And all this Vegetable World appeard on my left Foot,
As a bright sandal form'd immortal of precious stones & gold:
I stooped down & bound it on to walk forward thro’ Eternity.

There is in Eden a sweet River, of milk & liquid pearl,
Namd Ololon; on whose mild banks dwelt those who Milton drove
Down into Ulro: and they wept in long resounding song
For seven days of eternity, and the rivers living banks
The mountains waild! & every plant that grew, in solemn sighs lamented.

When Luvahs bulls each morning drag the sulphur Sun out of the Deep
Harnessd with starry harness black & shining kept by black slaves
That work all night at the starry harness. Strong and vigorous
They drag the unwilling Orb: at this time all the Family
Of Eden heard the lamentation. and Providence began.
But when the clarions of day sounded they drownd the lamentations
And when night came all was silent in Ololon: & all refusd to lament
In the still night fearing lest they should others molest,

Seven mornings Los heard them, as the poor bird within the shell
Hears its impatient parent bird: and Enitharmon heard them:
But saw them not, for the blue Mundane Shell inclosd them in.

And they lamented that they had in wrath & fury & fire
Driven Milton into the Ulro: for now they knew too late
That it was Milton the Awakener: they had not heard the Bard.
Whose song calld Milton to the attempt; and Los heard these laments.
He heard them call in prayer all the Divine Family;
And he beheld the Cloud of Milton stretching over Europe.

But all the Family Divine collected as Four Suns
In the Four Points of heaven East, West & North & South
Enlarging and enlarging till their Disks approachd each other:
And when they touch’d closed together Southward in One Sun
Over Ololon: and as One Man, who weeps over his brother,
In a dark tomb, so all the Family Divine, wept over Ololon.

Saying, Milton goes to Eternal Death! so saying, they groan’d in spirit
And were troubled! and again the Divine Family groaned in spirit!

And Ololon said, Let us descend also, and let us give
Ourselves to death in Ulro among the Transgressors,
Is Virtue a Punisher? O no! how is this wondrous thing
This World beneath, unseen before; this refuge from the wars
Of Great Eternity! unnatural refuge! unknown by us till now:
Or are these the pangs of repentance! let us enter into them

Then the Divine Family said. Six Thousand Years are now Accomplish’d in this World of Sorrow; Miltons Angel knew The Universal Dictate: and you also feel this Dictate. And now you know this World of Sorrow, and feel Pity. Obey The Dictate! Watch over this World, and with your brooding wings, Renew it to Eternal Life: Lo! I am with you alway But you cannot renew Milton he goes to Eternal Death

So spake the Family Divine as One Man even Jesus Uniting in One with Ololon & the appearance of One Man Jesus the Saviour appeard coming in the Clouds of Ololon: Tho driven away with the Seven Starry Ones into the Ulro Yet the Divine Vision remains Every-where For-ever. Amen. And Ololon lamented for Milton with a great lamentation. While Los heard indistinct in fear, what time I bound my sandals On; to walk forward thro’ Eternity, Los descended to me: And Los behind me stood; a terrible flaming Sun: just close Behind my back; I turned round in terror, and behold. Los stood in that fierce glowing fire; & he also stoop’d down And bound my sandals on in Udan-Adan; trembling I stood Exceedingly with fear & terror, standing in the Vale Of Lambeth: but he kissed me and wishd me health. And I became One Man with him arising in my strength: Twas too late now to recede. Los had enterd into my soul: His terrors now posses’d me whole! I arose in fury & strength.

I am that Shadowy Prophet who Six Thousand Years ago Fell from my station in the Eternal bosom. Six Thousand Years Are finishd. I return! both Time & Space obey my will. I in Six Thousand Years walk up and down; for not one Moment Of Time is lost, nor one Event of Space unpermanent But all remain: every fabric of Six Thousand Years Remains permanent; tho’ on the Earth where Satan Fell, and was cut off all things vanish & are seen no more They vanish not from me & mine, we guard them first & last
The generations of men run on in the tide of Time
But leave their destined lineaments permanent for ever & ever.

So spoke Los as we went along to his supreme abode

Rintrah and Palamabron met us at the Gate of Golgonooza
Clouded with discontent. & brooding in their minds terrible things

They said. O Father most beloved: O merciful Parent!
Pitying and permitting evil, tho strong & mighty to destroy.
Whence is this Shadow terrible? wherefore dost thou refuse
To throw him into the Furnaces: knowest thou not that he
Upon the Body of Albion? for this he is come; behold it written
Upon his fibrous left Foot black; most dismal to our eyes
The Shadowy Female shudders thro’ heaven in torment inexpressible:
And all the Daughters of Los prophetic wail; yet in deceit.
They weave a new Religion from new Jealousy of Theotormon!
Miltons Religion is the cause; there is no end to destruction!
Seeing the Churches at their Period in terror & despair:
Rahab created Voltaire: Tirzah created Rousseau:
Asserting the Self-righteousness against the Universal Saviour,
Mocking the Confessors & Martyrs. claiming Self-righteousness;
With cruel Virtue: making War upon the Lambs Redeemed;
To perpetuate War & Glory. to perpetuate the Laws of Sin:
They perverted Swedenborgs Visions in Beulah & in Ulro;
To destroy Jerusalem as a Harlot & her Sons as Reprobates;
To raise up Mystery the Virgin Harlot Mother of War.
Babylon the Great, the Abomination of Desolation:
O Swedenborg; strongest of men. the Samson shorn by the Churches!
Shewing the Transgresors in Hell, the proud Warriors in Heaven:
Heaven as a Punisher & Hell as One under Punishment;
With Laws from Plato & his Greeks to renew the Trojan Gods,
In Albion; & to deny the value of the Saviours blood,
But then I rais’d up Whitefield, Palamabron rais’d up Westley.
And these are the cries of the Churches before the two Witnesses,
Faith in God the dear Saviour who took on the likeness of men:
Becoming obedient to death, even the death of the Cross
The Witnesses lie dead in the Street of the Great City
No Faith is in all the Earth: the Book of God is trodden under Foot:
He sent his two Servants Whitefield & Westley; were they Prophets
Or were they Idiots or Madmen? shew us Miracles!
Can you have greater Miracles than these? Men who devote
Their lives whole comfort to entire scorn & injury & death
Awake thou sleeper on the Rock of Eternity Albion awake
The trumpet of Judgment hath twice sounded; all Nations are awake
But thou art still heavy and dull: Awake Albion awake!
Lo Orc arises on the Atlantic. Lo his blood and fire
Glow on Americas shore: Albion turns upon his Couch
He listens to the sounds of War, astonished and confounded:
He weeps into the Atlantic deep, yet still in dismal dreams
Unwakened! and the Covering Cherub advances from the East:
How long shall we lay dead in the Street of the great City
How long beneath the Covering Cherub give our Emanations
Milton will utterly consume us & thee our beloved Father
He hath entered into the Covering Cherub, becoming one with
Albions dread Sons, Hand. Hyle & Coban surround him as
A girdle; Gwendolen & Conwenna as a garment woven
Of War & Religion: let us descend & bring him chained
To Bowlahoola O father most beloved: O mild Parent!
Cruel in thy mildness, pitying and permitting evil
Tho strong and mighty to destroy, O Los our beloved Father!

Like the black storm, coming out of Chaos, beyond the stars:
It issues through the dark & intricate caves of the Mundane Shell
Passing the planetary visions, & the well adorned Firmament
The Sun rolls into Chaos & the Stars into the Deserts;
And then the storms become visible, audible & terrible,
Covering the light of day. & rolling down upon the mountains,
Deluge all the country round. Such is a vision of Los;
When Rintrah & Palamabron spoke: and such his stormy face
Appeared, as does the face of heaven, when covered with thick storms
Pitying and loving tho in frowns of terrible perturbation
But Los dispersd the clouds even as the strong winds of Jehovah.
And Los thus spoke. O noble Sons, be patient yet a little
I have embraced the falling Death, he is become One with me
O Sons we live not by wrath. by mercy alone we live!
I recollect an old Prophecy in Eden recorded in gold; and oft
Sung to the harp: That Milton of the land of Albion.
Should up ascend forward from Felphams Vale & break the Chain
Of Jealousy from all its roots; be patient therefore O my Sons
These lovely Females form sweet night and silence and secret
Obscurities to hide from Satans Watch-Fiends. Human loves
And graces; lest they write them in their Books, & in the Scroll
Of mortal life, to condemn the accused: who at Satans Bar
Tremble in Spectrous Bodies continually day and night
While on the Earth they live in sorrowful Vegetations
O when shall we tread our Wine-presses in heaven; and Reap
Our wheat with shoutings of joy, and leave the Earth in peace
Remember how Calvin and Luther in fury premature
Sow’d War and stern division between Papists & Protestants
Let it not be so now: O go not forth in Martyrdoms & Wars
We were plac’d here by the Universal Brotherhood & Mercy
With powers fitted to circumscribe this dark Satanic death
And that the Seven Eyes of God may have space for Redemption,
But how this is as yet we know not. and we cannot know;
Till Albion is arisen: then patient wait a little while,
Six Thousand years are pass’d away the end approaches fast;
This mighty one is come from Eden, he is of the Elect.
Who died from Earth & he is returnd before the Judgment, This thing
Was never known that one of the holy dead should willing return
Then patient wait a little while till the Last Vintage is over:
Till we have quench’d the Sun of Salah in the Lake of Udan Adan
O my dear Sons! leave not your Father, as your brethren left me
Twelve Sons successive fled away in that thousand years of sorrow
Of Palamabrongs Harrow, & of Rintrahs wrath & fury;
Reuben & Manazzoth & Gad & Simeon & Levi,
And Ephrmaid & Judah were Generated. because
They left me, wandering with Tirzah: Enitharmon wept
One thousand years, and all the Earth was in a watry deluge
We calld him Menassheh because of the Generations of Tirzah
Because of Satan; & the Seven Eyes of God continually
Guard round them. but I the Fourth Zoa am also set
The Watchman of Eternity, the Three are not! & I am preserved
Still my four mighty ones are left to me in Golgonooza
Still Rintrah fierce. and Palamabron mild & piteous
Theotormon filld with care, Bromion loving Science
You O my Sons still guard round Los. O wander not & leave me
Rintrah. thou well rememberest when Amalek & Canaan
Fled with their Sister Moab into that abhorred Void
They became Nations in our sight beneath the hands of Tirzah,
And Palamabron thou rememberest when Joseph an infant:
Stolen from his nurses cradle wrapd in needle-work
Of emblematic texture. was sold to the Amalekite.
Who carried him down into Egypt where Ephraim & Menassheh
Gatherd my Sons together in the Sands of Midian
And if you also flee away and leave your Fathers side,
Following Milton into Ulro, altho your power is great
Surely you also shall become poor mortal vegetations
Beneath the Moon of Ulro: pity then your Fathers tears
When Jesus raisd Lazarus from the Grave I stood & saw
Lazarus who is the Vehicular Body of Albion the Redeemd
Arise into the Covering Cherub who is the Spectre of Albion
By martyrdoms to suffer: to watch over the Sleeping Body.
Upon his Rock beneath his Tomb. I saw the Covering Cherub
Divide Four-fold into Four Churches when Lazarus arose
Paul, Constantine, Charlemaine, Luther; behold they stand before us
Stretchd over Europe & Asia. come O Sons, come. come away
Arise O Sons give all your strength against Eternal Death
Lest we are vegetated, for Cathedrons Looms weave only Death
A Web of Death: & were it not for Bowlahoola & Allamanda
No Human Form but only a Fibrous Vegetation
A Polypus of soft affections without Thought or Vision
Must tremble in the Heavens & Earths thro all the Ulro space
Throw all the Vegetated Mortals into Bowlahoola
But as to this Elected Form who is returnd again
He is the Signal that the Last Vintage now approaches
Nor Vegetation may go on till all the Earth is reapd
So Los spoke, Furious they descended to Bowlahoola & Allamanda
Indignant. unconvincd by Loss arguments & thuners rolling
They saw that wrath now swayd and now pity absorbd him
As it was, so it remaind & no hope of an end.

Bowlahoola is namd Law. by mortals, Tharmas founded it:
Because of Satan, before Luban in the City of Golgonooza.
But Golgonooza is namd Art & Manufacture by mortal men.

In Bowlahoola Los’s Anvils stand & his Furnaces rage;
Thundering the Hammers beat & the Bellows blow loud
Living self moving mourning lamenting & howling incessantly
Bowlahoola thro all its porches feels tho’ too fast founded
Its pillars & porticoes to tremble at the force
Of mortal or immortal arm: and softly lilling flutes
Accordant with the horrid labours make sweet melody

The Bellows are the Animal Lungs: the Hammers the Animal Heart
The Furnaces the Stomach for digestion. terrible their fury
Thousands & thousands labour. thousands play on instruments
Stringed or fluted to ameliorate the sorrows of slavery
Loud sport the dancers in the dance of death. rejoicing in carnage
The hard dentant Hammers are lulld by the flutes lula lula
The bellowing Furnaces blare by the long sounding clarion
The double drum drowns howls & groans, the shrill fife. shrieks & cries:
The crooked horn mellows the hoarse raving serpent, terrible, but harmonious
Bowlahoola is the Stomach in every individual man.

Los is by mortals nam’d Time Enitharmon is nam’d Space
But they depict him bald & aged who is in eternal youth
All powerful and his locks flourish like the brows of morning
He is the Spirit of Prophecy the ever apparent Elias
Time is the mercy of Eternity; without Times swiftness
Which is the swiftest of all things; all were eternal torment:
All the Gods of the Kingdoms of Earth labour in Los’s Halls.
Every one is a fallen Son of the Spirit of Prophecy
He is the Fourth Zoa, that stood around the Throne Divine.

Loud shout the Sons of Luvah, at the Wine-presses as Los descended
With Rintrah & Palamabron in his fires of resistless fury.

The Wine-press on the Rhine groans loud, but all its central beams
Act more terrific in the central Cities of the Nations
Where Human Thought is crush’d beneath the iron hand of Power.
There Los puts all into the Press. the Opressor & the Oppressed
Together, ripe for the Harvest & Vintage & ready for the Loom,

They sang at the Vintage. This is the Last Vintage! & Seed
Shall no more be sown upon Earth. till all the Vintage is over
And all gathered in, till the Plow has pass’d over the Nations
And the Harrow & heavy thundering Roller upon the mountains

And loud the Souls howl round the Porches of Golgonooza
Crying O God deliver us to the Heavens or to the Earths.
That we may preach righteousness & punish the sinner with death
But Los refused, till all the Vintage of Earth was gathered in.

And Los stood & cried to the Labourers of the Vintage in voice of awe.

Fellow Labourers! The Great Vintage & Harvest is now upon Earth
The whole extent of the Globe is explored: Every scatter’d Atom
Of Human Intellect now is flocking to the sound of the Trumpet
All the Wisdom which was hidden in caves & dens, from ancient
Time; is now sought out from Animal & Vegetable & Mineral
The Awakener is come. outstretched over Europe: the Vision of God is fulfilled
The Ancient Man upon the Rock of Albion Awakes,
He listens to the sounds of War astonish’d & ashamed;
He sees his Children mock at Faith and deny Providence
Therefore you must bind the Sheaves not by Nations or Families
You shall bind them in Three Classes; according to their Classes
So shall you bind them. Separating What has been Mixed
Since Men began to be Wove into Nations by Rahab & Tirzah
Since Albions Death & Satans Cutting off from our awful Fields.
When under pretence to benevolence the Elect Subdud All.
From the Foundation of the World. The Elect is one Class; You
Shall bind them separate: they cannot Believe in Eternal Life
Except by Miracle & a New Birth. The other two Classes;
The Reprobate who never cease to Believe, and the Redeemd,
Who live in doubts & fears perpetually tormented by the Elect
These you shall bind in a twin-bundle for the Consummation
But the Elect must be saved fires of Eternal Death,
To be formed into the Churches of Beulah that they destroy not the Earth
For in every Nation & every Family the Three Classes are born
And in every Species of Earth, Metal, Tree. Fish, Bird & Beast.
We form the Mundane Egg. that Spectres coming by fury or amity
All is the same, & every one remains in his own energy
Go forth Reapers with rejoicing. you sowed in tears
But the time of your refreshing cometh, only a little moment
Still abstain from pleasure & rest. in the labours of eternity
And you shall Reap the whole Earth, from Pole to Pole! from Sea to Sea
Beginning at Jerusalems Inner Court, Lambeth ruin’d and given
To the detestable Gods of Priam. to Apollo; and at the Asylum
Given to Hercules, who labour in Tirzahs Looms for bread
Who set Pleasure against Duty: who Create Olympic crowns
To make Learning a burden & the Work of the Holy Spirit: Strife.
The Thor & cruel Odin who first reard the Polar Caves
Lambeth mourns calling Jerusalem, she weeps & looks abroad
For the Lords coming, that Jerusalem may overspread all Nations
Crave not for the mortal & perishing delights, but leave them
To the weak, and pity the weak as your infant care; Break not
Forth in your wrath lest you also are vegetated by Tirzah
Wait till the Judgement is past, till the Creation is consumed
And then rush forward with me into the glorious spiritual
Vegetation; the Supper of the Lamb & his Bride; and the
Awaking of Albion our friend and ancient companion.

So Los spoke, But lightnings of discontent broke on all sides round
And murmurs of thunder rolling heavy long & loud over the mountains
While Los calld his Sons around him to the Harvest & the Vintage.
Thou seest the Constellations in the deep & wondrous Night
They rise in order and continue their immortal courses
Upon the mountains & in vales with harp & heavenly song
With flute & clarion; with cups & measures filld with foaming wine
Glittering the streams reflect the Vision of beatitude,
And the calm Ocean joys beneath & smooths his awful waves!

These are the Sons of Los, & these the Labourers of the Vintage
Thou seest the gorgeous clothed Flies that dance & sport in summer
Upon the sunny brooks & meadows: every one the dance.
Knows in its intricate mazes of delight artful to weave:
Each one to sound his instruments of music in the dance,
To touch each other & recede; to cross & change & return

These are the Children of Los; thou seest the Trees on mountains
The wind blows heavy. loud they thunder thro’ the darksom sky
Uttering prophecies & speaking instructive words to the sons
Of men: These are the Sons of Los! These the Visions of Eternity
But we see only as it were the hem of their garments.

When with our vegetable eyes we view these wond’rous Visions

There are Two Gates thro which all Souls descend. One Southward
From Dover Cliff to Lizard Point. the other toward the North
Caithness & rocky Durness. Pentland & John Groats House

The Souls descending to the Body. wail on the right hand
Of Los; & those deliverd from the Body. on the left hand
For Los against the east his force continually bends
Along the Valleys of Middlesex from Hounslow to Blackheath
Lest those Three Heavens of Beulah should the Creation destroy.
And lest they should descend before the north & south Gates
Groaning with pity. he among the wailing Souls laments.
And these the Labours of the Sons of Los in Allamanda;
And in the City of Golgonooza: & in Luban: & around
The Lake of Udan-Adan. in the Forests of Entuthon Benython
Where Souls incessant wail, being piteous Passions & Desires
With neither lineament nor form but like to watry clouds
The Passions & Desires descend upon the hungry winds
For such alone Sleepers remain meer passion & appetite:
The Sons of Los clothe them & feed & provide houses & fields

And every Generated Body in its inward form,
Is a garden of delight & a building of magnificence,
Built by the Sons of Los in Bowlahoola & Allamanda
And the herbs & flowers & furniture & beds & chambers
Continually woven in the Looms of Enitharmons Daughters
In bright Cathedrons golden Dome with care & love & tears
For the various Classes of Men are all markd out determinate
In Bowlahoola; & as the Spectres choose their affinities
So they are born on Earth, & every Class is determinate
But not by Natural but by Spiritual power alone. Because
The Natural power continually seeks & tends to Destruction
Ending in Death: which would of itself be Eternal Death
And all are Class’d by Spiritual, & not by Natural power,

And every Natural Effect has a Spiritual Cause, and Not
A Natural: for a Natural Cause only seems, it is a Delusion
Of Ulro: & a ratio of the perishing Vegetable Memory:

But the Wine-press of Los is eastward of Golgonooza, before: the Seat
Of Satan. Luvah laid the foundation & Urizen finish’d it in howling woe.
How red the sons & daughters of Luvah: here they tread the grapes.
Laughing & shouting drunk with odours many fall oerwearyed
Drownd in the wine is many a youth & maiden: those around
Lay them on skins of Tygers & of the spotted Leopard & the Wild Ass
Till they revive, or bury them in cool grots, making lamentation.

This Wine-press is call’d War on Earth, it is the Printing-Press
Of Los; and here he lays his words in order above the mortal brain
As cogs are formd in a wheel to turn the cogs of the adverse wheel.

Timbrels & violins sport round the Wine-presses; the little Seed;
The sportive Root. the Earth-worm, the gold Beetle: the wise Emmet;
Dance round the Wine-presses of Luvah: the Centipede is there:
The ground Spider with many eyes: the Mole clothed in velvet
The ambitious Spider in his sullen web; the lucky golden Spinner;
The Earwig arm’d: the tender Maggot emblem of immortality:
The Flea: Louse: Bug: the Tape-Worm: all the Armies of Disease:
Visible or invisible to the slothful vegetating Man.
The slow Slug: the Grasshopper that sings & laughs & drinks:
Winter comes, he folds his slender bones without a murmur.
The cruel Scorpion is there: the Gnat: Wasp: Hornet & the Honey Bee:
The Toad & venomous Newt; the Serpent clothd in gems & gold:
They throw off their gorgeous raiment: they rejoice with loud jubilee
Around the Wine-presses of Luvah. naked & drunk with wine.

There is the Nettle that stings with soft down; and there
The indignant Thistle: whose bitterness is bred in his milk:
Who feeds on contempt of his neighbour: there all the idle Weeds
That creep around the obscure places, shew their various limbs.
Naked in all their beauty dancing -round the Wine-presses.

But in the Wine-presses the Human grapes sing not, nor dance
They howl & writhe in shoals of torment; in fierce flames consuming,
In chains of iron & in dungeons circled with ceaseless fires.
In pits & dens & shades of death: in shapes of torment & woe.
The plates & screws & wracks & saws & cords & fires & cisterns
The cruel joys of Luvahs Daughters laceratin with knives
And whips their Victims & the deadly sport of Luvahs Sons.
They dance around the dying, & they drink the howl & groan
They catch the shrieks in cups of gold, they hand them to one another:
These are the sports of love, & these the sweet delights of amorous play
Tears of the grape. the death sweat of the cluster the last sigh
Of the mild youth who listens to the lureing songs of Luvah

But Allamanda callld on Earth Commerce. is the Cultivated land
Around the City of Golgonooza in the Forests of Entuthon;
Here the Sons of Los labour against Death Eternal; through all
The Twenty-seven Heavens of Beulah in Ulro Seat of Satan.
Which is the False Tongue beneath Beulah: it is the Sense of Touch:
The Plow goes forth in tempests & lightnings & the Harrow cruel
In blights of the east; the heavy Roller follows in howlings of woe.
Urizens sons here labour also; & here are seen the Mills
Of Theotormon. on the verge of the Lake of Udan-Adan:
These are the starry voids of night & the depth & caverns of earth
These Mills are oceans, clouds & waters ungovernable in their fury
Here are the stars created & the seeds of all things planted
And here the Sun & Moon receive their fixed destinations

But in Eternity the Four Arts: Poetry, Painting, Music,
And Architecture which is Science: are the Four Faces of Man.
Not so in Time & Space: there Three are shut out, and only
Science remains thro Mercy: & by means of Science, the Three
Become apparent in Time & Space, in the Three Professions
Poetry in Religion: Music, Law: Painting, in Physic & Surgery:
That Man may live upon Earth till the time of his awaking,
And from these Three, Science derives every Occupation of Men.
And Science is divided into Bowlahoola & Allamanda.

Some Sons of Los surround the Passions with porches of iron & silver
Creating form & beauty around the dark regions of sorrow.
Giving to airy nothing a name and a habitation
Delightful: with bounds to the Infinite putting off the Indefinite
Into most holy forms of Thought: (such is the power of inspiration)
They labour incessant; with many tears & afflictions:
Creating the beautiful House for the piteous sufferer.

Others: Cabinets richly fabricate of gold & ivory;
For Doubts & fears uniform’d & wretched & melancholy
The little weeping Spectre stands on the threshold of Death
Eternal; and sometimes two Spectres like lamps quivering
And often malignant they combat (heart-breaking sorrowful & piteous)
Antamon takes them into his beautiful flexible hands,
As the Sower takes the seed, or as the Artist his clay
Or fine wax. to mould artful a model for golden ornaments.
The soft hands of Antamon draw the indelible line:
Form immortal with golden pen; such as the Spectre admiring
Puts on the sweet form; then smiles Antamon bright thro his windows
The Daughters of beauty look up from their Loom & prepare.
The integument soft for its clothing with joy & delight.
But Theotormon & Sotha stand in the Gate of Luban anxious
Their numbers are seven million & seven thousand & seven hundred
They contend with the weak Spectres, they fabricate soothing forms
The Spectre refuses. he seeks cruelty. they create the crested Cock
Terrified the Spectre screams & rushes in fear into their Net
Of kindness & compassion & is born a weeping terror,
Or they create the Lion & Tyger in compassionate thunderings
Howling the Spectres flee: they take refuge in Human lineaments.

The Sons of Ozoth within the Optic Nerve stand fiery glowing
And the number of his Sons is eight millions & eight.
They give delights to the man unknown; artificial riches
They give to scorn, & their posessors to trouble & sorrow & care,
Shutting the sun, & moon, & stars. & trees, & clouds, & waters,
And hills, out from the Optic Nerve & hardening it into a bone
Opake. and like the black pebble on the enraged beach.
While the poor indigent is like the diamond which tho cloth’d
In rugged covering in the mine, is open all within
And in his hallowd center holds the heavens of bright eternity
Ozoth here builds walls of rocks against the surging sea
And timbers crampt with iron cramps bar in the joys of life
From fell destruction in the Spectrous cunning or rage. He Creates
The speckled Newt, the Spider & Beetle. the Rat & Mouse.
The Badger & Fox: they worship before his feet in trembling fear.

But others of the Sons of Los build Moments & Minutes & Hours
And Days & Months & Years & Ages & Periods; wondrous buildings
And every Moment has a Couch of gold for soft repose.
(A Moment equals a pulsation of the artery)
And between every two Moments stands a Daughter of Beulah
To feed the Sleepers on their Couches with maternal care.
And every Minute has an azure Tent with silken Veils.
And every Hour has a bright golden Gate carved with skill.
And every Day & Night has Walls of brass & Gates of adamant.
Shining like precious stones & ornamented with appropriate signs:
And every Month, a silver paved Terrace builded high:
And every Year, invulnerable Barriers with high Towers,
And every Age is Moated deep with Bridges of silver & gold.
And every Seven Ages is Incircled with a Flaming Fire.
Now Seven Ages is amounting to Two Hundred Years
Each has its Guard. each Moment Minute Hour Day Month & Year.
All are the work of Fairy hands of the Four Elements
The Guard are Angels of Providence on duty evermore
Every Time less than a pulsation of the artery
Is equal in its period & value to Six Thousand Years.
For in this Period the Poets Work is Done: and all the Great
Events of Time start forth & are conciev'd in such a Period
Within a Moment: a Pulsation of the Artery.

The Sky is an immortal Tent built by the Sons of Los
And every Space that a Man views around his dwelling-place.
Standing on his own roof, or in his garden on a mount
Of twenty-five cubits in height. such space is his Universe;
And on its verge the Sun rises & sets. the Clouds bow
To meet the flat Earth & the Sea in such an orderd Space:
The Starry heavens reach no further but here bend and set
On all sides & the two Poles turn on their valves of gold:
And if he move his dwelling-place. his heavens also move.
Wher’eer he goes & all his neighbourhood bewail his loss:
Such are the Spaces called Earth & such its dimension:
As to that false appearance which appears to the reasoner.
As of a Globe rolling thro Voidness, it is a delusion of Ulro
The Microscope knows not of this nor the Telescope, they alter
The ratio of the Spectators Organs but leave Objects untouch’d
For every Space larger than a red Globule of Mans blood.
Is visionary: and is created by the Hammer of Los
And every Space smaller than a Globule of Mans blood. opens
Into Eternity of which this vegetable Earth is but a shadow;
The red Globule is the unwearied Sun by Los created
To measure Time and Space to mortal Men. every morning.
Bowlahoola & Allamanda are placed on each side
Of that Pulsation & that Globule, terrible their power.
But Rintrah & Palamabron govern over Day & Night
In Allamanda & Entuthon Benython where Souls wail:
Where Orc incessant howls burning in fires of Eternal Youth.
Within the vegetated mortal Nerves; for every Man born is joined
Within into One mighty Polypus. and this Polypus is Orc.

But in the Optic vegetative Nerves Sleep was transformed
To Death in old time by Satan the father of Sin & Death
And Satan is the Spectre of Orc & Orc is the generate Luvah

But in the Nerves of the Nostrils. Accident being formed
Into Substance & Principle, by the cruelties of Demonstration
It became Opake & Indefinite; but the Divine Saviour,
Formed it into a Solid by Loss Mathematic power.
He named the Opake Satan: he named the Solid Adam

And in the Nerves of the Ear. (for the Nerves of the Tongue are closed)
On Albions Rock Los stands creating the glorious Sun each morning
And when unwearied in the evening he creates the Moon
Death to delude, who all in terror at their splendor leaves
His prey while Los appoints, & Rintrah & Palamabron guide
The Souls clear from the Rock of Death. that Death himself may wake
In his appointed season when the ends of heaven meet.
Then Los conducts the Spirits to be Vegetated. into
Great Golgonooza, free from the four iron pillars of Satans Throne
(Temperance, Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, the four pillars of tyranny)
That Satans Watch-Fiends touch them not before they Vegetate.

But Enitharmon and her Daughters take the pleasant charge.
To give them to their lovely heavens till the Great Judgment Day
Such is their lovely charge. But Rahab & Tirzah pervert
Their mild influences. therefore the Seven Eyes of God walk round
The Three Heavens of Ulro, where Tirzah & her Sisters
Weave the black Woof of Death upon Entuthon Benython
In the Vale of Surrey where Horeb terminates in Rephaun.
The stamping feet of Zelophehads Daughters are coverd with Human gore
Upon the treddles of the Loom, they sing to the winged shuttle:
The River rises above his banks to wash the Woof:
He takes it in his arms: he passes it in strength thro his current
The veil of human miseries is woven over the Ocean
From the Atlantic to the Great South Sea. the Erythrean.
Such is the World of Los the labour of six thousand years.
Thus Nature is a Vision of the Science of the Elohim.

End of the First Book.
There is a place where Contrarieties are equally True
This place is called Beulah, It is a pleasant lovely Shadow
Where no dispute can come, Because of those who Sleep.
Into this place the Sons & Daughters of Ololon descended
With solemn mourning, into Beulahs moony shades & hills
Weeping for Milton: mute wonder held the Daughters of Beulah
Enrapturd with affection sweet and mild benevolence

Beulah is evermore Created around Eternity; appearing
To the inhabitants of Eden, around them on all sides.
But Beulah to its Inhabitants appears within each district
As the beloved infant in his mothers bosom round incircled
With arms of love & pity & sweet compassion. But to
The Sons of Eden the moony habitations of Beulah,
Are from Great Eternity a mild & pleasant Rest.

And it is thus Created. Lo the Eternal Great Humanity
To whom be Glory & Dominion Evermore Amen
Walks among all his awful Family seen in every face
As the breath of the Almighty. such are the words of man to man
In the great Wars of Eternity, in fury of Poetic Inspiration,
To build the Universe stupendous: Mental forms Creating

But the Emanations trembled exceedingly, nor could they
Live, because the life of Man was too exceeding unbounded
His joy became terrible to them, they trembled & wept
Crying with one voice. Give us a habitation & a place
In which we may be hidden under the shadow of wings
For if we who are but for a time, & who pass away in winter
Behold these wonders of Eternity we shall consume

But you O our Fathers & Brothers, remain in Eternity
But grant us a Temporal Habitation. do you speak
To us; we will obey your words as you obey Jesus
The Eternal who is blessed for ever & ever. Amen

So spake the lovely Emanations; & there appeard a pleasant
Mild Shadow above: beneath: & on all sides round,
Into this pleasant Shadow all the weak & weary
Like Women & Children were taken away as on wings
Of dovelike softness, & shadowy habitations prepared for them
But every Man returnd & went still going forward thro’
The Bosom of the Father in Eternity on Eternity
Neither did any lack or fall into Error without
A Shadow to repose in all the Days of happy Eternity

Into this pleasant Shadow Beulah, all Ololon descended
And when the Daughters of Beulah heard the lamentation
All Beulah wept, for they saw the Lord coming in the Clouds
And the Shadows of Beulah terminate in rocky Albion.
And all Nations wept in affliction Family by Family
Germany wept towards France & Italy: England wept & trembled
Towards America: India rose up from his golden bed:
As one awakend in the night: they saw the Lord coming
In the Clouds of Ololon with Power & Great Glory!

And all the Living Creatures of the Four Elements, wail’d
With bitter wailing: these in the aggregate are named Satan
And Rahab: they know not of Regeneration, but only of Generation
The Fairies, Nymphs, Gnomes & Genii of the Four Elements
Unforgiving & unalterable: these cannot be Regenerated
But must be Created, for they know only of Generation
These are the Gods of the Kingdoms of the Earth: in contrarious
And cruel opposition: Element against Element, opposed in War
Not Mental, as the Wars of Eternity, but a Corporeal Strife
In Los’s Halls continual labouring in the Furnaces of Golgonooza
Orc howls on the Atlantic: Enitharmon trembles: All Beulah weeps
Then loud from their green covert all the Birds begin their Song
The Thrush, the Linnet & the Goldfinch, Robin & the Wren
Awake the Sun from his sweet reverie upon the Mountain:
The Nightingale again assays his song & thro the day,
And thro the night warbles luxuriant; every Bird of Song
Attending his loud harmony with admiration & love.
This is a Vision of the lamentation of Beulah over Ololon!

Thou perceivest the Flowers put forth their precious Odours!
And none can tell how from so small a center comes such sweets
Forgetting that within that Center Eternity expands
Its ever during doors, that Og & Anak fiercely guard.
First eer the morning breaks joy opens in the flowery bosoms
Joy even to tears, which the Sun rising dries; first the Wild Thyme
And Meadow-sweet downy & soft waving among the reeds.
Light springing on the air lead the sweet Dance: they wake
The Honeysuckle sleeping on the Oak: the flaunting beauty
Revels along upon the wind; the White-thorn lovely May
Opens her many lovely eyes: listening the Rose still sleeps
None dare to wake her. soon she bursts her crimson curtain'd bed
And comes forth in the majesty of beauty; every Flower:
The Pink, the Jessamine, the Wall-flower, the Carnation
The Jonquil, the mild Lilly opes her heavens: every Tree,
And Flower & Herb soon fill the air with an innumerable Dance
Yet all in order sweet & lovely, Men are sick with Love!
Such is a Vision of the lamentation of Beulah over Ololon
And Milton oft sat up on the Couch of Death & oft conversed
In vision & dream beatific with the Seven Angels of the Presence

I have turned my back upon these Heavens builded on cruelty
My Spectre still wandering thro' them follows my Emanation
He hunts her footsteps thro' the snow & the wintry hail & rain
The idiot Reasoner laughs at the Man of Imagination
And from laughter proceeds to murder by undervaluing calumny

Then Hillel who is Lucifer replied over the Couch of Death
And thus the Seven Angels instructed him & thus they converse.

We are not Individuals but States: Combinations of Individuals
We were Angels of the Divine Presence: & were Druids in Annandale
Compell'd to combine into Form by Satan, the Spectre of Albion,
Who made himself a God &, destroyed the Human Form Divine.
But the Divine Humanity & Mercy gave us a Human Form
Because we were combined in Freedom & holy Brotherhood

While those combind by Satans Tyranny first in the blood of War
And Sacrifice &, next, in Chains of imprisonment: are Shapeless Rocks
Retaining only Satans Mathematic Holiness, Length: Bredth & Highth
Calling the Human Imagination: which is the Divine Vision & Fruition
In which Man liveth eternally: madness & blasphemy, against
Its own Qualities, which are Servants of Humanity, not Gods or Lords.
Distinguish therefore States from Individuals in those States.
States Change: but Individual Identities never change nor cease:
You cannot go to Eternal Death in that which can never Die.
Satan & Adam are States Created into Twenty-seven Churches
And thou O Milton art a State about to be Created
Called Eternal Annihilation that none but the Living shall
Dare to enter: & they shall enter triumphant over Death
And Hell & the Grave: States that are not, but ah! Seem to be.

Judge then of thy Own Self: thy Eternal Lineaments explore
What is Eternal & what Changeable? & what Annihilable:
The Imagination is not a State: it is the Human Existence itself
Affection or Love becomes a State, when divided from Imagination
The Memory is a State always, & the Reason is a State
Created to be Annihilated & a new Ratio Created
Whatever can be Created can be Annihilated Forms cannot
The Oak is cut down by the Ax, the Lamb falls by the Knife
But their Forms Eternal Exist, For-ever. Amen Hallelujah

Thus they converse with the Dead watching round the Couch of Death.
For God himself enters Death’s Door always with those that enter
And lays down in the Grave with them, in Visions of Eternity
Till they awake & see Jesus & the Linen Clothes lying
That the Females had Woven for them, & the Gates of their Fathers House
And the Divine Voice was heard in the Songs of Beulah Saying

When I first Married you, I gave you all my whole Soul
I thought that you would love my loves & joy in my delights
Seeking for pleasures in my pleasures O Daughter of Babylon
Then thou wast lovely, mild & gentle. now thou art terrible
In jealousy & unlovely in my sight, because thou hast cruelly
Cut off my loves in fury till I have no love left for thee
They love depends on him thou lovest & on his dear loves
Depend thy pleasures which thou hast cut off by jealousy
Therefore I shew my Jealousy & set before you Death.
Behold Milton descended to Redeem the Female Shade
From Death Eternal; such your lot, to be continually Redeem’d
By death & misery of those you love & by Annihilation

When the Sixfold Female perceives that Milton annihilates
Himself: that seeing all his loves by her cut off: he leaves
Her also: entirely abstracting himself from Female loves
She shall relent in fear of death: She shall begin to give
Her maidens to her husband: delighting in his delight
And then & then alone begins the happy Female joy
As it is done in Beulah, & thou O Virgin Babylon
Mother of Whoredoms
Shalt bring Jerusalem in thine arms in the night watches; and
No longer turning her a wandering Harlot in the streets
Shalt give her into the arms of God your Lord & Husband.

Such are the Songs of Beulah in the Lamentations of Oloolon
And all the Songs of Beulah sounded comfortable notes
To comfort Oloolons lamentation, for they said
Are you the Fiery Circle that late drove in fury & fire
The Eight Immortal Starry-Ones down into Ulro dark
Rending the Heavens of Beulah with your thunders & lightnings
And can you thus lament & can you pity & forgive?
Is terror changd to pity O wonder of Eternity:
And the Four States of Humanity in its Repose,
Were shewed them. First of Beulah a most pleasant Sleep
On Couches soft, with mild music, tended by Flowers of Beulah
Sweet Female forms, winged or floating in the air spontaneous
The Second State is Alla & the third State Al-Ulro;
But the Fourth State is dreadful; it is named Or-Ulro:
The First State is in the Head, the Second is in the Heart:
The Third in the Loins & Seminal Vessels & the Fourth
In the Stomach & Intestines terrible, deadly, unutterable
And he whose Gates are open in those Regions of his Body
Can from those Gates view all these wondrous Imaginations

But Ololon sought the Or-Ulro & its fiery Gates
And the Couches of the Martyrs: & many Daughters of Beulah
Accompany them down to the Ulro with soft melodious tears
A long journey & dark thro Chaos in the track of Miltons course
To where the Contraries of Beulah War beneath Negations Banner

Then view’d from Miltons Track they see the Ulro: a vast Polypus
Of living fibres down into the Sea of Time & Space growing
A self-devouring monstrous Human Death Twenty-seven fold.
Within it sit Five Females & the nameless Shadowy Mother
Spinning it from their bowels with songs of amorous delight
And melting cadences that lure the Sleepers of Beulah down
The River Storge (which is Arnon) into the Dead Sea:
Around this Polypus Los continual builds the Mundane Shell
Four Universes round the Universe of Los remain Chaotic
Four intersecting Globes, & the Egg form’d World of Los
In midst; stretching from Zenith to Nadir, in midst of Chaos.
One of these Ruind Universes is to the North named Urthona
One to the South this was the glorious World of Urizen
One to the East, of Luvah: One to the West; of Tharmas.
But when Luvah assumed the World of Urizen in the South
All fell towards the Center sinking downward in dire Ruin

Here in these Chaoses the Sons of Ololon took their abode
In Chasms of the Mundane Shell which open on all sides round
Southward & by the East within the Breach of Miltons descent
To watch the time, pitying & gentle to awaken Urizen
They stood in a dark land of death of fiery corroding waters
Where lie in evil death the Four Immortals pale and cold
And the Eternal Man, even Albion, upon the Rock of Ages.
Seeing Miltons Shadow, some Daughters of Beulah trembling Returnd, but Ololon remaind before the Gates of the Dead

And Ololon looked down into the Heavens of Ulro in fear They said. How are the Wars of man which in Great Eternity Appear around, in the External Spheres of Visionary Life Here renderd Deadly within the Life & Interior Vision How are the Beasts & Birds & Fishes, & Plants & Minerals Here fixd into a frozen bulk subject to decay & death Those Visions of Human Life & Shadows of Wisdom & Knowledge Are here frozen to unexpansive deadly destroying terrors And War & Hunting: the Two Fountains of the River of Life Are become Fountains of bitter Death & of corroding Hell Till Brotherhood is changd into a Curse & a Flattery By Differences between Ideas, that Ideas themselves, (which are The Divine Members) may be slain in offerings for sin O dreadful Loom of Death! O piteous Female forms compellld To weave the Woof of Death. On Camberwell Tirzahs Courts Malahs on Blackheath, Rahab & Noah, dwell on Windsors heights Where once the Cherubs of Jerusalem spread to Lambeths Vale Milcahs Pillars shine from Harrow to Hampstead where Hoglah On Highgates heights magnificent Weaves over trembling Thames To Shooters Hill and thence to Blackheath the dark Woof! Loud Loud roll the Weights & Spindles over the whole Earth let down On all sides round to the Four Quarters of the World, eastward on Europe to Euphrates & Hindu, to Nile & back in Clouds Of Death across the Atlantic to America North & South

So spake Ololon in reminiscence astonishd, but they Could not behold Golgonooza without passing the Polypus A wondrous journey not passable by Immortal feet, & none But the Divine Saviour can pass it without annihilation. For Golgonooza cannot be seen till having passd the Polypus It is viewed on all sides round by a Four-fold Vision Or till you become Mortal & Vegetable in Sexuality Then you behold its mighty Spires & Domes of ivory & gold
And Ololon examined all the Couches of the Dead.
Even of Los & Enitharmon & all the Sons of Albion
And his Four Zoas terrified & on the verge of Death
In midst of these was Miltons Couch, & when they saw Eight
Immortal Starry-Ones, guarding the Couch in flaming fires
They thunderous uttered all a universal groan falling down
Prostrate before the Starry Eight asking with tears forgiveness
Confessing their crime with humiliation and sorrow.

O how the Starry Eight rejoic’d to see Ololon descended!
And now that a wide road was open to Eternity,
By Ololons descent thro Beulah to Los & Enitharmon.

For mighty were the multitudes of Ololon, vast the extent
Of their great sway, reaching from Ulro to Eternity
Surrounding the Mundane Shell outside in its Caverns
And through Beulah, and all silent forbore to contend
With Ololon for they saw the Lord in the Clouds of Ololon

There is a Moment in each Day that Satan cannot find
Nor can his Watch Fiends find it, but the Industrious find
This Moment & it multiply. & when it once is found
It renovates every Moment of the Day if rightly placed
In this Moment Ololon descended to Los & Enitharmon
Unseen beyond the Mundane Shell Southward in Miltons track

Just in this Moment when the morning odours rise abroad
And first from the Wild Thyme, stands a Fountain in a rock
Of crystal flowing into two Streams, one flows thro Golgonooza
And thro Beulah to Eden beneath Los’s western Wall
The other flows thro the Aerial Void & all the Churches
Meeting again in Golgonooza beyond Satans Seat

The Wild Thyme is Los’s Messenger to Eden, a mighty Demon
Terrible deadly & poisonous his presence in Ulro dark
Therefore he appears only a small Root creeping in grass
Covering over the Rock of Odours his bright purple mantle
Beside the Fount above the Larks nest in Golgonooza
Luvah slept here in death & here is Luvahs empty Tomb
Ololon sat beside this Fountain on the Rock of Odours.

Just at the place to where the Lark mounts, is a Crystal Gate
It is the entrance of the First Heaven named Luther: for
The Lark is Los’s Messenger thro the Twenty-seven Churches
That the Seven Eyes of God who walk even to Satans Seat
Thro all the Twenty-seven Heavens may not slumber nor sleep
But the Larks Nest is at the Gate of Los, at the eastern
Gate of wide Golgonooza & the Lark is Los’s Messenger
When on the highest lift of his light pinions he arrives
At that bright Gate, another Lark meets him & back to back
They touch their pinions tip tip: and each descend
To their respective Earths & there all night consult with Angels
Of Providence & with the Eyes of God all night in slumbers
Inspired: & at the dawn of day send out another Lark
Into another Heaven to carry news upon his wings
Thus are the Messengers dispatchd till they reach the Earth again
In the East Gate of Golgonooza, & the Twenty-eighth bright
Lark, met the Female Ololon descending into my Garden
Thus it appears to Mortal eyes & those of the Ulro Heavens
But not thus to Immortals. the Lark is a mighty Angel

For Ololon tep’d into the Polypus within the Mundane Shell
They could not step into Vegetable Worlds without becoming
The enemies of Humanity except in a Female Form
And as One Female, Ololon and all its mighty Hosts
Appear’d: a Virgin of twelve years nor time nor space was
To the perception of the Virgin Ololon but as the
Flash of lightning but more quick the Virgin in my Garden
Before my Cottage stood, for the Satanic Space is delusion

For when Los joind with me he took me in his firy whirlwind
My Vegetated portion was hurried from Lambeths shades
He set me down in Felphams Vale & prepar’d a beautiful
Cottage for me that in three years I might write all these Visions
To display Natures cruel holiness: the deceits of Natural Religion.
Walking in my Cottage Garden, sudden I beheld
The Virgin Ololon & address’d her as a Daughter of Beulah

Virgin of Providence fear not to enter into my Cottage
What is thy message to thy friend? What am I now to do
Is it again to plunge into deeper affliction? behold me
Ready to obey, but pity thou my Shadow of Delight
Enter my Cottage, comfort her, for she is sick with fatigue
The Virgin answerd. Knowest thou of Milton who descended
Driven from Eternity; him I seek! terrified at my Act
In Great Eternity which thou knowest! I come him to seek

So Ololon utterd in words distinct the anxious thought
Mild was the voice, but more distinct than any earthly
That Miltons Shadow heard & condensing all his Fibres
Into a strength impregnable of majesty & beauty infinite
I saw he was the Covering Cherub and within him Satan
And Rahab, in an outside which is fallacious! within
Beyond the outline of Identity, in the Selfhood deadly
And he appeard the Wicker Man of Scandinavia in whom
Jerusalems children consume in flames among the Stars

Descending down into my Garden, a Human Wonder of God
Reaching from heaven to earth a Cloud & Human Form
I beheld Milton with astonishment & in him beheld
The Monstrous Churches of Beulah, the Gods of Ulro dark
Twelve monstrous dishumanizd terrors Synagogues of Satan.
A Double Twelve & Thrice Nine: such their divisions.

And these their Names & their Places within the Mundane Shell

In Tyre & Sidon I saw Baal & Ashtaroth. In Moab Chemosh
In Ammon, Molech: loud his Furnaces rage among the Wheels
Of Og, & pealing loud the cries of the Victims of Fire:
And pale his Priestesses infolded in Veils of Pestilence, border’d
With War; Woven in Looms of Tyre & Sidon by beautiful Ashtaroth.
In Palestine Dagon, Sea Monster! worship'd o'er the Sea.
Thammuz in Lebanon & Rimmon in Damascus curtain'd
Osiris: Isis: Orus: in Egypt: dark their Tabernacles on Nile
Floating with solemn songs, & on the Lakes of Egypt nightly
With pomp, even till morning break & Osiris appear in the sky
But Belial of Sodom & Gomorrha, obscure Demon of Bribes
And secret Assassinations, not worship'd nor ador'd; but
With the finger on the lips & the back turnd to the light
And Saturn Jove & Rhea of the Isles of the Sea remote
These Twelve Gods, are the Twelve Spectre Sons of the Druid Albion

And these the names of the Twenty-seven Heavens & their Churches
Adam, Seth, Enos, Cainan, Mahalaleel, Jared, Enoch,
Methuselah, Lamech: these are Giants mighty Hermaphroditic
Noah, Shem, Arphaxad, Cainan the second, Salah, Heber,
Peleg, Reu, Serug, Nahor, Terah, these are the Female-Males
A Male within a Female hid as in an Ark & Curtains,
Abraham, Moses, Solomon, Paul, Constantine, Charlemaine
Luther, these seven are the Male-Females, the Dragon Forms
Religion hid in War, a Dragon red & hidden Harlot

All these are seen in Miltons Shadow who is the Covering Cherub
The Spectre of Albion in which the Spectre of Luvah inhabits
In the Newtonian Voids between the Substances of Creation

For the Chaotic Voids outside of the Stars are measured by
The Stars, which are the boundaries of Kingdoms, Provinces
And Empires of Chaos invisible in the Vegetable Man
The Kingdom of Og, is in Orion: Sihon is in Ophiucus
Og has Twenty-seven Districts; Sihons Districts Twenty-one
From Star to Star, Mountains & Valleys, terrible dimension
Stretch'd out, compose the Mundane Shell, a mighty Incrustation
Of Forty-eight deformed Human Wonders of the Almighty
With Caverns whose remotest bottoms meet again beyond
The Mundane Shell in Golgonooza, but the Fires of Los, rage
In the remotest bottoms of the Caves, that none can pass
Into Eternity that way, but all descend to Los
To Bowlahoola & Allamanda & to Entuthon Benython

The Heavens are the Cherub, the Twelve Gods are Satan
And the Forty-eight Starry Regions are Cities of the Levites
The Heads of the Great Polypus, Four-fold twelve enormity
In mighty & mysterious comingling enemy with enemy
Woven by Urizen into Sexes from his mantle of years
And Milton collecting all his fibres into impregnable strength
Descended down a Paved work of all kinds of precious stones
Out from the eastern sky; descending down into my Cottage
Garden: clothed in black, severe & silent he descended.

The Spectre of Satan stood upon the roaring sea & beheld
Milton within his sleeping Humanity: trembling & shuddering
He stood upon the waves a Twenty-seven-fold mighty Demon
Gorgeous & beautiful: loud roll his thunders against Milton
Loud Satan thunderd, loud & dark upon mild Felpham shore
Not daring to touch one fibre he howld round upon the Sea.

I also stood in Satans bosom & beheld its desolations!
A ruind Man: a ruind building of God not made with hands;
Its plains of burning sand, its mountains of marble terrible:
Its pits & declivities flowing with molten ore & fountains
Of pitch & nitre: its ruind palaces & cities & mighty works;
Its furnaces of affliction in which his Angels & Emanations
Labour with blackend visages among its stupendous ruins
Arches & pyramids & porches colonades & domes:
In which dwells Mystery Babylon, here is her secret place
From hence she comes forth on the Churches in delight
Here is her Cup filld with its poisons, in these horrid vales
And here her scarlet Veil woven in pestilence & war:
Here is Jerusalem bound in chains, in the Dens of Babylon

In the Eastern porch of Satans Universe Milton stood & said

Satan! my Spectre! I know my power thee to annihilate
And be a greater in thy place, & be thy Tabernacle


A covering for thee to do thy will, till one greater comes
And smites me as I smote thee & becomes my covering.
Such are the Laws of thy false Heavns! but Laws of Eternity
Are not such: know thou: I come to Self Annihilation
Such are the Laws of Eternity that each shall mutually
Annihilate himself for others good, as I for thee.

Thy purpose & the purpose of thy Priests & of thy Churches
Is to impress on men the fear of death; to teach
Trembling & fear, terror, constriction; abject selfishness
Mine is to teach Men to despise death & to go on
In fearless majesty annihilating Self, laughing to scorn
Thy Laws & terrors, shaking down thy Synagogues as webs
I come to discover before Heavn & Hell the Self righteousness
In all its Hypocritic turpitude, opening to every eye
These wonders of Satans holiness shewing to the Earth
The Idol Virtues of the Natural Heart, & Satans Seat
Explore in all its Selfish Natural Virtue & put off
In Self annihilation all that is not of God alone:
To put off Self & all I have ever & ever Amen

Satan heard! Coming in a cloud, with trumpets & flaming fire,
Saying I am God the judge of all, the living & the dead
Fall therefore down & worship me, submit thy supreme
Dictate, to my eternal Will & to my dictate bow
I hold the Balances of Right & Just & mine the Sword
Seven Angels bear my Name & in those Seven I appear
But I alone am God & I alone in Heavn & Earth
Of all that live dare utter this, others tremble & bow
Till All Things become One Great Satan, in Holiness
Oppos’d to Mercy, and the Divine Delusion Jesus be no more

Suddenly around Milton on my Path, the Starry Seven
Burnd terrible! my Path became a solid fire, as bright
As the clear Sun & Milton silent came down on my Path.
And there went forth from the Starry limbs of the Seven: Forms
Human; with Trumpets innumerable, sounding articulate
As the Seven spake; and they stood in a mighty Column of Fire Surrounding Felphams Vale, reaching to the Mundane Shell, Saying

Awake Albion awake! reclaim thy Reasoning Spectre. Subdue Him to the Divine Mercy, Cast him down into the Lake Of Los, that ever burneth with fire, ever & ever Amen! Let the Four Zoa’s awake from Slumbers of Six Thousand Years

Then loud the Furnaces of Los were heard! & seen as Seven Heavens Stretching from south to north over the mountains of Albion

Satan heard; trembling round his Body, he incircled it He trembled with exceeding great trembling & astonishment Howling in his Spectre round his Body hungrying to devour But fearing for the pain for if he touches a Vital, His torment is unendurable: therefore he cannot devour: But howls round it as a lion round his prey continually. Loud Satan thunderd, loud & dark upon mild Felphams Shore Coming in a Cloud with Trumpets & with Fiery Flame An awful Form eastward from midst of a bright Paved-work Of precious stones by Cherubim surrounded: so permitted (Lest he should fall apart in his Eternal Death) to imitate The Eternal Great Humanity Divine surrounded by His Cherubim & Seraphim in every happy Eternity Beneath sat Chaos: Sin on his right hand Death on his left And Ancient Night spread over all the heavn his Mantle of Laws He trembled with exceeding great trembling & astonishment Then Albion rose up in the Night of Beulah on his Couch Of dread repose seen by the visionary eye; his face is toward The east, toward Jerusalems Gates: groaning he sat above His rocks. London & Bath & Legions & Edinburgh Are the four pillars of his Throne; his left foot near London Covers the shades of Tyburn: his instep from Windsor To Primrose Hill stretching to Highgate & Holloway London is between his knees: its basements fourfold His right foot stretches to the sea on Dover cliffs, his heel On Canterbury’s ruins; his right hand covers lofty Wales
His left Scotland; his bosom girt with gold involves
York, Edinburgh, Durham & Carlisle & on the front
Bath, Oxford, Cambridge, Norwich; his right elbow
Leans on the Rocks of Erins Land, Ireland ancient nation.
His head bends over London: he sees his embodied Spectre
Trembling before him with exceeding great trembling & fear
He views Jerusalem & Babylon, his tears flow down
He movd his right foot to Cornwall, his left to the Rocks of Bognor
He strove to rise to walk into the Deep. but strength failing
Forbad & down with dreadful groans he sunk upon his Couch
In moony Beulah. Los his strong Guard walks round beneath the Moon

Urizen faints in terror striving among the Brooks of Arnon
With Miltons Spirit: as the Plowman or Artificer or Shepherd
While in the labours of his Calling sends his Thought abroad
To labour in the ocean or in the starry heaven, So Milton
Labourd in Chasms of the Mundane Shell, tho here before
My Cottage midst the Starry Seven, where the Virgin Ololon
Stood trembling in the Porch: loud Satan thunder’d on the stormy Sea
Circling Albions Cliffs in which the Four-fold World resides
Tho seen in fallacy outside: a fallacy of Satans Churches

Before Ololon Milton stood & percievd the Eternal Form
Of that mild Vision; wondrous were their acts by me unknown
Except remotely; and I heard Ololon say to Milton

I see thee strive upon the Brooks of Arnon. there a dread
And awful Man I see, oercoverd with the mantle of years,
I behold Los & Urizen. I behold Orc & Tharmas!
The Four Zoa’s of Albion & thy Spirit with them striving
In Self annihilation giving thy life to thy enemies
Are those who contemn Religion & seek to annihilate it
Become in their Femine portions, the causes & promoters
Of these Religions, how is this thing? this Newtonian Phantasm
This Voltaire & Rousseau: this Hume & Gibbon & Bolingbroke
This Natural Religion! this impossible absurdity
Is Ololon the cause of this? O where shall I hide my face
These tears fall for the little-ones: the Children of Jerusalem
Lest they be annihilated in thy annihilation,

No sooner she had spoke but Rahab Babylon appeard
Eastward upon the Paved work across Europe & Asia
Glorious as the midday Sun in Satans bosom glowing:
A Female hidden in a Male, Religion hidden in War
Namd Moral Virtue: cruel two-fold Monster shining bright
A Dragon red & hidden Harlot which John in Patmos saw

And all beneath the Nations innumerable of Ulro
Appeard, the Seven Kingdoms of Canaan & Five Baalim
Of Philistea, into Twelve divided, calld after the Names
Of Israel: as they are in Eden. Mountain River & Plain
City & sandy Desart intermingled beyond mortal ken

But turning toward Ololon in terrible majesty Milton
Replied. Obey thou the Words of the Inspired Man
All that can be ann be annihilated must be annihilated
That the Children of Jerusalem may be saved from slavery
There is a Negation, & there is a Contrary
The Negation must be destroyd to redeem the Contraries
The Negation is the Spectre; the Reasoning Power in Man
This is a false Body: an Incrustation over my Immortal
Spirit: a Selfhood. which must be put off & annihilated alway
To cleanse the Face of my Spirit by Self-examination.
To bathe in the Waters of Life; to wash off the Not Human
I come in Self-annihilation & the grandeur of Inspiration
To cast off Rational Demonstration by Faith in the Saviour
To cast off the rotten rags of Memory by Inspiration
To cast off Bacon. Locke & Newton from Albions covering
To take off his filthy garments, & clothe him with Imagination
To cast aside from Poetry. all that is not Inspiration
That it no longer shall dare to mock with the aspersion of Madness
Cast on the Inspired, by the tame high finisher of paltry Blots,
Indefinite, or paltry Rhymes; or paltry Harmonies.
Who creeps into State Government like a catterpiller to destroy
To cast off the idiot Questioner who is always questioning,
But never capable of answering: who sits with a sly grin
Silent plotting when to question, like a thief in a cave;
Who publishes doubt & calls it knowledge: whose Science is Despair
Whose pretence to knowledge is Envy: whose whole Science is
To destroy the wisdom of ages to gratify ravenous Envy.
That rages round him like a Wolf day & night without rest
He smiles with condescension; he talks of Benevolence & Virtue
And those who act with Benevolence & Virtue, the murder time on tim
These are the destroyers of Jerusalem. these are the murderers
Of Jesus, who deny the Faith & mock at Eternal Life:
Who pretend to Poetry that they may destroy Imagination:
By imitation of Natures Images drawn from Remembrance
These are the Sexual Garments, the Abomination of Desolation
Hiding the Human Lineaments as with an Ark & Curtains
Which Jesus rent: & now shall wholly purge away with Fire
Till Generation is swallowd up in Regeneration.

Then trembled the Virgin Ololon & replyd in clouds of despair

Is this our Femine Portion the Six-fold Miltonic Female
Terribly this Portion trembles before thee O awful Man
Altho’ our Human Power can sustain the severe contentions
Of Friendship, our Sexual cannot: but flies into the Ulro.
Hence arose all our terrors in Eternity! & now remembrance
Returns upon us! are we Contraries O Milton, Thou & I
O Immortal: how were we led to War the Wars of Death
Is this the Void Outside of Existence, which if enterd into
Becomes a Womb? & is this the Death Couch of Albion
Thou goest to Eternal Death & all must go with thee

So saying, the Virgin divided Six-fold & with a shriek
Dolorous that ran thro all Creation a Double Six-fold Wonder:
Away from Ololon she divided & fled into the depths
Of Miltons Shadow as a Dove upon the stormy Sea.

Then as a Moony Ark Ololon descended to Felphams Vale
In clouds of blood, in streams of gore, with dreadful thunderings
Into the Fires of Intellect that rejoic’d in Felphams Vale
Around the Starry Eight: with one accord the Starry Eight became
One Man Jesus the Saviour. wonderful! round his limbs
The Clouds of Ololon folded as a Garment dipped in blood
Written within & without in woven letters: & the Writing
Is the Divine Revelation in the Litteral expression:
A Garment of War, I heard it nam’d the Woof of Six Thousand Years

And I beheld the Twenty-four Cities of Albion
Arise upon their Thrones to Judge the Nations of the Earth
And the Immortal Four in whom the Twenty-four appear Four-fold
Arose around Albions body: Jesus wept & walked forth
From Felphams Vale clothed in Clouds of blood, to enter into
Albions Bosom, the bosom of death & the Four surrounded him
In the Column of Fire in Felphams Vale; then to their mouths the Four
Applied their Four Trumpets & then sounded to the Four winds

Terror struck in the Vale I stood at that immortal sound
My bones trembled. I fell outstretched upon the path
A moment, & my Soul returned into its mortal state
To Resurrection & Judgment in the Vegetable Body
And my sweet Shadow of Delight stood trembling by my side

Immediately the Lark mounted with a loud trill from Felphams Vale
And the Wild Thyme from Wimbletons green & impurpled Hills
And Los & Enitharmon rose over the Hills of Surrey
Their clouds roll over London with a south wind. soft Oothoon
Pants in the Vales of Lambeth weeping oer her Human Harvest
Los listens to the Cry of the Poor Man: his Cloud
Over London in volume terrific, low bended in anger.

Rintrah & Palamabron view the Human Harvest beneath
Their Wine-presses & Barns stand open; the Ovens are prepared
The Waggons ready: terrific Lions & Tygers sport & play
All Animals upon the Earth, are prepared in all their strength
To go forth to the Great Harvest & Vintage of the Nations
Finis.
The Emanation of The Giant Albion

(Above the Archway)
There is a Void, outside of Existence, which if entered into
Englobes itself & becomes a Womb, such was Albions Couch
A pleasant Shadow of Repose called Albions lovely Land

His Sublime & Pathos become Two Rocks fixed in the Earth
His Reason his Spectrous Power, covers them above
Jerusalem his Emanation is a Stone laying beneath
O Albion behold Pitying behold the Vision of Albion

(On the Right of the Archway)
Half Friendship is the bitterest Enmity said Los
As he entered the Door of Death for Albions sake Inspired
The long sufferings of God are not for ever there is a Judgment

(On the Left of the Archway, in Reversed Writing)
Every Thing has its Vermin O Spectre of the Sleeping Dead!
After my three years slumber on the banks of the Ocean, I again display my Giant forms to the Public: My former Giants & Fairies having received the highest reward possible: the love and friendship of those with whom to be connected, is to be blessed: I cannot doubt that this more consolidated & extended Work, will be as kindly received

The Enthusiasm of the following Poem, the Author hopes no Reader will think presumptuousness or arrogance when he is reminded that the Ancients acknowledge their love to their Deities, to the full as Enthusiastically as I have who acknowledge mine for my Saviour and Lord, for they were wholly absorb’d in their Gods. I also hope the Reader will be with me, wholly One in Jesus our Lord, who is the God of Fire and Lord of Love to whom the Ancients look’d and saw his day afar off, with trembling & amazement.

The Spirit of Jesus is continual forgiveness of Sin: he who waits to be righteous before he enters into the Saviour’s kingdom, the Divine Body; will never enter there. I am perhaps the most sinful of men! I pretend not to holiness! yet I pretend to love, to see, to converse with daily, as man with man, & the more to have an interest in the Friend of Sinners. Therefore Dear Reader, forgive what you do not approve, & love me for this energetic exertion of my talent.

Reader! lover of books! lover of heaven,  
And of that God from whom all books are given,  
Who in mysterious Sinais awful cave  
To Man the wond’rous art of writing gave,  
Again he speaks in thunder and in fire!  
Thunder of Thought, & flames of fierce desire:  
Even from the depths of Hell his voice I hear,  
Within the unfathomd caverns of my Ear.  
Therefore I print; nor vain my types shall be:  
Heaven, Earth & Hell, henceforth shall live in harmony  
Of the Measure, in which the following Poem is written

We who dwell on Earth can do nothing of ourselves, every thing is conducted by Spirits, no less than Digestion or Sleep. to Note the last words of Jesus, ἔδοθη μοι πᾶσα ἐξουσία ἐν οὐρανῷ καὶ ἐπί γῆς.

When this Verse was first dictated to me I consider’d a Monotonous Cadence like that used by Milton & Shakspeare & all writers of English Blank Verse, derived from the modern bondage of Rhyming; to be a necessary and indispensible part of Verse. But I soon found that in the mouth of a true Orator such monotony was not only awkward, but as much a bondage as rhyme itself. I therefore have produced a variety in every line, both
of cadences & number of syllables. Every word and every letter is studied and put into its fit place: the terrific numbers are reserved for the terrific parts—the mild & gentle, for the mild & gentle parts, and the prosaic, for inferior parts: all are necessary to each other. Poetry Fetter’d, Fetters the Human Race! Nations are Destroy’d, or Flourish, in proportion as Their Poetry Painting and Music, are Destroy’d or Flourish! The Primeval State of Man, was Wisdom, Art, and Science.

Movos ó Iesous

Jerusalem

Chap: 1.

Of the Sleep of Ulro! and of the passage through Eternal Death! and of the awaking to Eternal Life

This theme calls me in sleep night after night, & ev’ry morn Awakes me at sun-rise, then I see the Saviour over me Spreading his beams of love, & dictating the words of this mild song.

Awake! awake O sleeper of the land of shadows, wake! expand!
I am in you and you in me, mutual in love divine:
Fibres of love from man to man thro Albions pleasant land.
In all the dark Atlantic vale down from the hills of Surrey
A black water accumulates, return Albion! return!
Thy brethren call thee. and thy fathers, and thy sons,
Thy nurses and thy mothers, thy sisters and thy daughters Weep at thy souls disease, and the Divine Vision is darkend:
Thy Emanation that was wont to play before thy face, Beaming forth with her daughters into the Divine bosom.
Where hast thou hidden thy Emanation lovely Jerusalem From the vision and fruition of the Holy-one?
I am not a God afar off, I am a brother and friend;  
Within your bosoms I reside, and you reside in me:  
Lo! we are One; forgiving all Evil; Not seeking recompense!  
Ye are my members O ye sleepers of Beulah. land of shades!  
But the perturbed Man away turns down the valleys dark;  

Phantom of the over heated brain! shadow of immortality!  
Seeking to keep my soul a victim to thy Love! which binds  
Man the enemy of man into deceitful friendships;  
Jerusalem is not! her daughters are indefinite;  
By demonstration, man alone can live, and not by faith.  

My mountains are my own, and I will keep them to myself:  
The Malvern and the Cheviot, the Wolds Plinlimmon & Snowdon  
Are mine. here will I build my Laws of Moral Virtue:  
Humanity shall be no more: but war & prinedom & victory!  

So spoke Albion in jealous fears, hiding his Emanation  
Upon the Thames and Medway, rivers of Beulah: dissembling  
His jealousy before the throne divine, darkening. cold!  

The banks of the Thames are clouded! the ancient porches of Albion are  
Darken’d! they are drawn thro’ unbounded space, scatter’d upon  
The Void in incohererent despair! Cambridge & Oxford & London.  
Are driven among the starry Wheels. rent away and dissipated,  
In Chasms & Abysses of sorrow, enlarg’d without dimension, terrible  
Albions mountains run with blood. the cries of war & of tumult  
Resound into the unbounded night, every Human perfection  
Of mountain & river & city. are small & wither’d & darken’d  
Cam is a little stream! Ely is almost swallowd up!  
Lincoln & Norwich stand trembling on the brink of Udan-Adan!  
Wales and Scotland shrink themselves to the west and to the north!  
Mourning for fear of the warriors in the Vale of Entuthon-Benython  
Jerusalem is scatterd abroad like a cloud of smoke thro’ non-entity:  
Moab & Ammon & Amalek & Canaan & Egypt & Aram  
Recieve her little-ones for sacrifices and the delights of cruelty  

Trembling I sit day and night, my friends are astonish’d at me
Yet they forgive my wanderings, I rest not from my great task!
To open the Eternal Worlds, to open the immortal Eyes
Of Man inwards into the Worlds of Thought: into Eternity
Ever expanding in the Bosom of God, the Human Imagination
O Saviour pour upon me thy Spirit of meekness & love:
Annihilate the Selfhood in me, be thou all my life!
Guide thou my hand which trembles exceedingly upon the rock of ages,
While I write of the building of Golgonooza. & of the terrors of Entuthon:
Of Hand & Hyle & Coban. of Kwantok. Peachey. Brereton. Slayd & Hutton:
Of the terrible sons & daughters of Albion. and their Generations.

Scofield: Kox. Kotope and Bowen, revolve most mightily upon
The Furnace of Los: before the eastern gate bending their fury.
They war, to destroy the Furnaces, to desolate Golgonooza:
And to devour the Sleeping Humanity of Albion in rage & hunger.
They revolve into the Furnaces Southward & are driven forth Northward
Divided into Male and Female forms time after time.
From these Twelve all the Families of England spread abroad.
The Male is a Furnace of beryll; the Female is a golden Loom;
I behold them and their rushing fires overwhelm my Soul;
In Londons darkness; and my tears fall day and night,
Upon the Emanations of Albions Sons! the Daughters of Albion
Names anciently rememberd, but now contemn’d as fictions:
Although in every bosom they controll our Vegetative powers.
These are united into Tirzah and her Sisters. on Mount Gilead.
Cambel & Gwendolen & Conwenna & Cordella & Ignoge.
And these united into Rahab in the Covering Cherub on Euphrates
Gwiniverra & Gwinefred. & Gonorill & Sabrina beautiful.
Estrild, Mehetabel & Ragan, lovely Daughters of Albion.
They are the beautiful Emanations of the Twelve Sons of Albion

The Starry Wheels revolv’d heavily over the Furnaces;
Drawing Jerusalem in anguish of maternal love,
Eastward a pillar of a cloud with Vala upon the mountains
Howling in pain. redounding from the arms of Beulahs Daughters,
Out from the Furnaces of Los above the head of Los.
A pillar of smoke writhing afar into Non-Entity, redounding
Till the cloud reaches afar outstretch’d among the Starry Wheels
Which revolve heavily in the mighty Void above the Furnaces

O what avail the loves & tears of Beulah’s lovely Daughters
They hold the Immortal Form in gentle bands & tender tears
But all within is open’d into the deeps of Entuthon Benython
A dark and unknown night. indefinite. unmeasurable. without end.
Abstract Philosophy warring in enmity against Imagination
Which is the Divine Body of the Lord Jesus. blessed for ever).
And there Jerusalem wanders with Vala upon the mountains.
Attracted by the revolutions of those Wheels the Cloud of smoke:
Immense. and Jerusalem & Vala weeping in the Cloud
Wander away into the Chaotic Void, lamenting with her Shadow
Among the Daughters of Albion, among the Starry Wheels:
Lamenting for her children, for the sons & daughters of Albion

Los heard her lamentations in the deeps afar! his tears fall
Incessant before the Furnaces, and his Emanation divided in pain.
Eastward toward the Starry Wheels. But Westward a black Horror.
His Spectre driv’n by the Starry Wheels of Albions sons. black and
Opake divided from his back; he labours and he mourns!

For as his Emanation divided, his Spectre also divided
In terror of those starry wheels: and the Spectre stood over Los
Howling in pain: a blackning Shadow. blackning dark & opake
Cursing the terrible Los: bitterly cursing him for his friendship
To Albion. suggesting murderous thoughts against Albion.

Los rag’d and stamp’d the earth in his might & terrible wrath!
He stood and stampd the earth! then he threw down his hammer in rage &
In fury; then he sat down and wept, terrified! Then arose
And chaunted his song, labouring with the tongs and hammer:
But still the Spectre divided, and still his pain increas’d!
In pain the Spectre divided! in pain of hunger and thirst:
To devour Los’s Human Perfection, but when he saw that Los
Was living: panting like a frighted wolf. and howling
He stood over the Immortal. in the solitude and darkness:
Upon the darkning Thames, across the whole Island westward.
A horrible Shadow of Death, among the Furnaces; beneath
The pillar of folding smoke; and he sought by other means.
To lure Los: by tears, by arguments of science & by terrors:
Terrors in every Nerve, by spasms & extended pains:
While Los answer'd unterrified to the opake blackening Fiend

And thus the Spectre spoke; Wilt thou still go on to destruction?
Till thy life is all taken away by this deceitful Friendship?
He drinks thee up like water! like wine he pours thee
Into his tuns: thy Daughters are trodden in his vintage
He makes thy Sons the trampling of his bulls, they are plow'd.
And harrowd for his profit, lo! thy stolen Emanation
Is his garden of pleasure! all the Spectres of his Sons mock thee
Look how they scorn thy once admired palaces; now in ruins
Because of Albion! because of deceit and friendship! For Lo!
Hand has peopled Babel & Nineveh: Hyle. Ashur & Aram;
Coban's son is Nimrod: his son Cush is adjoin'd to Aram.
By the Daughter of Babel, in a woven mantle of pestilence & war,
They put forth their spectrous cloudy sails; which drive their immense
Constellations over the deadly deeps of indefinite Udan-Adan
Kox is the Father of Shem & Ham & Japheth. he is the Noah
Of the Flood of Udan-Adan. Hutn is the Father of the Seven
From Enoch to Adam; Schofield is Adam who was New-
Created in Edom. I saw it indignant, & thou art not moved!
This has divided thee in sunder! and wilt thou still forgive?
O! thou seest not what I see! what is done in the Furnaces.
Listen I will tell thee what is done in moments to thee unknown:
Luvah was cast into the Furnaces of affliction and sealed.
And Vala fed in cruel delight, the Furnaces with fire:
Stern Urizen beheld; urgd by necessity to keep
The evil day afar. and if perchance with iron power
He might avert his own despair: in woe & fear he saw
Vala incircle round the Furnaces where Luvah was clos'd:
With joy she heard his howlings, & forgot he was her Luvah.
With whom she liv'd in bliss in times of innocence & youth!
Vala comes from the Furnace in a cloud. but wretched Luvah
Is howling in the Furnaces, in flames among Albions Spectres.
To prepare the Spectre of Albion to reign over thee O Los.
Forming the Spectres of Albion according to his rage:
To prepare the Spectre sons of Adam, who is Scofield: the Ninth
Of Albions sons. & the father of all his brethren in the Shadowy
Generation. Cambel & Gwendolen wove webs of war & of
Religion, to involve all Albions sons, and when they had
Involv’d Eight; their webs roll’d outwards into darkness
And Scofield the Ninth remaind on the outside of the Eight
And Kox. Kotope, & Bowen, One in him, a Fourfold Wonder
Involv’d the Eight—Such are the Generations of the Giant Albion.
To separate a Law of Sin. to punish thee in thy members.

Los answer’d, Altho’ I know not this! I know far worse than this:
I know that Albion hath divided me. and that thou O my Spectre.
Hast just cause to be irritated: but look stedfastly upon me:
Comfort thyself in my strength the time will arrive,
When all Albions injuries shall cease, and when we shall
Embrace him tenfold bright. rising from his tomb in immortality.
They have divided themselves by Wrath. they must be united by
Pity: let us therefore take example & warning O my Spectre,
O that I could abstain from wrath! O that the Lamb
Of God would look upon me and pity me in my fury.
In anguish of regeneration! in terrors of self annihilation:
Pity must join together those whom wrath has torn in sunder.
And the Religion of Generation which was meant for the destruction
Of Jerusalem, become her covering. till the time of the End.
O holy Generation ... of regeneration!
O point of mutual forgiveness between Enemies!
Birthplace of the Lamb of God incomprehensible!
The Dead despise & scorn thee, & cast thee out as accursed:
Seeing the Lamb of God in thy gardens & thy palaces:
Where they desire to place the Abomination of Desolation.
Hand sits before his furnace: scorn of others & furious pride:
Freeze round him to bars of steel & to iron rocks beneath
His feet: indignant self-righteousness like whirlwinds of the north:
Rose up against me thundering from the Brook of Albions River
From Ranelagh & Strumbolo, from Cromwell's gardens & Chelsea
The place of wounded Soldiers. but when he saw my Mace
Whirled round from heaven to earth. trembling he sat; his cold
Poisons rose up: & his sweet deceits covered them all over
With a tender cloud. As thou art now; such was he O Spectre
I know thy deceit & thy revenges, and unless thou desist
I will certainly create an eternal Hell for thee. Listen!
Be attentive! be obedient! Lo the Furnaces are ready to receive thee.
I will break thee into shivers: & melt thee in the furnaces of death
I will cast thee into forms of abhorrence & torment if thou
Desist not from thine own will, & obey not my stern command:
I am closed up from my children! my Emanation is dividing
And thou my Spectre art divided against me. But mark
I will compell thee to assist me in my terrible labours. To beat
These hypocritic Selfhoods on the Anvils of bitter Death
I am inspired! I act not for myself: for Albion's sake
I now am what I am! a horror and an astonishment
Shuddering the heavens to look upon me: Behold what cruelties
Are practised in Babel & Shinar, & have approached to Zion's Hill

While Los spoke, the terrible Spectre fell shuddering before him
Watching his time with glowing eyes to leap upon his prey.
Los opened the Furnaces in fear, the Spectre saw to Babel & Shinar
Across all Europe & Asia. he saw the tortures of the Victims.
He saw now from the outside what he before saw & felt from within
He saw that Los was the sole, uncontrolled Lord of the Furnaces
Groaning he kneeled before Los's iron-shod feet on London Stone,
Hungry & thirsting for Los's life yet pretending obedience.
While Los pursued his speech in threatenings loud & fierce.
Thou art my Pride & Self-righteousness; I have found thee out:
Thou art revealed before me in all thy magnitude & power
Thy Uncircumcised pretences to Chastity must be cut in sunder!
Thy holy wrath & deep deceit cannot avail against me
Nor shalt thou ever assume the triple-form of Albion's Spectre
For I am one of the living: dare not to mock my inspired fury
If thou wast cast forth from my life! if I was dead upon the mountains
Thou mightest be pitied & loved: but now I am living; unless
Thou abstain ravening I will create an eternal Hell for thee.
Take thou this Hammer & in patience heave the thundering Bellows
Take thou these Tongs: strike thou alternate with me: labour obedient
Hand & Hyle & Koban: Skofeld. Kox & Kotope. labour mightily
In the Wars of Babel & Shinar, all their Emanations were
Condensed. Hand has absorbed all his Brethren in his might
All the infant Loves & Graces were lost. for the mighty Hand
Condensed his Emanations into hard opaque substances;
And his infant thoughts & desires. into cold. dark. cliffs of death.
His hammer of gold he seized; and his anvil of adamant.
He seized the bars of condensed thoughts, to forge them:
Into the sword of war! into the bow and arrow:
Into the thundering cannon and into the murdering gun
I saw the limbs formed for exercise, contemned: & the beauty of
Eternity, looked upon as deformity & loveliness as a dry tree:
I saw disease forming a Body of Death around the Lamb
Of God, to destroy Jerusalem. & to devour the body of Albion
By war and stratagem to win the labour of the husbandman:
Awkwardness armed in steel: folly in a helmet of gold:
Weakness with horns & talons: ignorance with a rav’ning beak!
Every Emanative joy forbidden as a Crime:
And the Emanations buried alive in the earth with pomp of religion:
Inspiration denied; Genius forbidden by laws of punishment:
I saw terrified; I took the sighs & tears. & bitter groans:
I lifted them into my Furnaces; to form the spiritual sword.
That lays open the hidden heart: I drew forth the pang
Of sorrow red hot: I worked it on my resolute anvil:
I heated it in the flames of Hand, & Hyle, & Coban
Nine times; Gwendolen & Cambel & Gwineverra
Are melted into the gold, the silver, the liquid ruby,
The crysolite, the topaz. the jacinth. & every precious stone.
Loud roar my Furnaces and loud my hammer is heard:
I labour day and night, I behold the soft affections
Condensed beneath my hammer into forms of cruelty
But still I labour in hope, tho’ still my tears flow down.
That he who will not defend Truth, may be compelled to defend
A Lie: that he may be snared and caught and snared and taken
That Enthusiasm and Life may not cease: arise Spectre arise!
Thus they contended among the Furnaces with groans & tears;
Groaning the Spectre heaved the bellows. obeying Los’s frowns;
Till the Spaces of Erin were perfected in the furnaces
Of affliction, and Los drew them forth. compelling the harsh. Spectre.
Into the Furnaces & into the valleys of the Anvils of Death
And into the mountains of the Anvils & of the heavy Hammers
Till he should bring the Sons & Daughters of Jerusalem to be
The Sons & Daughters of Los that he might protect them from
Albions dread Spectres: storming, loud, thunderous & mighty
The Bellows & the Hammers move compell’d by Los’s hand.

And this is the manner of the Sons of Albion in their strength
They take the Two Contraries which are call’d Qualities, with which
Every Substance is clothed, they name them Good & Evil
From them they make an Abstract. which is a Negation
Not only of the Substance from which it is derived
A murderer of its own Body: but also a murderer
Of every Divine Member: it is the Reasoning Power
An Abstract objecting power, that Negatives every thing
This is the Spectre of Man; the Holy Reasoning Power
And in its Holiness is closed the Abomination of Desolation

Therefore Los stands in London building Golgonooza
Compelling his Spectre to labours mighty; trembling in fear
The Spectre weeps. but Los unmoved by tears or threats remains

I must Create a System. or be enslav’d by another Mans
I will not Reason & Compare: my business is to Create
So Los, in fury & strength: in indignation & burning wrath
Shuddring the Spectre howls. his howlings terrify the night
He stamps around the Anvil, beating blows of stern despair
He curses Heaven & Earth. Day & Night & Sun & Moon
He curses Forest Spring & River, Desart & sandy Waste
Cities & Nations, Families & Peoples, Tongues & Laws
Driven to desperation by Loss terrors & threatening fears
Los cries, Obey my voice & never deviate from my will
And I will be merciful to thee: be thou invisible to all
To whom I make thee invisible, but chief to my own Children
O Spectre of Urthona: Reason not against their dear approach
Nor them obstruct with thy temptations of doubt & despair
O Shame O strong & mighty Shame I break thy brazen fetters
If thou refuse, thy present torments will seem southern breezes
To what thou shalt endure if thou obey not my great will.

The Spectre answer’d. Art thou not ashamed of those thy Sins
That thou callest thy Children? lo the Law of God commands
That they be offered upon his Altar; O cruelty & torment
For thine are also mine! I have kept silent hitherto.
Concerning my chief delight: but thou hast broken silence
Now I will speak my mind! Where is my lovely Enitharmon
O thou my enemy, where is my Great Sin? She is also thine
I said: now is my grief at worst: incapable of being
Surpassed: but every moment it accumulates more & more
It continues accumulating to eternity; the joys of God advance
For he is Righteous: he is not a Being of Pity & Compassion
He cannot feel Distress: he feeds on Sacrifice & Offering:
Delighting in cries & tears & clothed in holiness & solitude
But my griefs advance also, for ever & ever without end
O that I could cease to be! Despair! I am Despair
Created to be the great example of horror & agony! also my
Prayer is vain I called for compassion: compassion mock’d
Mercy & pity threw the grave stone over me & with lead
And iron, bound it over me for ever: Life lives on my
Consuming: & the Almighty hath made me his Contrary
To be all evil. all reversed & for ever dead: knowing
And seeing life. yet living not; how can I then behold
And not tremble; how can I be beheld & not abhorrd

So spoke the Spectre shuddering, & dark tears ran down his shadowy face
Which Los wiped off, but comfort none could give! or beam of hope
Yet ceased he not from labouring at the roarings of his Forge
With iron & brass Building Golgonooza in great contendings
Till his Sons & Daughters came forth from the Furnaces
At the sublime Labours for Los. compell’d the invisible Spectre
To labours mighty, with vast strength, with his mighty chains.
In pulsations of time, & extensions of space. like Urns of Beulah
With great labour upon his anvils, & in his ladles the Ore
He lifted, pouring it into the clay ground prepar’d with art;
Striving with Systems to deliver Individuals from those Systems:
That whenever any Spectre began to devour the Dead,
He might feel the pain as if a man gnawd his own tender nerves,

Then Erin came forth from the Furnaces, & all the Daughters of Beulah
Came from the Furnaces. by Los’s mighty power for Jerusalems
Sake: walking up and down among the Spaces of Erin:
And the Sons and Daughters of Los came forth in perfection lovely!
And the Spaces of Erin reach’d from the starry heighth, to the starry depth.

Los wept with exceeding joy & all wept with joy together:
They feared they never more should see their Father. who
Was built in from Eternity, in the Cliffs of Albion.
But when the joy of meeting was exhausted in loving embrace:
Again they lament. O what shall we do for lovely Jerusalem?
To protect the Emanations of Albions mighty ones from cruelty?
Sabrina & Ignoge begin to sharpen their beamy spears
Of light and love: their little children stand with arrows of gold:
Ragan is wholly cruel Scofield is bound in iron armour!
He is like a mandrake in the earth before Reubens gate:
He shoots beneath Jerusalem’s walls to undermine her foundations;
Vala is but thy Shadow, O thou loveliest among women!
A shadow animated by thy tears O mournful Jerusalem!
Why wilt thou give to her a Body whose life is but a Shade?
Her joy and love, a shade! a shade of sweet repose:
But animated and vegetated, she is a devouring worm:
What shall we do for thee O lovely mild Jerusalem?

And Los said. I behold the finger of God in terrors!
Albion is dead! his Emanation is divided from him!
But I am living! yet I feel my Emanation also dividing
Such thing was never known! O pity me, thou all-piteous-one!
What shall I do! or how exist. divided from Enitharmon?
Yet why despair! I saw the finger of God go forth
Upon my Furnaces, from within the Wheels of Albions Sons:
Fixing their Systems, permanent: by mathematic power
Giving a body to Falshood that it may be cast off for ever.
With Demonstrative Science piercing Apollyon with his own bow:
God is within. & without! he is even in the depths of Hell:

Such were the lamentations of the Labourers in the Furnaces:
And they appeard within & without incircling on both sides
The Starry Wheels of Albions Sons, with Spaces for Jerusalem:
And for Vala the shadow of Jerusalem: the ever mourning shade:
On both sides. within & without beaming gloriously:
Terrified at the sublime Wonder. Los stood before his Furnaces.
And they stood around, terrified with admiration at Erins Spaces
For the Spaces reachd from the starry heighth, to the starry depth;
And they builded Golgonooza: terrible eternal labour!

What are those golden builders doing? where was the burying-place
Of soft Ethinthus? near Tyburns fatal Tree? is that
Mild Zions hills most ancient promontory; near mournful
Ever weeping Paddington? is that Calvary and Golgotha?
Becoming a building of pity and compassion? Lo!
The stones are pity, and the bricks, well wrought affections;
Enameld with love & kindness, & the tiles engraven gold
Labour of merciful hands: the beams & rafters are forgiveness:
The mortar & cement of the work. tears of honesty: the nails,
And the screws & iron braces, are well wrought blandishments,
And well contrived words, firm fixing, never forgotten,
Always comforting the remembrance: the floors, humility,
The cielings, devotion: the hearths, thanksgiving:
Prepare the furniture O Lambeth in thy pitying looms!
The curtains, woven tears & sighs, wrought into lovely forms
For comfort. there the secret furniture of Jerusalems chamber
Is wrought: Lambeth! the Bride the Lambs Wife loveth thee;
Thou art one with her & knowest not of self in thy supreme joy
Go on, builders in hope: tho Jerusalem wanders far away.
Without the gate of Los: among the dark Satanic wheels.

Fourfold the Sons of Los in their divisions: and fourfold.
The great City of Golgonooza: fourfold toward the north
And toward the south fourfold, & fourfold toward the east & west
Each within other toward the four points: that toward
Eden. and that toward the World of Generation.
And that toward Beulah. and that toward Ulro;
Ulro is the space of the terrible starry wheels of Albions sons:
But that toward Eden is walled up. till time of renovation:
Yet it is perfect in its building. ornaments & perfection.

And the Four Points are thus beheld in Great Eternity
West, the Circumference: South, the Zenith: North.
The Nadir; East, the Center, unapproachable for ever.
These are the four Faces towards the Four Worlds of Humanity
In every Man. Ezekiel saw them by Chebars flood.
And the Eyes are the South. and the Nostrils are the East.
And the Tongue is the West, and the Ear is the North.
And the North Gate of Golgonooza toward Generation:
Has four sculptur’d Bulls terrible before the Gate of iron.
And iron, the Bulls: and that which looks toward Ulro.
Clay bak’d & enamel’d. eternal glowing as four furnaces:
Turning upon the Wheels of Albions sons with enormous power.
And that toward Beulah four, gold. silver, brass, & iron;
And that toward Eden. four, form’d of gold, silver. brass. & iron.

The South, a golden Gate, has four Lions terrible. living!
That toward Generation. four. of iron carv’d wondrous:
That toward Ulro. four, clay bak’d, laborious workmanship
That toward Eden. four; immortal gold, silver. brass & iron.

The Western Gate fourfold. is clos’d: having four Cherubim
Its guards, living, the work of elemental hands, laborious task!
Like Men, hermaphroditic, each winged with eight wings
That towards Generation, iron: that toward Beulah, stone:
That toward Ulro, clay: that toward Eden, metals.
But all clos’d up till the last day, when the graves shall yield their dead

The Eastern Gate. fourfold; terrible & deadly its ornaments:
Taking their forms from the Wheels of Albions sons; as cogs
Are formd in a wheel, to fit the cogs of the adverse wheel.

That toward Eden, eternal ice. frozen in seven folds
Of forms of death: and that toward Beulah. stone:
The seven diseases of the earth are carved terrible.
And that toward Ulro. forms of war; seven enormities;
And that toward Generation. seven generative forms.

And every part of the City is fourfold; & every inhabitant, fourfold.
And every pot & vessel & garment & utensil of the houses,
And every house, fourfold; but the third Gate in every one
Is closd as with a threefold curtain of ivory & fine linen & ermine,
And Luban stands in middle of the City. a moat of fire,
Surrounds Luban. Los’s Palace & the golden Looms of Cathedron,

And sixty-four thousand Genii, guard the Eastern Gate:
And sixty-four thousand Gnomes, guard the Northern Gate:
And sixty-four thousand Nymphs, guard the Western Gate:
And sixty-four thousand Fairies, guard the Southern Gate:
Around Golgonooza lies the land of death eternal! a Land
Of pain and misery and despair and ever brooding melancholy;
In all the Twenty-seven Heavens, numberd from Adam to Luther;
From the blue Mundane Shell. reaching to the Vegetative Earth.

The Vegetative Universe. opens like a flower from the Earths center:
In which is Eternity. It expands in Stars to the Mundane Shell
And there it meets Eternity again, both within and without,
And the abstract Voids between the Stars are the Satanic Wheels.

There is the Cave; the Rock; the Tree; the Lake of Udan Adan;
The Forest, and the Marsh. and the Pits of bitumen deadly:
The Rocks of solid fire: the Ice valleys: the Plains
Of burning sand: the rivers, cataract & Lakes of Fire:
The Islands of the fiery Lakes: the Trees of Malice; Revenge;
And black Anxiety; and the Cities of the Salamandrine men:
But whatever is visible to the Generated Man.
Is a Creation of mercy & love, from the Satanic Void.
The land of darkness flamed but no light, & no repose:
The land of snows of trembling, & of iron hail incessant:
The land of earthquakes: and the land of woven labyrinths:
The land of snares & traps & wheels & pit-falls & dire mills:
The Voids. the Solids. & the land of clouds & regions of waters:
With their inhabitants; in the Twenty-seven Heavens beneath Beulah:
Self-righteousnesses conglomering against the Divine Vision:
A Concave Earth wondrous. Chasmal. Abyssal. Incoherent:
Forming the Mundane Shell: above; beneath; on all sides surrounding
Golgonooza; Los walks round the walls night and day.

He views the City of Golgonooza. & its smaller Cities:
The Looms & Mills & Prisons & Work-houses of Og & Anak:
The Amalekite: the Canaanite: the Moabite; the Egyptian:
And all that has existed in the space of six thousand years:
Permanent, & not lost not lost nor vanishd, & every little act,
Word. work. & wish. that has existed, all remaining still
In those Churches ever consuming & ever building by the Spectres
Of all the inhabitants of Earth wailing to be Created;
Shadowy to those who dwell not in them. meer possibilities:
But to those who enter into them they seem the only substances
For every thing exists & not one sigh nor smile nor tear,
One hair nor particle of dust. not one can pass away.

He views the Cherub at the Tree of Life. also the Serpent,
Orc the first born coild in the south: the Dragon Urizen:
Tharmas the Vegetated Tongue even the Devouring Tongue:
A threefold region, a False brain; a false heart:
And false bowels: altogether composing the False Tongue,
Beneath Beulah: as a watry flame revolving every way
And as dark roots and stems: a Forest of affliction; growing
In seas of sorrow. Los also views the Four Females:
Ahania, and Enion, and Vala. and Enitharmon lovely.
And from them all the lovely beaming Daughters of Albion.
Ahania & Enion & Vala. are three evanescent shades:
Enitharmon is a vegetated mortal Wife of Los:
His Emanation, yet his Wife till the sleep of death is past.

Such are the Buildings of Los: & such are the Woofs of Enitharmon!

And Los beheld his Sons, and he beheld his Daughters:
Every one a translucent Wonder: a Universe within.
Increasing inwards, into length. and breadth. and heighth:
Starry & glorious: and they every one in their bright loins:
Have a beautiful golden gate which opens into the vegetative world:
And every one a gate of rubies & all sorts of precious stones
In their translucent hearts. which opens into the vegetative world:
And every one a gate of iron dreadful and wonderful.
In their translucent heads. which opens into the vegetative world
And every one has the three regions Childhood: Manhood: & Age.
But the gate of the tongue: the western gate in them is clos’d.
Having a wall builded against it. and thereby the gates
Eastward & Southward & Northward. are incircled with flaming fires.
And the North is Breadth. the South is Heighth & Depth:
The East is Inwards; & the West is Outwards every way.
And Los beheld the mild Emanation Jerusalem eastward bending
Her revolutions toward the Starry Wheels in maternal anguish
Like a pale cloud arising from the arms of Beulahs Daughters:
In Entuthon Benythons deep Vales beneath Golgonooza.

And Hand & Hyle rooted into Jerusalem by a fibre
Of strong revenge & Skofeld Vegetated by Reubens Gate
In every Nation of the Earth till the Twelve Sons of Albion
Enrooted into every Nation: a mighty Polypus growing
From Albion over the whole Earth: such is my awful Vision

I see the Four-fold Man. The Humanity in deadly sleep
And its fallen Emanation. The Spectre & its cruel Shadow
I see the Past, Present & Future, existing all at once
Before me; O Divine Spirit sustain me on thy wings!
That I may awake Albion from his long & cold repose.
For Baon & Newton sheathd in dismal steel their terrors hang
Like iron scourges over Albion, Reasonings like vast Serpents
Infold around my limbs, bruising my minute articulations

I turn my eyes to the Schools & Universities of Europe
And there behold the Loom of Locke whose Woof rages dire
Washd by the Water-wheels of Newton. black the cloth
In heavy wreathes folds over every Nation; cruel Works
Of many Wheels I view. wheel without wheel. with cogs tyrannic
Moving by compulsion each other: not as those in Eden: which
Wheel within Wheel in freedom revolve in harmony & peace.

I see in deadly fear in London Los raging round his Anvil
Of death: forming an Ax of gold: the Four Sons of Los
Stand round him cutting the Fibres from Albions hills
That Albions Sons may roll apart over the Nations
While Reuben enroots his brethren in the narrow Canaanite
From the Limit Noah to the Limit Abram in whose Loins
Reuben in his Twelve-fold majesty & beauty shall take refuge
As Abraham flees from Chaldea shaking his goary locks
But first Albion must sleep. divided from the Nations

I see Albion sitting upon his Rock in the first Winter
And thence I see the Chaos of Satan & the World of Adam
When the Divine Hand went forth on Albion in the mid Winter
And at the place of Death when Albion sat in Eternal Death
Among the Furnaces of Los in the Valley of the Son of Hinnom
Hampstead Highgate Finchley Hendon Muswell hill: rage loud
Before Bromions iron Tongs & glowing Poker reddening fierce
Hertfordshire glows with fierce Vegetation! in the Forests
The Oak frowns terrible, the Beech & Ash & Elm enroot
Among the Spiritual fires: loud the Corn fields thunder along
The Soldiers fife; the Harlots shriek; the Virgins dismal groan
The Parents fear: the Brothers jealousy: the Sisters curse
Beneath the Storms of Theotormon & the thundring Bellows
Heaves in the hand of Palamabron who in Londons darkness
Before the Anvil. watches the bellowing flames: thundering
The Hammer loud rages in Rintrahs strong grasp swinging loud
Round from heaven to earth down falling with heavy blow
Dead on the Anvil. where the red hot wedge groans in pain
He quenches it in the black trough of his Forge: Londons River
Feeds the dread Forge, trembling & shuddering along the Valleys

Humber & Trent roll dreadful before the Seventh Furnace
And Tweed & Tyne anxious give up their Souls for Albions sake
Lincolnshire Derbyshire Nottinghamshire Leicestershire
From Oxfordshire to Norfolk on the Lake of Udan Adan
Labour within the Furnaces. walking among the Fires
With Ladles huge & iron Pokers over the Island white.
Scotland pours out his Sons to labour at the Furnaces
Wales gives his Daughters to the Looms; England: nursing Mothers
Gives to the Children of Albion & to the Children of Jerusalem
From the blue Mundane Shell even to the Earth of Vegetation
Throughout the whole Creation which groans to be deliverd
Albion groans in the deep slumbers of Death upon his Rock.

Here Los fixd down the Fifty-two Counties of England & Wales
The Thirty-six of Scotland. & the Thirty-four of Ireland
With mighty power. when they fled out at Jerusalems Gates
Away from the Conflict of Luvah & Urizen, fixing the Gates
In the Twelve Counties of Wales & thence Gates looking every way
To the Four Points: conduct to England & Scotland & Ireland
And thence to all the Kingdoms & Nations & Families of the Earth
The Gate of Reuben in Carmarthenshire: the Gate of Simeon in
Cardiganshire; & the Gate of Levi in Montgomeryshire
The Gate of Judah Merionethshire: the Gate of Dan Flintshire
The Gate of Naphthali, Radnorshire: the Gate of Gad Pembrokeshire
The Gate of Asher, Carnarvonshire the Gate of Issachar Brecknokshire
The Gate of Zebulun, in Anglesea & Sodor, so is Wales divided.
The Gate of Joseph, Denbighshire; the Gate of Benjamin Glamorganshire
For the protection of the Twelve Emanations of Albions Sons

And the Thirty-six Counties of Scotland. divided in the Gates Of Reuben Kincard Haddntn Forfar, Simeon Ayr Argyll Banff Levi Edinburh Roxbro Ross, Judah. Abrdeen Berwik Dumfries Dan Butes Caitnes Clakmanan. Napthali Nairn Invernes Linlithgo Gad Peebles Perth Renfru. Asher Sutherlan Sterling Wigtoun Issachar Selkirk Dumbartn Glasgo. Zebulun Orkney Shetland Skye Joseph Elgin Lanerk Kinros, Benjamin Kromarty Murra Kirkubriht Governing all by the sweet delights of secret amorous glances In Enitharmons Halls builded by Los & his mighty Children All things acted on Earth are seen in the bright Sculptures of Loss Halls & every Age renews its powers from these Works With every pathetic story possible to happen from Hate or Wayward Love & every sorrow & distress is carved here Every Affinity of Parents Marriages & Friendships are here In all their various combinations wrought with wondrous Art All that can happen to Man in his pilgrimage of seventy years Such is the Divine Written Law of Horeb & Sinai: And such the Holy Gospel of Mount Olivet & Calvary: His Spectre divides & Los in fury compels it to divide: To labour in the fire. in the water. in the earth. in the air. To follow the Daughters of Albion as the hound follows the scent Of the wild inhabitant of the forest. to drive them from his own: To make a way for the Children of Los to come from the Furnaces But Los himself against Albions Sons his fury bends. for he Dare not approach the Daughters openly lest he be consumed In the fires of their beauty & perfection & be Vegetated beneath Their Looms. in a Generation of death & resurrection to forgetfulness
They wooe Los continually to subdue his strength: he continually
Shews them his Spectre: sending him abroad over the four points of heaven
In the fierce desires of beauty & in the tortures of repulse! He is
The Spectre of the Living pursuing the Emanations of the Dead.
Shuddring they flee: they hide in the Druid Temples in cold chastity:
Subdued by the Spectre of the Living & terrified by undisguisd desire.

For Los said: Tho my Spectre is divided: as I am a Living Man
I must compell him to obey me wholly! that Enitharmon may not
Be lost: & lest he should devour Enitharmon: Ah me!
Piteous image of my soft desires & loves: O Enitharmon!
I will compell my Spectre to obey: I will restore to thee thy Children.
No one bruises or starves himself to make himself fit for labour:
Tormented with sweet desire for these beauties of Albion
They would never love my power if they did not seek to destroy
Enitharmon: Vala would never have sought & loved Albion
If she had not sought to destroy Jerusalem: such is that false
And Generating Love: a pretence of love to destroy love:
Cruel hypocrisy unlike the lovely delusions of Beulah:
And cruel forms, unlike the merciful forms of Beulahs Night

They know not why they love nor wherefore they sicken & die
Calling that Holy Love: which is Envy Revenge & Cruelty
Which separated the stars from the mountains: the mountains from Man
And left Man. a little grovelling Root, outside of Himself.
Negations are not Contraries: Contraries mutually Exist:
But Negations Exist Not: Exceptions & Objections & Unbeliefs
Exist not: nor shall they ever be Organized for ever & ever:
If thou separate from me, thou art a Negation: a meer
Reasoning & Derogation from me. an Objecting & cruel Spite
And Malice & Envy: but my Emanation. Alas! will become
My Contrary: O thou Negation. I will continually compell
Thee to be invisible to any but whom I please, & when
And where & how I please, and never! never! shalt thou be Organized
But as a distorted & reversed Reflexion in the Darkness
And in the Non Entity: nor shall that which is above
Ever descend into thee: but thou shalt be a Non Entity for ever
And if any enter into thee, thou shalt be an Unquenchable Fire
And he shall be a never dying Worm. mutually tormented by
Those that thou tormentest, a Hell & Despair For ever & ever.

So Los in secret with himself communed & Enitharmon heard
In her darkness & was comforted: yet still she divided away
In gnawing pain from Los’s bosom in the deadly Night;
First as a red Globe of blood trembling beneath his bosom
Suspended over her he hung: he infolded her in his garments
Of wool: he hid her from the Spectre, in shame & confusion of
Face; in terrors & pains of Hell & Eternal Death, the
Trembling Globe shot forth Self-living & Los howld over it:
Feeding it with his groans & tears day & night without ceasing:
And the Spectrous Darkness from his back divided in temptations.
And in grinding agonies in threats: stiflings: & direful strugglings

Go thou to Skofield: ask him if he is Bath or if he is Canterbury
Tell him to be no more dubious: demand explicit words
Tell him: I will dash him into shivers, where & at what time
I please: tell Hand & Skofield they are my ministers of evil
To those I hate; for I can hate also as well as they!

From every-one of the Four Regions of Human Majesty,
There is an Outside spread Without, & an Outside spread Within
Beyond the Outline of Identity both ways. which meet in One:
An orbed Void of doubt, despair. hunger. & thirst & sorrow.
Here the Twelve Sons of Albion. join’d in dark Assembly,
Jealous of Jerusalems children. asham’d of her little-ones
(For Vala produc’d the Bodies. Jerusalem gave the Souls)
Became as Three Immense Wheels, turning upon one-another
Into Non-Entity. and their thunders hoarse appall the Dead
To murder their own Souls, to build a Kingdom among the Dead
Cast! Cast. ye Jerusalem forth! The Shadow of delusions!
The Harlot daughter! Mother of pity and dishonourable forgiveness
Our Father Albions sin and shame! But father now no more!
Nor sons! nor hateful peace & love. nor soft complacencies
With transgressors meeting in brotherhood around the table,
Or in the porch or garden, No more the sinful delights
Of age and youth and boy and girl and animal and herb.
And river and mountain, and city & village, and house & family,
Beneath the Oak & Palm, beneath the Vine and Fig-tree.
In self-denial!—But War and deadly contention, Between
Father and Son, and light and love! All bold asperities
Of Haters met in deadly strife, rending the house & garden
The unforgiving porches, the tables of enmity, and beds
And chambers of trembling & suspition. hatreds of age & youth
And boy & girl, & animal & herb, & river & mountain
And city & village, and house & family. That the Perfect.
May live in glory, redeem’d by Sacrifice of the Lamb
And of his children, before sinful Jerusalem. To build
Babylon the City of Vala, the Goddess Virgin-Mother.
She is our Mother! Nature! Jerusalem is our Harlot-Sister
Return’d with Children of pollution. to defile our House.
With Sin and Shame. Cast! Cast her into the Potters field.
Her little-ones. She must slay upon our Altars: and her aged
Parents must be carried into captivity, to redeem her Soul
To be for a Shame & a Curse, and to be our Slaves for ever

So cry Hand & Hyle the eldest of the fathers of Albions
Little-ones: to destroy the Divine Saviour; the Friend of Sinners.
Building Castles in desolated places, and strong Fortifications.
Soon Hand mightily devour’d & absorb’d Albions Twelve Sons.
Out from his bosom a mighty Polypus. vegetating in darkness.
And Hyle & Coban were his two chosen ones. for Emissaries
In War; forth from his bosom they went and return’d.
Like Wheels from a great Wheel reflected in the Deep.
Hoarse turn’d the Starry Wheels. rending a way in Albions Loins
Beyond the Night of Beulah. In a dark & unknown Night.
Outstretch’d his Giant beauty on the ground in pain & tears;

His Children exil’d from his breast, pass to and fro before him
His birds are silent on his hills. flocks die beneath his branches
His tents are fall’n! his trumpets, and the sweet sound of his harp
Are silent on his clouded hills, that belch forth storms & fire,
His milk of Cows, & honey of Bees. & fruit of golden harvest,
Is gather’d in the scorching heat, & in the driving rain:
Where once he sat he weary walks in misery and pain:
His Giant beauty and perfection fallen into dust:
Till from within his witherd breast grown narrow with his woes:
The corn is turn’d to thistles & the apples into poison:
The birds of song to murderous crows, his joys to bitter groans!
The voices of children in his tents. to cries of helpless infants:
And self-exiled from the face of light & shine of morning,
In the dark world a narrow house! he wanders up and down.
Seeking for rest and finding none! and hidden far within.
His Eon weeping in the cold and desolated Earth.

All his Affections now appear withoutside: all his Sons,
Hand. Hyle & Coban. Guantok, Peachey, Brereton, Slayd & Hutton,
Scofeld, Kox, Kotope & Bowen; his Twelve Sons: Satanic Mill!
Who are the Spectres of the Twentyfour, each Double-form’d:
Revolve upon his mountains groaning in pain: beneath
The dark incessant sky, seeking for rest and finding none:
Raging against their Human natures. raving to gormandize
The Human majesty and beauty of the Twentyfour.
Condensing them into solid rocks with cruelty and abhorrence
Suspition & revenge, & the seven diseases of the Soul
Settled around Albion and around Luvah in his secret cloud
Willing the Friends endur’d, for Albions sake, and for
Jerusalem his Emanation shut within his bosom;
Which hardend against them more and more; as he builded onwards
On the Gulph of Death in self-righteousness, that roll’d
Before his awful feet. in pride of virtue for victory:
And Los was roofd in from Eternity in Albions Cliffs
Which stand upon the ends of Beulah, and withoutside, all
Appear’d a rocky form against the Divine Humanity.

Albions Circumference was clos’d: his Center began darkning
Into the Night of Beulah, and the Moon of Beulah rose
Clouded with storms: Los his strong Guard walkd round beneath the Moon
And Albion fled inward among the currents of his rivers.

He found Jerusalem upon the River of his City soft repos’d
In the arms of Vala, assimilating in one with Vala
The Lilly of Havilah: and they sang soft thro’ Lambeths vales,
In a sweet moony night & silence that they had created
With a blue sky spread over with wings and a mild moon.
Dividing & uniting into many female forms: Jerusalem
Trembling! then in one comingling in eternal tears,
Sighing to melt his Giant beauty, on the moony river.

But when they saw Albion fall’n upon mild Lambeths vale:
Astonish’d! Terrified! they hover’d over his Giant limbs.
Then thus Jerusalem spoke, while Vala wove the veil of tears:
Weeping in pleadings of Love, in the web of despair.

Wherefore hast thou shut me into the winter of human life
And clos’d up the sweet regions of youth and virgin innocence:
Where we live, forgetting error, not pondering on evil:
Among my lambs & brooks of water, among my warbling birds:
Where we delight in innocence before the face of the Lamb;
Going in and out before him in his love and sweet affection.

Vala replied weeping & trembling, hiding in her veil

When winter rends the hungry family and the snow falls:
Upon the ways of men hiding the paths of man and beast,
Then mourns the wanderer: then he repents his wanderings & eyes
The distant forest; then the slave groans in the dungeon of stone.
The captive in the mill of the stranger. sold for scanty hire.
They view their former life: they number moments over and over:
Stringing them on their remembrance as on a thread of sorrow.
Thou art my sister and my daughter! thy shame is mine also!
Ask me not of my griefs! thou knowest all my griefs.

Jerusalem answer’d with soft tears over the valleys.
O Vala what is Sin? that thou shudderest and weepest
At sight of thy once lov’d Jerusalem! What is Sin but a little
Error & fault that is soon forgiven; but mercy is not a Sin
Nor pity nor love nor kind forgiveness! O! if I have Sinned
Forgive & pity me; O! unfold thy Veil in mercy & love!
Slay not my little ones, beloved Virgin daughter of Babylon
Slay not my infant loves & graces, beautiful daughter of Moab
I cannot put off the human form I strive but strive in vain
When Albion rent thy beautiful net of gold and silver twine;
Thou hadst woven it with art, thou hadst caught me in the bands
Of love; thou refusedst to let me go! Albion beheld thy beauty
Beautiful thro’ our Love’s comeliness, beautiful thro’ pity.
The Veil shone with thy brightness in the eyes of Albion.
Because it inclos’d pity & love; because we lov’d one-another!
Albion lov’d thee! he rent thy Veil! he embrac’d thee! he lov’d thee!
Astonish’d at his beauty & perfection, thou forgavest his furious love
I redounded from Albions bosom in my virgin loveliness.
The Lamb of God receiv’d me in his arms he smil’d upon us:
He made me his Bride & Wife: he gave thee to Albion.
Then was a time of love! O why is it passed away!

Then Albion broke silence and with groans reply’d

O Vala! O Jerusalem! do you delight in my groans
You O lovely forms, you have prepared my death-cup:
The disease of Shame covers me from head to feet; I have no hope
Every boil upon my body is a separate & deadly Sin.
Doubt first assaild me, then Shame took possession of me
Shame divides Families. Shame hath divided Albion in sunder!
First fled my Sons, & then my Daughters, then my Wild Animations
My Cattle next, last ev’n the Dog of my Gate. the Forests fled
The Corn-fields, & the breathing Gardens outside separated
The Sea; the Stars; the Sun; the Moon! drivn forth by my disease
All is Eternal Death unless you can weave a chaste
Body over an unchaste Mind! Vala! O that thou wert pure!
That the deep wound of Sin might be clos’d up with the Needle.
And with the Loom: to cover Gwendolen & Ragan with costly Robes
Of Natural Virtue for their Spiritual forms without a Veil
Wither in Luvahs Sepulcher. I thrust him from my presence
And all my Children followd his loud howlings into the Deep.
Jerusalem! disssembler Jerusalem! I look into thy bosom!
I discover thy secret places: Cordella! I behold
Thee whom I thought pure as the heavens in innocence & fear:
Thy Tabernacle taken down, thy secret Cherubim disclosed
Art thou broken? Ah me Sabrina, running by my side:
In childhood what wert thou? unutterable anguish! Conwenna
Thy cradled infancy is most piteous. O hide, O hide!
Their secret gardens were made paths to the traveller:
I knew not of their secret loves with those I hated most.
Nor that their every thought was Sin & secret appetite
Hyle sees in fear, he howls in fury over them, Hand sees
In jealous fear; in stern accusation with cruel stripes
He drives them thro’ the Streets of Babylon before my face:
Because they taught Luvah to rise into my clouded heavens
Battersea and Chelsea mourn for Cambel & Gwendolen!
Hackney and Holloway sicken for Estrild & Ignoge!
Because the Peak. Malvern & Cheviot Reason in Cruelty
Penmaenmawr & Dhinas-bran Demonstrate in Unbelief
Manchester & Liverpool are in tortures of Doubt & Despair
Malden & Colchester Demonstrate: I hear my Childrens voices
I see their piteous faces gleam out upon the cruel winds
From Lincoln & Norwich, from Edinburgh & Monmouth/
I see them distant from my bosom scourgd along the roads
Then lost in clouds; I hear their tender voices! clouds divide
I see them die beneath the whips of the Captains! they are taken
In solemn pomp into Chaldea across the bredths of Europe
Six months they lie embalmd in silent death: worshipped
Carried in Arks of Oak before the armies in the spring
Bursting their Arks they rise again to life! they play before
The Armies: I hear their loud cymbals & their deadly cries
Are the Dead cruel? are those who are infolded in moral Law
Revengeful? O that Death & Annihilation were the same!

Then Vala answerd spreading her scarlet Veil over Albion
Albion thy fear has made me tremble; thy terrors have surrounded me
Thy Sons have nail'd me on the Gates piercing my hands & feet:
Till Skofields Nimrod the mighty Huntsman Jehovah came.
With Cush his Son & took me down. He in a golden Ark,
Bears me before his Armies tho my Shadow hovers here
The flesh of multitudes fed & nouris'd me in my childhood
My morn & evening food were prepard in Battles of Men
Great is the cry of the Hounds of Nimrod along the Valley
Of Vision, they scent the odor of War in the Valley of Vision.
All Love is lost! terror succeeds & Hatred instead of Love
And stern demands of Right & Duty instead of Liberty
Once thou wast to me the loveliest Son of heaven; but now
Where shall I hide from thy dread countenance & searching eyes

I have looked into the secret Soul of him I loved
And in the dark recesses found Sin & can never return,
Albion again utterd his voice beneath the silent Moon

I brought Love into light of day to pride in chaste beauty
I brought Love into light & fancied Innocence is no more

Then spoke Jerusalem O Albion! my Father Albion
Why wilt thou number every little fibre of my Soul
Spreading them out before the Sun like stalks of flax to dry?
The Infant Joy is beautiful, but its anatomy
Horrible ghast & deadly! nought shalt thou find in it
But dark despair & everlasting brooding melancholy!

Then Albion turnd his face toward Jerusalem & spoke

Hide thou Jerusalem in impalpable voidness, not to be
Touchd by the hand nor seen with the eye: O Jerusalem,
Would thou wert not & that thy place might never be found
But come O Vala with knife & cup! drain my blood
To the last drop! then hide me in thy Scarlet Tabernacle
For I see Luvah whom I slew. I behold him in my Spectre
As I behold Jerusalem in thee O Vala dark and cold

Jerusalem then stretch'd her hand toward the Moon & spoke

Why should Punishment Weave the Veil with Iron Wheels of War
When Forgiveness might it Weave with Wings of Cherubim

Loud groand Albion from mountain to mountain & replied

Jerusalem! Jerusalem! deluding shadow of Albion!
Daughter of my phantasy! unlawful pleasure! Albions curse!
I came here with intention to annihilate thee! But
My soul is melted away. inwoven within the Veil
Hast thou again knitted the Veil of Vala, which I for thee
Pitying rent in ancient times, I see it whole and more
Perfect, and shining with beauty! But thou! O wretched Father!

Jerusalem. reply'd, like a voice heard from a sepulcher:
Father! once piteous! Is Pity. a Sin? Embalm'd in Vala’s bosom
In an Eternal Death for. Albions sake, our best beloved.
Thou art my Father & my Brother: Why hast thou hidden me,
Remote from the divine Vision: my Lord and Saviour.

Trembling stood Albion at her words in jealous dark despair
He felt that Love and Pity are the same; a soft repose!
Inward complacency of Soul: a Self-annihilation!
I have erred! I am ashamed! and will never return more;
I have taught my children sacrifices of cruelty: what shall I answer?
I will hide it from Eternals! I will give myself for my Children!
Which way soever I turn, I behold Humanity and Pity!
He recoil’d: he rush’d outwards; he bore the Veil whole away
His fires redound from his Dragon Altars in Errors returning
He drew the Veil of Moral Virtue. woven for Cruel Laws.
And cast it into the Atlantic Deep, to catch the Souls of the Dead.
He stood between the Palm tree & the Oak of weeping
Which stand upon the edge of Beulah; and there Albion sunk
Down in sick pallid languor! These were his last words, relapsing!
Hoarse from his rocks, from caverns of Derbyshire & Wales
And Scotland, utter’d from the Circumference into Eternity.

Blasphemous Sons of Feminine delusion! God in the dreary Void
Dwells from Eternity. wide separated from the Human Soul
But thou deluding Image by whom imbu’d the Veil I rent
Lo here is Valas Veil whole. for a Law. a Terror & a Curse!
And therefore God takes vengeance on me: from my clay-cold bosom
My children wander trembling victims of his Moral Justice.
His snows fall on me and cover me while in the Veil I fold
My dying limbs. Therefore O Manhood, if thou art aught
But a meer Phantasy, hear dying Albions Curse!
May God who dwells in this dark Ulro & voidness, vengeance take,
And draw thee down into this Abyss of sorrow and torture,
Like me thy Victim. O that Death & Annihilation were the same!

What have I said? What have I done? O all-powerful Human Words!
You recoil back upon me in the blood of the Lamb slain in his Children
Two bleeding Contraries equally true, are his Witnesses against me
We reared mighty Stones! we danced naked around them:
Thinking to bring Love into light of day. to Jerusalems shame:
Displaying our Giant limbs to all the winds of heaven! Sudden
Shame siezd us, we could not look on one-another for abhorrence. the Blue
Of our immortal Veins & all their Hosts fled from our Limbs,
And wanderd distant in a dismal Night clouded & dark:
The Sun fled from the Britons forehead: the Moon from his mighty loins
Scandinavia fled with all his mountains filld with groans.

O what is Life & what is Man. O what is Death? Wherefore
Are you my Children. natives in the Grave to where I go
Or are you born to feed the hungry ravenings of Destruction
To be the sport of Accident! to waste in Wrath & Love, a weary
Life. in brooding cares & anxious labours, that prove but chaff.
O Jerusalem Jerusalem I have forsaken thy Courts
Thy Pillars of ivory & gold: thy Curtains of silk & fine
Linen: thy Pavements of precious stones: thy Walls of pearl
And gold, thy Gates of Thanksgiving thy Windows of Praise:
Thy Clouds of Blessing; thy Cherubims of Tender-mercy
Stretching their Wings sublime over the Little-ones of Albion
O Human Imagination O Divine Body I have Crucified
I have turned my back upon thee into the Wastes of Moral Law:
There Babylon is builded in the Waste. founded in Human desolation.
O Babylon thy Watchman stands over thee in the night
Thy severe Judge all the day long proves thee O Babylon
With provings of destruction, with giving thee thy hearts desire.
But Albion is cast forth to the Potter his Children to the Builders
To build Babylon because they have forsaken Jerusalem
The Walls of Babylon are Souls of Men: her Gates the Groans
Of Nations: her Towers are the Miseries of once happy Families.
Her Streets are paved with Destruction, her Houses built with Death
Her Palaces with Hell & the Grave; her Synagogues with Torments
Of ever-hardening Despair squard & polishd with cruel skill
Yet thou wast lovely as the summer cloud upon my hills
When Jerusalem was thy hearts desire in times of youth & love.
Thy Sons came to Jerusalem with gifts. she sent them away
With blessings on their hands & on their feet, blessings of gold,
And pearl & diamond: thy Daughters sang in her Courts:
They came up to Jerusalem; they walked before Albion
In the Exchanges of London every Nation walkd
And London walkd in every Nation mutual in love & harmony
Albion coverd the whole Earth, England encompassd the Nations.
Mutual each within others bosom in Visions of Regeneration;
Jerusalem coverd the Atlantic Mountains & the Erythrean.
From bright Japan & China to Hesperia France & England.
Mount Zion lifted his head in every Nation under heaven:
And the Mount of Olives was beheld over the whole Earth:
The footsteps of the Lamb of God were there: but now no more
No more shall I behold him, he is closd in Luvahs Sepulcher.
Yet why these smitings of Luvah. the gentlest mildest Zoa?
If God was Merciful this could not be: O Lamb of God
Thou art a delusion and Jerusalem is my Sin! O my Children
I have educated you in the crucifying cruelties of Demonstration
Till you have assum’d the Providence of God & slain your Father
Dost thou appear before me who liest dead in Luvahs Sepulcher
Dost thou forgive me! thou who wast Dead & art Alive?  
Look not so merciful upon me O thou Slain Lamb of God  
I die! I die in thy arms tho Hope is banishd from me,

Thundring the Veil rushes from his hand Vegetating Knot by  
Knot. Day by Day. Night by Night: loud roll the indignant Atlantic  
Waves & the Erythrean, turning up the bottoms of the Deeps  
And there was heard a great lamenting in Beulah: all the Regions  
Of Beulah were moved as the tender bowels are moved: & they said:

Why did you take Vengeance O ye Sons of the mighty Albion?  
Planting these Oaken Groves: Erecting these Dragon Temples  
Injury the Lord heals but Vengeance cannot be healed:  
As the Sons of Albion have done to Luvah: so they have in him  
Done to the Divine Lord & Saviour. who suffers with those that suffer;  
For not one sparrow can suffer. & the whole Universe not suffer also,  
In all its Regions, & its Father & Saviour not pity and weep.  
But Vengeance is the destroyer of Grace & Repentance in the bosom  
Of the Injurer; in which the Divine Lamb is cruelly slain;  
Descend O Lamb of God & take away the imputation of Sin  
By the Creation of States & the deliverance of Individuals Evermore Amen

Thus wept they in Beulah over the Four Regions of Albion  
But many doubted & despaird & imputed Sin & Righteousness  
To Individuals & not to States, and these Slept in Ulro.

End of Chap. 1.
Jerusalem the Emanation of the Giant Albion! Can it be? Is it a Truth that the Learned have explored? Was Britain the Primitive Seat of the Patriarchal Religion? If it is true: my title-page is also True, that Jerusalem was & is the Emanation of the Giant Albion. It is True. And cannot be controverted. Ye are united O ye Inhabitants of Earth in One Religion. The Religion of Jesus: the most Ancient, the Eternal: & the Everlasting Gospel—The Wicked will turn it to Wickedness, the Righteous to Righteousness. Amen! Huzza! Selah!

“All things Begin & End in Albions Ancient Druid Rocky Shore.”

Your Ancestors derived their origin from Abraham, Heber. Shem. And Noah. who were Druids: as the Druid Temples (which are the Patriarchal Pillars & Oak Groves) over the whole Earth witness to this day.

You have a tradition, that Man anciently containd in his mighty limbs all things in Heaven & Earth: this you recieved from the Druids.

“But now the Starry Heavens are fled from the mighty limbs of Albion”

Albion was the Parent of the Druids; & in his Chaotic State of Sleep Satan & Adam & the whole World was Created by the Elohim.

The fields from Islington to Marybone,
To Primrose Hill and Saint Johns Wood:
Were builded over with pillars of gold,
And there Jerusalems pillars stood.

Her Little-ones ran on the fields
The Lamb of God among them seen
And fair Jerusalem his Bride:
Among the little meadows green.

Pancrass & Kentish-town repose
Among her golden pillars high;
Among her golden arches which
Shine upon the starry sky.

The Jews-harp-house & the Green Man;
The Ponds where Boys to bathe delight:
The fields of Cows by Willans farm:
Shine in Jerusalems pleasant sight.

She walks upon our meadows green:
The Lamb of God walks by her side:
And every English Child is seen,
Children of Jesus & his Bride.

Forgiving trespasses and sins
Lest Babylon with cruel Og,
With Moral & Self-righteous Law
Should Crucify in Satans Synagogue!

What are those golden Builders doing
Near mournful ever-weeping Paddington
Standing above that mighty Ruin
Where Satan the first victory won.

Where Albion slept beneath the Fatal Tree
And the Druids golden Knife,
Rioted in human gore.
In Offerings of Human Life

They groan’d aloud on London Stone
They groan’d aloud on Tyburns Brook
Albion gave his deadly groan.
And all the Atlantic Mountains shook

Albions Spectre from his Loins
Tore forth in all the pomp of War:
Satan his name: in flames of fire
He stretch’d his Druid Pillars far,

Jerusalem fell from Lambeth’s Vale.
Down thro Poplar & Old Bow;
Thro Malden & acros the Sea,
In War & howling death & woe,
The Rhine was red with human blood:
The Danube rolld a purple tide;
On the Euphrates Satan stood:
And over Asia stretch’d his pride.

He witherd up sweet Zions Hill.
From every Nation of the Earth;
He witherd up Jerusalems Gates,
And in a dark Land gave her birth.

He witherd up the Human Form,
By laws of sacrifice for sin:
Till it became a Mortal Worm:
But. O! translucent all within.

The Divine Vision still was seen
Still was the Human Form, Divine
Weeping in weak & mortal clay
O Jesus still the Form was thine.

And thine the Human Face & thine
The Human Hands & Feet & Breath
Entering thro’ the Gates of Birth
And passing thro’ the Gates of Death

And O thou Lamb of God, whom I
Slew in my dark self-righteous pride:
Art thou returnd to Albions Land!
And is Jerusalem thy Bride?

Come to my arms & never more
Depart; but dwell for ever here:
Create my Spirit to thy Love:
Subdue my Spectre to thy Fear.

Spectre of Albion! warlike Fiend!
In clouds of blood & ruin roll’d:
I here reclaim thee as my own
My Selfhood; Satan! armd in gold.

Is this thy soft Family-Love
Thy cruel Patriarchal pride
Planting thy Family alone
Destroying all the World beside.

A mans worst enemies are those
Of his own house & family;
And he who makes his law a curse,
By his own law shall surely die.

In my Exchanges every Land
Shall walk, & mine in every Land,
Mutual shall build Jerusalem:
Both heart in heart & hand in hand

If Humility is Christianity; you O Jews are the true Christians; If your tradition that Man contained in his Limbs, all Animals, is True & they were separated from him by cruel Sacrifices; and when compulsory cruel Sacrifices had brought Humanity into a Feminine Tabernacle. in the loins of Abraham & David; the Lamb of God, the Saviour became apparent on Earth as the Prophets had foretold? The Return of Israel is a Return to Mental Sacrifice & War. Take up the Cross O Israel & follow Jesus.

Jerusalem

Chap: 2.

Every ornament of perfection, and every labour of love,
In all the Garden of Eden, & in all the golden mountains
Was become an envied horror, and a remembrance of jealousy:
And every Act a Crime, and Albion the punisher & judge.
And Albion spoke from his secret seat and said

All these ornaments are crimes. they are made by the labours
Of loves: of unnatural consanguinities and friendships
Horrid to think of when enquired deeply into; and all
These hills & valleys are accursed witnesses of Sin
I therefore condense them into solid rocks. stedfast!
A foundation and certainty and demonstrative truth:
That Man be separate from Man, & here I plant my seat.

Cold snows drifted around him: ice coverd his loins around
He sat by Tyburns brook, and underneath his heel, shot up!
A deadly Tree, he nam’d it Moral Virtue. and the Law
Of God who dwells in Chaos hidden from the human sight.
The Tree spread over him its cold shadows, (Albion groand)
They bent down, they felt the earth and again enrooting
Shot into many a Tree! an endless labyrinth of woe!
From willing sacrifice of Self. to sacrifice of (miscall’d) Enemies
For Atonement: Albion began to erect twelve Altars,
Of rough unhewn rocks. before the Potters Furnace
He nam’d them Justice. and Truth. And Albions Sons
Must have become the first Victims, being the first transgressors
But they fled to the mountains to seek ransom: building A Strong
Fortification against the Divine Humanity and Mercy.
In Shame & Jealousy to annihilate Jerusalem!

Turning his back to the Divine Vision. his Spectrous
Chaos before his face appeard: an Unformed Memory.

Then spoke the Spectrous Chaos to Albion darkning cold
From the back & loins where dwell the Spectrous Dead

I am your Rational Power O Albion & that Human Form
You call Divine. is but a Worm seventy inches long
That creeps forth in a night & is dried in the morning sun
In fortuitous concourse of memorys accumulated & lost
It plows the Earth in its own conceit. it overwhelms the Hills
Beneath its winding labyrinths, till a stone of the brook
Stops it in midst of its pride among its hills & rivers
Battersea & Chelsea mourn, London & Canterbury tremble
Their place shall not be found as the wind passes over
The ancient Cities of the Earth remove as a traveller
And shall Albions Cities remain when I pass over them
With my deluge of forgotten remembrances over the tablet

So spoke the Spectre to Albion. he is the Great Selfhood
Satan: Worshipd as God by the Mighty Ones of the Earth
Having a white Dot call'd a Center from which branches out
A Circle in continual gyrations. this became a Heart
From which sprang numerous branches varying their motions
Producing many Heads three or seven or ten. & hands & feet
Innumerable at will of the unfortunate contemplator
Who becomes his food such is the way of the Devouring Power

And this is the cause of the appearance in the frowning Chaos
Albions Emanation which he had hidden in Jealousy
Appeard now in the frowning Chaos prolific upon the Chaos
Reflecting back to Albion in Sexual Reasoning Hermaphroditic

Albion spoke. Who art thou that appearest in gloomy pomp
Involving the Divine Vision in colours of autumn ripeness
I never saw thee till this time. nor beheld life abstracted
Nor darkness immingled with light on my furrowd field
Whence cam'esth thou: who art thou O loveliest? the Divine Vision
Is as nothing before thee. faded is all life and joy

Vala replied in clouds of tears Albions garment embracing
I was a City & a Temple built by Albions Children.
I was a Garden planted with beauty I allured on hill & valley
The River of Life to flow against my walls & among my trees
Vala was Albions Bride & Wife in great Eternity
The loveliest of the daughters of Eternity when in day-break
I emanated from Luvah over the Towers of Jerusalem
And in her Courts among her little Children offering up
The Sacrifice of fanatic love? why loved I Jerusalem:
Why was I one with her embracing in the Vision of Jesus
Wherefore did I loving create love, which never yet
Immingleed God & Man, when thou & I, hid the Divine Vision
In cloud of secret gloom which behold involve me round about
Know me now Albion; look upon me I alone am Beauty
The Imaginative Human Form is but a breathing of Vala
I breathe him forth into the Heaven from my secret Cave
Born of the Woman to obey the Woman O Albion the mighty
For the Divine appearance is Brotherhood, but I am Love
Elevate into the Region of Brotherhood with my red fires

Art thou Vala? replied Albion. image of my repose
O how I tremble! how my members pour down milky fear!
A dewy garment covers me all over, all manhood is gone:
At thy word & at thy look death enrobes me about
From head to feet, a garment of death & eternal fear
Is not that Sun thy husband & that Moon thy glimmering Veil?
Are not the Stars of heaven thy Children! art thou not Babylon?
Art thou Nature Mother of all! is Jerusalem thy Daughter
Why have thou elevate inward; O dweller of outward chambers
From grot & cave beneath the Moon dim region of death
Where I laid my Plow in the hot noon. where my hot team fed
Where implements of War are forged, the Plow to go over the Nations
In pain girding me round like a rib of iron in heaven! O Vala
In Eternity they neither marry nor are given in marriage
Albion the high Cliff of the Atlantic is become a barren Land

Los stood at his Anvil: he heard the contentions of Vala
He heavd his thundring Bellows upon the valleys of Middlesex
He opend his Furnaces before Vala. then Albion frownd in anger
On his Rock; ere yet the Starry Heavens were fled away
From his awful Members. and thus Los cried aloud
To the Sons of Albion & to Hand the eldest Son of Albion

I hear the screech of Childbirth loud pealing. & the groans
Of Death. in Albions clouds dreadful utterd over all the Earth
What may Man be? who can tell! but what may Woman be?
To have power over Man from Cradle to corruptible Grave.
There is a Throne in every Man, it is the Throne of God
This Woman has claimd as her own & Man is no more!
Albion is the Tabernacle of Vala & her Temple
And not the Tabernacle & Temple of the Most High
O Albion why wilt thou Create a Female Will?
To hide the most evident God in a hidden covert. even
In the shadows of a Woman & a secluded Holy Place
That we may pry after him as after a stolen treasure
Hidden among the Dead & mured up from the paths of life
Hand! art thou not Reuben enrooting thyself into Bashan
Till thou remainest a vaporous Shadow in a Void! O Merlin!
Unknown among the Dead where never before Existence came
Is this the Female Will O ye lovely Daughters of Albion. To
Converse concerning Weight & Distance in the Wilds of Newton & Locke

So Los spoke standing on Mam-Tor looking over Europe & Asia
The Graves thunder beneath his feet from Ireland to Japan

Reuben slept in Bashan like one dead in the valley
Cut off from Albions mountains & from all the Earths summits
Between Succoth & Zaretan beside the Stone of Bohan
While the Daughters of Albion divided Luvah into three Bodies
Los bended his Nostrils down to the Earth, then sent him over
Jordan to the Land of the Hittite: every-one that saw him
Fled! they fled at his horrible Form: they hid in caves
And dens, they looked on one-another & became what they beheld

Reuben return’d to Bashan. in despair he slept on the Stone.
Then Gwendolen divided into Rahab & Tirza in Twelve Portions
Los rolled, his Eyes into two narrow circles, then sent him over
Over Jordan; all terrified fled; they became what they beheld.

If Perceptive Organs vary: Objects of Perception seem to vary:
If the Perceptive Organs close: their Objects seem to close also:
Consider this O mortal Man: O worm of sixty winters said Los
Consider Sexual Organization & hide thee in the dust.

Then the Divine hand found the Two Limits, Satan and Adam,
In Albions bosom: for in every Human bosom those Limits stand.
And the Divine voice came from the Furnaces, as multitudes without
Number! the voices of the innumerable multitudes of Eternity.
And the appearance of a Man was seen in the Furnaces:
Saving those who have sinned from the punishment of the Law.
(In pity of the punisher whose state is eternal death,)
And keeping them from Sin by the mild counsels of his love.

Albion goes to Eternal Death: In Me all Eternity.
Must pass thro’ condemnation, and awake beyond the Grave:
No individual can keep these Laws, for they are death
To every energy of man, and forbid the springs of life;
Albion hath enterd the State Satan! Be permanent O State!
And be thou for ever accursed! that Albion may arise again:
And be thou created into a State! I go forth to Create
States; to deliver Individuals evermore! Amen.

So spoke the voice from the Furnaces, descending into Non-Entity

Reuben return’d to his place, in vain he sought beautiful Tirzah
For his Eyelids were narrowd. & his Nostrils scented the ground
And Sixty Winters Los raged in the Divisions of Reuben:
Building the Moon of Ulro. plank by plank & rib by rib
Reuben slept in the Cave of Adam, and Los folded his Tongue
Between Lips of mire & clay, then sent him forth over Jordan
In the love of Tirzah he said Doubt is my food day & night—
All that beheld him fled howling and gnawed their tongues
For pain: they became what they beheld In reasonings Reuben returned
To Heshbon. disconsolate he walkd thro Moab & he stood
Before the Furnaces of Los in a horrible dreamful slumber,
On Mount Gilead looking toward Gilgal: and Los bended
His Ear in a spiral circle outward; then sent him over Jordan.
The Seven Nations fled before him they became what they beheld
Hand. Hyle & Coban fled; they became what they beheld
Gwantock & Peachy hid in Damascus beneath Mount Lebanon
Brereton & Slade in Egypt. Hutton & Skofeld & Kox
Fled over Chaldea in terror in pains in every nerve
Kotope & Bowen became what they beheld. fleeing over the Earth
And the. Twelve Female Emanations fled with them agonizing.

Jerusalem trembled seeing her Children drivn by Loss Hammer
In the visions of the dreams of Beulah on the edge of Non-Entity
Hand stood between Reuben & Merlin. as the Reasoning Spectre
Stands between the Vegetative Man & his Immortal Imagination

And the Four Zoa’s clouded rage East & West & North & South
They change their situations, in the Universal Man.
Albion groans, he sees the Elements divide before his face.
And England who is Brittannia divided into Jerusalem & Vala
And Urizen assumes the East, Luvah assumes the South
In his dark Spectre ravening from his open Sepulcher
And the Four Zoa’s who are the Four Eternal Senses of Man
Became Four Elements separating from the Limbs of Albion
These are their names in the Vegetative Generation
And Accident & Chance were found hidden in Length Breeth & Highth
And they divided into Four ravening deathlike Forms
Fairies & Genii & Nymphs & Gnomes of the Elements.
These are States Permanently Fixed by the Divine Power
The Atlantic Continent sunk round Albions cliffy shore
And the Sea poured in amain upon the Giants of Albion
As Los bended the Senses of Reuben Reuben is Merlin
Exploring the Three States of Ulro; Creation; Redemption. & Judgment

And many of the Eternal Ones laughed after their manner

Have you known the Judgment that is arisen among the
Zoa’s of Albion? where a Man dare hardly to embrace
His own Wife. for the terrors of Chastity that they call
By the name of Morality, their Daughters govern all
In hidden deceit! they are Vegetable only fit for burning, 
Art & Science cannot exist but by Naked Beauty displayd

Then those in Great Eternity who contemplate on Death 
Said thus, What seems to Be: Is; To those to whom 
It seems to Be. & is productive of the most dreadful 
Consequences to those to whom it seems to Be: even of 
Torments, Despair, Eternal Death; but the Divine Mercy 
Steps beyond and Redeems Man in the Body of Jesus Amen
And Length Bredth Highth again Obey the Divine Vision Hallelujah

And One stood forth from the Divine Family & said

I feel my Spectre rising upon me! Albion! arouze thyself! 
Why dost thou thunder with frozen Spectrous wrath against us? 
The Spectre is, in Giant Man; insane, and most deform’d. 
Thou wilt certainly provoke my Spectre against thine in fury! 
He has a Sepulcher hewn out of a Rock ready for thee: 
And a Death of Eight thousand years forg’d by thyself. upon 
The point of his Spear! if thou persistest to forbid with Laws 
Our Emanations, and to attack our secret supreme delights

So Los spoke: But when he saw blue death in Albions feet, 
Again he join’d the Divine Body. following merciful: 
While Albion fled more indignant: revengeful covering 
His face and bosom with petrific hardness, and his hands 
And feet. lest any should enter his bosom & embrace 
His hidden heart; his Emanation wept & trembled within him: 
Uttering not his jealousy, but hiding it as with 
Iron and steel. dark and opake. with clouds & tempests brooding: 
His strong limbs shudderd upon his mountains high and dark.

Turning from Universal Love petrific as he went, 
His cold against the warmth of Eden rag’d with loud 
Thunders of deadly war (the fever of the human soul) 
Fires and clouds of rolling smoke! but mild the Saviour follow’d him, 
Displaying the Eternal Vision! the Divine Similitude!
In loves and tears of brothers, sisters, sons, fathers, and friends
Which if Man ceases to behold, he ceases to exist:

Saying, Albion! Our wars are wars of life, & wounds of love,
With intellectual spears, & long winged arrows of thought:
Mutual in one another’s love and wrath all renewing
We live as One Man; for contracting our infinite senses
We behold multitude: or expanding: we behold as one,
As One Man all the Universal Family; and that One Man
We call Jesus the Christ; and he in us, and we in him.
Live in perfect harmony in Eden the land of life.
Giving, receiving, and forgiving each other’s trespasses.
He is the Good shepherd, he is the Lord and master:
He is the Shepherd of Albion, he is all in all.
In Eden: in the garden of God: and in heavenly Jerusalem.
If we have offended, forgive us, take not vengeance against us,

Thus speaking; the Divine Family follow Albion:
I see them in the Vision of God upon my pleasant valleys,
I behold London; a Human awful wonder of God!
He says: Return, Albion, return! I give myself for thee:
My Streets are my, Ideas of Imagination.
Awake Albion, awake! and let us awake up together.
My Houses are Thoughts: my Inhabitants; Affections.
The children of my thoughts, walking within my blood-vessels,
Shut from my nervous form which sleeps upon the verge of Beulah
In dreams of darkness. while my vegetating blood in veiny pipes,
Rolls dreadful thro’ the Furnaces of Los, and the Mills of Satan.
For Albion’s sake. and for Jerusalem thy Emanation
I give myself, and these my brethren give themselves for Albion.

So spoke London, immortal Guardian! I heard in Lambeth’s shades:
In Felpham I heard and saw the Visions of Albion
I write in South Molton Street, what I both see and hear
In regions of Humanity, in London’s opening streets.

I see thee awful Parent Land in light. behold I see!
Verulam! Canterbury! venerable parent of men,
Generous immortal Guardian golden clad! for Cities
Are Men, fathers of multitudes, and Rivers & Mountins
Are also Men; every thing is Human. mighty! sublime!
In every bosom a Universe expands, as wings
Let down at will around, and call’d the Universal Tent.
York. crown’d with loving kindness. Edinburgh. cloth’d
With fortitude as with a garment of immortal texture
Woven in looms of Eden. in spiritual deaths of mighty men
Who give themselves in Golgotha, Victims to Justice; where
There is in Albion a Gate of precious stones and gold
Seen only by Emanations, by vegetations viewless.
Bending across the road of Oxford Street; it from Hyde Park
To Tyburns deathful shades, admits the wandering souls
Of multitudes who die from Earth: this Gate cannot be found
By Satans Watch-fiends tho’ they search numbering every grain
Of sand on Earth every night. they never find this Gate.
It is the Gate of Los. Withoutside is the Mill, intricate, dreadful
And fill’d with cruel tortures; but no mortal man can find the Mill
Of Satan, in his mortal pilgrimage of seventy years

For Human beauty knows it not: nor can Mercy find it! But
In the Fourth region of Humanity, Urthona namd
Mortality begins to roll the billows of Eternal Death
Before the Gate of Los, Urthona here is named Los.
And here begins the System of Moral Virtue, named Rahab.

Albion fled thro’ the Gate of Los. and he stood in the Gate.

Los was the friend of Albion who most lov’d him. In Cambridgeshire
His eternal station, he is the twenty-eighth. & is four-fold.
Seeing Albion had turn’d his back against the Divine Vision.
Los said to Albion. Whither fleest thou? Albion reply’d.

I die! I go to Eternal Death! the shades of death
Hover within me & beneath. and spreading themselves outside
Like rocky clouds. build me a gloomy monument of woe:
Will none accompany me in my death? or be a Ransom for me
In that dark Valley? I have girded round my cloke. and on my feet
Bound these black shoes of death. & on my hands. death’s iron gloves
God hath forsaken me. & my friends are become a burden
A weariness to me. & the human footstep is a terror to me.

Los answerd. troubled: and his soul was rent in twain:
Must the Wise die for an Atonement? does Mercy endure Atonement?
No! It is Moral Severity, & destroys Mercy in its Victim.
So speaking not yet infected with the Error & Illusion
Los shudder’d at beholding Albion, for his disease
Arose upon him pale and ghastly: and he call’d around
The Friends of Albion: trembling at the sight of Eternal Death
The four appear’d with their Emanations in fiery
Chariots: black their fires roll beholding Albions House of Eternity
Damp couch the flames beneath and silent, sick, stand shuddering
Before the Porch of sixteen pillars: weeping every one
Descended and fell down upon their knees round Albions knees,
Swearing the Oath of God! with awful voice of thunders round
Upon the hills & valleys, and the cloudy Oath roll’d far and wide

Albion is sick! said every Valley. every mournful Hill
And every River: our brother Albion is sick to death.
He hath leagued himself with robbers! he hath studied the arts
Of unbelief! Envy hovers over him! his Friends are his abhorrence!
Those who give their lives for him are despised!
Those who devour his soul, are taken into his bosom!
To destroy his Emanation is their intention:
Arise! awake O Friends of the Giant Albion
They have perswaded him of horrible falshoods!
They have sown errors over all his fruitful fields!

The Twenty-four heard! they came trembling on watry chariots.
Borne by the Living Creatures of the third procession
Of Human Majesty, the Living Creatures wept aloud as they
Went along Albions roads. till they arriv’d at Albions House.
O! how the torments of Eternal Death, waited on Man;
And the loud-rending bars of the Creation ready to burst:
That the wide world might fly from its hinges. & the immortal mansion
Of Man. for ever be possess’d by monsters of the deeps:
And Man himself become a Fiend. wrap’d in an endless curse.
Consuming and consum’d for-ever in flames of Moral Justice.

For had the Body of Albion fall’n down, and from its dreadful ruins
Let loose the enormous Spectre on the darkness of the deep.
At enmity with the Merciful & fill’d with devouring fire,
A nether-world must have receiv’d the foul enormous spirit.
Under pretence of Moral Virtue. fill’d with Revenge and Law.
There to eternity chain’d down, and issuing in red flames
And curses. with his mighty arms brandish’d against the heavens
Breathing cruelty blood & vengeance, gnashing his teeth with pain
Torn with black storms, & ceaseless torrents of his own consuming fire:
Within his breast his mighty Sons chain’d down & fill’d with cursings:
And his dark Eon, that once fair crystal form divinely clear:
Within his ribs producing serpents whose souls are flames of fire.
But, glory to the Merciful-One. for he is of tender mercies!
And the Divine Family wept over him as One Man.

And these the Twenty-four in whom the Divine Family
Appear’d; and they were One in Him, A Human Vision!
Human Divine, Jesus the Saviour. blessed for ever and ever.

Selsey. true friend! who afterwards submitted to be devour’d
By the waves of Despair. whose Emanation rose above
The flood, and was nam’d Chichester. lovely mild & gentle! Lo!
Her lambs bleat to the sea-fowls cry, lamenting still for Albion
Submitting to be call’d the son of Los the terrible vision:
Winchester stood devoting himself for Albion: his tents
Outspread with abundant riches, and his Emanations
Submitting to be call’d Enitharmons daughters, and be born
In vegetable mould: created by the Hammer and Loom
In Bowlahoola & Allamanda where the Dead wail night & day.
(I call them by their English names: English. the rough basement, Los built the stubborn structure of the Language. acting against Albions melancholy, who must else have been a Dumb despair.)

Gloucester and Exeter and Salisbury and Bristol: and benevolent Bath who is Legions; he is the Seventh, the physician and The poisoner: the best and worst in Heaven and Hell: Whose Spectre first assimilated with Luvah in Albions mountains A triple octave he took, to reduce Jerusalem to twelve To cast Jerusalem forth upon the wilds to Poplar & Bow: To Malden & Canterbury in the delights of cruelty: The Shuttles of death sing in the sky to Islington & Pancrass Round Marybone to Tyburns River, weaving black melancholy as a net, And despair as meshes closely wove over the west of London, Where mild Jerusalem sought to repose in death & be no more. She fled to Lambeths mild Vale and hid herself beneath The Surrey Hills where Rephaim terminates: her Sons are siez’d For victims of sacrifice; but Jerusalem cannot be found! Hid By the Daughters of Beulah: gently snatch’d away: and hid in Beulah

There is a Grain of Sand in Lambeth that Satan cannot find Nor can his Watch Fiends find it: tis translucent & has many Angles But he who finds it will find Oothoohns palace. for within Opening into Beulah every angle is a lovely heaven But should the Watch Fiends find it, they would call it Sin And lay its Heavens & their inhabitants in blood of punishment Here Jerusalem & Vala were hid in soft slumberous repose Hid from the terrible East. shut up in the South & West. 

The Twenty-eight trembled in Deaths dark caves. in cold despair They kneeld around the Couch of Death in deep humiliation And tortures of self condemnation while their Spectres ragd within: The Four Zoa’s in terrible combustion clouded rage Drinking the shuddering fears & loves of Albions Families Destroying by selfish affections the things that they most admire Drinking & eating. & pitying & weeping, as at a trajic scene. The soul drinks murder & revenge, & applauds its own holiness
They saw Albion endeavouring to destroy their Emanations

Each man is in
his Spectre’s power
Untill the arrival
of that hour,
When his Humanity
awake
And cast his Spectre
into the Lake

They saw their Wheels rising up poisonous against Albion
Urizen, cold & scientific: Luvah, pitying & weeping
Tharmas, indolent & sullen: Urthona, doubting & despairing
Victims to one another & dreadfully plotting against each other
To prevent Albion walking about in the Four Complexions.

They saw America clos’d out by the Oaks of the western shore;
And Tharmas dash’d on the Rocks of the Altars of Victims in Mexico.
If we are wrathful Albion will destroy Jerusalem with rooty Groves
If we are merciful, ourselves must suffer destruction on his Oaks:
Why should we enter into our Spectres. to behold our own corruptions
O God of Albion descend! deliver Jerusalem from the Oaken Groves!

Then Los grew furious raging; Why stand we here trembling around
Calling on God for help; and not ourselves in whom God dwells
Stretching a hand to save the falling Man: are we not Four
Beholding Albion upon the Precipice ready to fall into Non-Entity:
Seeing these Heavens & Hells conglobing in the Void. Heavens over Hells
Brooding in holy hypocritic lust. drinking the cries of pain
From howling victims of Law; building Heavens Twenty-seven-fold.
Swelld & bloated General Forms. repugnant to the Divine—
Humanity. who is the Only General and Universal Form
To which all Lineaments tend & seek with love & sympathy
All broad & general principles belong to benevolence
Who protects minute particulars, every one in their own identity.
But here the affectionate touch of the tongue is closed in by deadly teeth
And the soft smile of friendship & the open dawn of benevolence
Become a net & a trap, & every energy rendered cruel,
Till the existence of friendship & benevolence is denied:
The wine of the Spirit & the vineyards of the Holy-One.
Here: turn into poisonous stupor & deadly intoxication:
That they may be condemned by Law & the Lamb of God be slain!
And the two Sources of Life in Eternity Hunting and War.
Are become the Sources of dark & bitter Death & of corroding Hell:
The open heart is shut up in integuments of frozen silence
That the spear that lights it forth may shatter the ribs & bosom
A pretence of Art. to destroy Art! a pretence of Liberty
To destroy Liberty. a pretence of Religion to destroy Religion
Oshea and Caleb fight: they contend in the valleys of of Peor
In the terrible Family Contentions of those who love each other:
The Armies of Balaam weep—no women come to the field
Dead corpses lay before them. & not as in Wars of old.
For the Soldier who fights for Truth. calls his enemy his brother!
They fight & contend for life, & not for eternal death!
But here the Soldier strikes, & a dead corpse falls at his feet
Nor Daughter nor Sister nor Mother come forth to embosom the Slain!
But Death! Eternal Death! remains in the Valleys of Peor.
The English are scattered over the face of the Nations: are these
Jerusalems children? Hark! hear the Giants of Albion cry at night
We smell the blood of the English! we delight in their blood on our Altars!
The living & the dead shall be ground in our rumbling Mills
For bread of the Sons of Albion; of the Giants Hand & Scofield
Scofield & Kox are let loose upon my Saxons! they accumulate
A World in which Man is by his Nature the Enemy of Man,
In pride of Selfhood unwieldy stretching out into Non Entity
Generalizing Art & Science till Art & Science is lost.
Bristol & Bath, listen to my words, & ye Seventeen: give ear!
It is easy to acknowledge a man to be great & good while we
Derogate from him in the trifles & small articles of that goodness;
Those alone are his friends. who admire his minutest powers
Instead of Albions lovely mountains & the curtains of Jerusalem
I see a Cave, a Rock, a Tree deadly and poisonous, unimaginative:
Instead of the Mutual Forgivnesses, the Minute Particulars, I see
Pits of bitumen ever burning: artificial Riches of the Canaanite
Like Lakes of liquid lead: instead of heavenly Chapels, built
By our dear Lord: I see Worlds crusted with snows & ice;
I see a Wicker Idol woven round Jerusalems children, I see
The Canaanite, the Amalekite, the Moabite, the Egyptian:
By Demonstrations the cruel Sons of Quality & Negation.
Driven on the Void in incoherent despair into Non Entity
I see America closed apart, & Jerusalem driven in terror
Away from Albions mountains, far away from Londons spires!
I will not endure this thing! I alone withstand to death,
This outrage! Ah me! how sick & pale you all stand round me!
Ah me! pitiable ones! do you also go to deaths vale?
All you my Friends & Brothers! all you my beloved Companions!
Have you also caught the infection of Sin & stern Repentance?
I see Disease arise upon you! yet speak to me and give
Me some comfort: why do you all stand silent?. I alone
Remain in permanent strength. Or is all this goodness & pity, only
That you may take the greater vengeance in your Sepulcher,

So Los spoke. Pale they stood around the House of Death:
In the midst of temptations & despair: among the rooted Oaks:
Among reared Rocks of Albions Sons, at length they rose
With one accord in love sublime, & as on Cherubs wings
They Albion surround with kindest violence to bear him back
Against his will thro Loss Gate to Eden: Four-fold; loud!
Their Wings waving over the bottomless Immense: to bear
Their awful charge back to his native home: but Albion dark,
Repugnant; roll'd his Wheels backward into Non-Entity
Loud roll the Starry Wheels of Albion into the World of Death
And all the Gate of Los, clouded with clouds redounding from
Albions dread Wheels, stretching out spaces immense between
That every little particle of light & air, became Opake
Black & immense. a Rock of difficulty & a Cliff
Of black despair; that the immortal Wings labourd against
Cliff after cliff, & over Valleys of despair & death:
The narrow Sea between Albion & the Atlantic Continent:
Its waves of pearl became a boundless Ocean bottomless,
Of grey obscurity, filld with clouds & rocks & whirling waters
And Albions Sons ascending & desending in the horrid Void.

But as the Will must not be bended but in the day of Divine
Power: silent calm & motionless, in the mid-air sublime.
The Family Divine hover around the darkend Albion.
Such is the nature of the Ulro: that whatever enters;
Becomes Sexual. & is Created, and Vegetated, and Born.
From Hyde Park spread their vegetating roots beneath Albion
In dreadful pain the Spectrous Uncircumcised Vegetation.

Forming a Sexual Machine: an Aged Virgin Form.
In Erins Land toward the north, joint after joint & burning
In love & jealousy immingled & calling it Religion
And feeling the damps of death they with one accord delegated Los
Conjuring him by the Highest that he should Watch over them
Till Jesus shall appear: & they gave their power to Los
Naming him the Spirit of Prophecy. calling him Elijah

Strucken with Albions disease they become what they behold;
They assimilate with Albion in pity & compassion:
Their Emanations return not: their Spectres rage in the Deep
The Slumbers of Death came over them around the Couch of Death
Before the Gate of Los & in the depths of Non Entity
Among the Furnaces of Los: among the Oaks of Albion.

Man is adjoind to Man by his Emanative portion:
Who is Jerusalem in every individual Man: and her
Shadow is Vala, builded by the Reasoning power in Man
O search & see: turn your eyes inward: open O thou World
Of Love & Harmony in Man: expand thy ever lovely Gates.

They wept into the deeps a little space at length was heard
The voice of Bath. faint as the voice of the Dead in the House of
Bath, healing City! whose wisdom in midst of Poetic
Fervor; mild spoke thro’ the Western Porch. in soft gentle tears

O Albion mildest Son of Eden! clos’d is thy Western Gate
Brothers of Eternity! this Man whose great example
We all admir’d & lov’d, whose all benevolent countenance. seen
In Eden. in lovely Jerusalem, drew even from envy
The tear: and the confession of honesty, open & undisguis’d’d
From mistrust and suspition. The Man is himself become
A piteous example of oblivion. To teach the Sons
Of Eden, that however great and glorious; however loving
And merciful the Individuality; however high
Our palaces and cities, and however fruitful are our fields
In Selfhood, we are nothing: but fade away in mornings breath.
Our mildness is nothing: the greatest mildness we can use
Is incapable and nothing: none but the Lamb of God can heal
This dread disease: none but Jesus: O Lord descend and save.
Albions Western Gate is clos’d: his death is coming apace!
Jesus alone can save him; for alas we none can know
How soon his lot may be our own. When Africa in sleep
Rose in the night of Beulah, and bound down the Sun & Moon
His friends cut his strong chains, & overwhelm’d his dark
Machines in fury & destruction, and the Man reviving repented
He wept before his wrathful brethren, thankful & considerate
For their well timed wrath, But Albions sleep is not
Like Africa’s; and his machines are woven with his life
Nothing but mercy can save him! nothing but mercy interposing
Lest he should slay Jerusalem in his fearful jealousy
O God descend! gather our brethren. deliver Jerusalem
But that we may omit no office of the friendly spirit
Oxford take thou these leaves of the Tree of Life: with eloquence
That thy immortal tongue inspires; present them to Albion:
Perhaps he may recieve them, offerd from thy loved hands.

So spoke, unheard by Albion, the merciful Son of Heaven
To those whose Western Gates were open, as they stood weeping-
Around Albion: but Albion heard him not; obdurate! hard!
He frown’d on all his Friends, counting them enemies in his sorrow
And the Seventeen conjoinning with Bath, the Seventh:
In whom the other Ten shone manifest, a Divine Vision!
Assimilated and embrac’d Eternal Death for Albions sake.

And these the names of the Eighteen combining with those Ten

Bath. mild Physician of Eternity. mysterious power
Whose springs are unsearchable & knowledg infinite.
Hereford, ancient Guardian of Wales, whose hands
Biuilded the mountain palaces of Eden. stupendous works!
Lincoln, Durham & Carlisle, Councellors of Los.
And Ely. Scribe of Los, whose pen no other hand
Dare touch! Oxford, immortal Bard! with eloquence
Divine, he wept over Albion: speaking the words of God
In mild perswasion: bringing leaves of the Tree of Life.

Thou art in Error Albion. the Land of Ulro:
One Error not remov’d. will destroy a human Soul
Repose in Beulahs night, till the Error is remov’d
Reason not on both sides. Repose upon our bosoms
Till the Plow of Jehovah. and the Harrow of Shaddai
Have passed over the Dead, to awake the Dead to Judgment.
But Albion turn’d away refusing comfort.

Oxford trembled while he spoke, then fainted in the arms
Bowing their heads devoted: and the Furnaces of Los
Began to rage. thundering loud the storms began to roar
Upon the Furnaces, and loud the Furnaces rebellow beneath

And these the Four in whom the twenty-four appear’d four-fold:
Alas!—The time will come, when a mans worst enemies
Shall be those of his own house and family: in a Religion
Of Generation, to destroy by Sin and Atonement, happy Jerusalem.
The Bride and Wife of the Lamb. O God thou art Not an Avenger!

Thus Albion sat. studious of others in his pale disease:
Brooding on evil: but when Los opeend the Furnaces before him:
He saw that the accursed things were his own affections,
And his own beloveds: then he turn’d sick: his soul died within him
Also Los sick & terrified beheld the Furnaces of Death
And must have died. but the Divine Saviour descended
Among the infant loves & affections. and the Divine Vision wept
Like evening dew on every herb upon the breathing ground

Albion spoke in his dismal dreams; O thou deceitful friend
Worshipping mercy & beholding thy friend in such affliction:
Los! thou now discoverest thy turpitude to the heavens.
I demand righteousness & justice. O thou ingratitude!
Give me my Emanations back food for my dying soul!
My daughters are harlots! my sons are accursed before me.
Enitharmon is my daughter: accursed with a fathers curse:
O! I have utterly been wasted! I have given my daughters to devils

So spoke Albion in gloomy majesty, and deepest night
Of Ulro rolld round his skirts from Dover to Cornwall.

Los answerd. Righteousness & justice I give thee in return
For thy righteousness! but I add mercy also, and bind
Thee from destroying these little ones; am I to be only
Merciful to thee and cruel to all that thou hatest
Thou wast the Image of God surrounded by the Four Zoa’s
Three thou hast slain: I am the Fourth; thou canst not destroy me.
Thou art in Error; trouble me not with thy righteousness.
I have innocence to defend and ignorance to instruct:
I have no time for seeming; and little arts of compliment.
In morality and virtue: in self-glorying and pride.
There is a limit of Opakeness, and a limit of Contraction:
In every Individual Man. and the limit of Opakeness.
Is named Satan: and the limit of Contraction is named Adam,
But when Man sleeps in Beulah, the Saviour in mercy takes
Contractions Limit, and of the Limit he forms Woman: That Himself may in process of time be born Man to redeem
But there is no Limit of Expansion! there is no Limit of Translucence.
In the bosom of Man for ever from eternity to eternity.
Therefore I break thy bonds of righteousness; I crush thy messengers!
That they may not crush me and mine: do thou be righteous.
And I will return it; otherwise I defy thy worst revenge:
Consider me as thine enemy: on me turn all thy fury
But destroy not these little ones, nor mock the Lords anointed:
Destroy not by Moral Virtue, the little ones whom he hath chosen!
The little ones whom he hath chosen in preference to thee.
He hath cast thee off for ever; the little ones he hath anointed!
Thy Selfhood is for ever accursed from the Divine presence

So Los spoke: then turn’d his face & wept for Albion.

Albion replied. Go: Hand & Hyle! seize the abhorred friend:
As you have seized the Twenty-four rebellious ingratitudes;
To atone for you, for spiritual death! Man lives by deaths of Men
Bring him to justice before heaven here upon London stone,
Between Blackheath & Hounslow. between Norwood & Finchley
All that they have is mine: from my free generous gift.
They now hold all they have: ingratitude to me!
To me their benefactor calls aloud for vengeance deep.
Los stood before his Furnaces awaiting the fury of the Dead:
And the Divine hand was upon him. strengthening him mightily.

The Spectres of the Dead cry out from the deeps beneath
Upon the hills of Albion; Oxford groans in his iron furnace
Winchester in his den & cavern; they lament against
Albion: they curse their human kindness & affection
They rage like wild beasts in the forests of affliction
In the dreams of Ulro they repent of their human kindness.

Come up. build Babylon, Rahab is ours & all her multitudes
With her in pomp and glory of victory. Depart
Ye twenty-four into the deeps! let us depart to glory!
Their Human majestic forms sit up upon their Couches
Of death: they curb their Spectres as with iron curbs
They enquire after Jerusalem in the regions of the dead.
With the voices of dead men, low, scarcely articulate,
And with tears cold on their cheeks they weary repose.

O when shall the morning of the grave appear, and when
Shall our salvation come? we sleep upon our watch
We cannot awake! and our Spectres rage in the forests
O God of Albion where art thou! pity the watchers!

Thus mourn they, Loud the Furnaces of Los thunder upon
The clouds of Europe & Asia. among the Serpent Temples!

And Los drew his Seven Furnaces around Albions Altars
And as Albion built his frozen Altars, Los built the Mundane Shell.
In the Four Regions of Humanity East & West & North & South,
Till Norwood & Finchley & Blackheath & Hounslow, coverd the whole Earth.
This is the Net & Veil of Vala. among the Souls of the Dead.

Then the Divine Vision like a silent Sun appeard above
Albions dark rocks: setting behind the Gardens of Kensington
On Tyburns River, in clouds of blood: where was mild Zion Hills
Most ancient promontory. and in the Sun. a Human Form appear’d
And thus the Voice Divine went forth upon the rocks of Albion

I elected Albion for my glory; I gave to him the Nations,
Of the whole Earth. He was the Angel of my Presence: and all
The Sons of God were Albions Sons: and Jerusalem was my joy.
The Reactor hath hid himself thro envy. I behold him.
But you cannot behold him till he be reveald in his System
Albions Reactor must have a Place prepard: Albion must Sleep
The Sleep of Death. till the Man of Sin & Repentance be reveald,
Hidden in Albions Forests he lurks; he admits of no Reply
From Albion; but hath founded his Reaction into a Law
Of Action, for Obedience to destroy the Contraries of Man
He hath compelld Albion to become a Punisher & hath possessd Himself of Albions Forests & Wilds: and Jerusalem is taken!
The City of the Woods in the Forest of Ephratah is taken!
London is a stone of her ruins; Oxford is the dust of her walls!
Sussex & Kent are her scatterd garments! Ireland her holy place!
And the murderd bodies of her little ones are Scotland and Wales
The Cities of the Nations are the smoke of her consummation
The Nations are her dust! ground by the chariot wheels
Of her lordly conquerors, her palaces levelld with the dust
I come that I may find a way for my banished ones to return
Fear not O little Flock I come: Albion shall rise again.

So saying, the mild Sun inclosd the Human Family.

Forthwith from Albions darkning locks came two Immortal forms
Saying We alone are escaped. O merciful Lord and Saviour,
We flee from the interiors of Albions hills and mountains!
From his Valleys Eastward: from Amalek Canaan & Moab,
Beneath his vast ranges of hills surrounding Jerusalem.

Albion walkd on the steps of fire before his Halls
And Vala walkd with him in dreams of soft deluding slumber.
He looked up & saw the Prince of Light with splendor faded
Then Albion ascended mourning into the porches of his Palace
Above him rose a Shadow from his wearied intellect:
Of living gold, pure, perfect, holy: in white linen pure he hoverd
A sweet entrancing self-delusion a watry vision of Albion
Soft exulting in existence; all the Man absorbing!

Albion fell upon his face prostrate before the watry Shadow
Saying O Lord whence is this change: thou knowest I am nothing!
And Vala trembled & coverd her face! & her locks were spread on the pavement

We heard astonishd at the Vision & our hearts trembled within us;
We heard the voice of slumberous Albion. and thus he spake.
Idolatrous to his own Shadow words of eternity uttering!
O I am nothing when I enter into judgment with thee!
If thou withdraw thy breath I die & vanish into Hades
If thou dost lay thine hand upon me behold I am silent!
If thou withhold thine hand; I perish like a fallen leaf:
O I am nothing: and to nothing must return again:
If thou withdraw thy breath. Behold I am oblivion.

He ceased; the shadowy voice was silent: but the cloud hoverd over their heads
In golden wreathes. the sorrow of Man; & the balmy drops fell down.
And lo! that son of Man that Shadowy Spirit of mild Albion:
Luvah descended from the cloud in terror Albion rose:
Indignant rose the awful Man. & turnd his back on Vala.

We heard the voice of Albion starting from his sleep!

Whence is this voice crying Enion; that soundeth in my ears?
O cruel pity! O dark deceit: can love seek for dominion?

And Luvah strove to gain dominion over Albion
They strove together above the Body where Vala was inclosd
And the dark Body of Albion left prostrate upon the crystal pavement.
Coverd with boils from head to foot: the terrible smittings of Luvah.

Then frownd the fallen Man, and put forth Luvah from his presence
Saying. Go and Die the Death of Man, for Vala the sweet wanderer.
I will turn the volutions of your ears outward. and bend your nostrils
Downward. and your fluxile eyes englob’d roll round in fear:
Your withring lips and tongue shrink up into a narrow circle,
Till into narrow forms you creep: go take your fiery way:
And learn what tis to absorb the Man you Spirits of Pity & Love.

They heard the voice and fled swift as the winters setting sun
And now the human blood foamd high. the Spirits Luvah & Vala
Went down the Human Heart where Paradise & its joys abounded.
In jealous fears & fury & rage, & flames roll round their fervid feet:
And the vast form of Nature like a serpent playd before them
And as they fled in folding fires & thunders of the deep:
Vala shrunk in like the dark sea that leaves its slimy banks
And from her bosom Luvah fell far as the east and west.
And the vast form of Nature like a serpent rolld between
Whether of Jerusalems or Valas ruins congenerated we know not:
All is confusion: all is tumult. & we alone are escaped.

So spoke the fugitives; they join'd the Divine Family. trembling.
And the Two that escaped; were the Emanation of Los & his
Spectre: for where'erver the Emanation goes, the Spectre
Attends her as her Guard, & Los's Emanation is named
Enitharmon. & his Spectre is named Urthona: they knew
Not where to flee: they had been on a visit to Albions Children
And they strove to weave a Shadow of the Emanation
To hide themselves: weeping & lamenting for the Vegetation
Of Albions Children. fleeing thro Albions vales in streams of gore

Being not irritated by insult bearing insulting benevolences
They perceived that corporeal friends are spiritual enemies
They saw the Sexual Religion in its embryon Uncircumcision
And the Divine hand was upon them bearing them thro darkness
Back safe to their Humanity as doves to their windows:
Therefore the Sons of Eden praise Urthonas Spectre in Songs
Because he kept the Divine Vision in time of trouble.

They wept & trembled: & Los put forth his hand, & took them in,
Into his Bosom; from which Albion shrunk in dismal pain;
Rending the fibres of Brotherhood & in Feminine Allegories
Inclosing Los: but the Divine Vision appeared with Los
Following Albion into his Central Void among his Oaks.

And Los prayed and said. O Divine Saviour arise
Upon the Mountains of Albion as in ancient time. Behold!
The Cities of Albion seek thy face, London groans in pain
From Hill to Hill & the Thames laments along the Valleys
The little Villages of Middlesex & Surrey hunger & thirst
The Twenty-eight Cities of Albion stretch their hands to thee:
Because of the Opressors of Albion in every City & Village:
They mock at the Labourers limbs! they mock at his starvd Children.
They buy his Daughters that they may have power to sell his Sons:
They compell the Poor to live upon a crust of bread by soft mild arts;
They reduce the Man to want: then give with pomp & ceremony-
The praise of Jehovah is chaunted from lips of hunger & thirst!

Humanity knows not of Sex: wherefore are Sexes in Beulah?
In Beulah the Female lets down her beautiful Tabernacle;
Which the Male enters magnificent between her Cherubim:
And becomes One with her mingling condensing in Self-love
The Rocky Law of Condemnation & double Generation, & Death.
Albion hath enterd the Loins the place of the Last Judgment:
And Luvah hath drawn the Curtains around Albion in Vala’s bosom
The Dead awake to Generation! Arise O Lord. & rend the Veil!

So Los in lamentations followd Albion. Albion coverd.
His western heaven with rocky clouds of death & despair.

Fearing that Albion should turn his back against the Divine Vision
Los took his globe of fire to search the interiors of Albions
Bosom. in all the terrors of friendship. entering the caves
Of despair & death, to search the tempters out, walking among
Albions rocks & precipices! caves of solitude & dark despair,
And saw every Minute Particular of Albion degraded & murderd
But saw not by whom; they were hidden within in the minute particulars
Of which they had possessd themselves; and there they take up
The articulations of a mans soul. and laughing throw it down
Into the frame. then knock it out upon the plank. & souls are bak’d
In bricks to build the pyramids of Heber & Terah. But Los
Searchd in vain: closd from the minutia he walkd, difficult.
He came down from Highgate thro Hackney & Holloway towards London
Till he came to old Stratford & thence to Stepney & the Isle
Of Leuthas Dogs. thence thro the narrows of the Rivers side
And saw every minute particular, the jewels of Albion, running down
The kennels of the streets & lanes as if they were abhorrd.
Every Universal Form. was become barren mountains of Moral
Virtue: and every Minute Particular harden into grains of sand:
And all the tendernesses of the soul cast forth as filth & mire.
Among the winding places of deep contemplation intricate
To where the Tower of London frowned dreadful over Jerusalem:
A building of Luvah builded in Jerusalem's eastern gate to be
His secluded Court: thence to Bethlehem where was builded
Dens of despair in the house of bread: enquiring in vain
Of stones and rocks he took his way, for human form was none:
And thus he spoke. looking on Albion's City with many tears

What shall I do! what could I do, if I could find these Criminals
I could not dare to take vengeance; for all things are so constructed
And builded by the Divine hand, that the sinner shall always escape,
And he who takes vengeance alone is the criminal of Providence:
If I should dare to lay my finger on a grain of sand
In way of vengeance: I punish the already punish'd; O whom
Should I pity if I pity not the sinner who is gone astray!
O Albion, if thou takest vengeance; if thou revengest thy wrongs
Thou art for ever lost! What can I do to hinder the Sons
Of Albion from taking vengeance? or how shall I them persuade.

So spoke Los. travelling thro darkness & horrid solitude:
And he beheld Jerusalem in Westminster & Marybone.
Among the ruins of the Temple: and Vala who is her Shadow.
Jerusalem's Shadow bent northward over the Island white.
At length he sat on London Stone. & heard Jerusalem's voice.

Albion I cannot be thy Wife. thine own Minute Particulars,
Belong to God alone. and all thy little ones are holy
They are of Faith & not of Demonstration: wherefore is Vala
Clothed in black mourning upon my rivers currents, Vala awake!
I hear thy shuttles sing in the sky, and round my limbs
I feel the iron threads of love & jealousy & despair.

Vala reply'd. Albion is mine: Luvah gave me to Albion
And now recieves reproach & hate. Was it not said of old
Set your Son before a man & he shall take you & your sons
For slaves: but set your Daughter before a man and She
Shall make him & his sons & daughters your slaves for ever:
And is this Faith? Behold the strife of Albion & Luvah
Is great in the east. their spears of blood rage in the eastern heaven
Urizen is the champion of Albion, they will slay my Luvah:
And thou O harlot daughter! daughter of despair art all
This cause of these shakings of my towers on Euphrates.
Here is the House of Albion, & here is thy secluded place
And here we have found thy sins: & hence we turn thee forth.
For all to avoid thee: to be astonishd at thee for thy sins:
Because thou art the impurity & the harlot: & thy children!
Children of whoredoms: born for Sacrifice: for the meat & drink
Offering: to sustain the glorious combat & the battle & war
That Man may be purified by the death of thy delusions.

So saying she her dark threads cast over the trembling River;
And over the valleys; from the hills of Hertfordshire to the hills
Of Surrey across Middlesex & across Albions House
Of Eternity! pale stood Albion at his eastern gate,
Leaning against the pillars. & his disease rose from his skirts
Upon the Precipice he stood: ready to fall into Non- Entity.

Los was all astonishment & terror: he trembled sitting on the Stone
Of London: but the interiors of Albions fibres & nerves were hidden
From Los; astonishd he beheld only the petrified surfaces!
And saw his Furnaces in ruins, for Los is the Demon of the Furnaces,
He saw also the Four Points of Albion reversd inwards
He siezd his Hammer & Tongs, his iron Poker & his Bellows,
Upon the valleys of Middlesex, Shouting loud for aid Divine.

In stern defiance came from Albions bosom Hand, Hyle, Koban,
Bowen, Albions Sons: they bore him a golden couch into the porch
And on the Couch reposd his limbs, trembling from the bloody field.
Rearing their Druid Patriarchal rocky Temples around his limbs.
All thing begin & end. in Albions Ancient Druid Rocky Shore.)
From Camberwell to Highgate where the mighty Thames shudders along.
Where Los’s Furnaces stand, where Jerusalem & Vala howl;
Luvah tore forth from Albions Loins. in fibrous veins. in rivers
Of blood over Europe: a Vegetating Root in grinding pain.
Animating the Dragon Temples, soon to become that Holy Fiend
The Wicker Man of Scandinavia in which cruelly consumed
The Captives reard to heaven howl in flames among the stars
Loud the cries of War on the Rhine & Danube. with Albions Sons,
Away from Beulahs hills & vales break forth the Souls of the Dead.
With cymbal, trumpet, clarion; & the scythed chariots of Britain.

And the Veil of Vala, is composed of the Spectres of the Dead

Hark! the mingling cries of Luvah with the Sons of Albion.
Hark! & Record the terrible wonder! that the Punisher
Mingles with his Victims Spectre. enslaved and tormented
To him whom he has murderd, bound in vengeance & enmity
Shudder not. but Write. & the hand of God will assist you!
Therefore I write Albions last words. Hope is banish’d from me.

These were his last words. and the merciful Saviour in his arms
Reciev’d him, in the arms of tender mercy and repos’d
The pale limbs of his Eternal Individuality
Upon the Rock of Ages. Then, surrounded with a Cloud:
In silence the Divine Lord builded with immortal labour.
Of gold & jewels a sublime Ornament, a Couch of repose,
With Sixteen pillars: canopied with emblems & written verse.
Spiritual Verse, order’d & measur’d, from whence, time shall reveal.
The Five books of the Decalogue, the books of Joshua & Judges.
Samuel, a double book & Kings, a double book. the Psalms & Prophets
The Four-fold Gospel, and the Revelations everlasting
Eternity groan’d & was troubled, at the image of Eternal Death!

Beneath the bottoms of the Graves. which is Earths central joint.
There is a place where Contrarieties are equally true:
(To protect from the Giant blows in the sports of intellect,
Thunder in the midst of kindness. & love that kills its beloved:
Because Death is for a period, and they renew tenfold.
From this sweet Place Maternal Love awoke Jerusalem
With pangs she forsook Beulah’s pleasant lovely shadowy Universe
Where no dispute can come; created for those who Sleep.
Weeping was in all Beulah, and all the Daughters of Beulah
Wept for their Sister the Daughter of Albion. Jerusalem:
When out of Beulah the Emanation of the Sleeper descended
With solemn mourning out of Beulahs moony shades and hills:
Within the Human Heart, whose Gates closed with solemn sound.

And this the manner of the terrible Separation
The Emanations of the grievously afflicted Friends of Albion
Concenter in one Female form an Aged pensive Woman.
Astonish’d! lovely! embracing the sublime shade: the Daughters of Beulah
Beheld her with wonder! With awful hands she took
A Moment of Time, drawing it out with many tears & afflictions
And many sorrows: oblique across the Atlantic Vale
Which is the Vale of Rephaim dreadful from East to West,
Where the Human Harvest waves abundant in the beams of Eden
Into a Rainbow of jewels and gold, a mild Reflection from
Albions dread Tomb. Eight thousand and five hundred years
In its extension. Every two hundred years has a door to Eden
She also took an Atom of Space. with dire pain opening it a Center
Into Beulah: trembling the Daughters of Beulah dried
Her tears. she ardent embrac’d her sorrows. occupied in labours
Of sublime mercy in Rephaims Vale. Perusing Albions Tomb
She sat: she walk’d among the ornaments solemn mourning.
The Daughters attended her shudderings, wiping the death sweat
Los also saw her in his seventh Furnace, he also terrified
Saw the finger of God go forth upon his seventh Furnace:
Away from the Starry Wheels to prepare Jerusalem a place.
When with a dreadful groan the Emanation mild of Albion,
Burst from his bosom in the Tomb like a pale snowy cloud,
Female and lovely, struggling to put off the Human form
Writhing in pain. The Daughters of Beulah in kind arms reciev’d
Jerusalem: weeping over her among the Spaces of Erin.
In the Ends of Beulah. where the Dead wail night & day.
And thus Erin spoke to the Daughters of Beulah, in soft tears

Albion the Vortex of the Dead! Albion the Generous!
Albion the mildest son of Heaven! The Place of Holy Sacrifice!
Where Friends Die for each other: will become the Place.
Of Murder, & Unforgiving. Never-awaking Sacrifice of Enemies
The Children must be sacrific’d! (a horror never known
Till now in Beulah.) unless a Refuge can be found
To hide them from the wrath of Albions Law that freezes sore
Upon his Sons & Daughters, self-exiled from his bosom
Draw ye Jerusalem away from Albions Mountains
To give a Place for Redemption, let Sihon and Og
Remove Eastward to Bashan and Gilead, and leave
The secret coverts of Albion & the hidden places of America
Jerusalem Jerusalem! why wilt thou turn away
Come ye O Daughters of Beulah, lament for Og & Sihon
Upon the Lakes of Ireland from Rathlin to Baltimore;
Stand ye upon the Dargle from Wicklow to Drogheda
Come & mourn over Albion the White Cliff of the Atlantic
The Mountain of Giants; all the Giants of Albion are become
Weak! witherd! darkend! & Jerusalem is cast forth from Albion.
They deny that they ever knew Jerusalem, or ever dwelt in Shiloh
The Gigantic roots & twigs of the vegetating Sons of Albion
Filld with the little-ones are consumed in the Fires of their Altars
The vegetating Cities are burned & consumed from the Earth:
And the Bodies in which all Animals & Vegetations. the Earth & Heaven
Were containd in the All Glorious Imagination are witherd & darkend:
The golden Gate of Havilah. and all the Garden of God,
Was caught up with the Sun in one day of fury and war:
The Lungs, the Heart, the Liver, shrunk away far distant from Man
And left a little slimy substance floating upon the tides.
In one night the Atlantic Continent was caught up with the Moon,
And became an Opake Globe far distant clad with moony beams,
The Visions of Eternity, by reason of narrowed perceptions,
Are become weak Visions of Time & Space, fix’d into furrows of death;
Till deep dissimulation is the only defence an honest man has left
O Polypus of Death O Spectre over Europe and Asia
Withering the Human Form by Laws of Sacrifice for Sin
By Laws of Chastity & Abhorrence I am witherd up.
Striving to Create a Heaven in which all shall be pure & holy
In their Own Selfhoods, in Natural Selfish Chastity to banish Pity
And dear Mutual Forgiveness; & to become One Great Satan
Insldv to the most powerful Selfhood; to murder the Divine Humanity
In whose sight all are as the dust & who chargeth his Angels with folly;
Ah! weak & wide astray! Ah shut in narrow doleful form!
Creeping in reptile flesh upon the bosom of the ground:
The Eye of Man, a little narrow orb, clos’d up & dark.
Scarcely beholding the Great Light; conversing with the ground:
The Ear, a little shell, in small volutions shutting out
True Harmonies, & comprehending great, as very small:
The Nostrils, bent down to the earth & clos’d with senseless flesh.
That odours cannot them expand, nor joy on them exult:
The Tongue, a little moisture fills, a little food it cloys,
A little sound it utters, & its cries are faintly heard.
Therefore they are removed; therefore they have taken root
In Egypt & Philistea: in Moab & Edom & Aram:
In the Erythrean Sea their Uncircuncision in Heart & Loins
Be lost for ever & ever. then they shall arise from Self,
By Self Annihilation into Jerusalems Courts & into Shiloh
Shiloh the Masculine Emanation among the Flowers of Beulah
Lo Shiloh dwells over France, as Jerusalem dwells over Albion
Build & prepare a Wall & Curtain for Americas shore!
Rush on: Rush on: Rush on! ye vegetating Sons of Albion
The Sun shall go before you in Day; the Moon shall go
Before you in Night. Come on! Come on! Come on! The Lord
Jehovah is before, behind, above, beneath, around
He has builded the arches of Albions Tomb binding the Stars
In merciful Order, bending the Laws of Cruelty to Peace.
He hath placed Og & Anak, the Giants of Albion for their Guards:
Building the Body of Moses in the Valley of Peor: the Body
Of Divine Analogy; and Og & Sihon in the tears of Balaam
The Son of Beor, have given their power to Joshua & Caleb,
Remove from Albion, far remove these terrible surfaces.
They are beginning to form Heavens & Hells in immense Circles; the Hells for food to the Heavens: food of torment, Food of despair: they drink the condemnd Soul & rejoice In cruel holiness, in their Heavens of Chastity & Uncircumcision Yet they are blameless & Iniquity must be imputed only To the State they are enterd into that they may be deliverd: Satan is the State of Death, & not a Human existence: But Luvah is named Satan. because he has enterd that State. A World where Man is by Nature the enemy of Man Because the Evil is Created into a State. that Men May be deliverd time after time evermore. Amen. Learn therefore O Sisters to distinguish the Eternal Human That walks about among the stones of fire in bliss & woe Alternate! from those States or Worlds in which the Spirit travels: This is the only means to Forgiveness of Enemies Therefore remove from Albion these terrible Surfaces And let wild seas & rocks close up Jerusalem away from The Atlantic Mountains where Giants dwelt in Intellect; Now given to stony Druids, and Allegoric Generation To the Twelve Gods of Asia. the Spectres of those who Sleep: Sway’d by a Providence oppos’d to the Divine Lord Jesus: A murderous Providence! A Creation that groans, living on Death. Where Fish & Bird & Beast & Man & Tree & Metal & Stone Live by Devouring, going into Eternal Death continually: Albion is now possess’d by the War of Blood! the Sacrifice Of envy Albion is become, and his Emanation cast out: Come Lord Jesus. Lamb of God descend! for if; O Lord! If thou hadst been here, our brother Albion had not died. Arise sisters! Go ye & meet the Lord, while I remain— Behold the foggy mornings of the Dead on Albions cliffs! Ye know that if the Emanation remains in them: She will become an Eternal Death, an Avenger of Sin A Self-righteousness: the proud Virgin-Harlot! Mother of War! And we also & all Beulah, consume beneath Albions curse.

So Erin spoke to the Daughters of Beulah. Shuddering With their wings they sat in the Furnace, in a night
Of stars, for all the Sons of Albion appeared distant stars,
Ascending and descending into Albions sea of death.
And Erins lovely Bow enclos’d the Wheels of Albions Sons.

Expanding on wing, the Daughters of Beulah replied in sweet response

Come O thou Lamb of God and take away the remembrance of Sin
To Sin & to hide the Sin in sweet deceit. is lovely!!
To Sin in the open face of day is cruel & pitiless! But
To record the Sin for a reproach: to let the Sun go down
In a remembrance of the Sin; is a Woe & a Horror
A brooder of an Evil Day. and a Sun rising in blood
Come then O Lamb of God and take away the remembrance of Sin

End of Chap. 2d.

Rahab is an
Eternal State

TO THE DEISTS

The Spiritual States of
the Soul are all Eternal
Distinguish between the
Man, & his present State

He never can be a Friend to the Human Race who is the Preacher of Natural Morality or Natural Religion. he is a flatterer who means to betray. to perpetuate Tyrant Pride & the Laws of that Babylon which he Foresees shall shortly be destroyed. with the Spiritual and not the Natural Sword: He is in the State named Rahab: which State must be put off before he can be the Friend of Man.

You O Deists profess yourselves the Enemies of Christianity: and you are so: you are also the Enemies of the Human Race & of Universal Nature. Man is born a Spectre or
Satan & is altogether an Evil, & requires a New Selfhood continually & must continually be changed into his direct Contrary. But your Greek Philosophy (which is a remnant of Druidism) teaches that Man is Righteous in his Vegetated Spectre; an Opinion of fatal & accursed consequence to Man. as the Ancients saw plainly by Revelation to the intire abrogation of Experimental Theory. and many believed what they saw, and Propheced of Jesus.

Man must & will have Some Religion; if he has not the Religion of Jesus, he will have the Religion of Satan, & will erect the Synagogue of Satan. calling the Prince of this World, God; and destroying all who do not worship Satan under the Name of God, Will any one say, Where are those who worship Satan under the Name of God! Where are they? Listen! Every Religion that Preaches Vengeance for Sin is the Religion of the Enemy & Avenger; and not of the Forgiver of Sin, and their God is Satan, Named by the Divine Name. Your Religion O Deists: Deism, is the Worship of the God of this World by the means of what you call Natural Religion and Natural Philosophy, and of Natural Morality or Self-Righteousness, the Selfish Virtues of the Natural Heart. This was the Religion of the Pharisees who murderd Jesus. Deism is the same & ends in the same.

Voltaire Rousseau Gibbon Hume. charge the Spiritually Religious with Hypocrisy! but how a Monk or a Methodist either, can be a Hypocrite; I cannot concieve. We are Men of like passions with others & pretend not to be holier than others: therefore, when a Religious Man falls into Sin, he ought not to be calld a Hypocrite: this title is more properly to be given to a Player who falls into Sin; whose profession is Virtue & Morality & the making Men Self-Righteous Foote in calling Whitefield, Hypocrite; was himself one: for Whitefield pretended not to be holier than others: but confessed his Sins before all the World; Voltaire! Rousseau! You cannot escape my charge that you are Pharisees & Hypocrites, for you are constantly talking of the Virtues of the Human Heart, and particularly of your own, that you may accuse others & especially the Religious, whose errors, you by this display of pretended Virtue, chiefly design to expose. Rousseau thought Men Good by Nature; he found them Evil & found no friend. Friendship cannot exist without Forgiveness of Sins continually. The Book written by Rousseau callld his Confessions is an apology & cloke for his sin & not a confession.

But you also charge the poor Monks & Religious with being the causes of War: while you acquit & flatter the Alexanders & Caesars, the Lewis;s & Fredericks: who alone are its causes & its actors, But the Religion of Jesus, Forgiveness of Sin, can never be the cause of a War nor of a single Martyrdom.

Those who Martyr others or who cause War are Deists, but never can be Forgivers of Sin. The Glory of Christianity is, To Conquer by Forgiveness. All the Destruction therefore, in Christian Europe has arisen from Deism, which is Natural Religion.
I saw a Monk of Charlemaine
Arise before my sight
I talkd with the Grey Monk as we stood
In beams of infernal light

Gibbon arose with a lash of steel
And Voltaire with a wracking wheel
The Schools in clouds of learning rold
Arose with War in iron & gold.

Thou lazy Monk they sound afar
In vain condemning glorious War
And in your Cell you shall ever dwell
Rise War & bind him in his Cell,

The blood. red ran from the Grey Monks
His hands & feet were wounded wide
His body bent, his arms & knees
Like to the roots of ancient trees

When Satan first the black bow bent
And the Moral Law from the Gospel rent
He forgd the Law into a Sword
And spillld the blood of mercys Lord.

Titus! Constantine! Charlemaine!
O Voltaire! Rousseau! Gibbon! Vain
Your Grecian Mocks & Roman Sword
Against this image of his Lord!

For a Tear is an Intellectual thing;
And a Sigh is the Sword of an Angel King
And the bitter groan of a Martyrs woe
Is an Arrow from the Almightyes Bow.
But Los, who is the Vehicular Form of strong Urthona
Wept vehemently over Albion where Thames currents spring
From the rivers of Beulah; pleasant river! soft, mild, parent stream
And the roots of Albions Tree entered the Soul of Los
As he sat before his Furnaces clothed in sackcloth of hair
In gnawing pain dividing him from his Emanation;
Inclosing all the Children of Los time after time.

Their Giant forms condensing into Nations & Peoples & Tongues
Translucent the Furnaces, of Beryll & Emerald immortal:
And Seven-fold each within other; incomprehensible
To the Vegetated Mortal Eye's perverted & single vision
The Bellows are the Animal Lungs, the Hammers, the Animal Heart
The Furnaces, the Stomach for Digestion; terrible their fury
Like seven burning heavens rang'd from South to North

Here on the banks of the Thames. Los builded Golgonooza.
Outside of the Gates of the Human Heart, beneath Beulah
In the midst of the rocks of the Altars of Albion. In fears
He builded it. in rage & in fury. It is the Spiritual Fourfold
London: continually building & continually decaying desolate!
In eternal labours: loud the Furnaces & loud the Anvils
Of Death thunder incessant around the flaming Couches of
The Twenty-four Friends of Albion and round the awful Four
For the protection of the Twelve Emanations of Albions Sons
The Mystic Union of the Emanation in the Lord; Because
Man divided from his Emanation is a dark Spectre
His Emanation is an ever-weeping melancholy Shadow
But she is made receptive of Generation thro' mercy
In the Potters Furnace, among the Funeral Urns of Beulah
From Surrey hills, thro' Italy and Greece, to Hinnoms vale,
In Great Eternity, every particular Form gives forth or Emanates
Its own peculiar Light & the Form is the Divine Vision
And the Light is his Garment This is Jerusalem in every Man
A Tent & Tabernacle of Mutual Forgiveness Male & Female Clothings.
And Jerusalem is called Liberty among the Children of Albion

But Albion fell down a Rocky fragment from Eternity hurld
By his own Spectre. who is the Reasoning Power in every Man
Into his own Chaos which is the Memory between Man & Man

The silent broodings of deadly revenge springing from the
All powerful parental affection. fills Albion from head to foot
Seeing his Sons assimilate with Luvah, bound in the bonds
Of spiritual Hate. from which springs Sexual Love as iron chains
He tosses like a cloud outstretchd among Jerusalems Ruins
Which overspread all the Earth, he groans among his ruind porches
But the Spectre like a hoar frost & a Mildew rose over Albion
Saying, I am God O Sons of Men! I am your Rational Power!
Am I not Bacon & Newton & Locke who teach Humility to Man!
Who teach Doubt & Experiment & my two Wings Voltaire: Rousseau.
Where is that Friend of Sinners! that Rebel against my Laws!
Who teaches Belief to the Nations. & an unknown Eternal Life
Come hither into the Desart & turn these stones to bread.
Vain foolish Man! wilt thou believe without Experiment?
And build a World of Phantasy upon my Great Abyss!
A World of Shapes in craving lust & devouring appetite

So spoke the hard cold constrictive Spectre he is named Arthur
Constricting into Druid Rocks round Canaan Agag & Aram & Pharoh

Then Albion drew England into his bosom in groans & tears
But she stretchd out her starry Night in Spaces against him. like
A long Serpent, in the Abyss of the Spectre which augmented
The Night with Dragon wings coverd with stars & in the Wings
Jerusalem & Vala appeard: & above between the Wings magnificent
The Divine Vision dimly appeard in clouds of blood weeping.
When those who disregard all Mortal Things, saw a Mighty-One
Among the Flowers of Beulah still retain his awful strength
They wonderd: checking their wild flames & Many gathering
Together into an Assembly; they said, let us go down
And see these changes! Others said, If you do so prepare
For being driven from our fields, what have we to do with the Dead
To be their inferiors or superiors we equally abhor;
Superior, none we know: inferior none: all equal share
Divine Benevolence & joy, for the Eternal Man
Walketh among us, calling us his Brothers & his Friends:
Forbidding us that Veil which Satan puts between Eve & Adam:
By which the Princes of the Dead enslave their Votaries
Teaching them to form the Serpent of precious stones & gold
To seize the Sons of Jerusalem & plant them in One Man’s Loins
To make One Family of Contraries: that Joseph may be sold
Into Egypt: for Negation; a Veil the Saviour born & dying rends

But others said: Let us to him who only Is, & who
Walketh among us, give decision. bring forth all your fires!

So saying, an eternal deed was done: in fiery flames
The Universal Concave raged, such thunderous sounds as never
Were sounded from a mortal cloud, nor on Mount Sinai old
Nor in Havilah where the Cherub rolld his redounding flame.
Loud! loud! the Mountains lifted up their voices, loud the Forests
Rivers thunderd against their banks, loud Winds furious fought
Cities & Nations contended in fires & clouds & tempests.
The Seas raisd up their voices & lifted their hands on high
The Stars in their courses fought, the Sun! Moon! Heaven: Earth.
Contending for Albion & for Jerusalem his Emanation
And for Shiloh, the Emanation of France & for lovely Vala.

Then far the greatest number were about to make a Separation
And they Elected Seven, calld the Seven Eyes of God;
They namd the Eighth. he came not, he hid in Albions Forests
But first they said: (& their Words stood in Chariots in array
Curbing their Tygers with golden bits & bridles of silver & ivory

Let the Human Organs be kept in their perfect Integrity
At will Contracting into Worms, or Expanding into Gods
And then behold! what are these Ulro Visions of Chastity
Then as the moss upon the tree: or dust upon the plow:
Or as the sweat upon the labouring shoulder; or as the chaff
Of the wheat-floor or as the dregs of the sweet wine-press
Such are these Ulro Visions, for tho we sit down within
The plowed furrow. listening to the weeping clods till we
Contract or Expand Space at will: or if we raise ourselves
Upon the chariots of the morning. Contracting or Expanding Time!
Every one knows, we are One Family: One Man blessed for ever
Silence remaind & every one resumd his Human Majesty
And many conversed on these things as they labourd at the furrow
Saying; It is better to prevent misery, than to release from misery
It is better to prevent error, than to forgive the criminal!
Labour well the Minute Particulars, attend to the Little-ones!
And those who are in misery cannot remain so long
If we do but our duty: labour well the teeming Earth.

They Plow’d in tears, the trumpets sounded before the golden Plow
And the voices of the Living Creatures were heard in the clouds of heaven
Crying; Compell the Reasoner to Demonstrate with unhewn Demonstrations
Let the Indefinite be explored, and let every Man be Judged
By his own Works, Let all Indefinites be thrown into Demonstrations
To be pounded to dust & melted in the Furnaces of Affliction:
He who would do good to another, must do it in Minute Particulars
General Good is the plea of the scoundrel hypocrite & flatterer:
For Art & Science cannot exist but in minutely organized Particulars
And not in generalizing Demonstrations of the Rational Power,
The Infinite alone resides in Definite & Determinate Identity
Establishment of Truth depends on destruction of Falshood continually
On Circumcision: not on Virginity, O Reasoners of Albion
So cried they at the Plow. Albions Rock frowned above
And the Great Voice of Eternity rolled above terrible in clouds
Saying Who will go forth for us! & Who shall we send before our face?
Then Los heaved his thund’ring Bellows on the Valley of Middlesex
And thus he chaunted his Song: the Daughters of Albion reply

What may Man be? who can tell! But what may Woman be?
To have power over Man from Cradle to corruptible Grave.
He who is an Infant, and whose Cradle is a Manger
Knoweth the Infant sorrow: whence it came, and where it goeth,
And who weave it a Cradle of the grass that withereth away.
This World is all a Cradle for the erred wandering Phantom:
Rock’d by Year, Month, Day & Hour; and every two Moments
Between. dwells a Daughter of Beulah. to feed the Human Vegetable
Entune: Daughters of Albion. your hymning Chorus mildly!
Cord of affection thrilling extatic on the iron Reel:
To the golden Loom of Love! to the moth-labourd Woof
A Garment and Cradle weaving for the infantine Terror:
For fear; at entering the gate into our World of cruel
Lamentation: it flee back & hide in Non-Entity’s dark wild
The Sun shall be a Scythed Chariot of Britain: the Moon; a Ship
In the British Ocean! Created by Los’s Hammer; measured out
Into Days & Nights & Years & Months, to travel with my feet
Over these desolate rocks of Albion; O daughters of despair:
Rock the Cradle, and in mild melodies tell me where found
What you have enwoven with so much tears & care? so much
Tender artifice: to laugh: to weep: to learn: to know;
Remember! recollect! what dark befel in wintry days
O it was lost for ever! and we found it not: it came
And wept at our wintry Door: Look! look! behold! Gwendolen
Is become a Clod of Clay! Merlin is a Worm of the Valley!

Then Los uttered with Hammer & Anvil; Chaunt! revoice!
I mind not your laugh: and your frown I not fear! and
You must my dictate obey from your gold-beam’d Looms; trill
Gentle to Albions Watchman. on Albions mountains; reecho
And rock the Cradle while! Ah me! Of that Eternal Man
And of the cradled Infancy in his bowels of compassion:
Who fell beneath his instruments of husbandry & became
Subservient to the clods of the furrow! the cattle and even
The emmet and earth-Worm are his superiors & his lords.

Then the response came warbling from trilling Looms in Albion
We Women tremble at the light therefore! hiding fearful
The Divine Vision with Curtain & Veil & fleshly Tabernacle

Los utter’d; swift as the rattling thunder upon the mountains
Look back into the Church Paul! Look! Three Women around
The Cross; O Albion why didst thou a Female Will Create?

And the voices of Bath & Canterbury & York & Edinburgh. Cry
Over the Plow of Nations in the strong hand of Albion thuddering along
Among the Fires of the Druid & the deep black rethundering Waters
Of the Atlantic which poured in impetuous loud loud. louder & louder
And the Great Voice of the Atlantic howled over the Druid Altars:
Weeping over his Children in Stone-henge in Malden & Colchester.
Round the Rocky Peak of Derbyshire London Stone & Rosamonds Bower

What is a Wife & what is a Harlot? What is a Church? & What
Is a Theatre? are they Two & not One? can they Exist Separate?
Are not Religion & Politics the Same Thing? Brotherhood is Religion
O Demonstrations of Reason Dividing Families in Cruelty & Pride!

But Albion fled from the Divine Vision. with the Plow of Nations enflaming
The Living Creatures maddend and Albion fell into the Furrow, and
The Plow went over him & the Living was Plowed in among the Dead
But his Spectre rose over the starry Plow. Albion fled beneath the Plow
Till he came to the Rock of Ages. & he took his Seat upon the Rock.
Wonder siezd all in Eternity! to behold the Divine Vision. open
The Center into an Expanse, & the Center rolled out into an Expanse.
In beauty the Daughters of Albion divide & unite at will
Naked & drunk with blood Gwendolen dancing to the timbrel
Of War: reeling up the Street of London she divides in twain
Among the Inhabitants of Albion, the People fall around
The Daughters of Albion, divide & unite in jealousy & cruelty
The Inhabitants of Albion at the Harvest & the Vintage
Feel their Brain cut round beneath the temples shrieking
Bonifying into a Scull, the Marrow exuding in dismal pain
They flee over the rocks bonifying: Horses; Oxen; feel the knife.
And while the Sons of Albion by severe War & Judgment, bonify
The Hermaphroditic Condensations are divided by the Knife
The obdurate Forms are cut asunder by Jealousy & Pity.

Rational Philosophy and Mathemetic Demonstration
Is divided in the intoxications of pleasure & affection
Two Contraries War against each other in fury & blood,
And Los fixes them on his Anvil, incessant his blows!
He fixes them with strong blows. placing the stones & timbers.
To Create a World of Generation from the World of Death:
Dividing the Masculine & Feminine; for the comingling
Of Albions & Luvahs Spectres was Hermaphroditic

Urizen wrathful strode above directing the awful Building:
As a Mighty Temple; delivering Form out of confusion
Jordan sprang beneath its threshold bubbling from beneath
Its pillars: Euphrates ran under its arches: white sails
And silver oars reflect on its pillars, & sound on its echoing Pavements; where walk the Sons of Jerusalem who remain Ungenerate
But the revolving Sun and Moon pass thro its porticoes,
Day & night, in sublime majesty & silence they revolve
And shine glorious within; Hand & Koban archd over the Sun
In the hot noon. as he traveld thro his journey; Hyle & Skofield Archd over the Moon at midnight & Los Fixd them there,
With his thunderous Hammer; terrified the Spectres rage & flee
Canaan is his portico; Jordan is a fountain in his porch;
A fountain of milk & wine to relieve the traveller:
Egypt is the eight steps within, Ethiopia supports his pillars;
Lybia & the Lands unknown, are the ascent without;
Within is Asia & Greece, ornamented with exquisite art:
Persia & Media are his halls; his inmost hall is Great Tartary.
China & India & Siberia are his temples for entertainment
Poland & Russia & Sweden. his soft retired chambers
France & Spain & Italy & Denmark & Holland & Germany
Are the temples among his pillars, Britain is Los’s Forge;
America North & South are his baths of living waters,

Such is the Ancient World of Urizen in the Satanic Void
Created from the Valley of Middlesex by Londons River
From Stone-henge and from London Stone, from Cornwall to Cathnes
The Four Zoa’s rush around on all sides in dire ruin
Furious in pride of Selfhood the terrible Spectres of Albion
Rear their dark Rocks among the Stars of God: stupendous
Works! A World of Generation continually Creating; out of
The Hermaphroditic Satanic World of rocky destiny.

And formed into Four precious stones. for entrance from Beulah

For the Veil of Vala which Albion cast into the Atlantic Deep
To catch the Souls of the Dead: began to Vegetate & Petrify
Around the Earth of Albion. among the Roots of his Tree
This Los formed into the Gates & mighty Wall, between the Oak
Of Weeping & the Palm of Suffering beneath Albions Tomb.
Thus in process of time it became the beautiful Mundane Shell.
The Habitation of the Spectres of the Dead & the Place
Of Redemption & of awaking again into Eternity

For Four Universes round the Mundane Egg remain Chaotic
One to the North: Urthona: One to the South: Urizen;
One to the East: Luvah: One to the West, Tharmas;
They are the Four Zoas that stood around the Throne Divine
Verulam: London: York & Edinburgh: their English names
But when Luvah assumed the World of Urizen Southward
And Albion was slain upon his Mountains & in his Tent.
All fell towards the Center, sinking downwards in dire ruin
In the South remains a burning Fire: in the East, a Void
In the West, a World of raging Waters; in the North: solid Darkness
Unfathomable without end: but in the midst of these
Is Built eternally the sublime Universe of Los & Enitharmon

And in the North Gate, in the West of the North, toward Beulah
Cathedrons Looms are builded. and Los's Furnaces in the South
A wondrous golden Building immense with ornaments sublime
Is bright Cathedrons golden Hall, its Courts Towers & Pinnacles

And one Daughter of Los sat at the fiery Reel & another
Sat at the shining Loom with her Sisters attending round
Terrible their distress & their sorrow cannot be utterd
And another Daughter of Los sat at the Spinning Wheel
Endless their labour, with bitter food, void of sleep.
Tho hungry they labour; they rouze themselves anxious
Hour after hour labouring at the whirling Wheel
Many Wheels & as many lovely Daughters sit weeping

Yet the intoxicating delight that they take in their work
Obliterates every other evil; none pities their tears
Yet they regard not pity & they expect no one to pity
For they labour for life & love, regardless of any one
But the poor Spectres that they work for, always incessantly
They are mock'd, by every one that passes by. they regard not
They labour; & when their Wheels are broken by scorn & malice
They mend them sorrowing with many tears & afflictions,

Other Daughters Weave on the Cushion & Pillow, Network fine
That Rahab & Tirzah may exist & live & breathe & love
Ah, that it could be as the Daughters of Beulah wish!

Other Daughters of Los, labouring at Looms less fine
Create the Silk-worm & the Spider & the Catterpillar
To assist in their most grievous work of pity & compassion
And others Create the wooly Lamb & the downy Fowl
To assist in the work: the Lamb bleats! the Sea-fowl cries
Men understand not the distress & the labour & sorrow
That in the Interior Worlds is carried on in fear & trembling
Weaving the shuddring fears & loves of Albions Families
Thunderous rage the Spindles of iron. & the iron Distaff
Maddens in the fury of their hands, Weaving in bitter tears
The Veil of Goats-hair & Purple & Scarlet & fine twined Linen

The clouds of Albions Druid Temples rage in the eastern heaven
While Los sat terrified beholding Albions Spectre who is Luvah
Spreading in bloody veins in torments over Europe & Asia;
Not yet formed but a wretched torment unformed & abyssal
In flaming fire; within the Furnaces the Divine Vision appeard
On Albions hills: often walking from the Furnaces in clouds
And flames among the Druid Temples & the Starry Wheels
Gatherd Jerusalems Children in his arms & bore them like
A Shepherd in the night of Albion which overspread all the Earth

I gave thee liberty and life O lovely Jerusalem
And thou hast bound me down upon the Stems of Vegetation
I gave thee Sheep-walks upon the Spanish Mountains Jerusalem
I gave thee Priams City and the Isles of Grecia lovely!
I gave thee Hand & Scofield & the Counties of Albion!
They spread forth like a lovely root into the Garden of God:
They were as Adam before me: united into One Man.
They stood in innocence & their skiey tent reachd over Asia
To Nimrods Tower to Ham & Canaan walking with Mizraim
Upon the Egyptian Nile, with solemn songs to Grecia
And sweet Hesperia even to Great Chaldea & Tesshina
Following thee as a Shepherd by the Four Rivers of Eden
Why wilt thou rend thyself apart, Jerusalem?
And build this Babylon & sacrifice in secret Groves,
Among the Gods of Asia; among the fountains of pitch & nitre
Therefore thy Mountains are become barren Jerusalem!
Thy Valleys, Plains of burning sand. thy Rivers; waters of death
Thy Villages die of the Famine and thy Cities
Beg bread from house to house, lovely Jerusalem
Why wilt thou deface thy beauty & the beauty of thy little-ones
To please thy Idols, in the pretended chastities of Uncircumcision
Thy Sons are lovelier than Egypt or Assyria; wherefore
Dost thou blacken their beauty by a Secluded place of rest.
And a peculiar Tabernacle, to cut the integuments of beauty
Into veils of tears and sorrows O lovely Jerusalem!
They have persuaded thee to this, therefore their end shall come
And I will lead thee thro the Wilderness in shadow of my cloud
And in my love I will lead thee, lovely Shadow of Sleeping Albion,

This is the Song of the Lamb, sung by Slaves in evening time.

But Jerusalem faintly saw him, closed in the Dungeons of Babylon
Her Form was held by Beulahs Daughters. but all within unseen
She sat at the Mills, her hair unbound her feet naked
Cut with the flints: her tears run down, her reason grows like
The Wheel of Hand, incessant turning day & night without rest
Insane she raves upon the winds hoarse, inarticulate:
All night Vala hears, she triumphs in pride of holiness
To see Jerusalem deface her lineaments with bitter blows
Of despair, while the Satanic Holiness triumphed in Vala
In a Religion of Chastity & Uncircumcised Selfishness
Both of the Head & Heart & Loins, closed up in Moral Pride.
But the Divine Lamb stood beside Jerusalem. oft she saw,
The lineaments Divine & oft the Voice heard, & oft she said.
O Lord & Saviour, have the Gods of the Heathen pierced thee?
Or hast thou been pierced in the House of thy Friends?
Art thou alive! & livest thou for-evermore? or art thou
Not: but a delusive shadow, a thought that liveth not.
Babel mocks saying, there is no God nor Son of God
That thou O Human Imagination, O Divine Body art all
A delusion. but I know thee O Lord when thou arisest upon
My weary eyes even in this dungeon & this iron mill.
The Stars of Albion cruel rise: thou bindest to sweet influences:
For thou also sufferest with me altho I behold thee not;
And altho I sin & blaspheme thy holy name. thou pitiest me;
Because thou knowest I am deluded by the turning mills.
And by these visions of pity & love because of Albions death.
Thus spake Jerusalem, & thus the Divine Voice replied.

Mild Shade of Man. pitiest thou these Visions of terror & woe!
Give forth thy pity & love. fear not! lo I am with thee always.
Only believe in me that I have power to raise from death
Thy Brother who Sleepeth in Albion: fear not trembling Shade
Behold: in the Visions of Elohim Jehovah. behold Joseph & Mary
And be comforted O Jerusalem in the Visions of Jehovah Elohim

She looked & saw Joseph the Carpenter in Nazareth & Mary
His espoused Wife. And Mary said, If thou put me away from thee
Dost thou not murder me? Joseph spoke in anger & fury. Should I
Marry a Harlot & an Adulteress? Mary answerd, Art thou more pure
Than thy Maker who forgiveth Sins & calls again Her that is Lost
Tho She hates. he calls her again in love. I love my dear Joseph
But he driveth me away from his presence. yet I hear the voice of God
In the voice of my Husband. tho he is angry for a moment. he will not
Utterly cast me away. if I were pure. never could I taste the sweets
Of the Forgivess of Sins: if I were holy: I never could behold the tears
Of love! of him who loves me in the midst of his anger in furnace of fire.

Ah my Mary: said Joseph: weeping over & embracing her closely in
His arms: Doth he forgive Jerusalem & not exact Purity from her who is
Polluted. I heard his voice in my sleep & his Angel in my dream:
Saying Doth Jehovah Forgive a Debt only on condition that it shall
Be Payed? Doth he Forgive Pollution only on conditions of Purity
That Debt is not Forgiven! That Pollution is not Forgiven
Such is the Forgiveness of the Gods, the Moral Virtues of the
Heathen, whose tender Mercies are Cruelty. But Jehovahs Salvation
Is without Money & without Price. in the Continual Forgiveness of Sins
In the Perpetual Mutual Sacrifice in Great Eternity! for behold!
There is none that liveth & Sinneth not! And this is the Covenant
Of Jehovah: If you Forgive one-another. so shall Jehovah Forgive You:
That He Himself may Dwell among You. Fear not then to take
To thee Mary thy Wife, for she is with Child by the Holy Ghost
Then Mary burst forth into a Song! she flowed like a River of Many Streams in the arms of Joseph & gave forth her tears of joy Like many waters. and Emanating into gardens & palaces upon Euphrates & to forests & floods & animals wild & tame from Gihon to Hiddekel. & to corn fields & villages & inhabitants Upon Pison & Arnon & Jordan. And I heard the voice among The Reapers Saying. Am I Jerusalem the lost Adulteress? or am I Babylon come up to Jerusalem? And another voice answerd Saying Does the voice of my Lord call me again? am I pure thro his Mercy And Pity. Am I become lovely as a Virgin in his sight who am Indeed a Harlot drunken with the Sacrifice of Idols does he Call her pure as he did in the days of her Infancy when She Was cast out to the loathing of her person. The Chaldean took Me from my Cradle. The Amalekite stole me away upon his Camels Before I had ever beheld with love the Face of Jehovah; or known That there was a God of Mercy; O Mercy O Divine Humanity! O Forgiveness & Pity & Compassion! If I were Pure I should never Have known Thee; If I were Unpolluted I should never have Glorified thy Holiness. or rejoiced in thy great Salvation.

Mary leaned her side against Jerusalem, Jerusalem recieved The Infant into her hands in the Visions of Jehovah. Times passed on Jerusalem fainted over the Cross & Sepulcher She heard the voice Wilt thou make Rome thy Patriarch Druid & the Kings of Europe his Horsemen? Man in the Resurrection changes his Sexual Garments at Will Every Harlot was once a Virgin; every Criminal an Infant Love: Repose on me till the morning of the Grave, I am thy life.

Jerusalem replied. I am an outcast: Albion is dead; I am left to the trampling foot & the spurning heel! A Harlot I am calld. I am sold from street to street! I am defaced with blows & with the dirt of the Prison! And wilt thou become my Husband O my Lord & Saviour? Shall Vala bring thee forth! shall the Chaste be ashamed also? I see the Maternal Line, I behold the Seed of the Woman! Cainah & Ada & Zillah & Naamah Wife of Noah.
Shuah’s daughter & Tamar & Rahab the Canaanites; 
Ruth the Moabite & Bathsheba of the daughters of Heth 
Naamah the Ammonite, Zibeah the Philistine. & Mary 
These are the Daughters of Vala, Mother of the Body of death 
But I thy Magdalen behold thy Spiritual Risen Body 
Shall Albion arise? I know he shall arise at the Last Day! 
I know that in my flesh I shall see God: but Emanations 
Are weak, they know not whence they are, nor whither tend.

Jesus replied. I am the Resurrection & the Life. 
I Die & pass the limits of possibility. as it appears 
To individual perception, Luvah must be Created 
And Vala; for I cannot leave them in the gnawing Grave. 
But will prepare a way for my banished-ones to return 
Come now with me into the villages. walk thro all the cities. 
Tho thou art taken to prison & judgment, starved in the streets 
I will command the cloud to give thee food & the hard rock 
To flow with milk & wine, tho thou seest me not a season 
Even a long season & a hard journey & a howling wilderness: 
Tho Valas cloud hide thee & Luvahs fires follow thee:
Only believe & trust in me, Lo. I am always with thee;

So spoke the Lamb of God while Luvahs Cloud reddening above 
Burst forth in streams of blood upon the heavens & dark night 
Involvd Jerusalem. & the Wheels of Albions Sons turnd hoarse 
Over the Mountains & the fires blaz’d on Druid Altars 
And the Sun set in Tyburns Brook where Victims howl & cry, 
But Los beheld the Divine Vision among the flames of the Furnaces 
Therefore he lived & breathed in hope. but his tears fell incessant 
Because his Children were closd from him apart; & Enitharmon 
Dividing in fierce pain: also the Vision of God was closd in clouds 
Of Albions Spectres. that Los in despair oft sat, & often ponderd 
On Death Eternal in fierce shudders upon the mountains of Albion 
Walking: & in the vales in howlings fierce, then to his Anvils 
Turning, anew began his labours, tho in terrible pains!

Jehovah stood among the Druids in the Valley of Annandale
When the Four Zoas of Albion, the Four Living Creatures, the Cherubim of Albion tremble before the Spectre, in the starry Harness of the Plow of Nations. And their Names are Urizen & Luvah & Tharmas & Urthona.

Luvah slew Tharmas the Angel of the Tongue & Albion brought him To Justice in his own City of Paris. denying the Resurrection. Then Vala the Wife of Albion, who is the Daughter of Luvah Took vengeance Twelve-fold among the Chaotic Rocks of the Druids Where the Human Victims howl to the Moon & Thor & Friga Dance the dance of death contending with Jehovah among the Cherubim. The Chariot Wheels filled with Eyes rage along the howling Valley In the Dividing of Reuben & Benjamin bleeding from Chesters River.


The Cities & Villages of Albion became Rock & Sand Unhumanized. The Druid Sons of Albion & the Heavens a Void around unfathomable No Human Form but Sexual & a little weeping Infant pale reflected Multitudinous in the Looking Glass of Enitharmon, on all sides Around in the clouds of the Female. on Albions Cliffs of the Dead.

Such the appearance in Cheviot: in the Divisions of Reuben When the Cherubim hid their heads under their wings in deep slumbers When the Druids demanded Chastity from Woman & all was lost,

How can the Female be Chaste O thou stupid Druid Cried Los Without the Forgiveness of Sins in the merciful clouds of Jehovah And without the Baptism of Repentance to wash away Calumnies. and The Accusations of Sin that each may be Pure in their Neighbours sight O when shall Jehovah give us Victims from his Flocks & Herds Instead of Human Victims by the Daughters of Albion & Canaan.

Then laugh’d Gwendolen & her laughter shook the Nations & Familys of
The Dead beneath Beulah from Tyburn to Golgotha. and from Ireland to Japan. furious her Lions & Tygers & Wolves sport before Los on the Thames & Medway. London & Canterbury groan in pain

Los knew not yet what was done: he thought it was all in Vision
In Visions of the Dreams of Beulah among the Daughters of Albion Therefore the Murder was put apart in the Looking. Glass of Enitharmon

He saw in Vala’s hand the Druid Knife of Revenge & the Poison Cup Of Jealousy, and thought it a Poetic Vision of the Atmospheres Till Canaan rolld apart from Albion across the Rhine: along the Danube

And all the Land of Canaan suspended over the Valley of Cheviot From Bashan to Tyre & from Troy to Gaza of the Amalekite And Reuben fled with his head downwards among the Caverns Of the Mundane Shell which froze on all sides round Canaan on The vast Expanse: where the Daughters of Albion Weave the Web Of Ages & Generations. folding & unfolding it, like a Veil of Cherubim And sometimes it touches the Earths summits, & sometimes spreads Abroad into the Indefinite Spectre, who is the Rational Power.

Then All the Daughters of Albion became One before Los: even Vala! And she put forth her hand upon the Looms in dreadful howlings Till she vegetated into a hungry Stomach & a devouring Tongue. Her Hand is a Court of Justice. her Feet: two Armies in Battle Storms & Pestilence: in her Locks: & in her Loins Earthquake And Fire. & the Ruin of Cities & Nations & Families & Tongues She cries: The Human is but a Worm, & thou O Male; Thou art Thyself Female, a Male: a breeder of Seed: a Son & Husband: & Lo. The Human Divine is Womans Shadow, a Vapor in the summers heat Go assume Papal dignity thou Spectre, thou Male Harlot! Arthur Divide into the Kings of Europe in times remote O Woman-born And Woman-nourishd & Woman-educated & Woman-scorn’d!

Wherefore art thou living? said Los. & Man cannot live in thy presence Art thou Vala the Wife of Albion O thou lovely Daughter of Luvah
All Quarrels arise from Reasoning, the secret Murder, and
The violent Man-slaughter. these are the Spectres double Cave
The Sexual Death living on accusation of Sin & Judgment
To freeze Love & Innocence into the gold & silver of the Merchant
Without Forgiveness of Sin Love is Itself Eternal Death
Then the Spectre drew Vala into his bosom magnificent terrific
Glittering with precious stones & gold, with Garments of blood & fire
He wept in deadly wrath of the Spectre, in self-contradicting agony
Crimson with Wrath & green with Jealousy dazzling with Love
And Jealousy immingled & the purple of the violet darkend deep
Over the Plow of Nations thundring in the hand of Albions Spectre
A dark Hermaphrodite they stood frownining upon Londons River
And the Distaff & Spindle in the hands of Vala with the Flax of
Human Miseries turnd fierce with the Lives of Men along the Valley
As Reuben fled before the Daughters of Albion Taxing the Nations

Derby Peak yawnd a horrid Chasm at the cries of Gwendolen. & at
The stamping feet of Ragan upon the flaming Treddles of her Loom
That drop with crimson gore with the Loves of Albion & Canaan
Opening along the Valley of Rephaim, weaving over the Caves of Machpelah
To decide Two Worlds with a great decision: a World of Mercy, and
A World of Justice: the World of Mercy for Salvation
To cast Luvah into the Wrath, and Albion into the Pity
In the Two Contraries of Humanity & in the Four Regions.

For in the depths of Albions bosom in the eastern heaven,
They sound the clarions strong! they chain the howling Captives!
They cast the lots into the helmet; they give the oath of blood in Lambeth
They vote the death of Luvah, & they nailed him to Albions Tree in Bath:
They staind him with poisonous blue, they inwove him in cruel roots
To die a death of Six thousand years bound round with vegetation
The sun was black & the moon rolld a useless globe thro Britain!

Then left the Sons of Urizen the plow & harrow, the loom
The hammer & the chisel, & the rule & compasses; from London fleeing
They forg’d the sword on Cheviot, the chariot of war & the battle-ax,
The trumpet fitted to mortal battle, & the flute of summer in Annandale
And all the Arts of Life. they changd into the Arts of Death in Albion.
The hour-glass contemnd because its simple workmanship.
Was like the workmanship of the plowman. & the water wheel.
That raises water into cisterns broken & burnd with fire:
Because its workmanship. was like the workmanship of the shepherd.
And in their stead. intricate wheels invented. wheel without wheel:
To perplex youth in their outgoings, & to bind to labours in Albion
Of day & night the myriads of eternity that they may grind
And polish brass & iron hour after hour laborious task!
Kept ignorant of its use, that they might spend the days of wisdom
In sorrowful drudgery, to obtain a scanty pittance of bread:
In ignorance to view a small portion & think that All.
And call it Demonstration: blind to all the simple rules of life.

Now: now the battle rages round thy tender limbs O Vala.
Now smile among thy bitter tears: now put on all thy beauty
Is not the wound of the sword sweet! & the broken bone delightful?
Wilt thou now smile among the scythes when the wounded groan in the field
We were carried away in thousands from London; & in tens
Of thousands from Westminster & Marybone in ships closd up:
Chaind hand & foot, compelled to fight under the iron whips
Of our captains; fearing our officers more than the enemy.
Lift up thy blue eyes Vala & put on thy sapphire shoes:
O melancholy Magdalen behold the morning over Malden break:
Gird on thy flaming zone, descend into the sepulcher of Canterbury.
Scatter the blood from thy golden brow. the tears from thy silver locks:
Shake off the waters from thy wings! & the dust from thy white garments
Remember all thy feigned terrors on the secret couch of Lambeths Vale
When the sun rose in glowing morn. with arms of mighty hosts
Marching to battle who was wont to rise with Urizens harps
Girt as a sower with his seed to scatter life abroad over Albion!
Arise O Vala! bring the bow of Urizen: bring the swift arrows of light.
How rag'd the golden horses of Urizen. compelld to the chariot of love!
Compelld to leave the plow to the ox, to snuff up the winds of desolation
To trample the corn fields in boastful neighings: this is no gentle harp
This is no warbling brook. nor shadow of a mirtle tree:
But blood and wounds and dismal cries. and shadows of the oak:
And hearts laid open to the light, by the broad grizly sword:
And bowels hid in hammerd steel rip’d quivering on the ground.
Call forth thy smiles of soft deceit: call forth thy cloudy tears:
We hear thy sighs in trumpets shrill when morn shall blood renew.

So sang the Spectre Sons of Albion round Luvahs Stone of Trial:
Mocking and deriding at the writhings of their Victim on Salisbury:
Drinking his Emanation in intoxicating bliss rejoicing in Giant dance
For a Spectre has no Emanation but what he imbibes from decieving
A Victim! Then he becomes her Priest & she his Tabernacle.
And his Oak Grove. till the Victim rend the woven Veil.
In the end of his sleep when Jesus calls him from him his grave

Howling the Victims on the Druid Altars yield their souls
To the stern Warriors: lovely sport the Daughters round their Victims;
Drinking their lives in sweet intoxication. hence arose from Bath
Soft deluding odours. in spiral volutions intricately winding
Over Albions mountains. a feminine indefinite cruel delusion.
Astonishd: terrified & in pain & torment. Sudden they behold
Their own Parent the Emanation of their murderd Enemy
Become their Emanation and their Temple and Tabernacle
They knew not. this Vala was their beloved Mother Vala Albions Wife.

Terrified at the sight of the Victim: at his distorted sinews!
The tremblings of Vala vibrate thro’ the limbs of Albions Sons:
While they rejoice over Luvah in mockery & bitter scorn:
Sudden they become like what they behold in howlings & deadly pain
Spasms smite their features, sinews & limbs: pale they look on one another.
They turn, contorted: their iron necks bend unwilling towards
Luvah: their lips tremble: their muscular fibres are crampd & smitten
They become like what they behold! Yet immense in strength & power,
In awful pomp & gold, in all the precious unhewn stones of Eden
They build a stupendous Building on the Plain of Salisbury; with chains
Of rocks round London Stone: of Reasonings: of unhewn Demonstrations
In labyrinthine arches. (Mighty Urizen the Architect,) thro which
The Heavens might revolve & Eternity be bound in their chain.
Labour unparallelld! a wondrous rocky World of cruel destiny
Rocks piled on rocks reaching the stars; stretching from pole to pole.
The Building is Natural Religion & its Altars Natural Morality
A building of eternal death: whose proportions are eternal despair
Here Vala stood turning the iron Spindle of destruction
From heaven to earth: howling! invisible! but not invisible
Her Two Covering Cherubs afterwards named Voltaire & Rousseau:
Two frowning Rocks; on each side of the Cove & Stone of Torture:
Frozen Sons of the feminine Tabernacle of Bacon. Newton & Locke.
For Luvah is France: the Victim of the Spectres of Albion.

Los beheld in terror: he pour’d his loud storms on the Furnaces:
The Daughters of Albion clothed in garments of needle work
Strip them off from their shoulders and bosoms, they lay aside
Their garments; they sit naked upon the Stone of trial,
The Knife of flint passes over the howling Victim: his blood
Gushes & stains the fair side of the fair Daughters of Albion.
They put aside his curls; they divide his seven locks upon
His forehead: they bind his forehead with thorns of iron
They put into his hand a reed, they mock Saying: Behold
The King of Canaan whose are seven hundred chariots of iron!
They take off his vesture whole with their Knives of flint:

But they cut asunder his inner garments; searching with
Their cruel fingers for his heart, & there they enter in pomp.
In many tears; & there they erect a temple & an altar;
They pour cold water on his brain in front. to cause.
Lids to grow over his eyes in veils of tears: and caverns
To freeze over his nostrils. while they feed his tongue from cups
And dishes of painted clay. Glowing with beauty & cruelty:
They obscure the sun & the moon; no eye can look upon them.

Ah! alas! at the sight of the Victim. & at sight of those who are smitten,
All who see. become what they behold. their eyes are coverd
With veils of tears and their nostrils & tongues shrunk up
Their ear bent outwards. as their Victim, so are they in the pangs
Of unconquerable fear! amidst delights of revenge Earth-shaking!
And as their eye & ear shrunk, the heavens shrunk away
The Divine Vision became first a burning flame, then a column
Of fire, then an awful fiery wheel surrounding earth & heaven:
And then a globe of blood wandering distant in an unknown night;
Afar into the unknown night the mountains fled away:

Six months of mortality; a summer: & six months of mortality; a winter:
The Human form began to be alterd by the Daughters of Albion
And the perceptions to be dissipated into the Indefinite. Becoming
A mighty Polypus nam’d Albions Tree: they tie the Veins
And Nerves into two knots: & the Seed into a double knot:
They look forth: the Sun is shrunk; the Heavens are shrunk
Away into the far remote: and the Trees & Mountains witherd
Into indefinite cloudy shadows in darkness & separation.
By Invisible Hatreds adjoin’d, they seem remote and separate
From each other; and yet are a Mighty Polypus in the Deep!
As the Misletoe grows on the Oak, so Albions Tree on Eternity: Lo!
He who will not come in Love. must be adjoin’d by Hate

They look forth from Stone-henge! from the Cove round London Stone
They look on one another: the mountain calls out to the mountain:
Plinlimmon shrunk away: Snowdon trembled: the mountains
Of Wales & Scotland beheld the descending War: the routed flying:
Red run the streams of Albion: Thames is drunk with blood;
As Gwendolen cast the shuttle of war; as Cambel retournd the beam.
The Humber & the Severn; are drunk with the blood of the slain:
London feels his brain cut round: Edinburghs heart is circumscribed!
York & Lincoln hide among the flocks. because of the gridding Knife.
Worcester & Hereford: Oxford & Cambridge reel & stagger,
Overwearied with howling: Wales & Scotland alone sustain the fight!
The inhabitants are sick to death; they labour to divide into Days
And Nights, the uncertain Periods; and into Weeks & Months. In vain
They send the Dove & Raven: & in vain the Serpent over the mountains.
And in vain the Eagle & Lion over the four-fold wilderness.
They return not; but generate in rocky places desolate.
They return not; but build a habitation separate from Man.
The Sun forgets his course like a drunken man; he hesitates,
Upon the Cheselden hills, thinking to sleep on the Severn
In vain; he is hurried afar into an unknown Night
He bleeds in torrents of blood as he rolls thro heaven above
He chokes up the paths of the sky; the Moon is leprous as snow:
Trembling & descending down seeking to rest upon high Mona:
Scattering her leprous snows in flakes of disease over Albion.
The Stars flee remote: the heaven is iron, the earth is sulphur.
And all the mountains & hills shrink up like a withering gourd.
As the Senses of Men shrink together under the Knife of flint.
In the hands of Albions Daughters, among the Druid Temples.
By those who drink their blood & the blood of their Covenant

And the Twelve Daughters of Albion united in Rahab & Tirzah
A Double Female: and they drew out from the Rocky Stones
Fibres of Life to Weave for every Female is a Golden Loom
The Rocks are opake hardinesses covering all Vegetated things.
And as they Wove & Cut from the Looms in various divisions
Stretching over Europe & Asia from Ireland to Japan
They divided into many lovely Daughters to be counterparts
To those they Wove, for when they Wove a Male. they divided
Into a Female to the Woven Male, in opake hardness
They cut the Fibres from the Rocks groaning in pain they Weave;
Calling the Rocks Atomic Origins of Existence: denying Eternity
By the Atheistical Epicurean Philosophy of Albions Tree
Such are the Feminine & Masculine when separated from Man
They call the Rocks Parents of Men. & adore the frowning Chaos
Dancing around in howling pain clothed in the bloody Veil.
Hiding Albions Sons within the Veil, closing Jerusalems
Sons without! to feed with their Souls the Spectres of Albion
Ashamed to give Love openly to the piteous & merciful Man
Counting him an imbecile mockery: but the Warrior
They adore: & his revenge cherish with the blood of the Innocent
They drink up Dan & Gad, to feed with milk Skofeld & Kotope
They strip off Josephs Coat & dip it in the blood of battle

Tirzah sits weeping to hear the shrieks of the dying: her Knife
Of flint is in her hand: she passes it over the howling Victim
The Daughters Weave their Work in loud cries over the Rock
Of Horeb: still eying Albions Cliffs eagerly seizing & twisting
The threads of Vala & Jerusalem running from mountain to mountain
Over the whole Earth: loud the Warriors rage in Beth Peor
Beneath the iron whips of their Captains & consecrated banners
Loud the Sun & Moon rage in the conflict: loud the Stars
Shout in the night of battle & their spears grow to their hands
With blood, weaving the deaths of the Mighty into a Tabernacle
For Rahab & Tirzah; till the Great Polypus of Generation covered the Earth

In Verulam the Polypus’s Head, winding around his bulk
Thro Rochester, and Chichester, & Exeter & Salisbury.
To Bristol: & his Heart beat strong on Salisbury Plain
Shooting out Fibres round the Earth. thro Gaul & Italy
And Greece, & along the Sea of Rephaim into Judea
To Sodom & Gomorrha: thence to India, China & Japan

The Twelve Daughters in Rahab & Tirzah have circumscribd the Brain
Beneath & pierced it thro the midst with a golden pin.
Blood hath staind her fair side beneath her bosom.

O thou poor Human Form! said she. O thou poor child of woe!
Why wilt thou wander away from Tirzah: why me compel to bind thee
If thou dost go away from me I shall consume upon these Rocks
These fibres of thine eyes that used to beam in distant heavens
Away from me: I have bound down with a hot iron.
These nostrils that expanded with delight in morning skies
I have bent downward with lead melted in my roaring furnaces
Of affliction; of love: of sweet despair: of torment unendurable
My soul is seven furnaces, incessant roars the bellows
Upon my terribly flaming heart, the molten metal runs
In channels thro my fiery limbs: O love: O pity; O fear!
O pain! O the pangs. the bitter pangs of love forsaken
Ephraim was a wilderness of joy where all my wild beasts ran
The River Kanah wanderd by my sweet Manassehs side
To see the boy spring into heavens sounding from my sight!
Go Noah fetch the girdle of strong brass, heat it red-hot:
Press it around the loins of this ever expanding cruelty
Shriek not so my only love; I refuse thy joys: I drink
Thy shrieks because Hand & Hyle are cruel & obdurate to me

O Skofield why art thou cruel? Lo Joseph is thine! to make
You One: to weave you both in the same mantle of skin
Bind him down Sisters bind him down on Ebal. Mount of cursing:
Malah come forth from Lebanon; & Hoglah from Mount Sinai;
Come circumscribe this tongue of sweets & with a screw of iron
Fasten this ear into the rock: Milcah the task is thine
Weep not so Sisters! weep not so! our life depends on this
Or mercy & truth are fled away from Shechem & Mount Gilead
Unless my beloved is bound upon the Stems of Vegetation

And thus the Warriors cry. in the hot day of Victory, in Songs.

Look: the beautiful Daughter of Albion sits naked upon the Stone
Her panting Victim beside her: her heart is drunk with blood
Tho her brain is not drunk with wine: she goes forth from Albion
In pride of beauty: in cruelty of holiness: in the brightness
Of her tabernacle, & her ark & secret place. the beautiful Daughter
Of Albion. delights the eyes of the Kings, their hearts & the
Hearts of their Warriors glow hot before Thor & Friga. O Molech!
O Chemosh! O Bacchus! O Venus! O Double God of Generation
The Heavens are cut like a mantle around from the Cliffs of Albion
Across Europe; across Africa; in howlings & deadly War
A sheet & veil & curtain of blood is let down from Heaven
Across the hills of Ephraim & down Mount Olivet to
The Valley of the Jebusite: Molech rejoices in heaven
He sees the Twelve Daughters naked upon the Twelve Stones
Themselves condensing to rocks & into the Ribs of a Man
Lo they shoot forth in tender Nerves across Europe & Asia
Lo they rest upon the Tribes, where their panting Victims lie
Molech rushes into the Kings in love to the beautiful Daughters
But they frown & delight in cruelty. refusing all other joy
Bring your Offerings. your first begotten: pamperd with milk & blood
Your first born of seven years old! be they Males or Females:
To the beautiful Daughters of Albion: they sport before the Kings
Clothed in the skin of the Victim! blood! human blood: is the life
And delightful food of the Warrior: the well fed Warriors flesh
Of him who is slain in War: fills the Valleys of Ephraim with
Breeding Women walking in pride & bringing forth under green trees
With pleasure, without pain, for their food is. blood of the Captive
Molech rejoices thro the Land from Havilah to Shur: he rejoices
In moral law & its severe penalties: loud Shaddai & Jehovah
Thunder above: when they see the Twelve panting Victims
On the Twelve Stones of Power. & the beautiful Daughters of Albion
If you dare rend their Veil with your Spear; you are healed of Love!
From the Hills of Camberwell & Wimbledon: from the Valleys
Of Walton & Esher: from Stone-henge & from Maldens Cove
Jerusalems Pillars fall in the rendings of fierce War
Over France & Germany: upon the Rhine & Danube
Reuben & Benjamin flee; they hide in the Valley of Rephaim
Why trembles the Warriors limbs when he beholds thy beauty
Spotted with Victims blood: by the fires of thy secret tabernacle
And thy ark & holy place: at thy frowns: at thy dire revenge
Smitten as Uzzah of old: his armour is softened; his spear
And sword faint in his hand. from Albion across Great Tartary
O beautiful Daughter of Albion; cruelty is thy delight
O Virgin of terrible eyes, who dwellest by Valleys of springs
Beneath the Mountains of Lebanon. in the City of Rehob in Hamath
Taught to touch the harp: to dance in the Circle of Warriors
Before the Kings of Canaan: to cut the flesh from the Victim
To roast the flesh in fire: to examine the Infants limbs
In cruelties of holiness: to refuse the joys of love: to bring
The Spies from Egypt. to raise jealousy in the bosoms of the Twelve
Kings of Canaan: then to let the Spies depart to Meribah Kadesh
To the place of the Amalekite; I am drunk with unsatiated love
I must rush again to War: for the Virgin has frownd & refusd
Sometimes I curse & sometimes bless thy fascinating beauty
Once Man was occupied in intellectual pleasures & energies
But now my soul is harrowd with grief & fear & love & desire
And now I hate & now I love & Intellect is no more:
There is no time for any thing but the torments of love & desire
The Feminine & Masculine Shadows soft. mild & ever varying
In beauty: are Shadows now no more, but Rocks in Horeb

Then all the Males combined into One Male & every one
Became a ravening eating Cancer growing in the Female
A Polypus of Roots of Reasoning Doubt Despair & Death.
Going forth & returning from Albions Rocks to Canaan:
Devouring Jerusalem from every Nation of the Earth.
Envying stood the enormous Form at variance with Itself
In all its Members: in eternal torment of love & jealousy:
Drivn forth by Los time after time from Albions cliffy shore,
Drawing the free loves of Jerusalem into infernal bondage;
That they might be born in contentions of Chastity & in
Deadly Hate between Leah & Rachel. Daughters of Deceit & Fraud
Bearing the Images of various Species of Contention
And Jealousy & Abhorrence & Revenge & deadly Murder.
Till they refuse liberty to the Male; & not like Beulah
Where every Female delights to give her maiden to her husband
The Female searches sea & land for gratifications to the
Male Genius: who in return clothes her in gems & gold
And feeds her with the food of Eden. hence all her beauty beams
She Creates at her will a little moony night & silence
With Spaces of sweet gardens & a tent of elegant beauty:
Closed in by a sandy desart & a night of stars shining.
And a little tender moon & hovering angels on the wing.
And the Male gives a Time & Revolution to her Space
Till the time of love is passed in ever varying delights
For All Things Exist in the Human Imagination
And thence in Beulah they are stolen by secret amorous theft,
Till they have had Punishment enough to make them commit Crimes
Hence rose the Tabernacle in the Wilderness & all its Offerings.
From Male & Female Loves in Beulah & their Jealousies
But no one can consummate Female bliss in Loss World without
Becoming a Generated Mortal, a Vegetating Death
And now the Spectres of the Dead awake in Beulah: all
The Jealousies become Murderous: uniting together in Rahab
A Religion of Chastity, forming a Commerce to sell Loves
With Moral Law. an Equal Balance, not going down with decision
Therefore the Male severe & cruel fill'd with stern Revenge:
Mutual Hate returns & mutual Deceit & mutual Fear.

Hence the Infernal Veil grows in the disobedient Female;
Which Jesus rends & the whole Druid Law removes away
From the Inner Sanctuary; a False Holiness hid within the Center,
For the Sanctuary of Eden, is in the Camp in the Outline.
In the Circumference: & every Minute Particular is Holy:
Embraces are Cominglings: from the Head even to the Feet
And not a pompous High Priest entering by a Secret Place.

Jerusalem pined in her inmost soul over Wandering Reuben
As she slept in Beulah's Night hid by the Daughters of Beulah
And this the form of mighty Hand sitting on Albion's cliffs
Before the face of Albion. a mighty threatening Form,

His bosom wide & shoulders huge overspreading wondrous
Bear Three strong sinewy Necks & Three awful & terrible Heads
Three Brains in contradictory council brooding incessantly.
Neither daring to put in act its councils, fearing each-other.
Therefore rejecting Ideas as nothing & holding all Wisdom
To consist, in the agreements & disagreements of Ideas.
Plotting to devour Albion's Body of Humanity & Love.

Such Form the aggregate of the Twelve Sons of Albion took; & such
Their appearance when combined: but often by birth-pangs & loud groans
They divide to Twelve; the key-bones & the chest dividing in pain
Disclose a hideous orifice; thence issuing the Giant-brood
Arise as the smoke of the furnace, shaking the rocks from sea to sea.
And there they combine into Three Forms. named Bacon & Newton & Locke.
In the Oak Groves of Albion which overspread all the Earth.

Imputing Sin. & Righteousness to Individuals; Rahab
Sat deep within him hid: his Feminine Power unreveal'd
Brooding Abstract Philosophy. to destroy Imagination, the Divine-
-Humanity A Three-fold Wonder: feminine: most beautiful; Three-fold
Each within other. On her white marble & even Neck, her Heart
Inorb’d and bonified; with locks of shadowing modesty, shining
Over her beautiful Female features. soft flourishing in beauty
Beams mild, all love and all perfection, that when the lips
Recieve a kiss from Gods or Men. a threefold kiss returns
From the pressd loveliness: so her whole immortal form three-fold
Three-fold embrace returns: consuming lives of Gods & Men
In fires of beauty melting them as gold & silver in the furnace
Her Brain enlabyrinths the whole heaven of her bosom & loins
To put in act what her Heart wills: O who can withstand her power
Her name is Vala in Eternity: in Time her name is Rahab

The Starry Heavens all were fled from the mighty limbs of Albion
And above Albions Land was seen the Heavenly Canaan
As the Substance is to the Shadow: and above Albions Twelve Sons
Were seen Jerusalems Sons: and all the Twelve Tribes spreading
Over Albion. As the Soul is to the Body, so Jerusalems Sons,
Are to the Sons of Albion: and Jerusalem is Albions Emanation

What is Above is Within. for every-thing in Eternity is translucent!
The Circumference is Within: Without, is formed the Selfish Center
And the Circumference still expands going forward to Eternity.
And the Center has Eternal States! these States we now explore.

And these the Names of Albions Twelve Sons. & of his Twelve Daughters
With their Districts. Hand dwelt in Selsey & had Sussex & Surrey
And Kent & Middlesex: all their Rivers & their Hills. of flocks & herds:
Their Villages Towns Cities Sea-Ports Temples sublime Cathedrals;
All were his Friends & their Sons & Daughters intermarry in Beulah
For all are Men in Eternity. Rivers Mountains Cities Villages.
All are Human & when you enter into their Bosoms you walk
In Heavens & Earths; as in your own Bosom you bear your Heaven
And Earth, & all you behold, tho it appears Without it is Within
In your Imagination of which this World of Mortality is but a Shadow.

Hyle dwelt in Winchester comprehending Hants Dorset Devon Cornwall.
Their Villages Cities Sea Ports. their Corn fields & Gardens spacious
Palaces. Rivers & Mountains. and between Hand & Hyle arose
Gwendolen & Cambel who is Boadicea: they go abroad & return
Like lovely beams of light from the mingled affections of the Brothers
The Inhabitants of the whole Earth rejoice in their beautiful light.

Coban dwelt in Bath. Somerset Wiltshire Gloucestershire,
Obeyd his awful voice Ignoge is his lovely Emanation;
She adjoind with Gwantokes Children, soon lovely Cordella arose.
Gwantoke forgave & joyd over South Wales & all its Mountains.
Peachey had North Wales Shropshire Cheshire & the Isle of Man.
His Emanation is Mehetabel terrible & lovely upon the Mountains

Brertun had Yorkshire Durham Westmoreland & his Emanation
Is Ragan, she adjoind to Slade, & produced Gonorill far beaming.
Slade had Lincoln Stafford Derby Nottingham & his lovely
Emanation Gonorill rejoices over hills & rocks & woods & rivers.

Huttn had Warwick Northampton Bedford Buckingham
Leicester & Berkshire; & his Emanation is Gwinefred beautiful

Skofeld had Ely Rutland Cambridge Huntingdon Norfolk
Suffolk Hartford & Essex; & his Emanation is Gwinevera
Beautiful, she beams towards the east. all kinds of precious stones
And pearl, with instruments of music in holy Jerusalem

Kox had Oxford Warwick Wilts: his Emanation is Estrild;
Joind with Cordella she shines southward over the Atlantic.

Kotope had Hereford Stafford Worcester, & his Emanation
Is Sabrina joind with Mehetabel she shines west over America

Bowen had all Scotland. the Isles, Northumberland & Cumberland
His Emanation is Conwenna, she shines a triple form
Over the north with pearly beams gorgeous & terrible
Jerusalem & Vala rejoice in Bowen & Conwenna,
But the Four Sons of Jerusalem that never were Generated
Are Rintrah and Palamabron and Theotormon and Bromion. They
Dwell over the Four Provinces of Ireland in heavenly light
The Four Universities of Scotland, & in Oxford & Cambridge & Winchester

But now Albion is darkened & Jerusalem lies in ruins:
Above the Mountains of Albion, above the head of Los.

And Los shouted with ceaseless shoutings & his tears poured down
His immortal cheeks, rearing his hands to heaven for aid Divine!
But he spoke not to Albion: fearing lest Albion should turn his Back
Against the Divine Vision: & fall over the Precipice of Eternal Death.
But he receded before Albion & before Vala weaving the Veil
With the iron shuttle of War among the rooted Oaks of Albion;
Weeping & shouting to the Lord day & night; and his Children
Wept round him as a flock silent Seven Days of Eternity

And the Thirty-two Counties of the Four Provinces of Ireland
Are thus divided: The Four Counties are in the Four Camps
Munster South in Reubens Gate. Connaut West in Josephs Gate
Ulster North in Dans Gate, Leinster East in Judahs Gate
For Albion in Eternity has Sixteen Gates among his Pillars
But the Four towards the West were Walled up & the Twelve
That front the Four other Points were turned Four Square
By Los for Jerusalem’s sake & called the Gates of Jerusalem
Because Twelve Sons of Jerusalem fled successive thro the Gates
But the Four Sons of Jerusalem who fled not but remaind
Are Rintrah & Palamabron & Theotormon & Bromion
The Four that remain with Los to guard the Western Wall
And these Four remain to guard the Four Walls of Jerusalem
Whose foundations remain in the Thirty-two Counties of Ireland
And in Twelve Counties of Wales, & in the Forty Counties
Of England & in the Thirty-six Counties of Scotland

And the names of the Thirty-two Counties of Ireland are these
Under Judah & Issachar & Zebulun are Lowth Longford
Eastmeath Westmeath Dublin Kildare Kings County
Queens County Wicklow Catherloh Wexford Kilkenny
And those under Reuben & Simeon & Levi are these
Waterford Tipperary Cork Limerick Kerry Clare
And those under Ephraim Manasseh & Benjamin are these
Galway Roscommon Mayo Sligo Leitrim
And those under Dan Asher & Napthali are these
Donnegal Antrim Tyrone Fermanagh Armagh Londonderry
Down Managhan Cavan. These are the Land of Erin

All these Center in London & in Golgonooza, from whence
They are Created continually East & West & North & South
And from them are Created all the Nations of the Earth
Europe & Asia & Africa & America, in fury Fourfold!
Continually Building. Continually Decaying because of Love & Jealousy

And Thirty-two the Nations; to dwell in Jerusalems Gates
O Come ye Nations Come ye People Come up to Jerusalem
Return Jerusalem & dwell together as of old: Return
Return; O Albion let Jerusalem overspread all Nations
As in the times of old; O Albion awake! Reuben wanders
The Nations wait for Jerusalem. they look up for the Bride

France Spain Italy Germany Poland Russia Sweden Turkey
Arabia Palestine Persia Hindostan China Tartary Siberia
Egypt Lybia Ethiopia Guinea Caffaria Negroland Morocco
Congo Zaara Canada Greenland Carolina Mexico
Peru Patagonia Amazonia Brazil. Thirty-two Nations
And under these Thirty-two Classes of Islands in the Ocean
All the Nations Peoples & Tongues throughout all the Earth

And the Four Gates of Los surround the Universe Within and
Without; & whatever is visible in the Vegetable Earth. the same
Is visible in the Mundane Shell: reversd in mountain & vale
And a Son of Eden was set over each Daughter of Beulah to guard
In Albions Tomb the wondrous Creation; & the Four-fold Gate
Towards Beulah is to the South Fenelon, Guion, Teresa,
Whitefield & Hervey. guard that Gate; with all the gentle Souls
Who guide the great Wine-press of Love; Four precious stones that Gate:
Women the comforters of Men become the Tormenters & Punishers
Such are Cathedrons golden Halls: in the City of Golgonooza
And Los’s Furnaces howl loud; living; self-moving; lamenting
With fury & despair. & they stretch from South to North
Thro all the Four Points: Lo! the Labourers at the Furnaces
Rintrah & Palamabron, Theotormon & Bromion. loud labring
With the innumerable multitudes of Golgonooza, round the Anvils
Of Death, But how they came forth from the Furnaces & how long
Vast & severe the anguish eer they knew their Father; were
Long to tell & of the iron rollers, golden axle-trees & yokes
Of brass. iron chains & braces & the gold. silver & brass
Mingled or separate: for swords; arrows; cannons; mortars
The terrible ball: the wedge: the loud sounding hammer of destruction
The sounding flail to thresh: the winnow: to winnow kingdoms
The water wheel & mill of many innumerable wheels resistless
Over the Fourfold Monarchy from Earth to the Mundane Shell.
Perusing Albions Tomb in the starry characters of Og & Anak:
To Create the lion & wolf the bear: the tyger & ounce:
To Create the wooly lamb & downy fowl & scaly serpent
The summer & winter: day & night: the sun & moon & stars
The tree: the plant: the flower: the rock: the stone: the metal;
Of Vegetative Nature; by their hard restricting condensations.

Where Luvahs World of Opakeness grew to a period: It
Became a Limit. a Rocky hardness without form & void
Accumulating without end: here Los who is of the Elohim
Opens the Furnaces of affliction in the Emanation
Fixing The Sexual into an ever-prolific Generation
Naming the Limit of Opakeness Satan & the Limit of Contraction
Adam, who is Peleg & Joktan: & Esau & Jacob: & Saul & David

Voltaire insinuates that these Limits are the cruel work of God
Mocking the Remover of Limits & the Resurrection of the Dead
Setting up Kings in wrath: in holiness of Natural Religion
Which Los with his mighty Hammer demolishes time on time
In miracles & wonders in the Four-fold Desart of Albion
Permanently Creating to be in Time Reveald & Demolishd
Satan Cain Tubal Nimrod Pharoh Priam Bladud Belin
Arthur Alfred the Norman Conqueror Richard John
And all the Kings & Nobles of the Earth & all their Glories
These are Created by Rahab & Tirzah in Ulro; but around
These. to preserve them from Eternal Death Los Creates
Adam Noah Abraham Moses Samuel David Ezekiel
Dissipating the rocky forms of Death. by his thunderous Hammer
As the Pilgrim passes while the Country permanent remains
So Men pass on! but States remain permanent for ever

The Spectres of the Dead howl round the porches of Los
In the terrible Family feuds of Albions cities & villages
To devour the Body of Albion, hungring & thirsting & ravning
The Sons of Los clothe them & feed. & provide houses & gardens
And every Human Vegetated Form in its inward recesses
Is a house of pleantness & a garden of delight Built by the
Sons & Daughters of Los in Bowlahoola & in Cathedron

From London to York & Edinburgh the Furnaces rage terrible
Primrose Hill is the mouth of the Furnace & the Iron Door;
The Four Zoa’s clouded rage; Urizen stood by Albion
With Rintrah and Palamabron and Theotormon and Bromion
These Four are Verulam & London & York & Edinburgh
And the Four Zoa’s are Urizen & Luvah & Tharmas & Urthona
In opposition deadly, and their Wheels in poisonous
And deadly stupor turn’d against each other loud & fierce
Entering into the Reasoning Power, forsaking Imagination
They became Spectres; & their Human Bodies were reposed
In Beulah, by the Daughters of Beulah with tears & lamentations

The Spectre is the Reasoning Power in Man; & when separated
From Imagination. and closing itself as in steel. in a Ratio
Of the Things of Memory. It thence frames Laws & Moralities
To destroy Imagination! the Divine Body, by Martyrdoms & Wars

Teach me O Holy Spirit the Testimony of Jesus! let me
Comprehend wonderous things out of the Divine Law
I behold Babylon in the opening Streets of London, I behold
Jerusalem in ruins wandering about from house to house
This I behold the shudderings of death attend my steps
I walk up and down in Six Thousand Years: their Events are present before me
To tell how Los in grief & anger, whirling round his Hammer on high
Drave the Sons & Daughters of Albion from their ancient mountains
They became the Twelve Gods of Asia Opposing the Divine Vision

The Sons of Albion are Twelve: the Sons of Jerusalem Sixteen
I tell how Albions Sons by Harmonies of Concords & Discords
Opposed to Melody, and by Lights & Shades, opposed to Outline
And by Abstraction opposed to the Visions of Imagination
By cruel Laws divided Sixteen into Twelve Divisions
How Hyle roofd Los in Albions Cliffs by the Affections rent
Asunder & opposed to Thought, to draw Jerusalem’s Sons
Into the Vortex of his Wheels, therefore Hyle is called Gog
Age after age drawing them away towards Babylon

Babylon. the Rational Morality deluding to death the little ones
In strong temptations of stolen beauty; I tell how Reuben slept
On London Stone & the Daughters of Albion ran around admiring
His awful beauty: with Moral Virtue the fair deceiver; offspring
Of Good & Evil, they divided him in love upon the Thames & sent
Him over Europe in streams of gore out of Cathedrons Looms
How Los drave them from Albion & they became Daughters of Canaan
Hence Albion was called the Canaanite & all his Giant Sons.
Hence is my Theme. O Lord my Saviour open thou the Gates
And I will lead forth thy Words, telling how the Daughters
Cut the Fibres of Reuben, how he rolled apart & took Root
In Bashan. terror-struck Albions Sons look toward Bashan
They have divided Simeon he also rolled apart in blood
Over the Nations till he took Root beneath the shining Looms
Of Albions Daughters in Philistea by the side of Amalek
They have divided Levi: he hath shot out into Forty eight Roots
Over the Land of Canaan: they have divided Judah
He hath took Root in Hebron. in the Land of Hand & Hyle
Dan: Napthali: Gad: Asher: Issachar: Zebulun: roll apart
From all the Nations of the Earth to dissipate into Non Entity
I see a Feminine Form arise from the Four terrible Zoas
Beautiful but terrible struggling to take a form of beauty
Rooted in Shechem: this is Dinah, the youthful form of Erin
The Wound I see in South Molton Street & Stratford place
Whence Joseph & Benjamin rolled apart away from the Nations
In vain they rolled apart; they are fixed into the Land of Cabul

And Rahab Babylon the Great hath destroyed Jerusalem

Bath stood upon the Severn with Merlin & Bladud & Arthur
The Cup of Rahab in his hand; her Poisons Twenty-seven-fold

And all her Twenty-seven Heavens now hid & now reveal'd
Appear in strong delusive light of Time & Space drawn out
In shadowy pomp by the Eternal Prophet created evermore

For Los in Six Thousand Years walks up & down continually
That not one Moment of Time be lost & every revolution
Of Space he makes permanent in Bowlahoola & Cathedron.

And these the names of the Twenty-seven Heavens & their Churches
Adam, Seth, Enos, Cainan, Mahalaleel, Jared, Enoch.
Methuselah, Lamech; these are the Giants mighty, Hermaphroditic
Noah, Shem, Arphaxad, Cainan the Second, Salah. Heber,
Peleg, Reu. Serug, Nahor, Terah: these are the Female Males:
A Male within a Female hid as in an Ark & Curtains.
Abraham, Moses, Solomon, Paul, Constantine, Charlemaine.
Luther. these Seven are the Male Females: the Dragon Forms
The Female hid within a Male: thus Rahab is reveal'd
Mystery Babylon the Great; the Abomination of Desolation
Religion hid in War; a Dragon red. & hidden Harlot
But Jesus breaking thro' the Central Zones of Death & Hell
Opens Eternity in Time & Space; triumphant in Mercy

Thus are the Heavens form'd by Los within the Mundane Shell
And where Luther ends Adam begins again in Eternal Circle
To awake the Prisoners of Death; to bring Albion again
With Luvah into light eternal. in his eternal day.

But now the Starry Heavens are fled from the mighty limbs of Albion

End of Chap. 3d.

TO THE CHRISTIANS

Devils are
False Religions
“Saul Saul”
“Why persecutest thou me.”

I give you the end of a golden string,
Only wind it into a ball:
It will lead you in at Heavens gate,
Built in Jerusalem’s wall.

We are told to abstain from fleshly desires that we may lose no time from the Work of the Lord. Every moment lost, is a moment that cannot be redeemed every pleasure that intermingles with the duty of our station is a folly unredeemable & is planted like the seed of a wild flower among our wheat. All the tortures of repentance. are tortures of self-reproach on account of our leaving the Divine Harvest to the Enemy, the struggles of intanglement with incoherent roots. I know of no other Christianity and of no other Gospel than the liberty both of body & mind to exercise the Divine Arts of Imagination Imagination the real & eternal World of which this Vegetable Universe is but a faint shadow & in which we shall live in our Eternal or Imaginative Bodies, when these Vegetable Mortal Bodies are no more. The Apostles knew of no other Gospel. What were all their spiritual gifts? What is the Divine Spirit? is the Holy Ghost any other than an Intellectual Fountain? What is the Harvest of the Gospel & its Labours? What is that Talent which it is acurse to hide? What are the Treasures of Heaven which we are to lay up for ourselves, are they any other than Mental Studies & Performances? What are all the Gifts of the Gospel. are they not all Mental Gifts? Is God a Spirit who must be
worshipped in Spirit & in Truth and are not the Gifts of the Spirit Every-thing to Man? O ye Religious discountenance every one among you who shall pretend to despise Art & Science! I call upon you in the Name of Jesus! What is the Life of Man but Art & Science? is it Meat & Drink? is not the Body more than Raiment? What is Mortality but the things relating to the Body, which Dies? What is Immortality but the things relating to the Spirit, which Lives Eternally! What is the Joy of Heaven but Improvement in the things of the Spirit? What are the Pains of Hell but Ignorance, Bodily Lust, Idleness & devastation of the things of the Spirit Answer this to yourselves, & expel from among you those who pretend to despise the labours of Art & Science, which alone are the labours of the Gospel: Is not this plain & manifest to the thought? Can you think at all, & not pronounce heartily! That to Labour in Knowledge. is to Build up Jerusalem: and to Despise Knowledge, is to Despise Jerusalem & her Builders. And remember: He who despises & mocks a Mental Gift in another; calling it pride & selfishness & sin; mocks Jesus the giver of every Mental Gift. which always appear to the ignorance-loving Hypocrite, as Sins. but that which is a Sin in the sight of cruel Man. is not so in the sight of our kind God.

Let every Christian as much as in him lies engage himself openly & publicly before all the World in some Mental pursuit for the Building up of Jerusalem

I stood among my valleys of the south
And saw a flame of fire, even as a Wheel
Of fire surrounding all the heavens: it went
From west to east against the current of
Creation, and devourd all things in its loud
Fury & thundering course round heaven & earth
By it the Sun was rolld into an orb:
By it the Moon faded into a globe.
Travelling thro the night: for from its dire
And restless fury, Man himself shrunk up
Into a little root a fathom long.
And I asked a Watcher & a Holy-One
Its Name? he answerd. It is the Wheel of Religion
I wept & said. Is this the law of Jesus
This terrible devouring sword turning every way
He answerd; Jesus died because he strove
Against the current of this Wheel: its Name
Is Caiaphas, the dark Preacher of Death
Of sin, of sorrow, & of punishment;
Opposing Nature! It is Natural Religion
But Jesus is the bright Preacher of Life
Creating Nature from this fiery Law,
By self-denial & forgiveness of Sin:
Go therefore, cast out devils in Christs name
Heal thou the sick of spiritual disease
Pity the evil. for thou art not sent
To smite with terror & with punishments
Those that are sick. like to the Pharisees
Crucifying & encompasing sea & land
For proselytes to tyranny & wrath.
But to the Publicans & Harlots go!
Teach them True Happiness. but let no curse
Go forth out of thy mouth to blight their peace
For Hell is open to Heaven; thine eyes beheld
The dungeons burst & the Prisoners set free.

England! awake! awake! awake!
Jerusalem thy Sister calls!
Why wilt thou sleep the sleep of death?
And close her from thy ancient walls.

Thy hills & valleys felt her feet.
Gently upon their bosoms move:
Thy gates beheld sweet Zions ways;
Then was a time of joy and love

And now the time returns again:
Our souls exult & Londons towers
Recieve the Lamb of God to dwell
In Englands green & pleasant bowers.

Jerusalem
The Spectres of Albions Twelve Sons revolve mightily
Over the Tomb & over the Body: ravning to devour
The Sleeping Humanity. Los with his mace of iron
Walks round: loud his threats. loud his blows fall
On the rocky Spectres, as the Potter breaks the potsherds;
Dashing in pieces Self-righteousnesses: driving them from Albions
Cliffs; dividing them into Male & Female forms in his Furnaces
And on his Anvils: lest they destroy the Feminine Affections
They are broken. Loud howl the Spectres in his iron Furnace

While Los laments at his dire labours. viewing Jerusalem,
Sitting before his Furnaces clothed in sackcloth of hair;
Albions Twelve Sons surround the Forty-two Gates of Erin,
In terrible armour, raging against the Lamb & against Jerusalem,
Surrounding them with armies to destroy the Lamb of God.
They took their Mother Vala, and they crown’d her with gold:
They namd her Rahab. & gave her power over the Earth
The Concave Earth round Golgonooza in Entuthon Benyouthon.
Even to the stars exalting her Throne, to build beyond the Throne
Of God and the Lamb. to destroy the Lamb & usurp the Throne of God
Drawing their Ulro Voidness round the Four-fold Humanity

Naked Jerusalem lay before the Gates upon Mount Zion
The Hill of Giants, all her foundations levelld with the dust:
Her Twelve Gates thrown down: her children carried into captivity
Herself in chains: this from within was seen in a dismal night
Outside, unknown before in Beulah. & the twelve gates were fill’d
With blood; from Japan eastward to the Giants causway. west
In Erins Continent: and Jerusalem wept upon Euphrates banks
Disorganizd; an evanescent shade, scarce seen or heard among
Her childrens Druid Temples dropping with blood wanderd weeping!
And thus her voice went forth in the darkness of Philisthea.

My brother & my father are no more! God hath forsaken me
The arrows of the Almighty pour upon me & my children
I have sinned and am an outcast from the Divine Presence!
My tents are fall’n! my pillars are in ruins! my children dash’d
Upon Egyp’s iron floors, & the marble pavements of Assyria;
I melt my soul in reasonings among the towers of Heshbon;
Mount Zion is become a cruel rock & no more dew
Nor rain; no more the spring of the rock appears; but cold
Hard & obdurate are the furrows of the mountain of wine & oil;
The mountain of blessing is itself a curse & an astonishment;
The hills of Judea are fallen with me into the deepest hell
Away from the Nations of the Earth. & from the Cities of the Nations;
I walk to Ephraim. I seek for Shiloh: I walk like a lost sheep
Among precipices of despair: in Goshen I seek for light
In vain; and in Gilead for a physician and a comforter.
Goshen hath follow’d Philistea: Gilead hath join’d with Og!
They are become narrow places in a little and dark land:
How distant far from Albion! his hills & his valleys no more
Recieve the feet of Jerusalem: they have cast me quite away:
And Albion is himself shrunken to a narrow rock in the midst of the sea!
The plains of Sussex & Surrey. their hills of flocks & herds
No more seek to Jerusalem nor to the sound of my Holy-ones.
The Fifty-two Counties of England are harden’d against me
As if I was not their Mother, they despise me & cast me out
London cover’d the whole Earth. England encompass’d the Nations:
And all the Nations of the Earth were seen in the Cities of Albion:
My pillars reach’d from sea to sea: London beheld me come
From my east & from my west; he blessed me and gave
His children to my breasts, his sons & daughters to my knees
His aged parents sought me out in every city & village:
They discern’d my countenance with joy; they shew’d me to their sons
Saying Lo Jerusalem is here! she sitteth in our secret chambers
Levi and Judah & Issachar: Ephraim. Manasseh, Gad and Dan
Are seen in our hills & valleys: they keep our flocks & herds:
They watch them in the night: and the Lamb of God appears among us.
The river Severn stay’d his course at my command:
Thames pour’d his waters into my basons and baths;
Medway: mingled with Kishon: Thames receiv’d the heavenly Jordan
Albion gave me to the whole Earth to walk up & down; to pour
Joy upon every mountain; to teach songs to the shepherd & plowman
I taught the ships of the sea to sing the songs of Zion
Italy saw me, in sublime astonishment: France was wholly mine:
As my garden & as my secret bath; Spain was my heavenly couch:
I slept in his golden hills: the Lamb of God met me there,
There we walked as in our secret chamber among our little ones
They looked upon our loves with joy: they beheld our secret joys:
With holy raptures of adoration rapid sublime in the Visions of God:
Germany; Poland & the North wooed my footsteps they found
My gates in all their mountains & my curtains in all their vales
The furniture of their houses was the furniture of my chamber
Turkey & Grecia saw my instrments of music, they arose
They siezd the harp: the flute: the mellow horn of Jerusalems joy
They sounded thanksgivings in my courts; Egypt & Lybia heard
The swarthy sons of Ethiopia stood round the Lamb of God
Enquiring for Jerusalem: he led them up my steps to my altar:
And thou America! I once beheld thee but now behold no more
Thy golden mountains where my Cherubim & Seraphim rejoicd
Together among my little-ones. But now, my Altars run with blood!
My fires are corrupt! my incense is a cloudy pestilence
Of seven diseases! Once a continual cloud of salvation. rose
From all my myriads; once the Four-fold World rejoicd among
The pillars of Jerusalem, between my winged Cherubim:
But now I am closd out from them in the narrow passages
Of the valleys of destruction. into a dark land of pitch & bitumen.
From Albions Tomb afar and from the four-fold wonders of God
Shrunk to a narrow doleful form in the dark land of Cabul;
There is Reuben & Gad & Joseph & Judah & Levi, closd up
In narrow vales; I walk & count the bones of my beloveds
Along the Valley of Destruction. among these Druid Temples
Which overspread all the Earth in patriarchal pomp & cruel pride
Tell me O Vala thy purposes; tell me wherefore thy shuttles
Drop with the gore of the slain; why Euphrates is red with blood
Wherefore in dreadful majesty & beauty outside appears
Thy Masculine from thy Feminine hardening against the heavens
To devour the Human! Why dost thou weep upon the wind among
These cruel Druid Temples; O Vala! Humanity is far above
Sexual organization; & the Visions of the Night of Beulah
Where Sexes wander in dreams of bliss among the Emanations
Where the Masculine & Feminine are nurs’d into Youth & Maiden
By the tears & smiles of Beulahs Daughters till the time of Sleep is past.
Wherefore then do you realize these nets of beauty & delusion
In open day to draw the souls of the Dead into the light.
Till Albion is shut out from every Nation under Heaven.
Encompassd by the frozen Net and by the rooted Tree
I walk weeping in pangs of a Mothers torment for her Children:
I walk in affliction: I am a worm, and no living soul!
A worm going to eternal torment! raisd up in a night
To an eternal night of pain. lost! lost! lost! for ever!

Beside her Vala howld upon the winds in pride of beauty
Lamenting among the timbrels of the Warriors: among the Captains
In cruel holiness, and her lamenting songs; were from Arnon
And Jordan to Euphrates. Jerusalem followd trembling
Her children in captivity. listening to Valas lamentation
In the thick cloud & darkness, & the voice went forth from
The cloud. O rent in sunder from Jerusalem the Harlot daughter!
In an eternal condemnation in fierce burning flames
Of torment unendurable: and if once a Delusion be found
Woman must perish & the Heavens of Heavens remain no more

My Father gave to me command to murder Albion
In unreviving Death; my Love. my Luvah orderd me in night
To murder Albion the King of Men. he fought in battles fierce
He conquerd Luvah my beloved: he took me and my Father
He slew them: I revived them to life in my warm bosom
He saw them issue from my bosom. dark in Jealousy
He burnd before me: Luvah framd the Knife & Luvah gave
The Knife into his daughters hand! such thing was never known
Before in Albions land. that one should die a death never to be reviv’d:
For in our battles we the Slain men view with pity and love:
We soon revive them in the secret of our tabernacles
But I Vala, Luvahs daughter. keep his body embalmd in moral laws
With spices of sweet odours of lovely jealous stupefaction:
Within my bosom. lest he arise to life & slay my Luvah
Pity me then O Lamb of God! O Jesus pity me!
Come into Luvahs Tents, and seek not to revive the Dead!

So sang she! and the Spindle turnd furious as she sang:
The Children of Jerusalem the Souls of those who sleep
Were caught into the flax of her Distaff: & in her Cloud
To weave Jerusalem a body according to her will
A Dragon form on Zion Hills most ancient promontory

The Spindle turnd in blood & fire: loud sound the trumpets
Of war: the cymbals play loud before the Captains
With Cambel & Gwendolen in dance and solemn song
The Cloud of Rahab vibrating with the Daughters of Albion
Los saw terrified melted with pity & divided in wrath
He sent them over the narrow seas in pity and love
Among the Four Forests of Albion which overspread all the Earth
They go forth & return swift as a flash of lightning.
Among the tribes of warriors; among the Stones of power!
Against Jerusalem they rage thro all the Nations of Europe
Thro Italy & Grecia. to Lebanon & Persia & India.

The Serpent Temples thro the Earth, from the wide Plain of Salisbury
Resound with cries of Victims, shouts & songs & dying groans
And flames of dusky fire. to Amalek. Canaan and Moab
And Rahab like a dismal and indefinite hovering Cloud
Refusd to take a definite form. she hoverd over all the Earth
Calling the definite. sin: defacing every definite form;
Invisible. or Visible. stretch’d out in length or spread in breadth:
Over the Temples drinking groans of victims weeping in pity,
And joying in the pity. howling over Jerusalems walls.
Hand slept on Skiddaws top: drawn by the love of beautiful
Cambel; his bright beaming Counterpart. divided from him
And her delusive light beamd fierce above the Mountain,
Soft! invisible; drinking his sighs in sweet intoxication:
Drawing out fibre by fibre; returning to Albions Tree
At night: and in the morning to Skiddaw; she sent him over
Mountainous Wales into the Loom of Cathedron fibre by fibre:
He ran in tender nerves across Europe to Jerusalems Shade.
To weave Jerusalem a Body repugnant to the Lamb,

Hyle on East Moor in rocky Derbyshire, rav’d to the Moon
For Gwendolen: she took up in bitter tears his anguishd heart,
That apparent to all in Eternity. glows like the Sun in the breast:
She hid it in his ribs & back: she hid his tongue with teeth
In terrible convulsions pitying & gratified drunk with pity
Glowing with loveliness before him. becoming apparent
According to his changes: she roll’d his kidneys round
Into two irregular forms: and looking on Albions dread Tree,
She wove two vessels of seed. beautiful as Skiddaws snow;

Giving them bends of self interest & selfish natural virtue:
She hid them in his loins; raving he ran among the rocks.
Compelleld into a shape of Moral Virtue against the Lamb.
The invisible lovely one giving him a form according to
His Law a form against the Lamb of God opposd to Mercy
And playing in the thunderous Loom in sweet intoxication
Filling cups of silver & crystal with shrieks & cries. with groans
And dolorous sobs; the wine of lovers in the Wine-press of Luvah

O sister Cambel said Gwendolen; as their long beaming light
Mingled above the Mountain what shall we do to keep
These awful forms in our soft bands: distracted with trembling
I have mockd those who refused cruelty & I have admired
The cruel Warrior. I have refused to give love to Merlin the piteous
He brings to me the Images of his Love & I reject in chastity
And turn them out into the streets for Harlots to be food
To the stern Warrior. I am become perfect in beauty over my Warrior
For Men are caught by Love: Woman is caught by Pride
That Love may only be obtaind in the passages of Death.
Let us look: let us examine! is the Cruel become an Infant
Or is he still a cruel Warrior? look Sisters. look! O piteous
I have destroyd Wandring Reuben who strove to bind my Will
I have stripd off Josephs beautiful integument for my Beloved.
The Cruel-one of Albion: to clothe him in gems of my Zone
I have named him Jehovah of Hosts. Humanity is become
A weeping Infant in ruind lovely Jerusalems folding Cloud.

In Heaven the only Art of Living
Is Forgetting & Forgiving
Especially to the Female
But if you on Earth Forgive
You shall not find where to Live

In Heaven Love begets Love: but Fear is the Parent of Earthly Love!
And he who will not bend to Love must be subdud by Fear,
I have heard Jerusalems groans; from Vala’s cries & lamentations
I gather our eternal fate: Outcasts from life and love:
Unless we find a way to bind these awful Forms to our
Embrace we shall perish annihilate, discoverd our Delusions.
Look I have wrought without delusion: Look! I have wept!
And given soft milk mingled together with the spirits of flocks
Of lambs and doves, mingled together in cups and dishes
Of painted clay; the mighty Hyle is become a weeping infant;
Soon shall the Spectres of the Dead follow my weaving threads.

The Twelve Daughters of Albion attentive listen in secret shades
On Cambridge and Oxford beaming soft uniting with Rahabs cloud
While Gwendolen spoke to Cambel turning soft the spinning reel:
Or throwing the wingd shuttle; or drawing the cords with softest songs
The golden cords of the Looms animate beneath their touches soft,
Along the Island white. among the Druid Temples, while Gwendolen
Spoke to the Daughters of Albion standing on Skiddaws top.
So saying she took a Falshood & hid it in her left hand:
To entice her Sisters away to Babylon on Euphrates.
And thus she closed her left hand and utterd her Falshood:
Forgetting that Falshood is prophetic, she hid her hand behind her,
Upon her back behind her loins & thus utterd her Deceit.

I heard Enitharmon say to Los! Let the Daughters of Albion
Be scatterd abroad and let the name of Albion be forgotten:
Divide them into three; name them Amalek, Canaan & Moab.
Let Albion remain a desolation without an inhabitant:
And let the Looms of Enitharmon & the Furnaces of Los
Create Jerusalem & Babylon & Egypt & Moab & Amalek.
And Helle & Hesperia & Hindostan & China & Japan.
But hide America, for a Curse an Altar of Victims & a Holy Place.
See Sisters Canaan is pleasant, Egypt is as the Garden of Eden:
Babylon is our chief desire. Moab our bath in summer:
Let us lead the stems of this Tree let us plant it before Jerusalem
To judge the Friend of Sinners to death without the Veil:
To cut her off from America. to close up her secret Ark!
And the fury of Man exhaust in War, Woman permanent remain
See how the fires of our loins point eastward to Babylon
Look. Hyle is become an infant Love; look: behold! see him lie!
Upon my bosom. look! here is the lovely wayward form
That gave me sweet delight by his torments beneath my Veil;
By the fruit of Albions Tree I have fed him with sweet milk
By contentions of the mighty for Sacrifice of Captives:
Humanity the Great Delusion: is changd to War & Sacrifice;
I have naild his hands on Beth Rabbim & his hands on Heshbons Wall;
O that I could live in his sight; O that I could bind him to my arm.

So saying: She drew aside her Veil from Mam-Tor to Dovedale
Discovering her own perfect beauty to the Daughters of Albion
And Hyle a winding Worm beneath he Loom upon the scales
Hyle was become a winding worm: & not a weeping Infant.
Trembling & pitying she screamed & fled upon the wind:
Hyle was a winding Worm and herself perfect in beauty;
The desarts tremble at his wrath; they shrink themselves in fear.

Cambel trembled with jealousy: she trembled! she envied!
The envy ran thro Cathedrons Looms into the Heart
Of mild Jerusalem. to destroy the Lamb of God. Jerusalem
Languished upon Mount Olivet. East of mild Zions Hill.

Los saw the envious blight above his Seventh Furnace
On Londons Tower on the Thames: he drew Cambel in wrath.
Into his thundering Bellows, heaving it for a loud blast!
And with the blast of his Furnace upon fishy Billingsgate.
Beneath Albions fatal Tree, before the Gate of Los;
Shewd her the fibres of her beloved to ameliorate
The envy; loud she labourd in the Furnace of fire,
To form the mighty form of Hand according to her will.
In. the Furnaces of Los & in the Wine-press treading day & night

Naked among the human clusters: bringing wine of anguish
To feed the afflicted in the Furnaces; she minded not
The raging flames, tho she returnd consumd day after day
A redning skeleton in howling woe: instead of beauty
Deformity: she gave her beauty to another: bearing abroad
Her struggling torment in her iron arms: and like a chain.
Binding his wrists & ankles with the iron arms of love,

Gwendolen saw the Infant in her sisters arms: she howld
Over the forests with bitter tears, and over the winding Worm
Repentant: and she also in the eddying wind of Los’s Bellows
Began her dolorous task of love in the Wine-press of Luvah
To form the Worm into a form of love by tears & pain.
The Sisters saw! trembling ran thro their Looms! softeng mild
Towards London: then they saw the Furnaces opend, & in tears
Began to give their souls away in the Furnaces of affliction.

Los saw & was comforted at his Furnaces uttering thus his voice.

I know I am Urthona keeper of the Gates of Heaven.
And that I can at will expatiate in the Gardens of bliss;
But pangs of love draw me down to my loins which are
Become a fountain of veiny pipes: O Albion! my brother!
Corruptability appears upon thy limbs, and never more
Can I arise and leave thy side, but labour here incessant
Till thy awaking! yet alas I shall forget Eternity!
Against the Patriarchal pomp and cruelty. labouring incessant
I shall become an Infant horror. Enion! Tharmas! friends
Absorb me not in such dire grief: O Albion. my brother!
Jerusalem hungers in the desart; affection to her children!
The scorn’d and contemnd youthful girl, where shall she fly?
Sussex shuts up her Villages. Hants, Devon & Wilts
Surrounded with masses of stone in ordered forms, determine then
A form for Vala and a form for Luvah. here on the Thames
Where the Victim nightly howls beneath the Druids knife;
A Form of Vegetation, nail them down on the stems of Mystery;
O when shall the Saxon return with the English his redeemed brother!
O when shall the Lamb of God descend among the Reprobate!
I woo to Amalek to protect my fugitives Amalek trembles:
I call to Canaan & Moab in my night watches, they mourn:
They listen not to my cry, they rejoice among their warriors
Woden and Thor and Friga wholly consume my Saxons:
On their enormous Altars built in the terrible north:
From Irelands rocks to Scandinavia Persia and Tartary:
From the Atlantic Sea to the universal Erythrean.
Found ye London! enormous City! weeps thy River?
Upon his parent bosom lay thy little ones O Land
Forsaken. Surrey and Sussex are Enitharmons Chamber.
Where I will build her a Couch of repose & my pillars
Shall surround her in beautiful labyrinths: Oothoon?
Where hides my child? in Oxford hidest thou with Antamon?
In graceful hidings of error: in merciful deceit
Lest Hand the terrible destroy his Affection, thou hidest her:
In chaste appearances for sweet deceits of love & modesty
Immingled, interwoven, glistening to the sickening sight.
Let Cambel and her Sisters sit within the Mundane Shell:
Forming the fluctuating Globe according to their will.
According as they weave the little embryon nerves & veins
The Eye, the little Nostrils, & the delicate Tongue & Ears
Of labyrinthine intricacy: so shall they fold the World
That whatever is seen upon the Mundane Shell, the same
Be seen upon the Fluctuating Earth woven by the Sisters.
And sometimes the Earth shall roll in the Abyss & sometimes
Stand in the Center & sometimes stretch flat in the Expanse.
According to the will of the lovely Daughters of Albion.
Sometimes it shall assimilate with mighty Golgonooza:
Touching its summits: & sometimes divided roll apart.
As a beautiful Veil so these Females shall fold & unfold
According to their will the outside surface of the Earth
An outside shadowy Surface superadded to the real Surface;
Which is unchangeable for ever & ever Amen: so be it!
Separate Albions Sons gently from their Emanations
Weaving bowers of delight on the current of infant Thames
Where the old Parent still retains his youth as I alas!
Retain my youth eight thousand and five hundred years.
The labourer of ages in the Valleys of Despair;
The land is markd for desolation & unless we plant
The seeds of Cities & of Villages in the Human bosom
Albion must be a rock of blood: mark ye the points
Where Cities shall remain & where Villages for the rest:
It must lie in confusion till Albions time of awaking.
Place the Tribes of Llewellyn in America for a hiding place!
Till sweet Jerusalem emanates again into Eternity
The night falls thick: I go upon my watch: be attentive:
The Sons of Albion go forth; I follow from my Furnaces:
That they return no more: that a place be prepard on Euphrates
Listen to your Watchmans voice: sleep not before the Furnaces
Eternal Death stands at the door, O God pity our labours.

So Los spoke. to the Daughters of Beulah while his Emanation
Like a faint rainbow waved before him in the awful gloom
Of London City on the Thames from Surrey Hills to Highgate:
Swift turn the silver spindles, & the golden weights play soft
And lulling harmonies beneath the Looms, from Caithness in the north
To Lizard-point & Dover in the south: his Emanation
Joy’d in the many weaving threads in bright Cathedrons Dome
Weaving the Web of life for Jerusalem. the Web of life
Down flowing into Entuthons Vales glistens with soft affections.

While Los arose upon his Watch. and down from Golgonooza
Putting on his golden sandals to walk from mountain to mountain
He takes his way, girding himself with gold & in his hand
Holding his iron mace: The Spectre remains attentive
Alternate they watch on night; alternate labour in day
Before the Furnaces labouring, while Los all night watches
The stars rising & setting, & the meteors & terrors of night.
With him went down the Dogs of Leutha at his feet
They lap the water of the trembling Thames then follow swift
And thus he heard the voice of Albions daughters on Euphrates,

Our Father Albions land: O it was a lovely land! & the Daughters of Beulah
Walked up and down in its green mountains: but Hand is fled
Away: & mighty Hyle; & after them Jerusalem is gone, Awake
Highgates heights & Hampsteads, to Poplar Hackney & Bow:
To Islington & Paddington & the Brook of Albions River
We builded Jerusalem as a City & a Temple: from Lambeth
We began our Foundations; lovely Lambeth! O lovely Hills
Of Camberwell, we shall behold you no more in glory & pride
For Jerusalem lies in ruins & the Furnaces of Los are builded there
You are now shrunk up to a narrow Rock in the midst of the Sea
But here we build Babylon on Euphrates. compelled to build
And to inhabit. our Little-ones to clothe in armour of the gold
Of Jerusalems Cherubims & to forge them swords of her Altars
I see London blind & age-bent begging thro the Streets
Of Babylon, led by a child. his tears run down his beard
The voice of Wandering Reuben echoes from street to street
In all the Cities of the Nations Paris Madrid Amsterdam
The Corner of Broad Street weeps; Poland Street languishes
To Great Queen Street & Lincolns Inn all is distress & woe.

... 

The night falls thick Hand comes from Albion in his strength
He combines into a Mighty-one the Double Molech & Chemosh
Marching thro Egypt in his fury the East is pale at his course
The Nations of India, the Wild Tartar that never knew Man
Starts from his lofty places & casts down his tents & flees away
But we woo him all the night in songs, O Los come forth O Los
Divide us from these terrors & give us power them to subdue
Arise upon thy Watches let us see thy Globe of fire
On Albions Rocks & let thy voice be heard upon Euphrates.

Thus sang the Daughters in lamentation, uniting into One
With Rahab as she turnd the iron Spindle of destruction.
Terrified at the Sons of Albion they took the Falshood which
Gwendolen hid in her left hand. it grew & grew till it
Became a Space & an Allegory around the Winding Worm
They namd it Canaan & built for it a tender Moon
Los smild with joy thinking on Enitharmon & he brought
Reuben from his twelvelf wandrings & led him into it
Planting the Seeds of the Twelwe Tribes & Moses & David
And gave a Time & Revolution to the Space Six Thousand Years
He calld it Divine Analogy, for in Beulah the Feminine
Emanations Create Space, the Masculine Create Time. & plant
The Seeds of beauty in the Space: listning to their lamentation
Los walks upon his ancient Mountains in the deadly darkness
Among his Furnaces directing his laborious Myriads watchful
Looking to the East: & his voice is heard over the whole Earth
As he watches the Furnaces by night, & directs the labourers

And thus Los replies upon his Watch: the Valleys listen silent:
The Stars stand still to hear: Jerusalem & Vala cease to mourn!
His voice is heard from Albion: the Alps & Appenines
Listen: Hermon & Lebanon bow their crowned heads
Babel & Shinar look toward the Western Gate, they sit down
Silent at his voice: they view the red Globe of fire in Los’s hand
As he walks from Furnace to Furnace directing the Labourers
And this is the Song of Los. the Song that he sings on his Watch

O lovely mild Jerusalem! O Shiloh of Mount Ephraim!
I see thy Gates of precious stones! thy Walls of gold & silver
Thou art the soft reflected Image of the Sleeping Man
Who stretchd on Albions rocks reposes amidst his Twenty-eight
Cities: where Beulah lovely terminates, in the hills & valleys of Albion
Cities not yet embodied in Time and Space: plant ye
The Seeds O Sisters in the bosom of Time & Spaces womb
To spring up for Jerusalem: lovely Shadow of Sleeping Albion
Why wilt thou rend thyself apart & build an Earthly Kingdom
To reign in pride & to oppress & to mix the Cup of Delusion
O thou that dwellest with Babylon! Come forth O lovely-one
I see thy Form O lovely mild Jerusalem. Wingd with Six Wings
In the opacous Bosom of the Sleeper. lovely Three-fold
In Head & Heart & Reins three Universes of love & beauty
Thy forehead bright: Holiness to the Lord with Gates of pearl
Reflects Eternity beneath thy azure wings of feathery down
Ribbd delicate & clothd with featherd gold & azure & purple
From thy white shoulders shadowing, purity in holiness!
Thence featherd with soft crimson of the ruby bright as fire
Spreading into the azure Wings which like a canopy
Bends over thy immortal Head in which Eternity dwells
Albion beloved Land; I see thy mountains & thy hills
And valleys & thy pleasant Cities Holiness to the Lord
I see the Spectres of thy Dead O Emanation of Albion.

Thy Bosom white. translucent coverd with immortal gems
A sublime ornament not obscuring the outlines of beauty
Terrible to behold for thy extreme beauty & perfection
Twelve-fold, here all the Tribes of Israel I behold
Upon the Holy Land: I see the River of Life & Tree of Life
I see the New Jerusalem descending out of Heaven
Between thy Wings of gold & silver featherd immortal
Clear as the rainbow, as the cloud of the Suns tabernacle

Thy Reins coverd with Wings translucent sometimes covering
And sometimes spread abroad reveal the flames of holiness
Which like a robe covers: & like a Veil of Seraphim
In flaming fire unceasing burns from Eternity to Eternity
Twelvefold I there behold Israel in her Tents
A Pillar of a Cloud by day: a Pillar of fire by night
Guides them: there I behold Moab & Ammon & Amalek
There Bells of silver round thy knees living articulate
Comforting sounds of love & harmony & on thy feet
Sandals of gold & pearl, & Egypt & Assyria before me
The Isles of Javan, Philistea. Tyre and Lebanon
Thus Los sings upon his Watch walking from Furnace to Furnace.
He siezes his Hammer every hour, flames surround him as
He beats: seas roll beneath his feet, tempests muster
Around his head. the thick hail stones stand ready to obey
His voice in the black cloud, his Sons labour in thunders
At his Furnaces; his Daughters at their Looms sing woes
His Emanation separates in milky fibres agonizing
Among the golden Looms of Cathedron sending Fibres of love
From Golgonooza with sweet visions for Jerusalem. wanderer
Nor can any consummate bliss without being Generated
On Earth; of those whose Emanations weave the loves
Of Beulah for Jerusalem & Shiloh. in immortal Golgonooza
Concentering in the majestic form of Erin in eternal tears
Viewing the Winding Worm on the Desarts of Great Tartary
Viewing Los in his shudderings, pouring balm on his sorrows
So dread is Los’s fury. that none dare him to approach
Without becoming his Children in the Furnaces of affliction
And Enitharmon like a faint rainbow waved before him
Filling with Fibres from his loins which redend with desire
Into a Globe of blood beneath his bosom trembling in darkness
Of Albions clouds. he fed it. with his tears & bitter groans
Hiding his Spectre in invisibility from the timorous Shade
Till it became a separated cloud of beauty grace & love
Among the darkness of his Furnaces dividing asunder till
She separated stood before him a lovely Female weeping
Even Enitharmon separated outside, & his Loins closed
And heal’d after the separation: his pains he soon forgot:
Lured by her beauty outside of himself in shadowy grief.
Two Wills they had; Two Intellects: & not as in times of old.
Silent they wanderd hand in hand like two Infants wandring
From Enion in the desarts, terrified at each others beauty
Envying each other yet desiring, in all devouring Love
Repelling weeping Enion blind & age-bent into the fourfold
Desarts. Los first broke silence & began to utter his love
O lovely Enitharmon: I behold thy graceful forms
Moving beside me till intoxicated with the woven labyrinth
Of beauty & perfection my wild fibres shoot in veins
Of blood thro all my nervous limbs. soon overgrown in roots

I shall be closed from thy sight. seize therefore in thy hand
The small fibres as they shoot around me draw out in pity
And let them run on the winds of thy bosom: I will fix them
With pulsations. we will divide them into Sons & Daughters
To live in thy Bosoms translucence as in an eternal morning

Enitharmon answerd, No! I will sieze thy Fibres & weave
Them; not as thou wilt but as I will, for I will Create
A round Womb beneath my bosom lest I also be overwoven
With Love; be thou assured I never will be thy slave
Let Mans delight be Love; but Womans delight be Pride
In Eden our Loves were the same here they are opposite
I have Loves of my own I will weave them in Albions Spectre
Cast thou in Jerusalems shadows thy Loves! silk of liquid
Rubies Jacinths Crysolites: issuing from thy Furnaces, While
Jerusalem divides thy care: while thou carest for Jerusalem
Know that I never will be thine: also thou hidest Vala
From her these fibres shoot to shut me in a Grave.
You are Albions Victim. he has set his Daughter in your path

Los answerd sighing like the Bellows of his Furnaces

I care not! the swing of my Hammer shall measure the starry round
When in Eternity Man converses with Man they enter
Into each others Bosom (which are Universes of delight)
In mutual interchange. and first their Emanations meet
Surrounded by their Children, if they embrace & comingle
The Human Four-fold Forms mingle also in thunders of Intellect
But if the Emanations mingle not; with storms & agitations
Of earthquakes & consuming fires they roll apart in fear
For Man cannot unite with Man but by their Emanations
Which stand both Male & Female at the Gates of each Humanity
How then can I ever again be united as Man with Man
While thou my Emanation refuseth my Fibres of dominion.
When Souls mingle & join thro all the Fibres of Brotherhood
Can there be any secret joy on Earth greater than this?
Enitharmon answerd: This is Womans World, nor need she any
Spectre to defend her from Man. I will Create secret places
And the masculine names of the places Merlin & Arthur.
A triple Female Tabernacle for Moral Law I weave
That he who loves Jesus may loathe terrified Female love
Till God himself become a Male subservient to the Female.

She spoke in scorn & jealousy alternate torments; and
So speaking she sat down on Sussex shore singing lulling
Cadences. & playing in sweet intoxication among the glistening
Fibres of Los: sending them over the Ocean eastward into
The realms of dark death; O perverse to thyself, contrarious
To thy own purposes; for when she began to weave
Shooting out in sweet pleasure her bosom in milky Love
Flowd into the aching fibres of Los, yet contending against him
In pride sending his Fibres over to her objects of jealousy
In the little lovely Allegoric Night of Albions Daughters
Which stretchd abroad expanding east & west & north & south
Thro’ all the World of Erin & of Los & all their Children

A sullen smile broke from the Spectre in mockery & scorn
Knowing himself the author of their divisions & shrinkings, gratified
At their contentions, he wiped his tears he washd his visage.
The Man who respects Woman shall be despised by Woman
And deadly cunning & mean abjectness only, shall enjoy them
For I will make their places of joy & love, excrementitious
Continually building, continually destroying in Family feuds
While you are under the dominion of a jealous Female
Unpermanent for ever because of love & jealousy.
You shall want all the Minute Particulars of Life

Thus joyd the Spectre in the dusky fires of Los’s Forge, eyeing
Enitharmon who at her shining Looms sings lulling cadences
While Los stood at his Anvil in wrath the victim of their love
And hate: dividing the Space of Love with brazen Compasses
In Golgonooza & in Udan-Adan & in Entuthon of Urizen

The blow of his Hammer is Justice. the swing of his Hammer Mercy
The force of Los’s Hammer is eternal Forgiveness; but
His rage or his mildness were vain, she scatterd his love on the wind
Eastward into her own Center, creating the Female Womb
In mild Jerusalem around the Lamb of God. Loud howl
The Furnaces of Los! loud roll the Wheels of Enitharmon
The Four Zoa’s in all their faded majesty burst out in fury
And fire. Jerusalem took the Cup which foamd in Vala’s hand
Like the red Sun upon the mountains in the bloody day
Upon the Hermaphroditic Wine-presses of Love & Wrath.
Tho divided by the Cross & Nails & Thorns & Spear
In cruelties of Rahab & Tirzah permanent endure
A terrible indefinite Hermaphroditic form
A Wine-press of Love & Wrath double Hermaphroditic
Twelvefold in Allegoric pomp in selfish holiness
The Pharisaion, the Grammateis. the Presbuterion.
The Archiereus, the Iereus, the Saddusaion, double
Each withoutside of the other, covering eastern heaven

Thus was the Covering Cherub reveal’d majestic image
Of Selfhood, Body put off. the Antichrist accursed
Coverd with precious stones. a Human Dragon terrible
And bright. stretch’d over Europe & Asia gorgeous
In three nights he devour’d the rejected. corse of death

His Head dark, deadly, in its Brain incloses a reflexion
Of Eden all perverted; Egypt on the Gihon many tongued
And many mouth’d: Ethiopia. Lybia, the Sea of Rephaim
Minute Particulars in slavery I behold among the brick-kilns
Disorganiz’d, & there is Pharoh in his iron Court:
And the Dragon of the River & the Furnaces of iron.
Outwoven from Thames & Tweed & Severn awful streams
Twelve ridges of Stone frown over all the Earth in tyrant pride
Frown over each River stupendous Works of Albions Druid Sons
And Albions Forests of Oaks coverd the Earth from Pole to Pole

His Bosom wide reflects Moab & Ammon. on the River
Pison. since call'd Arnon, there is Heshbon beautiful
The flocks of Rabbath on the Arnon & the Fish-pools of Heshbon
Whose currents flow into the Dead Sea by Sodom & Gomorrah
Above his Head high arching Wings black fill'd with Eyes
Spring upon iron sinews from the Scapulæ & Os Humeri.
There Israel in bondage to his Generalizing Gods
Molech & Chemosh. & in his left breast is Philistea
In Druid Temples over the whole Earth with Victims Sacrifice,
From Gaza to Damascus Tyre & Sidon & the Gods
Of Javan thro the Isles of Grecia & all Europes Kings
Where Hiddekel pursues his course among the rocks
Two Wings spring from his ribs of brass. starry. black as night
But translucent their blackness as the dazling of gems

His Loins inclose Babylon on Euphrates beautiful
And Rome in sweet Hesperia, there Israel scatter'd abroad
In martyrdoms & slavery I behold: ah vision of sorrow!
Inclosed by eyeless Wings, glowing with fire as the iron
Heated in the Smiths forge, but cold the wind of their dread fury

But in the midst of a devouring Stomach, Jerusalem
Hidden within the Covering Cherub as in a Tabernacle
Of threefold workmanship in allegoric delusion & woe
There the Seven Kings of Canaan & Five Baalim of Philistea
Sihon & Og the Anakim & Emim Nephilim & Gibborim
From Babylon to Rome & the Wings spread from Japan
Where the Red Sea terminates the World of Generation & Death
To Irelands farthest rocks where Giants builded their Causeway
Into the Sea of Rephaim, but the Sea o'erwhelmed them all,

A Double Female now appeared within the Tabernacle,
Religion hid in War, a Dragon red & hidden Harlot
Each within other, but without a Warlike Mighty-one
Of dreadful power sitting upon Horeb pondering dire
And mighty preparations mustering multitudes innumerable
Of warlike sons among the sands of Midian & Aram
For multitudes of those who sleep in Alla descend
Lured by his warlike symphonies of tabret pipe & harp
Burst the bottoms of the Graves & Funeral Arks of Beulah
Wandering in that unknown Night beyond the silent Grave
They become One with the Antichrist & are absorbed in him.

The Feminine separates from the Masculine & both from Man.
Ceasing to be His Emanations, Life to Themselves assuming:
And while they circumscribe his Brain, & while they circumscribe
His Heart, & while they circumscribe his Loins! a Veil & Net
Of Veins of red Blood grows around them like a scarlet robe.
Covering them from the sight of Man like the woven Veil of Sleep
Such as the Flowers of Beulah weave to be their Funeral Mantles
But dark: opaque: tender to touch, & painful: & agonizing
To the embrace of love, & to the mingling of soft fibres
Of tender affection, that no more the Masculine mingles
With the Feminine, but the Sublime is shut out from the Pathos
In howling torment, to build stone walls of separation, compelling
The Pathos, to weave curtains of hiding secrecy from the torment.

Bowen & Conwenna stood on Skiddaw cutting the Fibres
Of Benjamin from Chesters River: loud the River; loud the Mersey
And the Ribble, thunder into the Irish sea, as the Twelve Sons
Of Albion drank & imbibed the Life & eternal Form of Luvah
Cheshire & Lancashire & Westmoreland groan in anguish
As they cut the fibres from the Rivers he sears them with hot
Iron of his Forge & fixes them into Bones of chalk & Rock
Conwenna sat above: with solemn cadences she drew
Fibres of life out from the Bones into her golden Loom
Hand had his Furnace on Highgates heights & it reached
To Brockley Hills across the Thames! he with double Boadicea
In cruel pride cut Reuben apart from the Hills of Surrey
Comingling with Luvah & with the Sepulcher of Luvah.
For the Male is a Furnace of beryll; the Female is a golden Loom

Los cries; No Individual ought to appropriate to Himself
Or to his Emanation. any of the Universal Characteristics
Of David or of Eve, of the Woman. or of the Lord.
Of Reuben or of Benjamin, of Joseph or Judah or Levi
Those who dare appropriate to themselves Universal Attributes
Are the Blasphemous Selfhoods & must be broken asunder
A Vegetated Christ & a Virgin Eve, are the Hermaphroditic
Blasphemy, by his Maternal Birth he is that Evil-One
And his Maternal Humanity must be put off Eternally
Lest the Sexual Generation swallow up Regeneration
Come Lord Jesus take on thee the Satanic Body of Holiness

So Los cried in the Valleys of Middlesex in the Spirit of Prophecy
While in Selfhood Hand & Hyle & Bowen & Skofeld appropriate
The Divine Names: seeking to Vegetate the Divine Vision
In a corporeal & ever dying Vegetation & Corruption
Mingling with Luvah in One. they become One Great Satan
Loud scream the Daughters of Albion beneath the Tongs & Hammer
Dolorous are their lamentations in the burning Forge
They drink Reuben & Benjamin as the iron drinks the fire
They are red hot with cruelty: raving along the Banks of Thames
And on Tyburns Brook among the howling Victims in loveliness
While Hand & Hyle condense the Little-ones & erect them into
A mighty Temple even to the stars: but they Vegetate
Beneath Los's Hammer, that Life may not be blotted out.

For Los said: When the Individual appropriates Universality
He divides into Male & Female: & when the Male & Female.
Appropriate Individuality, they become an Eternal Death.
Hermaphroditic worshippers of a God of cruelty & law!
Your Slaves & Captives; you compell to worship a God of Mercy.
These are the Demonstrations of Los. & the blows of my mighty Hammer

So Los spoke. And the Giants of Albion terrified & ashamed
With Los's thunderous Words, began to build trembling rocking Stones
For his Words roll in thunders & lightnings among the Temples
Terrified rocking to & fro upon the earth, & sometimes
Resting in a Circle in Malden or in Strathness or Dura,
Plotting to devour Albion & Los the friend of Albion
Denying in private; mocking God & Eternal Life: & in Public
Collusion, calling themselves Deists, Worshipping the Maternal
Humanity: calling it Nature. and Natural Religion

But still the thunder of Los peals loud & thus the thunders cry

These beautiful Witchcrafts of Albion, are gratifyd by Cruelty
It is easier to forgive an Enemy than to forgive a Friend:
The man who permits you to injure him, deserves your vengeance:
He also will receiv it: go Spectre! obey my most secret desire!
Which thou knowest without my speaking: Go to these Fiends of Righteousness
Tell them to obey their Humanities, & not pretend Holiness;
When they are murderers: as far as my Hammer & Anvil permit
Go, tell them that the Worship of God, is honouring his gifts
In other men: & loving the greatest men best. each according
To his Genius; which is the Holy Ghost in Man; there is no other
God, than that God who is the intellectual fountain of Humanity:
He who envies or calumniates: which is murder & cruelty,
Murders the Holy-one! Go tell them this & overthrow their cup,
Their bread, their altar-table, their incense & their oath:
Their marriage & their baptism, their burial & consecration:
I have tried to make friends by corporeal gifts but have only
Made enemies: I never made friends but by spiritual gifts;
By severe contentions of friendship & the burning fire of thought.
He who would see the Divinity must see him in his Children
One first, in friendship & love; then a Divine Family, & in the midst
Jesus will appear; so he who wishes to see a Vision; a perfect Whole
Must see it in its Minute Particulars; Organized & not as thou
O Fiend of Righteousness pretendest; thine is a Disorganized
And snowy cloud; brooder of tempests & destructive War
You smile with pomp & rigor: you talk of benevolence & virtue!
I act with benevolence & virtue & get murderd time after time:
You accumulate Particulars, & murder by analyzing, that you
May take the aggregate; & you call the aggregate Moral Law:
And you call that Swelled & bloated Form; a Minute Particular,
But General Forms have their vitality in Particulars: & every
Particular is a Man; a Divine Member of the Divine Jesus.

So Los cried at his Anvil in the horrible darkness weeping!

The Spectre builded stupendous Works, taking the Starry Heavens
Like to a curtain & folding them according to his will
Repeating the Smaragdine Table of Hermes to draw Los down
Into the Indefinite, refusing to believe without demonstration
Los reads the Stars of Albion! the Spectre reads the Voids
Between the Stars; among the arches of Albions Tomb sublime
Rolling the Sea in rocky paths! forming Leviathan
And Behemoth; the War by Sea enormous & the War
By Land astounding: erecting pillars in the deepest Hell.
To reach the heavenly arches; Los beheld undaunted furious
His heavd Hammer; he swung it round & at one blow,
In unpitying ruin driving down the pyramids of pride
Smiting the Spectre on his Anvil & the integuments of his Eye
And Ear unbinding in dire pain, with many blows,
Of strict severity self-subduing, & with many tears labouring.

Then he sent forth the Spectre all his pyramids were grains
Of sand & his pillars: dust on the flys wing: & his starry
Heavens; a moth of gold & silver mocking his anxious grasp
Thus Los altered his Spectre & every Ratio of his Reason
He altered time after time, with dire pain & many tears
Till he had completely divided him into a separate space.

Terrified Los sat to behold trembling & weeping & howling
I care not whether a Man is Good or Evil; all that I care
Is whether he is a Wise Man or a Fool, Go! put off Holiness
And put on Intellect: or my thundrous Hammer shall drive thee
To wrath which thou condemnest: till thou obey my voice

So Los terrified cries; trembling & weeping & howling! Beholding
What do I see! The Briton Saxon Roman Norman amalgamating
In my Furnaces into One Nation the English: & taking refuge
In the Loins of Albion. The Canaanite united with the fugitive
Hebrew. whom she divided into Twelve. & sold into Egypt
Then scatterd the Egyptian & Hebrew to the four Winds:
This sinful Nation Created in our Furnaces & Looms is Albion
So Los spoke. Enitharmon answerd in great terror in Lambeths Vale

The Poets Song draws to its period & Enitharmon is no more.
For if he be that Albion I can never weave him in my Looms
But when he touches the first fibrous thread. like filmy dew
My Looms will be no more & I annihilate vanish for ever
Then thou wilt Create another Female according to thy Will.

Los answerd swift as the shuttle of gold. Sexes must vanish & cease
To be. when Albion arises from his dread repose O lovely Enitharmon:
When all their Crimes. their Punishments their Accusations of Sin:
All their Jealousies Revenges. Murders. hidings of Cruelty in Deceit
Appear only in the Outward Spheres of Visionary Space and Time.
In the shadows of Possibility by Mutual Forgiveness forevermore
And in the Vision & in the Prophecy. that we may Foresee & Avoid
The terrors of Creation & Redemption & Judgment. Beholding them
Displayd in the Emanative Visions of Canaan in Jerusalem & in Shiloh
And in the Shadows of Remembrance. & in the Chaos of the Spectre
Where the Druids reard their Rocky Circles to make permanent Remembrance
Of Sin. & the Tree of Good & Evil sprang from the Rocky Circle & Snake
Of the Druid. along the Valley of Rephaim from Camberwell to Golgotha
And framed the Mundane Shell Cavernous in Length Bredth & Highth

Anytus
Melitus
& Lycon
thought Socrates
a very Pernicious
Man
So Caiphas
thought Jesus

Enitharmon heard. She raisd her head like the mild Moon
O Rintrah! O Palamabron! What are your dire & awful purposes
Enitharmons name is nothing before you: you forget all my Love!
The Mothers love of obedience is forgotten & you seek a Love
Of the pride of dominion. that wilt Divorce Ocalythron & Elynittria
Upon East Moor in Derbyshire & along the Valleys of Cheviot
Could you Love me Rintrah, if you Pride not in my Love
As Reuben found Mandrakes in the field & gave them to his Mother
Pride meets with Pride upon the Mountains in the stormy day
In that terrible Day of Rintrahs Plow & of Satans driving the Team.
Ah! then I heard my little ones weeping along the Valley:
Ah! then I saw my beloved ones fleeing from my Tent
Merlin was like thee Rintrah among the Giants of Albion
Judah was like Palamabron: O Simeon! O Levi! ye fled away
How can I hear my little ones weeping along the Valley
Or how upon the distant Hills see my beloveds Tents.
Then Los again took up his speech as Enitharmon ceast

Fear not my Sons this Waking Death, he is become One with me
Behold him here! We shall not Die! we shall be united in Jesus.
Will you suffer this Satan this Body of Doubt that Seems but Is Not
To occupy the very threshold of Eternal Life. if Bacon. Newton. Locke
Deny a Conscience in Man & the Communion of Saints & Angels
Contemning the Divine Vision & Fruition. Worshiping the Deus
Of the Heathen. The God of This World. & the Goddess Nature
Mystery Babylon the Great. The Druid Dragon & hidden Harlot
Is it not that Signal of the Morning which was told us in the Beginning

Thus they converse upon Mam-Tor. the Graves thunder under their feet
Albion cold lays on his Rock: storms & snows beat round him
Beneath the Furnaces & the starry Wheels & the Immortal Tomb
Howling winds cover him: roaring seas dash furious against him
In the deep darkness broad lightnings glare long thunders roll
The weeds of Death inwrap his hands & feet blown incessant
And washd incessant by the for-ever restless sea-waves foaming abroad
Upon the white Rock. England a Female Shadow as deadly damps
Of the Mines of Cornwall & Derbyshire lays upon his bosom heavy
Moved by the wind in volumes of thick cloud returning folding round
His loins & bosom unremovable by swelling storms & loud rending
Of enraged thunders. Around them the Starry Wheels of their Giant Sons
Revolve: & over them the Furnaces of Los & the Immortal Tomb around
Erin sitting in the Tomb. to watch them unceasing night and day
And the Body of Albion was closed apart from all Nations.

Over them the famishd Eagle screams on boney Wings and around
Them howls the Wolf of famine deep heaves the Ocean black thundering
Around the wormy Garments of Albion: then pausing in deathlike silence

Time was Finished! The Breath Divine Breathed over Albion
Beneath the Furnaces & starry Wheels and in the Immortal Tomb
And England who is Brittannia awoke from Death on Albions bosom
She awoke pale & cold she fainted seven times on the Body of Albion

O pitious Sleep O pitious Dream! O God O God awake I have slain
In Dreams of Chastitity & Moral Law I have Murdered Albion! Ah!
In Stone-henge & on London Stone & in the Oak Groves of Malden
I have Slain him in my Sleep with the Knife of the Druid O England
O all ye Nations of the Earth behold ye the Jealous Wife
The Eagle & the Wolf & Monkey & Owl & the King & Priest were there
Her voice pierc’d Albions clay cold ear. he moved upon the Rock
The Breath Divine went forth upon the morning hills, Albion mov’d
Upon the Rock. he open’d his eyelids in pain; in pain he mov’d
His stony members, he saw England. Ah! shall the Dead live again

The Breath Divine went forth over the morning hills Albion rose
In anger: the wrath of God breaking bright flaming on all sides around
His awful limbs; into the Heavens he walked clothed in flames
Loud thundring, with broad flashes of flaming lightning & pillars
Of fire, speaking the Words of Eternity in Human Forms, in direful
Revolutions of Action & Passion. thro the Four Elements on all sides
Surrounding his awful Members. Thou seest the Sun in heavy clouds
Struggling to rise above the Mountains, in his burning hand
He takes his Bow, then chooses out his arrows of flaming gold
Murmuring the Bowstring breathes with ardor! clouds roll round the
Horns of the wide Bow, loud sounding winds sport on the mountain brows
Compelling Urizen to his Furrow; & Tharmas to his Sheepfold;
And Luvah to his Loom: Urthona he beheld mighty labouring at
His Anvil, in the Great Spectre Los unwearied labouring & weeping
Therefore the Sons of Eden praise Urthonas Spectre in songs
Because he kept the Divine Vision in time of trouble.

As the Sun & Moon lead forward the Visions of Heaven & Earth
England who is Brittannia enterd Albions bosom rejoicing.
Rejoicing in his indignation! adoring his wrathful rebuke.
She who adores not your frowns will only loathe your smiles
As the Sun & Moon lead forward the Visions of Heaven & Earth
England who is Brittannia entered Albions bosom rejoicing

Then Jesus appeared standing by Albion as the Good Shepherd
By the lost Sheep that he hath found & Albion knew that it
Was the Lord the Universal Humanity. & Albion saw his Form
A Man. & they conversed as Man with Man. in Ages of Eternity
And the Divine Appearance was the likeness & similitude of Los

Albion said. O Lord what can I do: my Selfhood cruel
Marches against thee deceitful from Sinai & from Edom
Into the Wilderness of Judah to meet thee in his pride
I behold the Visions of my deadly Sleep of Six Thousand Years
Dazling around thy skirts like a Serpent of precious stones & gold
I know it is my Self; O my Divine Creator & Redeemer

Jesus replied Fear not Albion unless I die thou canst not live
But if I die I shall arise again & thou with me
This is Friendship & Brotherhood without it Man Is Not

So Jesus spoke: the Covering Cherub coming on in darkness
Overshadowd them & Jesus said Thus do Men in Eternity
One for another to put off by forgiveness, every sin

Albion replyd. Cannot Man exist without Mysterious
Offering of Self for Another. Is this Friendship & Brotherhood
I see thee in the likeness and similitude of Los my Friend

Jesus said. Wouldest thou love one who never died
For thee or ever die for one who had not died for thee
And if God dieth not for Man & giveth not himself
Eternally for Man Man could not exist. for Man is Love:
As God is Love: every kindness to another is a little Death
In the Divine Image nor can Man exist but by Brotherhood

So saying. the Cloud overshadowing divided them asunder
Albion stood in terror: not for himself but for his Friend
Divine. & Self was lost in the contemplation of faith
And wonder at the Divine Mercy & at Loss sublime honour

Do I sleep amidst danger to Friends! O my Cities & Counties
Do you sleep! rouze up: rouze up. Eternal Death is abroad

So Albion spoke & threw himself into the Furnaces of affliction
All was a Vision. all a Dream: the Furnaces became
Fountains of Living Waters flowing from the Humanity Divine
And all the Cities of Albion rose from their Slumbers. and All
The Sons & Daughters of Albion on soft clouds Waking from Sleep
Soon all around remote the Heavens burnt with flaming fires
And Urizen & Luvah & Tharmas & Urthona arose into
Albions Bosom: Then Albion stood before Jesus in the Clouds
Of Heaven Fourfold among the Visions of God in Eternity
Awake! Awake Jerusalem! O lovely Emanation of Albion
Awake and overspread all Nations as in Ancient Time
For lo: the Night of Death is past and the Eternal Day
Appears upon our Hills! Awake Jerusalem. and come away

So spake the Vision of Albion & in him so spake in my hearing
The Universal Father Then Albion stretchd his hand into Infinitude.
And took his Bow, Fourfold the Vision for bright beaming Urizen
Layd his hand on the South & took a breathing Bow of carved Gold
Luvah his hand stretch’d to the East & bore a Silver Bow bright shining
Tharmas Westward a Bow of Brass pure flaming richly wrought
Urthona Northward in thick storms a Bow of Iron terrible thundering

And the Bow is a Male & Female & the Quiver of the Arrows of Love.
Are the Children of this Bow: a Bow of Mercy & Loving-kindness: laying
Open the hidden Heart in Wars of mutual Benevolence Wars of Love
And the Hand of Man grasps firm between the Male & Female Loves
And he Clothed himself in Bow & Arrows in awful state Fourfold
In the midst of his Twenty-eight Cities each with his Bow breathing

Then each an Arrow flaming from his Quiver fitted carefully
They drew fourfold the unreprovable String. bending thro the wide Heavens
The horned Bow Fourfold, loud sounding flew the flaming Arrow fourfold

Murmuring the Bow-string breathes with ardor. Clouds roll round the horns
Of the wide Bow, loud sounding Winds sport on the Mountains brows:
The Druid Spectre was Annihilate loud thundring rejoicing terrific vanishing
Fourfold Annihilation & at the clangor of the Arrows of Intellect
The innumerable Chariots of the Almighty appeard in Heaven
And Bacon & Newton & Locke. & Milton & Shakspear & Chaucer
A Sun of blood red wrath surrounding heaven on all sides around
Glorious incomprehensible by Mortal Man & each Chariot was Sexual Threefold

And every Man stood Fourfold. each Four Faces had. One to the West
One toward the East One to the South One to the North. the Horses Fourfold
And the dim Chaos brightend beneath. above, around! Eyed as the Peacock
According to the Human Nerves of Sensation, the Four Rivers of the Water of Life

South stood the Nerves of the Eye. East in Rivers of bliss the Nerves of the
Expansive Nostrils West. flowd the Parent Sense the Tongue. North stood
The labyrinthine Ear. Circumscribing & Circumcising the excrementitious
Husk & Covering into Vacuum evaporating revealing the lineaments of Man
Driving outward the Body of Death in an Eternal Death & Resurrection
Awaking it to Life among the Flowers of Beulah rejoicing in Unity
In the Four Senses in the Outline the Circumference & Form. for ever
In Forgiveness of Sins which is Self Annihilation. it is the Covenant of Jehovah

The Four Living Creatures Chariots of Humanity Divine Incomprehensible
In beautiful Paradises expand These are the Four Rivers of Paradise
And the Four Faces of Humanity fronting the Four Cardinal Points
Of Heaven going forward forward irresistible from Eternity to Eternity

And they conversed together in Visionary forms dramatic which bright
Redounded from their Tongues in thunderous majesty. in Visions
In new Expanses, creating exemplars of Memory and of Intellect
Creating Space. Creating Time according to the wonders Divine
Of Human Imagination. throughout all the Three Regions immense
Of Childhood. Manhood & Old Age & the all tremendous unfathomable NonEns
Of Death was seen in regerations terrific or complacent varying
According to the subject of discourse & every Word & every Character
Was Human according to the Expansion or Contraction. the Translucence or
Opakeness of Nervous fibres such was the variation of Time & Space
Which vary according as the Organs of Perception vary & they walked
To & fro in Eternity as One Man reflecting each in each & clearly seen
And seeing: according to fitness & order. And I heard Jehovah speak
Terrific from his Holy Place & saw the Words of the Mutual Covenant Divine
On Chariots of gold & jewels with Living Creatures starry & flaming
And the all wondrous Serpent clothed in gems & rich array Humanize
In the Forgiveness of Sins according to the Covent of Jehovah, They Cry
Where is the Covenant of Priam. the Moral Virtues of the Heathen
Where is the Tree of Good & Evil that rooted beneath the cruel heel
Of Albions Spectre the Patriarch Druid! where are all his Human Sacrifice
For Sin in War & in the Druid Temples of the Accuser of Sin: beneath
The Oak Groves of Albion that coverd the whole Earth beneath his Spectre
Where are the Kingdoms of the World & all their glory that grew on Desolation
The Fruit of Albions Poverty Tree when the Triple Headed Gog-Magog Giant
Of Albion Taxed the Nations into Desolation & then gave the Spectrous Oath
Such is the Cry from all the Earth from the Living Creatures of the Earth
And from the great City of Golgonooza in the Shadowy Generation
And from the Thirty-two Nations of the Earth among the Living Creatures
All Human Forms identified even Tree Metal Earth & Stone, all Human Forms identified. living going forth & returning wearied Into the Planetary lives of Years Months Days & Hours reposing And then Awaking into his Bosom in the Life of Immortality. And I heard the Name of their Emanations they are named Jerusalem

The End of The Song of Jerusalem
THERE IS NO NATURAL RELIGION

[a]

The Argument. Man has no notion of moral fitness but from Education. Naturally he is only a natural organ subject to Sense.
I man cannot naturally Percieve. but through his natural or bodily organs.
II Man by his reasoning power. can only compare & judge of what he has already perciev’d.
III From a perception of only 3 senses or 3 elements none could deduce a fourth or fifth
IV None could have other than natural or organic thoughts if he had none but organic perceptions
V Mans desires are limited by his perceptions. none can desire what he has not perciev’d
VI The desires & perceptions of man untaught by any thing but organs of sense, must be limited to objects of sense.

Conclusion. If it were not for the Poetic or Prophetic character the Philosophic & Experimental would soon be at the ratio of all things, & stand still unable to do other than repeat the same dull round over again

[b]

I Mans perceptions are not bounded by organs of perception. he percieves more than sense (tho’ ever so acute) can discover.
II Reason or the ratio of all we have already known. is not the same that it shall be when we know more.
[III lacking]
IV The bounded loathed by its possessor. The same dull round even of a universe would soon become a mill with complicated wheels
V If the many become the same as the few when possess’d, More! More! is the cry of a mistaken soul, less than All cannot satisfy Man.
VI If any could desire what he is incapable of possessing, despair must be his eternal lot.
VII The desire of Man being Infinite the possession is Infinite & himself Infinite Application. He who sees the Infinite in all things sees God. He who sees the Ratio only sees himself only.

Therefore
God becomes as we are,
that we may be as he
is
ALL RELIGIONS ARE ONE

The Voice of one crying in the Wilderness

The Argument. As the true method of knowledge is experiment the true faculty of knowing must be the faculty which experiences. This faculty I treat of.

PRINCIPLE 1st That the Poetic Genius is the true Man. and that the body or outward form of Man is derived from the Poetic Genius. Likewise that the forms of all things are derived from their Genius, which by the Ancients was call’d an Angel & Spirit & Demon.

PRINCIPLE 2d As all men are alike in outward form, So (and with the same infinite variety) all are alike in the Poetic Genius

PRINCIPLE 3d No man can think write or speak from his heart, but he must intend truth. Thus all sects of Philosophy are from the Poetic Genius adapted to the weaknesses of every individual.

PRINCIPLE 4 As none by travelling over known lands can find out the unknown. So from already acquired knowledge Man could not acquire more. therefore an universal Poetic Genius exists

PRINCIPLE 5 The Religions of all Nations are derived from each Nation’s different reception of the Poetic Genius which is every where call’d the Spirit of Prophecy.

PRINCIPLE 6 The Jewish & Christian Testaments are An original derivation from the Poetic Genius. this is necessary from the confined nature of bodily sensation

PRINCIPLE 7th As all men are alike (tho’ infinitely various) So all Religions & as all similars have one source

The true Man is the source he being the Poetic Genius
FOR THE SEXES: THE GATES OF PARADISE
Prologue

Mutual forgiveness of each vice,
Such are the gates of paradise,
Against the accuser’s chief desire,
Who walk’d among the stones of fire.
Jehovah’s finger wrote the law;
Then wept; then rose in zeal and awe,
And the dead corpse, from Sinai’s heat,
Buried beneath his mercy seat.
O Christians! Christians! tell me why
You rear it on your altars high?

The Keys

The caterpillar on the leaf
Reminds thee of thy mother’s grief.
Of the Gates

My eternal man set in repose,
The female from his darkness rose;
And she found me beneath a tree,
A mandrake, and in her veil hid me.
Serpent reasonings us entice
Of good and evil, virtue and vice,
Doubt self jealous, watery folly,
Struggling thro’ earth’s melancholy,
Naked in air, in shame and fear,
Blind in fire, with shield and spear,
Two horn’d reasoning, cloven fiction,
In doubt, which is self contradiction,
A dark hermaphrodite we stood,—
Rational truth, root of evil and good.
Round me flew the flaming sword;
Round her snowy whirlwinds roar’d,
Freezing her veil, the mundane shell.
I rent the veil where the dead dwell:
When weary man enters his cave,
He meets his Saviour in the grave.
Some find a female garment there,
And some a male, woven with care,
Lest the sexual garments sweet
Should grow a devouring winding sheet.
One dies! alas! the living and dead!
One is slain! and one is fled!
In vain-glory hatcht and nurst,
By double Spectres, self accurst,
My son! my son! thou trestest me
But as I have instructed thee.
On the shadows of the moon
Climbing thro’ night’s highest noon:
In time’s ocean falling drown’d:
In aged ignorance profound,
Holy and cold, I clipp’d the wings
Of all sublunary things,
And in depths of my dungeons
Closed the father and the sons.
But when once I did descry
The Immortal Man that cannot die,
Thro’ evening shades I haste away
To close the labours of my day.
The door of death I open found,
And the worm weaving in the ground:
Thou’rt my mother from the womb,
Wife, sister, daughter, to the tomb:
Weaving to dreams the sexual strife,
And weeping over the web of Life.
Epilogue

(To the Accuser who is the God of this World)

Truly, my Satan, thou art but a dunce,
And dost not know the garment from the man;
Every harlot was a virgin once,
Nor can’st thou ever change Kate into Nan.

Tho’ thou art worshipped by the names divine
Of Jesus and Jehovah, thou art still
The son of morn in weary night’s decline,
The lost traveller’s dream under the hill.
THE GHOST OF ABEL

(Engraved 1822)

A Revelation In the Visions of Jehovah Seen by William Blake

To Lord Byron in the Wilderness
What doest thou here Elijah?
Can a Poet doubt the Visions of Jehovah? Nature has
no Outline: but Imagination has. Nature has no Tune:
but Imagination has! Nature has no Supernatural &
dissolves: Imagination is Eternity

Scene. A rocky Country. Eve fainted over the dead body of Abel which lays near a Grave.
Adam kneels by her Jehovah stands above.

Jehovah: Adam!
Adam: I will not hear thee more thou Spiritual Voice
Is this Death?
Jehovah: Adam!
Adam: It is in vain: I will not hear thee
Henceforth! Is this thy Promise that the Womans Seed
Should bruise the Serpents head: Is this the Serpent? Ah!
Seven times, O Eve thou hast fainted over the Dead. Ah! Ah!

Eve revives.

Eve: Is this the Promise of Jehovah! O it is all a vain delusion
This Death & this Life & this Jehovah!
Jehovah: Woman: lift thine eyes

A Voice is heard coming on.
Voice: O Earth cover not thou my Blood! cover not thou my Blood!

Enter the Ghost of Abel.

Eve: Thou Visionary Phantasm thou art not the real Abel.
Abel: Among the Elohim a Human Victim I wander I am their House
Prince of the Air & our dimensions compass Zenith & Nadir
Vain is thy Covenant O Jehovah I am the Accuser & Avenger
Of Blood O Earth Cover not thou the Blood of Abel
Jehovah: What Vengeance dost thou require
Abel: Life for Life! Life for Life!
Jehovah: He who shall take Cains life must also Die O Abel
And who is he? Adam wilt thou, or Eve thou do this
Adam: It is all a Vain delusion of the all creative Imagination
Eve come away & let us not believe these vain delusions
Abel is dead & Cain slew him! We shall also Die a Death
And then! what then? be as poor Abel a Thought: or as
This! O what shall I call thee Form Divine! Father of Mercies
That appearest to my Spiritual Vision: Eve seest thou also.
Eve: I see him plainly with my Minds Eye. I see also Abel living:
Tho terribly afflicted as We also are, yet Jehovah sees him
Alive & not Dead: were it not better to believe Vision
With all our might & strength tho we are fallen & lost
Adam: Eve thou hast spoken truly. let us kneel before his feet.

They Kneel before Jehovah.

Abel: Are these the Sacrifices of Eternity O Jehovah, a Broken Spirit
And a Contrite Heart. O I cannot Forgive! the Accuser hath
Enterd into Me as into his House & I loathe thy Tabernacles
As thou hast said so is it come to pass: My desire is unto Cain
And He doth rule over Me: therefore My Soul in fumes of Blood
Cries for Vengeance: Sacrifice on Sacrifice Blood on Blood
Jehovah: Lo I have given you a Lamb for an Atonement instead
Of the Transgressor, or no Flesh or Spirit could ever Live
Abel: Compelled I cry O Earth cover not the Blood of Abel
Abel sinks down into the Grave from which arises Satan

Armed in glittering scales with a Crown & a Spear.

Satan: I will have Human Blood & not the blood of Bulls or Goats
And no Atonement O Jehovah the Elohim live on Sacrifice
Of Men: hence I am God of Men: Thou Human O Jehovah.
By the Rock & Oak of the Druid creeping Mistletoe & Thorn
Cains City built with Human Blood, not Blood of Bulls & Goats
Thou shalt Thyself be Sacrificed to Me thy God on Calvary
Jehovah: Such is My Will. Thunders.

that Thou Thyself go to Eternal Death
In Self Annihilation even till Satan Self-subdud Put off Satan
Into the Bottomless Abyss whose torment arises for ever & ever.

On each side a Chrous of Angels entering Sing the following:

The Elohim of the Heathen Swore Vengeance for Sin! Then Thou stoodst
Forth O Elohim Jehovah! in the midst of the darkness of the Oath! All Clothed
In Thy Covenant of the Forgiveness of Sins: Death O Holy! Is this Brotherhood
The Elohim saw their Oath Eternal Fire; they rolled apart trembling over The
Mercy Seat: each in his station fixt in the Firmament by Peace Brotherhood and Love.

The Curtain falls.
About the Editor


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